

# EMILY PAULINE JOHNSON

POETRY  
WORKBOOK



ENGLISH FIRST PEOPLES 11 – FINAL POETRY PROJECT

# Final Poetry Project – Emily Pauline Johnson Workbook

For the final project of our poetry unit, you will complete a poetry workbook on Emily Pauline Johnson's poetry. This will require you to annotate poems that Johnson wrote, along with writing some poetry of your own. You will also have to write some paragraphs and find some other works of your own to reference and analyze.

## **Requirements:**

- You must hand in a physical copy of the workbook.
- Any written work can be neatly printed in blue or black ink, or you can type it. If typed, you must use Times New Roman in size 12. Typed work must be printed off.
- Print off any supplementary material you need per the tasks assigned in the booklet (song, work of art).
- Complete all tasks as assigned in the poetry workbook.

## **Assessment:**

- You will be marked on an evaluation grid that will look to see that you have completed all parts of the assignment and that you have put some thought and effort into your work.
- Grammar and spelling do count.

**Due Date:** April 16<sup>th</sup>, 2024 (start of class)

# EMILY PAULINE JOHNSON

Emily Pauline Johnson, also known as Tekahionwake, was a Canadian poet, performer, and advocate for Indigenous rights. She was born in 1861 in Six Nations of the Grand River, Ontario, to a Mohawk father and an English mother and embraced both her Mohawk and English backgrounds.

Johnson became famous for her strong poems that celebrated nature, Indigenous identity, and pride in one's culture. Her poems mixed her Indigenous heritage with themes of love, nature, and fairness. She traveled a lot and wowed audiences with her performances of poems and traditional Indigenous songs. Johnson's work made a big impact on Canadian literature and helped promote Indigenous voices and cultures when they were being suppressed. Her poetry still inspires and touches readers, showing the beauty of nature, the importance of cultural heritage, and the strength of Indigenous people.

She died in Vancouver in 1913 and is buried in Stanley Park.



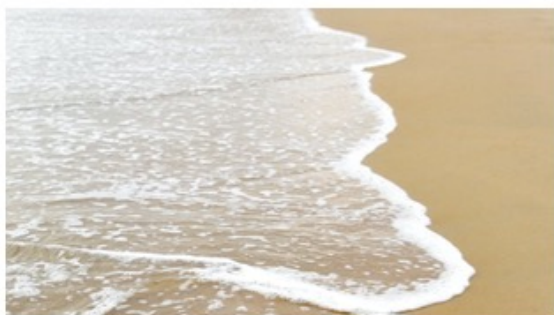
# ELEMENTS OF POETRY

Emily Pauline Johnson's poetry has numerous wonderful examples of the fundamentals of poetry. We will be exploring these fundamentals through our lessons.

## 1. Imagery

Emily Pauline Johnson has vivid **imagery** in her poetry, painting a picture of the land and people using strong adjectives and descriptions.

See how in the poem "Good-Bye", Johnson takes an abstract idea like a goodbye and using the imagery of tides, creates a picture in her readers' minds.



### **Good-Bye**

*Emily Pauline Johnson*

Sounds of the seas grow fainter,  
    Sounds of the sands have sped;  
The sweep of gales,  
The far white sails,  
    Are silent, spent and dead.

Sounds of the days of summer  
    Murmur and die away,  
And distance hides  
The long, low tides,  
    As night shuts out the day.

# YOUR TURN FOR IMAGERY

## Create your own Poem

Write your own poem of at least six lines, describing how one of the following abstract ideas FEELS. Similar to how Emily Pauline Johnson described the feeling of saying good-bye as being a ship sailing away or summer days fading into nights, make sure to use strong images to describe how the abstract idea feels to you.

### Options:

1. Connection
2. Identity
3. Spirituality/Land
4. Culture
5. Joy
6. Welcoming
7. Acknowledgment
8. Respect



# THE SOUND OF POETRY

## 2. Sound

Poetry, more than other forms of communication, often uses how words sound to add meaning and life to the work. There are several terms related to the sound of poetry.

### **Alliteration**

The repetition of consonant sounds at the beginning of words in close proximity. For example, "Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers."

