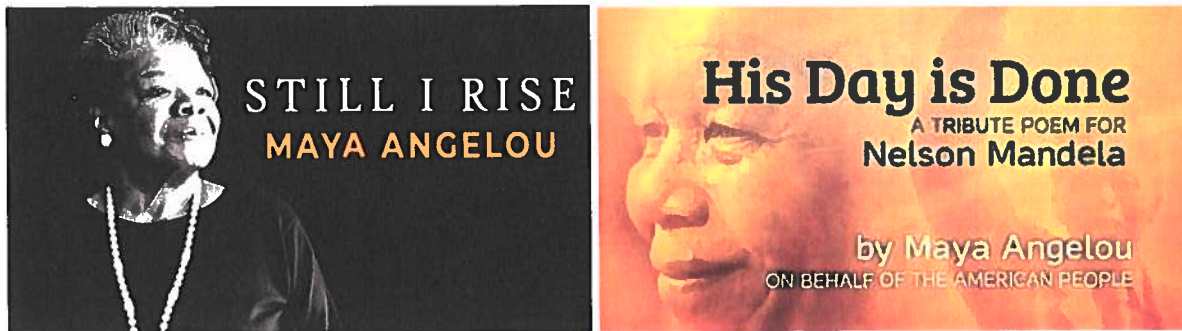


AUTHOR MAYA ANGELOU



THE CRAFT OF WRITING

12th GRADE ENGLISH LANGUAGE ARTS

AUTHOR MAYA ANGELOU: THE CRAFT OF WRITING

CONTENT STANDARD RI.12.6

Reading: Informational [RI]

Anchor Standard: *Craft and Structure*

***R.6. Assess how point of view or purposes shapes the content
and style and beauty of a text.***

SAMPLE LESSON PLAN

Author Maya Angelou: The Craft of Writing

12th Grade English Language Arts



Dr. Maya Angelou

- Introduce the lesson to the class about author Maya Angelou and the craft of writing.
- Students read an excerpt from her book of poems, *And Still I Rise*.
- Student read Maya Angelou's poem, *His Day is Done: A Tribute Poem for Nelson Mandela*.
- Students define and discuss literary vocabulary terms.
- Students discuss the author's point of view, use of language, writing style and subject matter.
- Allow 2 class periods.

RESOURCES AND OPTIONAL ACTIVITIES

- Students listen to the audio of Maya Angelou's poem, *His Day Is Done: A Tribute poem for Nelson Mandela* [5:44].
<https://democracynow.cachefly.net/democracynow/audio-m4a/dn2013-1210.m4a?start=3191.0>
- Write a tribute poem for someone in your life who inspires you.
- Students read Nelson Mandela's 1994 Inauguration Speech. Discuss similarities of point of view, use of language, writing style and subject matter with the poems of Maya Angelou.
- *The Long Road to Freedom* by Nelson Mandela [1995/Bay Back Books].
- *And Still I Rise: A Book of Poems* by Maya Angelou [1978/Random House Publishing].

Still I Rise

BY MAYA ANGELOU

You may write me down in history
With your bitter, twisted lies,
You may trod me in the very dirt
But still, like dust, I'll rise.

Does my sassiness upset you?
Why are you beset with gloom?
'Cause I walk like I've got oil wells
Pumping in my living room.

Just like moons and like suns,
With the certainty of tides,
Just like hopes springing high,
Still I'll rise.

Did you want to see me broken?
Bowed head and lowered eyes?
Shoulders falling down like teardrops,
Weakened by my soulful cries?

Does my haughtiness offend you?
Don't you take it awful hard
'Cause I laugh like I've got gold mines
Diggin' in my own backyard.
You may shoot me with your words,

You may cut me with your eyes,
You may kill me with your hatefulness,
But still, like air, I'll rise.

Does my sexiness upset you?
Does it come as a surprise
That I dance like I've got diamonds
At the meeting of my thighs?

Out of the huts of history's shame
I rise
Up from a past that's rooted in pain
I rise
I'm a black ocean, leaping and wide,
Welling and swelling I bear in the tide.

Leaving behind nights of terror and fear
I rise
Into a daybreak that's wondrously clear
I rise
Bringing the gifts that my ancestors gave,
I am the dream and the hope of the slave.
I rise
I rise
I rise.

Maya Angelou, "Still I Rise" from *And Still I Rise: A Book of Poems*. 1978.

December 2013

**Dr. Maya Angelou – His Day is Done – a tribute poem
for Nelson Mandela.**

His day is done.

Is done.

