

## English 10B I.C.W.: *Fifteen*

Using your TP-CASTT and SOAPS notes from the previous day, draft an essay explicating *Fifteen*, by William Stafford. Your paper should be organized as follows:

### 1<sup>st</sup> paragraph:

1. Explain the title
2. Who is the speaker? What kind of person is he/she?
3. To whom is he/she speaking? What kind of person is he/she ('audience')?

### 2<sup>nd</sup> paragraph:

1. Central purpose- why was this poem written?
2. State the central idea or theme in a sentence.
3. What is the tone and how does the poet achieve it?
4. Describe the structure of the poem. Why did the poet arrange it this way?

### 3<sup>rd</sup> paragraph:

1. Discuss the diction of the poem. Point out words that are particularly well-chosen and explain why.
2. Point out significant examples of sound devices, including assonance, consonance, alliteration, and explain their function.

### 4<sup>th</sup> paragraph:

1. Discuss the imagery of the poem. Identify images and what senses they affect.
2. Point out examples of metaphor, simile, and personification and explain their meaning.
3. Point out and explain any symbols and allusions.
4. Point out and explain any examples of irony or over- or understatement. What is their function in the poem?

### 5<sup>th</sup> paragraph:

Discuss the meaning of the poem, on as many levels as you can.

## **Fifteen**

South of the bridge on Seventeenth  
I found back of the willows one summer  
day a motorcycle with engine running  
as it lay on its side, ticking over  
slowly in the high grass. I was fifteen. 5

I admired all that pulsing gleam, the  
shiny flanks, the demure headlights  
fringed where it lay; I led it gently  
to the road, and stood with that  
companion, ready and friendly. I was fifteen. 10

We could find the end of a road, meet  
the sky on out Seventeenth. I thought about  
hills, and patting the handle got back a  
confident opinion. On the bridge we indulged  
a forward feeling, a tremble. I was fifteen. 15

Thinking, back farther in the grass I found  
the owner, just coming to, where he had flipped  
over the rail. He had blood on his hand, was pale-  
I helped him walk to his machine. He ran his hand  
over it, called me good man, roared away. 20

I stood there, fifteen.

*-William Stafford*