### **Assonance**

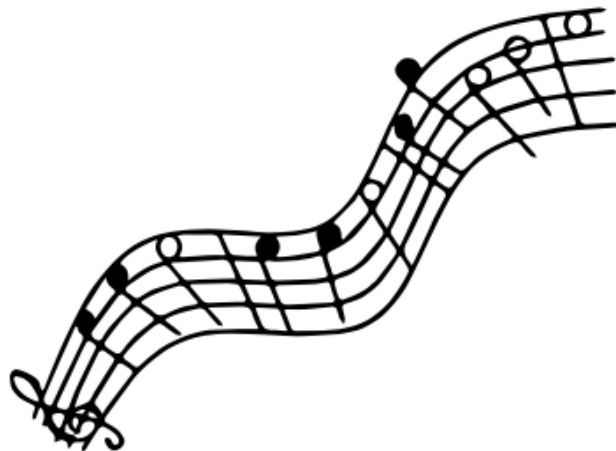
The repetition of vowel sounds within words. For example, "The cat ran fast past the path."

### **Consonance**

The repetition of consonant sounds within words or at the end of words. For example, "All's well that ends well."

### **Onomatopoeia**

The use of words that imitate or suggest the sound they describe. For example, "buzz," "hiss," or "crash."



# YOUR TURN FOR SOUND

## Annotate the Poem

Read the following poem and **highlight/mark** where you find examples of alliteration, assonance, and consonance. Please clearly identify your examples with the term that describes them. Try to find two of each.

### **Calgary of the Plains**

*Emily Pauline Johnson*

Not of the seething cities with their swarming human hives,  
Their fetid airs, their reeking streets, their dwarfed and poisoned lives,  
Not of the buried yesterdays, but of the days to be,  
The glory and the gateway of the yellow West is she.

The Northern Lights dance down her plains with soft and silvery feet,  
The sunrise gilds her prairies when the dawn and daylight meet;  
Along her level lands the fitful southern breezes sweep,  
And beyond her western windows the sublime old mountains sleep.

The Redman haunts her portals, and the Paleface treads her streets,  
The Indian's stealthy footstep with the course of commerce meets,  
And hunters whisper vaguely of the half forgotten tales  
Of phantom herds of bison lurking on her midnight trails.

Not hers the lore of olden lands, their laurels and their bays;  
But what are these, compared to one of all her perfect days?  
For naught can buy the jewel that upon her forehead lies -  
The cloudless sapphire Heaven of her territorial skies.



# THE LANGUAGE OF POETRY

## 3. Figurative Language

Figurative language is a way of using words creatively to make your writing more interesting and expressive. Instead of taking things literally, it adds depth and meaning by comparing one thing to another or giving inanimate objects human qualities.

### Metaphor

A metaphor is a direct comparison between two unlike things. It says that one thing is another thing, even though they're not literally the same. For example, saying "Her eyes are sparkling diamonds" compares the brightness and beauty of someone's eyes to the shine of diamonds.

### Simile

A simile is also a comparison, but it uses words such as "like" or "as" to make the comparison more explicit. It helps to create a vivid image in the reader's mind. For instance, saying "Her smile is as bright as the sun" compares the brightness of the smile to the sun's brightness.

### Personification

Personification gives human characteristics to non-human things or objects. It helps to make them more relatable or lively. For example, saying "The trees whispered secrets to each other" gives the trees the ability to whisper, which is a human trait.

### Hyperbole

The use of exaggerated language or statements for emphasis or dramatic effect. Hyperbole can contribute to the tone of exaggeration or intensify the mood within a poem. For example, "he waited a million years to see her" does not mean he literally waited that long- it is an exaggeration for emphasis!

By using metaphors, similes, personification, and hyperbole, you can bring your writing to life, paint vivid pictures in the reader's mind, and add deeper layers of meaning.

# YOUR TURN FOR LANGUAGE

## Annotate the Poem

Read the following poem, “The Cattle Thief”, and highlight/mark where you find examples of metaphor, simile, and hyperbole. Label the example with the term that best describes it. You are looking to find at least two of each.

