

**THE
POET
WARRIORS
PROJECT**

www.poetwarriorsproject.org

Facebook: The Poet Warriors Project
Twitter: @poetwarriors
e-mail: poetwarriorsproject@gmail.com

I, _____, AM A
POET WARRIOR

DAY 1: IDENTITY

skill: THEME

Skills to focus on :

R82. Determine the theme of a text and analyze its relationship to the characters (characters in autobiographical poems can be the poets themselves)


W83: Write narratives to develop experiences using effective technique

Key Points:

- 1) Poets write poems based on their **identity**, and use **themes** to show what lessons they have to teach to the world
- 2) We will write poems based on our **identity**, and use **themes** to show what lessons we have to teach to the world

Bell Ringer: (3 minutes)

1. When the whole punch a string comes around, hole-punch your book, and tie string to bind it.
2. Complete reflection chart below

What I wish I could change about my city/street:	What I wish I could change about my family:
 <p>Name:</p> <p>City/Street/Neighborhood:</p>	
What I wish I could change about people in my neighborhood:	What I wish I could change about myself or how I'm treated:

4

Name 3 warriors who use unconventional weapons:

- 1)
- 2)
- 3)

Words of Warrior, Dr. Martin Luther King Jr.:

**“Our lives begin to end the day
we become silent about things that matter.”**

WHAT IS POETRY?!



Poet, Emily Dickenson says:

"If I read a book [and] it makes my whole body so cold no fire ever can warm me I know *that* is poetry. If I feel physically as if the top of my head were taken off, I know *that* is poetry. These are the only ways I know it. Is there any other way?"

SO LETS THROW OUT ALL THE RULES!

.....Except rules of etiquette

Ms. Southerton's Rules of Etiquette:

- 1) Respect yourself
- 2) Respect others
- 3) Especially your elders (ahem)
- 4) Respect those you don't know—like the poets we'll be reading

BI-RACIAL HAIR by Zora Howard

I have bi-racial hair
Pantene Pro-V waves on the top
Easy to style, comb, rock-Until-I encounter my naps,
I'm not talking about those-cute detangle with the spray naps.
I'm talking about those, slave naps, like,
No comb, brush, or man can handle the kind of naps I got- like,
No way you are touching my hair-naps like
Back 10 feet up, or we can dance naps
Those naps like--DANG!

I have bi-racial hair,
Those smooth and silk rafts hanging all through my mane,
Until you get to the back, and encounter the jungle, in which you can find Tarzan & Jane.
In the front you forget and relax in the pleasure,
Until you get to the back and remember pain
Baby hair slicked back with that good 4 dollar pomade,
That goes with roots and tangles,
Soaked with that same olive oil in the spaghetti sauce mom-made.

I have bi-racial hair,
Combs run freely through my fine breezy,
split it with the most perfect part you can make, Until it gets to the back and...Breaks.

I have bi-racial hair
Like--The only thing my mother could put it in was 2 big braids,
And sometimes that was too much, so she left half undone.
Hours in the mirror, hours was in the mirror,
Convincing myself I looked just like a dark-skinned Alicia Keys

I have bi-racial hair,
because I have bi-racial blood.
I'm not talking about that-cute they met then fell in love, blood
I'm talking about that- slaved raped six times by the master,
Birthing 6 mixed babies, later hung blood
I'm talking about that cross burning in the mud, blood
And you call me a mud blood,
Slit my wrist, my blood does not excrete in black and white.
I dream in verse and in red Like what drained from Emmitt Tills' lips
when he was killed for breaking down color lines

Bi-racial who succumbs to the abuse from her peers in her middle school,
Those whose who constantly called me an Oreo
Well her skin isn't that dark so more like a Milano--that's what it is a reverse Milano...
I AM NOT A COOKIE! OR A BERRY!

My roots are deep too my bi-racial roots are not blind or more than cotton soft
cause my blood were in the sun, picking cotton too
a thousand times discarded for my race
a thousand time discarded from my history y'all never get
let textbooks be your truth and sprinkle the ashes of your history into streams

I dream for a time and place where maybe y'all will accept me
maybe we need to wake up again and remember a morning of you like something new
maybe I'll be green cause my people drove there you people drove me there
with my tender heart, tender head
and my bi-racial hair.

