

Dancing in the Moon: Teaching Poetry to Children

An Honors Thesis (HONRS 499)

by

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December 1994

Date of graduation: December 18, 1994

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Introduction

This project is based on a book by Kenneth Koch, (1973) *Rose, Where Did You Get That Red?*. I first read the book while enrolled in an Honors Colloquium course. The basic idea behind Koch's book was to expose grade school students to poetry-- not the watered down poems they learn in readers, such as:

November

Now the autumn days are gone

Frost is sparkling on the lawn

Windows winking cheerful lights

Warm the cold November nights.

Author Unknown

but *real* poetry. Poems by such greats as Shakespeare, Emily Dickinson and William Carlos Williams. Koch's method was to read a poem to his students and discuss it with them to find exactly what the poet meant, or at least each person's interpretation of what the poet meant. He allowed his students to give their own ideas and interpretations about each poem. He then gave them what he called a poetry idea, or a suggestion on how they could write poems which were similar to those they had read.

While in the Colloquium, we had an opportunity to test Koch's methods ourselves. I was able to teach two poetry lessons in the Muncie schools. I was surprised at how well the lessons went, and how the students really took to the poetry. I wondered how students would respond on a more regular basis. Since I was planning to student teach the following semester, it seemed a perfect opportunity to test this question.

I was assigned to do my student teaching in a split grade classroom. I would be teaching second and third grade students together. I wasn't sure how well these students would do, since they were so young, but I decided to give it a try. Throughout my assignment, I taught seven poetry lessons. At first, the students were extremely reluctant. They did not want to read poetry, and they certainly did not want to write their own poems. They felt that they weren't good at it, that it was too hard, that they didn't have anything to write about. . . the list goes on. The first lesson was a rough one. I began with the poem "Sleeping on the Ceiling" (1969) by Elizabeth Bishop. I thought this would be a good choice because the idea behind the poem is based on fantasy, and I thought the students would find this to be an easy topic to write about. But when the time came for them to write their own poems, I was met with a sea of blank stares. I spent a great deal of time coaxing and prompting the students, trying to get the ideas from their imaginations onto their papers. The students were reluctant to share their thoughts. I received several poems comprised of only two or three lines (including the title!). But after the initial difficulty, the students began to enjoy poetry. As time went on, it became easier for them to write their own poems. I spent less and less time helping students and more time watching them create on their own. They found that they were good poets, that they did have things to write about, and that they could write poetry. This realization opened new doors for many of my students. They had found something that they enjoyed, and many of them began writing poems at home and during free time at school. On any given day, my desk would be covered with poems written by the students on their own time. They began to look forward to "Poetry Days". One student wrote at the bottom of one of her poems " (Miss Thatcher) taught me that poems can be fun." Their writing improved, and as I compared my students poems

to those written by Kenneth Koch's students, I found that my students were writing just as wonderfully as his had.

The process I followed for each poetry lesson was a simple one. I read the poem to the students, then passed out a copy of the poem to each student and together we read it again. We discussed the poem, I explained any difficult language, and together we talked about what we thought the poem was about. We discussed how the title went with the poem, and sometimes the students would suggest a title they thought more appropriate. After we had finished our discussion, I would give the students a poetry idea to get them started, and then they would begin writing. When the students had finished their poem, they sometimes wrote others, or, more frequently, illustrated their poems. Once the students were finished writing, I invited them to the back of the classroom, where they were given the opportunity to share their poems with the class. They really enjoyed this part of the lesson, and took pride in sharing their poetry. I was surprised at how seriously they took their poetry. They were very supportive of each other and very respectful of each student's work.

The students did not revise or correct their poems. I wanted the focus of the poetry lessons to be on creating and enjoying poetry, not spending time making revisions. Therefore, I corrected spelling of all poems before putting them into the book. I did not change the wording or structure of any poems. A copy of the finished book was given to the class, so that the students could read their work and see what they had accomplished.

