

## ENGL 215 Live Chat 1a



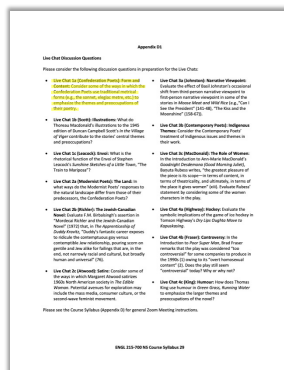
## Zoom Meeting Information

- Zoom Meetings are about 60 minutes in length.
- Zoom Meetings are recorded.
- Recordings and PowerPoint presentations are posted on onQ (under “Activities” > “Zoom Meetings”).
- Participate in the discussion by using the “Chat” window or by raising your hand in “Reactions.”
- Your camera may be on or off.

## ENGL 215 Zoom Meetings

Weeks 1-3	<b>Live Chat 1a</b> Confederation Poets	<b>Live Chat 1b</b> Duncan Campbell Scott	<b>Live Chat 1c</b> Stephen Leacock
Weeks 4-6	<b>Live Chat 2a</b> Modernist Poets	<b>Live Chat 2b</b> Mordecai Richler	<b>Live Chat 2c</b> Margaret Atwood
Weeks 7-9	<b>Live Chat 3a</b> Basil Johnston	<b>Live Chat 3b</b> Contemporary Poets	<b>Live Chat 3c</b> Ann-Marie MacDonald
Weeks 10-12	<b>Live Chat 4a</b> Tomson Highway	<b>Live Chat 4b</b> Brad Fraser	<b>Live Chat 4c</b> Thomas King

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## Appendix D1

- **Form and Content:** Consider some of the ways in which the Confederation Poets use traditional metrical forms (e.g., the sonnet, elegiac metre, etc.) to emphasize the themes and preoccupations of their poetry.

## sonnet

## Types of Sonnet

- **Petrarchan/Italian**
  - an octave and a sestet
  - usually *abba abba cde cde*
- **Shakespearean/English**
  - three quatrains and a couplet
  - *abab cdcd efef gg*
- **Spenserian/Link**
  - three quatrains and a couplet
  - *abab bcbf cdcd ee*

- a 14-line lyric poem, usually in iambic pentameter, with varying rhyme schemes depending on type
- divided into two parts, bridged by a turn or *volta*
- established by the Italian Renaissance poet Petrarch in the fourteenth century
- traditionally used to express the torment of unrequited love, but later expanded to include other subject matter (Baldick 338-39)

### Petrarch, “The Eyes of Whom I Spoke”

	x / x / x / x / x /	
a	Those eyes, 'neath which my passionate rapture rose,	
b	The arms, hands, feet, the beauty that erewhile	
b	Could my own soul from its own self beguile,	
a	And in a separate world of dreams enclose,	octave
a	The hair's bright tresses, full of golden glows,	
b	And the soft lightning of the angelic smile	
b	That changed this earth to some celestial isle,	
a	Are now but dust, poor dust, that nothing knows.	volta
c	And yet I live! Myself I grieve and scorn,	
d	Left dark without the light I loved in vain,	
c	Adrift in tempest on a bark forlorn;	sestet
d	Dead is the source of all my amorous strain,	
c	Dry is the channel of my thoughts outworn,	
d	And my sad harp can sound but notes of pain.	

Petrarch. “Gli Occhi Di Ch'io Parlai.” 1470. Translated by Thomas Wentworth Higginson, 1900.

### Lampman, “The Railway Station”

	x / x / x / x / x /	
a	The darkness brings no quiet here, the light	
b	No waking: ever on my blinded brain	
b	The flare of lights, the rush, and cry, and strain,	
a	The engines' scream, the hiss and thunder smite:	octave
a	I see the hurrying crowds, the clasp, the flight,	
b	Faces that touch, eyes that are dim with pain:	
b	I see the hoarse wheels turn, and the great train	
a	Move labouring out into the bourneless night.	volta
c	So many souls within its dim recesses,	
d	So many bright, so many mournful eyes:	
c	Mine eyes that watch grow fixed with dreams and guesses;	sestet
d	What threads of life, what hidden histories,	
c	What sweet or passionate dreams and dark distresses,	
d	What unknown thoughts, what various agonies!	

Archibald Lampman. “The Railway Station.” 1887. (Lecker, ed. 91)

### Scott, “The Onondaga Madonna”

	x / x / x / x / x /	
a	She stands full-throated and with careless pose,	
b	This woman of a weird and waning race,	
b	The tragic savage lurking in her face,	
a	Where all her pagan passion burns and glows;	octave
a	Her blood is mingled with her ancient foes,	
b	And thrills with war and wildness in her veins;	
b	Her rebel lips are dabbled with the stains	
a	Of feuds and forays and her father's woes.	volta
c	And closer in the shawl about her breast,	
d	The latest promise of her nation's doom,	
e	Paler than she her baby clings and lies,	sestet
d	The primal warrior gleaming from his eyes;	
e	He sulks, and burdened with his infant gloom,	
c	He draws his heavy brows and will not rest.	

Duncan Campbell Scott. “The Onondaga Madonna.” 1898. (Lecker, ed. 106)

### Roberts, “The Sower”

	x / x / x / x / x /	
a	A brown, sad-coloured hillside, where the soil	
b	Fresh from the frequent harrow, deep and fine,	
b	Lies bare; no break in the remote sky-line,	
c	Save where a flock of pigeons streams aloft,	octave
c	Startled from feed in some low-lying croft,	
b	Or far-off spires with yellow of sunset shine;	
b	And here the Sower, unwittingly divine,	
a	Exerts the silent forethought of his toil.	volta
d	Alone he treads the glebe, his measured stride	
e	Dumb in the yielding soil; and though small joy	
f	Dwell in his heavy face, as spreads the blind	sestet
d	Pale grain from his dispensing palm aside,	
e	This plodding churl grows great in his employ;—	
f	God-like, he makes provision for mankind.	

Charles G.D. Roberts. “The Sower.” 1884. (Lecker, ed. 64-65)

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