The news came on the wings of a wind, reluctant to carry its burden.

Nelson Mandela's day is done.

The news, expected and still unwelcome, reached us in the United States, and suddenly our world became somber.

Our skies were leadened.

His day is done.

We see you, South African people standing speechless at the slamming of that final door through which no traveler returns.

Our spirits reach out to you Bantu, Zulu, Xhosa, Boer.

We think of you and your son of Africa, your father, your one more wonder of the world.

We send our souls to you as you reflect upon your David armed with a mere stone, facing down the mighty Goliath.

Your man of strength, Gideon, emerging triumphant.

Although born into the brutal embrace of Apartheid, scarred by the savage atmosphere of racism, unjustly imprisoned in the bloody maws of South African dungeons.

Would the man survive? Could the man survive?

His answer strengthened men and women around the world.

In the Alamo, in San Antonio, Texas, on the Golden Gate Bridge in San Francisco, in Chicago's Loop, in New Orleans Mardi Gras, in New York City's Times Square, we watched as the hope of Africa sprang through the prison's doors.

His stupendous heart intact, his gargantuan will hale and hearty.

He had not been crippled by brutes, nor was his passion for the rights of human beings diminished by twenty-seven years of imprisonment.

Even here in America, we felt the cool, refreshing breeze of freedom.

When Nelson Mandela took the seat of Presidency in his country where formerly he was not even allowed to vote we were enlarged by tears of pride, as we saw Nelson Mandela's former prison guards invited, courteously, by him to watch from the front rows his inauguration.

We saw him accept the world's award in Norway with the grace and gratitude of the Solon in Ancient Roman Courts, and the confidence of African Chiefs from ancient royal stools.

No sun outlasts its sunset, but it will rise again and bring the dawn.

Yes, Mandela's day is done, yet we, his inheritors, will open the gates wider for reconciliation, and we will respond generously to the cries of Blacks and Whites, Asians, Hispanics, the poor who live piteously on the floor of our planet.

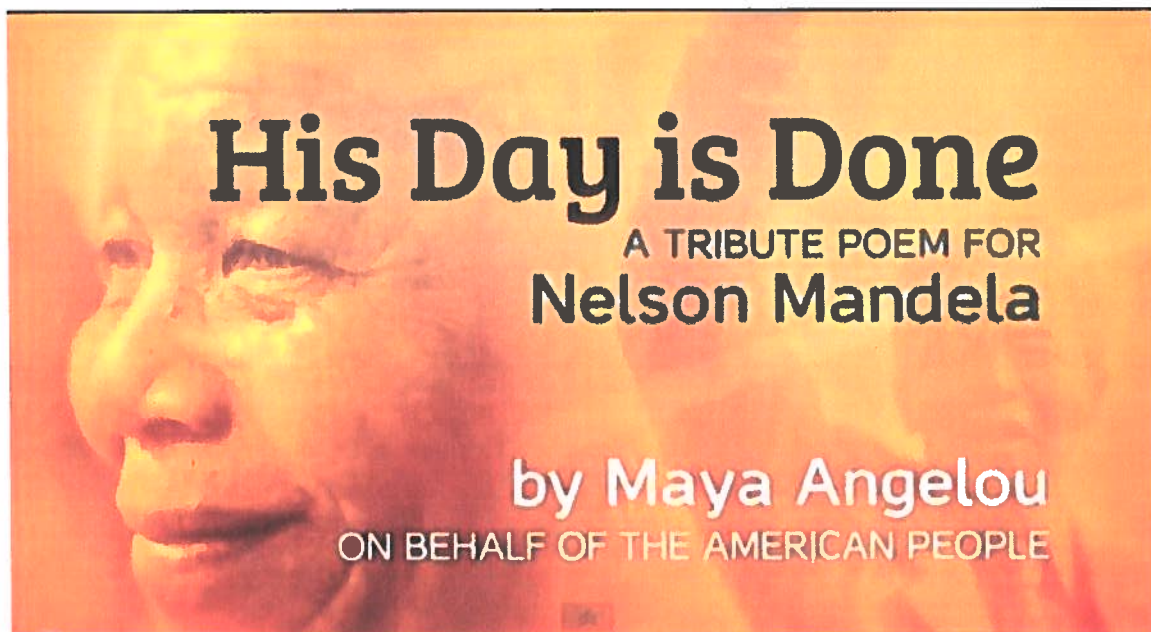
He has offered us understanding.

We will not withhold forgiveness even from those who do not ask.

Nelson Mandela's day is done, we confess it in tearful voices, yet we lift our own to say thank you.

