Write about the poem and its effect on you.

You may wish to include some or all of these points:

the poem’s content - what it is about;

the ideas the poet may have wanted us to think about;

the mood or atmosphere of the poem;

how it is written - words or phrases you find interesting, the way the poem is structured or organised, and so on;

your response to the poem. [10]

"Out, Out - "

by [Robert Frost](http://www.internal.org/Robert_Frost)

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| The buzz saw snarled and rattled in the yardAnd made dust and dropped stove-length sticks of wood,Sweet-scented stuff when the breeze drew across it.And from there those that lifted eyes could countFive mountain ranges one behing the otherUnder the sunset far into Vermont.And the saw snarled and rattled, snarled and rattled,As it ran light, or had to bear a load.And nothing happened: day was all but done.Call it a day, I wish they might have saidTo please the boy by giving him the half hourThat a boy counts so much when saved from work.His sister stood beside him in her apronTo tell them "Supper." At the word, the saw,As if it meant to prove saws know what supper meant,Leaped out at the boy's hand, or seemed to leap - He must have given the hand. However it was, Neither refused the meeting. But the hand!Half in appeal, but half as if to keepThe life from spilling. Then the boy saw all - Since he was old enough to know, big boyDoing a man's work, though a child at heart - He saw all was spoiled. "Don't let him cut my hand off - The doctor, when he comes. Don't let him, sister!"So. The hand was gone already.The doctor put him in the dark of ether.He lay and puffed his lips out with his breath.And then - the watcher at his pulse took a fright.No one believed. They listened to his heart.Little - less - nothing! - and that ended it. No more to build on there. And they, since theyWere not the one dead, turned to their affairs.  |  |