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# What is Poetry? [6th grade]

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*Trinity University*

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# UNDERSTANDING BY DESIGN

## Unit Cover Page

Unit Title: What is Poetry?

Grade Level: 6<sup>th</sup> Grade

Subject/Topic Area(s): English

Designed By: Kathleen Fenske

Time Frame: 6 weeks

School District: Judson Independent School District

School: Woodlake Hills Middle School

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(210) 661-1110

### **Brief Summary of Unit** (Including curricular context and unit goals):

This unit focuses on the definition of poetry, its elements, and the types of poetry. The unit explores 4 essential questions: What is poetry? What is the difference between poetry and prose? How do you read a poem? What makes a poem great?

Since poetry is an abstract term for most students, students will explore how poetry is different from prose. They will come to understand that it is written with a specific structure and that each aspect of a poem has a purpose. Students will read, analyze, and write poetry. They will begin the unit by responding to the essential questions to assess prior knowledge of poetry and its elements. Students will learn to appreciate poetry by listening and interacting with various poems. They will illustrate the meanings of poems, interact with other students in cooperative learning groups to compare and contrast poems, and work on their own analysis of a poem of their choice. Students will also analyze and delve into poetry on a daily basis through response journals. They will also utilize computers and the Library as resources during this unit.

The culminating assessment for students will consist of creating a poetry book. Students will write 6 poems (acrostic, haiku, cinquain, diamante, biopoem, and narrative) using the rules that apply to each type of poetry. The poems will focus on the students as individuals and the changes that have occurred in their lives throughout the year. They will type and create illustrations for each poem. Students will then decorate, put their poetry books together, and share with the class. Once this is done, students will post their poems on poetry.com (publish), and it is the student's choice whether or not to have them rated. They will complete a self-assessment as well as peer-assessments of their poetry books.

**Unit: What is Poetry?**  
**Grade: 6<sup>th</sup> English**

**Stage 1: Desired Results**

**Understandings**

*Students will understand that...*

- Poetry expresses and evokes emotions by utilizing sensory images, movement, and sound.
- Unlike prose, poetry is written with a specific structure; every aspect of a poem has a purpose.
- Different types of poetry have different structures.
- Poetry allows the reader to interpret the author's message.

**Essential Questions**

- What is poetry?
- What is the difference between poetry and prose?
- How do you read a poem? How do you make sense of poetry?
- What makes a poem great?

**Knowledge & Skill**

TEKS:

- (3) Listening/speaking/appreciation. The student listens to enjoy and appreciate spoken language. The student is expected to: (A) listen to proficient, fluent models of oral reading, including selections from classic and contemporary works (4-8); (B) analyze oral interpretations of literature for effects on the listener (6-8); and (C) analyze the use of aesthetic language for its effects (6-8).
- (9) Reading/vocabulary development. The student acquires an extensive vocabulary through reading and systematic word study. The student is expected to: (B) draw on experiences to bring meanings to words in context such as interpreting idioms, multiple-meaning words, and analogies (6-8); (C) use multiple reference aids, including a thesaurus, a synonym finder, a dictionary, and software, to clarify meanings and usage (4-8).
- (11) Reading/literary response. The student expresses and supports responses to various types of texts. The student is expected to: (A) offer observations, make connections, react, speculate, interpret, and raise questions in response to texts (4-8); (B) interpret text ideas through such varied means as journal writing, discussion, enactment, and media (4-8); (C) support responses by referring to relevant aspects of text and his/her own experiences (4-8); and (D) connect, compare, and contrast ideas, themes, and issues across text (4-8).
- (15) Writing/purposes. The student writes for a variety of audiences and purposes and in a variety of forms. The student is expected to: (A) write to express, discover, record, develop, reflect on ideas, and to problem solve (4-8); (C) write to inform such as to explain, describe, report, and narrate (4-8); (D) write to entertain such as to compose humorous poems or short stories (4-8); (E) select and use voice and style appropriate to audience and purpose (6-8)

**Stage 2: Assessment Evidence**

Performance Task:

- Poetry Book-Students will write 6 poems (Acrostic, Haiku, Cinquain, Diamante, Biopoem, and Narrative) using the rules that apply to each type of poetry. The poems will focus on the students as individuals and the changes that have occurred in their lives throughout the year. They will type and create illustrations for each poem. Students will then decorate, put their poetry books together, and share with the class. Once this is done, students will post their poems on poetry.com (publish), and it is the student's choice whether or not to have them rated.
- They will complete a self-assessment as well as peer-assessments of their poetry books.

Other evidence:

- Chalktalk of essential questions
- Poetry illustrations (Sketch-to-stretch)
- Vocabulary book
- Vocabulary test
- Daily response journals analyzing poems
- Class analysis of poem
- Stop, Drop, and Draw Illustrations
- Compare and contrast poems (group analysis/poster project)
- Individual critique and share of poem; self-assessment and peer-assessment
- Groups identifying types of poetry
- Types of poetry test
- Extra credit-Poetry Scavenger Hunt
- Magnetic poetry-magneticpoetry.com

## Stage 3: Learning Activities

**Day 1:** Journal-read “Poeta Fit, Non Nascitur” by Lewis Carroll and have students write what they think it means and what writing poetry means to them; Chalktalk-Students will respond to the following questions: What is poetry? Why do people write poetry? How do you read a poem? How do you read between the lines? How is reading a poem different from reading other pieces of literature? What is the difference between poetry and prose? What makes a poem great? What makes a poem worth reading? How do you write a poem? Is poetry a struggle to write? Is poetry more difficult to write than prose? What does a poem say about the poet? Can you see/understand a poet through his/her poems?; once they are finished, continue with a discussion on poetry; play the Spurs rap song and discuss how music can be seen as a modern form of poetry; as a class, create a Venn Diagram to discuss the differences between poetry and prose.

**Day 2:** Journal-read “Has my Heart gone to Sleep” by Antonio Machado, translated by Alan s. Trueblood and have the students write the meaning of the poem and answer whether or not their hearts are asleep; appreciation of poetry day-read a variety of poems and have students do Sketch-to-stretch choosing 2 poems to illustrate (“Development” by Robert Browning; Verses from “The White Seal” by Rudyard Kipling; Verses from “How the Whale got his Throat” by Rudyard Kipling; Verses from “The Elephant’s Child” by Rudyard Kipling; Verses from “How the Leopard got his Spots” by Rudyard Kipling; “Neighbours” by Rudyard Kipling; “The Beginning of the Armadilloes” by Rudyard Kipling; “Thorkild’s Song” by Rudyard Kipling; “Letting in the Jungle” by Rudyard Kipling; “How Doth the Little Crocodile” by Lewis Carroll; “Father William” by Lewis Carroll; “Brother and Sister” by Lewis Carroll; “Humpty Dumpty’s Song” by Lewis Carroll; “Tweedledum and Tweedledee” by Lewis Carroll; “The White Queen’s Song” by Lewis Carroll; “Michael is Afraid of the Storm” by Gwendolyn Brooks; “Moses” by Anonymous; “Careless Willie” by Anonymous; “Daddy Fell into the Pond” by Alfred Noyes; “The People Upstairs” by Ogden Nash; “Thoughts” by Jacqueline Bouvier; “Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening” by Robert Frost; “Maggie and Milly and Molly and May” by E. E. Cummings; “Harlem Night Song” by Langston Hughes; “Sonnet 18” by William Shakespeare; Verses from Macbeth (witch scene and death scene) by William Shakespeare; Verses from As You Like It by William Shakespeare).