Thank you our Gideon, thank you our David, our great courageous man.

We will not forget you, we will not dishonor you, we will remember and be glad that you lived among us, that you taught us, and that you loved us all.



Literary Vocabulary Terms

Students research and define the following terms in their own words. Discuss as a class.

Analyze

Point of View

Purpose

Rhetoric/Rhetorical Feature

Style

Text

Answer Key for Literary Vocabulary Terms

Analyze: to critically examine the components of a subject to understand its meaning and/or nature as a whole.

Point of View: a narrator's, writer's, or speaker's position with regard to the events of a narrative; one's stance on events or information given their orientation (physically and/or mentally) to the events or information; the vantage point.

Purpose: the reason for a particular action or creation (e.g., literary work or speech); the reason for which something exists (e.g., to persuade, to inform, to express, and/or to entertain).

Rhetoric/Rhetorical Feature: language (or the art of using language) designed to be persuasive or effective in supporting a claim such that readers or listeners come to agree with the claim, often making use of figurative, sensory, and evocative language; an element of a large literary work that is particularly designed to have a persuasive or emotional impact.

Style: a particular manner of doing something (e.g., writing, painting, speaking, etc.) characteristic to an individual (e.g., author, singer, etc.), region, time, artistic/literary movement, etc.; in writing, style includes word choice, fluency, voice, sentence structure, figurative language, and syntax.

Text: anything that students can read, write, view, listen to, or explore, including books, photographs, films, articles, music, art, and more.

AUTHOR MAYA ANGELOU

Students discuss the author's point of view, use of language, writing style and subject matter.

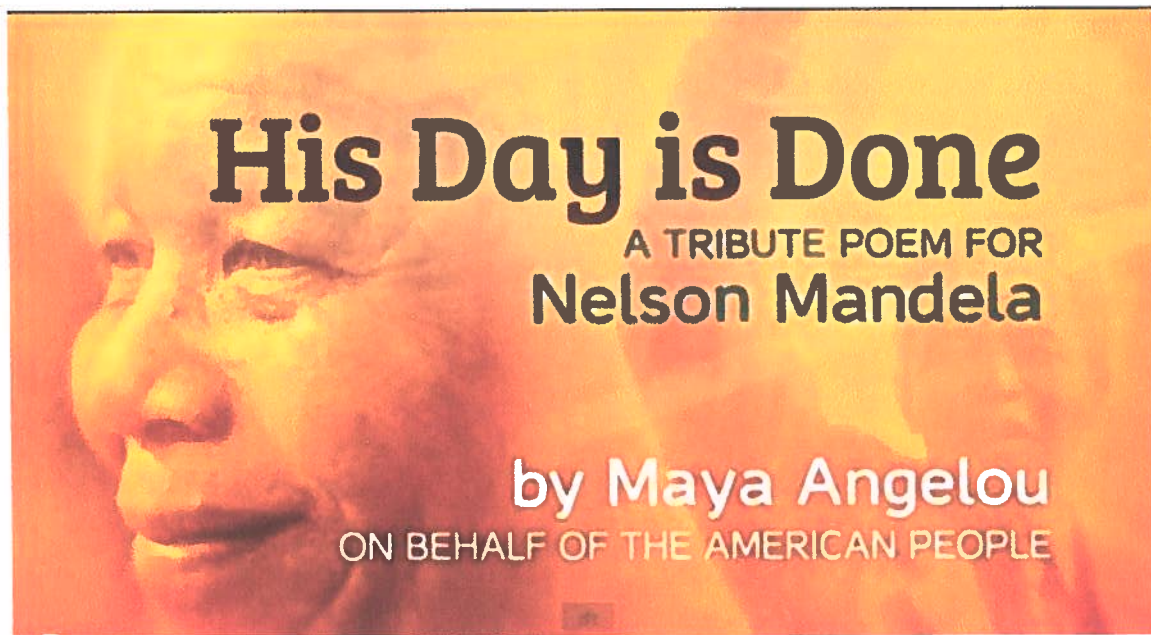
- What is the author's point of view in *Still I Rise*?
 - Can you give an example from the text or poem?
 - What is the style of writing and content of the poem?
 - How do they contribute to the power and/or beauty of the piece?
-
- What is the author's point of view in *His Day is Done*?
 - Can you give an example from the text or poem?
 - What is the style of writing and content of the poem?
 - How do they contribute to the power and/or beauty of the piece?
-
- Are there similarities in the author's point of view, use of language, writing style or subject matter in *Still I Rise* and *His Day is Done*?
-
- Students may refer to the literary vocabulary terms discussed earlier in the lesson.