Poet Warrior: Zora Howard

Zora Howard is a Harlem raised writer, spoken word artist, actress, and activist. She found spoken word at the age of thirteen. She began slamming the same year and won the Urban Word NYC Grand Slam finals, the youngest poet ever to do so. She placed second in the nation with the New York slam team at the BNV National Youth Slam in 2006 and went on to co-coach the team. In 2008, she was featured in a documentary which won an Emmy award in 2009. Her work has also been showcased on HBO, PBS, and NBC. In 2009, she was a part of the poetry reading series "Our Greatest Living Writers." Also in 2009, she was named the inaugural NYC Youth Poet Laureate. In recognition of her spoken word accomplishments, she was honored as one of Glamour Magazine's 2011 Amazing Women of the Year. Her performance poetry has allowed her the opportunity to perform in countless venues across the nation and world. She is currently studying comparative

LET'S TALK ABOUT **THEME:**

Theme is the lesson or moral we learn from a piece of writing, but it must be able to be applied to ANY person, not just the character in the story.

For ex: A story about a middle school bully who moves onto high school where HE gets bullied might teach the lesson, "Treat others like you want to be treated." (Note: The theme of that story is not "bullying")

YOU TRY IT! PART 1: CIRCLE THE THEMES!

"Money" "Love is better than wealth" "Bullying"
"Treat others like you want to be treated" "Jobs and Business"
"Working hard pays off" "Be Honest" "Be kind to strangers"
"School and the Workplace" "Hair"

PART 2: CIRCLE THE THEMES OF ZORA'S POEM, "BIRACIAL HAIR"

"Family makes us who we are" "Family" "Bi-racial Hair"
"Hair" "Be proud of who you are and where you come from"
"Hard work pays off" "Zora Howard" "Poetry"
"Never judge someone based on their looks" "Bi-Racial"
"Pickles" "Don't judge a book by its cover"

CHECK IT! AS A CLASS, STAR THE LINES IN ZORA'S POEM THAT LEAD YOU TO CHOOSE YOUR ANSWERS.

Based on Zora’s theme that “Family makes us who we are; be proud of where you come from,” discuss:

- What is your family’s heritage? (Meaning what states/countries is your family from?) What is your race/skin color? What jobs do/did your parents, grandparents, great grandparents, do? What are your family’s traditions? What are your family’s beliefs?
- What is a time when you or others have been judged based on appearance?

You try it! Create your own Themes!

Directions: Think about life lessons you’ve been taught while you were growing up— maybe a family member taught it to you, or a teacher, a friend, or maybe you learned it from experience.. Write down 5-8 lessons that you’ve been taught in life that you could use as the THEME of a poem you write:

1. Theme taught by family:

2. Theme taught by a teacher:

3. Theme taught by a friend:

4. Theme taught by your life experience:

Directions: Now go back to page 2 and look at what you want to change about your neighborhood, and turn that into lessons you can teach.

5. Theme about your city:

6. Theme about family:

7. Theme about people in your neighborhood:

8. Theme about self:

1. How did Zora write this poem? She used theme.
2. Why did Zora write this poem?

WHO IS THE ONLY PERSON WHO KNOWS WHAT YOU KNOW, AND CAN TEACH WHAT YOU KNOW?



Name _____

YOU ARE POET WARRIOR!

Directions: Look at the questions in the box on page 6. Take one of the lessons that you've learned in life, use it as a theme, and free-write a poem about it so that YOU can teach it to someone else. You may begin writing now, but if you're stuck, you may try this:

You may try: Split your poem into three parts.

1. Start with “____ always taught me that...” and write what you've been taught
2. Write the second section about the person who taught you that lesson. Include a description of how that person looks and sounds!
3. Write a final section describing yourself and how you are different because of this person

How should you write it? Free-write and focus on a **THEME** or lesson you want to teach.

