

English 12: *The Great Gatsby* Found Poetry Assignment

At the end of Chapter Four of *All Quiet On the Western Front* (see reverse) is a passage that reads much like a poem. If one were to rearrange the sentences, arrange them into lines, and create a title, one would create from this prose something called a “found poem”.

Example:

"The Drone of War"

Monotonously the lorries sway
Monotonously come the calls, monotonously falls the rain.

It falls on our heads and on the heads
Of the dead up in the line,
On the body of the little recruit with the wound
That is much too big for his hip:

It falls on Kemmerich's grave:
It falls in our hearts.

Choose from one of the following scenes (up to a page before and after) in *The Great Gatsby* to create your own found poem:

- I looked back at my cousin... (Chp. 1: p. 9/14)
- Yet high over the city our line of yellow windows... (near the end of Chp. 2: p. 35/37)
- He smiled understandingly... (Chp. 3: p. 48/49)
- It was a rich cream color, bright with nickel... (Chp. 4: p. 64/63)
- Almost five years!... (end of Chp. 5: p. 95/92)
- He was a son of God... (beginning of Chp. 6: p. 98/95)
- His heart beat faster and faster... (end of Chp. 6: p. 110/107)

Except for the title, you must only use lines from the novel, but you may add up to **three new words** overall in square brackets. Words may also be changed for tense and pluralization, and may be repeated, re-ordered or omitted. No ellipsis is needed between “snippets” of text. Select lines that are particularly descriptive!

Your poem must be 7-15 lines long , have at least 2 stanzas, and include a title (of your own making).

All Quiet On The Western Front:

... An hour later we reach our lorries and climb in. There is more room now than there was.

The rain becomes heavier. We take out waterproof sheets and spread them over our heads. The rain rattles down, and flows off at the sides in streams. The lorries bump through the holes, and we rock to and fro in a half-sleep.

Two men in the front of the lorry have long forked poles. They watch for telephone wires which hang crosswise over the road so low that they might easily pull our heads off. The two fellows take them at the right moment on their poles and lift them over behind us. We hear their call "Mind--wire--," dip the knee in a half-sleep and straighten up again.

Monotonously the lorries sway, monotonously come the calls, monotonously falls the rain. It falls on our heads and on the heads of the dead up in the line, on the body of the little recruit with the wound that is so much too big for his hip; it falls on Kemmerich's grave: it falls in our hearts.

An explosion sounds somewhere. We wince, our eyes become tense, our hands are ready to vault over the side of the lorry into the ditch by the road.

Nothing happens--only the monotonous cry: "Mind--wire,"--our knees bend--we are again half asleep.