

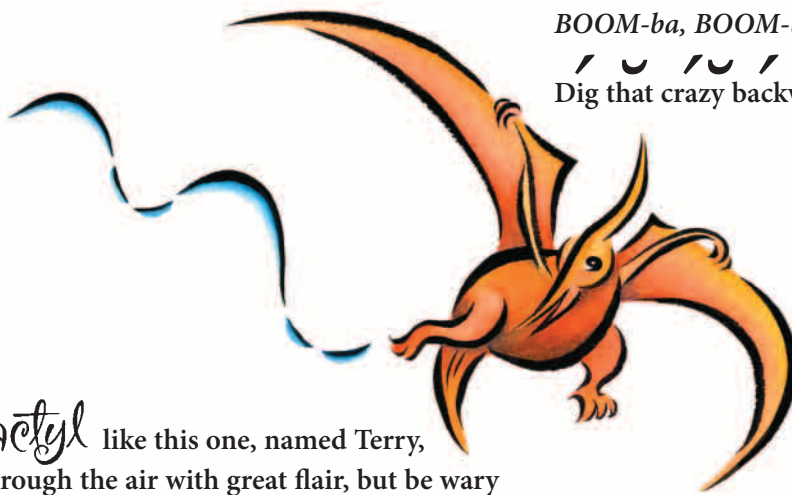


A Bestiary of Poetic Terms



The *iamb's* tread across a line
 Can sound a bit like yours or mine
 ♪ / ♪ / ♪ / ♪ /
 If we went stomping through a room
 In just one shoe: *ba-BOOM, ba-BOOM.*

This strange creature, called the *trochee*,
 One time, in a hokey-pokey,
 Got himself all turned around,
 Took some steps, and liked the sound.
BOOM-ba, BOOM-ba, went his feet.
 / ♪ / ♪ / ♪ /
 Dig that crazy backward beat!



Sometimes a *dactyl* like this one, named Terry,
 Will fly through the air with great flair, but be wary
 Of standing right under a dactyl in flight.
 Though he is flapping with all of his might,
 Terry is carrying weighty words with him.

/ ♪ ♪ / ♪ ♪ /
 Beats such as these can be termed

fall
ing rhythm.



It's a poetry party! Let's *all* cut a rug!

...biz biz Buzz...



The contagiously musical *anapest* bug
 Is now setting the beat: *biz-biz-BUZZ, biz-biz-BUZZ.*
 If you follow her lead, if you do as she does,
 You'll be dancing past midnight and dancing till dawn.
 You'll be dancing long after the anapest's gone.
 You'll be boogying still while she's snug in her bed,
 ♪ ♪ / ♪ ♪ / ♪ ♪ / ♪ ♪ /
 'Cause you can't get this buggy beat out of your head!