Why should you write it? Because you are the **ONLY** one who can teach others the lessons that you've learned.

NOTE: If you think “But I can't write a poem!,” remember what Emily Dickenson said—a poem is anything that really hits somebody, and your voice will! We'll work on becoming great poets throughout the week!

DAY 2: OUR PLACES

skill: Sensory and Specific Details/ Structure

Skills to focus on :

RL.8.4: Analyze the impact of specific word choices on meaning and tone meaning

RL.8.5 Analyze how the structure of each text contributes to its meaning and style.

W.8.3 Write narratives to develop experiences

Key Points:

1. Some poets write about their **places** using the specific word choices and structure create meaning and tone
2. We can write about our **places** using specific word choices and structure to create meaning and tone

Bell Ringer: (6 minutes)

1. Get out your poem for me to check
2. Read the following poem by Chinese poet, Zhu Ciliu and follow the directions below:

Untitled Poem by Zhu Ciliu (pronounced ~ Joo See-Lee-O)

No birds flying over the hills

No one on the mountain trails

Only a fisherman in palm cape and straw hat

Fishing alone on a river in falling snow.

Directions: Write one or two 4 line poems about your town/community/city, the first two lines say what is NOT in your town, the third line says what is ONLY in your town and the fourth line is whatever you want

No _____

No _____

Only _____

There is/are no _____

There is/are no _____

There is/are only _____

LET'S TALK ABOUT: **WHAT MAKES A POEM A POEM?**

1. Sensory Details and imagery: Details that show somebody how something looks, smells, tastes, sounds, or feels. (Descriptions that deal with your 5 senses) These are used to create a specific mind picture.
2. Specific Details: The names, brands, amount, or kinds of something, oftentimes proper nouns (capitalized)
Ex flower is general, but daisy is specific
 River is general, but _____ is specific
 Mountain is general, but _____ is specific
 Road is general, but _____ is specific

Directions: With a partner, come up with a list in the white boxes that describes your town/neighborhood/street in sensory details

Colors	Tastes	Sounds	Smells	Feelings

Directions: With a partner, come up with a list in the white boxes that describes your town/neighborhood/street in specific details.

Street Names	Animal Names	Plant Names	Landforms	Store names

LET'S TALK ABOUT: **WHAT MAKES A POEM A POEM?**

3. Structure: The pattern or arrangement of the words in a poem
 Note: one line and spaces of a poem can be creative and interesting on their own and can help us read a poem how the poet wanted

How many lines are there in Zhu Ciliu's poem? _____

Discuss: How would the poem be different if it were written like a regular sentence?:

No birds flying over the hills, no one on the mountain trails, only a fisherman in palm cape and straw hat fishing alone on a river in falling snow.

Circle: No right or wrong answer, but which do you like better?

Interesting line breaks or Sentence style

Discuss: How would this line be different if it were written like this:

fishingaloneonariverin f a l l i n g s n o w

Circle: No right or wrong answer, but which do you like better?

Regular spacing or Interesting spacing?

Poet Warrior: Richard Blanco

When Richard Blanco's mother was seven months pregnant, she and her family fled Cuba as exiles to Spain, where Richard was born. Only forty-five days later, the family emigrated once more but this time to the United States, and eventually settled in Miami, Florida where Richard was raised and educated. Exploring and learning about his own culture is a major part of Richard's work and poetry.

Blanco's poetry, often written in a prose-like, or non-rhyming style, **and is filled with sensory details and imagery** that shows his ethnic heritage and search for identity. One work, "Betting on America," recounts childhood memories of viewing the Miss America competition as a child with his family taking bets on who would win the pageant. Another poem, "Her Voices," looks at his painful relationship with his grandmother, who was at times abusive and criticized his effeminacy growing up.

After the 2012 re-election of President Barack Obama, Blanco was informed that he was chosen as the fifth inaugural poet of the United States. Blanco read a poem at Obama's Capitol swearing-in ceremony on January 21, 2013—becoming the first Latino and openly gay-identified writer to hold the post, as well as the youngest thus far, at the age of 44.