**Day 3:** Journal-read “There was an Old Man of Blackheath” by Edward Lear and “There was an Old Man of Westdumpe” by Anonymous and have the students write the meaning and what the authors’ purpose was in writing these poems; play the Spurs rap song and discuss the similarities between songs and poetry; identify poetic terms and begin to define (Vocabulary: Poem, Poetry, Meter, Rhyme, Rhyme scheme, Rhythm, Alliteration, Repetition, Chorus, Onomatopoeia, Metaphor, Simile, Lyric, Line, Couplet, Stanza, Quatrain, Poet, Verse, Prose, Hyperbole, Tercet, Foot); students will begin their vocabulary book; in their vocabulary book, students will write the dictionary definition, their definition, an example, and will create an illustration for each word.

**Day 4:** Journal-read “Matilda Jane” by Lewis Carroll and have the students write why they think Matilda Jane does not respond to the narrator; students will continue with their vocabulary books.

**Day 5:** Journal-read “My Star” by Robert Browning and have students label the rhyming lines, identify the meaning of the poem, and answer why they think the lines lengthen from beginning to end of the poem; students will finish their vocabulary books.

**Day 6:** Journal-read “The Thousandth Man” by Rudyard Kipling and have students write a one word summary of the piece; as a class, read a “The Pied Piper of Hamelin” by Robert Browning, analyze in terms of their poetry vocabulary, and have students do Stop, Drop, and Draw (4 illustrations).

**Day 7:** Journal-read “Me” by Walter de la Mare, have students identify what poetic element is being used (simile), and have them write that which they would compare themselves; as a class, read “The Pied Piper of Hamelin” by Robert Browning, analyze in terms of their poetry vocabulary, and have the students finish Stop, Drop, and Draw (4 illustrations).

**Day 8:** Journal-read “Today is Very Boring” by Jack Prelutsky and have students write why they think today is boring continuing in the structure of the poem; group poster project-have the students read “The Road Not Taken” by Robert Frost and “The Way through the Woods” by Rudyard Kipling; students are to identify the meaning, compare and contrast, and illustrate each poem.

**Day 9:** Journal-listen to “Day Like Today” by Out of Eden and have students identify the meaning and write why this song is a modern version of poetry; finish poster projects; present poster projects to class.

**Day 10:** Vocabulary Test

**Day 11:** Journal-read “Rabbi Ben Ezra” by Robert Browning, have students write what they think is the most important word from the poem, and have students explain their answers; demonstrate the different types of poetry and their characteristics; as a class, read a variety of poems and discuss/identify types of poetry.

**Day 12:** Journal-read “To Thomas Atkins” by Rudyard Kipling, have students identify the meaning and to/for whom Kipling is writing; as a group, have students read a variety of poems and identify each type of poetry.

**Day 13:** Journal-read “In Just-” by E. E. Cummings, have students trace the poem, identify the object being emphasized, and answer why Cummings structured the poem in this manner; finish group analysis; discuss as a class.

**Day 14:** Journal-read “This is the Key” by Anonymous and have students identify the meaning and explain why the author is using repetition; present the students with their performance assessment (poetry book); the students are to write about change and their lives; have the students begin with writing an acrostic and illustrating their poem.

**Day 15:** Journal-read “If You’ll only go to Sleep” by Gabriella Mistral and have students write about what their parents have promised them in order for them to go to sleep; students will write a haiku and illustrate it.

**Day 16:** Journal-listen to “Pressing On” by Relient K and have students identify the meaning and write why this song is a modern version of poetry; students will write a cinquain and illustrate it.

**Day 17:** Journal-read “La Saisiaz” by Robert Browning and have students label the rhyming lines, identify the meaning of the poem, and answer why the author has 3 parts to this poem; students will write a diamante poem and illustrate it.

**Day 18:** Journal-read from “Imagine Angels” Guillaume Apollinaire and have students re-write to poem so that they can understand it, identify the meaning, and answer why the author structured the poem in such a manner; students will write a biopoem and illustrate it.

**Day 19:** Journal-read “We Wear the Mask” by Paul Laurence Dunbar and have students draw the mask that they sometimes hide behind; students will plot their story (plot diagram) and begin writing narrative poem.

**Day 20:** Journal-listen to “Forward to the Future” by Supertones and have students identify the meaning and write why this song is a modern version of poetry; students will work on their narrative poem.

**Day 21:** Journal-read “Think Different” and have students explain whether or not they are one of the “crazy ones” and whether they would like to be one of these people; students will work on their narrative poem.

**Day 22:** Journal-read “To P.J. (2 yrs. old who sed write a poem for me in Portland, Oregon)” and have students punctuate, correct misspellings, and answer why the author wrote the poem in such a manner; students will review and revise/edit their poems; students will have one other student review their poems.

**Day 23:** Computer Lab-students will type their poems.

**Day 24:** Computer Lab-students will type their poems; if they finish, they may work on their poetry scavenger hunt, or they may work on [magneticpoetry.com](http://magneticpoetry.com).

**Day 25:** Computer Lab-students will type their poems; when they finish, they may work on their poetry scavenger hunt, or they may work on [magneticpoetry.com](http://magneticpoetry.com).

**Day 26:** Put poetry book together; students may decorate their books.

**Day 27:** Students will present their poetry books to the class; they will complete both self-assessments and peer-assessments.

**Day 28:** Test over types of poetry

**Day 29:** Library-Find poem and analyze.

**Day 30:** Library-Find poem and analyze.

**Day 31:** Journal-read “Keep a Poem in Your Pocket” by Beatrice Schenk de Regniers and have students write what they think of poetry; students will present their poems and analyses to the class; they will complete both self-assessments and peer-assessments.

## **Day 1:**

Poeta Fit, Non Nascitur

“How shall I be a poet?  
How shall I write in rhyme:  
You told me once ‘the very wish  
Partook of the sublime.’  
Then tell me how! Don’t put me off  
With your ‘another time’!”

The old man smiled to see him,  
To hear his sudden sally;  
He liked the lad to speak his mind  
Enthusiastically;  
And thought “There’s no hum-drum in him,  
Nor any shilly-shally.”

“And would you be a poet  
Before you’ve been to school?  
Ah, well! I hardly thought you  
So absolute a fool.  
First learn to be spasmodic—  
A very simple rule.

“For first you write a sentence,  
And then you chop it small;  
Then mix the bits, and sort them out  
Just as they chance to fall:  
The order of the phrases makes  
No difference at all.

“Then, if you’d be impressive,  
Remember what I say,  
That abstract qualities begin  
With capitals always:  
The True, the Good, the Beautiful—  
Those are the things that pay!”

—Lewis Carroll

## **Day 2:**

Has My Heart gone to Sleep?

Has my heart gone to sleep?  
Have the beehives of my dreams



stopped working, the waterwheel  
of the mind run dry,  
scoops turning empty,  
only shadow inside?

No, my heart is not asleep.  
It is awake, wide awake.  
Not asleep, not dreaming—  
its eyes are opened wide  
watching distant signals, listening  
on the rim of the vast silence.

—Antonio Machado; translated by Alan s. Trueblood

### Poetry Appreciation Day Poems

#### Development

My Father was a scholar and knew Greek.  
When I was five years old, I asked him once  
“What do you read about?”

“The siege of Troy.”

“What is a siege and what is Troy?”

Whereat

He piled up chairs and tables for a town,  
Set me a-top for Priam, called our cat  
—Helen, enticed away from home (he said)  
By wicked Paris, who crouched somewhere close  
Under the footstool, being cowardly,  
But whom—since she was worth the pains, poor puss—  
Towzer and Tray,—our dogs, the Atreidai,—sought  
By taking Troy to get possession of  
—Always when great Achilles ceased to sulk,  
(My pony in the stable)—forth would prance  
And put to flight Hector—our page-boy’s self.  
This taught me who was who and what was what:  
So far I rightly understood the case  
At five years old: a huge delight it proved  
And still proves—thanks to that instructor sage  
My father, who knew better than turn straight  
Learning’s full flare on weak-eyed ignorance,  
Or, worse yet, leave weak eyes to grow sand-blind,  
Content with darkness and vacuity.

—Robert Browning

#### Verses from “The White Seal”

Oh! hush thee, my baby, the night is behind us,  
And black are the waters that sparkled so green.

