

**Focus: Shakespeare's
language and iambic
pentameter**

Agenda:

DGP

Sonnet

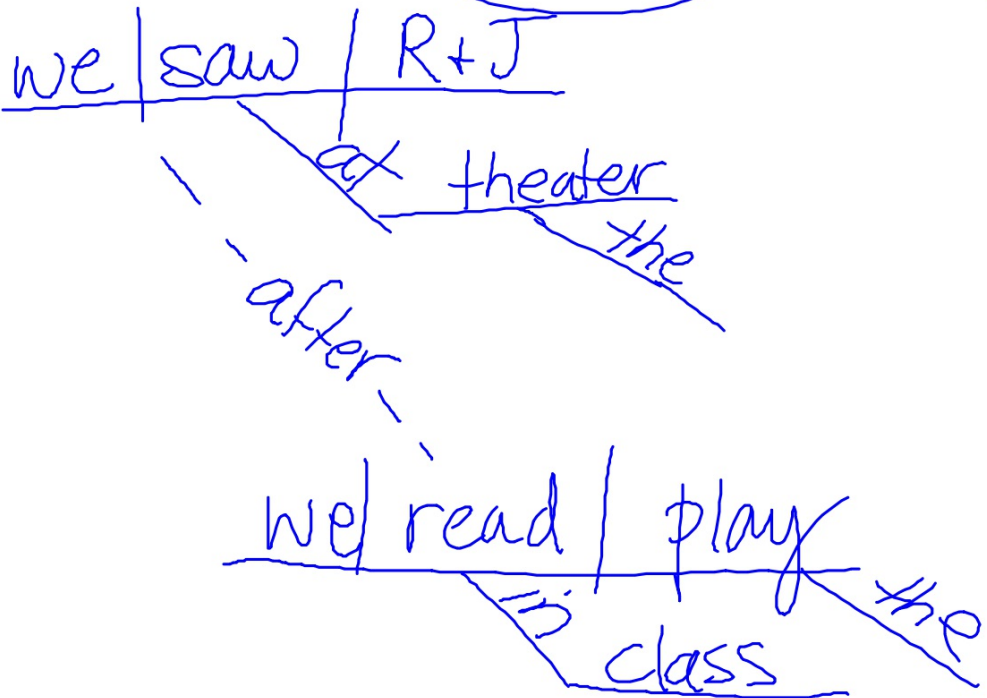
Study guide/questions

***If time permits, Lady Capulet's speech to Juliet**

Homework: Act 2 scene 1

DGP #10

We saw Romeo and Juliet at the theater after we read the play in class.



Write your own sonnet!

Directions: You have 15 minutes, you may work with **one** other person. Sonnets were typically about love, but we will parody that a little bit with our subject matter (after all, Shakespeare himself took some liberties!). Your sonnet will be dedicated to one of the following:

- your big toe
- your shoe
- your hair

When you decide you need to question my choices here, think about the rhyming capabilities of these words, and the humor involved and then you might understand my choices better.

Sonnet format:

abab cdcd efef (gg)

iambic pentameter
10 syll

For you, my sweet + tall black stacked-heel shoe
My feet glory in your comfort all day!
You make me stand so tall I feel I grew
So high above the common rabble fray.

Each morning when I slip you on my foot
Like a glove on my hand, you fit me so well
My heart swells with pride — I look so darn good!
If feet could talk, the stories they would tell!

But now one wrong turn + my ankle broke
You have forsaken me, you shoe from hell!
And I limp through school, my feet are now a joke!
The flats, the pain, the misery I tell!
So now I bid you an overdue "ciao"
I will never again kill a brown cow.

Oh! The joy I feel with my lovely hair!
So soft + smooth it flows straight down my back
It grows far past my feet - and I don't care
around my waist I twist it like a sack

If life were fair I'd wash it once a year
And fashion braids of gold inside its wealth
A ringlet spun so close around my ear
A nest to weave for birds to hide in stealth

pack
lack
jack
huck
Sack
knack
tack
stack

care
dare
tear
fair

Study Guide Notes/Questions

Benvolio
peace

Tybalt
violence

P.
fail

nurse

lady Capulet

Lady Capulet's speech (to Juliet)

annotate

What say you? Can you love the gentleman?

This night you shall behold him at our feast.

Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face

And find delight writ there with beauty's pen.

Examine every married lineament

And see how one another lends content,

And what obscured in this fair volume lies

Find written in the margin of his eyes.

This precious book of love, this unbound lover,

To beautify him only lacks a cover.

The fish lives in the sea, and 'tis much pride

For fair without the fair within to hide.

That book in many's eyes doth share the glory

That in gold clasps locks in the golden story.

So shall you share all that he doth possess

By having him, making yourself no less.

extended metaphor → conceit

unmarried
a wife

monologue

Zefferelli

Luhrman

