

Appendix A

Poems, copies on following pages

1. *April Rain Song*—Langston Hughes
2. *Summer Rain*—Even Merriam
3. *September*—John Updike
4. *Dreams*—Langston Hughes
5. *Back-to-School Blues*—Bobbie Katz
6. *Winter Burrows*—Douglas Florian
7. *Spaghetti*—Shel Silverstein
8. *Jabberwocky*—Lewis Carroll
9. *A Kick in the Head*—Joan Bransfield Graham
10. *I Watched an Eagle Soar*—Virginia Driving Hawk Sneve
11. *A bantam rooster . . .* --Kikaku
12. *Trees*—Paul Paolilli and Dan Brewer
13. *Leaf*—Paul Paolilli and Dan Brewer
14. *Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening*—Robert Frost
15. *earthworms*—Valerie Worth
16. *Milky Way*—Myra Cohn Livingston
17. *The Sailboat Race*—Eloise Greenfield
18. *Banners*—James Stevenson
19. *School's in Session*—Charles Smith, Jr.
20. *The Dragonfly*—Douglas Florian

April Rain Song

Let the rain kiss you.

Let the rain beat upon your head with silver liquid drops.

Let the rain sing you a lullaby.

The rain makes still pools on the sidewalk.

The rain makes running pools in the gutter.

The rain plays a little sleep-song on our roof at night—

And I love the rain.

~Langston Hughes

Summer Rain

A shower, a sprinkle,
A tangle, a tinkle,
Greensilver runs the rain.

Like salt on your nose,
Like stars on your toes,
Tingles the tangy rain.

A tickle, a trickle,
A million-dot freckle
Speckles the spotted rain.

Like a cinnamon
Geranium
Smells the rainingest rain!

~Eve Merriam

September

The breezes taste
Of apple peel.
The air is full
Of smells to feel—

Ripe fruit, old footballs,
Drying grass,
New books and blackboard
Chalk in class.

The bee, his hive
Well-honeyed, hums
While mother cuts
Chrysanthemums.

Like plates washed clean
With suds, the days
Are polished with
A morning haze.

~John Updike

name:

Draw and color an illustration for the poem here:

September

The breezes taste
Of apple peel.
The air is full
Of smells to feel—

Ripe fruit, old footballs,
Drying grass,
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Chalk in class.

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Like plates washed clean
With suds, the days
Are polished with
A morning haze.

~John Updike

Dreams

Hold fast to dreams
For if dreams die
Life is a broken-winged bird
That cannot fly.

Hold fast to dreams
For when dreams go
Life is a barren field
Frozen with snow.

~Langston Hughes

name:

Draw and color an illustration for the poem here:

Dreams

Hold fast to dreams
For if dreams die
Life is a broken-winged bird
That cannot fly.

Hold fast to dreams
For when dreams go
Life is a barren field
Frozen with snow.

~Langston Hughes

Back-to-School Blues

Just wiggling my toes
 in my brand new shoes.
Guess I've got a case
 of the back-to-school blues.
Shiny new notebook
 with nothing inside it.
Feeling kind of scared—
 trying to hide it.
What's waiting for me
 behind a classroom door?
A brand new teacher
 I've never seen before!
Maybe she's a good one.
 Maybe she's bad news.
I'm just a-wiggling,
 just a jiggling—
got those back-to-school blues.

~Bobbie Katz

name:

Draw and color an illustration for the poem here:

Back-to-School Blues

Just wiggling my toes
 in my brand new shoes.
Guess I've got a case
 of the back-to-school blues.
Shiny new notebook
 with nothing inside it.
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~Bobbie Katz

Winter Burrows

Beneath the pond a sleeping frog
Recalls she was a polliwog,
Once wiggling wild beside a log.

The rusty fox deep in his hole
Dreams of chasing mouse and mole,
Schemes of racing red-backed vole.

The fat-cheeked chipmunk can be found
Inside her burrow underground.
She dreams without a single sound.

And me, I'm burrowed in my bed
with cozy quilt above my head
And dreams of snowman, sleigh, and sled.

