**Walt Whitman Poetry SLAM (!)**
Mr. Eble, CP1 American Literature

**Directions:** Read each of the following poems; annotate in the space to the right as you read, noting stylistic elements of the poetry (figurative language, imagery, sound devices) as well as thematic elements. Then, in the space below each poem, write any ideas / interpretations of the poem you can make (including connections to ideas we’ve discussed and to other Whitman Poems) and questions you have about the poem that you can bring to class to share for our discussion.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>From “Song of Myself”</th>
<th>Annotation Space</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>I CELEBRATE myself, and sing myself,</td>
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<tr>
<td>And what I assume you shall assume,</td>
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<td>For every atom belonging to me as good belongs to you.</td>
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<td>I loafe and invite my soul,</td>
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<td>I lean and loafe at my ease observing a spear of summer grass.</td>
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<td>My tongue, every atom of my blood, form’d from this soil,</td>
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<td>this air,</td>
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<td>Born here of parents born here from parents the same, and</td>
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<tr>
<td>their parents the same,</td>
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<td>I, now thirty-seven years old in perfect health begin,</td>
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<td>Hoping to cease not till death.</td>
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<td>Creeds and schools in abeyance,</td>
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<td>Retiring back a while sufficed at what they are, but never</td>
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<td>forgotten,</td>
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<td>I harbor for good or bad, I permit to speak at every hazard,</td>
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<td>Nature without check with original energy.</td>
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**Space for connections / interpretations, questions:**
**When I Heard the Learn’d Astronomer**

When I heard the learn’d astronomer,  
When the proofs, the figures, were ranged in columns before me,  
When I was shown the charts and diagrams, to add, divide, and measure them,  
When I sitting heard the astronomer where he lectured with much applause in the lecture-room,  
How soon unaccountable I became tired and sick,  
Till rising and gliding out I wander’d off by myself,  
In the mystical moist night-air, and from time to time,  
Look’d up in perfect silence at the stars.

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**Space for connections / interpretations, questions:**
I Hear America Singing

I hear America singing, the varied carols I hear,
Those of mechanics, each one singing his as it should be blithe and strong,
The carpenter singing his as he measures his plank or beam,
The mason singing his as he makes ready for work, or leaves off work,
The boatman singing what belongs to him in his boat, the deckhand singing on the steamboat deck,
The shoemaker singing as he sits on his bench, the hatter singing as he stands,
The wood-cutter’s song, the ploughboy’s on his way in the morning, or at noon intermission or at sundown,
The delicious singing of the mother, or of the young wife at work, or of the girl sewing or washing,
Each singing what belongs to him or her and to none else,
The day what belongs to the day—at night the party of young fellows, robust, friendly,
Singing with open mouths their strong melodious songs.

Space for connections / interpretations, questions:
Oh Captain, My Captain!

Captain! My Captain! Our fearful trip is done,
the ship has weather’d every rack, the prize we sought is won,
the port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
while follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;

But O heart! Heart! Heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

Captain! My Captain! Rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills,
or you bouquets and ribbon’d wreaths—for you the shores a-crowding,
or you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;

Here Captain! Dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck,
You’ve fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,
the ship is anchor’d safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,
from fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;

Exult O shores, and ring O bells!
But I with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

Space for connections / interpretations, questions:

Be sure to print this sheet and to put it in your binder.