**Richard Cory**

Whenever Richard Cory went down town,

We people on the pavement looked at him:

He was a gentleman from sole to crown,

Clean favored, and imperially slim.

And he was always quietly arrayed,

And he was always human when he talked;

But still he fluttered pulses when he said,

"Good-morning," and he glittered when he walked.

And he was rich—yes, richer than a king—

And admirably schooled in every grace:

In fine, we thought that he was everything

To make us wish that we were in his place.

So on we worked, and waited for the light,

And went without the meat, and cursed the bread;

And Richard Cory, one calm summer night,

Went home and put a bullet through his head.

Please read the poem and provide following information for the poem:

Persona:

Tone:

Mood:

Figures of Speech:

Most striking images:

Meter/ Rhyme Pattern:

Notes/Questions for You

Many of Robinson’s poems bear human names. What might this mean?

If that is a critical poem, what does it criticize?

What kind of irony is employed?