The moon, o'er the combers, looks downward to find us  
At rest in the hollows that rustle between.  
Where billow meets billow, there soft be thy pillow;  
Ah, weary wee flipperling, curl at thy ease!  
The storm shall not wake thee, nor shark overtake thee,  
Asleep in the arms of the slow-swinging seas.

—Rudyard Kipling

Verses from “How the Whale got his Throat”

When the cabin port-holes are dark and green  
Because of the seas outside;  
When the ship goes *wop* (with a wiggle between)  
And the steward falls into the soup-tureen,  
And the trunks begin to slide;  
When Nursery lies on the floor in a heap,  
And Mummy tells you to let her sleep,  
And you aren't waked or washed or dressed,  
Why, then you will know (if you haven't guessed)  
You're “Fifty North and Forty West!”

—Rudyard Kipling

Verses from “The Elephant's Child”

I keep six honest serving-men  
(They taught me all I knew);  
Their names are What and Why and When  
And How and Where and Who.  
I send them over land and sea,  
I send them east and west;  
But after they have worked for me,  
I give them all a rest.

I let them rest from nine till five,  
For I am busy then,  
As well as breakfast, lunch and tea,  
For they are hungry men.  
But different folk have different views.  
I know a person small—  
She keeps ten million serving-men,  
Who get no rest at all!

She sends 'em abroad on her own affairs,  
From the second she opens her eyes—  
One million Hows, two million Wheres,  
And seven million Whys!

—Rudyard Kipling

Verses from “How the Leopard got his Spots”

I am the Most Wise Baviann, saying in most wise tones,  
“Let us melt into the landscape—just us two by our lones.”  
People have come—in a carriage-calling. But Mummy is there. . . .  
Yes, I can go if you take me—Nurse says *she* don’t care.  
Let’s go up to the pig-styes and sit on the farmyard rails!  
Let’s say things to the bunnies, and watch ’em skitter their tails.  
Let’s—oh, *anything*, daddy, so long as it’s you and me,  
And going truly exploring, and not being in till tea!  
Here’s your boots (I’ve brought ’em) and here’s your cap and stick,  
And here’s your pipe and tobacco. Oh, come along out of it—quick!

—Rudyard Kipling

Neighbours

The man that is open of heart to his neighbour,  
And stops to consider his likes and dislikes,  
His blood shall be wholesome whatever his labour,  
His luck shall be with him whatever he strikes.  
The Splendour of Morning shall duly possess him,  
That he may not be sad at the falling of eve.  
And, when he has done with mere living—God bless him!—  
A many shall sigh, and one Woman shall grieve!

—Rudyard Kipling

The Beginning of the Armadilloes

I’ve never sailed the Amazon,  
I’ve never reached Brazil;  
But the *Don* and *Magdalena*,  
They can go there when they will!

Yes, weekly from Southampton,  
Great steamers, white and gold,  
Go rolling down to Rio  
(Roll down—roll down to Rio!).  
And I’d like to roll to Rio  
Some day before I’m old!

I’ve never seen a Jaguar,  
Nor yet an Armadillo  
dilloing in his armour,  
And I s’pose I never will,

Unless I go to Rio  
These wonders to behold—  
Roll down—roll down to Rio—  
Roll really down to Rio!  
Oh, I'd love to roll to Rio  
Some day before I'm old!

—Rudyard Kipling

### Thorkild's Song

There's no wind along these seas,  
*Out oars for Stavenger!*  
*Forward all for Stavenger!*  
So we must wake the white-ash breeze,  
*Let fall for Stavenger!*  
*A long pull for Stavenger!*

Oh, hear the benches creak and strain!  
*(A long pull for Stavenger!)*  
She thinks she smells the Northland rain!  
*(A long pull for Stavenger!)*

She thinks she smells the Northland rime,  
And the dear dark nights of winter-time.

She wants to be at her own home pier,  
To shift her sails and standing gear.

She wants to be in her winter-shed,  
To strip herself and go to bed.

Her very bolts are sick for shore,  
And we—we want it ten times more!

So all you Gods that love brave men,  
Send us a three-reef gale again!

Send us a gale, and watch us come,  
With close-cropped canvas slashing home!

*But—there's no wind on all these seas,*  
*A long pull for Stavenger!*  
So we must wake the white-ash breeze,  
*A long pull for Stavenger!*

—Rudyard Kipling

Letting in the Jungle

Veil them, cover them, wall them round—  
    Blossom, and creeper, and weed—  
Let us forget the sight and the sound,  
    The smell and the touch of the breed!  
Fat black ash by the altar-stone,  
    Here is the white-foot rain,  
And the does bring forth in the fields unsown,  
    And none shall affright them again;  
And the blind walls crumble, unknown, o'erthrown,  
    And none shall inhabit again!

—Rudyard Kipling

How Doth the Little Crocodile

How doth the little crocodile  
    Improve his shining tail,  
And pour the waters of the Nile  
    On every golden scale!  
How cheerfully he seems to grin,  
    How neatly spreads his claws,  
And welcomes little fishes in,  
    With gently smiling jaws!

—Lewis Carroll

Father William

“You are old, Father William,” the young man said  
    “And your hair has become very white;  
And yet you incessantly stand on your head—  
    Do you think, at your age, it is right?”

“In my youth,” Father William replied to his son,  
    “I feared it might injure the brain;  
But, now that I’m perfectly sure I have none,  
    Why, I do it again and again.”

“You are old,” said the youth, “as I mentioned before.  
    And have grown most uncommonly fat;  
Yet you turned a back-somersault in at the door—  
    Pray, what is the reason of that?”

“In my youth,” said the sage, as he shook his grey locks,  
    “I kept all my limbs very supple  
By the use of this ointment—one shilling the box—  
    Allow me to sell you a couple?”

“You are old,” said the youth, “and your jaws are too weak  
For anything tougher than suet;  
Yet you finished the goose, with the bones and the beak—  
Pray, how did you manage to do it?”

“In my youth,” said his father, “I took to the law,  
And argued each case with my wife;  
And the muscular strength, which it gave to my jaw  
Has lasted the rest of my life.”

“You are old,” said the youth, “one would hardly suppose  
That your eye was as steady as ever;  
Yet you balanced an eel on the end of your nose—  
What made you so awfully clever?”

“I have answered three questions and that is enough,”  
Said his father. “Don’t give yourself airs!  
Do you think I can listen all day to such stuff?  
Be off, or I’ll kick you down-stairs!”

—Lewis Carroll

Brother and Sister

“Sister, sister, go to bed!  
Go and rest your weary head.”  
Thus the prudent brother said.

“Do you want a battered hide,  
Or scratches to your face applied?”  
Thus his sister calm replied.

“Sister, do not raise my wrath,  
I’d make you into mutton broth  
As easily as kill a moth!”

The sister raised her beaming eye  
And looked on him indignantly  
And sternly answered, “Only try!”

Off to the cook he quickly ran,  
“Dear Cook, please lend a frying-pan  
To me as quickly as you can.”

“And wherefore should I lend it you?”  
“The reason, Cook, is plain to view.  
I wish to make an Irish stew.”

“What meat is in that stew to go?”

“My sister’ll be the contents!”

“Oh!”

“You’ll lend the pan to me, Cook?”

“No!”

*Moral:* Never stew your sister.

—Lewis Carroll

### Humpty Dumpty’s Song

In winter, when the fields are white,  
I sing this song for your delight—

In spring, when woods are getting green,  
I’ll try and tell you what I mean:

In summer, when the days are long,  
Perhaps you’ll understand the song:

In autumn, when the leaves are brown,  
Take pen and ink, and write it down.

I sent a message to the fish:  
I told them “This is what I wish.”

The little fishes of the sea,  
They sent an answer back to me.

The little fishes’ answer was  
“We cannot do it, Sir, because—”

I sent to them again to say  
“It will be better to obey.”

