***Directions:***

Read the following personification poems. For each poem list 2 poetic devices found in the poem (other than personification) and write out the examples from the lines in the play next to each. After that, answer questions # 1, 2, 3, 6 & 8 from the “Poetic Devices” handout for each poem.

**‘Out, Out—’**

BY [ROBERT FROST](https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poets/robert-frost)

The buzz saw snarled and rattled in the yard

And made dust and dropped stove-length sticks of wood,

Sweet-scented stuff when the breeze drew across it.

And from there those that lifted eyes could count

Five mountain ranges one behind the other

Under the sunset far into Vermont.

And the saw snarled and rattled, snarled and rattled,

As it ran light, or had to bear a load.

And nothing happened: day was all but done.

Call it a day, I wish they might have said

To please the boy by giving him the half hour

That a boy counts so much when saved from work.

His sister stood beside him in her apron

To tell them ‘Supper.’ At the word, the saw,

As if to prove saws knew what supper meant,

Leaped out at the boy’s hand, or seemed to leap—

He must have given the hand. However it was,

Neither refused the meeting. But the hand!

The boy’s first outcry was a rueful laugh,

As he swung toward them holding up the hand

Half in appeal, but half as if to keep

The life from spilling. Then the boy saw all—

Since he was old enough to know, big boy

Doing a man’s work, though a child at heart—

He saw all spoiled. ‘Don’t let him cut my hand off—

The doctor, when he comes. Don’t let him, sister!’

So. But the hand was gone already.

The doctor put him in the dark of ether.

He lay and puffed his lips out with his breath.

And then—the watcher at his pulse took fright.

No one believed. They listened at his heart.

Little—less—nothing!—and that ended it.

No more to build on there. And they, since they

Were not the one dead, turned to their affairs.

### Mushrooms by Sylvia Plath

   Overnight, very  
                                   Whitely, discreetly,  
                                   Very quietly  
  
                                   Our toes, our noses  
                                   Take hold on the loam,  
                                   Acquire the air.  
  
                                   Nobody sees us,  
                                   Stops us, betrays us;  
                                   The small grains make room.  
  
                                   Soft fists insist on  
                                   Heaving the needles,  
                                   The leafy bedding,  
  
                                   Even the paving.  
                                   Our hammers, our rams,  
                                   Earless and eyeless,  
  
                                   Perfectly voiceless,  
                                   Widen the crannies,  
                                   Shoulder through holes. We  
  
                                   Diet on water,  
                                   On crumbs of shadow,  
                                   Bland-mannered, asking  
  
                                   Little or nothing.  
                                   So many of us!  
                                   So many of us!  
  
                                   We are shelves, we are  
                                   Tables, we are meek,  
                                   We are edible,  
  
                                   Nudgers and shovers  
                                   In spite of ourselves.  
                                   Our kind multiplies:  
  
                                   We shall by morning  
                                   Inherit the earth.  
                                   Our foot's in the door.