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APPENDIX

BIOGRAPHY OF MAYA ANGELOU

Maya Angelou (4 April 1928 – 28 May 2014) was an African-American poet and screenwriter, orator, and actress. She was the first African-American woman to be asked to read her poetry for the United States presidential inauguration in 1993. The poem she read at Bill Clinton's inauguration was entitled "On the Pulse of Morning" and it also received a Grammy Award in 1993. the same one. Angelou was born with the name Marguerite Annie Johnson on April 4, 1928 in St. Louis, Missouri, to Bailey Johnson and Vivian Baxter Johnson. When her parents divorced, Maya and her older brother were left with their grandmother for several years. In 1936, Maya was raped by her mother's lover and the man was later killed by her uncle. As a result of the person's death, Maya became mute and could hardly speak for five years. She has written several best-selling books and some of them are based on events that have happened to her personally.

Some of the books he has written are I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings (1970), Gather Together in My Name (1974), and A Song Flung Up to Heaven (2002). Additionally, she was the first black woman to write a screenplay and produce it into a film, namely Georgia, Georgia (1971). Angelou became a professor in 1981. Since then she has continued to produce poetry including I Shall Not Be Moved (1990), as well as a commemorative edition of Wouldn't Take Nothing for My Journey Now (1993). In 1996 he was appointed Honorary Goodwill Ambassador for the United Nations Children's Fund (UNICEF).

STILL I RISE

You may write me down in history With your bitter, twisted lies, You may trod me in the very dirt But still, like dust, I'll rise.

Does my sassiness upset you? Why are you beset with gloom? 'Cause I walk like I've got oil wells Pumping in my living room. Just like moons and like suns, With the certainty of tides, Just like hopes springing high, Still I'll rise.

Did you want to see me broken? Bowed head and lowered eyes? Shoulders falling down like teardrops, Weakened by my soulful cries?

Does my haughtiness offend you? Don't you take it awful hard 'Cause I laugh like I've got gold mines Diggin' in my own backyard.

You may shoot me with your words, You may cut me with your eyes, You may kill me with your hatefulness, But still, like air, I'll rise.

Does my sexiness upset you? Does it come as a surprise That I dance like I've got diamonds At the meeting of my thighs?

Out of the huts of history's shame I rise Up from a past that's rooted in pain I rise I'm a black ocean, leaping and wide, Welling and swelling I bear in the tide. Leaving behind nights of terror and fear

I rise I rise Into a daybreak that's wondrously clear I rise Bringing the gifts that my ancestors gave, I am the dream and the hope of the slave. I rise I rise I rise.

BIOGRAPHY OF EMILY DICKINSON

Born Emily Elizabeth Dickinson, Emily Dickinson is a poet and writer known for her writings which carry themes of death and life. Born from a pious Puritan family, Emily grew up to be a polite little girl with a talent for music, especially the piano. Emily was educated to be a conventional woman and received many lessons in classical literature. In 1840, Emily entered Amherst Academy, a school her grandfather had built at the same time as her younger sister, Lavinia. During her 7 years at Amherst Academy, Emily studied classic literature and English. Apart from that, the poet, who has poured her bitter experiences into this writing, also studied Latin, botany, geology, history, philosophy, and arithmetic.

Emily saw many of her teenage years as difficult times in which she had to understand the meaning of life and death. Lost many close relatives. Having been repeatedly traumatized by the loss of her siblings, friends and relatives, Emily fell into depression and had to live with her family in Boston. After finishing her studies, Emily met Benjamin Franklin Newton. It was from Newton that Emily discovered the writings of William Wordsworth and Ralph Waldo Emerson which greatly influenced her style of writing poetry. Apart from that, Emily has also read many other classic literary works such as Jane Eyre (Charlotte Bronte), Letters from New York (Lydia Maria Child), Kavanagh (Henry Wadsworth Longfellow) and the

writings of William Shakespeare. In the 1850s, Emily was again attacked by depression due to the loss of the people she loved. With the death of Leonard Humphrey, his friend who served as principal at Amherst Academy, Emily has to experience the trauma of death again. In the late 1850s and early 1860s, Emily withdrew from social life and wrote some of the poetry that is known today.

Emily Dickinson continued her career as a writer and poet amidst depression and trauma. His meeting with Thomas Wentworth Higginson, a literary critic, gave him the moral support to keep writing into the 1870s. In 1874, his father died from a stroke. The following year, his mother was paralyzed and lost her memory. Emily spends most of her time writing while waiting for her mother. After her father's death, Emily developed a close relationship with Otis Phillips Lord. In 1882, Emily lost Charles Wadsworth who died from a serious illness and his mother, Emily Norcross. Two years later, in 1884, Lord passed away, worsening Emily's situation. A weak psychological state and the loss of loved ones made Emily fall ill in 1885. Her condition did not improve and finally, in 1886, this talented poet left the world forever.

HOPE

"Hope" is the thing with feathers That perches in the soul And sings the tune without the words And never stops at all

And sweetest in the Gale is heard And sore must be the storm That could abash the little Bird That kept so many warm

I've heard it in the chillest land And on the strangest Sea Yet never in Extremity, It asked a crumb of me.

