

Frankie and Johnny, by Big Bill Broonzy

Frankie and Johnny was lovers, oh, how they could love  
They sworn to be true to each other, true as the skies above  
It was her man, 'cause he's doin' her wrong

Frankie went down to the corner, to get her a stein of beer  
She aksed the big old fat bartender, "Have my lovin' Johnny been here?  
He was my man, but he's doin' me wrong."

Said, "I ain't gonna tell you no story, I ain't gonna tell you no lie  
He was here 'bout an hour ago with that gal they call Nellie Blye, and if  
He was your man, then he's doin' you wrong."

Frankie went down to the hotel, she didn't go down there for fun  
Under her long red kimono she carried her .44 gun  
Lookin' for the man that had done her wrong

Johnny pulled off his Stetson hat, hollered, "Now, baby, don't shoot!"  
Frankie pressed her finger on the trigger and that gun went "rooty-toot-toot!"  
She killed her man, 'cause he done her wrong

This is the end of my story, this is the end of my song  
Frankie's down in the county jail, poor thing, down there all alone  
She killed her man, 'cause he done her wrong

**W**ritten by Ernest L. Thayer for the *San Francisco Examiner* on 3 June 1888 and popularized by the innumerable presentations of DeWolf Hopper, the poem "Casey at the Bat" quickly became baseball's best-known piece of literature. The final stanzas follow:

There was ease in Casey's manner as he stepped into his place;  
There was pride in Casey's bearing and a smile on Casey's face,  
And when, responding to the cheers, he lightly doffed his hat,  
No stranger in the crowd could doubt 'twas Casey at the bat.  
Ten thousand eyes were on him as he rubbed his hands with dirt;  
Five thousand tongues applauded when he wiped them on his shirt.  
Then, while the writhing pitcher ground the ball into his hip,  
Defiance gleamed in Casey's eye, a sneer curled Casey's lip.  
And now the leather-covered sphere came hurtling through the air,  
And Casey stood a-watching it in haughty grandeur there,  
Close by the sturdy batsman the ball unheeded sped—  
"That ain't my style," said Casey. "Strike one," the umpire said.  
From the benches, black with people, there went up a muffled roar,  
Like the beating of the storm-waves on a stern and distant shore,

"Kill him; kill the umpire!" shouted someone from the stand;—  
And it's likely they'd have killed him had not Casey raised his hand,

With a smile of Christian charity great Casey's visage shone;

He stilled the rising tumult; he bade the game go on;  
He signalled to the pitcher, and once more the spheroid

flew;  
But Casey still ignored it, and the umpire said, "Strike two."

"Fraud," cried the maddened thousands, and echo answered "Fraud,"

But one scornful look from Casey, and the multitude was awed.

They saw his face grow stern and cold; they saw his muscles strain,

And they knew that Casey wouldn't let the ball go by again.

The sneer is gone from Casey's lip; his teeth are clinched in hate;

He pounds with cruel violence his bat upon the plate.

And now the pitcher holds the ball, and now he lets it go,  
And now the air is shattered by the force of Casey's blow.

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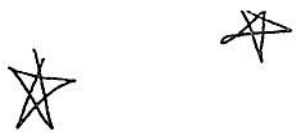
Oh! somewhere in this favored land the sun is shining bright;

The band is playing somewhere, and somewhere hearts are light.

And somewhere men are laughing and somewhere children shout;

But there is no joy in Mudville—mighty Casey has Struck Out.





# The Sestina: Form for Math + Poetry Stars.

	①	②	③	④	⑤	⑥
* 1. lover		6	3	5	4	2
2. face		1	6	3	5	4
3. glass		5	4	2	1	6
4. heel		2	1	6	3	5
5. blood		4	2	1	6	3
6. you		3	5	4	2	1

⑦	2	—	3
	1	—	4
	5	—	6

⑧

2	—	5
4	—	3
6	—	1

MOST COMMON

or

- 1
- 2
- 3

or

pick 3 (HA)



\* words from Alice Fulton's  
 "You can't Rhumbogue in a Bell And Chace"

## Meditations on Jungle Drums

In the distance, we could always hear drums  
Or maybe it was the thundering sky  
The children, the earth, everything starving  
the smallest told us he would be buddha  
But that was before he learned about war  
He returned, giving us a painful smile

And he did not speak, it was in the smile  
we saw on his lips the sound of the drums  
that we sounded, never intending war  
but that is what happened, and now the sky  
seems to cover the sun, and we know buddha  
had tried to show us this, by his starving

Our heads hung in shame, seeing him starving  
we had nothing to offer but a smile  
the smallest was now tall, a real buddha  
taught us how to play new, different drums  
and we did, all looking up to the sky  
we dreamed of a new beginning, not war.