There were a few differences in the lessons I taught to the sixth grade class and those taught to second and third graders. With the sixth grade students, we talked more about the structure of each poem, about the rhyme scheme, and about the poet's style. I asked them to try to write in a style

similar to that used by the poet. Our discussions about the poems were more in depth, and the students were more likely to ask questions about the poems. When teaching second and third grade, however, I focused mainly on the ideas found in each poem. My primary goal for these students was to teach them that poetry was fun, and to give them a positive experience with poetry that would stay with them for years to come.

I would like to continue this project in my own classroom. I feel that it was very worthwhile for the students, and for myself as well. There are a few things I would change, however. I would like to see the project implemented over a longer period of time. This would allow more in depth coverage of each poem, and would provide time for the students to become more actively involved. For example, I think it would be interesting to allow the students to choose poems for the class to study. This would expose them to different kinds of poetry, and perhaps foster a greater interest in poetry.

I feel that introducing students to poetry in this manner has been a tremendous success. The students read and responded to poems that they will very likely encounter again later in their lives. The positive experiences they had with these poems in elementary school will help ensure a more positive attitude toward poetry later in school. Above all, the students had fun with the poems and experienced success in writing their own poetry.

Harlem (A Dream Deferred)

Harlem (A Dream Deferred)

What happens to a dream deferred?

Does it dry up
like a raisin in the sun?
Or fester like a sore-
And then run?
Does it stink like rotten meat?
Or crust and sugar over-
like a syrupy sweet?

Maybe it just sags
like a heavy load.

Or does it explode?

~Langston Hughes

Poetry Idea: Write a poem telling what you think happens to a dream after you wake up or when it is forgotten.

A Talk With My Dream at Midnight
As strange as it seems,
I once had a dream,
And it never would leave me.
But at twelve o'clock,
We had a talk,
And then it finally left me.

Brandon, 3rd Grade

A Dream
A dream goes to the devil
when it is gone
if it is a bad dream.
If it is a good dream,
it goes to heaven.

Bryan, 3rd Grade

My Dream Screams
I will be afraid of my dream.
Can dreams be scary?
Will you be in one?
You will sleep in it.
I will never be in one.
No, I will not.

Jasmine, 2nd Grade

Where Do Dreams Go?
Where do dreams go when
I get done dreaming them?
Where do dreams go when
I get done telling about them?
Where do dreams go when
I get done thinking about them?
Where do dreams go?
Nobody knows
where dreams go.

Stacie, 3rd Grade

Dreamland

I wonder, is there a place called Dreamland?

Where when you have a dream
and it goes away.

And then it probably goes away
to Dreamland.

And when you want them to come back
you say Dreamland, Dreamland,
Come back into my head,
and it does.

So I think it's a place called Dreamland.

Brittney, 3rd Grade

How Do You Get a Dream?

I wonder how I got that dream?

But it was good.

Taleah, 2nd Grade

I Had a Dream

I had a dream,

A dream I like the most.

A dream that's like sugar,

Could I ever be closer.

If it's true,

Could it be as true as it is,

I don't know,

I wish I could know.

Carly, 3rd Grade

A Dream

At night when I have a dream of
being a star,

and then I get hurt and fall
on the ground.

That's when I pop up and
start breathing fast.

That's a real dream.

Craig, 3rd Grade

Dreams
Dreams are sweet.
Dreams can be scary.
But when the wind is blowing
in the morning
comes dreams.
We'll still be here.
Dreams are great.

Amanda, 2nd Grade

What Happens to a Dream?
When the wind is blowing
and the stars,
and then it is morning.

Holly, 2nd Grade

I Think

I Think

I will write you a letter,
June day. Dear June Fifth,
you're all in green, so
many kinds and all one
green, tree shadows on
grass blades and grass
blade shadows. The air
fills up with motor
mower sound. The cat
walks up the drive

a dead baby rabbit
in her maw. The sun
is hot, the breeze
is cool. And suddenly
in all the green
the lilacs bloom,
massive and exquisite
in color and shape
and scent. The roses
are more full of

buds than ever. No
flowers. But soon.
June day, you have
your own perfection:
so green to say
goodbye to. Green
stick around
a while.