RESOURCES

Students listen to the audio of Maya Angelou's poem,

His Day Is Done: A Tribute poem for Nelson Mandela [5:44].

<https://democracynow.cachefly.net/democracynow/audio-m4a/dn2013-1210.m4a?start=3191.0>



How to Write a Poem: A Rulebook

So, you would like to write a poem. Wonderful! Please refer to these simple rules to help guide you down the path to poetic bliss. Good luck!

Rule #1: There are exceptions to every rule.

Poetry is an art. That means that there are common rules, techniques, conventions, and guidelines poets generally adhere to when writing. However, some of the greatest poems in the world break the rules with style. This is because they know how to break the rules. Some poets even break the rules so well that they create new rules. But, these are experts. They have learned the rules so well they CAN break them because they understand them. So, if you want to break the rules, just make sure you're doing it for the good of the piece.

Rule #2: A poem is not a book.

With the exception of epic poetry, most poems aren't all that lengthy. In fact, most poets agree that any poem over a page or two is a longer poem. One of the reasons poetry is so short is because it uses language differently. A poem is MEANT to be shorter because every word is important. Novels can have filler words. Novels do not have to get the point across quickly. They're a long broad view of one story and meant to be savored for a very long time.

Poetry is meant to give you a glimpse into one deep aspect of a story, emotion, place, concept, ect. Poetry is focused mainly on image and emotion. It's about how it makes the reader feel. It's about telling that long story in the breaking of your heart or the wrenching of your gut. It's about connecting to a simple scene and finding peace, solace and understanding. It's about holding up a mirror to the soul and whispering "what is this fresh heaven" or wishing to wash our hands of all the horrors of the world. It is meant to be a hyper condensed version of all the emotion of that long, long novel. Not the novel itself.

Rule #3: EVERY. WORD. MATTERS.

Even in epic poetry, every word is carefully and specifically chosen. Poets must take great thought and care when choosing words because the nature of poetry is that they are A) shorter than other writing mediums, 2) inherently symbolic, and 3) pithy. If a story is an ocean, then a poem is that whole ocean contained in a single drop. You do not have room for filler. You do not have room to muck around with words of no consequence. That's how you get bad poetry; by not paying due respect for every little syllable of every word in your piece. Poems are crafted. Poems take time. Poems are meant to be perfected until they can slice through to the very heart of your reader and change them forever.

Rule #4: Line breaks and spacing change everything.

Some of the greatest moments in poetic history were created by appropriate line breaks and spacing. Line breaks, enjambment, spacing, and shape can all completely change the meaning of your poem. That being said, you must use them with caution. Make sure you read your poetry out loud pausing at the line breaks and the spacing, reading the enjambment as it is written over and over again. Then, when you're sick of your own voice get other

people to read it to you over and over again. Make sure your line breaks, enjambment, and spacing are working for you and not against you.

Rule #5: Poetry is an auditory art.

Some people do not realize this but poetry is meant to be read out loud. Reading it silently is satisfying and beautiful but the full power and beauty come from the pure music of poetry being read aloud. This is when rhythms, assonance, consonance, alliteration, cacophony, euphony, rhyme, and all other devices come to life and create a symphony of sounds. Remember this when juxtaposing words. Remember this when creating your piece. The sound will change the meaning and emotion.

Rule #6: IT DOES NOT HAVE TO RHYME

Rhyme is ONE device poets may use to create a specific tone, idea, symbol, etc. in their piece. It is not the BEST device. It is not the most EFFECTIVE device. It is simply the device the poet used in order to achieve a specific goal. If rhyming will achieve your goal, then do so. If not, then don't. Don't bang your head against brick walls trying to make something rhyme that was never meant to.

Rule #7: Stick to your pattern.

If all but one of your lines is written in iambic pentameter then, you're probably going to need to fix that. If all of your lines have some sort of rhyming pattern but maybe two in the middle somewhere, then it's going to stick out and be completely jarring to your reader. Please refer to Rule #1. This rule can be (and has been by many poets) successfully broken. But, just make sure it's for the good of the piece and not because you tried to rhyme something with "orange" and couldn't.

Rule #8: No, they probably won't get it and that's ok.

Poetry is personal. We share it with the world because poetry makes the world a better place. People open up. People talk real. People feel things and see things and are changed by poetry. It's healthy. But we have entire scholarly communities who have made it their life's work to discover what the author really meant by their poetry. We can discover this to a great degree. We can come very close through analysis coupled with a study of the author's life, but I think it's fairly safe to say that we will not ever understand it 100% even if we know the situation the person is describing.