BIOGRAPHY OF SYLVIA PLATH

Sylvia Plath was born on October 27, 1932 in Boston, Massachusetts at the Massachusetts Memorial hospital. His mother, Aurelia Schober Plath (1906–1994) was a second-generation Austrian living in America and his father, Otto Plath (1885–1940), originally from Grabow, Germany was an entomologist and a professor of biology at Boston University who wrote a Bumblebee themed book. On April 27, 1935, his younger brother Warren was born. The family moved from 24 Prince Street in Jamaica Plain to 92 Johnson Street, Winthrop, Massachusetts a year later. Plath's mother, Aurelia grew up in Winthrop and her parents lived in Point Shirley which is one of the places mentioned in one of her poems. While living in Winthrop, eight-year-old Plath published her first poems in the children's section of the Boston Herald.

Based on the journal she has kept since Plath was 11 years old, Plath has published many of her poems in local magazines and newspapers. Plath also had a gift as an artist winning the Scholastic Arts Prize in 1947. Plath is estimated to have an IQ of around 160. Otto Plath died on November 5, 1940, a week after Plath's eighth birthday. His death was caused by complications in his leg which had been amputated due to diabetes which was treated too late. His illness came about not long after one of his close friends died of lung cancer which had similar symptoms to his. On this basis, Otto did not seek further treatment so that his illness got worse. Plath's father's death led to a lifelong mistrust of religion and religious ambivalence. Otto Plath is buried in the Winthrop cemetery in Massauchets. Plath avoided her father's grave for 19 years and finally visited her grave.

The visit also became the inspiration for her poem, Electra on Azalea Path. Following his father's death, the family moved to 26 Elmwood Street, Wellesley, Massachusetts in 1942. Plath attended Bradford High School (now renamed Wellesley High School) and graduated in 1950. After graduating high school, she published her first national work in Christian Science Monitor newspaper. In 1950, Plath attended Smith University which was a private women's university for cultural knowledge. She excelled academically and was in charge of editing The Smith Review. During her third year of college, Plath found a guest editing position at Mademoiselle magazine for a month in New York City. Also during this period, Plath was denied admission to a writing seminar from Harvard University. This rejection caused him to return to his home and experience a mental breakdown. Plath made her first suicide attempt on August 24, 1953 in the basement by taking her mother's forty sleeping pills and was found two days later. After an unsuccessful suicide attempt, Plath was admitted to the Mclean hospital and underwent electroconvulsive therapy. Her treatment was paid for by Olive Higgins Prouty who also paid for her scholarship. Smith recovered from his mental breakdown in January 1954 and resumed his studies at Smith College. In January 1955, he submitted his thesis entitled The Magic Mirror: A Study of the Double in Two of Dostoyevsky's Novels and graduated with honors in June. Plath continued her studies at Newnham College funded by a Fulbright Scholarship. This college is one of two all-girls colleges at the University of Cambridge in England. Plath spent her studies studying philosophy, modern literature, playing in several plays and modeling clothes for the May 1956 issue of Varsity magazine. Dorothea Krook became her teacher while she was in college. Plath spent her first Christmas vacation traveling to Paris and southern France with Richard Sassoon.

LADY LAZARUS

I have done it again. One year in every ten I manage it

A sort of walking miracle, my skin Bright as a Nazi lampshade, My right foot

A paperweight, My face a featureless, fine Jew linen.

Peel off the napkin O my enemy. Do I terrify?

The nose, the eye pits, the full set of teeth? The sour breath Will vanish in a day.

Soon, soon the flesh The grave cave ate will be At home on me

And I a smiling woman. I am only thirty. And like the cat I have nine times to die.

This is Number Three. What a trash To annihilate each decade.

What a million filaments. The peanut-crunching crowd Shoves in to see

Them unwrap me hand and foot The big strip tease. Gentlemen, ladies

These are my hands My knees. I may be skin and bone,

Nevertheless, I am the same, identical woman. The first time it happened I was ten. It was an accident. The second time I meant

To last it out and not come back at all. I rocked shut

As a seashell. They had to call and call And pick the worms off me like sticky pearls.

Dying Is an art, like everything else. I do it exceptionally well.

I do it so it feels like hell. I do it so it feels real. I guess you could say I've a call.

It's easy enough to do it in a cell. It's easy enough to do it and stay put. It's the theatrical

Comeback in broad day To the same place, the same face, the same brute Amused shout:

'A miracle!' That knocks me out. There is a charge

For the eyeing of my scars, there is a charge For the hearing of my heart It really goes.

And there is a charge, a very large charge For a word or a touch Or a bit of blood

Or a piece of my hair or my clothes. So, so, Herr Doktor. So, Herr Enemy.

I am your opus, I am your valuable, The pure gold baby

That melts to a shriek. I turn and burn. Do not think I underestimate your great concern. Ash, ash You poke and stir. Flesh, bone, there is nothing there

A cake of soap, A wedding ring, A gold filling.

Herr God, Herr Lucifer Beware Beware.

Out of the ash I rise with my red hair And I eat men like air.