This boy was still very much a boy, war  
could not change who he was, but when starving  
many nights, under rain and darkened sky  
the soldier sleeping next to him would smile  
and another would take out his own drums  
while this same boy sat, dreaming of buddha

Back home there were crowds of them, the buddhas  
they alone had realized that this was war  
they all gathered in the streets, banging drums  
of peace, a few sat on sidewalks, starving  
they were not full of anger, but would smile  
pointing upwards, and say look at the sky

We drew so much power from the blue sky  
everyone of us wants to be buddha  
we all have our statues; at us they smile  
when others fail to see that is war  
it was war; the fighting and the starving  
governments do not understand the drums

We will gaze into the orange sky, see war  
and say no, buddha, there won't be starving  
at each other we smile, and play our drums.

## A Sestina of Dance and Song

I look within you, deep into that blue  
With you I want to run barefoot, and dance  
at that one perfect moment, to that song  
that always reminds me of you, and kiss  
with that full abandon that only youth  
can experience; my feelings run deep

And while we lay here, looking into eyes deep,  
I notice that yours have changed from sky blue  
into brown or gray, i can't tell; my youth  
keeps me from being certain, but i dance  
like i know what I'm doing, when your kiss  
is all that is keeping me from this song

Then i realize that i hear a new song,  
one that is slow, and its meaning is deep  
i remember when we had our first kiss  
It was dark, i thought your eyes matched the blue  
of the oceans i could feel within. Dance  
with me, and enjoy the time of our youth.

It can be such a funny thing, this youth  
It has inspired many a song  
but these songs are not meant for us to dance  
to, no, the understanding of these deep  
songs take patience boundless as the light blue  
eyes that I see, and I demand a kiss

And thus you respond, giving such a kiss  
I am taken aback; being the youth  
that i am, small and needing your blue  
eyes on me at all times, sing me a song  
one that was written just for me, a deep  
ballad of love; I do not wish to dance

I would rather stay in your arms than dance  
no dance could ever compare to a kiss  
I shall respond to your kiss with a deep  
love that in itself defies my own youth  
in your arms i no longer hear the song  
because i am so lost in your eyes blue

Today our souls will dance, for it is youth  
that makes your kiss great, and better than song  
all i know besides this is that deep blue.

## THE BALLAD

Of the traditional forms of poetry, the ballad is one of the oldest. It was originally sung, accompanied by music, to tell a narrative or story. It was part of the oral tradition before written literature was widely available. Even though technology has advanced since the dawn of the printing press, the ballad still continues to be one of the favored forms of narrative and musical poetry.

### The Form:

- A ballad tells a story. Ballads are often about love, death, ghosts, curses, and heroism.
- It is composed of quatrain stanzas.
  - Stanzas are poetic paragraphs.
  - A quatrain is a poetic paragraph with four lines.
- The first and third lines are written in iambic tetrameter – that's eight syllables per line.
- The second and fourth lines are written in iambic trimeter (tri means three). That means 6 syllables per line.
- The second and fourth lines rhyme (abab, cdcd, and so on), which gives the poem a song-like quality. The lines rhyme within the stanza, not between the stanzas.
- Your ballad should be ten stanzas long.

# Pantoum

A pantoum is a poetic form that has a set pattern of repetitive lines.

The modern pantoum is composed in quatrains (four-line stanzas). It adheres to the following pattern of repeating lines (or repetons):

1. Lines 2 and 4 of each stanza are repeated in lines 1 and 3 of the next.
2. There is no limit to how many stanzas a pantoum can have.
3. The last stanza repeats the two lines from the poem that have not yet been repeated (lines 1 and 3 of the first stanza). However, the order is typically reversed from the established pattern, so that line 3 becomes line 2 of the last stanza, line 1 becomes line 4 of the last stanza (or the last line of the poem, causing it to come full circle).

Here's a template for a four-stanza pantoum:

line 1 (new line)  
line 2 (new line)  
line 3 (new line)  
line 4 (new line)

line 2  
line 5 (new line)  
line 4  
line 6 (new line)

line 5  
line 7 (new line)  
line 6  
line 8 (new line)

line 7  
line 3  
line 8  
line 1

In the modern pantoum "repeat" is taken loosely. Usually poets will change some of the wording of repeated lines to add meaning and to fit with surrounding lines. Sometimes they will retain only one word from the original line (often the last word).

Pantoums can rhyme but they don't have to. If rhyme is used, the pattern is usually abab etc. In our four-stanza example the rhyme scheme would work out to:

Stanza 1: abab  
Stanza 2: bcbc  
Stanza 3: cdc  
Stanza 4: dada