Poetry Unit: Week 3- (Lesson 9/10)

**Personification**

Personification is giving human qualities to something which is not human.

You can personify objects:

*The lights blinked in the distance.*

*The moon is a harsh mistress.*

*Your computer hates me.*

You can personify animals:

*The birds expressed their joy.*

*The groundhog hovered indecisively.*
Voices of the Night

We are the shadows that creep in the night
And hide in the corners behind your bed,
And after you've turned out the comforting light
We burrow into your sleepy head.

We are the sounds of the silent room,
The clock with its ominous regular ticks,
The creaks as the floorboards contract in the gloom,
The doorhandle's sudden unsettling clicks.

We are the searchlights of passing cars
That swivel and sweep through the curtain's crack,
We are the glow from the luminous stars
That trace on your ceiling a zodiac.
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We are the forms of familiar things
That take on a life of their own after dark,
The shadowy mobile grows threatening wings
And under the bed swims a silent shark.

We are each knob and handle and hook
Transformed into faces and frightening shapes.
The walls huddle round and wherever you look
A black void in the bedroom gapes.

By Sandy Brownjohn
SNOW AND SNOW

by Ted Hughes

Snow is sometimes a she, a soft one.
Her kiss on your cheek, her finger on your sleeve
In early December, on a warm evening,
And you turn to meet her, saying "It"s snowing!"
But it is not. And nobody"s there.
Empty and calm is the air.

Sometimes the snow is a he, a sly one.
Weakly he signs the dry stone with a damp spot.
Waifish he floats and touches the pond and is not.
Treachery-beggary he falters, and taps at the window.
A little longer he clings to the grass-blade tip
Getting his grip.

Then how she leans, how furry foxwrap she nestles
The sky with her warm, and the earth with her softness.
How her lit crowding fairylands sink through the space-silence
To build her palace, till it twinkles in starlight—
Too frail for a foot
Or a crumb of soot.
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Then how his muffled armies move in all night
And we wake and every road is blockaded
Every hill taken and every farm occupied
And the white glare of his tents is on the ceiling.
And all that dull blue day and on into the gloaming
We have to watch more coming.

Then everything in the rubbish-heaped world
Is a bridesmaid at her miracle.
Dunghills and crumbly dark old barns are bowed in the chapel of
her sparkle.
The gruesome boggy cellars of the wood
Are a wedding of lace
Now taking place.

By Ted Hughes
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1. Choose a noun from List A
2. Choose a verb from List B
3. Put it next to the noun. Complete the sentence. You have created a line of personification!

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>List A</th>
<th>List B</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Sun</td>
<td>Tells</td>
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<td>Moon</td>
<td>Shows</td>
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<td>Stars</td>
<td>Teaches</td>
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<td>Sky</td>
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<td>Sea</td>
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<td>Stone</td>
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<td>Mountain</td>
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<td>Dawn</td>
<td>Dreams</td>
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<td>Morning</td>
<td>Guides</td>
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<tr>
<td>Lake</td>
<td>Takes</td>
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<tr>
<td>Flower</td>
<td>wonders</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

**Example 1**

Night wonders what happens during the day
Dawn listens intently
Morning creeps up on the sleeping town
Afternoon rages in a blaze of light
Evening pulls the covers over the day

**Example 2**

Night wonders what happens during the day
Is it more fun than when the stars come out to play?
Are there hooting owls and crickets chirping low?
She sighs; she will never know.