**Final Poetry Project – Erika Kirk**

Good morning. My name is Erika, and I am going to discuss my poem Fallen, Fallen.

**Fallen, Fallen**

The angel that rebellion raised

In moment of ecstatic rage

Is fallen, is fallen; his power is gauged.

Noted, by rote is had, the word is spoken.

Nothing remains but a falling star for a token,

A tale told by the fireside, a sword that is broken.

**Analysis:**

This poem is about **war** and **soldiers**. (*Theme*). I chose it because it’s simple phrasing is a stark contrast to the complex reality and violence of war – and I wanted to comment on how modern society trivializes war and makes light of violent acts.

In the line “A tale told by the fireside, a sword that is broken.” I wanted to show how events like Remembrance Day often pay lip service to veterans, but often we forget them after November 11th has passed. Lest we forget.

The devices I used in this poem were **rhyme** (rage, gauged, spoken, token, broken) to create emphasis on their meaning; **rhythm**; **extended metaphor** (angel of rebellion = fallen soldier); and **allusion** (to war).

Does anyone have any questions about my poem?

Thank you.