

Visual Imagery

Read the poems below. Choose one and create the poem in PhotoShop. You will create a mind picture and tap into the non-linguistic representation of content. Create the image you see in your mind in PhotoShop. You may choose another poem besides the ones below, but it must be approved before you begin.

BEAT! BEAT! DRUMS!
Walt Whitman (1819-1892)

EAT! beat! drums! -- blow! bugles! blow!
Through the windows -- through doors -- burst like a ruthless force,
Into the solemn church, and scatter the congregation,
Into the school where the scholar is studying;
Leave not the bridegroom quiet -- no happiness must he have now with his bride,
Nor the peaceful farmer any peace, ploughing his field or gathering his grain,
So fierce you whirr and pound you drums -- so shrill you bugles blow.

Beat! beat! drums! -- blow! bugles! blow!
Over the traffic of cities -- over the rumble of wheels in the streets;
Are beds prepared for sleepers at night in the houses? no sleepers must sleep in those beds,
No bargainers' bargains by day -- no brokers or speculators -- would they continue?
Would the talkers be talking? would the singer attempt to sing?
Would the lawyer rise in the court to state his case before the judge?
Then rattle quicker, heavier drums -- you bugles wilder blow.

Beat! beat! drums! -- blow! bugles! blow!
Make no parley -- stop for no expostulation,
Mind not the timid -- mind not the weeper or prayer,
Mind not the old man beseeching the young man,
Let not the child's voice be heard, nor the mother's entreaties,
Make even the trestles to shake the dead where they lie awaiting the hearses,
So strong you thump O terrible drums -- so loud you bugles blow.

River Moons
Carl Sandburg

THE DOUBLE moon, one on the high back drop of the west, one on the curve of the river face,

The sky moon of fire and the river moon of water; I am taking these home in a basket, hung on an elbow, such a teeny weeny elbow, in my head.

I saw them last night, a cradle moon, two horns of a moon, such an early hopeful moon, such a child's moon for all young hearts to make a picture of.

The river—I remember this like a picture—the river was the upper twist of a written question mark.

I know now it takes many many years to write a river, a twist of water asking a question.

And white stars moved when the moon moved, and one red star kept burning, and the Big Dipper was almost overhead.

Into My Own
Robert Frost

*One of my wishes is that those dark trees,
So old and firm they scarcely show the breeze,
Were not, as 'twere, the merest mask of gloom,
But stretched away unto the edge of doom.*

*I should not be withheld but that some day
into their vastness I should steal away,
Fearless of ever finding open land,
or highway where the slow wheel pours the sand.*

*I do not see why I should e'er turn back,
Or those should not set forth upon my track
To overtake me, who should miss me here
And long to know if still I held them dear.*

*They would not find me changed from him the knew--
Only more sure of all I though was true.*