

## Entry 184: Extended Simile / Metaphor Poems

### **Metaphor**, Eve Merriam

Morning is  
a new sheet of paper  
for you to write on.

Whatever you want to say,  
all day,  
until night  
folds it up  
and files it away.

The bright words and the dark words  
are gone  
until dawn  
and a new day  
to write on.

### **Fog**, Carl Sandburg

THE FOG comes  
on little cat feet.

It sits looking  
over harbor and city  
on silent haunches  
and then, moves on

### **Mind**, Richard Wilbur

Mind in its purest play is like some bat  
That beats about in caverns all alone,  
Contriving by a kind of senseless wit  
Not to conclude against a wall of stone.

It has no need to falter or explore;  
Darkly it knows what obstacles are there,  
And so may weave and flutter, dip and soar  
In perfect course through the blackest air.

And has this simile like a perfection?  
The mind is like a bat. Precisely. Save  
That in the very happiest intellection  
A graceful error may correct the cave.

### **The Toaster**, William Jay Smith

A silver-scaled Dragon with jaws flaming red  
Sits at my elbow and toasts my bread  
I hand him fat slices, and then, one by one  
He hands them back when he sees they are  
done.

### **Apartment House**, Gerald Raftery

A filing-cabinet of human lives  
Where people swarm like bees in tunneled  
hives,  
Each to his own cell in the towered comb,  
Identical and cramped—we call it home.

### **The Garden Hose**, Beatrice Janosco

In the gray evening  
I see a long green serpent  
With its tail in the dahlias.

It lies in loops across the grass  
And drinks softly at the faucet.

I can hear it swallow.

### **Steam Shovel**, Charles Malam

The dinosaurs are not all dead.  
I saw one raise its iron head  
To watch me walking down the road  
Beyond our house today.  
Its jaws were dripping with a load  
Of earth and grass that it had chopped.  
It must have heard me when I stopped.  
Snorted white steam my way,  
And stretched its long neck out to see,  
And chewed, and grinned quite amiably.

### **Simile**, N. Scott Momaday

What did we say to each other  
that now we are as the deer  
who walk in single file  
with heads high  
with ears forward  
with eyes watchful  
with hooves always placed on firm ground  
in whose limbs there is latent flight

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<b>Labels</b>	Next to the title and poet for each poem, write “metaphor” or “simile” to indicate which kind of figurative language is being employed.
<b>Comparisons</b>	Below each poem, write the two (or more) things that the poet compares.
<b>Analysis</b>	<p>Pick one poem to look at in more detail. Complete the following:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>• Explain how/why you think the comparison is appropriate. Consider the thoughts and feelings you have about each object, as well as sensory images associated with them. Your written response should fill about ¼ to ½ page.</li><li>• Draw, as literally as you can, what is described in the poem. Use color. Include as many images and ideas from the poem as you can.</li></ul>
<b>Original Poem</b>	<p>Write your own extended metaphor or simile poem using an idea from the class activity. Your poem should be 8 to 15 lines long. Before beginning, consider the different ways one of the objects is like or represents the other. If you need help getting started, use one of the following as a starting point. Fill in the blanks, and then keep going:</p> <p>_____ is like _____. It...</p> <p>_____ is a/an _____. It...</p>