**“scan” these lines** means identify musical feet,

– = soft accent

/ = strong accent)

4 kinds of 2-syllable feet:

**iamb** = - / [soft accent + strong accent] **trochee** = / - [strong + soft]

**spondee** = / / **pyrrhic** = - -

3-syllable feet: **dactyl** = / - - **anapest** = - - /

**Also count the syllables**: how many do these lines have?

**Are these lines predominately iambic**? something else? Remember, to be iambic a line doesn’t have to have 100% iambic feet, but that rhythm should assert itself for most of the line (at least over 50%, especially in the second half).

**Pentameter** = 5 strong beats per line as the norm.

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**Frost:**

“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”

from “Mending Wall” [do the first & last lines first; they’re easier]

“with the slow smokeless burning of decay”

(last line of “The Wood-Pile”)

“That would be good both going and coming back.

One could do worse than be a swinger of birches.”

from “Birches”

**Stevens**: “She sang beyond the genius of the sea.”

. . . .

“Oh! Blessed rage for order, pale Ramon,

The maker’s rage to order words of the sea,

Words of the fragrant portals, dimly-starred,

And of ourselves and of our origins,

In ghostlier demarcations, keener sounds.”

both from “The Idea of Order at Key West”

**track alliteration, assonance, and other sound patterns:**

“They click upon themselves

As the breeze rises, and turn many-colored

As the stir cracks and crazes their enamel.

Soon the sun’s warmth makes them shed crystal shells

Shattering and avalanching on the snow-crust—

Such heaps of broken glass to sweep away

You’d think the inner dome of heaven had fallen.”

(from Frost’s “Birches”)

“And deck the bananas in leaves

Plucked from the Carib trees,

Fibrous and dangling down,

Oozing cantankerous gum

Out of their purple maws,

Darting out of their purple craws

Their musky and tingling tongues.”

from Stevens’ “Floral Decorations for Bananas”

“The sea was not a mask. No more was she.

The song and water were not medleyed sound

Even if what she sang was what she heard,

Since what she sang was uttered word by word.

It may be that in all her phrases stirred

The grinding water and the gasping wind;

But it was she and not the sea we heard.”

from Stevens’ “The Idea of Order at Key West”