



COMMUNIQUE ONE: **SEIZE THE TIME!**

Welcome to SET POETRY FREE

We are the ifsopoets, a team of poetry subversives dedicated to the liberation of poetry and we need YOUR IDEAS AND CREATIVITY to set poetry free.

This E-COMMUNIQUE contains your instructions for liberating the poems you study. We call on you to:

- Refresh, re-mix, respond and release them back into the WILD to create your own poetry happenings.
- Take a stand! Undertake a direct action NOW. Help us to Set Poetry Free!

Choose one of the poems here and undertake the DIRECT ACTION suggested. Look out for our next COMMUNIQUE with info on more DIRECT ACTIONS we want you to undertake to SET POETRY FREE

from *The Tempest*, William Shakespeare

Be not afeard. The isle is full of noises,
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears, and sometime voices
That, if I then had waked after long sleep
Will make me sleep again; and then in dreaming
The clouds methought would open and show riches
Ready to drop upon me, that when I waked
I cried to dream again

The isle is now full of torrents of terra-bytes, streams and twangling podcasts.

As the poet Benjamin Zephaniah said: “There are lots of new ways to publish your work on line. The important thing is to publish in people’s hearts”.

Words can be set free from the page to live on line and out loud too.

What will a poem look like in the future?



- 1 You are the future! Imagine it's 2114 and you have become Poet Laureate...
- 2 Write a poem from the future.
- 3 Include future terminology or jargon that does not exist today.
- 4 Think how it could be published online - with as much or as little sound, video, animation.
- 5 Think how your future poem could involve reader interaction and response.
- 6 Work in groups on a collaborative poem about the future.

The Road Not Taken, Robert Frost

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveler, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, as just as fair,
And having perhaps the better claim
Because it was grassy and wanted wear,
Though as for that the passing there
Had worn them really about the same,

And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black.
Oh, I marked the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads on to way
I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I,
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.



Poets of the World Re-Write! You have nothing to use but your brains!

Redrafting and editing your work makes for great writing, and making poems can help you think more clearly and help you to make up your mind.

- 1 Think of a real tricky decision you have to make.
- 2 Start writing about this dilemma in rough.
- 3 Now shake up your poem - shape it in the form of a flowchart or a map showing the different directions you could take.
- 4 Put the poem under your pillow tonight – see if it slips into your dreams and helps you decide what to do.
- 5 What was the outcome, did the poem help you decide?

The End, Robert Herrick

Conquer we shall, but we must first contend;
Tis not the Fight that crowns us, but the end.



- 1 Write a tweet length poem (up to 140 characters) about winning. Can you say a lot in so few words?
- 2 Tweet it.
- 3 Take a screen shot as evidence.
- 4 Go to www.setpoetryfree.blogspot.com to read more about twitter poetry from a comrade ifsopoet Inua Ellms.
- 5 Write a new twitter poem, send it to someone who is new to poetry.

Tweet about it using hashtag `#setpoetryfree`

GOOD LUCK COMRADE IFSOPOETS!



COMMUNIQUE TWO: **POETS ARISE!**

*“If I knew where poetry came from, I’d go there” -
Michael Longley*

DEAR IFSOPOETS

Your DIRECT ACTIONS are already helping to set more poetry free.

Imagine the suffering of poetry imprisoned in the constraints of the school curriculum!

Please REDOUBLE YOUR EFFORTS to help us spring more words off the page and into the community.

Composed Upon Westminster Bridge, September 3, 1802 -
William Wordsworth

Earth has not any thing to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This City now doth, like a garment, wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky;
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!



YOU ARE HERE

- 1 Go to a place you like - it could be a stately home or the corner of your street.
- 2 Go there on a particular time and date, take photos, notes on what exactly you see, hear, feel there.
- 3 Write a narrative poem or a prose poem.
- 4 Leave it there.
- 5 Photograph/film it.

In Prison – William Morris

Wearily, drearily,
Half the day long,
Flap the great banners
High over the stone;
Strangely and eerily
Sounds the wind's song,
Bending the banner-poles.

While, all alone,
Watching the loophole's spark,
Lie I, with life all dark,
Feet tether'd, hands fetter'd
Fast to the stone,
The grim walls, square-letter'd
With prison'd men's groan.

Still strain the banner-poles
Through the wind's song,
Westward the banner rolls
Over my wrong.



ESCAPE

Stand up for your writes!

The best means to liberate your words is by setting rules and constraints for yourself to FREE your imagination from the grip of tired habits and counter-revolutionary ideas.

For this action, imagine yourself TRAPPED!

- 1 Write a 4 verse poem
- 2 Each verse has 4 lines
- 3 Each line has 4 words
- 4 Each verse must end with the line
“Feet tether'd, hands fetter'd”
- 5 Slip the finished poem into someone’s pocket when they’re not looking or hide it in a place where someone might find it.
- 6 If you don’t like these rules, make your own

Ozymandias – Percy Bysshe Shelley

I met a traveller from an antique land
Who said: "Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert. Near them on the sand,
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown
And wrinkled lip and sneer of cold command
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
The hand that mocked them and the heart that fed.
And on the pedestal these words appear:
`My name is Ozymandias, King of Kings:
Look on my works, ye mighty, and despair!'
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare,
The lone and level sands stretch far away".

