

Thank you

FOR YOUR  
INTEREST IN  
CORWIN

Please enjoy this complimentary excerpt from *Text Structures from Poetry, Grades 4-12*, by Gretchen Bernabei and Laura Van Prooyen. In this lesson, students read and dissect the poem "The Raven" and write their own poetry based on their text structure analysis.

**LEARN MORE** about this title, including Features, Table of Contents, and Reviews.

# TEACHING NOTES

for "The Raven"

READ.

Notice:

- End rhymes
- Internal rhymes
- 6-line stanzas
- trochaic octameter

1 2 1 2 1 2 1 2

WRITE.

1

Freewrite for 3 minutes (then set aside).

Think of some scary sounds that would bother you if you heard them at night.

\*Nobody starts with a blank page.

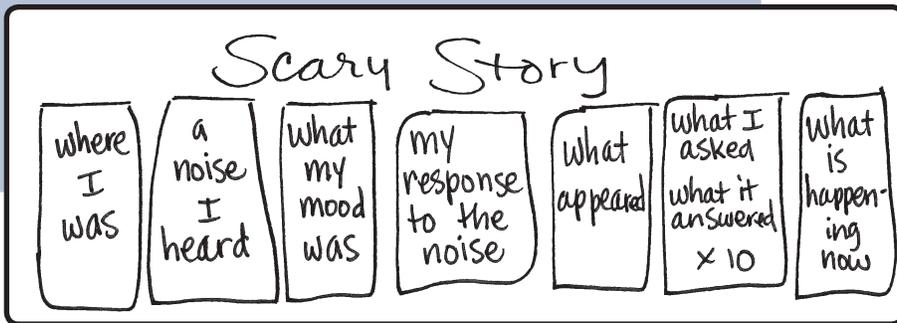
2

Read the poem. Aloud. Slowly. Read it again, and this time everyone should underline parts they find striking. Discuss the parts they notice. Name the craft. Notice the parts.

GET THE STRUCTURE.

3

Reveal the chunked poem. (Students copy the chunks.) Re-read the poem, watching the movement of the structure.



WRITE.

4

Invite students to write a poem. Right now you have

- A page of thoughts
- Examples of craft you like
- A text structure

See what you come up with! Use any of those, change any, and see what you write in the next minutes.

## The Raven by Edgar Allan Poe

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered,  
weak and weary,  
Over many a quaint and curious volume of  
forgotten lore—  
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly  
there came a tapping,  
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my  
chamber door.  
"Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my  
chamber door—  
Only this and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak  
December;  
And each separate dying ember wrought its  
ghost upon the floor.  
Eagerly I wished the morrow;—vainly I had  
sought to borrow  
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow  
for the lost Lenore—  
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the  
angels name Lenore—  
Nameless *here* for evermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of  
each purple curtain  
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors  
never felt before;  
So that now, to still the beating of my heart,  
I stood repeating  
"Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my  
chamber door—  
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my  
chamber door;—  
This it is and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating  
then no longer,  
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness  
I implore;

But the fact is I was napping, and so gently  
you came rapping,  
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at  
my chamber door,  
That I scarce was sure I heard you"—here I  
opened wide the door;—  
Darkness there and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I  
stood there wondering, fearing,  
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever  
dared to dream before;  
But the silence was unbroken, and the  
stillness gave no token,  
And the only word there spoken was the  
whispered word, "Lenore?"  
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back  
the word, "Lenore!"—  
Merely this and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul  
within me burning,  
Soon again I heard a tapping somewhat louder  
than before.  
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at  
my window lattice;  
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this  
mystery explore—  
Let my heart be still a moment and this  
mystery explore;—  
'Tis the wind and nothing more!"

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with  
many a flirt and flutter,  
In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly  
days of yore;  
Not the least obeisance made he; not a  
minute stopped or stayed he;  
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched  
above my chamber door—

(Continued)

(Continued)

Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my  
chamber door—  
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy  
into smiling,  
By the grave and stern decorum of the  
countenance it wore,  
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou,"  
I said, "art sure no craven,  
Ghastly grim and ancient Raven wandering  
from the Nightly shore—  
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's  
Plutonian shore!"  
Quoth the Raven "Nevermore."

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear  
discourse so plainly,  
Though its answer little meaning—little  
relevancy bore;  
For we cannot help agreeing that no living  
human being  
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above  
his chamber door—  
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above  
his chamber door,  
With such name as "Nevermore."

