

How to be a poet, even if you don't even know it.

Here are some possible inspirations for the creation of poetry. Try on the idea, consider word choice, word play, figurative language, imagery and form on the page. Remember, no piece of writing is ever done; it is just due.

1. Storyline poem from "To the Young Who Want to Die"
2. Imitation poem, Inspired by Pat Mora's "Same Song"
3. List poems
4. Choices poem
5. Forgiveness poem
6. Haikus (must be two or more to count as one for your project)
7. Sonnet
8. To the ...name a place INSPIRED BY [BENJAMIN ALIRE SÁENZ](#)
9. Love poems...
10. Family poem (1&2)
11. Wronged

Storyline poem: use the words in order and weave a poem / prose poem around them.

Sit
gun
vial
wait
April
postponement
Death
time
tomorrow
neighbor
pout
news
green
Spring

"Same Song"

While this member of my family sleeps,
my another member of my family
stumbles into the bathroom at six a.m.
plugs in the curling iron
squeezes into faded jeans
curls her hair carefully
strokes Aztec Blue shadow on her eyelids
smooth's Frosted Mauve blusher on her cheeks
outlines her mouth in Neon pink
peers into the mirror, mirror on the wall
frowns at her face, her eyes, her skin,
not fair.

At night this daughter stumbles off to bed at nine
eyes half-shut while my son
jogs a mile in the cold dark
then lifts weights in the garage
curls and bench presses
expanding biceps, triceps pectorals,
one-handed push-s, one hundred sit-ups
peers into the mirror, mirror and frowns too.

"Same Song" - inspired by Pat Mora

While my son sleeps,
my wife
stumbles into the bathroom at six a.m.
splashes water onto her face and
slips into a comfortable skirt
brushes her hair carefully
strokes black eyeliner above her eyelids
smooth's lotion on her cheeks
outlines her mouth in lipstick
peers into the mirror, mirror on the wall
frowns at her face, her eyes, her skin,
beautiful!

At night this wife stumbles off to bed at ten
eyes half-shut while my son
dreams in his crib
then cries for his pepe in the dark
arms extended,
hand reaching, reaching for the comfort
that he cannot have. He is a big boy now.

List poem 1

1. Make a list of things that are cool
or a list of things that are not.

2. Make the list poetic. Add sound repetition (alliteration, repetition, assonance, rhyme). Consider using / developing figurative language and / or stanzas.

List poem 2

Ten things:

I know to be true

I should have learned by now

I hate

I love

Consider using repetition, rhyme, alliteration or assonance.

Keeping the ooh in Cool

It's cool to care
It's cool to be interested
to be curious
to ask questions.

It's cool to go outside
to play
to push yourself
to question if you can
and give it a try.

It's cool to hold hands
to roller-skate
to fall and to laugh.

It's cool to eat good food
you can make yourself
pillow fights are cool too

"Ten Things I Hate About You" Julia Stiles

I hate the way you talk to me,
and the way you cut your hair.
I hate the way you drive my car,
I hate it when you stare.
I hate your big dumb combat boots
and the way you read my mind.
I hate you so much it makes me sick,
it even makes me rhyme.
I hate the way you're always right,
I hate it when you lie.
I hate it when you make me laugh,
even worse when you make me cry.
I hate it when you're not around,
and the fact that you didn't call.
But mostly I hate the way I don't hate you,
not even close...
not even a little bit...
not even at all.

Choices poem

Consider the myriad of choices you have and will have.

Make a list

Will I stay in ES?

Will I get married?

Will I have children?

Will I have a job I enjoy?

Will I be fulfilled?

Will my team win?

Try to explore various possibilities and develop the ideas with figurative language and consider sound play.

Will I be married or will I be solitaire by choice or not...

Will I have 2.3 children or will I have six in my tribe?

Will I adventure out into the unknown of the world

Or will I remain in the comforts of the known?

In Life

I turned a stone,
but found I did
not like what laid
beneath it, there.

I placed it back;
and there it set,
until, I'm sure,
another made
the move I had.

So then as in
a gifted box
of chocolates:
another choice
could now be made.

