Actions are symbolic in nature. Analyze the lyrics to the song “Eleanor Rigby”, there are deep symbolic statements about the actions of the characters, the settings, the objects they hold, etc.

**Lyrics to Eleanor Rigby**

**I look at all the lonely people**

**I look at all the lonely people**

**Eleanor Rigby picks up the rice in the church where a wedding has been**

**Lives in a dream**

**Waits at the window, wearing the face that she keeps in a jar by the door**

**Who is it for?**

**All the lonely people**

**Where do they all come from?**

**All the lonely people**

**Where do they all belong?**

**Father McKenzie writing the words of a sermon that no one will hear**

**No one comes near.**

**Look at him working, darning his socks in the night when there's nobody there**

**What does he care?**

**All the lonely people**

**Where do they all come from?**

**All the lonely people**

**Where do they all belong?**

**Ah, look at all the lonely people**

**Ah, look at all the lonely people**

**Eleanor Rigby died in the church and was buried along with her name**

**Nobody came**

**Father McKenzie wiping the dirt from his hands as he walks from the grave**

**No one was saved**

**All the lonely people**

**Where do they all come from?**

**All the lonely people**

**Where do they all belong?**

In an hundred or so words Paul McCartney and John Lennon told an entire story just by using symbols.

Assignment

In a poem, song, or a few short paragraphs tell an entire story.

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| **Between Walls****By William Carlos Williams**

|  |
| --- |
| the back wingsof thehospital wherenothingwill grow liecindersin which shinethe brokenpieces of a greenbottle |

 | In A Station Of The Metro by Ezra PoundThe apparition of these faces in the crowd;Petals on a wet, black bough. |

My Mother is Like Chewing Gum

I saw my mother standing in a well lit doorway; she was leaning slightly against the frame, her waist towards the open door, and her feet planted against the adjacent jamb, I could have swore she was smiling, I’ve never known her to grimace, but something was wrong, I could tell she was in pain, and she was holding a woman’s hand.

I moved closer, but I moved slowly, and nothing I could do could make my legs move any faster. Looking at my mother I noticed the wall behind her was black. The black was pulling; it was sucking the woman’s torso, the only thing left of her visible, into it. She was pulling away from my mom, who was holding the arm with her right hand as she clung to the wooden frame with her left; it was white-knuckled holding so tight. The skin on the woman’s arm was tight too, the rest of the lady’s body stretched like streaks of blue and white light, her face, like melted wax.

My mother’s fingers that had swung around the edge of the door, were now grasping at splinters, and gave loose to reach over the woman’s body in an attempt grab the woman’s hip. I saw my mother starting to give way to the dark wall, her arm began to look like pulled chewing gum, and I watched as her worn white running shoes inched closer to the black. And I watched as she’d catch her rubber soles on the granite floor and lean back harder. And all I could do was watch.

I could see her stretching, so slowly, so slowly I leaned forward, forward, forward, and I grabbed the flesh on my mother’s hand, and I jerked my mother free from the door, free from the other woman.

I awoke with a feeling of guilt.

Could somebody tell me something about my mother? Somebody tell me something about me?

D. Spire

Rubric for marking

What is the point? Are you able to tell a story that is both logical and makes me ask questions?

Have you used symbols? Is it clear to me that you have considered the mutability cycle? Do the simple actions of the characters seem weighted? Do the characters have props that can be considered symbolic?

What have you done organizationally to make the story interesting? Does your organization have meaning?

Have you tried to use punctuation for affect?

Ideas /10

Organization /10

Language/word choice /10

Grammar/punctuation /10

 /40