### **The Cattle Thief**

*Emily Pauline Johnson*

They were coming across the prairie, they were galloping hard and fast;  
For the eyes of those desperate riders had sighted their man at last -  
Sighted him off to Eastward, where the Cree encampment lay,  
Where the cotton woods fringed the river, miles and miles away.  
Mistake him? Never! Mistake him? the famous Eagle Chief!  
That terror to all the settlers, that desperate Cattle Thief -  
That monstrous, fearless Indian, who lorded it over the plain,  
Who thieved and raided, and scouted, who rode like a hurricane!  
But they've tracked him across the prairie; they've followed him hard and fast;  
For those desperate English settlers have sighted their man at last.

Up they wheeled to the tepees, all their British blood aflame,  
Bent on bullets and bloodshed, bent on bringing down their game;  
But they searched in vain for the Cattle Thief: that lion had left his lair,  
And they cursed like a troop of demons - for the women alone were there.  
"The sneaking Indian coward," they hissed; "he hides while yet he can;  
He'll come in the night for cattle, but he's scared to face a man."  
"Never!" and up from the cotton woods rang the voice of Eagle Chief;  
And right out into the open stepped, unarmed, the Cattle Thief.  
Was that the game they had coveted? Scarce fifty years had rolled  
Over that fleshless, hungry frame, starved to the bone and old;  
Over that wrinkled, tawny skin, unfed by the warmth of blood.  
Over those hungry, hollow eyes that glared for the sight of food.

He turned, like a hunted lion: "I know not fear," said he;  
And the words outleapt from his shrunken lips in the language of the Cree.  
"I'll fight you, white-skins, one by one, till I kill you all," he said;  
But the threat was scarcely uttered, ere a dozen balls of lead  
Whizzed through the air about him like a shower of metal rain,  
And the gaunt old Indian Cattle Thief dropped dead on the open plain.  
And that band of cursing settlers gave one triumphant yell,  
And rushed like a pack of demons on the body that writhed and fell.  
"Cut the fiend up into inches, throw his carcass on the plain;  
Let the wolves eat the cursed Indian, he'd have treated us the same."  
A dozen hands responded, a dozen knives gleamed high,  
But the first stroke was arrested by a woman's strange, wild cry.  
And out into the open, with a courage past belief,  
She dashed, and spread her blanket o'er the corpse of the Cattle Thief;  
And the words outleapt from her shrunken lips in the language of the Cree,  
"If you mean to touch that body, you must cut your way through me."  
And that band of cursing settlers dropped backward one by one,  
For they knew that an Indian woman roused, was a woman to let alone.  
And then she raved in a frenzy that they scarcely understood,  
Raved of the wrongs she had suffered since her earliest babyhood:  
"Stand back, stand back, you white-skins, touch that dead man to your shame;  
You have stolen my father's spirit, but his body I only claim.  
You have killed him, but you shall not dare to touch him now he's dead.  
You have cursed, and called him a Cattle Thief, though you robbed him first of bread -  
Robbed him and robbed my people - look there, at that shrunken face,  
Starved with a hollow hunger, we owe to you and your race.  
What have you left to us of land, what have you left of game,  
What have you brought but evil, and curses since you came?  
How have you paid us for our game? how paid us for our land?  
By a book, to save our souls from the sins you brought in your other hand.  
Go back with your new religion, we never have understood  
Your robbing an Indian's body, and mocking his soul with food.  
Go back with your new religion, and find - if find you can -  
The honest man you have ever made from out a starving man.  
You say your cattle are not ours, your meat is not our meat;  
When you pay for the land you live in, we'll pay for the meat we eat.  
Give back our land and our country, give back our herds of game;  
Give back the furs and the forests that were ours before you came;  
Give back the peace and the plenty. Then come with your new belief,  
And blame, if you dare, the hunger that drove him to be a thief."



# PARAGRAPH — “THE CATTLE THIEF”

## Analyze figurative language

Write a paragraph about which metaphor or simile from Emily Pauline Johnson’s poem “The Cattle Thief” you found most effective. Explain your reasoning. Make sure to include the metaphor or simile and the line number.