One of Robert Browning's most famous poems is like this. Most scholars and critics agree that his poem "Love in a Life" is about him feeling the absence of his wife who passed away not long before he wrote this poem. It is fairly obvious in the text especially when one has studied his life. But, even though we understand that he is pining for the wife he lost, I doubt any of us can completely understand what he felt as he penned these words, alone in his house that was once filled with her presence. Even if we have lost someone, we are not Robert Browning. So even if we understand it, even if we can empathize, our feelings and thoughts are our own, and Robert Browning's feelings and thoughts are his.

Rule #9: People may react badly. This is ok.

People may react badly to your poem. Maybe they just don't get it. Maybe they just don't like it. Maybe your poem made them feel something they didn't want to feel. It's ok. It doesn't mean your poem is "bad". If you like it, then other people's opinions don't matter. Don't let them bully you about it. It is ok to tell them that they are being rude or offensive. But, don't let it make you feel badly.

However, people may have some great advice. Take it. You don't have to use it but take it politely and be grateful that someone cares enough about your work to say something constructive.

Don't let the haters get you down.

Rule #10: Write about things that make you feel something.

If you don't care one whit about what you are writing, then it really isn't worth putting pen to paper. Poetry is all about feeling something (unless you are writing a poem about feeling nothing, then that's different). So, if you're not feeling it, change it up until you do. If you don't feel something, your readers probably won't feel much of anything either.

Rule #11: Revise. Revise. Revise.

It probably won't be perfect the first time (though it CAN happen). Revise your work. Write it, read it out loud and see how it works. Change it up! You can always put it back but if you never try new things you'll never know if it could be better. Also, try walking away from it for a few hours so when you come back you'll have fresh eyes and you'll be able to see areas that need improvement more clearly.

Rule #12: Sometimes you just won't like it.

You're not going to like everything you write. It could be brilliant, worthy of publication and, well loved by all who read it and you still just hate it. Maybe you're too close to it. Maybe you fought too hard to bring it into being and it didn't meet your expectations. Do not judge your talent or ability on these moments. If you hate one of your poems, put it away. Move on to other things. Come back to it in a couple weeks and see if you still hate it. You might be surprised to see that it wasn't as bad as you thought. On the other hand, you'll hate it even worse after time. If you hate it worse then it's likely time to let it go. Sometimes a poem just doesn't work out and that's ok. Guaranteed, 99.999% of all authors have written crappy poems. They are likely kept as deep dark secrets until they die and some well-meaning beneficiary goes through their things and finds all these "long lost gems" and publishes them on behalf of the deceased. (If you have poets in your family, do not be this person).

Rule #13: Have respect for the art.

This is one of the most important rules. Respect your own art and work. Don't trash yourself. Don't be negative like that. Also, respect other artists. They've worked hard to create things just like you have. You don't have to like their work. You don't have to go out

and buy it, but if someone has you look at something or read something, be positive in your criticism. It took guts to create that thing and even more guts to show it to you. Feel honored they asked for your opinion. Feel honored that you were able to take a moment to explore the world through someone else's eyes for a second. If they ask for advice, be honest but positive. "It sucks" or "don't quit your day job" never helped anybody. Be understanding of the fact that just because you didn't like something, doesn't mean it was done poorly.

Rule #14: Try new things.

Stretch yourself. Try new styles, new words, new rhythms and rhymes. If you're seeing yourself repeating the same themes and images over and over and over again, shake it up. Give yourself a list of words and images to avoid. Try writing in a new style or form. Read a bunch of poetry for inspiration. OR maybe explore why those themes and images keep coming up. Journal about it. Free write about it. Get it out of your system. Then go back with some new concepts to try.

Rule #15: Practice.

Nobody got great at poetry by only trying once. Write all the time. Keep a notebook and a pen/pencil with you everywhere you go. Write down thoughts and ideas and images that inspire you. If something pops into your head, write it down before it fades away. Force yourself to write even if you don't want to (it doesn't have to be good). Some days you'll love it, some days you'll hate it but over time you will improve.

Rule #16: Write for you.

Poetry is first and foremost, personal. Write for you. You can share it with the world, but your poetry should be first and foremost something that is important to you. You don't have to please everybody else. In fact, trying to please everybody else will make your poetry suffer. If you dedicate a poem to someone else, it can still be for you. These are your emotions. Your poetry is meant to be glimpses at things through your eyes. It can be a message for the world but it is YOUR message. Don't let others speak for you.