The ifso poets have reason to suspect this Ozymandias was some corrupt tyrant whose regime crumbled long ago. We urge you to scour the news for contemporary accounts of corruption and modern day villians.



POETRY POWER

- 1 Imagine you are a corrupt Prime Minister, list all the things you would do wrong.
- 2 Write a letter poem to your local MP warning them that power can go to your head.
- 3 Start each line with ‘Beware...’
- 4 Send the poem to your local MP (and make sure you send a copy to us!) You can find their contact details at www.findyourmp.parliament.uk. You might even get a response...
- 5 Perform your poems as a call and response event: maybe one whispers their poem, the next shouts theirs back, poems challenging each other, arguing, making up...

NOW GO TO

WWW.SETPOETRYFREENOW.BLOGSPOT.COM

and discover some secret poetry times and places...



COMMUNIQUE THREE:

The What? The Who?

Ifsopoets - thank you thank you for your latest actions on behalf of the cause. We'll soon be sending you a link to your own poetry blog which you can continue to use to document the results of future poetry actions. Now the struggle continues. Speak out about poetry and what it means to you. Use your poetic imaginations to connect with others, imagine your way into the minds of wildlife and ghost life, give a voice to the downtrodden and oppressed - including animals, dead people and school students!

***The Eagle* – Alfred Lord Tennyson**

He clasps the crag with crooked hands;
Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ringed with the azure world, he stands.
The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;
He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunderbolt he falls.



POETRY ZOO

- 1 Spend time imagining or watching an animal.
- 2 Write a six line poem in the voice of that animal.
- 3 What kind of sounds and words would your animal use?
- 4 What does the animal look like? Smell like? How can you use the sense of taste and touch in the poem?
- 5 READ/PERFORM it aloud, either to camera or to an audience, in the classroom or in another public place.

The School Boy – William Blake

I love to rise in a summer morn,
When the birds sing on every tree;
The distant huntsman winds his horn,
And the sky-lark sings with me.
O! what sweet company.

But to go to school in a summer morn,
O! it drives all joy away;
Under a cruel eye outworn.
The little ones spend the day,
In sighing and dismay.

Ah! then at times I drooping sit,
And spend many an anxious hour,
Nor in my book can I take delight,
Nor sit in learnings bower,
Worn thro' with the dreary shower.

How can the bird that is born for joy,
Sit in a cage and sing.
How can a child when fears annoy,
But droop his tender wing.
And forget his youthful spring.

O! father & mother. if buds are nip'd,
And blossoms blown away,
And if the tender plants are strip'd
Of their joy in the springing day,
By sorrow and care's dismay.

How shall the summer arise in joy.
Or the summer fruits appear.
Or how shall we gather what griefs destroy
Or bless the mellowing year.
When the blasts of winter appear.



- 1 Set Yourself Free! Write about your best possible day, spent at school or home - start your writing with the line 'I love to rise in a summer morn'.
- 2 Write a Manifesto of You, a poem that sets out what you care most about. (A manifesto is defined as a life stance, a 'verbal declaration of the intentions, motives or views of the issuer').
- 3 Every line needs to rhyme with another line (the order doesn't matter).
- 4 Decide which is your favourite of the poems you've read. Record yourself talking about why you love it.

The Haunter – Thomas Hardy

He does not think that I haunt here nightly:

How shall I let him know

That whither his fancy sets him wandering

I, too, alertly go? -

Hover and hover a few feet from him

Just as I used to do,

But cannot answer the words he lifts me –

Only listen thereto!

When I could answer he did not say them:

When I could let him know

How I would like to join in his journeys

Seldom he wished to go.

Now that he goes and wants me with him

More than he used to do,

Never he sees my faithful phantom

Though he speaks thereto.

Yes, I companion him to places

Only dreamers know,

Where the shy hares print long paces,

Where the night rooks go;

Into old aisles where the past is all to him,

Close as his shade can do,

Always lacking the power to call to him,

Near as I reach thereto!

What a good haunter I am, O tell him,

Quickly make him know

If he but sigh since my loss befell him

I straight to his side I go.

Tell him a faithful one is doing

All that love can do

Still that his path may be worth pursuing,

And to bring peace thereto.



UNDERCOVER POETRY

Lots of poems are never published - there are secret poems, poems published after death, never given to a loved one, sent in letters never opened.

- 1 Write a poem in the style of a voice you hear in your head, the narrative voice “niggling at the corners of our consciousness”.
- 2 Think about who this secret voice is. Does it belong to a family member or a friend? Someone who inspires you or revolts you? Someone you know well or someone you have never met? Is it the voice of a part of yourself?
- 3 **LIBERATE** that voice! Write that poem and send it to us.
- 4 Read it out loud - and then tear it into little pieces.

IFSPOETS, seize the time and GO to this link to read examples of prize winning work from members of the Poetry Society's Young Poetry Network and the Movella.com writing community:

www.setpoetryfreeagain.blogspot.com

Every response poem is different! One is a reply to the author, one a reworking of the poem from another point of view, one copies the structure of the original but changes the subject.

THANK YOU for your efforts in support of the cause. Our movement is strong but the struggle continues. We Must Set Poetry Free!

In solidarity



ifsopoets