The fishes answered, with a grin,  
“Why, what a temper you are in!”

I told them once, I told them twice:  
They would not listen to advice.

I took a kettle large and new,  
Fit for the deed I had to do.

My heart went hop, my heart went thump:  
I filled the kettle at the pump.

Then some one came to me and said  
“The little fishes are in bed.”

I said to him, I said it plain,  
“Then you must wake them up again.”

I said it very loud and clear:  
I went and shouted in his ear.

But he was very stiff and proud:  
He said, “You needn’t shout so loud!”

And he was very proud and stiff:  
He said “I’d go and wake them, if—”

I took a corkscrew from the shelf:  
I went to wake them up myself.

And when I found the door was locked,  
I pulled and pushed and kicked and knocked.

And when I found the door was shut,  
I tried to turn the handle, but—

—Lewis Carroll

Tweedledum and Tweedledee

Tweedledum and Tweedledee  
    Agreed to have a battle;  
For Tweedledum said Tweedledee  
    Had spoiled his nice new rattle.

Just then flew down a monstrous crow,  
    As black as a tar-barrel;  
Which frightened both the heroes so,  
    They forgot their quarrel.

—Lewis Carroll

The White Queen’s Song

    “‘Fist, the fish must be caught.’  
That is easy: a baby, I think, could have caught it,  
    ‘Next, the fish must be bought.’  
That is easy: a penny, I think, would have bought it.

    ‘Now cook me the fish!’  
That is easy, and will not take more than a minute.  
    ‘Let it lie in a dish!’  
That is easy, because it already is in it.



‘Bring it here! Let me sup!’  
It is easy to set such a dish on the table.  
‘Take the dish-cover up!’  
Ah, that is so hard that I fear I’m unable!

For it holds it like gleu—  
Holds the lid to the dish, while it lies in the middle:  
Which is easiest to do,  
Un-dish-cover the fish, or dishcover the riddle?

—Lewis Carroll

Michael is Afraid of the Storm

Lightning is angry in the night.  
Thunder spans our house.  
Rain is hating our old elm—  
It punishes the boughs.

Now, I am next to nine years old,  
And crying’s not for me.  
But if I touch my mother’s hand,  
Perhaps no one will see.

And if I keep herself in sight—  
Follow her busy dress—  
No one will notice my wild eye.  
No one will laugh, I guess.

—Gwendolyn Brooks

Moses

Moses supposes his toeses are roses,  
But Moses supposes erroneously;  
For nobody’s toeses are posies of roses  
As Moses supposes his toeses to be.

—Anonymous

Careless Willie

Willie with a thirst for gore  
Nailed his sister to the door  
Mother said with humor quaint  
“Careful, Willie, don’t scratch the paint!”

—Anonymous

## Daddy Fell into the Pond

Everyone grumbled. The sky was gray.  
We had nothing to do and nothing to say.  
We were nearing the end of a dismal day,  
And there seemed to be nothing beyond,

THEN

Daddy fell into the pond!

And everyone's face grew merry and bright,  
And Timothy danced for sheer delight,  
"Give me the camera, quick, oh quick!  
He's crawling out of the duckweed." Click!

Then the gardener suddenly slapped his knee,  
And doubled up, shaking silently,  
And the ducks all quacked as if they were daft  
And it sounded as if the old drake laughed.

O, there wasn't a thing that didn't respond

WHEN

Daddy fell into the pond!

—Alfred Noyes

## The People Upstairs

The people upstairs all practice ballet.  
Their living room is a bowling alley.  
Their bedroom is full of conducted tours.  
Their radio is louder than yours.  
They celebrate weekends all the week.  
When they take a shower, your ceilings leak.  
They try to get their parties to mix  
By supplying their guests with Pogo sticks,  
And when their orgy at last abates,  
They go to the bathroom on roller skates.  
I might love the people upstairs wondrous  
If instead of above us, they just lived under us.

—Ogden Nash

## Thoughts

I love the Autumn,  
And yet I cannot say  
All the thoughts and things  
That make me feel this way.

I love walking on the angry shore,  
To watch the angry sea;  
Where summer people were before,  
But now there's only me.

I love wood fires at night  
That have a ruddy glow.  
I stare at the flames  
And think of long ago.

I love the feeling down inside me  
That says to run away  
To come and be a gypsy  
And laugh the gypsy way.

The tangy taste of apples,  
The snowy mist at morn,  
The wanderlust inside you  
When you hear the huntsman's horn.

Nostalgia—that's the Autumn,  
Dreaming through September  
Just a million lovely things  
I always will remember.

—Jacqueline Bouvier

### Stopping by Woods on a Snowing Evening

Whose woods these are I think I know.  
His house is in the village though;  
He will not see me stopping here  
To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer  
To stop without a farmhouse near  
Between the woods and frozen lake  
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake  
To ask if there is some mistake,  
The only other sound's the sweep  
Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark and deep.  
But I have promises to keep,  
And miles to go before I sleep,  
And miles to go before I sleep.

—Robert Frost

Maggie and Milly and Molly and May

maggie and milly and molly and may  
went down to the beach (to play one day)

and Maggie discovered a shell that sang  
so sweetly she couldn't remember her troubles, and

milly befriended a stranded star  
whose rays five languid fingers were;

and molly was chased by a horrible thing  
which raced sideways while blowing bubbles: and

may came home with a smooth round stone  
as small as a world and as large as alone.

for whatever we lose (like a you or a me)  
it's always ourselves we find in the sea

—e.e. cummings

Harlem Night Song

Come,  
Let us roam the night together  
Singing.

I love you.

Across  
The Harlem roof-tops  
Moon is shining.  
Night sky is blue.  
Stars are great drops  
Of golden dew.

Down the street  
A band is playing.

I love you.

Come,  
Let us roam the night together  
Singing.

—Langston Hughes

Sonnet 18

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?  
Thou art more lovely and more temperate.  
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,  
And summer's lease hath all too short a date.  
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,  
And often is his gold complexion dimmed,  
And every fair from fair sometime declines,  
By chance or nature's changing course untrimmed.  
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,  
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st;  
Nor shall death brag thou wand'rest in his shade  
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st.  
    So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,  
    So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

—William Shakespeare

From *Macbeth*

First Witch:  
Thrice the brinded cat hath mewed.

Second Witch:  
Thrice, and once the hedge-pig whined.

Third Witch:  
Harpier cries. "'Tis time; 'tis time."

First Witch:  
Round about the cauldron go;  
In the poisoned entrails throw.  
Toad, that under cold stone  
Days and nights has thirty-one  
Sweltered venom sleeping got,  
Boil thou first in the charmed pot.

All:  
Double, double, toil and trouble;  
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

Second Witch:  
Fillet of a fenny snake,  
In the cauldron boil and bake;  
Eye of newt and toe of frog,  
Wool of bat and tongue of dog,

Adder's fork and blind worm's sting,  
Lizard's leg, and howlet's wing,  
For a charm of powerful trouble  
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

All:  
Double, double, toil and trouble;  
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

—William Shakespeare

From *Macbeth*

Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow  
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,  
To the last syllable of recorded time.  
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools  
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!  
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player,  
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,  
And then is heard no more. It is a tale  
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,  
Signifying nothing.

—William Shakespeare

From *As You Like It*

All the world's a stage,  
And all the men and women merely players.  
They have their exits and their entrances,  
And one man in his time plays many parts,  
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,  
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.  
Then, the whining school-boy with his satchel  
And shining morning-face, creeping like snail  
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,  
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad  
Made to his mistress's eyebrow. Then a soldier,  
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,  
Jealous in honor, sudden, and quick in quarrel,  
Seeking the bubble reputation  
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,  
In fair round belly, with good capon lined,  
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,  
Full of wise saws, and modern instances.  
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts  
Into the lean and slippered pantaloons,

With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,  
His youthful hose well saved, a world too wide  
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,  
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes  
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,  
That ends this strange eventful history,  
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,  
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

—William Shakespeare

### **Day 3:**

There was an old man of West Dumpet

There was an old man of West Dumpet,  
Who possessed a large nose like a trumpet;  
    When he blew it aloud,  
    It astonished the crowd,  
And was heard through the whole of  
    West Dumpet.

