

Blackout Poetry

Found Poetry



Go, lovely rose,

This is no country for old men. The young

Midwinter spring is its own season

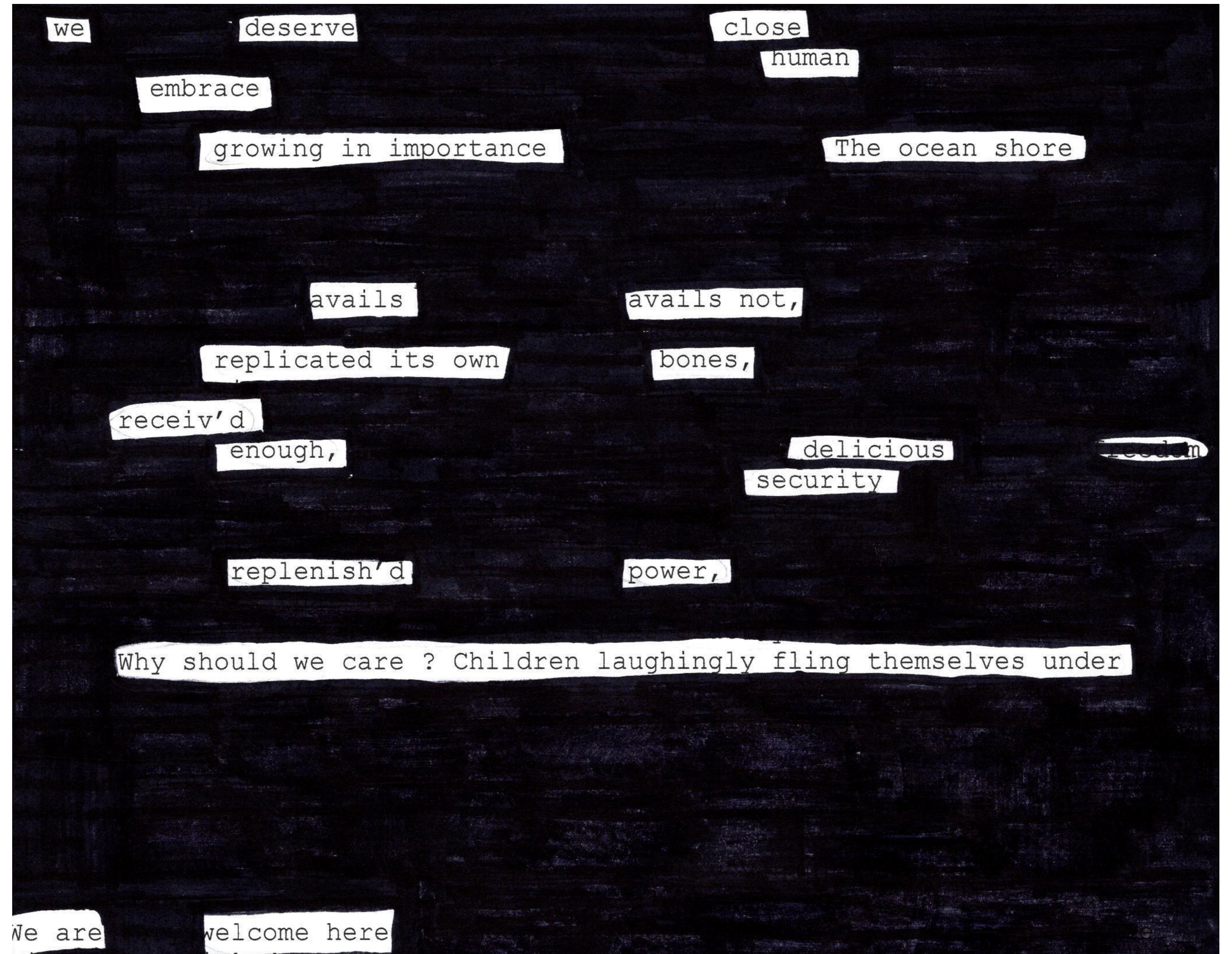
And a few lilies blow. They that have power to
hurt, and will do none.

Looking as if she were alive, I call.

The vapours weep their burthen to the ground.