~James Schuyler

Poetry Idea: Write a letter to your favorite day, month or season. Tell it why you like it so much, and why it is special to you.

A Summer Day

A wonderful summer day,
how wonderful you are. Your
grass is so green, the flowers
are so colorful. The wind is not
disturbing the peace. The park is
filled with children.

Must this day end? Please just
let it stay for a couple of days.
The birds are calling, the leaves
are swaying in the breeze.

It's such a wonderful day,
can't the world just stop and
enjoy the day.

Amy, 6th Grade

The Perfect Day

My favorite day of the
year is a sunny, spring
day in the morning.
Where the dew is glistening
on every single blade of
grass.

Then all of my friends come
over and we lay out
and look at the blazing
sun, and listening to music
we stare at cute boys that come
along.

That is my dream day.

Emily, 6th Grade

My Birthday

I am going to write about June 22
because it is my birthday.

It will be a beautiful day because
it is my birthday.

I will go outside and play because
it is my birthday.

I will like that day very much
because it is my birthday.

Liz, 6th Grade

Dear Summer,
Your air is warm,
the sky is azure,
everyone likes this season, I'm sure.
Your flowers are beautiful colors,
from white to a deep dark red.
Your weather is always nice so
I don't want to stay in bed.
Small children play with toys,
while teenage girls look at boys.
The wind rustles the leaves in the
trees,
Summer stay forever, please.

Jessica, 6th Grade

On a summer day I
will be on my way to
Mosseri. Go through the weeds, the
cool green grass. Then when
I get there, I will fish a while
then maybe walk a mile
through the pretty ozark woods
where different hats shoot ugly
stray cats. That will be very
soon, by then I will have gone
to the moon to look for pretty
things.

Phillip, 6th Grade

Summer Day

Oh, summer day

please don't go away.

Don't take away the grass so green.

Don't take away the leaves on the trees.

Don't take away the flowers in bloom.

Oh, summer day

please don't go away.

Don't take away the carefree sounds
of the children playing in the grass so green.

Don't take away the long, relaxing days
of swimming, resting and running around.

Oh, summer day

please don't go away.

Don't take away the opportunity
to go where you want without
thought.

Don't take away that feeling
that you get. . . when you
wake up in the warming
sunshine.

And please. . . don't make me
go back to school.

Tracy, 6th Grade

Indian Poetry

Indian Poetry

The Owl

The owl hooted and told of
the morning star,
He hooted and told of
the dawn.

Hopi Indians, North America

I Sing For the Animals

Out of the earth
I sing for them,
A horse nation
I sing for them.
Out of the earth
I sing for them,
The animals
I sing for them.

Teton Sioux Indians
North America

Ground-Squirrel Song

The squirrel in his shirt
stands up there,
The squirrel in his shirt
stands up there;
Slender, he stands up there;
striped, he stands up there.

Navaho Indians, North America

Poetry Idea: Choose a favorite animal and write a poem about it. Or, pretend you are an Indian, and write a poem about something important to you.

The Cat
The cat meowed!
at the dog.
The dog barked back.
The cat meowed again
and again.

Ashlee, 3rd Grade

The Owl Hoots
What do owls eat?
Owls can hoot loud.
In the night, do they eat at night?
How long do they hoot?

Jasmine, 2nd Grade

Dancing in the Moon
Dancing in the moon is like
dancing on a star.
And like dancing around a fire
can be fun.
And in the sun you can run
and chase the buffalo all day
and all night.
And shoot the hawk out of the sky.

Craig, 3rd Grade

Buffalo
Buffalo.
They give us food,
They give us shoes
They give us something to tell,
And they let us follow their trail.

Stacie, 3rd Grade

I Love Animals
I love animals,
I love them a lot.
I care for them, they care for me.

Love Them Like They Love You
Love them like they love you,
They love you a lot.
Care for them like they care for you.

Carly, 3rd Grade

They hop in the forest
they have long ears
they're soft and furry
and they are white
brown
black and
pink.

Amanda, 2nd Grade

Rocks
Cliffs too,
Boulders too,
Stones too,
Rocks too,
Pebbles too.

