Concrete Poetry

A concrete poem is one in which the words of the poem make a picture or design. A poem about an apple that is shaped like an apple would be an example. Sometimes the design of the poem contributes something to its meaning.

Concrete poetry is also called a spacialist poetry, pattern poetry, or shape poetry.

"How well her name an Army doth present,
In whom the Lord of hosts did pitch his tent!".
"Anagram" from the 1633 edition of George Herbert’s The Temple.
Directions:
1. Write a poem about a concrete object (something that you can touch).
2. Arrange the lineation of your poem to form the shape of that concrete object.
3. Make your shape and lineation original. The shape of your poem doesn’t even have to match the main focus of the poem. You could highlight a small (but important) piece of your poem through the shape of your lines.
4. Give your poem an original title (not “Concrete Poem”!) and also write “by” your name after the title.

A gentle breeze blew all morning long. It picked up leaves along the way. It blew past streets and picked up cans (written on a can) and trash (written on a piece of trash). It blew through the dump and dropped all its belongings. It blew past me on my way to school and felt cool and refreshing against my skin. It blew out to the river and followed it out to sea where it got weak and died.

A CONCRETE POEM by Shannon Lea K.
Text of the poem is typed below.
Swan and Shadow
by John Hollander

Dusk
Above the
water hang the
loud
flies
Here
O so
gray
then
What
A pale signal will appear
When
Soon before its shadow fades
Where
Here in this pool of opened eye
In us
No Upon us As at the very edges
of where we take shape in the dark air
this object bares its image awakening
ripples of recognition that will
brush darkness up into light
even after this bird this hour both drift by atop the perfect sad instant now
already passing out of sight
toward yet-untroubled reflection
this image bears its object darkening
into memorial shades Scattered bits of
light
No of water Or something across
water
Breaking up No Being regathered
soon
Yet by then a swan will have
gone
Yes out of mind into what
vast
pale
hush
of a
place
past
sudden dark as
if a swan
sang
Easter Wings
by George Herbert

Lord, Who createdst man in wealth and store,
Though foolishly he lost the same,
Decaying more and more,
Till he became
Most poore:

With Thee
O let me rise,
As larks, harmoniously,
And sing this day Thy victories:
Then shall the fall further the flight in me.

My tender age in sorrow did beginne;
And still with sicknesses and shame
Thou didst so punish sinne,
That I became
Most thinne.

With Thee
Let me combine,
And feel this day Thy victorie;
For, if I imp my wing on Thine,
Affliction shall advance the flight in me.

The Altar
by George Herbert

The Altar

A broken ALTAR, Lord thy servant rears,
Made of a heart, and cemented with teares:
Whose parts are as thy hand did frame;
No workmans tool hath touch’d the same
A HEART alone
Is such a stone,
As nothing but
Thy pow’r doth cut.
Wherefore each part
Of my hard heart
Meets in this frame,
To praise thy Name:
That if I chance to hold my peace,
These stones to praise thee may not cease.
O let thy blessed SACRIFICE be mine,
And sanctifie this ALTAR to be thine.