**“**[**A Noiseless Patient Spider**](http://classiclit.about.com/library/bl-etexts/wwhitman/bl-ww-anoise.htm)**”**

By Walt Whitman

A noiseless, patient spider,   
I mark’d, where, on a little promontory, it stood, isolated;   
Mark’d how, to explore the vacant, vast surrounding,   
It launch’d forth filament, filament, filament, out of itself;   
Ever unreeling them — ever tirelessly speeding them.   
  
And you, O my Soul, where you stand,   
Surrounded, surrounded, in measureless oceans of space,   
Ceaselessly musing, venturing, throwing,— seeking the spheres, to connect them;   
Till the bridge you will need, be form’d — till the ductile anchor hold;   
Till the gossamer thread you fling, catch somewhere, O my Soul.

# “Bridge Over Troubled Waters”

By Paul Simon

When you're weary

Feeling small

When tears are in your eyes

I will dry them all

I'm on your side

When times get rough

And friends just can't be found

Like a bridge over troubled water

I will lay me down

Like a bridge over troubled water

I will lay me down

When you're down and out

When you're on the street

When evening falls so hard

I will comfort you

I'll take your part

When darkness comes

And pain is all around

Like a bridge over troubled water

I will lay me down

Like a bridge over troubled water

I will lay me down

Sail on Silver Girl,

Sail on by

Your time has come to shine

All your dreams are on their way

See how they shine

If you need a friend

I'm sailing right behind

Like a bridge over troubled water

I will ease your mind

Like a bridge over troubled water

I will ease your mind

### [“I](http://www.bartleby.com/145/ww2600.html) Wandered Lonely as a Cloud”

### By William Wordsworth

I wandered lonely as a cloud  
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,  
When all at once I saw a crowd,  
A host, of golden daffodils;  
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,  
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.  
  
Continuous as the stars that shine  
And twinkle on the milky way,  
They stretched in never-ending line  
Along the margin of a bay:  
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,  
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.  
  
The waves beside them danced; but they  
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:  
A poet could not but be gay,  
In such a jocund company:  
I gazed---and gazed---but little thought  
What wealth the show to me had brought:  
  
For oft, when on my couch I lie  
In vacant or in pensive mood,  
They flash upon that inward eye  
Which is the bliss of solitude;  
And then my heart with pleasure fills,  
And dances with the daffodils.

**All the World's a Stage**

**By William Shakespeare**

All the world's a stage,  
And all the men and women merely players;  
They have their exits and their entrances,  
And one man in his time plays many parts,  
His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,  
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.  
Then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel  
And shining morning face, creeping like snail  
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,  
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad  
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,  
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,  
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,  
Seeking the bubble reputation  
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,  
In fair round belly with good capon lined,  
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,  
Full of wise saws and modern instances;  
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts  
Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,  
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side;  
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide  
For his shrunk shank, and his big manly voice,  
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes  
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,  
That ends this strange eventful history,  
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,  
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

**Student Sample 1**

Life is a furious storm,  
With its raging winds and clashing thunder,  
Bringing misery and woe to all.  
The storm scarcely ceasing, all people nearly freezing,  
In their tracks of life, thinking all is lost.

Yet the storm comes to an end,  
The eye is where the fury stops,  
and at this moment people have hope  
to accomplish their missions in life.  
  
But soon after one has nearly achieved their ambitions,  
the storm starts once again,  
never ceasing, never ending,  
until the very end of life.  
  
**Student Sample 2**  
  
Life is a sunflower,  
With its beautiful, radiant petals   
gleaming in the sun’s rays.  
Showing its beautiful petals,  
and standing high and proud above the earth.  
  
But at night, the flower is quiet and dull,  
having no faith of why it should be living  
on this beautiful earth.  
All aspiration is lost, and the flower  
does not bloom.  
  
Until the morning,  
when it has faith once again in its abilities.  
Slowly, it spreads its grand pedals,  
standing [proud](http://www.knowledgesutra.com/discuss/fspipf-9th-grade-life-metaphor-poems-teacher-read-aloud-classes.html) above the earth,  
standing proud above the earth.

**Assignment:**

Create a metaphor or simile for life, and write a poem following the pattern in the two examples on the other column.

**Guidelines:**

* Introduce the metaphor/simile in the first line.
* Develop the metaphor/simile throughout the poem, elaborating and making connections between your metaphor/simile and the way life is or works.
* Your poem must have at least 12 lines.
* It might or might not have a rhyme scheme.
* You can decide how many stanzas.

**Visual Representation**

Write your poem on one of the larger sheets of paper, combing text, visual elements, and color. Consider what images you want to add to your poem to enhance its meaning. Do you want a dominant image or an image for each stanza? What thematic idea do you want to emphasize? Is there a particular mood that you want to reinforce? Regardless, make sure the text of the poem doesn’t get lost, the images and color accentuating its interpretation. Make sure you include the title of your poem and your name.