Rule #17: Be bold.

Being a poet means having the guts to say what nobody else will say. It means writing that love poem about your crush. It means writing about things that might not be popular opinion. It means that you will face naysayers and criticism from people who don't agree with you. But, that means you've stood up for something. You don't have to share every poem you write but, it takes guts to write it down, to expose it to the open air and hold it up as concrete evidence that something has been said. Be brave and write. Be bold and use your words to change the world.

By the way, if you think a poem can't change anything, go read "Invictus" by William Earnest Henley.

Nelson Mandela's Inauguration Speech Delivered on May 10, 1994 in Pretoria, South Africa.



Your Majesties

Your Highnesses

Distinguished Guests

Comrades and Friends

Today, all of us do, by our presence here, and by our celebrations in other parts of our country and the world, confer glory and hope to newborn liberty.

Out of the experience of an extraordinary human disaster that lasted too long, must be born a society of which all humanity will be proud.

Our daily deeds as ordinary South Africans must produce an actual South African reality that will reinforce humanity's belief in justice, strengthen its confidence in the nobility of the human soul and sustain all our hopes for glorious life for all.

All this we owe both to ourselves and to the peoples of the world who are so well represented here today.

To my compatriots, I have no hesitation in saying that each one of us is as intimately attached to the soil of this beautiful country as are the famous jacaranda trees of Pretoria and the mimosa trees of the bushveld.

Each time one of us touches the soil of this land, we feel a sense of personal renewal. The national mood changes as the seasons change.

We are moved by a sense of joy and exhilaration when the grass turns green and the flowers bloom.

That spiritual and physical oneness we all share with this common homeland explains the depth of the pain we all carried in our hearts as we saw our country tear itself apart in a terrible conflict, and as we saw it spurned, outlawed and isolated by the peoples of the world, precisely because it has become the universal base of the pernicious ideology and practice of racism and racial oppression.

We, the people of South Africa, feel fulfilled that humanity has taken us back into its bosom, that we, who were outlaws not so long ago, have today been given the rare privilege to be host to the nations of the world on our own soil.

We thank all our distinguished international guests for having come to take possession of what is, after all, a common victory for justice, for peace, for human dignity.

We trust that you will continue to stand by us as we tackle the challenges of building peace, prosperity, non-sexism, non-racialism and democracy.

We deeply appreciate the role that the masses of our people and their political mass democratic, religious, women, youth, business, traditional and other leaders have played to bring about this conclusion. Not least among them is my Second Deputy President, the Honorable F.W. de Klerk.

We would also like to pay tribute to our security forces, in all their ranks, for the distinguished role they have played in securing our first democratic elections and the transition to democracy, from blood-thirsty forces which still refuse to see the light.

The time for the healing of the wounds has come.

The moment to bridge the chasms that divide us has come.

The time to build is upon us.

We have, at last, achieved our political emancipation. We pledge ourselves to liberate all our people from the continuing bondage of poverty, deprivation, suffering, gender and other discrimination.

We succeeded in taking our last steps to freedom in conditions of relative peace. We commit ourselves to the construction of a complete, just and lasting peace.

We have triumphed in the effort to implant hope in the breasts of millions of our people. We enter into a covenant that we shall build the society in which all South Africans, both black and white, will be able to walk tall, without any fear in their hearts, assured of their inalienable right to human dignity - a rainbow nation at peace with itself and the world.

As a token of its commitment to the renewal of our country, the new Interim Government of National Unity will, as a matter of urgency, address the issue of amnesty for various categories of our people who are currently serving terms of imprisonment.

We dedicate this day to all the heroes and heroines in this country and the rest of the world who sacrificed in many ways and surrendered their lives so that we could be free.

Their dreams have become reality. Freedom is their reward.

We are both humbled and elevated by the honor and privilege that you, the people of South Africa, have bestowed on us, as the first President of a united, democratic, non-racial and non-sexist government.

We still understand that there is no easy road to freedom.

We know it well that none of us acting alone can achieve success.

We must therefore act together as a united people, for national reconciliation, for nation building, for the birth of a new world.

Let there be justice for all.

Let there be peace for all.

Let there be work, bread, water and salt for all.

Let each know that for each that for each the body, the mind and the soul have been freed to fulfill themselves.

Never, never and never again shall it be that this beautiful land will again experience the oppression of one by another and suffer the indignity of being the skunk of the world.

Let freedom reign.

The sun shall never set on such glorious human achievement!