But the Raven, sitting lonely on the placid  
bust, spoke only  
That one word, as if his soul in that one word  
he did outpour.  
Nothing farther then he uttered—not a  
feather then he fluttered—  
Till I scarcely more than muttered "Other  
friends have flown before—  
On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my Hopes  
have flown before."  
Then the bird said "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so  
aptly spoken,  
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only  
stock and store

Caught from some unhappy master whom  
unmerciful Disaster  
Followed fast and followed faster till his  
songs one burden bore—  
Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy  
burden bore  
Of 'Never—nevermore'."

But the Raven still beguiling all my fancy  
into smiling,  
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of  
bird, and bust and door;  
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook  
myself to linking  
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this  
ominous bird of yore—  
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and  
ominous bird of yore  
Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no  
syllable expressing  
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into  
my bosom's core;  
This and more I sat divining, with my head at  
ease reclining  
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-  
light gloated o'er,  
But whose velvet-violet lining with the lamp-  
light gloating o'er,  
*She* shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser,  
perfumed from an unseen censer  
Swung by Seraphim whose foot-falls tinkled  
on the tufted floor.  
"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—  
by these angels he hath sent thee  
Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy  
memories of Lenore;  
Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe and forget  
this lost Lenore!"  
Quoth the Raven "Nevermore."

“Prophet!” said I, “thing of evil!—prophet  
 still, if bird or devil!—  
 Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest  
 tossed thee here ashore,  
 Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert  
 land enchanted—  
 On this home by Horror haunted—tell me  
 truly, I implore—  
 Is there—*is* there balm in Gilead?—tell me—  
 tell me, I implore!”  
 Quoth the Raven “Nevermore.”

“Prophet!” said I, “thing of evil!—prophet  
 still, if bird or devil!  
 By that Heaven that bends above us—by that  
 God we both adore—  
 Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the  
 distant Aidenn,  
 It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the  
 angels name Lenore—  
 Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the  
 angels name Lenore.”  
 Quoth the Raven “Nevermore.”

“Be that word our sign of parting, bird or  
 fiend!” I shrieked, upstarting—  
 “Get thee back into the tempest and the  
 Night’s Plutonian shore!  
 Leave no black plume as a token of that lie  
 thy soul hath spoken!  
 Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the  
 bust above my door!  
 Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy  
 form from off my door!”  
 Quoth the Raven “Nevermore.”

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting,  
*still* is sitting  
 On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my  
 chamber door;  
 And his eyes have all the seeming of a  
 demon’s that is dreaming,  
 And the lamp-light o’er him streaming  
 throws his shadow on the floor;  
 And my soul from out that shadow that lies  
 floating on the floor  
 Shall be lifted—nevermore!

Source: Edgar Allan Poe, “The Raven,” *The Evening Mirror*, 1845.

## TEXT STRUCTURE

From "The Raven"

The Raven  
by Edgar Allan Poe

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I  
pondered, weak and weary,  
Over many a quaint and curious volume of  
forgotten lore—

While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly  
there came a tapping,  
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my  
chamber door.

"'Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my  
chamber door—  
Only this and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak  
December;  
And each separate dying ember wrought its  
ghost upon the floor.

Eagerly I wished the morrow;—vainly I had  
sought to borrow  
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow  
for the lost Lenore—

For the rare and radiant maiden whom the  
angels name Lenore—  
Nameless *here* for evermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of  
each purple curtain  
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors  
never felt before;

So that now, to still the beating of my heart,  
I stood repeating

"'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my  
chamber door—

Some late visitor entreating entrance at my  
chamber door;—

This it is and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating  
then no longer,

"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness  
I implore;

But the fact is I was napping, and so gently  
you came rapping,  
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at  
my chamber door,

That I scarce was sure I heard you"—here I  
opened wide the door;—  
Darkness there and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I  
stood there wondering, fearing,  
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever  
dared to dream before;

But the silence was unbroken, and the  
stillness gave no token,  
And the only word there spoken was the  
whispered word, "Lenore?"

This I whispered, and an echo murmured back  
the word, "Lenore!"—  
Merely this and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul  
within me burning,  
Soon again I heard a tapping somewhat louder  
than before.