Group Scavenger Hunt!

Look at Blanco's poem, "One Today" & answer the following questions.

- 1) Find the **specific** plants/crops _____
- 2) Find one sensory detail: sound and underline it
- 3) Find the **specific** name of a mountain _____
- 4) Find the **specific** river _____
- 5) Find one sensory detail: color and circle it
- 6) How many lines are his poem are on this page? (Hint: don't count the title) _____
- 7) Theme hint: How many times does Richard say the word "one" in this poem? _____

"One Today" by Richard Blanco

One sun rose on us today,
kindled over our shores,
peeking over the Smokies,
greeting the faces of the Great Lakes,
spreading a simple truth across the Great Plains,
then charging across the Rockies.
One light, waking up rooftops, under each one,
a story told by our silent gestures moving behind windows.

My face, your face, millions of faces in morning's mirrors,
each one yawning to life, crescendoing into our day:

pencil-yellow school buses, the rhythm of traffic lights,
fruit stands: apples, limes, and oranges arrayed like rainbows
begging our praise. Silver trucks heavy with oil or paper—
bricks or milk, teeming over highways alongside us,
on our way to clean tables, read ledgers, or save lives—
to teach geometry, or ring-up groceries as my mother did
for twenty years, so I could write this poem.

All of us as vital as the one light we move through.

the same light on blackboards with lessons for the day:
equations to solve, history to question, or atoms imagined,
the “I have a dream” we keep dreaming,
or the impossible vocabulary of sorrow that won’t explain
the empty desks of twenty children marked absent
today, and forever. Many prayers, but one light
life into the faces of bronze statues, warmth
onto the steps of our museums and park benches
as mothers watch children slide into the day.

One ground. Our ground, rooting us to every stalk
of corn, every head of wheat sown by sweat
and hands, hands gleaning coal or planting windmills
in deserts and hilltops that keep us warm, hands
digging trenches, routing pipes and cables, hands
as worn as my father’s cutting sugarcane
so my brother and I could have books and shoes.

The dust of farms and deserts, cities and plains
mingled by one wind—our breath. Breathe. Hear it
through the day’s gorgeous din of honking cabs,
buses launching down avenues, the symphony
of footsteps, guitars, and screeching subways,
the unexpected song bird on your clothes line.

Hear: squeaky playground swings, trains whistling, or whispers across café tables,

Hear: the doors we open
for each other all day, saying: hello| shalom,
buon giorno |howdy |namaste |or buenos días
in the language my mother taught me—in every language
spoken into one wind carrying our lives
without prejudice, as these words break from my lips.

One sky: since the Appalachians and Sierras claimed
their majesty, and the Mississippi and Colorado worked
their way to the sea. Thank the work of our hands:
weaving steel into bridges, finishing one more report
for the boss on time, stitching another wound 3
or uniform, the first brush stroke on a portrait,
or the last floor on the Freedom Tower
jutting into a sky that yields to our resilience.

One sky, toward which we sometimes lift our eyes
tired from work: some days guessing at the weather
of our lives, some days giving thanks for a love
that loves you back, sometimes praising a mother
who knew how to give, or forgiving a father
who couldn’t give what you wanted.

We head home: through the gloss of rain or weight
of snow, or the plum blush of dusk, but always—home,
always under one sky, our sky. And always one moon
like a silent drum tapping on every rooftop
and every window, of one country—all of us—
facing the stars
hope—a new constellation
waiting for us to map it,
waiting for us to name it—together

DISCUSS:

- 1) **WHAT IS BLANCO'S THEME?**
- 2) **WHY IS RICHARD BLANCO A POET WARRIOR**

1. HOW did Richard Blanco write this poem? He focused on using descriptive language and sensory details to describe his home and teach his theme
2. WHY did Richard Blanco write this poem?

WHO CAN DESCRIBE YOUR PLACE? WHO KNOWS BOTH THE BEAUTIFUL THINGS AND THE THINGS THAT NEED TO CHANGE ABOUT YOUR TOWN?



