**Prose to Poetry 3.2**

In the extracts below, the original poem has been rewritten as prose. Your task is to change one of these extracts back into poetry, thinking about line endings and line breaks and their effect on sound and meaning. Be prepared to experiment with different layouts and punctuation and see if you can use some enjambement (run-on lines) or caesura (a mid-line break).

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| The wind was a torrent of darkness upon the gusty trees, [the moon](http://www.poemhunter.com/poem/the-highwayman/) was a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas, [the road](http://www.poemhunter.com/poem/the-highwayman/) was a ribbon of moonlight looping the purple moor, and the highwayman came riding, riding, riding, the highwayman came riding, up to the old inn door.From *The Highwayman* by Alfred Noyce |

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| They sent me a salwar kameez peacock-blue, and another glistening like an orange split open, embossed slippers, gold and black points curling.From *Presents from my Aunts in Pakistan* by Moniza Alvi |

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| Three hours ago he blundered up the trench, sliding and poising, groping with his boots. Sometimes he tripped and lurched against the walls with hands that pawed the sodden bags of chalk. He couldn't see the man who walked in front. Only he heard the drum and rattle of feet stepping along barred trench boards, often splashing wretchedly where the sludge was ankle-deep.From *The Working Party* by Seigfried Sassoon |

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| Is this a dagger which I see before me, the handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee. I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.From *Macbeth* by William Shakespeare |

**The original poems:**

The wind was a torrent of darkness upon the gusty trees,
[The moon](http://www.poemhunter.com/poem/the-highwayman/) was a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas,
[The road](http://www.poemhunter.com/poem/the-highwayman/) was a ribbon of moonlight looping the purple moor,
And the highwayman came riding--
Riding--riding--
The highwayman came riding, up to the old inn door.

They sent me a salwar kameez

 peacock-blue,

 and another

 glistening like an orange split open,

embossed slippers, gold and black

 points curling.

Three hours ago he blundered up the trench,

 Sliding and poising, groping with his boots;

 Sometimes he tripped and lurched against the walls

 With hands that pawed the sodden bags of chalk.

 He couldn't see the man who walked in front;

 Only he heard the drum and rattle of feet

 Stepping along barred trench boards, often splashing

 Wretchedly where the sludge was ankle-deep.

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee.
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.