~Douglas Florian

name:

Draw and color an illustration for the poem here:

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Spaghetti

Spaghetti, spaghetti, all over the place,
Up to my elbows—up to my face,
Over the carpets and under the chairs,
Into the hammock and wound round the stairs,
Filling the bathtub and covering the desk,
Making the sofa a mad mushy mess.

The party is ruined, I'm terribly worried,
The guests have all left (unless they're all buried),
I told them, "Bring presents." I said, "Throw confetti."
I guess they heard wrong,
'Cause they all threw spaghetti!

~Shel Silverstein

name:

Draw and color an illustration for the poem here:

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Jabberwocky

"Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:
All mimsy were the borogroves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

"Beware the Jabberwock, my son!
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun
The frumious Bandersnatch!"

He took his vorpal sword in hand:
Long time the manxome foe he sought—
So rested he by the Tumtum tree,
And stood awhile in thought.

And, as in uffish thought he stood,
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,
Came whiffing through the tulgey wood,
And burbled as it came!

One, two! One, two! And through and through
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!
He left it dead, and with its head
He went galumphing back.

"And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!
O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!"
He chortled in his joy.

"Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:
All mimsy were the borogroves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

~Lewis Carroll

name:

Draw and color an illustration for the poem here:

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~Lewis Carroll

A Kick in the Head

poetry
 jumpstarts
 my imagin-
 ation
 it
 opens its arms to me, jabs me in the heart
thump
thump
 poetry
 gives
 me
 a
 k p
 i o
 c e
 k t
 r
 i y
 n
 g
 t i
 h v
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 s
 head me a
 K I C K !

name: _____

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K I C K !

I Watched an Eagle Soar

Grandmother,
I watched an eagle soar
high in the sky
until a cloud covered him up.
Grandmother,
I still saw the eagle
behind my eyes.

~Virginia Driving Hawk Sneve

name:

Draw and color an illustration for the poem here:

I Watched an Eagle Soar

Grandmother,
I watched an eagle soar
high in the sky
until a cloud covered him up.
Grandmother,
I still saw the eagle
behind my eyes.

~Virginia Driving Hawk Sneve

A bantam rooster
spreading his ruff of feathers
thinks he's a lion!

~Kikaku, translated by Harry Behn

name:

Draw and color an illustration for the poem here:

A bantam rooster
spreading his ruff of feathers
thinks he's a lion!

~Kikaku, translated by Harry Behn

Tiny hands
Reaching up from the
Earth, tickling an
Enormous
Sky.

Loose brown parachute
Escaping
And
Floating on puffs of air.

~Paul Paolilli and Dan Brewer

name _____

Tiny hands
Reaching up from the
Earth, tickling an
Enormous
Sky.

Draw and illustrate the poem here:

Draw and illustrate the poem here:

Loose brown parachute
Escaping
And
Floating on puffs of air.

Stopping By Woods on a Snowy 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

name:

Draw and color an illustration for the poem here:

Stopping By Woods on a Snowy Evening

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And miles to go before I sleep.

~Robert Frost

earthworms

Garden soil,
Spaded up,
Gleams with
Gravel-glints,
Mica-sparks, and
Bright wet
Glimpses of
Earthworms
Stirring beneath:

Put on the palm,
Still rough
With crumbs,
They roll and
Glisten in the sun
As fresh
As new rubies
Dug out of
Deepest earth

~Valerie Worth

name:

Draw and color an illustration for the poem here:

earthworms

Garden soil,
Spaded up,
Gleams with
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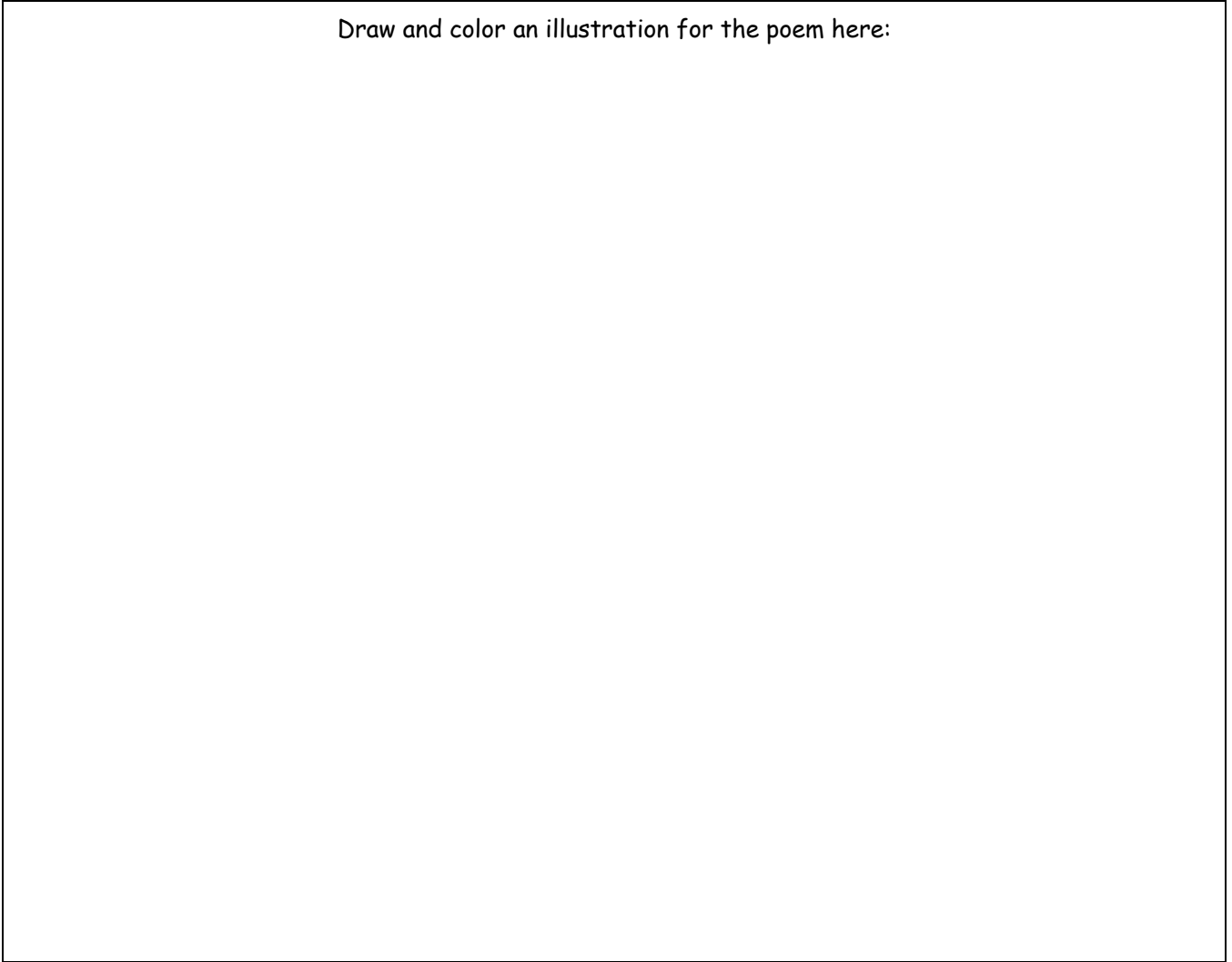
Milky Way

Here, where old halo stars and sun were birthed,
Here, where stars huddle together in interstellar clouds,
Here, where hot new stars are born and supernovae die;
Nourished on dust and gas, shining on earth,
Two hundred billion stars move here in teeming crowds.
Here is the Milky Way, our galaxy, our dusky road in the sky.

~Myra Cohn Livingston

name:

Draw and color an illustration for the poem here:



Milky Way

Here, where old halo stars and sun were birthed,
Here, where stars huddle together in interstellar clouds,
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~Myra Cohn Livingston

The Sailboat Race

The boats are ready
to race
each wants to sail
at the fastest pace
they're ready to ride
the water's wings
and listen as the wind sings
a tale of those who have
sailed before
the boats are ready
to soar
to turn their sails
against the air
that pushes them
from here to there
they hear the signal
to start the chase
to see who will win
in the sailboat race
and they're off!