NOW YOU TRY IT!

1. Rewrite: "I walked down my street." (Add a color, sound, number, and specific street name)

2. Rewrite: "I passed my neighbor's house." (add a smell, taste, a specific person's name)

3. Write a line about a beautiful place in your town (use shape, touch, a specific plant, and animal)

4. Write a line about a place you don't like in your town (use a specific animal, sound, and store's name)

DAY 3: COMMUNITY Skill: Figurative Language

Skills to focus on :

R.8.4 Determine the meaning of words and phrases as they are used in a text, including figurative meanings. Analyze the impact of specific word choices on meaning and tone.

W.8.3 Write narratives to develop experiences

Key Points:

1. Poets can convey complex ideas about their **community** in a beautiful way using **figurative language**
2. We can convey complex ideas about our **communities** in a beautiful way using **figurative language**

Structure review:

Stanza: Like a paragraph, it's one section of the poem—a group lines that ends with a space

Bell Ringer: (5 minutes)

Re-arrange the structure of the first 6 lines of your poem from last night and this time break it into stanzas. Also, try changing your lines to make them more creative and interesting. Make sure there are at least 2 specific details, and underline them. Make sure there are 2 sensory details and circle them. If you do not have these in the poem you wrote last night, add them.

Let's talk about HARLEM & HUGHES

Langston Hughes was born in 1902 in Joplin, Missouri. He was the only son of James Hughes and Carrie Mercer-Langston. His parents divorced when he was young and his father moved to Mexico. Because his mother traveled a lot to find work and was often absent, his grandmother raised Hughes until he was 12. His childhood was lonely and he often occupied himself with books. It was Hughes's grandmother, a great storyteller, who transferred to him her love of literature and the importance of becoming educated.

In 1914 he moved to Lincoln, Illinois, to live with his mother and her new



husband. It was here that he started writing poetry he wrote his first poem in the eighth grade. A year later the family relocated to Cleveland, Ohio. Despite all the moving around, Hughes worked hard, and was a good student and he excelled in his studies.

After high school, Hughes traveled in Mexico, Europe, and Africa sometimes by working on freighters. By 1924 he had settled in Harlem, New York, and was an important figure during the Harlem Renaissance. The Harlem Renaissance was an African-American cultural movement that focused on literature, music, theater, art, and politics in one of the poorest neighborhoods in the country. Hughes' work redefined America's views of Harlem, and African American culture. One of his favorite pastimes was to sit in clubs and listen to the blues as he wrote his poetry.

Hughes wrote more than 60 books, He was the first African American to support himself as a writer, and he wrote from his own experience. He died on May 22, 1967, in New York, NY.

Night Funeral in Harlem by Langston Hughes

Night funeral
In Harlem:

Where did they get
Them two fine cars?

Insurance man, he did not pay--
His insurance lapsed the other
day--
Yet they got a satin box
for his head to lay.

Night funeral
In Harlem:

Who was it sent
That wreath of flowers?

Them flowers came
from that poor boy's friends--
They'll want flowers, too,
When they meet their ends.

Night funeral
in Harlem:

Who preached that
Black boy to his grave?

Old preacher man
Preached that boy away--
Charged Five Dollars
His girlfriend had to pay.

Night funeral
In Harlem:

When it was all over
And the lid shut on his head
and the organ had done played
and the last prayers been said
and six pallbearers
Carried him out for dead
And off down Lenox Avenue
That long black hearse done
sped,
The street light
At his corner
Shined just like a tear--
That boy that they was mournin'
Was so dear, so dear
To them folks that brought the
flowers,
To that girl who paid the
preacher man--
It was all their tears that made
That poor boy's
Funeral grand.

Night funeral
In Harlem.

Discuss:

- What do we know about the boy who died?
 - Who came to the funeral, and who did not?
 - What is the theme? What lesson was Hughes trying to teach the country?
-
-

Hughes was a Poet Warrior—he wrote and fought for the country to know and understand the people of Harlem.

