

## PERSONIFICATION

"... the moon gazed on my midnight labours, while, with unrelaxed and breathless eagerness, I pursued nature to her hiding-places."

Frankenstein, or the Modern Prometheus— Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley

AllPoster



"Let us go then, you and I, When the evening is spread out against the sky,

Like a patient etherized upon a table;"

The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock— T. S. Eliot

## METAPHOR

"The greater part of the untested men appeared quiet and absorbed. They were going to look at the war, the red animal—the blood-swollen god."

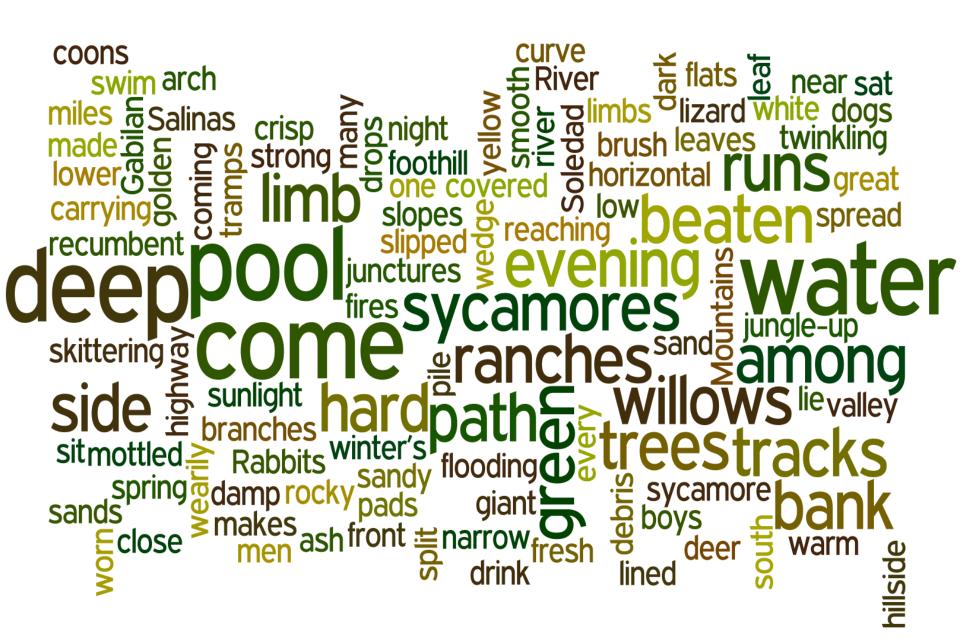
> The Red Badge of Courage— Stephen Crane

A few miles south of Soledad, the Salinas River drops in close to the hillside bank and runs deep and green. The water is warm too, for it has slipped twinkling over the yellow sands in the sunlight before reaching the narrow pool.

On one side of the river the golden foothill slopes curve up to the strong and rocky Gabilan Mountains, but on the valley side the water is lined with trees— willows fresh and green with every spring, carrying in their lower leaf junctures the debris of the winter's flooding; and sycamores with mottled, white, recumbent limbs and branches that arch over the pool. On the sandy bank under the trees the leaves lie deep and so crisp that a lizard makes a great skittering if he runs among them.

Rabbits come out of the brush to sit on the sand in the evening, and the damp flats are covered with the night tracks of 'coons, and with the spread pads of dogs from the ranches, and with the split wedge tracks of deer that come to drink in the dark.

There is a path through the willows and among the sycamores, a path beaten hard by boys coming down from the ranches to swim in the deep pool, and beaten hard by tramps who come wearily down from the highway in the evening to jungle-up near water. In front of the low horizontal limb of a giant sycamore there is an ash pile made by many fires; the limb is worn smooth by men who have sat on it.



## In The Dark

Dogs beaten hard by men, run miles deep on damp flats. Their mottled white limbs wearily worn down.

In the dark, night tracks lie deep On the sandy bank.

Under the trees,
He runs
Through the willows,
Among the leaves,
Before reaching the pool.

He drops in close, narrow
To the hillside bank.
To swim in the dark deep spring

But on the slopes, a great skittering. In the dark, The men come ...