—Edward Lear

There was an old man of Blackheath

There was an old man of Blackheath  
Who sat on his set of false teeth;  
    Said he, with a start,  
    “O Lord, bless my heart!  
I’ve bitten myself underneath!”

—Anonymous

### **Vocabulary and Definitions:**

- Poem-written with a specific structure; a composition in verse
- Poetry-metrical writing, productions of a poet, writing that formulates a concentrated imaginative awareness of experience in language chosen and arranged to create a specific emotional response through meaning, sound, and rhythm
- Meter-systematically arranged and measured rhythm in verse
- Rhyme-when two or more words sound similar
- Rhyme scheme-how the poem rhymes, how the rhyme is structured
- Rhythm-the beat; an ordered recurrent alternation of strong and weak elements in the flow of sound and silence in speech; movement, fluctuation, or variation marked by the regular recurrence or natural flow of related elements
- Alliteration-starting three or more words with the same sound
- Repetition-repeating one or more words

- Chorus-a part of a song or poem
- Onomatopoeia-a word imitating a sound. Example: 'buzz', 'moo' and 'beep'
- Metaphor-a comparison without the use of like or as
- Simile-making a comparison with the use of like or as
- Lyric-the words of a song — often used in plural
- Line-a horizontal row of written or printed characters
- Couplet-two lines of poetry
- Stanza-a division of a poem consisting of a series of lines arranged together in a usually recurring pattern of meter and rhyme
- Quatrain-four lines of poetry
- Poet-writer of poetry
- Verse-a line of metrical writing
- Hyperbole-an exaggeration, usually used with humor
- Tercet-a group of three lines, often rhyming together or with another tercet
- Prose-a literary medium distinguished from poetry especially by its greater irregularity and variety of rhythm and its closer correspondence to the patterns of everyday speech
- Foot-a way to measure poetry; usually a foot is 2 syllables

## **Day 4:**

Matilda Jane

Matilda Jane, you never look  
At any toy or picture-book:  
I show you pretty things in vain—  
You must be blind, Matilda Jane!

I ask you riddles, tell you tales,  
But all our conversation fails:  
You never answer me again—  
I fear you're dumb, Matilda Jane!

Matilda, darling, when I call,  
You never seem to hear at all:  
I shout with all my might and main—  
But you're so deaf, Matilda Jane!

Matilda Jane, you needn't mind:  
For, though you're deaf, and dumb, and blind,  
There's some one loves you, it is plain—  
And that is me, Matilda Jane!

—Lewis Carroll



## **Day 5:**

### My Star

All that I know  
Of a certain star  
Is, it can throw  
(Like the angled spar)  
Now a dart of red,  
Now a dart of blue;  
Till my friends have said  
They would fain see, too,  
My star that dartles the red and the blue!  
Then it stops like a bird; like a flower, hangs furled;  
They must solace themselves with the Saturn above it.  
What matter to me if their star is the world?  
Mine has opened its soul to me; therefore I love it.

—Robert Browning

## **Day 6:**

### The Thousandth Man

One man in a thousand, Solomon says,  
Will stick more close than a brother.  
And it's worth while seeking him half you days  
If you find him before the other.  
Nine hundred and ninety-nine depend  
On what the world sees in you;  
But the Thousandth Man will stand your friend  
With the whole round world agin you.

—Rudyard Kipling

## **Day 7:**

### Me

As long as I live  
I shall always be  
My Self—and no other,  
Just me.

Like a tree.

Willow, elder,  
Aspen, thorn,  
Or cypress forlorn.

Like a flower,  
For its hour—  
Primrose, or pink,  
Or a violet—  
Sunned by the sun,  
And with dewdrops wet.

Always just me.

—Walter de la Mare

## **Day 8 & 9:**

Today is Very Boring

Today is very boring,  
it's a very boring day,  
there is nothing much to look at,  
there is nothing much to say,  
there's a peacock on my sneakers,  
there's a penguin on my head,  
there's a dormouse on my doorstep,  
I am going back to bed.

Today is very boring,  
it is boring through and through,  
there is absolutely nothing  
that I think I want to do,  
I see giants riding rhinos,  
and an ogre with a sword,  
there's a dragon blowing smoke rings,  
I am positively bored.

Today is very boring,  
I can hardly help but yawn,  
there's a flying saucer landing  
in the middle of my lawn,  
a volcano just erupted  
less than half a mile away,  
and I think I felt an earthquake,  
it's a very boring day.

—Jack Prelutsky

Group Members: \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

Period: \_\_\_\_\_

Date: \_\_\_\_\_

## Compare and Contrast Poems

**Directions:** As a group, read the following poems. **Analyze** them in terms of **poetic elements** (rhyme, structure, meaning, repetition, alliteration, metaphor, simile, hyperbole, etc.). Once you have done this, **compare and contrast them using a Venn Diagram**. Include **illustrations** with your analysis. Be as **creative** as possible. You will be presenting your analysis to the class.

### The Way through the Woods

They shut the road through the woods  
Seventy years ago,  
Weather and rain have undone it again,  
And now you would never know  
There was once a road through the woods  
Before they planted the trees.  
It is underneath the coppice and heath  
And the thin anemones.  
Only the keeper sees  
That, where the ring-dove broods,  
And the badgers roll at ease,  
There was once a road through the woods.  
Yet, if you enter the woods  
Of a summer evening late,  
When the night-air cools on the trout-ringed pools  
Where the otter whistles his mate,  
(They fear not men in the woods,  
Because they see so few.)  
You will hear the beat of a horse's feet,  
And the swish of a skirt in the dew,  
Steadily cantering through  
The misty solitudes,  
As though they perfectly knew  
The old lost road through the woods. . . .  
But there is no road through the woods.

—Rudyard Kipling

## The Road not Taken

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,  
And sorry I could not travel both  
And be one traveler, long I stood  
And looked down one as far as I could  
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, as just as fair,  
And having perhaps the better claim,  
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;  
Though as for that the passing there  
Had worn them really about the same,

And both that morning equally lay  
In leaves no step had trodden black.  
Oh, I kept the first for another day!  
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,  
I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh  
Somewhere ages and ages hence:  
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—  
I took the one less traveled by,  
And that has made all the difference.

—Robert Frost

## Poetry Poster Rubric

Group Members' Names:

Analysis on the 2 poems (notes on poems)—35

Comparison of the 2 poems  
(similarities/differences in meaning and poetic elements)—35 points \_\_\_\_\_

Illustrations (quality, appropriateness)—20 points \_\_\_\_\_

Neatness—10 points \_\_\_\_\_

Total: \_\_\_\_\_

## Poetry Poster Rubric

Group Members' Names:

Analysis on the 2 poems (notes on poems)—35

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Illustrations (quality, appropriateness)—20 points \_\_\_\_\_

Neatness—10 points \_\_\_\_\_

Total: \_\_\_\_\_

## Day 10:

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Date: \_\_\_\_\_

### Vocabulary Test

- \_\_\_\_\_ 1. the beat
- \_\_\_\_\_ 2. a line of a song
- \_\_\_\_\_ 3. three lines of poetry
- \_\_\_\_\_ 4. repeating one or more words
- \_\_\_\_\_ 5. when two or more words sound similar
- \_\_\_\_\_ 6. someone who writes poetry
- \_\_\_\_\_ 7. a split in a poem; how a poem is divided
- \_\_\_\_\_ 8. two lines of poetry
- \_\_\_\_\_ 9. writing in verse
- \_\_\_\_\_ 10. a line of poetry
- \_\_\_\_\_ 11. writing without structure
- \_\_\_\_\_ 12. a part of a song or poem that is repeated  
at intervals
- \_\_\_\_\_ 13. a way to measure poetry, 2 syllables
- \_\_\_\_\_ 14. a comparison with the use of like or as
- \_\_\_\_\_ 15. four lines of poetry
- \_\_\_\_\_ 16. a comparison without the use of like or as
- \_\_\_\_\_ 17. a row of written or printed text
- \_\_\_\_\_ 18. starting three or more words with the  
same sound
- \_\_\_\_\_ 19. an exaggeration, usually used with humor
- \_\_\_\_\_ 20. how the poem rhymes, how the rhyme is structured