WHO IS THE EXPERT ON THE PEOPLE IN YOUR COMMUNITY? WHO WILL TELL THE WORLD ABOUT THEM AND BE YOUR COMMUNITY'S VOICE AND POET WARRIOR?



Reviewing **FIGURATIVE LANGUAGE**

Simile	Compares two things by using like or as
Metaphor	Compares two things WITHOUT using like or as
Personification	Gives an animal/object human-like abilities

Practice!

“My love is like a red, red, rose” (Robert Burns)

- Figurative Language it is:
Simile Metaphor Personification
 - What does this figurative language mean? How is love like a rose?
-
-

“The streetlight on the corner, shined just like a tear” (L. Hughes)

- Figurative Language it is:
Simile Metaphor Personification
 - What tone does this figurative language add to the poem?
-
-

Practice! Writing Poetry Using Figures of Speech

1. Write a line of poetry in which you compare two things: your neighbors, and a specific month, and DO use the words like or as. (Hint: Compare them to a warm month if your neighbors are warm and friendly. Compare them to a cold month if they are not friendly and give you the cold shoulder).
-
-

2. Write a line of poetry in which you compare two things: a person's face, and a place. DO NOT use the words like or as when you are comparing them.
-
-

3. Write a line of poetry where a street light turns on on your street. What is it "telling you?"
-
-

4. Write a line of poetry where a branch is swaying in the wind. What is it "doing" that humans do?
-
-

1. "My neighbors are like the month of May" is an ex. of:
 - a. Simile
 - b. metaphor
 - c. personification
2. "Mike the mailman is a turtle," is an example of:
 - a. Simile
 - b. metaphor
 - c. personification
3. A street light talking would be an example of:
 - a. Simile
 - b. metaphor
 - c. personification
4. A tree waving would be an example of:
 - a. Simile
 - b. metaphor
 - c. personification

Let's talk about: **GWENDOLYN BROOKS**



Gwendolyn Brooks published her first poem in a children's magazine at the age of thirteen. She grew up with a stable family, but encountered a lot of racism in school in Chicago where she was raised, but she chose to write about it. By the time she was sixteen, she had compiled a portfolio of around 75 published poems. At seventeen, she started submitting her work to "Lights and Shadows", the poetry column of the *Chicago Defender*, an African-American newspaper. Her characters were often drawn from the poor of the inner city and she's known today mostly for her poems that portrayed inner city life.

We Real Cool
By Gwendolyn Brooks

THE POOL PLAYERS.
SEVEN AT THE GOLDEN SHOVEL.

We real cool. We
Left school. We

Lurk late. We
Strike straight. We

Sing sin. We
Thin gin. We

Jazz June. We
Die soon.

- 1) What kind of figurative language is the line "We are Jazz June"

- 2) Why does she compare the pool players to Jazz June?

- 3) What is Brooks saying to her readers about her community?

DAY 4: FAMILY Skill: Sound Devices

Skills to focus on :

RL.8.4: Analyze the impact of specific word choices on meaning and tone

W.8.3 Write narratives to develop experiences

Key Points:

1. Some poets write about their **families** using **sound devices** in the specific word choices to impact the meaning or tone of a poem.
2. We can write about our **families** in a different way by using **sound devices** in specific word choices to impact the meaning or tone of a poem.

Bell Ringer: Directions: Read the following poem, then answer the following questions.

Mother to Son

By Langston Hughes

Well, son, I'll tell you:
Life for me ain't been no crystal stair.
It's had tacks in it,
And splinters,
And boards torn up,
And places with no carpet on the floor --
Bare.
But all the time
I've been a-climbin' on,
And reachin' landin's,
And turnin' corners,
And sometimes goin' in the dark
Where there ain't been no light.
So boy, don't you turn back.
Don't you set down on the steps
'Cause you finds it's kinder hard.
Don't you fall now --
For I've still goin', honey,
I've still climbin',
And life for me ain't been no crystal stair.

Look at the line: "Life ain't been no crystal stair" (Langston Hughes)

1. The type Figurative Language it is:
Simile Metaphor Personification
2. What does this figurative language mean in simpler terms?



