

Students	Task	Details
Ra'ad Karam Leen	Play, paris underground	
Natalie Joanne	Painting+ play (detective)	Emily Dickinson I heard a Buzz Fly , Emily Dickinson
Zaid, Siman, zaid	Play	
Omar+ Tuleen	Poster + recite	Poster on the poem and its historical background, themes, and literary features. The Waste Land By T. S. Eliot
Rose+ Mayar	Painting + recite + Poster	The Raven, Edgar Allan Poe Edgar Allan Poe
Yumna + malak	Painting + recite + Poster	Maya Angelou the caged bird ,Maya Angelou
Tina, Mia , Maya	recite + Poster	This landscape. These people'
Marcel Ivan	Pastoral poetry poster Vermont poem p 150	
Grace	Recite + song	اغنية الارض - حيدر محمود / Alona story
Awn + Malak	recite + Poster	ذا الشعب يوما اراد الحياة - ابو القاسم الشابي
Sanad	recite + Poster	انشودة المطر - بدر شاكر السياب
Maria	Poster	Carpe diem , frost
Gia Joyce	Poster	Fantasy
Andre	biography poster	The poet Zulficar

Poster People	Recite people	Painting people	Play people
Your poster shall include visuals, a theme and a proper design to your topic. A POEM The poster shall include a detailed analysis of the poem and a background on it , a historical context, literary devices and so on A POET Your poster shall include a picture of the author, details of his life, his works, most famous works, and his genre of work	Your recite shall be fluent, with proper intonation and free of monotone. You can have the poem printed with you, but avoid looking at it too often.	Your painting shall capture a scene or an overall mood of the poem it mirrors. The use of colour and shapes shall not be random but a reflection on the metaphors and imagery included in the poem.	You should memorize each line correctly. Improvisation is allowed but to be done considerably. Character outfit should be sensible and related to the role you're acting. Voice control is to be practiced. Body control is to be practised For set design and if any music needs to be in the background, plan it earlier.

The Waste Land

By [T. S. Eliot](#)

April is the cruellest month, breeding
Lilacs out of the dead land, mixing
Memory and desire, stirring
Dull roots with spring rain.
Winter kept us warm, covering
Earth in forgetful snow, feeding
A little life with dried tubers.
Summer surprised us, coming over the Starnbergersee
With a shower of rain; we stopped in the colonnade,
And went on in sunlight, into the Hofgarten,
And drank coffee, and talked for an hour.
Bin gar keine Russin, stamm' aus Litauen, echt deutsch.
And when we were children, staying at the archduke's,
My cousin's, he took me out on a sled,
And I was frightened. He said, Marie,
Marie, hold on tight. And down we went.
In the mountains, there you feel free.
I read, much of the night, and go south in the winter.

Caged Bird

By [Maya Angelou](#)

A free bird leaps
on the back of the wind
and floats downstream
till the current ends
and dips his wing
in the orange sun rays
and dares to claim the sky.

But a bird that stalks
down his narrow cage
can seldom see through
his bars of rage
his wings are clipped and
his feet are tied
so he opens his throat to sing.

The caged bird sings
with a fearful trill
of things unknown
but longed for still
and his tune is heard
on the distant hill
for the caged bird
sings of freedom.

The free bird thinks of another breeze
and the trade winds soft through the sighing trees
and the fat worms waiting on a dawn bright lawn
and he names the sky his own.

But a caged bird stands on the grave of dreams
his shadow shouts on a nightmare scream
his wings are clipped and his feet are tied
so he opens his throat to sing.

The caged bird sings
with a fearful trill
of things unknown
but longed for still

and his tune is heard
on the distant hill
for the caged bird
sings of freedom.

I heard a Fly buzz - when I died - (591)

By [Emily Dickinson](#)

I heard a Fly buzz - when I died -
The Stillness in the Room
Was like the Stillness in the Air -
Between the Heaves of Storm -

The Eyes around - had wrung them dry -
And Breaths were gathering firm
For that last Onset - when the King
Be witnessed - in the Room -

I willed my Keepsakes - Signed away
What portion of me be
Assignable - and then it was
There interposed a Fly -

With Blue - uncertain - stumbling Buzz -
Between the light - and me -
And then the Windows failed - and then
I could not see to see -

The Raven

By [Edgar Allan Poe](#)

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore—

While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.