#### Word Bank

Poem  
Poetry  
Meter  
Rhyme  
Rhyme scheme  
Rhythm  
Alliteration  
Repetition  
Chorus  
Onomatopoeia  
Metaphor  
Simile  
Lyric  
Line  
Couplet  
Stanza  
Quatrain  
Poet  
Verse  
Prose  
Hyperbole  
Tercet  
Foot

## **Day 11:**

Rabbi Ben Ezra

Grow old along with me!  
The best is yet to be,  
The last of life, for which the first was made:  
Our times are in His hand  
Who saith "A whole I planned,  
Youth shows but half; trust God: see all,  
nor be afraid!"

—Robert Browning

### **Types of Poetry:**

Acrostic-a form of poetry in which specific letters spell out a word; it can be at the beginning of each line, at the end of each line, spell out the alphabet, spell out months, etc.

Diamante-a seven-line poem where the theme or topic of the poem ends opposite to the opening topic. Line 1 - Noun naming the subject; Line 2 – Two adjectives describing the noun; Line 3 – Three participles (-ing or –ed); Line 4 – Four nouns (2 going with line 1 and the 2 going with line 7); Line 5 – Three participles (going with line 7); Line 6 – Two adjectives (describing the noun in line 7); Line 7 – Noun naming the theme/object that is the opposite of line 1.

Cinquain-a poem which follows the following rules: Line 1 - Noun naming the subject; Line 2 - Two adjectives describing the subject; Line 3 - Three verbs describing the subject's actions; Line 4 - Four words giving the writer's opinion of the subject; Line 5 - One noun giving another name for the subject.

Haiku-Haiku is one of the most important form of traditional Japanese poetry; it has 17-syllables consisting of three metrical units of 5, 7, and 5 syllables.

Biopoem-is a eleven-line poem that tells about the author or another person.

Narrative-a form of poetry that tells a story with a beginning, middle, and end; it is written in the first-person point of view, usually reveals the writer's feelings, and focuses on a specific event.

Lyric-poem that is song-like where a poet expresses feelings.

Blank verse-a type of poetry written in regular meter (usually iambic pentameter), but no rhyme. In English, the meter most commonly used with blank verse has been iambic pentameter.

Free verse-a poem with no specific rhyme or meter.

Ballad-a narrative in song.

Epic-a very long narrative poem

Epitaph-poem honoring the dead, usually written on a tombstone

### **Examples of Types of Poetry:**

#### **Acrostic**

Peace

Poetry's ploughshares have tried to dug the dirt away ,  
opening a road where blood has stained the clay .

Earthened shells buried deep in different hollow holes  
guests or war remain at peace .  
Heal those troubled souls .

As we have forgiven those may they forgive us .  
Our hatred is uprooted .  
Peace lies in the dust .

Captive not in chains or imprisoned by our guilt .  
Peace is a river that has washed the blood that was spilt .

Etched into forever our souls will someday be ,  
in the place God reserves for you my friend and me

—Paul McCann

#### **Haiku**

First autumn morning:  
the mirror I stare into  
shows my father's face.

— Kijo Murakami (1865-1938)

Rain

Tip-tap goes the rain.  
As it hits the window pane  
I can hear the rain.

—Paul McCann

#### **Cinquain**



First Visit to the Ocean

She's lost  
inside her laugh  
before the rising tide  
that reaches out to tickle her  
bare toes.

—Jeanne Cassler

Shade Tree

The oak  
in my backyard  
holds twisted rope and wood  
and knows the name of every child  
that swings.

—Jeanne Cassler

**Diamante**

Stretching the Relationship

Marriage.

Arranged Together

Loving, sharing : attached.

Harmony, wedlock, Betrayal, conflict.

Hating, annulled abandoned.

Separate, bereft.

Divorce

—Paul McCann

**Narrative**

Happiness Epidemic

Without any warning, the disease  
sweeps across the country

like a traveling circus.

People who were once blue,  
who slouched from carrying  
a bag of misery over one shoulder

are now clinically cheerful.  
Symptoms include kind gestures,  
a bouncy stride, a smile

bigger than a slice of canteloupe.  
You pray that you will be infected,  
hope a happy germ invades your body

and multiplies, spreading merriment  
to all your major organs  
like door-to-door Christmas carolers

until the virus finally reaches your heart:  
that red house at the end of the block  
where your deepest wishes reside,

where a dog howls behind a gate  
every time that sorrow  
pulls his hearse up the driveway.

—David Hernandez

## **Day 12:**

To Thomas Atkins

I have made for you a song,  
And it may be right or wrong,  
But only you can tell me if it's true.  
I have tried for to explain  
Both your pleasure and your pain,  
And, Thomas, here's my best respects to you!

O there'll surely come a day  
When they'll give you all your pay,  
And treat you as a Christian ought to do;  
So, until that day comes round,  
Heaven keep you safe and sound,  
And, Thomas, here's my best respects to you!

—Rudyard Kipling

## Day 13:

In Just-

in Just-  
spring when the world is mud-  
luscious the little  
lame balloonman

whistles far and wee

and eddieandbill come  
running from marbles and  
piracies and it's  
spring

when the world is puddle-wonderful

the queer  
old balloonman whistles  
far and wee  
and bettyandisbel come dancing

from hop-scotch and jump-rope and

it's  
spring  
and

the

goat-footed

balloonMan whistles  
far  
and  
wee

—e.e. cummings

## Day 14:

This is the Key

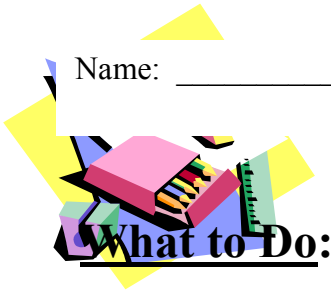
This is the key of the kingdom:  
In that kingdom there is a city.  
In that city there is a town.  
In that town there is a street.

In that street there is a lane.  
In that lane there is a yard.  
In that yard there is a house.  
In that house there is a room.  
In that room there is a bed.  
On that bed there is a basket.  
In that basket there are some flowers.  
Flowers in a basket.  
Basket on the bed.  
Bed in the room.  
Room in the house.  
House in the yard.  
Yard in the lane.  
Lane in the street.  
Street in the town.  
Town in the city.  
City in the kingdom.  
Of the kingdom this is the key.

—Anonymous

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Date: \_\_\_\_\_



## Poetry Project



### What to Do:

In the next 2 weeks, you will be using what you have learned to create your own book of poetry.

You write the following 6 types of poems and illustrate each poem:

- Acrostic
- Haiku
- Cinquain
- Diamante
- Biopoem
- Narrative

**Your poems will focus on you and the changes you have encountered this year.**

Your poems will be typed (Times New Roman, 16 Font) and put together to create your own book. You will also be publishing your poems on poetry.com

### **You will be Graded on:**

- 6 poems-Does each poem follow the rules for that poem? Do you have 6 poems? Are they all typed?—50 points
- On Topic-Does each poem talk about you and the changes you have encountered this year?—15 points
- Illustrations-Do you have an illustration for each poem?—15 points
- Creativity-Did you do your best? Did you try to be as creative as possible?—10 points
- Overall Presentation-Is your book nice and neat? Will the reader enjoy it?—10 points



**Day 2:**

Write a haiku. Remember that a haiku is one of the most important forms of traditional Japanese poetry; it has 17-syllables consisting of three metrical units of 5, 7, and 5 syllables.