Forgiveness:

"This poem allows you to address those who have harmed us so that we can move on, hold hands with others who have also been wronged, come to new insights about each other and our lives, understand that we are not alone in our pain. The assignment is not a command to forgive, but an invitation to understand."

Linda Christiansen

Do we forgive our fathers for
leaving us too often or forever
when we were little? Maybe for
scaring us with unexpected
rage or making us nervous
because there seemed never to
be any rage there at all
Do we forgive our fathers for
marrying or not marrying our
mothers For divorcing or not
divorcing our mothers? And
shall we forgive them for their
excesses of warmth or
coldness? Sherman Alexie

I'd like to think you've learned From the history textbook
of your anger Or maybe that a teacher would appear to
help you learn And I'd like to think that your atomic
bomb Of rage had broken and wouldn't explode again.
But wishful thinking won't change your world.
I dream of a morning When your werewolf screams of
fury are nowhere to be heard When your ceaseless
gunfire won't rip me up And I dream of a day when you
don't thrust spears through the bars of my cage of
misery then show me off to admiring mothers like a
trophy But dreaming won't make a better morning.
I wish you wouldn't say, "I love you," Like you mean it.
Then tromp on me like I'm dirt I wish I could forgive you,
But I can't, and for that I am sorry, Mother.

Haiku Rules

1. **One Image (visual)**
2. **17 syllables in three lines (5-7-5)**
3. **Should be able to determine the season**

***traditional Haikus pause at the end of the first or second line and include a reference to a season.**

SAMPLES

**All the time I pray
to Buddha, I still keep on
killing mosquitoes.**

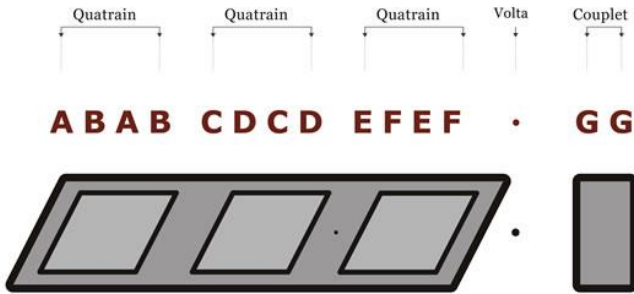
“The Rose” by Donna Brock

The red blossom bends
and drips its dew to the ground.
Like a tear it falls

“Ice Ice Baby”

Words drip from the page
Like ice cream on a hot day
I love chocolate

The Architecture and Meaning of the English Sonnet



Topic/subject is introduced in the first quatrain and developed in the succeeding two quatrains. The Volta is now between the third quatrain and the concluding couplet. But quite often it is also present between the second and third quatrains. A vestige from the Italian form.

Conclusion, summation, solution, climax.

Ariana Sophia
12/11/15

I never responded to your sonnets
I can't tell the number of syllables
I like to dress up in pink, lace bonnets
We use bottles that are refillable

Though these are okay, haikus are better
Just English peeps like their pattern of rhyme
Woo me with a haiku in a letter
For Mr. Sonnet I have no free time

These things are too long, rambling pointlessly
Another reason English peeps like them
In science we're concise to clearly see
Data from where valid conclusions stem

It's true that English is a kind of art
But to do science you have to be smart

To the ...name a place

INSPIRED BY BENJAMIN ALIRE SÁENZ

I came to you one...

You taught me how to...

You are ...

You are ...,

The hottest ... You ...

Your ... You reach—...

Your force, to break, blow, burn, and make me new.

You wrap your ...

And keep me ...

Above, below, by you, by you surrounded.

I wake to ...

Bust some Spanish here

Sálvame, mi dios,

Trágame, mi tierra. Salva, traga,

I am I will be the....

Love poems: use “I am Offering This Poem” or “Litany” as models for creating a love poem. Use their form / structure and plug in your own content. Be sure to give them credit to avoid ideas of plagiarism.

