

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

## Aging Poems

Read the figurative language definitions below. Label what figurative language is being used in the lines of the poems. Don't forget to answer the questions in the box regarding theme.

**Simile:** a comparison using like or as

**Metaphor:** a comparison that doesn't use like or as (something IS something else)

**Hyperbole:** an exaggeration

**Personification:** giving inanimate objects human characteristics

**Allusion:** (can you spot it?) a reference to something from the past (literature, mythological characters, bible, historical events, etc.)

### Nothing Gold Can Stay by Robert Frost

Nature's first green is gold, \_\_\_\_\_

Her hardest hue to hold. \_\_\_\_\_

Her early leaf's a flower; \_\_\_\_\_

But only so an hour. \_\_\_\_\_

Then leaf subsides to leaf,

So Eden sank to grief, \_\_\_\_\_

So dawn goes down to day

Nothing gold can stay. \_\_\_\_\_

Which one of the statements best represents the **overall** theme of the poem, "Nothing Gold Can Stay"?

- Gold leaves only last for a short amount of time.
- Nature, while ever-changing, is always beautiful.
- Childhood is a precious, but fleeting time in a person's life.
- Childhood is like the autumn season.

### On Turning Ten by Billy Collins

The whole idea of it makes me feel  
like I'm coming down with something, \_\_\_\_\_  
something worse than any stomach ache  
or the headaches I get from reading in bad light--  
a kind of measles of the spirit, \_\_\_\_\_  
a mumps of the psyche, \_\_\_\_\_  
a disfiguring chicken pox of the soul. \_\_\_\_\_

You tell me it is too early to be looking back,  
but that is because you have forgotten  
the perfect simplicity of being one  
and the beautiful complexity introduced by two.  
But I can lie on my bed and remember every digit.  
At four I was an Arabian wizard. \_\_\_\_\_

I could make myself invisible  
by drinking a glass of milk a certain way. \_\_\_\_\_  
At seven I was a soldier, at nine a prince. \_\_\_\_\_

But now I am mostly at the window  
watching the late afternoon light.  
Back then it never fell so solemnly  
against the side of my tree house,  
and my bicycle never leaned against the garage  
as it does today,  
all the dark blue speed drained out of it. \_\_\_\_\_

This is the beginning of sadness, I say to myself,  
as I walk through the universe in my sneakers. \_\_\_\_\_  
It is time to say good-bye to my imaginary friends,  
time to turn the first big number.  
It seems only yesterday I used to believe  
there was nothing under my skin but light.  
If you cut me I could shine. \_\_\_\_\_  
But now when I fall upon the sidewalks of life, \_\_\_\_\_  
I skin my knees. I bleed.

Create a one sentence theme statement that reflects the author's overall message in "On Turning Ten."

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