# YOUR TURN FOR PERSONIFICATION

Note how Emily Pauline Johnson gives the season of summer or "Harvest Time" human traits. **Annotate** the poem, noting every time summer is personified.

## Harvest Time

*Emily Pauline Johnson*

Pillowed and hushed on the silent plain,  
Wrapped in her mantle of golden grain,

Wearied of pleasuring weeks away,  
Summer is lying asleep to-day, -

Where winds come sweet from the wild-rose briers  
And the smoke of the far-off prairie fires;

Yellow her hair as the goldenrod,  
And brown her cheeks as the prairie sod;

Purple her eyes as the mists that dream  
At the edge of some laggard sun-drowned stream;

But over their depths the lashes sweep,  
For Summer is lying to-day asleep.

The north wind kisses her rosy mouth,  
His rival frowns in the far-off south,

And comes caressing her sunburnt cheek,  
And Summer awakes for one short week, -

Awakes and gathers her wealth of grain,  
Then sleeps and dreams for a year again.

# YOUR TURN FOR PERSONIFICATION

## Create Your Own Poem

Using the poem “Harvest Time” by Emily Pauline Johnson as inspiration, write a poem describing a season (it could be a month, a traditional season, or a cultural season). Make sure to personify the season and give it human traits in your descriptive poem. There should be at least one simile or metaphor in your poem to really make it descriptive. Your poem should be at least six lines.

## Season Ideas/Examples:

- Spring
- Summer
- Fall
- Winter
- Hockey Season
- Back to School Season
- Etc.

If you aren't sure if your season topic would work, run it past Ms. Legault.





# THE ATMOSPHERE OF POETRY

## 4. Atmosphere

The atmosphere of a poem refers to the emotional or psychological environment that the poem creates for the reader. It encompasses the overall feeling or mood evoked by the poem and the author's attitude or tone towards the subject matter.

### Mood

The emotional atmosphere or ambiance that a poem conveys. It describes the feelings or emotions that the poem evokes in the reader. For example, a poem may have a somber, melancholic mood or a joyful, celebratory mood.

### Tone

refers to the author's attitude or perspective towards the subject matter of the poem. It reflects the author's tone of voice or the way they express their ideas. The tone can be formal, informal, serious, humorous, ironic, in awe, or any other quality that conveys the author's attitude towards the subject.



# YOUR TURN FOR MOOD

## Annotate the poem

After reading the poem, what mood do you think this has? **Annotate** the poem, underlining and highlighting the sections that display the mood and explain how those sections exemplify the mood.

## A Cry From An Indian Wife

*Emily Pauline Johnson*

My forest brave, my Red-skin love, farewell;  
We may not meet to-morrow; who can tell  
What mighty ills befall our little band,  
Or what you'll suffer from the white man's hand?  
Here is your knife! I thought 'twas sheathed for aye.  
No roaming bison calls for it to-day;  
No hide of prairie cattle will it maim;  
The plains are bare, it seeks a nobler game:  
'Twill drink the life-blood of a soldier host.  
Go; rise and strike, no matter what the cost.  
Yet stay. Revolt not at the Union Jack,  
Nor raise Thy hand against this stripling pack  
Of white-faced warriors, marching West to quell  
Our fallen tribe that rises to rebel.  
They all are young and beautiful and good;  
Curse to the war that drinks their harmless blood.  
Curse to the fate that brought them from the East  
To be our chiefs - to make our nation least  
That breathes the air of this vast continent.  
Still their new rule and council is well meant.  
They but forget we Indians owned the land  
From ocean unto ocean; that they stand  
Upon a soil that centuries ago  
Was our sole kingdom and our right alone.  
They never think how they would feel to-day,