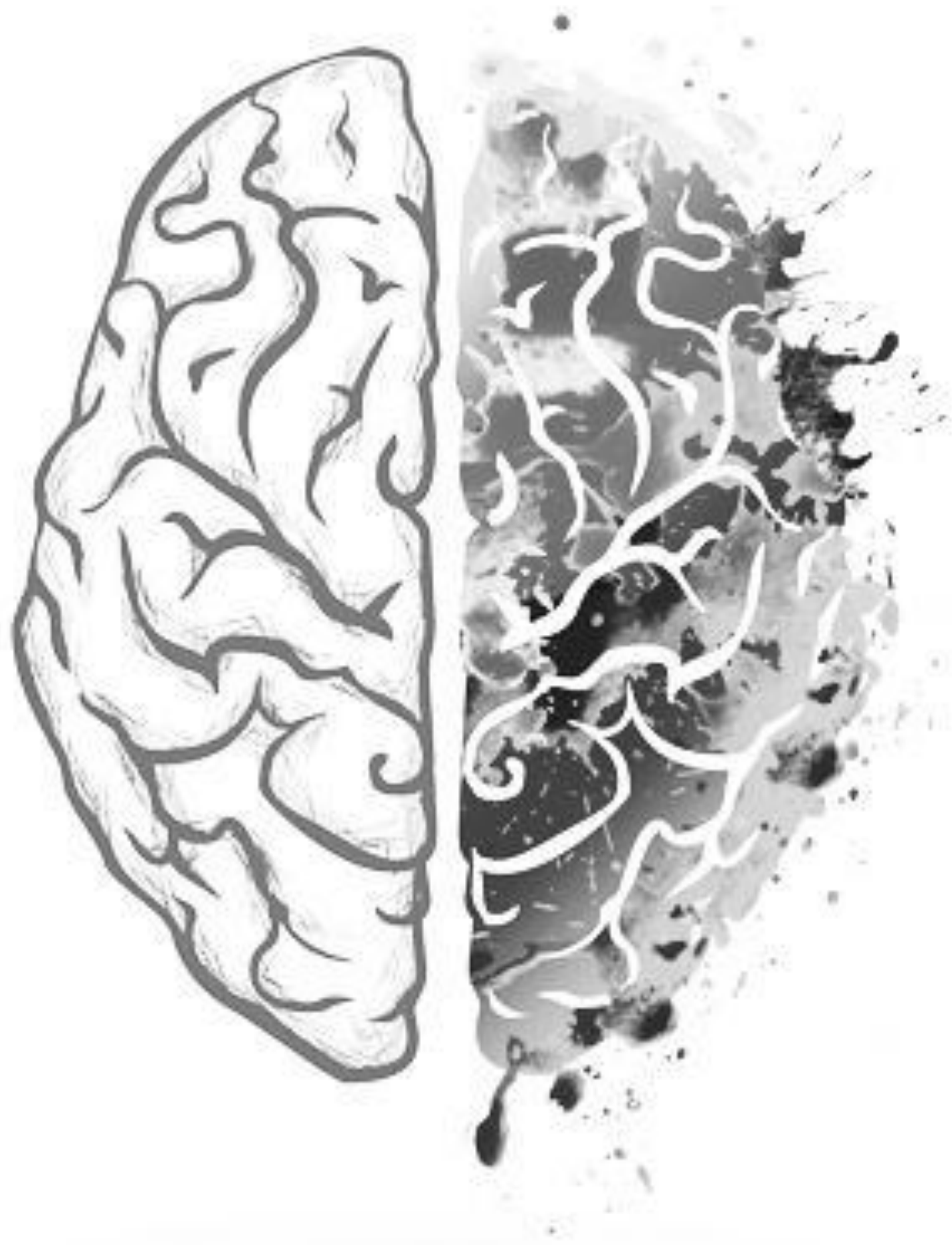
Blackout Poetry

A poet starts with established text and redacts from it until a new, original poem is formed.



Poetry and Process

take what is 'yours' and make it 'ours'



MYSTERIOUS NIGHT LIGHT

A mysterious ghostly light which has been appearing recently on the road across Inch Eank leading from the mainland at Tooban into Inch Island is terrifying people who reside near this part of the island. The mysterious light was first seen by a Tooban

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fotdab

Half of the fun is choosing the original source and medium.

after leaving a party at their home. The driver saw a sudden bright flash, from what is described as "a ball of fire," emerge into the roadway before the bus. The strange light was so powerful that it momentarily dimmed the headlights of the bus.

As quickly as it had appeared, the light vanished. Since then, the light has been reported seen by several people who have been abroad in this district at night.

From the heart of this dark, evacuated campus
I can hear the library humming in the night,
an immense choir of authors muttering inside their books
along the unlit, alphabetical shelves,
Giovanni Pontano next to Pope, Dumas next to his son,
each one stitched into his own private coat,
together forming a low, gigantic chord of language.

the act of reading,
I tilted into the wind of a book,
, holding the rope of his tie
rs saturates a page,
e in the middle of a theorem.
graph to paragraph
of endless, panelled rooms.

y mother reading to me
ne bed, books about horses and dogs,
ie other distant sounds,
e ablaze in the night,
g toward the brink of speech.

ng bookshelves in college,
walls within walls, as rain soaks New England,
or standing in a bookstore in a trench coat.

