

# TP-CASTT: A Strategy for Analyzing Poetry

Romanticism—Poetry

Miss Jenigar's 11<sup>th</sup> Grade Language Arts Class

## Learning Targets for Today's Lesson:

*I can...*

- use solid textual evidence to support my interpretations of what poems directly say and what the author leaves for the reader to figure out. (RL 1.1.1 Key Ideas and Details)
- identify two themes from a poem based on a thorough study of the work. (RL 1.1.2 Key Ideas and Details)
- summarize and paraphrase a poem in my own words to help me better make sense of the text. (RL 1.1.2 Key Ideas and Details)
- identify what a variety of words and phrases mean in relation to the tone, attitude, and mood of a poem. (RL 1.1.4 Craft and Structure)

**TP-CASTT** stands for “**T**itle, **P**araphrase, **C**onnotation, **A**ttitude, **S**hift, **T**itle, **T**heme.” It's a tool that is very helpful in breaking down poems to figure out their meanings.

**Title:** Ponder the title before reading the poem.

**Paraphrase:** Translate the poem into your own words.

**Connotation:** Contemplate the poem for meaning beyond the literal (interpret).

**Attitude:** Observe both the speaker's and the poet's attitudes (tone, diction, mood...).

**Shifts:** Note shifts in speakers and in attitudes (are there changes?).

**Title:** Examine the title again, this time on an interpretive level.

**Theme:** Determine what the poet is saying by identifying out two themes.

Look at the sample TP-CASTT below based on the poem “Ozymandias” by Percy Bysshe Shelley, one of the Romantic poets we have been studying.

“Ozymandias,” by Percy Bysshe Shelley

I met a traveller from an antique land

Who said: "Two vast and trunkless legs of stone

Stand in the desert. Near them on the sand,

Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown

5

And wrinkled lip and sneer of cold command

Tell that its sculptor well those passions read

Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,

The hand that mocked them and the heart that fed.

And on the pedestal these words appear:

10

My name is Ozymandias, King of Kings:

Look on my works, ye mighty, and despair!

Nothing beside remains. Round the decay

Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare,

The lone and level sands stretch far away".

## “Ozymandias” TP-CASTT

|          |   |
|----------|---|
| <b>T</b> | Perhaps this is the name of a person? It reminded me of <i>The Wizard of Oz</i> . It certainly does not sound like a British name.  |
| <b>P</b> | I met a traveler from a faraway, old land who told me: “Two big slabs of stone stand in the desert. Nearby, in the sand, a broken statue of a face is buried. It has a mean, nasty expression that shows that this person was a ruthless leader. These features of the face show that the sculptor could easily see the person’s character and was able to portray them in his statue so that the qualities, like the statue, survived even after the person’s death. You can tell that the sculptor put all his heart into his work, even though it is mocking. The inscription on the base of the statue reads, “My name is Ozymandias, the greatest king of all. Look at all the things I have done and fear me!” Nothing else remains. Around the broken statue, the barren desert stretches on endlessly.” |
| <b>C</b> | It is significant that the statue was once great, like the king, but is now decaying and abandoned in the desert (12-13) This suggests that all things must come to an end. Even though the traveler seems to be admiring the statue for its size and detail, he is also mocking it and the king by pointing out that it has decayed to nothingness over the years.   |
| <b>A</b> | Like the sculptor, it seems that the traveler is mocking the great Ozymandias, who is now reduced to a decaying statue buried in the sand (12-14). Ozymandias, who speaks through the inscription on the poem, has an egotistic, arrogant attitude, which justifies the traveler’s mocking tone (10-11).  |
| <b>S</b> | There are three speakers in this poem: the narrator or initial speaker (1-2), the traveler (2-14), and Ozymandias through the inscription on the statue (10-11).  |
| <b>T</b> | Ozymandias was the king portrayed by the broken statue (10-11)  |
| <b>T</b> | Nothing, not even the greatest of people or civilizations, can last forever. Being prideful or arrogant will not create a good lasting legacy.  |

Now, it’s your turn! Select one of the Romantic poems listed below to create your own TP-CASTT table.