“Tis some visitor,” I muttered, “tapping at my chamber door—
Only this and nothing more.”

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December;
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.

Eagerly I wished the morrow;—vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore—
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Nameless *here* for evermore.

..يا بلادي مثلما يكبر فيك الشجر الطيب نكبر

..فازرعينا فوق أهدابك: زيتوناً، وزعتر

..واحملينا أملاً، مثل صباح العيد، أخضر

"واكتبي أسماءنا، في دفتر الحبّ: "نشامى

..يعشقون الورد لكن.. يعشقون الأرض أكثر

* *

..قد رسمناك على الدفلى، وقامات السنابل

..غابة للأعين السود، وحقلاً من جدائل

..وأقمنا لك في بال المواويل منازل

"فاكتبي أسماءنا، في دفتر الحبّ: "نشامى

..يعشقون الورد لكن.. يعشقون الأرض أكثر

* *

..يا بلاد الشيخ والدحنون والحناء دومي

..خيمة للظل والطلّ، وداراً للكروم

..واكتبي بالسيف والفأس على خدّ النجوم

"إنّ أبنائك مزروعون في الأرض: "نشامى

..يعشقون الورد لكن.. يعشقون الأرض أكثر

* *

إِذَا الشَّعْبُ يَوْمًا أَرَادَ الْحَيَاةَ

فَلَا بُدَّ أَنْ يَسْتَجِيبَ الْقَدْرُ

وَلَا بُدَّ لِلَّيْلِ أَنْ يَنْجَلِيَ

وَلَا بُدَّ لِلْقَيْدِ أَنْ يَنْكَسِرَ

وَمَنْ لَمْ يَعَانِقْهُ شَوْقُ الْحَيَاةِ

تَجَرَّ فِي جَوْهَا وَانْدَثَرَ

فَوَيْلٌ لِمَنْ لَمْ تَشُقَّهُ الْحَيَاةُ

مِنْ صَفْعَةِ الْعَدَمِ الْمُنْتَصِرِ

كَذَلِكَ قَالَتْ لِي الْكَائِنَاتُ

وَحَدَّثَنِي رَوْحُهَا الْمُسْتَرِّ

وَدَمَدَمَتِ الرِّيحُ بَيْنَ الْفِجَاجِ

وَفَوْقَ الْجِبَالِ وَتَحْتَ الشَّجَرِ

إِذَا مَا طَمَحَتْ إِلَى غَايَةٍ

رَكِبْتُ الْمَنَى وَنَسِيتُ الْحَذَرَ

وَلَمْ أَتَجَنَّبْ وَعُورَ الشَّعَابِ

وَلَا كُبَّةَ اللَّهَبِ الْمُسْتَعْرِ

وَمَنْ لَا يَحِبُّ صُعُودَ الْجِبَالِ

يَعِشُ أَبَدَ الدَّهْرِ بَيْنَ الْحُفْرِ

فَعَجَّتْ بَقْلِي دِمَاءُ الشَّبَابِ

وَضَجَّتْ بِصَدْرِي رِيحُ أُخْرَ

وَأَطْرَقْتُ أَصْغَى لِقَصْفِ الرُّعُودِ

وَعَزَفَ الرِّيَّاحِ وَوَقَعَ الْمَطَرُ

...مطر

تَتَأَبَّ الْمَسَاءُ ، وَالْغُيُومُ مَا تَزَالُ
 . تَسِيحُ مَا تَسِيحُ مِنْ دُمُوعِهَا الثَّقَالُ
 : كَأَنَّ طِفْلاً بَاتَ يَهْذِي قَبْلَ أَنْ يَنَامَ
 بِأَنَّ أُمَّهُ الَّتِي أَفَاقَ مِنْهُ عَامُ
 فَلَمْ يَجِدْهَا ، ثُمَّ حِينَ لَحَّ فِي السُّؤَالِ
 " .. قَالُوا لَهُ : " بَعْدَ عَدِّ تَعُودِ
 لَا بَدَّ أَنْ تَعُودَ
 وَإِنْ تَهَامَسَ الرَّفَاقُ أَنَّهَا هُنَاكَ
 فِي جَانِبِ اللَّيْلِ تَنَامُ نَوْمَةَ اللُّحُودِ