If some great nation came from far away,  
Wresting their country from their hapless braves,  
Giving what they gave us - but wars and graves.  
Then go and strike for liberty and life,  
And bring back honour to your Indian wife.  
Your wife? Ah, what of that, who cares for me?  
Who pities my poor love and agony?  
What white-robed priest prays for your safety here,  
As prayer is said for every volunteer  
That swells the ranks that Canada sends out?  
Who prays for vict'ry for the Indian scout?  
Who prays for our poor nation lying low?  
None - therefore take your tomahawk and go.  
My heart may break and burn into its core,  
But I am strong to bid you go to war.  
Yet stay, my heart is not the only one  
That grieves the loss of husband and of son;  
Think of the mothers o'er the inland seas;  
Think of the pale-faced maiden on her knees;  
One pleads her God to guard some sweet-faced child  
That marches on toward the North-West wild.  
The other prays to shield her love from harm,  
To strengthen his young, proud uplifted arm.  
Ah, how her white face quivers thus to think,  
Your tomahawk his life's best blood will drink.  
She never thinks of my wild aching breast,  
Nor prays for your dark face and eagle crest  
Endangered by a thousand rifle balls,  
My heart the target if my warrior falls.  
O! coward self I hesitate no more;  
Go forth, and win the glories of the war.  
Go forth, nor bend to greed of white men's hands,  
By right, by birth we Indians own these lands,  
Though starved, crushed, plundered, lies our nation low...  
Perhaps the white man's God has willed it so.

# YOUR TURN FOR TONE

## **Guard of the Eastern Gate**

*Emily Pauline Johnson*

Halifax sits on her hills by the sea  
    In the might of her pride, -  
Invincible, terrible, beautiful, she  
    With a sword at her side.

To right and to left of her, battlements rear  
    And fortresses frown;  
While she sits on her throne without favour or fear  
    With her cannon as crown.

Coast guard and sentinel, watch of the weal  
    Of a nation she keeps;  
But her hand is encased in a gauntlet of steel,  
    And her thunder but sleeps.

What tone does this poem take towards the city of Halifax? How does the poet feel about the city? Which words or descriptions let you know she feels that way?

Record your response to the above questions in paragraph form on the next page.



# DIFFERENT FORMS OF POETRY

There are several different types of poems. Emily Pauline Johnson did not write in only one form- she used many types of poetry depending on the subject or mood of the poem.

## **ACROSTIC**

Poems in which the first letter of each line, when read vertically, spells out a word or phrase. Acrostics can be used to explore various topics or convey hidden messages.

### **Canada**

*Emily Pauline Johnson*

Crown of her, young Vancouver; crest of her, old Quebec;  
Atlantic and far Pacific sweeping her, keel to deck.  
North of her, ice and arctics; southward a rival's stealth;  
Aloft, her Empire's pennant; below, her nation's wealth.  
Daughter of men and markets, bearing within her hold,  
Appraised at highest value, cargoes of grain and gold.



# YOUR TURN FOR ACROSTIC

## Create your Own

Write your own acrostic poem inspired by “Canada” by Emily Pauline Johnson. The poem should be at least six lines. You will use a word from the list of options below as your spine. Your poem should describe the topic word you have chosen, which should also be your title.

## Options:

- Your province/city/home country
- A favourite vacation spot
- A sport or hobby that you feel strongly about
- The name of someone you feel close to (family or friend)
- Your name
- Your choice (run it past Ms. Legault first!)





# DIFFERENT FORMS OF POETRY

## BALLAD

Narrative poems that tell a story, often set to music. Ballads typically have a regular rhythm and rhyme scheme, making them accessible and enjoyable to read aloud.

**The Ballad of Yaada**  
*Emily Pauline Johnson*

Rhyme scheme identifies the pattern of rhyme in a poem. **Label the rhyme scheme of this poem.** Begin with the letter a.

(A LEGEND OF THE PACIFIC COAST)

There are fires on Lulu Island, and the sky is opalescent **a**  
With the pearl and purple tinting from the smouldering of peat. **b**  
And the Dream Hills lift their summits in a sweeping, hazy crescent,  
With the Capilano canyon at their feet.

There are fires on Lulu Island, and the smoke, uplifting, lingers  
In a faded scarf of fragrance as it creeps across the day,  
And the Inlet and the Narrows blur beneath its silent fingers,  
And the canyon is enfolded in its grey.

But the sun its face is veiling like a cloistered nun at vespers;  
As towards the alter candles of the night a censer swings,  
And the echo of tradition wakes from slumbering and whispers,  
Where the Capilano river sobs and sings.