"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at  
my window lattice;

Let me see, then, what theraat is, and this  
mystery explore—

Let my heart be still a moment and this  
mystery explore;—

'Tis the wind and nothing more!"

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with  
many a flirt and flutter,  
In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly  
days of yore;

Not the least obeisance made he; not a  
minute stopped or stayed he;  
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched  
above my chamber door—

where I was

a noise

my mood

my response to the noise

what appeared

# TEXT STRUCTURE

## From "The Raven"

41

Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my  
chamber door—  
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy  
into smiling,  
By the grave and stern decorum of the  
countenance it wore,  
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou,"  
I said, "art sure no craven,  
Ghastly grim and ancient Raven wandering  
from the Nightly shore—  
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's  
Plutonian shore!"  
Quoth the Raven "Nevermore."

What I  
asked

What  
it  
answered

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear  
discourse so plainly,  
Though its answer little meaning—little  
relevancy bore;  
For we cannot help agreeing that no living  
human being  
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above  
his chamber door—  
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above  
his chamber door,  
With such name as "Nevermore."

But the Raven, sitting lonely on the placid  
bust, spoke only  
That one word, as if his soul in that one word  
he did outpour.  
Nothing farther then he uttered—not a  
feather then he fluttered—  
Till I scarcely more than muttered "Other  
friends have flown before—  
On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my  
Hopes he  
have flown before."  
Then the bird said "Nevermore."

What I  
said

What  
he  
answered

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so  
aptly spoken,  
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only  
stock and store

What I  
said

Caught from some unhappy master whom  
unmerciful Disaster  
Followed fast and followed faster till his  
songs one burden bore—  
Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy  
burden bore  
Of 'Never—nevermore'."

What it  
answered

But the Raven still beguiling all my fancy  
into smiling,  
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of  
bird, and bust and door;  
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook  
myself to linking  
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this  
ominous bird of yore—  
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and  
ominous bird of yore  
Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

What  
I  
wondered

about it  
this

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no  
syllable expressing  
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into  
my bosom's core;  
This and more I sat divining, with my head  
at ease reclining  
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-  
light gloated o'er,  
But whose velvet-violet lining with the lamp-  
light gloating o'er,  
*She* shall press, ah, nevermore!

What  
I  
considered

Then, methought, the air grew denser,  
perfumed from an unseen censer  
Swung by Seraphim whose foot-falls tinkled  
on the tufted floor.  
"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—  
by these angels he hath sent thee  
Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy  
memories of Lenore;  
Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe and forget  
this lost Lenore!"  
Quoth the Raven "Nevermore."

What  
I  
said

What it  
answered

(Continued)

# TEXT STRUCTURE

From "The Raven"

(Continued)

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!—  
 Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,  
 Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—  
 On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—  
 Is there—is there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I implore!"  
 Quoth the Raven "Nevermore."

what I asked

what it answered

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!  
 By that Heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore—  
 Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenn,  
 It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore—  
 Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore."  
 Quoth the Raven "Nevermore."

what I said

what it answered

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting—  
 "Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore!  
 Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!  
 Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door!  
 Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"  
 Quoth the Raven "Nevermore."

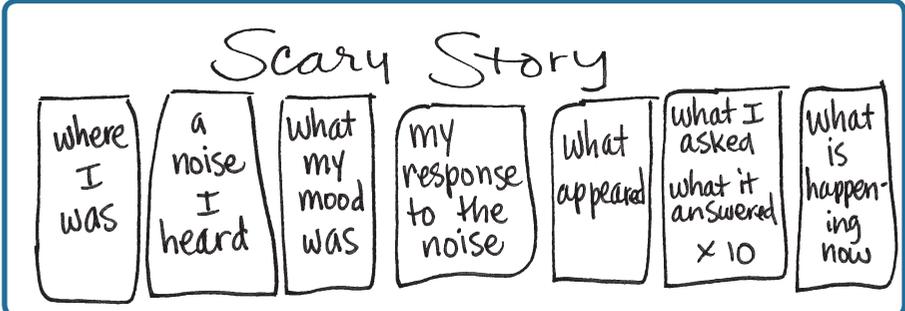
what I yelled

what it answered

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting  
 On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;  
 And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,  
 And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;

what is happening now

And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor  
 Shall be lifted—nevermore!



### The Skull in the Gap

On one very dark and stormy night  
I was in my room without a light  
trying in vain to rest from the trials of day.  
Being tired, I pulled my covers over my head  
waiting for my wakefulness to go away,  
ignoring my thoughts of tomorrow with dread.