Let's learn a bit more about how by learning to use:

sound devices:

Dialect: is writing that imitates the way someone speaks, rather than using correct grammar

ex. "I ain't ready yet!"

Poets use dialect to: _____

rhythm: is the beat of writing

ex. "Beat an empty barrel with the handle of a broom,
Hard as they were able,
Boom, boom, BOOM"

Poets use rhythm because _____

rhyme: Words that end with similar vowel sounds:

ex. "Whose woods these are I think I know
His house is in the village **though**"

Repetition: A phrase or single word that is repeated.

ex. The line "I'se" is repeated throughout Hughes's poem.

Poets use repetition to _____

Alliteration: is the repetition of consonants at the beginning of a word

ex. Sally sells sea shells at the sea store

Assonance: is the repetition of vowel sounds but not consonant sounds

ex. fleet feet sweep by sleeping geeks.

- 1) What's an example of dialect in Hughes' poem "Life for me ain't been no crystal stair?"

- 2) What are some examples of dialect you hear in school? How about at home?

- 3) What is the repetition in this poem? And why does Hughes use it there?

- 4) What is the alliteration in this poem? Why did Hughes use it there?

- 5) Where is the assonance in this poem?

LET'S GIVE IT A TRY! SOUND DEVICES

1. Write 2 lines of poetry describing a family member dancing in which you use **rhyme** and **rhythm**. If you need help with rhyme, you may use dance, pants, stance, trance, or shake, fake, make, take, wake

2. Write a line of poetry in which a family member uses dialect. Try to make it as accurate/real as possible.

3. CHALLENGE: Write a MEANINGFUL line of poetry about a family member using alliteration with the letter b (harsh) or m (smooth).

4. CHALLENGE: Write a MEANINGFUL line of poetry about wanting a family member to **stay** somewhere using assonance with the long A sound.

My Papa's Waltz

By Theodore Roethke

The whiskey on your breath
Could make a small boy dizzy;
But I hung on like death:
Such waltzing was not easy.

We romped until the pans
Slid from the kitchen shelf;
My mother's countenance
Could not unfrown itself.

The hand that held my wrist
Was battered on one knuckle;
At every step you missed
My right ear scraped a buckle.

You beat time on my head
With a palm caked hard by dirt,
Then waltzed me off to bed
Still clinging to your shirt.

1. The lines “You beat time on my head” and “Then waltzed me off to bed” are an example of Roethke using
 - a. Alliteration
 - b. Repetition
 - c. Rhyme
 - d. Rhythm
 - e. C and D
2. More importantly, WHY does Roethke use Rhythm and Rhyme in this poem?

Let's Discuss:

1. *WHY* did Roethke write this poem?
2. *WHY* do poets write about their families?
3. *HOW* did Roethke write this poem?

WHO WILL BE THE POET WARRIOR FIGHTS FOR OUR FAMILY AND HELPS OTHERS WITH THEIR FAMILIES?



DAY 5: POETRY Skill: Figurative Language/Tone

Skills to focus on :

R.8.4 Define figurative meanings, analyze word choice on **tone**

W.8.3 Write narratives to develop experiences

Key Points:

1. Poets can convey complex ideas about **poetry** in a beautiful way using **tone and figurative language**
2. We can convey complex ideas about **poetry** in a beautiful way using **tone and figurative language**

Bell Ringer: (8 minutes)

Directions: Read the following set of similes and metaphors, and smiley-face any in which the poet/song-writer compares two things with a positive, light, or good feeling. frowny-face any in which the poet compares two things with a negative, dark, or bad feeling.

1. QUIET . . . LIKE A BLUE SKY ON A SUMMER DAY (NEKKI GIOVANNI)
2. FOR WHEN DREAMS GO/LIFE IS A BARREN FIELD/FROZEN WITH SNOW. (LANGSTON HUGHES)
3. SHINE BRIGHT LIKE A DIAMOND. (RIHANNA)
4. MY SOUL HAS GROWN DEEP LIKE THE RIVERS. (LANGSTON HUGHES)
5. IDEAS FROM THE WORDS STAY STUCK/IN MY MIND LIKE THE SWEET/SMELL OF BUTTER (MAYA ANGELOU)

Tone is the feeling a word or piece of writing gives off. **Tone** can be light, positive, and happy, or dark, negative and sad or anything in between. The **tone** of a word can help us determine the meanings of metaphors.