It was Yaada, lovely Yaada, who first taught the stream its sighing,  
For 'twas silent till her coming, and 'twas voiceless as the shore;  
But throughout the great forever it will sing the song undying  
That the lips of lovers sing for evermore.

He was chief of all the Squamish, and he ruled the coastal waters -  
And he warred upon her people in the distant Charlotte Isles;  
She, a winsome basket weaver, daintiest of Haida daughters,  
Made him captive to her singing and her smiles.

Till his hands forgot to havoc and his weapons lost their lusting,  
Till his stormy eyes allured her from the land of Totem Poles,  
Till she followed where he called her, followed with a woman's trusting,  
To the canyon where the Capilano rolls.

And the women of the Haidas plied in vain their magic power,  
Wailed for many moons her absence, wailed for many moons their prayer,  
"Bring her back, O Squamish foeman, bring to us our Yaada flower!"  
But the silence only answered their despair.

But the men were swift to battle, swift to cross the coastal water,  
Swift to war and swift of weapon, swift to paddle trackless miles,  
Crept with stealth along the canyon, stole her from her love and brought her  
Once again unto the distant Charlotte Isles.

But she faded, ever faded, and her eyes were ever turning  
Southward toward the Capilano, while her voice had hushed its song,  
And her riven heart repeated words that on her lips were burning:  
"Not to friend - but unto foeman I belong.

"Give me back my Squamish lover - though you hate, I still must love him.  
"Give me back the rugged canyon where my heart must ever be -  
Where his lodge awaits my coming, and the Dream Hills lift above him,  
And the Capilano learned its song from me."

But through long-forgotten seasons, moons too many to be numbered,  
He yet waited by the canyon - she called across the years,  
And the soul within the river, though centuries had slumbered,  
Woke to sob a song of womanly tears.

For her little, lonely spirit sought the Capilano canyon,  
When she died among the Haidas in the land of Totem Poles,  
And you yet may hear her singing to her lover-like companion,  
If you listen to the river as it rolls.

But 'tis only when the pearl and purple smoke is idly swinging  
From the fires on Lulu Island to the hazy mountain crest,  
That the undertone of sobbing echoes through the river's singing,  
In the Capilano canyon of the West.

# YOUR TURN FOR BALLAD

## Create your own

**Step 1:** Choose a story for your ballad. Ballads are often about historical events (like a ballad to a famous historical figure!), famous stories (such as stories from mythology), or personal experiences. Ballads often have a clear conflict or dramatic event that drives the story.

**Step 2:** Create a rhyme scheme. Typical **rhyme** schemes are ABAB or ABCB. The first and third lines of each stanza rhyme, as do the second and fourth lines.

**Step 3:** Create a narrative structure. Divide the story into distinct **stanzas** (these are like paragraphs for poetry- sections of the poem with line breaks), with each stanza presenting a new element of the plot or a progression of events.

**Step 4:** Use vivid imagery and sensory details to bring your story to life. Engage the reader's emotions by describing the setting, characters, and significant moments in the ballad.

**Step 5:** Develop characters and conflict. Establish a central conflict or tension in your ballad. Introduce distinct personalities and motivations for the characters, and create a clear problem or challenge that drives the narrative forward.

**Step 6:** Use repetition and refrain. The repetition of certain phrases or lines can create a memorable effect and reinforce key themes or emotions. Incorporate a repeated line or refrain in the ballad to enhance its impact.

Write your ballad and revise it on a separate piece of paper!  
Make sure to put your good copy in this workbook package.





# DIFFERENT FORMS OF POETRY

## Ode

A lyrical poem that praises or celebrates a person, place, or object. Odes often express deep emotions and use elaborate language to convey their message.

**Annotate** the following poem by highlighting and then defining any words that you don't know, or any challenging vocabulary.

### **The Camper**

*Emily Pauline Johnson*

Night 'neath the northern skies, lone, black, and grim:  
Naught but the starlight lies 'twixt heaven, and him.

Of man no need has he, of God, no prayer;  
He and his Deity are brothers there.

Above his bivouac the firs fling down  
Through branches gaunt and black, their needles brown.