Quite suddenly, I was startled by a wretched noise  
a gasp-inducing sound of creaking metal alloys  
from my white closet door that cannot close,  
leaving a wide slanted gap between itself and wall.  
The black gap juxtaposed with the white wall and door  
transfixed me by some unknown power to watch it more.  
I stared at that gap whose darkness had me in its throes  
for how long I don't even know.

I grew irritated that this noise upset my mood so much.  
I rose from bed to close the door to end this caliginous gap.  
Then, I slunkered to bed to rest for the morrow.  
When all of a sudden the noise again my ears did clutch  
as I turned to see the gap was back to ruin my nap.  
At this point, all I felt was a mixture of annoyance and sorrow.

Not wanting to get up again, I turned over to sleep.  
I hoped that in my dreams, over this reality I could leap.  
I dreamt of workless days and tireless nights  
and soared from lows to unlimited heights.

After a while, I woke into a half-sleep, half-awake trance,  
my perception of reality still stuck in a chaotic dance.  
Uncomfortable, I attempted to turn over onto my other side  
and caught a glimpse of a thing in the gap that made my blood run cold.  
There, there was a sinister skull whose surface had long been ossified  
in which long crooked teeth pointed in every direction, bold.  
I screamed and leapt from my bed, out of my room, and into the hall.

(Continued)

# STUDENT POEM

From "The Raven"

(Continued)

I felt that wretched skull follow me deeper into my dark voided house.  
I ran into the front door and having nowhere to go I faced it at last.  
Its cranium was white as marble, its sockets each as big as a mouse,  
its braincase was a cave, and its open mouth was vast.

I sat on the floor against the front door staring at this floating skull  
then mustered the courage I needed to speak to this foul thing.  
I sneered: "What are you?"  
It boomed to me: **"What I am I am, you cannot construe."**  
Confused by this answer I slowly stood upright  
to let this monster know that I was not afraid.  
I asked of it: "Why are you here?"  
It answered: **"Why are YOU here?"**

I realized at once what must be going on.  
That this was all a dream that, at sunrise, would soon be gone.  
I mocked the skull: "Do you want some paste to make your teeth gleam!?"  
It replied in a monotone voice **"This is no dream."**  
I realized it was right and that this was a vision,  
a foreboding, ominous vision where reality and fiction have a collision.  
"WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME?" I screamed in the night.  
**"To give you a fright that is my certain right!"**

This horrid creature from across the rivers Lethe, Acheron, and Styx  
raced toward my arm and with its teeth bit and gripped.  
"You abomination of nature, you falsehood of sense,  
for this injury I shall recompense!"  
I threw it off but it hovered up again  
right in front of me as far as I could ascertain.  
**"Do not think that you have the upper score!  
I shall haunt you forevermore!"**

"Back to the Phlegethon or Cocytus where you belong  
You foul perversion of nature's sweet song!"  
**"I will never leave you that is for sure  
for the opportunity to torture you I will never abjure!"**  
"Soon you'll be gone for the daylight will destroy you  
and then I will rejoice in the morning sky of blue."  
**"You forget that this is MY domain, this IS the night  
where darkness smothers all remaining light!"**

# STUDENT POEM

## From “The Raven”



“You shall not win for the die is cast!  
Stick around and you’ll be in for a blast”  
At the fanged skull I threw my lantern,  
the dancing fires lit the hallway with their pattern.  
The skull was on fire and fell with an intense glare  
its every crevice consumed by the now dying flare.

The skull arose still on fire and burnt black in some places  
though, it remained mostly white the fire made it visible in small traces.  
“Can’t anything destroy you?” I said in exasperation.  
**“Nothing less than a bright burning explosion.”**  
The skull lurched at me again with its mouth wide open  
I readied myself and stabbed it with a pen.  
“Now your evil has met its end.”  
**“I will be back faster than you can comprehend.”**

The skull rushed through the hallway into my room  
I followed close behind to ensure its doom.  
I tried to grab it, but it disappeared through the gap.  
I opened the closet to look for this calcium foe.  
The closet was empty except for my favorite cap.  
The sun came up and my room filled with light and warmth.  
The night was dead and the day had come forth.  
The skull was now gone and in its place came tomorrow.

Steven Spill  
Grade 10