God bless Africa!

Thank you.

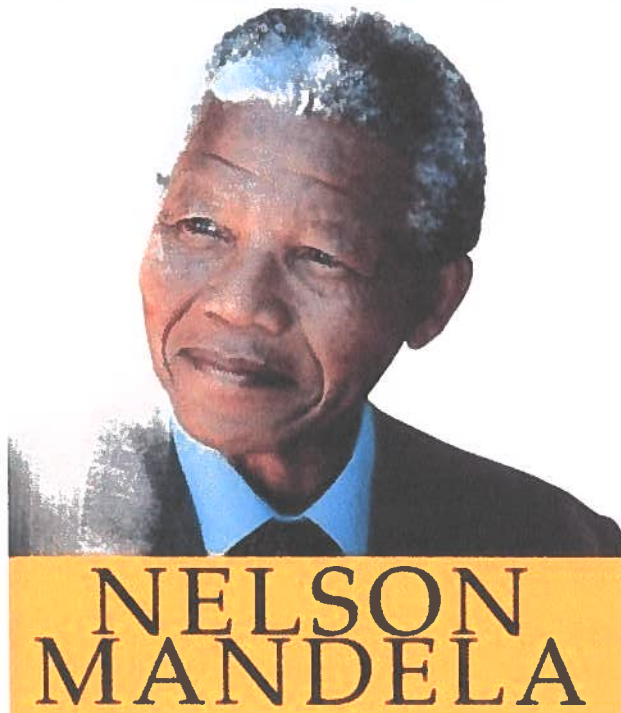
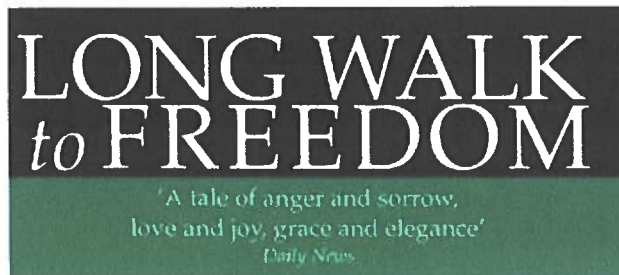
Source: South African Government Information Website

AUTHORS MAYA ANGELOU and NELSON MANDELA

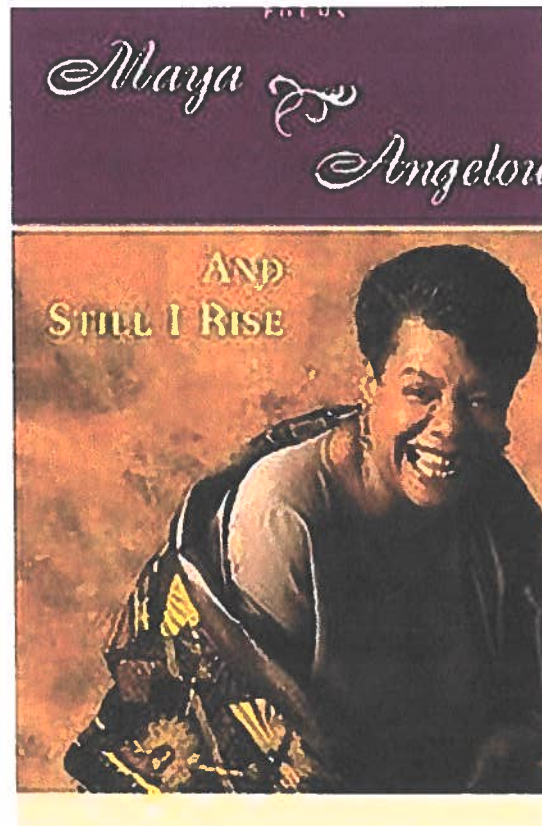
Students discuss both author's point of view, use of language, writing style and subject matter.

- Are there similarities or differences in the author's points of view in *Still I Rise* and Mandela's *Inauguration Speech*?
- Can you give examples from the texts?
- Are there similarities or differences in the author's use of language in *Still I Rise* and Mandela's *Inauguration Speech*?
- Can you give examples from the texts?
- Are there similarities or differences in the author's writing style in *Still I Rise* and Mandela's *Inauguration Speech*?
- Can you give examples from the texts?
- Are there similarities or differences in the author's subject matter in both texts?
- Can you give examples?
- Students may refer to the literary vocabulary terms discussed earlier in the lesson.