~Eloise Greenfield

name:

Draw and color an illustration for the poem here:

The Sailboat Race

The boats are ready
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and they're off!

~Eloise Greenfield

Banners

The old dry branches
Gather around the trunk
Of the big oak tree
And talk about
When they were up above,
Riding the wind,
Waving banners of green.

~James Stevenson

name:

Draw and color an illustration for the poem here:

Banners

The old dry branches
Gather around the trunk
Of the big oak tree
And talk about
When they were up above,
Riding the wind,
Waving banners of green.

~James Stevenson

School's in Session

*Hands reach for the peach
as I teach others that I
can't be touched.
Sweet feet spin on con-
crete as I
dribble to the
beat of my own drum,*

Lesson one:

*the pass.
I dash
a no-look
bounce
behind the back
class
that wakes
the students up
fast.*

*Lesson two: I caught
you staring at my shoe— 'cause
I blew right by you.*

~Charles R. Smith, Jr.

School's in Session

*Hands reach for the peach
as I teach others that I
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Sweet feet spin on con-
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*Lesson two: I caught
you staring at my shoe— 'cause
I blew right by you.*

~Charles R. Smith, Jr.

THE DRAGONFLY

I am the dragon,
The **demon** of the skies.
Behold my bold
Enormous eyes.
I sweep
 I swoop
 I terrorize.
For lunch I munch
On flies and bees.
Mosquitoes with
My feet I seize.
I am the dragon:
Down on your knees!

~Douglas Florian

name:

Draw and color an illustration for the poem here:

THE DRAGONFLY

I am the dragon,
The **demon** of the skies.
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Enormous eyes.
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Appendix B

Graphic Organizers

1. Poem writing organizer, to be used on day 7
2. Haiku writing organizer, to be used on day 10

topic/title _____ name _____



What does it look like?



What does it feel like?



What does it smell like?



What does it sound like?



What does it taste like?



How does it make you feel?

name _____

Haiku Organizer

Remember, your haiku needs to have five words in the first line, seven in the second, and five in the last.

Write the words for your haiku on the lines below. Make sure the first line includes either a description or the name of your topic/title. You can use the haiku by Kikaku in your poetry collection as a model.

Appendix C
Student Poetry Writing Rubric/Checklist

STUDENT NAME _____

POEM TITLE _____

IDEAS

	I thought of my own topic/idea.
	My poem has details that match my topic.

ORGANIZATION

	My poem has an order that " makes sense ".
	If my poem has a title, it matches my topic.

VOICE

	My poem " sounds like " me.
	You can tell that I liked writing my poem when you read it.

WORD CHOICE

	I chose " just right " words to make sure I said exactly what I wanted to say.
	My words show " feeling ".

FLUENCY

	You can " feel " my poem's rhythm when you read it.
	My poem " sounds good " when read out loud.

PRESENTATION

	My poem " looks like " a poem.
	My poem is " neat " and clean.

Appendix D

Notebook/Poetry Collections Patterns

1. Envelope or folder label (below)
2. Pocket shaped label (following page)

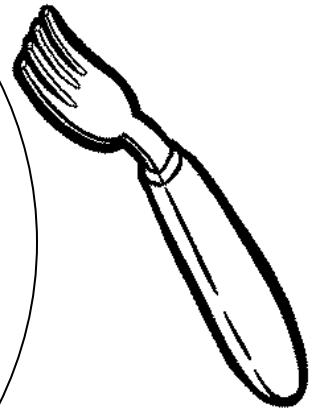
For each student/folder, copy and cut one label and glue it to a large manila envelope or pocket folder's front cover.

Pass the Poems, Please

Pass the poems, please
Pile them on my plate
Put them right in front of me
For I can hardly wait
To take each tangy word
To try each tasty rhyme
And when I've tried them once or twice
I'll try them one more time:
So pass the poems, please
They just won't leave my head
I have to have more poems
Before I go to bed.

