

TP-CASTT Analysis: “Moco Limping” by David Nava Monreal

Read the poem “Moco Limping.” Use the TP-CASTT strategy and the prompts below to examine it carefully. Mark up your copy of the poem, making notes for each of the following:

T-Title: Think about the title before you read the poem. What do you think the poem might be about?

P-Paraphrase: Put into your own words parts of the poem you find difficult. Examine punctuation for clues about who is speaking and the ideas expressed.

C-Connotation: Highlight words you see as significant, even if you don’t know them. What ideas or feelings are associated with the words or phrases you have chosen?

A-Attitude: What is the speaker’s attitude toward the situation (tone)?

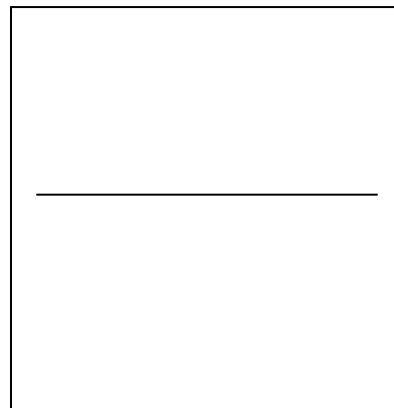
S-Shifts: Are there shifts in speaker? Shifts in attitude? Draw a line where you see a shift.

T-Title: Look at the title again. How have your ideas about the meaning of the title changed?

T-Theme: What is the author saying? What is his comment on his subject? What is the overall message or theme of the poem?

~~~~~  
Using one full page in your WN, draw a horizontal line across the middle. Date and label: **April 4, 2012, Moco Limping by David Nava Monreal**. Fill each space of that page with your responses to the following:

**Drawing Prompt:** In your Writer’s Notebook, draw a picture of what you visualize as you read the poem.



**Writing Prompt:** In your Writer’s Notebook, write a personal response to “Moco Limping.” Can you relate to the challenges face by Moco and his owner?? Why or why not? Explain using words and phrases from the poem.

# Moco Limping

by David Nava Monreal

My dog **hobbles** with a stick  
of a leg that he drags behind  
him as he moves.  
And I was a man that wanted a  
beautiful, noble animal as a pet.  
I wanted him to be strong and  
capture all the attention by  
the **savage grace** of his **gait**.  
I wanted him to be the first dog  
howling in the pack,  
the **leader**, the **brutal hunter**  
that broke through the woods with thunder.  
But, instead he's  
this **rickety little canine**  
that leaves trails in the dirt  
with his **club foot**.  
He's the **stumbler** that trips while  
chasing lethargic bees and butterflies.  
It hurts me to see him so  
**abnormal**, so clumsy and stupid.  
**My vain heart weeps** knowing he is mine.  
But then he turns my way and  
looks at me with  
eyes that cry out with life.  
He jumps at me with his **feeble** paws.  
I feel his warm fur  
and his **imperfection is**  
**forgotten**.

## My Notes

T

P

C

A

S

T

T