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| TPCASTT | Application to Poem |
| **TITLE**Ponder the title before reading: what do you think it means, if anything? Consider both denotation & connotation of words used. |  |
| **PARAPHRASE**In two to four sentences, translate the poem into your own words.  |  |
| **CONNOTATION**Contemplate the poem for meaning BEYOND the literal meaning. What is this poet trying to impart to his readers? Look for figurative language (Symbolism/ Imagery/ Personification/Simile/Metaphor/Repetition/etc.) and anything that is beyond literal meaning. Include 3 quotes and commentary. | **Quote/Line**

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 | **Type of Figurative Language/Interpretation** |
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| **ATTITUDE**What is the speaker’s attitude or tone? What is the poet’s? Are they the same, or different? Is there more than one attitude or tone in different parts of the poem? |  |
| **SHIFTS**What shifts in attitude or tone do you see? Where do they occur?Poem Location Occurs between lines\_\_\_\_\_\_\_& \_\_\_\_\_\_ | **Before Shift:****After Shift:** |
| **TITLE**After reading the poem, re-examine the title on an interpretive level. Does it mean something else to you now that you have analyzed the poem? |  |
| **THEME**What is the thematic topic & what is the author trying to tell you about it? | **Thematic Topic:\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_****Theme Statement:** |

**“If We Must Die”**

**Claude McKay (1889 – 1948)**

 If we must die—let it not be like hogs

Hunted and penned in an inglorious spot,

While round us bark the mad and hungry dogs,

Making their mock at our accursed lot.

If we must die—oh, let us nobly die,

So that our precious blood may not be shed

In vain; then even the monsters we defy

Shall be constrained to honor us though dead!

Oh, Kinsmen! We must meet the common foe;

Though far outnumbered, let us show us brave,

And for their thousand blows deal one deathblow!

What though before us lies the open grave?

Like men we’ll face the murderous, cowardly pack,

Pressed to the wall, dying, but fighting back!

**“America”**

**Claude McKay**

Although she feeds me bread of bitterness,

And sinks into my throat her tiger’s tooth,

Stealing my breath of life, I will confess

I love this cultured hell that tests my youth.

Her vigor flows like tides into my blood,

Giving me strength erect against her hate,

Her bigness sweeps my being like a flood.

Yet, as a rebel fronts a king in state,

I stand within her walls with not a shred

Of terror, malice, not a word of jeer.

Darkly I gaze into the days ahead,

And see her might and granite wonders there,

Beneath the touch of Time’s unerring hand,

Like priceless treasures sinking in the sand.