**MARKING PERIOD I: SKILLS ASSESSMENT (50 Points)

Poem Choices -

Selections from Frost’s “Mending Wall”**:
#1).The gaps I mean,
No one has seen them made or heard them made,
But at spring mending-time we find them there.
I let my neighbor know beyond the hill;
And on a day we meet to walk the line
And set the wall between us once again.
We keep the wall between us as we go.
To each the boulders that have fallen to each.
And some are loaves and some so nearly balls
We have to use a spell to make them balance:
‘Stay where you are until our backs are turned!'
We wear our fingers rough with handling them.
Oh, just another kind of outdoor game,
One on a side. It comes to little more.

#2). Before I built a wall I’d ask to know
What I was walling in or walling out,
And to whom I was like to give offense.
Something there is that doesn’t love a wall,
That wants it down.' I could say ‘Elves’ to him,
But it’s not elves exactly, and I’d rather
He said it for himself. I see him there
Bringing a stone grasped firmly by the top
In each hand, like an old-stone savage armed.
He moves in darkness as it seems to me,
Not of woods only and the shade of trees.
He will not go behind his father’s saying,
And he likes having thought of it so well
He says again, ‘Good fences make good neighbors.'

 **Walt Whitman – “To a Stranger”**PASSING stranger! you do not know how longingly I look upon you,
You must be he I was seeking, or she I was seeking, (it comes to me as of a dream,)
I have somewhere surely lived a life of joy with you,
All is recall'd as we flit by each other, fluid, affectionate, chaste, matured,
You grew up with me, were a boy with me or a girl with me,
I ate with you and slept with you, your body has become not yours only nor left my body mine only,
You give me the pleasure of your eyes, face, flesh, as we pass, you take of my beard, breast, hands, in return,
I am not to speak to you, I am to think of you when I sit alone or wake at night alone,
I am to wait, I do not doubt I am to meet you again,
I am to see to it that I do not lose you.

**Emily Dickinson - 112 (“Success”…)**
Success is counted sweetest
By those who ne'er succeed.
To comprehend a nectar
Requires sorest need.

Not one of all the purple Host
Who took the Flag today
Can tell the definition
So clear of Victory

As he defeated-dying
On whose forbidden ear
The distant strains of triumph
Burst agonized and clear!

**SKILL REVIEW:**I. SOAPSTONE ANALYSIS
Subject: What is this piece (here, a poem) *“about”*? An emotion, an idea, a thing?
Occasion: Context, large and small: the broad cultural/intellectual environment, plus a specific event
Audience: Who is being addressed here? Another person? The country? God? Readers?
Purpose: Requires a statement beginning with a verb: The writer is writing TO (produce what effect?)
Speaker: Now that you saw all this: who is this person, what’s their motivation, style, relationship, etc.?
Tone: Three adjectives as an overall summary of the AFFECTIVE (not “effective”) quality of the piece

II. LITERARY THEORY LENSES
PSYCHOANALYTIC – the unconscious, desire/*jouissance*, Superego (Symbolic) vs. Id (Real)
FEMINIST/GENDER STUDIES – social construction of gender, repression of feminine stereotypes
POST-COLONIAL – the history and future of people given the status of the Other by colonizers
THEOLOGICAL – Religion, Biblical criticism, spiritual questions and interpretations, culture
STRUCTURALIST/SEMIOTIC – Patterns: Genre, Archetypes; Signs: Icons, Indexes, Symbols