**Love Poetry**

**Work on the following poem:**

**For My Lover, Returning To His Wife**

**By Anne Sexton**

She is all there.  
  
She was melted carefully down for you  
  
and cast up from your childhood,  
  
cast up from your one hundred favorite aggies.

She has always been there, my darling.  
  
She is, in fact, exquisite.  
  
Fireworks in the dull middle of February  
  
and as real as a cast-iron pot.

Let's face it, I have been momentary.  
  
A luxury. A bright red sloop in the harbour.  
  
My hair rising like smoke from the car window.  
  
Littleneck clams out of season.

She is more than that. She is your have to have,  
  
has grown you your practical your tropical growth.  
  
This is not an experiment. She is all harmony.  
  
She sees to oars and oarlocks for the dinghy,

has placed wild flowers at the window at breakfast,  
  
sat by the potter's wheel at midday,  
  
set forth three children under the moon,  
  
three cherubs drawn by Michelangelo,

done this with her legs spread out  
  
in the terrible months in the chapel.  
  
If you glance up, the children are there  
  
like delicate balloons resting on the ceiling.

She has also carried each one down the hall  
  
after supper, their heads privately bent,  
  
two legs protesting, person to person,  
  
her face flushed with a song and their little sleep.

I give you back your heart.  
  
I give you permission --

for the fuse inside her, throbbing  
  
angrily in the dirt, for the bitch in her  
  
and the burying of her wound --  
  
for the burying of her small red wound alive --

for the pale flickering flare under her ribs,  
  
for the drunken sailor who waits in her left pulse,  
  
for the mother's knee, for the stocking,  
  
for the garter belt, for the call --

the curious call  
  
when you will burrow in arms and breasts  
  
and tug at the orange ribbon in her hair  
  
and answer the call, the curious call.

She is so naked and singular  
  
She is the sum of yourself and your dream.  
  
Climb her like a monument, step after step.  
  
She is solid.

As for me, I am a watercolour.  
  
I wash off.

**To do:**

C:\Program Files (x86)\Microsoft Office\MEDIA\CAGCAT10\j0230876.wmf Read the poem.

C:\Program Files (x86)\Microsoft Office\MEDIA\CAGCAT10\j0230876.wmf Make notes about the poem under the headings below.

Ensure that your responses are adequately supported with techniques, examples and an explanation for each.

**Speaker** – What do you learn about the speaker of the poem? Do you think the speaker is the poet?

**Situation** – what situation does the speaker face?

**Audience** - Who do you think the poem is addressed to?

**Tone** - consider the tone of the poem (Tone is the feeling behind the words). Does the tone change at all?

**Imagery** - what images strike you as particularly powerful in conveying an idea? Can you name and explain any figures of speech, or literary features?

**Diction** – Do you notice any patterns of diction, or particularly powerful words that help to convey the speaker’s feelings? Think about the connotations of individual words and why they have been chosen by the poet.

**Rhyme and rhythm** – Describe the rhyme and rhythm of the poem. Consider the effects of these on the poem.

**Use your notes to answer the following questions about the poem. Use TEE where possible.**

* **Can you relate to the speaker’s experiences of love? Why/why not?**
* **Does the poem relate to a particular experience? Or a general state? How do you know? Describe the state or the experience in as much detail as you can (remember to use TEE)**
* **What do you think is the main theme of the poem? Write a paragraph using TEE in which you explore that theme.**
* **Choose one image within the poem. Analyse it using TEE. Create a group poster of the poem with your individual TEE paragraphs as annotations.**