

## Example Free Verse Poems

Free verse poems have no specific structure, rules, or rhyming. Here are some examples of free verse poems. How are they different from other poems you've read? What elements of poetry do you see?

### Theme in Yellow<sup>1</sup>

I SPOT the hills  
With yellow balls in autumn.  
I light the prairie cornfields  
Orange and tawny gold clusters  
And I am called pumpkins.  
On the last of October  
When dusk is fallen  
Children join hands  
And circle round me  
Singing ghost songs  
And love to the harvest moon;  
I am a jack-o'-lantern  
With terrible teeth  
And the children know  
I am fooling.

*By Carl Sandburg*

### The Falling Leaves<sup>2</sup>

Today, as I rode by,  
I saw the brown leaves dropping from their  
tree  
In a still afternoon,  
When no wind whirled them whistling to the  
sky,  
But thickly, silently,  
They fell, like snowflakes wiping out the  
noon;  
And wandered slowly thence  
For thinking of a gallant multitude  
Which now all withering lay,  
Slain by no wind of age or pestilence,  
But in their beauty strewed  
Like snowflakes falling on the Flemish clay.

*By Margaret Postgate Cole*

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<sup>1</sup> First published in Chicago Poems (1916) / CC0

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<sup>2</sup> Margaret Postgate's Poems (1918) / CC0



## The Pike<sup>3</sup>

In the brown water,  
Thick and silver-sheened in the sunshine,  
Liquid and cool in the shade of the reeds,  
A pike dozed.  
Lost among the shadows of stems  
He lay unnoticed.  
Suddenly he flicked his tail,  
And a green-and-copper brightness  
Ran under the water.

Out from under the reeds  
Came the olive-green light,  
And orange flashed up  
Through the sun-thickened water.  
So the fish passed across the pool,  
Green and copper,  
A darkness and a gleam,  
And the blurred reflections of the willows on  
the opposite bank  
Received it.

*By Amy Lowell*

## Autumn<sup>4</sup>

A touch of cold in the Autumn night—  
I walked abroad,  
And saw the ruddy moon lean over a hedge  
Like a red-faced farmer.  
I did not stop to speak, but nodded,  
And round about were the wistful stars  
With white faces like town children.

*By T.E. Hulme*

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<sup>3</sup> Sword Blades and Poppy Seed (1914) / CC0

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<sup>4</sup> "Autumn By T. E. Hulme". Poetry Foundation. N. p., 2017. Web. 17 May 2017.