1. “The Tyger” by William Blake
2. “Work Without Hope” by Samuel Taylor Coleridge
3. “When I Have Fears that I May Cease To Be” by John Keats
4. “A Dream Within a Dream” by Edgar Allan Poe
5. “Annabel Lee” by Edgar Allan Poe
6. “An Exhortation” by Percy Bysshe Shelley
7. “The World is Too Much With Us” by William Wordsworth
8. “Expostulation and Reply” by William Wordsworth

***Make sure you use textual evidence, citing with line numbers, in your responses!***

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

Title & Author of Poem: \_\_\_\_\_

|          |  |
|----------|--|
| <b>T</b> |  |
| <b>P</b> |  |
| <b>C</b> |  |
| <b>A</b> |  |
| <b>S</b> |  |
| <b>T</b> |  |
| <b>T</b> |  |

# Romantic Poetry Packet

Miss Jenigar's 11<sup>th</sup> Grade Language Arts Class

## 1. "The Tyger" by William Blake

Tyger Tyger, burning bright,  
In the forests of the night;  
What immortal hand or eye,  
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies. 5  
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?  
On what wings dare he aspire?  
What the hand, dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, & what art,  
Could twist the sinews of thy heart? 10  
And when thy heart began to beat,  
What dread hand? & what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain,  
In what furnace was thy brain?  
What the anvil? what dread grasp, 15  
Dare its deadly terrors clasp!

When the stars threw down their spears  
And water'd heaven with their tears:  
Did he smile his work to see?  
Did he who made the Lamb make thee? 20

Tyger Tyger burning bright,  
In the forests of the night:  
What immortal hand or eye,  
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

## 2. "Work Without Hope" by Samuel Taylor Coleridge

All Nature seems at work. Slugs leave their lair—  
The bees are stirring—birds are on the wing—  
And Winter slumbering in the open air,  
Wears on his smiling face a dream of Spring!  
And I the while, the sole unbusy thing, 5  
Nor honey make, nor pair, nor build, nor sing.

Yet well I ken the banks where amaranths blow,  
Have traced the fount whence streams of nectar flow.  
Bloom, O ye amaranths! bloom for whom ye may,  
For me ye bloom not! Glide, rich streams, away! 10  
With lips unbrightened, wreathless brow, I stroll:  
And would you learn the spells that drowse my soul?  
Work without Hope draws nectar in a sieve,  
And Hope without an object cannot live.

### 3. “When I Have Fears that I May Cease To Be” by John Keats

When I have fears that I may cease to be  
Before my pen has gleaned my teeming brain,  
Before high-pilèd books, in charactery,  
Hold like rich garners the full ripened grain;  
When I behold, upon the night's starred face,                     5  
Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance,  
And think that I may never live to trace  
Their shadows with the magic hand of chance;  
And when I feel, fair creature of an hour,  
That I shall never look upon thee more,                     10  
Never have relish in the faery power  
Of unreflecting love—then on the shore  
Of the wide world I stand alone, and think  
Till love and fame to nothingness do sink.

### 4. “A Dream Within a Dream” by Edgar Allan Poe

Take this kiss upon the brow!  
And, in parting from you now,  
Thus much let me avow —  
You are not wrong, who deem  
That my days have been a dream;                     5  
Yet if hope has flown away  
In a night, or in a day,  
In a vision, or in none,  
Is it therefore the less *gone*?  
*All* that we see or seem                     10  
Is but a dream within a dream.

I stand amid the roar  
Of a surf-tormented shore,  
And I hold within my hand  
Grains of the golden sand —                     15  
How few! yet how they creep  
Through my fingers to the deep,  
While I weep — while I weep!  
O God! Can I not grasp  
Them with a tighter clasp?                     20  
O God! can I not save  
*One* from the pitiless wave?  
Is *all* that we see or seem  
But a dream within a dream?

## 5. "Annabel Lee" by Edgar Allan Poe

It was many and many a year ago,  
In a kingdom by the sea,  
That a maiden there lived whom you may know  
By the name of Annabel Lee;  
And this maiden she lived with no other thought 5  
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and *she* was a child,  
In this kingdom by the sea,  
But we loved with a love that was more than love—  
I and my Annabel Lee— 10  
With a love that the wingèd seraphs of Heaven  
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,  
In this kingdom by the sea,  
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling 15  
My beautiful Annabel Lee;  
So that her highborn kinsmen came  
And bore her away from me,  
To shut her up in a sepulcher  
In this kingdom by the sea. 20

The angels, not half so happy in Heaven,  
Went envying her and me—  
Yes!—that was the reason (as all men know,  
In this kingdom by the sea)  
That the wind came out of the cloud by night, 25  
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love  
Of those who were older than we—  
Of many far wiser than we—  
And neither the angels in Heaven above 30  
Nor the demons down under the sea  
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;

For the moon never beams, without bringing me dreams  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee; 35  
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;  
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side  
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,  
In her sepulchre there by the sea— 40  
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

## 6. "An Exhortation" by Percy Bysshe Shelley

Chameleons feed on light and air:  
Poets' food is love and fame:  
If in this wide world of care  
Poets could but find the same  
With as little toil as they, 5  
Would they ever change their hue  
As the light chameleons do,  
Suiting it to every ray  
Twenty times a day?