Brandon, 3rd Grade

The dog is barking today.
I think it is barking at a cat.
Last night it was barking all night.
But it was barking at a rabbit.
The rabbit ran.

Suzi, 3rd Grade

The Owl

The owl hooted morning and day.

I look at the owl.

They are pretty.

They are very pretty.

Bobbi, 2nd Grade

Juke Box Love Song

Juke Box Love Song

I could take the Harlem night
and wrap around you,
Take the neon lights and make a crown,
Take the Lenox Avenue busses,
Taxis, subways,
And for your love song tone their rumble down.
Take Harlem's heartbeat,
Make a drumbeat,
Put it on a record, let it whirl,
And while we listen to it play,
Dance with you till day-
Dance with you, my sweet brown Harlem girl.

~Langston Hughes

Poetry Idea: Write a poem to someone you love. What gifts would you give them if you could?

I would give my mom the moonlight
so she could put it in a light bulb,
since she likes to read.
I would give her the Muncie Public Library too.

Tim, 3rd Grade

Pink
If I had a honey,
I'd give her a bunny,
That bunny would be pink,
But if the color fades away,
I would give her ink.

Brandon, 3rd Grade

Moonlight
I would take Muncie moonlight
and put it in a lamp for you.
And I would take the river
to run through your fingers,
take the trees and make a love boat.
And take myself to give to you.

Carly, 3rd Grade

The Friend Forever
If you were here I would give you
shoes to use for dancing in the air,
and I'll give you trees to make boats.
I'll give you the street lights to make jewelry.
I'll give you a house for us to live in together.

Taleah, 2nd Grade

I will sell shoes and make light for them.
I will take them to restaurants for them to eat.
I will give them the sun to stay warm.
I will give them trees to make houses.
I will give them the White River to drink.

Jasmine, 2nd Grade

I Would Give You

Mom, I would give you all the jewelry in Muncie because you can be prettier than you already are.

Tracie, I would give you all the books in the Muncie Public Library because you can get more smarter!

Grandma, I would give you all the computer disks in Muncie.

Dad, I would give you the White River because you can catch as many fish as you want.

Uncle Tharl, I would give you the power to get better.

Stacie, 3rd Grade

Loving Someone

Loving someone is like taking everything in the world. Just think what you could take.

I would give them trees and they could make the biggest houses, but they would need some metal.

Then I would give them the White River then they could swim in it forever.

And she asked for a skating rink, the Gibson one, and they could skate with any skates she wanted to . . . in line skates, 4 wheeled skates, pop out wheeled skates.

And I would give her the Muncie Mall so she could buy jewelry.

And I would give her the sun and love her forever.

Craig, 3rd Grade

I would give my mom masks.

And they would be pretty too.

They would have jewelry on it.

They would have stripes on them.

And I would give her carousels with a pretty unicorn on it, and it would be white, pretty white.

And the carousels would have black horses around it and we would ride around and around on it too.

Suzi, 3rd Grade

Sweet Love

My sweet love, I give you all my love.

I give you the moonlight, my sweet love.

I'll do anything for you.

I'll give you all the stars in the sky, my
sweet love.

I'll give you the sunlight, I'll be there for you.

I'll love you forever and ever, my sweet love.

My sweet love and my special, my special love.

I'll give you anything under the sun, my sweet love.

Your sweet love is all I need. I'll give you all my love.

Amanda, 2nd Grade

I love my mom

I will give her the sun

And I will love her forever.

Michael, 2nd Grade

Oath of Friendship

I have a friend
He's my best friend
I like my friend
We're friends to the end.

Brandon, 3rd Grade

Friends
If your friend is really a friend,
he or she should care for you.
You should care about your friends too.
A friend is someone you can go to when you have
a problem.
Or when you need something.
Some friends fight, some don't
But it don't matter if you fight or not,
you should always stay together
no matter if anything happens.
A friend is someone to love.

Stacie, 3rd Grade

My Best Friend
I love you my friend
the wind blowing
They love me too
I love you too
she played.

