Loveliest of trees

by A. E. Housman (poem, public domain)

Loveliest of trees, the cherry now
Is hung with bloom along the bough,
And stands about the woodland ride
Wearing white for Eastertide.

Now, of my threescore years and ten,
Twenty will not come again,
And take from seventy springs a score,
It only leaves me fifty more.

And since to look at things in bloom
Fifty springs are little room,
About the woodlands I will go
To see the cherry hung with snow.

Source: https://www.gutenberg.org/ebooks/5720

Prompts

1. Keep only the nouns. What picture is left?
2. Keep only the words that feel like a feeling. What mood does the page have?
3. Black out everything except one sentence. Read it aloud. Does it still make sense?
4. Keep exactly fourteen words. Make a sonnet-shaped poem.
5. Black out every word that appears in the first line. What survives?

Your poem