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| **Lines 1 – 13 – Who is the speaker of the poem and to whom is the poem addressed?** | LET us go then, you and I,  When the evening is spread out against the sky  Like a patient etherized upon a table;  Let us go, through certain half-deserted streets,  The muttering retreats  Of restless nights in one-night cheap hotels  And sawdust restaurants with oyster-shells:  Streets that follow like a tedious argument  Of insidious intent  To lead you to an overwhelming question….  Oh, do not ask, “What is it?”  Let us go and make our visit. |  |
| **Lines 1 – 15 – Where is the speaker? Describe the time of day, place, etc. What parts of the poem support your answer?**  **Lines 1 – 15 – Identify two similes in the opening stanza. What do these similes suggest about what is being compared to something else?** | LET us go then, you and I,  When the evening is spread out against the sky  Like a patient etherized upon a table;  Let us go, through certain half-deserted streets,  The muttering retreats  Of restless nights in one-night cheap hotels  And sawdust restaurants with oyster-shells:  Streets that follow like a tedious argument  Of insidious intent  To lead you to an overwhelming question….  Oh, do not ask, “What is it?”  Let us go and make our visit.    In the room the women come and go  Talking of Michelangelo. |  |
| **Lines 14 – 15 – What room is the speaker describing?** | In the room the women come and go  Talking of Michelangelo. |  |
| **Lines 15 – 23 – Identify the primary metaphor in this stanza. In other words, to what does the poet indirectly liken the yellow fog? Not specific elements/words from the poem to support your answer.** | The yellow fog that rubs its back upon the window-panes,  The yellow smoke that rubs its muzzle on the window-panes  Licked its tongue into the corners of the evening,  Lingered upon the pools that stand in drains,  Let fall upon its back the soot that falls from chimneys,  Slipped by the terrace, made a sudden leap,  And seeing that it was a soft October night,  Curled once about the house, and fell asleep. |  |
| **Lines 23 – 33 – What is the primary argument of this stanza? Sum up the argument in on sentence.** | And indeed there will be time  For the yellow smoke that slides along the street,  Rubbing its back upon the window panes;  There will be time, there will be time  To prepare a face to meet the faces that you meet;  There will be time to murder and create,  And time for all the works and days of hands  That lift and drop a question on your plate;  Time for you and time for me,  And time yet for a hundred indecisions,  And for a hundred visions and revisions,  Before the taking of a toast and tea. |  |
| **Lines 32 – 33 – What does the speaker mean in lines 32-33? What does this argument have to do with what is happening in the poem?** | Time for you and time for me,  And time yet for a hundred indecisions,  And for a hundred visions and revisions,  Before the taking of a toast and tea. |  |
| **Lines 37 – 48 – What is the speaker’s emotional state at this point in the poem? What are his primary concerns?** | In the room the women come and go  Talking of Michelangelo.    And indeed there will be time  To wonder, “Do I dare?” and, “Do I dare?”  Time to turn back and descend the stair,  With a bald spot in the middle of my hair—  (They will say: “How his hair is growing thin!”)  My morning coat, my collar mounting firmly to the chin,  My necktie rich and modest, but asserted by a simple pin—  (They will say: “But how his arms and legs are thin!”)  Do I dare  Disturb the universe?  In a minute there is time  For decisions and revisions which a minute will reverse. |  |
| **Lines 46 – 48 Why do you think the speaker is stalling when it comes to socializing? Is this a speaker with whom you’d like to sit down and chat? Why or why not?** | Do I dare  Disturb the universe?  In a minute there is time  For decisions and revisions which a minute will reverse. |  |
| **Line 51 – What does the speaker mean in line 51?** | I have measured out my life with coffee spoons; |  |
| **Lines 49 – 69 – Identify the poem’s use of repetition? What effect does repetition have on the poem’s meaning?**  **Lines 49 – 69 – What is the speaker’s tone at this point in the poem?**  **Lines 62 – 66 – Whom is the speaker describing?**  **Line 66 – Re-read the line. What stands out about the act of digressing?** | Do I dare  Disturb the universe?  In a minute there is time  For decisions and revisions which a minute will reverse.    For I have known them all already, known them all:  Have known the evenings, mornings, afternoons,  I have measured out my life with coffee spoons;  I know the voices dying with a dying fall  Beneath the music from a farther room.  So how should I presume?    And I have known the eyes already, known them all—  The eyes that fix you in a formulated phrase,  And when I am formulated, sprawling on a pin,  When I am pinned and wriggling on the wall,  Then how should I begin  To spit out all the butt-ends of my days and ways?  And how should I presume?    And I have known the arms already, known them all—  Arms that are braceleted and white and bare  (But in the lamplight, downed with light brown hair!)  Is it perfume from a dress  That makes me so digress?  Arms that lie along a table, or wrap about a shawl.  And should I then presume?  And how should I begin? |  |
| **Lines 75 – 86 – Do you think the speaker himself is digressing? Identify parts of the poem to support your answer.**  **Lines 75 – 86 – What is the primary argument of this stanza?**  **Line 85 – Who/What is “the eternal footman”?** | And the afternoon, the evening, sleeps so peacefully!  Smoothed by long fingers,  Asleep … tired … or it malingers,  Stretched on the floor, here beside you and me.  Should I, after tea and cakes and ices,  Have the strength to force the moment to its crisis?  But though I have wept and fasted, wept and prayed,  Though I have seen my head (grown slightly bald) brought in upon a platter,  I am no prophet—and here’s no great matter;  I have seen the moment of my greatness flicker,  And I have seen the eternal Footman hold my coat, and snicker,  And in short, I was afraid. |  |
| **Lines 86 – 98 – How does this setting relate to the setting of the poem’s opening stanza?**  **Lines 90 – 98 – Describe the speaker’s relationship to speaking itself. Is he effective at expressing himself and/or telling a story? Why or why not?** | And would it have been worth it, after all,  After the cups, the marmalade, the tea,  Among the porcelain, among some talk of you and me,  Would it have been worth while,  To have bitten off the matter with a smile,  To have squeezed the universe into a ball  To roll it toward some overwhelming question,  To say: “I am Lazarus, come from the dead,  Come back to tell you all, I shall tell you all”—  If one, settling a pillow by her head,  Should say: “That is not what I meant at all;  That is not it, at all.” |  |
| **Line 104 – What is your analysis of line 104?** | It is impossible to say just what I mean! |  |
| **Lines 111 – 113 – What is the primary argument of this stanza?**  **Line 117 – Define obtuse.** | No! I am not Prince Hamlet, nor was meant to be;  Am an attendant lord, one that will do  To swell a progress, start a scene or two,  Advise the prince; no doubt, an easy tool,  Deferential, glad to be of use,  Politic, cautious, and meticulous;  Full of high sentence, but a bit obtuse;  At times, indeed, almost ridiculous—  Almost, at times, the Fool. |  |
| **Lines 120 – 125 – Has the speaker finally admitted his primary concern? What effect does “growing old” have on the speaker’s socializing?**  **Line 125 – Re-read line 125. Why does the speaker think this?** | I grow old … I grow old …  I shall wear the bottoms of my trousers rolled.    Shall I part my hair behind? Do I dare to eat a peach?  I shall wear white flannel trousers, and walk upon the beach.  I have heard the mermaids singing, each to each.    I do not think that they will sing to me. |  |
| **Lines 129 – 131 – What is the speaker’s final tone?** | I have seen them riding seaward on the waves  Combing the white hair of the waves blown back  When the wind blows the water white and black.    We have lingered in the chambers of the sea  By sea-girls wreathed with seaweed red and brown  Till human voices wake us, and we drown. |  |