

## **Free Verse Poetry: focus on imagery**

### **Fog**

Carl Sandburg

The fog comes  
on little cat feet.

It sits looking  
over harbor and city  
on silent haunches  
and then moves on.

### **When it is Snowing**

Siv Cedering

When it is snowing  
the blue jay  
is the only piece of  
sky  
in my backyard

### **Poppies**

Roy Scheele

The light in them stands as clear as water  
drawn from a well  
When the breeze moves across them they totter.  
You half expect them to spill.

### **Driving to Town Late to Mail a Letter**

Robert Bly

It is a cold and snowy night. The main street is deserted.  
The only things moving are swirls of snow.  
As I lift the mailbox door, I feel its cold iron.  
There is a privacy I love in this snowy night.  
Driving around, I will waste more time.

## **Root Cellar**

Theodore Roethke

Nothing would sleep in that cellar, dank as a ditch,  
Bulbs broke out of boxes hunting for chinks in the dark,  
Shoots dangled and drooped,  
Lolling obscenely from mildewed crates,  
Hung down long yellow evil necks, like tropical snakes.  
And what a congress of stinks!--  
Roots ripe as old bait,  
Pulpy stems, rank, silo-rich,  
Leaf-mold, manure, lime, piled against slippery planks.  
Nothing would give up life:  
Even the dirt kept breathing a small breath.

## **Deserted Farm**

Mark Vinz

Where the barn stood  
the empty milking stalls rise up  
like the skeleton of an ancient sea beast,  
exiled forever on shores of prairie.

Decaying timber moans softly in twilight;  
the house collapses like a broken prayer.  
Tomorrow the heavy lilac blossoms will open,  
higher than the roofbeams, reeling in wind.