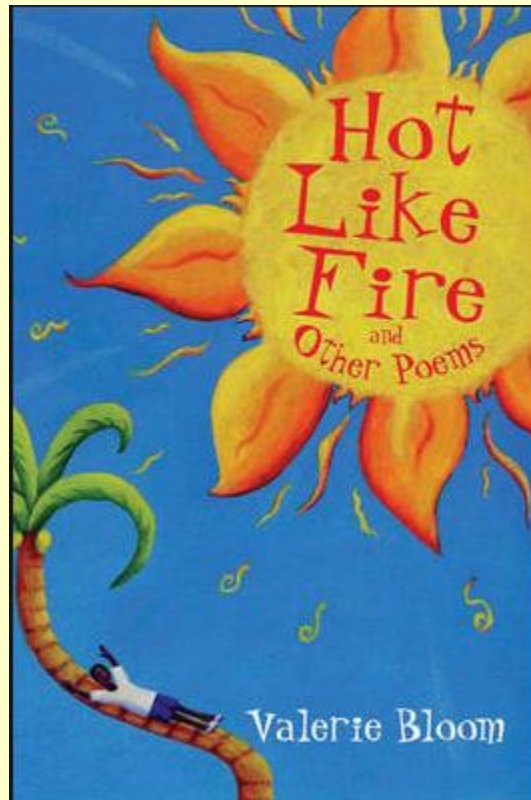


Thursday 11th June 2020

I can draft a prose poem.



Prose Poetry

Prose is when our writing is in normal sentences instead of stanzas like in a poem. It does however still use poetic techniques such as personification, metaphors, similes and figurative language.

Here is an example:

Same poem
written as a
prose.

Jumping on the merry-go-round, I scramble for a place to sit. There are kids scampering under my feet as the ride makes its first jerk ahead. The ride makes the dust come alive while slowly turning circles.

Original poem
written with
verses.

Jumping on the merry-go-round
I scramble for a place to sit.
Kids jostle and push
As the ride jerks ahead.
Dust dances delightedly and
the ride turns round and round.

De Bread Van

In a likkle village whey de soft moss peep
from under mango root, whey de mawga dawg

sleep

eena de midday sun, de cock dem cuss one
another

ova de house top, an' nobody no bother
fe shut de door 'gainst pryin' yeye
but meck de nosy breeze come in fe spy
under de tablecloth an' frilly bedspread,
dere's a van dat come to deliver bread.

Every Saturday when de sun teck a break,
de van climb de hill wid a rattle an' shake,
a tired cough, splutter an' groan o' de horn,
hardly at lunchtime, neva in de mawn-
ing. But by five widout fail,
wid a dawdlin' twistin' snakin' trail
o' blue-grey smoke, thin like a t'read,
de bread van come fe deliver bread.



De bread dem light, still warm an' yeasty,
dem cos' fifty cents or so, at least de
mangoose bread dem, long an' thin
cos' that. De sweet bread got currants in.
De man have bulla cake too, five cents each,
sugar-brown an' sweet, an' him will reach
to de highest shelf behind him head,
an' sell yuh some when him deliver bread.

Spice bun like dose in de city shop,
sprinkle wid cinnamon an' cherry on top,
water biscuit, crisp an' light,
if yuh lucky den yuh jus' might
get patty, hot wid scotch bonnet pepper,
de flaky pastry wrap up in brown paper,
but perhaps yuh prefer some toto instead,
when de bread van come fe deliver bread.



Select one of
the 4 poems we
looked at
yesterday that
you will use to
turn into a prose
poem.

Shopping

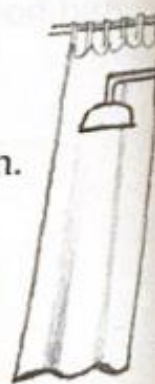
One hour, that's all, ah tell me mother,
Ah can't stay out too late,
Ah jus' need to get a fountain pen,
An' a comic fe me mate,
Ah want to watch de match tonight,
So ah coming back by eight.
An' me mother say, 'Hol' on, ah coming.'



One hour, that's all, ah tell her,
We can't stay more than one hour,
We going get a pen, an' comic.
An' Mum sey, 'Ah want some flour.
An' while ah think I might jus' get
A new curtain fe de shower.'
An' me brother say, 'Hol' on, ah coming.'



We only going out for one hour, ah say,
One hour before we come back,
We getting pen, comic, flour, shower curtain.
An' John sey, 'I need a rucksack.
But before ah go ah must set this thing
Fe video "Art Attack".'
An' me sister say, 'Hol' on, ah coming.'



One hour, ah shout to Rebecca,
Just one hour we gwine spen' in town,
We getting pen, comic, flour, shower curtain,
rucksack.

An' Becky sey, 'Ah need a new dressing gown.
But ah don't think ah have enough money,
So, Dad, can yuh lend me ten poun'?'
And me father say, 'Hol' on, ah coming.'



Well, we go to de supermarket,
An' every aisle did have a food cart,
Dem was givin' out sample o' everyt'ing
From pineapple to artichoke heart,
Dad spen' half hour a-sample each sample.
Ah sey, Dad, de game soon start.
Him sey, 'Hol' on, ah coming.'



Next we go to get me brother rucksack,
An' him sey dat him need new shoes,
Well, John never learn how fe make up him min',
Him couldn't decide which fe choose,
Ah tell him, hurry up, John, before the match start,
We don' have no time fe lose.
Him sey, 'Hol' on, ah coming.'



