

Name: _____

Poetry Worksheet

TYPES OF POEMS 2

1. What type of poem is this?



An old silent pond...
A frog jumps into
the pond, splash! Silence again.

~ Basho

- ☐ limerick
- ☐ haiku
- ☐ humorous
- ☐ couplet

2. What type of poem is this?



There was an old man with a beard

By Edward Lear
There was an Old Man with a beard,
Who said, 'It is just as I feared!
Two Owls and a Hen,
Four Larks and a Wren,

- ☐ Limerick
- ☐ Acrostic
- ☐ Haiku
- ☐ Rhyme

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What type of poem is this?

THE SOLITARY REAPER.

Behold her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland lass!
Reaping and singing by herself,
Stop here, or gently pass!
Alone she cuts and binds the grain 5
And sings a melancholy strain.
Oh, listen! for the vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chant
So sweetly to reposing bands 10
Of travellers in some shady haunt
Among Arabian sands:
No sweeter voice was ever heard
In spring time from the cuckoo-bird
Breaking the silence of the seas 15
Among the farthest Hebrides.

“Will no one tell me what she sings?
Perhaps the plaintive numbers now
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago. 20
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again?

“Whate’er the theme, the maiden sang 25
As if her song could have no ending;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o’er the sickle bending;—
I listen’d motionless and still;
And, as I mounted up the hill, 30
The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more.
—William Wordsworth.

☐ acrostic

☐ lyrical

☐ narrative

☐ Humorous

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What type of poem is this?

While Cigarettes to Ashes Turn

I.

“He smokes—and that’s enough,” says
Ma—

“And cigarettes, at that!” says Pa.

“He must not call again,” says she—
“He shall not call again!” says he.

They both glare at me as before—
Then quit the room and bang the door,—

While I, their willful daughter, say,
“I guess I’ll love him, anyway!”

II.

At twilight, in his room, alone,
His careless feet inertly thrown

Across a chair, my fancy can
But worship this most worthless man!

I dream what joy it is to set
His slow lips round a cigarette,

With idle-humored whiff and puff—
Ah! this is innocent enough!

To mark the slender fingers raise
The waxen match’s dainty blaze,

Whose chastened light an instant glows
On drooping lids and arching nose,

Then, in the sudden gloom, instead,
A tiny ember, dim and red,

Blooms languidly to ripeness, then
Fades slowly, and grows ripe again.
“HE SMOKES—AND THAT’S
ENOUGH,” SAYS MA— “HE
SMOKES—AND THAT’S ENOUGH,”
SAYS MA—
III.

I lean back, in my own boudoir—
The door is fast, the sash ajar;

And in the dark, I smiling stare
At one window over there,

Where some one, smoking, pinks the
gloom,
The darling darkness of his room!

I push my shutters wider yet,
And lo! I light a cigarette;

And gleam for gleam, and glow for glow,
Each pulse of light a word we know,

We talk of love that still will burn
While cigarettes to ashes turn.

☐ humorous ☐ haiku ☐ couplet

☐ limerick