Examples:

Hail

They fell in showers.  
Like diamonds upon the ground  
Big hailstones were found.

—Paul McCann

Fog

On the mountain top  
The fog fell down thick and fast  
It was like pea soup.

—Paul McCann

Haiku Rough Draft

\_\_\_\_\_ (5 syllables)

\_\_\_\_\_ (7 syllables)

\_\_\_\_\_ (5 syllables)

**Day 3:**

Write a cinquain poem. Remember that a cinquain poem is a five-line poem which follows a specific set of rules.

Example:

Bubbles

Delicate balls  
Softly Floating above  
Unbelievable happiness  
Transparent

—Marc Brown

Line 1 - Noun naming the subject

Line 2 - Two adjectives describing the subject

Line 3 - Three verbs describing the subject's actions

Line 4 - Four words giving the writer's opinion of the subject

Line 5 - One noun giving another name for the subject.

Cinquain Poem Rough Draft

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_, \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_, \_\_\_\_\_, \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_, \_\_\_\_\_, \_\_\_\_\_, \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_



**Day 4:**

Write a diamante poem. Remember a diamante poem is a seven-line poem where the theme or topic of the poem ends opposite to the opening topic.

Line 1 - Noun naming the subject

Line 2 – Two adjectives describing the noun

Line 3 – Three participles (-ing or –ed)

Line 4 – Four nouns (2 going with line 1 and the 2 going with line 7)

Line 5 – Three participles (going with line 7)

Line 6 – Two adjectives (describing the noun in line 7)

Line 7 – Noun naming the theme/object that is the opposite of line 1

Example:

Violin  
Brown, shapely  
Singing, shrieking, sobbing  
A moody music maker  
Fiddle

-C. Alfonzetti:

Diamante Poem Rough Draft

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_, \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_, \_\_\_\_\_, \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_, \_\_\_\_\_, \_\_\_\_\_, \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_, \_\_\_\_\_, \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

### **Day 5:**

Write a biopoem. Remember that a biopoem is an eleven-line poem that tells about the author or another person.

#### Biopoem Rough Draft

Line 1: First name of the character \_\_\_\_\_

Line 2: 4 traits that describe the character \_\_\_\_\_

Line 3: Relative of \_\_\_\_\_

Line 4: Lover of (3 things or people) \_\_\_\_\_

Line 5: Who feels (3 items) \_\_\_\_\_

Line 6: Who needs (3 items) \_\_\_\_\_

Line 7: Who fears (3 items) \_\_\_\_\_

Line 8: Who gives (3 items) \_\_\_\_\_

Line 9: Who would like to see (3 items) \_\_\_\_\_

Line 10: Resident of \_\_\_\_\_

Line 11: Last name/First name of the character \_\_\_\_\_

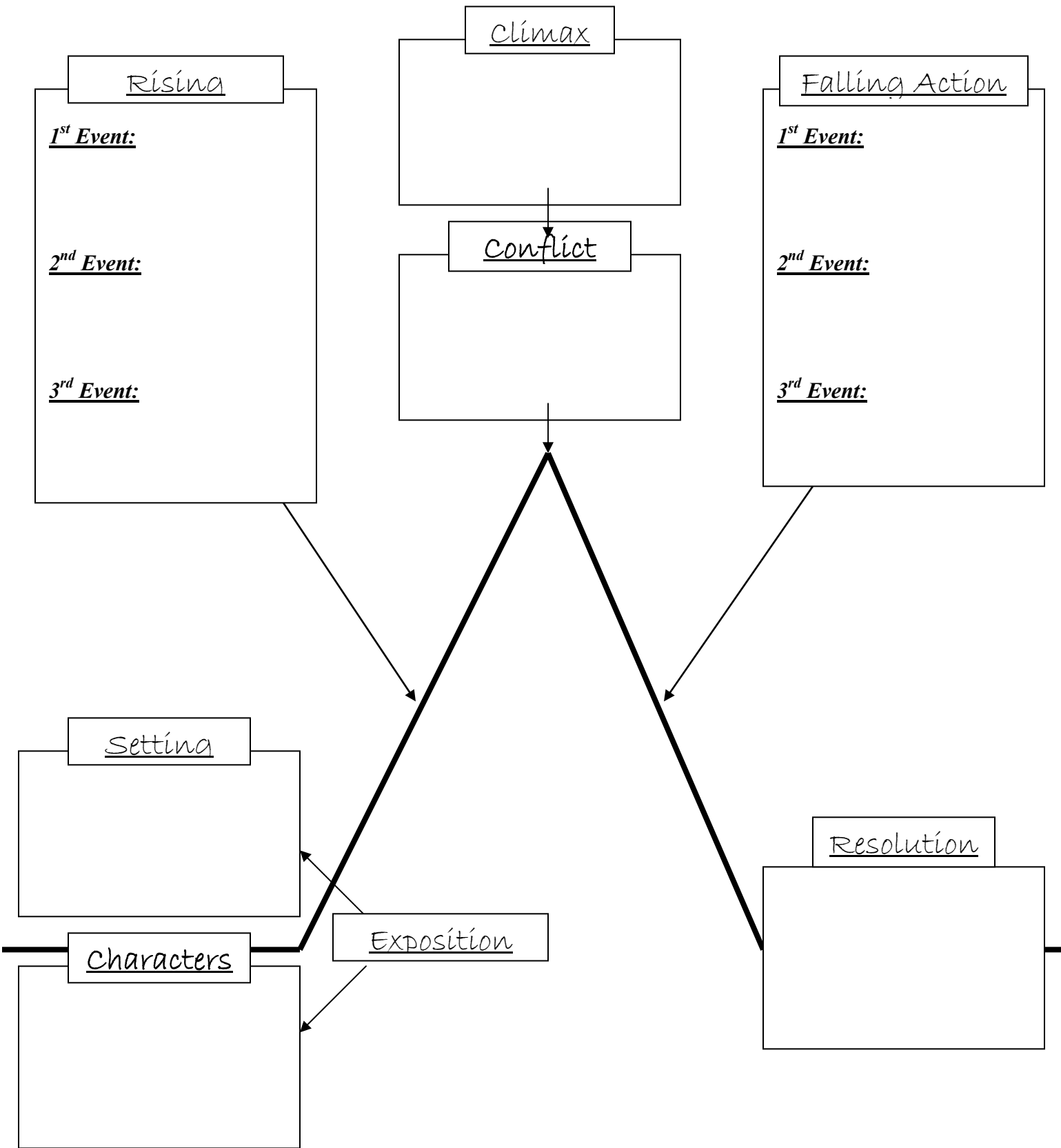
### **Day 6, 7, & 8:**

Write a narrative poem. Remember that a narrative poem is a form of poetry that tells a story with a beginning, middle, and end; it is written in the first-person point of view, usually reveals the writer's feelings, and focuses on a specific event.

Begin by plotting your story on the plot diagram. Remember that your story needs a beginning, middle, and end.

Once you have finish, begin writing your narrative poem.