Between Walls
by William Carlos Williams

Between walls

the back wings
of the

hospital where
nothing

will grow lie
cinders

in which shine
the broken

pieces of a green
bottle

REVIEW:

- Based on evidence from word choices William made in the text, the tone used to describe the alleyway is most likely:
 - Positive because of the word back wings
 - Positive because of the line “where nothing will grow”
 - Negative because of the line “where nothing will grow”
- Based on evidence from word choices William made in the text, the tone used to describe the bottle is most likely:
 - Positive because of the lines “in which shine...a green bottle”
 - Positive because of the lines “broken pieces”
 - Negative because of the lines “in which shine...a green bottle”
- Based on the contrasting positive and negative tones used to describe the bottle and the alleyway, ask yourself how can I be like that bottle? Then indicate which of the following could most likely be one of the themes of the poem:
 - We can still be beautiful and powerful even if we’re in the middle of dark and hard times.
 - Drinking and alcoholism will lead you to a hospital
 - Hospitals and sickness are the reason people face hardships
- What line from the poem contains a sensory detail that conveys the idea of beauty?
 - “Between walls/the back wings”
 - “of the hospital”
 - “in which shine the broken pieces of a green bottle”
- If the lines “pieces of a green bottle” were changed to “pieces of a lonely green bottle,” this would be an example of what figurative language?
 - simile
 - metaphor
 - personification
- Based on evidence from the text, the bottle shining in a dark alleyway is most likely an extended metaphor for
 - Drunkness in dark places
 - Bright and beautiful people in dark places
 - Between walls
- Extension: What does the alliteration in **broken** and **bottle** say about the broken bottle?
 - The bottle is hard and sharp like the “b” sound
 - The bottle is smooth and gentle like the “b” sound
- Extension: Why did W.C. Williams use short lines
 - To indicate speed and quickness of the scene
 - To indicate stillness and slowness of the scene

Bonus: Why did W.C. Williams write a **poem** to teach people they can shine and not a novel?

Bonus 2: Think of an ordinary moment, and write a short poem on it using short lines. Be sure to try to write as many details about that moment as possible, including what you see, hear, smell, and feel.

Poet Warrior: Carl Sandburg bio

Carl Sandburg was born in 1878 in a three room house in Galesburg, Illinois, to Swedish immigrants August and Clara Sandburg. Carl was born the second of seven children, and though his father was a blacksmith, his family was never very wealthy. So Carl worked from the time he was a young boy to help make more money for the family, and after eighth grade, being one of the oldest in his family, Carl quit school to work full time in 1891. Carl spent a decade working a variety of jobs. He delivered milk, heaved coal, was a hotel porter, a house servant, farm hand, brick layer, ice harvester, and even shined shoes in a hotel, and served in the military, but all the time, he was writing.

After getting out the military, Sandburg was able to go to college where he practiced writing daily, most often about American workers and class discrimination and racism. Sandburg fought for the country to understand the conditions of the poor working class.

After college, Sandburg became a reporter, but kept writing and publishing poetry until he became known as one of the best American writers, and won two Pulitzer Prizes, which are among the highest honors a writer can be awarded.

Sandburg died at his North Carolina home July 22, 1967.

excerpt from, "Poetry is..."

By Carl Sandburg

Poetry is the opening and closing of a door, leaving those who look through to guess about what is seen during a moment.

Poetry is the achievement of the synthesis of hyacinths and biscuits.

Poetry is a sky dark with a wild-duck migration.

Poetry is a packsack of invisible keepsakes.

Poetry is a theorem of a yellow-silk handkerchief knotted with riddles, sealed in a balloon tied to the tail of a kite flying in a white wind against a blue sky in spring.

