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On The Teaching of Poetry

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ON THE TEACHING OF POETRY

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Excerpt From Ode:
Intimations Of Immortality From
Recollections Of Early Childhood
By William Wordsworth

Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower;
We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind;
In the primal sympathy
Which having been must ever be;
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering;
In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

WHEN I WAS YOUNG, MY MOTHER WOULD READ ME POETRY



ON THE TEACHING OF POETRY

ALL THINGS IN THE WORLD COME TO US THROUGH LANGUAGE



ON THE TEACHING OF POETRY

ATENEO
Magisterial
Lecture SERIES

Ode to Common Things
by Pablo Neruda

Ode to Common Things
by Pablo Neruda

I have a crazy,
crazy love of things.
I like pliers,
and scissors.
I love
cups,
rings,
and bowls –
not to speak, of course,
of hats.

...

Ode to Common Things
by Pablo Neruda

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of hats.

I love
all things,
not just
the grandest,
also
the
infinite-
ly
small –
thimbles,
spurs,
plates,
and flower vases.

Oh yes,
the planet
is sublime!
It's full of pipes
weaving
hand-held
through tobacco smoke,
and keys
and salt shakers –
everything,

Ode to Common Things
by Pablo Neruda

I mean,
that is made
by the hand of man, every little
thing:
shapely shoes,
and fabric,
and each new
bloodless birth
of gold,
eyeglasses
carpenter's nails,
brushes,
clocks, compasses,
coins, and the so-soft
softness of chairs.

Mankind has
built
oh so many
perfect
things!
Built them of wool
and of wood,
of glass and
of rope:
remarkable
tables,
ships, and stairways.

Ode to Common Things
by Pablo Neruda

I love
all
things,
not because they
are
passionate
or sweet-smelling
but because,
I don't know,
because
this ocean is yours,
and mine;
these buttons
and wheels
and little
forgotten
treasures,

fans upon
whose feathers
love has scattered
its blossoms
glasses, knives and
scissors –
all bear
the trace
of someone's fingers
on their handle or
surface,
the trace of a distant
hand
lost
in the depths of
forgetfulness.

I pause in houses,
streets and
elevators
touching things,
identifying objects
that I secretly covet;
this one because it rings,
that one because
it's as soft
as the softness of a woman's hip,
that one there for its deep-sea color,
and that one for its velvet feel.

Ode to Common Things
by Pablo Neruda

O irrevocable
river
of things:
no one can say
that I loved
only
fish,
or the plants of the
jungle and the field,
that I loved
only
those things that leap
and climb, desire, and
survive.

It's not true:
many things conspired
to tell me the whole story.
Not only did they touch me,
or my hand touched them:
they were
so close
that they were a part
of my being,
they were so alive with me
that they lived half my life
and will die half my death.

they were so alive with me
that they lived half my life
and will die half my death.

Harmony as an element can be found in plot when things “fall into place” or resolution takes place even if the resolution is non-resolution.

But I believe harmony is also about an awareness of the intrinsic design of harmony in nature.

Part of the literature classroom is this truth:
truth in literature is slippery.

“You cannot debone a fish with a hammer.”

They look at me and ask, what does it mean?

Wooden
Poet Laureate Kay Ryan

In the presence of supple
goodness, some people
grow less flexible,
experiencing a woodenness
they wouldn't have thought possible.
It is as strange and paradoxical
as the combined suffering
of Pinocchio and Geppetto
if Pinocchio had turned and said,
I can't be human after all.

Spring and Fall
Gerard Manley Hopkins, SJ

Márgarét, áre you gríeving
Over Goldengrove unleaving?
Leáves like the things of man, you
With your fresh thoughts care for, can you?
Ah! ás the heart grows older
It will come to such sights colder
By and by, nor spare a sigh
Though worlds of wanwood leafmeal lie;
And yet you wíll weep and know why.
Now no matter, child, the name:
Sórrów's spríngs áre the same.
Nor mouth had, no nor mind, expressed
What heart heard of, ghost guessed:
It ís the blight man was born for,
It is Margaret you mourn for.

The Conditional
Ada Limon

Say tomorrow doesn't come.
Say the moon becomes an icy pit.
Say the sweet-gum tree is petrified.
Say the sun's a foul black tire fire.
Say the owl's eyes are pinpricks.
Say the raccoon's a hot tar stain.
Say the shirt's plastic ditch-litter.
Say the kitchen's a cow's corpse.
Say we never get to see it: bright
future, stuck like a bum star, never
coming close, never dazzling.
Say we never meet her. Never him.
Say we spend our last moments staring
at each other, hands knotted together,
clutching the dog, watching the sky burn.
Say, It doesn't matter. Say, That would be
enough. Say you'd still want this: us alive,
right here, feeling lucky.

What do I know of the suffering of Pinocchio?

It gives to literature the highest kind of
responsibility: a way to a better future.