Holly, 2nd Grade

My Best Friend
Until the wind blows
and the sky turns gray
the night turns black
and Heavens fall apart
and the stars stop glowing
we'll be friends forever and ever.

Amanda, 2nd Grade

My Best Friend Jese
She misses me, I miss her too
She is my very, very nice friend
I cry at night for Jese.

Jasmine, 2nd Grade

My Friend Forever
When the wind blows in the night
I will still be with you
and the stars glow in the night
I will still be with you
and you'll be with me.

Taleah, 2nd Grade

When I'm in my home
upon the ceiling,
I get the most peculiar feeling.
I feel as if life is like
a flying trapeze.
And if I lose my grip I will fall.

Marilee, 6th Grade

Living on the Ceiling
Living on the ceiling-
it's a dangerous place.
Watch out for burning hot bulbs!
Living on the ceiling-
it's a marvelous place.
Take in an upside down view!
Living on the ceiling-
it's an uncrowded place.
There's only a few people staying here.
Living on the ceiling-
A peaceful paradise.
No one to bug or bother me!

Living on the ceiling-
it's a horrible place.
Figure out how to sleep without falling.
Living on the ceiling-
it's a place of utter confusion.
Do I like it? Do I not? I don't know.

Tracy, 6th Grade

Staying on the Ceiling
Staying on the ceiling today
I had a chance to lay in the hay
but I think this is more fun.
Because up here you don't get blinded by
the sun.
It is really, really dark and gray
but I think I'd rather stay
where it's nice and cooler than the hay
I'm really, really going to stay.

Phillip, 6th Grade

From up on the ceiling
I can see everything from my little
green eyes. I feel like I am a giant
looking down at everyone. They
look like ants.
I never want to come down to the
real world, for I am special and
no one can come into my cozy
hideaway home on the ceiling.

Emily, 6th Grade

Living on the Ceiling of the Mall
Ceiling, ceiling
You are so high
You're far up
You're in the sky.
Speckled with stores
of clothes, toys and
toys.
I am far up, so very
high, I am security. Me, they
cannot find, I am invisible, I
am in disguise. All I am is
a spy.

Andy, 6th Grade

Up on the Ceiling
One day I was up on the ceiling.
Up above everyone else.
Up so high.
I feel better than ever before.
I feel lucky to be up here.
It is too bad everyone else can't
be up here.
I feel so sorry for everyone
else.
Up on the ceiling.

Ronnie, 6th Grade

I Wonder What It Is Like on the Ceiling
I wonder what it is like to live on the ceiling
I don't think it would be very fun
You would fall off.

Dewey, 2nd Grade

I am sad to be on the ceiling.
I would not be up on the ceiling.
It is not fun.

Michael, 2nd Grade

If I were on the sky or the ceiling,
I would have to catch my own food
instead of cooking my food up there.
Something I like about the ceiling
is the part when you are upside down.
That's my part.

James, 3rd Grade

Living on the Ceiling
I wonder what it's like to be
on the ceiling.
If I was on the ceiling,
would everything look small?
Would I be able to get down?
Would I fall off, or could I be
away from everyone?
Would I be free?

Amanda, 2nd Grade

I wish I could live on the ceiling.
Because it is peaceful and it is fun.
And you can hide,
And you can play,
And you won't get wet.
And I hope I can live on the ceiling.

Bobbi, 2nd Grade

Looking at the Ceiling

Looking at the ceiling is quite stupid.

In the night you can see little bugs
fighting for their families.

And so far the spider is winning,
while the cockroach is trying to fight
with its sword.

And everybody at home is crying for their families back.

And now the roach is fighting back

And he kills the spider,
and they get their families back.

Craig, 3rd Grade

The Girl's Bathroom Ceiling

It has wet toilet paper on it.

Sometimes it even has
pink, red, green gum
on the ceiling.

And when I look up at it,
it looks gooey.

And the wet toilet paper
falls off the ceiling.

And people slip and fall on it.

So that's why I don't like the girl's ceiling.

Brittney, 3rd Grade

Sonnet

Mom, Can I Go?
If I was to sail,
I would go to Hawaii.
I would have lots and lots of fun.
First I would ride a car
I would sail on a boat.