I Am Offering this Poem BY [JIMMY SANTIAGO BACA](#)

I am offering this poem to you,
since I have nothing else to give.
Keep it like a warm coat
when winter comes to cover you,
or like a pair of thick socks
the cold cannot bite through,

I love you,

I have nothing else to give you,
so it is a pot full of yellow corn
to warm your belly in winter,
it is a scarf for your head, to wear
over your hair, to tie up around your face,

I love you,

Keep it, treasure this as you would
if you were lost, needing direction,
in the wilderness life becomes when mature;
and in the corner of your drawer,
tucked away like a cabin or hogan
in dense trees, come knocking,
and I will answer, give you directions,
and let you warm yourself by this fire,
rest by this fire, and make you feel safe

I love you,

It's all I have to give,
and all anyone needs to live,
and to go on living inside,
when the world outside
no longer cares if you live or die;
remember,

I love you.

Litany by Billy Collins

You are the bread and the knife,
The crystal goblet and the wine...
-Jacques Crickillon

You are the bread and the knife,
the crystal goblet and the wine.
You are the dew on the morning grass
and the burning wheel of the sun.
You are the white apron of the baker,
and the marsh birds suddenly in flight.

However, you are not the wind in the orchard,
the plums on the counter,
or the house of cards.
And you are certainly not the pine-scented air.
There is just no way that you are the pine-scented air.

It is possible that you are the fish under the bridge,
maybe even the pigeon on the general's head,
but you are not even close
to being the field of cornflowers at dusk.

And a quick look in the mirror will show
that you are neither the boots in the corner
nor the boat asleep in its boathouse.

It might interest you to know,
speaking of the plentiful imagery of the world,
that I am the sound of rain on the roof.

I also happen to be the shooting star,
the evening paper blowing down an alley
and the basket of chestnuts on the kitchen table.

I am also the moon in the trees
and the blind woman's tea cup.
But don't worry, I'm not the bread and the knife.
You are still the bread and the knife.
You will always be the bread and the knife,
not to mention the crystal goblet and--somehow--the wine.

epigraph

"Family Poem" - 8 images

1. Pick a person in your family who is a centering figure / important to you
My (father)
2. List eight body parts
3. Create metaphors / similes

Whose are metaphor or similes ... mix them up

Whose knees are hinges from a worn travel trunk

Whose eyes are crystal balls revealing the TRUTH

Family Poem #2

Pick a figure in your family that has had a strong influence on you. List qualities / physical descriptions.

hardworking

liberal

strong

kind

bald

fun

Now, try to use percentages to describe the person by what they are / are not.

My father is half hero, half villain.

He's 80% provider, 20% taker;

He's 100% hardworking.

20% fun and play, 80% serious.

**He's 40% ball of anger, 20% indifferent,
and another 40% decent human being.**

**He's 2/3 bald and 1/3 gray, wispy hair,
another 75% warrior, 25% peacemaker.**

He's 100% right, 0% wrong.

He's 2/3 liberal, 1/3 conservative.

He's 60% gardener, 40% , 40% shopper.

He's 100% my father.

Imitation Poem – "This is Just to Say"

"This is Just to Say"

By: William Carlos Williams

I have eaten
the plums
that were in
the icebox

saving
for breakfast

Forgive me
they were delicious
so sweet
and so cold

and which you were
probably

What have you done that was "wrong," and that you should have felt sorry for, but you secretly enjoyed? Have you ever wanted to do something you knew you shouldn't do, but didn't have the courage to do it? Either way, do it right now on paper, and then apologize for it, but let us know that you *aren't really sorry for it*. Here's an example I wrote about my family's dog and his often humorous bathroom habits:

"Mr. Schmidt,"

I'm sorry our
dog insists on
prolonging
this neighborly warfare,
but our allies
are arriving soon
and the landmines
he strategically planted
in your
territory
were for your own
protection.

I'm so sorry I stapled
your parakeet to the wall.
It had such a beautiful
green
wingspan. It looked like
a feathery lollipop.

-3rd grader

Dear Sharon,

I am so sorry
your car skidded
around the parking lot

like a huge white
hockey puck. Its sides
dented with each slapshot
from the telephone poles.
If it's any consolation,
I want you to know,
as we headed into
the cement net
of the driveway, most
everyone
agreed, the points were
yours and we won.