**Comparative Poetry Analysis**

**Prompt: Compare and contrast** the two poems, analyzing the poetic techniques each writer uses to explore the speaker’s particular experience.

**First Muse, by Julie Alvarez**

When I heard the famous poet pronounce

“One can only write poems in the tongue

In which one first said *Mother*,” It was stunned.

Lately arrived in English , I slipped down

Into my seat and fought back tears, thinking 5

Of all those notebooks filled with bogus poems

I’d have to burn, thinking maybe there was

A little loophole, maybe just maybe

Mami had sung me lullabies she’d learned

from wives stationed at the embassy, 10

thinking maybe she’d left the radio on

beside my crib tuned to the BBC

or Voice of America, maybe her friend

from boarding school had sent a talking doll

who spoke in English ? Maybe I would be 15

the one exception to this writing rule?

For months I suffered from bad writer’s-block,

which I envisioned not as a blank page,

but as a literary border guard

turning me back to Spanish on each line. 20

I gave up writing, watched lots of TV,

And you know how it happens that advice

Comes from unlikely quarters? *She* came on,

Sassy, olive-skinned, hula-hooping her hips,

a basket of bananas on her head, 25

her lilting accent so full of feeling

it seemed the way the heart would speak English

if it could speak. I touched the screen and sang

my own heart out with my new muse, *I am*

*Chiquita Banana and I’m here to say… 30*

**Mexicans Begin Jogging by Gary Soto**

At the factory I worked

In the fleck of rubber, under the press

Of an oven yellow with flame,

Until the border patrol opened

Their vans and my boss waved for us to run.                                                                       5

"Over the fence, Soto," he shouted,

And I shouted that I was an American.

"No time for lies," he said, and passes

A dollar in my palm, hurrying me

Through the back door.                                                                                                       10

Since I was on his time, I ran

And became the wag to a short tail of Mexicans--

Ran past the amazed crowds that lined

The street and blurred like photographs, in rain.

I ran from that industrial road to the soft                                                                            15

Houses where people paled at the turn of an autumn sky.

What could I do but yell vivas

To baseball, milkshakes, and those sociologists

Who would clock me

As I jog into the next century

On the power of a great, silly grin.                                                                                     20