

The New Colossus

by Emma Lazarus

This poem appears at the base of the Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor. The opening is comparing the statue to the ancient Colossus of Rhodes.

Not like the brazen giant of Greek fame,
With conquering limbs astride from land to land;
Here at our sea-washed, sunset gates shall stand
A mighty woman with a torch, whose flame
Is the imprisoned lightning, and her name
MOTHER OF EXILES. From her beacon-hand
Glow world-wide welcome; her mild eyes command
The air-bridged harbor that twin cities frame.

"Keep, ancient lands, your storied pomp!" cries she
With silent lips. "Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore.
Send these, the homeless, tempest-tost to me,
I lift my lamp beside the golden door!"

Questions

1. What form of figurative language is "Here at our sea-washed, sunset gates shall stand"?
2. What is the rhyme scheme of the first stanza? The second one?
3. The poem refers to "the golden door." What type of figurative language is this, and what does it mean?
4. What is the theme of the last stanza?