**Looking at Lyric Poems**

**Those Winter Sundays – Robert Hayden**

Sundays too my father got up early

and put his clothes on in the blueblack cold,

then with cracked hands that ached

from labour in the weekday weather made

banked fires blaze. No one ever thanked him.

I’d wake and hear the cold splintering, breaking.

When the rooms were warm, he’d call

and slowly I would rise and dress,

fearing the chronic angers of that house,

Speaking indifferently to him,

who had driven out the cold

and polished my good shoes as well.

What did I know, what did I know

of love’s austere and lonely offices?

Things to Consider

1. Different time frames of the poem.

2. Contrasts in the poem.

3. Diction choices (austere, offices, etc.)

**Marks – Linda Pastan**

My husband gives me an A

for last night’s supper,

an incomplete for my ironing,

a B plus in bed.

My son says I am average,

an average mother, but if

I put my mind to it

I could improve.

My daughter believes

in Pass/Fails and tells me

I pass. Wait ‘til they learn

I’m dropping out.

Things to Consider

1. Connotation/denotation of the word *marks*

2. Humour

3. Extended metaphor (or conceit)