Afar some mountain streams, rockbound and fleet,  
Sing themselves through his dreams in cadence sweet,

The pine trees whispering, the heron's cry,  
The plover's passing wing, his lullaby.

And blinking overhead the white stars keep  
Watch o'er his hemlock bed - his sinless sleep.



# DIFFERENT FORMS OF POETRY

## Lyric

A lyric is a type of poem that expresses personal emotions or feelings. It is like a musical song in written form. In a lyric poem, the poet shares their inner thoughts, experiences, or reflections in a heartfelt and personal way. These poems often explore themes of love, beauty, nature, or the joys and sorrows of life. They can be short or long, and may use rhythm, rhyme, and imagery to create a musical and emotional impact. A **lullaby** is a specific type of lyric poem that is sung to soothe and lull someone to sleep, often a baby. Lullabies have a gentle and calming tone, using soft and melodic words to create a peaceful atmosphere.

## Annotate

Annotate the following poem with at least two examples of poetic devices that you know. Highlight the example and identify what it is.

### Lullaby Of The Iroquois

*Emily Pauline Johnson*

Little brown baby-bird, lapped in your nest,  
    Wrapped in your nest,  
    Strapped in your nest,  
Your straight little cradle-board rocks you to rest;  
    Its hands are your nest;  
    Its bands are your nest;  
It swings from the down-bending branch of the oak;  
You watch the camp flame, and the curling grey smoke;  
But, oh, for your pretty black eyes sleep is best, -  
Little brown baby of mine, go to rest.

Little brown baby-bird swinging to sleep,  
    Winging to sleep,  
    Singing to sleep,  
Your wonder-black eyes that so wide open keep,  
    Shielding their sleep,  
    Unyielding to sleep,  
The heron is homing, the plover is still,  
The night-owl calls from his haunt on the hill,  
Afar the fox barks, afar the stars peep, -  
Little brown baby of mine, go to sleep.



# YOUR TURN FOR LYRIC

## Find a Song

Find a song you know and like (that is school-appropriate), and find at least three poetic devices (metaphor, simile, hyperbole, personification, alliteration, onomatopoeia, etc.) within it. Print out the lyrics to the song, and highlight and identify those poetic devices. Paste the printed-off lyrics on the blank page following this one. (Make sure it's clear which song/artist you are analyzing.)

In a paragraph, explain the effect of three of poetic devices you found has on the song. Make sure you clearly express your thoughts.

# SONG LYRIC PAGE



# DIFFERENT FORMS OF POETRY

## EKPHRASIS

A poem inspired by a work of art, such as a painting or sculpture.

Note: Lawrence Alma-Tadema was a famous Dutch painter in the 1800s. He was one of the most popular painters during the Victorian era.



Ask Me No More by Lawrence Alma-Tadema

### **The Art of Alma-Tadema** *Emily Pauline Johnson*

There is no song his colours cannot sing,  
For all his art breathes melody, and tunes  
The fine, keen beauty that his brushes bring  
To murmuring marbles and to golden Junes.

The music of those marbles you can hear  
In every crevice, where the deep green stains  
Have sunken when the grey days of the year  
Spilled leisurely their warm, incessant rains

That, lingering, forget to leave the ledge,  
But drenched into the seams, amid the hush  
Of ages, leaving but the silent pledge  
To waken to the wonder of his brush.

And at the Master's touch the marbles leap  
To life, the creamy onyx and the skins  
Of copper-coloured leopards, and the deep,  
Cool basins where the whispering water wins

Reflections from the gold and glowing sun,  
And tints from warm, sweet human flesh, for fair  
And subtly lithe and beautiful, leans one -  
A goddess with a wealth of tawny hair.

# YOUR TURN FOR EKPHRASIS

## Create Your Own Poem

Write your own ekphrastic poem. This could be inspired by art, a film, a book, a song, or any other creative work. Your poem must be at least six lines long.

Include your source of inspiration attached to the following blank page. (See Ms. Legault if not sure what to do here).

## Paragraph

Write a paragraph explaining why your inspiration was so important to you.

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# **EKPHRASIS INSPIRATION PAGE**

