

Explanation:

For this project, I wrote a parody of Edgar Allan Poe's poem, *The Raven*. The original poem starts with a man thinking of his lost lover, when a raven comes to him and disturbs his reminiscence. The raven repeats the word "nevermore," and the man eventually falls into madness. The poem I wrote is *The Bluebird*, and is about a student who is confused about his future, who earns courage and hope about his future through the bluebird that repeats the word "hope."

I changed several literature devices in this parody, such as the themes, symbols, and main ideas. In *The Raven*, some significant themes are the power of grief and hopelessness. I changed these themes to the power of joy and hopefulness. As for the symbols, I changed the raven that symbolized grief and death to a bluebird that symbolizes joy and future happiness. Also, I changed the setting of a chamber that symbolized isolation to a park that symbolizes interaction. Some main ideas in *The Raven* were grief over the loss of Lenore and the descent into madness. The main ideas in my poem are joy that comes from dreams of a bright future and courage.

Poem (Parody poem of *The Raven*):

The Bluebird

By: Jessica Kim

(Original 1<sup>st</sup> stanza)

Once upon an afternoon sunny, while I pondered, dazed and dreamy,  
Over many a faint and curious series of future dreams—

While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,  
As of someone gently rapping, rapping at the bench rung.

"'Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at the bench rung—  
I wonder who or what it is."

(Original 2<sup>nd</sup> Stanza)

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the warm May;  
And each separate floating pollen wrought its tickle in my nose.  
Eagerly I wished the morrow;—vainly I had sought to borrow  
From my dreams something to follow—follow for the confusing future—  
For the distant but close future which the adults call Life—  
Nameless now but not for long.

(Original 3<sup>rd</sup> Stanza)

And the light, energetic, rhythmical tapping from the steel rung  
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic hopes never felt before;  
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating

“’Tis some visitor entreating eye contact at the bench rung—  
Some late visitor entreating eye contact at the bench rung;—  
I wonder who or what it is.”

(Original 8<sup>th</sup> Stanza)

Then this sapphire bird persuading my stressful ponders into smiling,  
By the gay and merry decorum of the countenance it wore,  
“Though thy size be small and slight, thou,” I said, “art sure no ordinary bird,  
Pleasantly vivid and loveable Bluebird singing from behind my head—  
Tell me what thy name is, look into my eyes!”  
Quoth the Bluebird “Hope.”

(Original 9<sup>th</sup> Stanza)

Much I marveled this dainty songbird to hear chat so plainly,  
Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;  
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being  
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird face to face—  
Bird or beast singing while staring into one’s eyes face to face,  
With such name as “Hope.”

(Original 12<sup>th</sup> Stanza)

But the Bluebird still persuading all my fancy into smiling,  
Straight I started a slow walk with the bird, which followed my pace;  
Then, leaning on an oak tree, I betook myself to thinking  
Fancy unto fancy, wondering what this promising bird of joy—  
What this gleeful, merry, bubbly, cheery, and promising bird of joy  
Meant in croaking “Hope.”

(Original 17<sup>th</sup> Stanza)

“Be that word my key to the future, bird and friend!” I gleamed, upstarting—  
“You saved me from the tempest and the worries in my head!  
Leave a blue feather as a token of that courage thy gave to my heart!  
Leave me with a lasting impact!—to forge my path with spirit!  
Place thy beak against my palm, and take a glimpse of my bright path!”  
Quoth the Bluebird “Hope.”

(Original 18<sup>th</sup> Stanza)

And the Bluebird, never fretting, still is chirping, still is chirping  
On the steel rung just next to my park bench;

And his eyes have all the seeming of a lion's that is dreaming,  
And the sunlight o'er him streaming throws its light on the floor;  
And my dreams from out that light now shines so bright on the floor;  
Shall be achieved—hope!