Late Again

Why nobody no wake me?
Whey everybody gawn?
Yuh mean to tell me I feget
Fe put the alarm awn?

Now is nine o'clock a'ready
An me gwine haffe run,
Me cyan find me school jumper,
Ah jus' gwine borrow me brother own.

Don' have no time fe breakfas',
Haffe jus' brush me teeth an' scoot,
No time fe pack me lunch box
Ah jus' gwine haffe grab some fruit.

An' hope ah can beg a sandwich
Or a biscuit off me mate,
Me outa here. Oh brilliant!
Ah hope me mum not workin' late

'Cause me lef' de key pon de table!
An' me feget fe comb me hair,
It mus' look like a bird nest,
But me no really care,



As long as me no late again,
For Mrs Morton sey,
She gwine give me a detention
If me late another day.

No sign o' de school bus dem
Outside o' de school gate,
Look like de lollipop lady
gawn home,
Bwoy, me mus' be really late.

Hold on. How de place so quiet?
How me no hear no sound
A-come from de classroom dem,
An' no noise from de playground?

Whey de pickney an' de teacher dem?
Whey de dinner lady dey?
Oh no! Why nobody no remind me
Dat is de start o' de holiday?



Don' Ride No Coconut Bough Down Dere

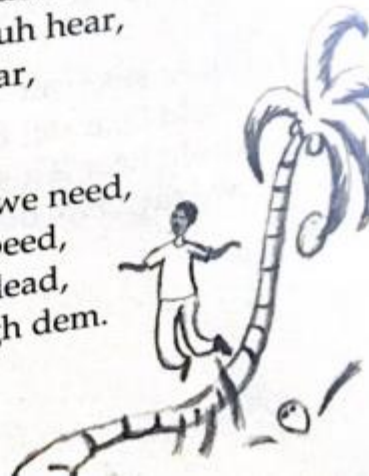
Papa face serious, him say, 'Dere's no way,
Ah want any o' yuh to go out an' play
An' mash up me yam hill dem down dey,
Specially wid unoo coconut bough.'

De hill so steep an' long an' slippery,
We could hear dat hill a-call out to we,
We could hear it a-say, 'Come slide down me,
Yuh know yuh want to do it now.'

De yam vine dem twist roun' de hog plum tree,
Dem turn dem likkle face to we,
Dem say to Lainey, Bonnie an' to me,
'Memba whey yuh fada say.'

De coconut bough dem waitin' dere
Say, 'Don' lissen to dem vine, yuh hear,
Yuh puppa really mean nex' year,
Him neva mean today.'

We fin' some bough, jus' what we need,
Head big an' solid, perfec' fe speed,
Me in de middle, Bonnie in de lead,
We jump pon we coconut bough dem.



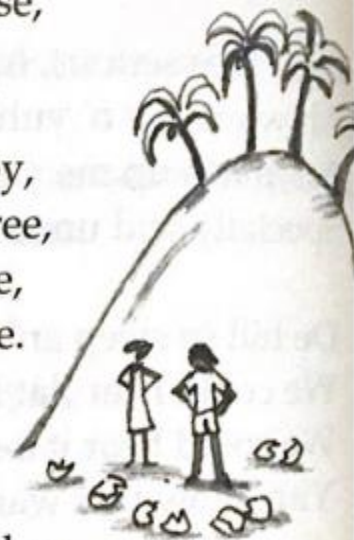
An' den we all begin fe race,
De breeze like razor pon we face,
We feget 'bout goin' slow in case,
We break off Papa yam stem.

De t'ree o' we an' de dog, Puppy,
Fly down de hill pass de pear tree,
Tear through de cocoa an' coffee,
We noh memba de yam no more.

Up de hill an' down agen,
Lean de bough into de ben',
We only see de yam vine dem when
We stop, 'bout half past four.

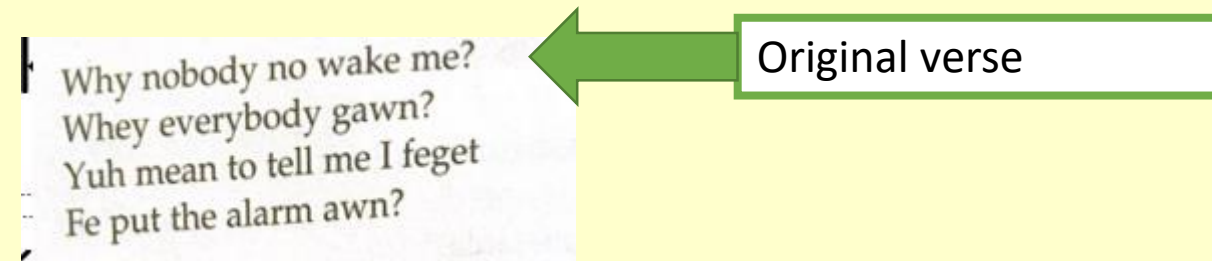
Dem lyin' lifeless pon de groun'
De hill dem flat, dem all mash down,
None o' we could meck a soun',
We didn' know wha' fe do.

De hill so steep an' long an' slippery,
We could hear dat hill a-call out to we,
We could hear it a-say, 'Come slide down me,
An' we say, 'No, thank yuh!'



Task: Using the poem you selected, write it as a prose poem. Here is an example of one we did.

Late Again



Written in prose:

Why does nobody try to wake me? Where has everybody gone? It seems that I may have forgot to put the alarm on.