Whitney, 3rd Grade

Wishes
I wish I could go wherever I wanted
to go with my friends Grace, Jasmine,
Jessica and Ashley,
so we can get away from everybody.
We'll ride on horses so we can get to
the desert.
We will have a lot of fun, to go anywhere
we want to.

Amanda, 2nd Grade

If Only I Could Go Away
If only I could go away,
Just for one day,
I would be so glad to go,
It would be so fun.
I could go to Kings Island,
I could have a free ticket,
And back home again.

Carly, 3rd Grade

I Want To Go To Mars
I'm flying to Mars
5, 4, 3, 2, 1 . . . Blast off!
We are way way up, screaming.
Me and my cousin, we are having fun.

Dewey, 2nd Grade

Me and My Dad
We rode a big dog to Jupiter.
It was very fun.
My mom and my sister went to Ohio,
It was fun for them too.
Me and my dad played some games
like cars and bikes and dirt bikes too.

Bryan, 3rd Grade

Can I?
Can I go to the moon?
Or can I go to the sun?
And have fun, fun, fun.
Can I take a spaceship?
How long can I stay there?
Can I stay there 1 hour, 2 hours or 3 hours?
Who can I take?
Can I take my mom, my little sister or even
my dad, my grandma, my grandpa?
Can I go and see my Grandpa Wilson?
He lives in California.
Where can I go?
Who can I take?
How can I get there?

Can I?

Stacie, 3rd Grade

I wish I can get away from my sister.
So I wish I had a magic bus.
All by myself,
And I will go to the zoo.

Bobbi, 2nd Grade

Can You See a Magician?
The boat is in the sea swimming.
What, you are going too?
Yes.
So are we, going, we are sailing.
I'm going to ride on a bus.
So I'm going to the zoo.

Jasmine, 2nd Grade

The Tyger

The Tyger

Tyger! Tyger! burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, & what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand? & what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears
And water'd heaven with their tears,
Did he smile his work to see?
Did he who made the Lamb make thee?

Tyger! Tyger! burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

~ William Blake

Poetry Idea; Pretend you could talk to any animal or mystical creature you wanted to. What would you say to each other?

My Dinosaur

"What is your favorite color?"

Dinosaur: "Purple."

"Mine too."

"How old are you?"

"Two."

"Do you have hair?"

"Yes."

"Me too."

"Are you purple?"

"No."

"What color are you?"

"Green."

Taleah, 2nd Grade

My Kitten

Why do you run into the chair?

Why do you eat so much?

Why are you so little?

Why are your eyes green?

Because I was born that way.

Why do you have four paws?

Because I was born that way.

Ashlee, 3rd Grade

Buffalo

Buffalo, how do you run?

Buffalo, how fast do you run?

Buffalo, what do you eat?

Buffalo, where did you come from?

Buffalo, where did you get your horns?

Buffalo, what were the Indians like?

Buffalo, how did you get your name?

Buffalo, how many of you got away from
the Indians?

Stacie, 3rd Grade

The Dog, a Book
Do you want to talk to me?
Do you want to bark at him?
Do you want to bark at me?

I don't know, I want to.

Holly, 2nd Grade

My Favorite Snake
Snake! Snake! Hissing at me.
How do you get out of your skin?
and how do you get your poison into
your fangs when you run out?

Tim, 3rd Grade

The Stegosaurus
How do you get spikes on your back?
I would like to know,
What color are you?
I love you, Stegosaurus.

Grace, 2nd Grade

Talking to a Dog
Talking to my dog is fun, because
I would ask my dog how it walks.
It would tell me.
I would ask the dog, what is its
favorite colors?
It would say black and red and white and blue.
I think then I would ask, what is its favorite food?
It would tell me, I know.

Bryan, 3rd Grade

Miscellaneous Poetry

Roses
In the summer
flowers blossom.
My favorite flower
is a rose.
Because they are pink and red
The color I haven't shown.
I love roses.

Amanda Richardson

A Light
I light, a light so I can see,
A night light,
A candlestick
So I can see.