Poets are on this cold earth, 10  
As chameleons might be,  
Hidden from their early birth  
In a cave beneath the sea;  
Where light is, chameleons change:  
Where love is not, poets do: 15  
Fame is love disguised: if few  
Find either, never think it strange  
That poets range.

Yet dare not stain with wealth or power  
A poet's free and heavenly mind: 20  
If bright chameleons should devour  
Any food but beams and wind,  
They would grow as earthly soon  
As their brother lizards are.  
Children of a sunnier star, 25  
Spirits from beyond the moon,  
O, refuse the boon!

## 7. "The World is Too Much With Us" by William Wordsworth

The world is too much with us; late and soon,  
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;—  
Little we see in Nature that is ours;  
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!  
This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon; 5  
The winds that will be howling at all hours,  
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;  
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;  
It moves us not. Great God! I'd rather be  
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn; 10  
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,  
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;  
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;  
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.

## 8. "Expostulation and Reply" by William Wordsworth

"Why, William, on that old grey stone,  
Thus for the length of half a day,  
Why, William, sit you thus alone,  
And dream your time away?"

"Where are your books?--that light bequeathed                    5  
To Beings else forlorn and blind!  
Up! up! and drink the spirit breathed  
From dead men to their kind.

"You look round on your Mother Earth,  
As if she for no purpose bore you;                                 10  
As if you were her first-born birth,  
And none had lived before you!"

One morning thus, by Esthwaite lake,  
When life was sweet, I knew not why,  
To me my good friend Matthew spake,                                 15  
And thus I made reply:

"The eye--it cannot choose but see;  
We cannot bid the ear be still;  
Our bodies feel, where'er they be,  
Against or with our will.     20

"Nor less I deem that there are Powers  
Which of themselves our minds impress;  
That we can feed this mind of ours  
In a wise passiveness.

"Think you, 'mid all this mighty sum                                         25  
Of things for ever speaking,  
That nothing of itself will come,  
But we must still be seeking?"

"--Then ask not wherefore, here, alone,                                 30  
Conversing as I may,  
I sit upon this old grey stone,  
And dream my time away,"



# Rubric for TP-CASTT Assignment

Romanticism–Poetry

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|                               | <b>4 points</b>   | <b>3 points</b>  | <b>2 points</b>   | <b>1 point</b>   |
|-------------------------------|---|--|---|--|
| <b>Content</b>                | All sections of the table are filled in using complete sentences. All responses are thoughtful and serve to interpret the meaning of the poem. Interpretation is deep, meaningful, and shows consideration beyond the literal. There is much textual evidence to support ideas. | All sections of the table are filled in using complete sentences. Responses are somewhat thoughtful and help to make some sense of the poem. Interpretation is meaningful and shows some consideration beyond the literal. There is textual evidence to support ideas. | All sections of the table are filled in, using mostly complete sentences in responses. Responses seem to lack thought and do not necessarily serve to help make sense of the poem. Interpretation is somewhat meaningful and shows an attempt at consideration beyond the literal. There is some textual evidence to support ideas. | Some sections of the table are incomplete or empty. Complete sentences are not used in the majority of the assignment. Answers lack thought and consideration and do not serve to interpret the poem. Interpretation is shallow or lacks depth; outside resources have been in answers rather than generating thoughts. There is little to no textual evidence to support ideas. |
| <b>Spelling &amp; Grammar</b> | There are 1 or no errors in spelling or grammar. Complete sentences are used when filling in the chart.   | There are 2-3 errors in spelling or grammar. Complete sentences are used when filling in the chart.  | There are 4 errors in spelling or grammar. Mostly complete sentences are used when filling in the chart.  | There are 5 or more errors in spelling or grammar. Complete sentences are not used when filling in the chart.  |

**Additional Comments:**

**TOTAL:** \_\_\_\_\_