Nelson Mandela
The Long Walk to Freedom
Published October 1995
Back Bay Books Publisher



Maya Angelou
And Still I Rise: A Book of Poems
Published August 1978
Random House Publishing



Maya's Life

.Who do you think Maya is talking to in this poem?

Explain why you chose this person:

Still I Rise

Maya Angelou

You may write me down in history
With your bitter, twisted lies,
You may trod me in the very dirt
But still, like dust, I'll rise.

Does my sassiness upset you?
Why are you beset with gloom?
'Cause I walk like I've got oil wells
Pumping in my living room.

Just like moons and like suns,
With the certainty of tides,
Just like hopes springing high,
Still I'll rise.

Did you want to see me broken?
Bowed head and lowered eyes?
Shoulders falling down like teardrops.
Weakened by my soulful cries.

Does my haughtiness offend you?
Don't you take it awful hard
'Cause I laugh like I've got gold mines
Diggin' in my own back yard.

You may shoot me with your words,
You may cut me with your eyes,
You may kill me with your hatefulness,
But still, like air, I'll rise.

Does my sexiness upset you?
Does it come as a surprise
That I dance like I've got diamonds
At the meeting of my thighs?

Out of the huts of history's shame
I rise

Up from a past that's rooted in pain
I rise

I'm a black ocean, leaping and wide,
Welling and swelling I bear in the tide.
Leaving behind nights of terror and fear

I rise
Into a daybreak that's wondrously clear
I rise

Bringing the gifts that my ancestors gave,
I am the dream and the hope of the slave.

I rise
I rise
I rise.

FIGURATIVE LANGUAGE

Highlight and Label lines that contain the following:

- + Simile
- + End Rhyme
- + Internal Rhyme
- + Repetition

Making it Personal

YOUR LIFE

Copy down the most powerful line, in your opinion.

Why did you choose that line?

In what event could you picture yourself saying "Still, I Rise"?

TONE

Write down one word that captures FEELING or ATTITUDE in this poem:

Copy down TWO LINES that reflect the tone words above:

MAKING CONNECTIONS

Who else in history (either way past or more recent) could you picture saying these words?

Explain:

Name: _____

In Her Words

Maya Angelou

Apr 4, 1928 - May 28, 2014



Background: Maya Angelou's words, work, and life were so rich and had so much depth that her influence continues on today. Distinctly referred to as "a redwood tree, with deep roots in American culture," Dr. Maya Angelou led a prolific life. She inspired generations with lyrical modern African-American thought and power for all women that pushed boundaries. She truly is the *phenomenal woman*.

Task: Read the quotes below and 1) Identify the figurative language used. Some quotations may have more than one. 2) Interpret the quotation.

WORD BANK

Simile	Allusion
Metaphor	Idiom
Cliché	Hyperbole
Personification	Pun

1. "I love to see a young girl go out and grab the world by the lapels."

2. "How important it is for us to recognize and celebrate our heroes and she-roes!"

3. "Love recognizes no barriers. It jumps hurdles, leaps fences, penetrates walls to arrive at its destination full of hope."

4. "You are the sum total of everything you've ever seen, heard, eaten, smelled, been told, forgot - it's all there."

5. "You may write me down in history with your bitter, twisted lines. You may trod me in the very dirt, but still, like dust, I'll rise."

6. "Equal rights, fair play, justice, are all like the air: we all have it, or none of us has it. That is the truth of it."

7. "Strong women- precious jewels all- their humanness is evident in their accessibility."

Name: _____

In Her Words Maya Angelou

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Personification	Pun

1. "I love to see a young girl go out and grab the world by the lapels."

PERSONIFICATION, SAYING THE WORLD HAS ON A SHIRT.

2. "How important it is for us to recognize and celebrate our heroes and she-roes!"

PUN – PLAY ON WORD, HEROES

3. "Love recognizes no barriers. It jumps hurdles, leaps fences, penetrates walls to arrive at its destination full of hope."

PERSONIFICATION, LOVE IS DOING ACTION

4. "You are the sum total of everything you've ever seen, heard, eaten, smelled, been told, forgot - it's all there."

METAPHOR – YOU ARE BECOMING THE SUM OF OTHER NON-LIVING THINGS

5. "You may write me down in history with your bitter, twisted lines. You may trod me in the very dirt, but still, like dust, I'll rise."

SIMILE, "LIKE DUST"

6. "Equal rights, fair play, justice, are all like the air: we all have it, or none of us has it. That is the truth of it."

SIMILE, "LIKE THE AIR"

7. "Strong women- precious jewels all- their humanness is evident in their accessibility."

METAPHOR, THE WOMEN JEWELS