~Jane Baskwill

from *Pass the Poems, Please*. Wildthings Press, 1990



For each student, copy one “pocket” with poem. Cut out the pocket shape and glue it to the front of a folder or large manila envelope.

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 deRegniers
Sing a Song of Popcorn. New York: Greenwillow Books, 1976

Appendix E Websites

www.abclocal.go.com

www.Best4sites.net

www.channels.netscape.com

www.edhelper.com

www.encyclopediaoftheself.com

www.falcon.jmu.edu/~ramseyil/poeform.html

www.thekidlink.org/kidspace.com

www.learn.org/lessons/read/write/think.com

www.pbkids.org/arthur/games/poetry/index.html

www.poets.org

www.poetryalive.com

www.poetryguy.com

www.teacherweb.com

www.teachinglearning.com

Appendix F

Teacher Resources

- Awakening the Heart: Exploring Poetry in Elementary and Middle School.* Heard, Georgia. Heinemann, 1999.
- Explore Poetry.* Graves, Donald H. Heinemann, 1992
- For the Good of the Earth and Sun.* Heard, Georgia. Heinemann, 1989.
- Kid's Poems: Teaching 2nd Graders to Love Poetry.* Routman, Regie. Scholastic, 2000.
- Leap Into Poetry: More ABC's of Poetry.* Honesdale, Arvis Harley. Boyd's Mills Press. 2001.
- Lessons from a Child.* Calkins, Lucy. Heinemann Press, 1986.
- Poetry Everywhere: Teaching Poetry Writing in School and in the Community.* Collom, Jack, and Noethe, Sheryl. Teachers & Writers Collaborative. 2000
- Teaching Poetry in the Elementary School.* Gertrude A. Boyd. Merrill, 1973
- Tigers, Lillies, Toadstools, and Thunderbolts: Engaging K-8 Students With Poetry.* Mclellan Tiedt, Iris. International Reading Association, 2002.
- Wishes, Lies and Dreams: Teaching Children to Write Poetry.* Koch, Kenneth and Padgett, Ron. HarperPerennial, 1980.
- Writing Poetry with Children.* Moore, Jo Ellen. Evan-Moor Educational Materials. 1991.
- Writing Success Through Poetry: Create a Writer's Workshop in Your Classroom.* Lipson, Susan. Prufrock Press, 2006.

Appendix G

Bibliography

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- Florian, Douglas. *Winter Eyes*. New York: Greenwillow Inc., 1999
- Greenfield, Eloise. *Under the Sunday Tree*. New York: Harper Trophy, 1991
- Jenczko, Paul B., ed. *A Kick in the Head: An Everyday Guide to Poetic Forms*. Cambridge, MA: Candlewick Press, 2005
- Kennedy, X.J. and Dorothy M. Kennedy. *Knock at a Star: A Child's Introduction to Poetry*. Boston: Little, Brown & Co., 1985
- Livingston, Myra Cohn. *Space Songs*. New York: Holiday House, 1988
- McGovern, Ann, ed. *Arrow Book of Poetry*. New York: Scholastic, Inc., 1965
- Paschen, Elise. *Poetry Speaks to Children*. Naperville, IL: Sourcebooks, Inc., 2005 (included CD recording of selected poems)
- Schertle, Alice. *A Lucky Thing*. New York: Harcourt, 1999
- Silverstein, Shel. *Where the Sidewalk Ends*. New York: Snake Eyes Music, 1974
- Silverstein, Shel. *Where the Sidewalk Ends*, CD. New York: Sony Music Entertainment, Inc., 1984
- Smith, Charles Jr. *Rimshots: Basketball, Pix, Rolls, and Rhythm*. New York: Puffin Books, 1999
- Sneve, Virginia Driving Hawk, ed. *Dancing Teepees: Poems of American Indian Youth*. New York: Scholastic, Inc., 1989
- Stevenson, James. *Candy Corn*. New York: Greenwillow Press, 1999
- Updike, John. *A Child's Calendar*. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., 1965
- Worth, Valerie. *All the Small Poems*. New York: Straus & Giroux, 1987