 تَسْفُ مِنْ تُرَابِهَا وَتَشْرَبُ الْمَطَرَ ؛
 كَأَنَّ صَبَاً حَزِيناً يَجْمَعُ الشَّبَاكَ
 . وَيَنْثُرُ الْغِنَاءَ حَيْثُ يَأْفُلُ الْقَمَرُ
 ... مَطَر
 ... مَطَر
 أَتَعْلَمِينَ أَيَّ حُزْنٍ يَبْعَثُ الْمَطَرُ ؟
 وَكَيْفَ تَنْشِجُ الْمَزَارِيبُ إِذَا انْهَمَرَ ؟
 وَكَيْفَ يَشْعُرُ الْوَحِيدُ فِيهِ بِالضَّيَاعِ ؟
 ، بَلَا انْتِهَاءٍ كَالِدَمِ الْمُرَاقِ ، كَالْجِيَاعِ
 ! كَالْحَبِّ ، كَالْأَطْفَالِ ، كَالْمَوْتِ هُوَ الْمَطَرُ
 وَمَقْلَتَاكَ بِي تُطِيفَانِ مَعَ الْمَطَرِ
 وَغَيْرَ أَمْوَاجِ الْخَلِيجِ تَمْسُحُ الْبُرُوقُ
 ، سَوَاحِلَ الْعِرَاقِ بِالنُّجُومِ وَالْمَحَارِ
 كَأَنَّهَا تَهْمُ بِالشَّرُوقِ
 . فَيَسْحَبُ اللَّيْلُ عَلَيْهَا مِنْ دَمٍ دَنَارُ

، عَيْنَاكَ غَابَتَا نَحِيلَ سَاعَةِ السَّحَرِ
 . أَوْ شُرْفَتَانِ رَاحَ يَنْأَى عَنْهُمَا الْقَمَرُ
 عَيْنَاكَ حِينَ تَبْسُمَانِ تُورِقُ الْكُرُومُ
 وَتَرْقُصُ الْأَضْوَاءُ ... كَالْأَقْمَارِ فِي نَهَرٍ
 يَرْجُهُ الْمَجْدَافُ وَهَذَا سَاعَةُ السَّحَرِ
 ... كَأَنَّمَا تَنْبُضُ فِي غُورِيهِمَا ، النُّجُومُ
 وَتَعْرِقَانِ فِي ضَبَابٍ مِنْ أَسَى شَفِيفٍ
 ، كَالْبَحْرِ سَرَّحَ الْيَدَيْنِ فَوْقَهُ الْمَسَاءُ
 ، دِفْءُ الشِّتَاءِ فِيهِ وَارْتِعَاشَةُ الْخَرِيفِ
 وَالْمَوْتُ ، وَالْمِيلَادُ ، وَالظَّلَامُ ، وَالضِّيَاءُ ؛
 فَتُسْتَفِيقُ مِلءَ رُوحِي ، رَعِشَةُ الْبُكَاءِ
 ! كَنْشُوةُ الطِّفْلِ إِذَا خَافَ مِنَ الْقَمَرِ
 كَأَنَّ أَقْوَاسَ السَّحَابِ تَشْرَبُ الْغُيُومَ
 ... وَقَطْرَةٌ فَقَطْرَةٌ تَدُوبُ فِي الْمَطَرِ
 ، وَكَرَّكَرَ الْأَطْفَالُ فِي عَرَائِشِ الْكُرُومِ
 وَدَعْدَعَتْ صَمْتِ الْعَصَافِيرِ عَلَى الشَّجَرِ
 ... أَنْشُودَةُ الْمَطَرِ
 ... مَطَر
 ... مَطَر
 ... مَطَر

Carpe Diem

Age saw two quiet children
Go loving by at twilight,
He knew not whether homeward,
Or outward from the village,
Or (chimes were ringing) churchward,
He waited, (they were strangers)
Till they were out of hearing
To bid them both be happy.
"Be happy, happy, happy,
And seize the day of pleasure."
The age-long theme is Age's.
'Twas Age imposed on poems
Their gather-roses burden
To warn against the danger
That overtaken lovers
From being overflowed
With happiness should have it.
And yet not know they have it.
But bid life seize the present?
It lives less in the present
Than in the future always,
And less in both together
Than in the past. The present
Is too much for the senses,
Too crowding, too confusing-
Too present to imagine.