

Rhymed Verse

Poetry written in a metrical form that rhymes throughout.

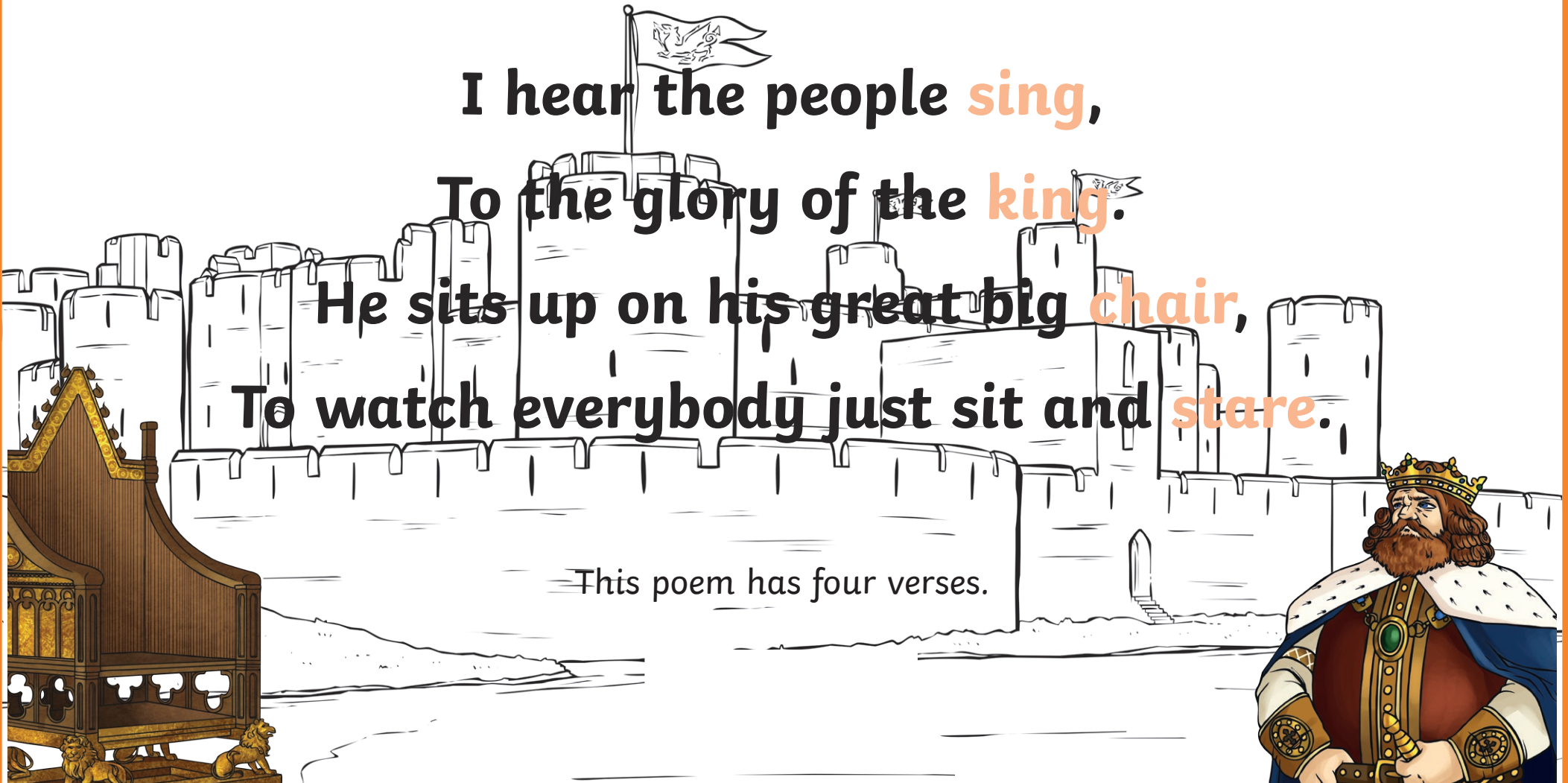
I hear the people **sing**,

To the glory of the **king**.

He sits up on his great big **chair**,

To watch everybody just sit and **stare**.

This poem has four verses.



Blank Verse

Poetry written in regular, metrical, but unrhymed lines.

Something there is that doesn't love a wall.

That sends the frozen-ground swell under it,

And spills the upper boulders in the sun;

- *Mending Walls* by Robert Frost

This poem has three verses.



Free Verse

Poetry written with no fixed meter and no end rhyme. Free verse may include end rhyme, but it most commonly does not.

**There once was a
cat who
sat down on the
mat
and stayed there till
morning tea
time.**

This poem has seven verses.