Carly Shinkaruk

Dawn
The crack of dawn,
It seems like a crown on a king.
It sparkles like the moon,
It has a shape I have never seen.
That's why I like it.

Carly Shinkaruk

I have a secret
Something that no one knows,
I have a secret,
I have a big secret,
I have the biggest secret,
But can't know.

Carly Shinkaruk

The Sparkly Seas

I like the beautiful sea.
When you look in it, it sparkles up.
And it be's all shiny.
Then when you close your eyes, you can feel the waves vibrating
through your body.
And sometimes you dream that you are walking on top of the water.
And the sea is like a mirror because it reflects back on you.
And some people swim way back in the back of the sea.

Brittney Stigler

The Rainbow

The rainbow is filled with lots of colors.
Red, blue, green, orange and yellow are the colors.
There was always a fairy tale about a pot of gold
at the end of the rainbow on St. Patrick's Day.
The rainbow is a special thing.
Because when it rains, for a little while,
And the sun comes out, it's a rainbow.

Brittney Stigler

The Sunset

I like to watch the sunset go down.
When the sun is by the sea, it looks beautiful.
It's gray at the background
because the sun looks like it is going into the water.
And it makes me think that I can just run into it.
The sun is very, very special.
I just love the beautiful sunset.

Brittney Stigler

The Rat

A rat escaped from jail.
It isn't very fast, and he looks back
and here comes a big mouse on a bike, gaining on him.
He isn't very far behind him now.
He is caught, he is in jail.

Dewey Gibson

The Stars Up Above
The stars up above are yellow.
They sparkle and tinkle all over the place.
It makes you blink and think that
God made a wonderful place.
And when it lights up it brights up.
So you can see the sky and the birds fly high.
When the stars are out I like to hear
the dogs bark and the cats meow.
Because that is the sound of night.
When the stars are out, the grass is very shiny
and you are asleep.

Brittney Stigler

The Magic Rock
I have a magic rock.
It is blue.
And it is very powerful.
One day when I was feeding my dog;
He's very hard-headed.
But when I held my rock up and
told him to sit, he did it.
And then when I but it behind my back,
he went for his food.

Brittney Stigler

Hearts
Hearts are pink and red.
Everybody has a heart.
A heart of gold.

Amanda Richardson

Roses
Roses are red,
Violets are blue,
And that's what makes
them different.

Amanda Richardson

Spring

Spring is when the flowers bloom
and the trees start blooming
their leaves.

Spring is when it's in the middle,
when it is hot and cool.

That's what makes spring special.
That's why I like spring.

Amanda Richardson.

Summer

I would rather it be summer
than winter.

Because it's hot in the summer
and there are flowers
and they are pretty too.

I love summer.

Amanda Richardson

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This is a topic which most children are fascinated with because it simultaneously teaches them about the real world around them and allows them to explore their imagination. It can be as long or as short as you wish, depending on the age you teach and the time you have available. Author: Jo Bertrand. Aims: The Sun is a circle with little straight lines, The Earth is in the sky, Bye Bye. Monster from Mars. You can teach / review body parts and integrate numbers and prepositions of place when the children invent. You could draw the separate body parts yourself, draw onto an A4 sheet, photocopy one for each child and they can cut and paste onto a plain sheet of paper in whatever formation they want. Poems for Children. Poems for Teens. Poem Guides. Audio Poems. Poets. Prose. Harriet Blog. Romanticism's major themes"restlessness and brooding, rebellion against authority, interchange with nature, the power of the visionary imagination and of poetry, the pursuit of ideal Read Full Biography. More About this Poet. Region: England. School/Period I, the moon, would like it known " I never follow people home. I simply do not have the time. And neither do I ever shine. For what you often see at night is me reflecting solar light. And I'm not cheese! No " none of these: no mozzarellas, cheddars, bries, all you'll find here " if you please " are my dusty, empty seas. And cows do not jump over me. Featured in the Archive. Collection. Magical and Mystical. Magical, mystical poems, with spooky spirits, witches and wizards. Learn more. Site links. Home.