

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

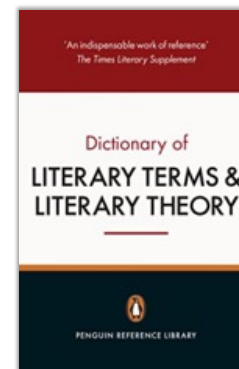
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Appendix D1

- **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



- a 14-line lyric poem, usually in iambic pentameter, with varying rhyme schemes
- three main types:
 - **Petrarchan/Italian:** octave and sestet (usually *abba abba cde cde*)
 - **Shakespearean/English:** three quatrains and couplet (*abab cdcd efef gg*)
 - **Spenserian/Link:** three quatrains and couplet (*abab bcbc cdcd ee*)
- divided into two parts, bridged by a turn or *volta* (668-70)

Petrarch, “Gli Occhi Di Ch’io Parlai”

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,
 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 And now but dust, poor dust, that nothing knows.
 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;
 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.

octave
volta
sestet

Petrarch. “Gli Occhi Di Ch’io Parlai.” 1470. Transl. by Thomas Wentworth Higginson. 1900.

Archibald 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:
 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.
 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;
 d What threads of life, what hidden histories,
 c What sweet or passionate dreams and dark distresses,
 d What unknown thoughts, what various agonies!

octave
volta
sestet

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

D. C. 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;
 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.
 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,
 e The primal warrior gleaming from his eyes;
 d He sulks, and burdened with his infant gloom,
 c He draws his heavy brows and will not rest.

octave
volta
sestet

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

Charles G.D. 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,
 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 Ejects the silent forethought of his toil.
 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
 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.

octave
volta
sestet

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

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