I see all of us reading ourselves away from ourselves,
straining in circles of light to find more light
until the line of words becomes a trail of crumbs
that we follow across a page of fresh snow;

when evening is shadowing the forest,
small brown birds flutter down to consume them
and we have to listen hard to hear the voices
of the boy and his sister receding into the perilous woods.

Poetic Craft

Metaphor

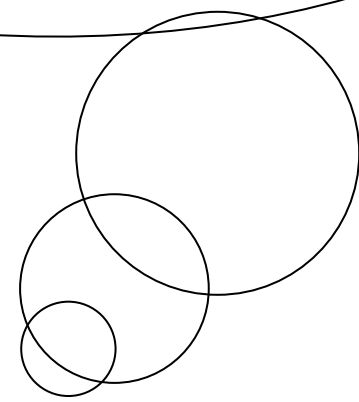
Rhythm/Meter

Compression of imagery

Economy of language

Enjambment

Voice

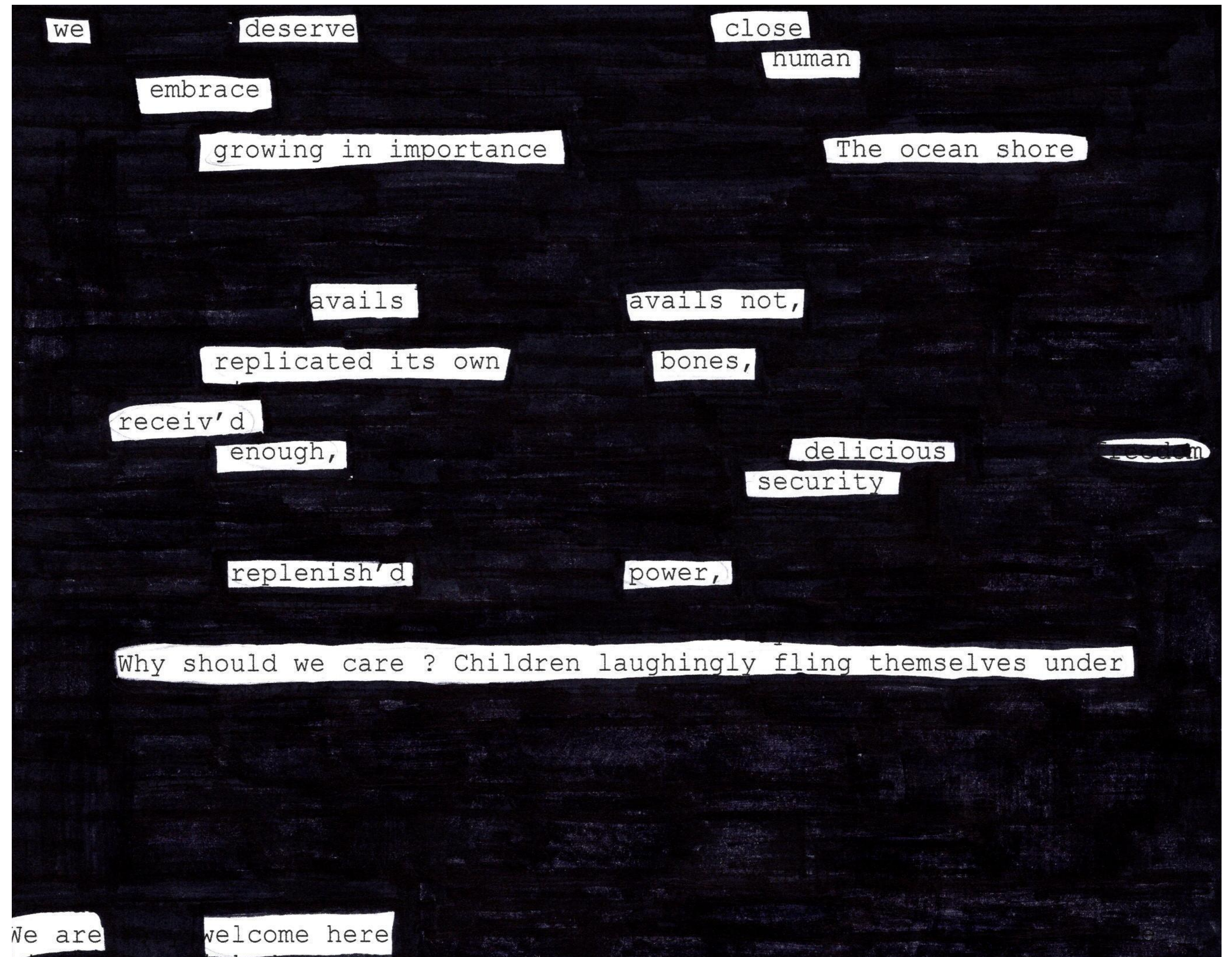
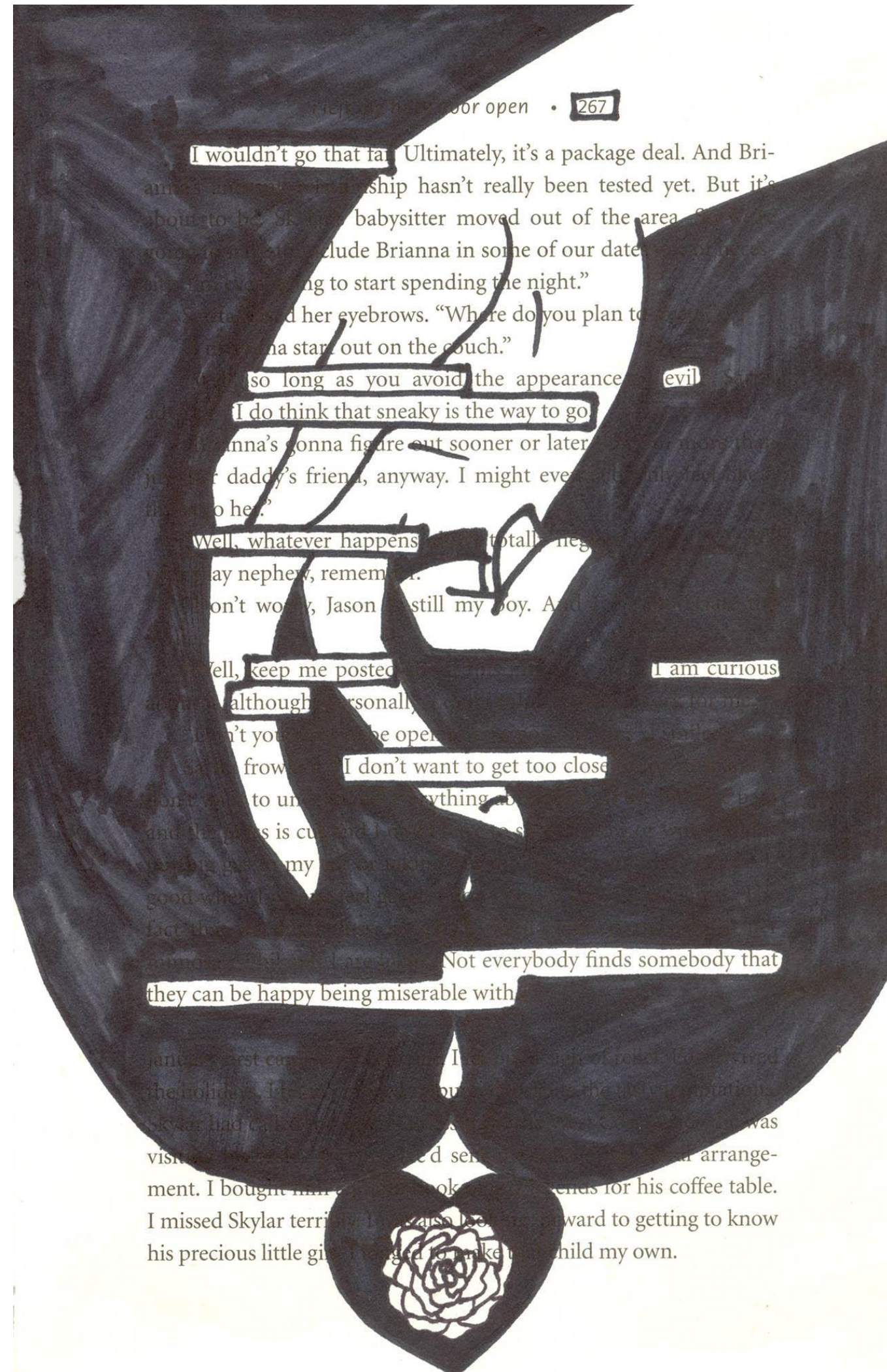


Applying Craft



How does craft help you
find the Found poem?

More Examples



Why Blackout Poetry?

- Escaping writer's block
- Introduction to poetry
- Creating evocative poetry
- Communicating through process
- Practicing poetic craft