# Plot Diagram





## Performance Assessment Rubric

<b>Criteria</b>	<b>No or little achievement</b>	<b>Little or incomplete achievement</b>	<b>Achievement meets requirements</b>	<b>Goes above and beyond requirements</b>
<b>6 Poems/Content</b> <b>50 points</b>	Has written 1-2 poems and/or shows limited mastery of the rules and structure for each type of poetry.	Has written 3-4 poems and/or shows some mastery of the rules and structure for each type of poetry.	Has written 5-6 poems and follows the rules and structure for each type of poetry.	Has written 6 poems and clearly and accurately follows the rules and structure for each type of poetry.
<b>On Topic</b> <b>15 points</b>	1-2 poems show elements of change and/may or may not be personally relevant to the student.	3-4 poems show elements of change and/may or may not be personally relevant to the student.	5-6 poems show elements of change and are personally relevant to the student.	All 6 poems show elements of change and are personally relevant to the student.
<b>Illustrations</b> <b>15 points</b>	Has illustrated 1-2 of the poems and/or illustrations do not reflect the poems' meanings.	Has illustrated 3-4 of the poems and/or illustrations reflect some of the poems' meanings.	Has illustrated 5-6 of the poems and illustrations reflect the poems' meanings.	Has illustrated 6 of the poems and illustrations clearly and deeply reflect the poems' meanings.
<b>Creativity</b> <b>10 points</b>	Shows little attempt at original thought.	Shows some attempt at original thought and personal awareness.	Clearly shows an effort to incorporate original thought into the activity and create a personally meaningful product.	Shows originality and creativity and is meaningful; reveals new insight.
<b>Overall Presentation</b> <b>10 points</b>	Poetry book is disjointed or partially complete; shows little effort. Did not communicate the ideas clearly.	Poetry book is complete; shows some effort. Communicated some of the ideas clearly.	Poetry book is complete and carefully constructed; conveys genuine interest in topic. Communicated the ideas clearly.	Poetry book goes above and beyond performance requirements; leaves lasting impression on self and others. Effectively communicated the ideas in a clear and precise manner.

## **Day 15 & 16:**

If You'll Only go to Sleep

The crimson rose  
plucked yesterday,  
the fire and cinnamon  
of the carnation,

the bread I baked  
with anise seed and honey,  
and the goldfish  
flaming in it's bowl.

All these are yours,  
baby born of woman,  
if you'll only  
go to sleep.  
A rose, I say!  
And a carnation!  
Fruit, I say!  
And honey!

And a sequined goldfish,  
and still more I'll give you  
if you'll only sleep  
till morning.

—Gabriela Mistral

## **Day 17:**

La Saisiaz

I  
Good to forgive;  
    Best, to forget!  
    Living, we fret;  
Dying, we live.  
Fretless and free,  
    Soul, clap thy pinion!  
    Earth have dominion,  
Body, o'er thee!

II  
Wander at will,  
    Day after day,—  
Wander away,

Wandering still—  
 Soul that canst soar!  
     Body may slumber:  
     Body shall cumber  
 Soul-flight no more.

III  
 Waft of soul's wing!  
     What lies above?  
     Sunshine and Love,  
 Skyblue and Spring!  
 Body hides—where?  
     Ferns of all feather,  
     Mosses and heather,  
 Yours be the care!

—Robert Browning

## Day 18:

From “Imagine Angels”

		IN	THIS	
		IONS		MIR
	FLECT			ROR
	RE			I
THE				AM
LIKE				EN
NOT				CLOSED
AND				A
GELS				LIVE
AN				AND
GINE				REAL
MA				AS
	I			YOU

—Guillaume Apollinaire

## Day 19 & 20:

We Wear the Mask

We wear the mask that grins and lies,  
 It hides our cheeks and shadows our eyes,—  
 This debt we pay to human guile;  
 With torn and bleeding hearts we smile,  
 And mouth with myriad subtleties.

Why should the world be overwise  
In counting all our tears and sighs?  
Nay, let them only see us while

We wear the mask.

We smile, but, O great Christ, our cries  
To Thee from tortured souls arise.  
We sing, but oh, the clay is vile  
Beneath our feet, and long he mile;  
But let the world dream otherwise,

We wear the mask.

—Paul Laurence Dunbar

## **Day 21:**

Think Different

Here's to the crazy ones.  
The misfits.  
The rebels.  
The troublemakers.

The round pegs in square holes.  
The ones who see things differently.  
They're not fond of rules.  
And they have no respect for the status quo.

You can praise them, disagree with them, quote them,  
disbelieve them, glorify or vilify them.  
About the only thing you can't do is ignore them.  
Because they change things.

They invent. They imagine. They heal.  
They explore. They create. They inspire.  
They push the human race forward.  
Maybe they have to be crazy.

How else can you stare at an empty canvas and see a work of art?  
Or sit in silence and hear a song that's never been written?  
Or gaze at a red planet and see a laboratory on wheels?  
We make tools for these kinds of people.

While some see them as the crazy ones,  
we see genius.



Because the people who are crazy enough to think  
They can change the world, are the ones who do.

—Courtesy of Apple Computer

## **Day 22:**

To P.J. (2 yrs. old who sed write a poem for me in Portland, Oregon)

if i cud ever write a  
poem as beautiful as u  
little 2/yr/old/brotha,  
i wud laugh, jump, leap  
up and touch the stars  
cuz u be the poem i try for  
each time i pick up a pen and paper.  
u and Morani and Mungu  
be our blue/blk/stars that  
will shine on our lives and  
makes us finally BE.  
if i cud ever write a poem as beautiful  
as u, little 2/yr/old/ brotha,  
poetry wud go out of bizness.

—Sonia Sanchez

## **Day 23-27:**

Self-Assessment and Peer-Assessment

## **Day 28:**

Test on Types of Poetry

## **Day 29 & 30:**

# POEM CRITIQUE

A pixelated, black and white illustration of a library building. The building has a prominent sign on top that reads "POEM CRITIQUE" in large, bold, black letters. The building's facade is composed of various rectangular blocks, some of which are yellow. The overall style is reminiscent of early computer graphics or a low-resolution digital drawing.

**In the Library, find a poem that you like and analyze it.**

**Your critique should include:**

- **a copy of the poem with an analysis of the poetic elements (rhyme scheme, metaphor, simile, hyperbole, stanzas, structure) on the copy**
- **a paragraph that explains the meaning of the poem and has evidence/quotes (at least 3) from the poem that support your meaning**
- **a rating of the poem (on a scale of 1 to 5)**
- **a recommendation on whether or not to read the poem**

## Poem Critique Rubric

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Copy of poem with analysis of poetic elements  
(notes on poem)—35 points \_\_\_\_\_

Paragraph with the meaning and 3 quotes to support  
the meaning—35 points \_\_\_\_\_

Rating of Poem (on a scale from 1 to 5)—10 points \_\_\_\_\_

Recommendation of the poem—10 points \_\_\_\_\_

Neatness—10 points \_\_\_\_\_

Total: \_\_\_\_\_

## Poem Critique Rubric

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Copy of poem with analysis of poetic elements  
(notes on poem)—35 points \_\_\_\_\_

Paragraph with the meaning and 3 quotes to support  
the meaning—35 points \_\_\_\_\_

Rating of Poem (on a scale from 1 to 5)—10 points \_\_\_\_\_

Recommendation of the poem—10 points \_\_\_\_\_

Neatness—10 points \_\_\_\_\_

Total: \_\_\_\_\_

## **Day 31:**

Keep a Poem in your Pocket

Keep a poem in your pocket  
and a picture in your head  
and you'll never feel lonely  
at night when you're in bed.

The little poem will sing to you  
the little picture bring to you  
a dozen dreams to dance to you  
at night when you're in bed.

So—

Keep a picture in your pocket  
and a poem in your head  
and you'll never feel lonely  
at night when you're in bed.

—Beatrice Schenk de Regniers

## **Resources Used**

Gillooly, Eileen, ed. *Poetry for Young People: Robert Browning*. New York: Scholastic Inc., 2000.

Gillooly, Eileen, ed. *Poetry for Young People: Rudyard Kipling*. New York: Scholastic Inc., 2000.

Kastan, David Scott and Marina Kastan, eds. *Poetry for Young People: William Shakespeare*. New York: Scholastic Inc., 2000.

Kennedy, Caroline, ed. *A Family of Poems: My Favorite Poetry for Children*. New York: Hyperion Books for Children, 2005.

Mendelson, Edward, ed. *Poetry for Young People: Lewis Carroll*. New York: Scholastic Inc., 2000.