

The Amazing Book of

Poetry

Name: _____

“I AM” POEM

REQUIREMENTS:

1. Any subject matter that is school appropriate
2. 18 lines long
3. MUST follow the exact format given
4. This poem is a great way to focus on your personal characteristics.

EXAMPLE TO FOLLOW:

I AM

I am (two special characteristics)
I wonder (something you are actually curious about)
I hear (an imaginary sound)
I see (an imaginary sight)
I want (an actual desire)
I am (the first line of the poem restated)

I pretend (something you actually pretend to do)
I feel (a feeling about something imaginary)
I touch (an imaginary touch)
I worry (something that really bothers you)
I cry (something that makes you very sad)
I am (the first line of the poem repeated)

I understand (something you know is true)
I say (something you believe in)
I dream (something you actually dream about)
I try (something you really make an effort about)
I hope (something you actually hope for)
I am (the first line of the poem repeated)

IMITATION POEM

Requirements:

1. Imitate the structure and meaning of a popular poem, in this case, *The Red Wheelbarrow*
2. The title of your poem must be the object that you are describing
3. The poem must have some symbolic significance to something that has occurred in your life.
4. For this poem, it must be written in four stanzas with no more than eight words in each line.

Original Poem:

so much depends upon
a red wheelbarrow
glazed with rain water
beside the white chickens

Example Poem:

so much depends upon
a clean white board
glazed with marker residue
in front of the classroom

I DON'T UNDERSTAND POEM

REQUIREMENTS:

1. Any subject matter that is school appropriate
2. 6 lines long
3. MUST follow the exact format given

EXAMPLE TO FOLLOW:

I do not understand why my mother talks on the phone so much

I do not understand why I have to go to bed early

I do not understand why we have to be on Daylight Savings Time

I do not understand why I can't have more sleepovers

But most of all, I do not understand why three people can't get along

I do understand that some people are strange!

This poem is one of the easiest poems to write, but it is also the one poem that brings out a lot of emotion and true feelings if you are writing it from the heart.

RECIPE POEM

REQUIREMENTS:

Writing a recipe poem is just like writing a recipe for a food dish.

1. Any subject matter that is school appropriate
2. 10 lines long; 3-5 words per line
3. Title explains what the recipe is for
4. List ingredients that are needed to make the recipe.
5. For this poem, your ingredients are adjectives or nouns that describe the topic.
6. Don't forget to put the amount of each ingredient you need!
7. You can either list the ingredients in a sentence or make a simple list on top like in a cookbook.
8. You need to write directions on how to put the ingredients together.
9. Pretend you are baking and write down the steps you take to make it.

EXAMPLE OF THE ABOVE EXPLANATION:

Friend

1 cup understanding

2 cups laughter

1 quart trust

3 tsp. love

a garnish of memories

First stir together in a bowl of understanding and trust. Pour in the laughter like a cascading waterfall. Finally add in your love. Bake for twenty minutes in the oven at 325 degrees. Let cool for ten minutes and then sprinkle the garnish of memories. Once done you will have a friend.

FIVE SENSES POEM

Requirements:

1. Create a poem that not only describes an event or an object, but also addresses all five senses as well.
2. It must be six lines long, with the first line being a color description.

Poem Structure:

Line One: Tell what color your subject is
Line Two: Tell what your subject tastes like
Line Three: Tell what your subject sounds like
Line Four: Tell what your subject smells like
Line Five: Tell what your subject looks like
Line Six: Tell what your subject makes you feel

Example Poems:

HAPPINESS is bright green.
It tastes like sparkling cider.
It sounds like children laughing.
It smells like freshly baked chocolate chip cookies.
It looks like a merry-go round.
Happiness feels like spending time with your best friend.

SHE is the softest of blues.
She tastes like sweet lemonade on a hot summer day.
She sounds like a chorus of waves rolling to the shore.
She smells like the forest after a heavy rain.
She looks like the flames of a fire dancing across the night.
She feels like the best night's sleep ever.

ACROSTIC POEM

Requirements:

1. Any subject matter that is school appropriate
2. The title of the poem must be 10 letters long
3. Each letter then begins each line of the poem
4. Ten lines long; three words per line

Helpful Hints:

1. Choose your topic thoughtfully
2. Be sure your title is a minimum of 10 letters long

The following are examples that you may use as a pattern for your own poem:

HEARTBREAKING

He broke my heart
Every piece, shattered
All I wanted was his love
Real, as he promised
True, as mine for him
But he walked away
Right in the middle of paradise
Every beat of my heart
Aches for his love
Keeping the flame aglow
I will wait by the light
Never losing the hope
God will send him back to me

TheOutlawTorn

Torn from normal existence
Hunting for the one who is responsible
Embarking on his quest every morning
Only to come home empty handed
Under no circumstances will quit
Truth is what he is seeking
Looking for the answers he may never find
Answers he may not want to hear
Wandering through life with one purpose
To find his saboteur
Only he cannot understand
Realization of one thing is coming clear
No one is to blame other than himself

HEADLINE POEM

Requirements:

1. Create a headline poem using words you cut out from a magazine and/or newspapers.
2. Any subject matter that is school appropriate
3. Use complete sentences that make sense
4. Use correct punctuation when necessary
5. Complete 3 lines of ***alliteration*** spaced evenly throughout the poem
6. 10 lines long; 5 words per line
7. Use newspaper and/or magazine clippings of letters and/or words

Helpful Hints:

1. Try to cut out several words that start with the same letter or sound. This will help you when you add your examples of alliteration.
2. Don't paste any words to your paper until you have laid them all out and are happy with the final product.

CINQUAIN POEM

REQUIREMENTS:

1. Any subject matter that is school appropriate
2. 5 lines long
3. MUST follow the exact format below

EXAMPLE TO FOLLOW:

- Line 1: One word title (noun)
Line 2: Two descriptive words (adjectives)
Line 3: Three words that express action
Line 4: 4 words that express feeling
Line 5: 1 word (synonyms or reference to title in line 1)

Dog
Blonde, Darling
Barks, Chases, Guards
Running across the yard
Mollie

Christmas
Vacation, Exciting
Singing, Baking Wrapping
Caroling from door to door
Holiday

DIAMANTE' POEM

Requirements:

1. Any subject matter that is school appropriate
2. 7 lines long
3. The lines of the poem shape a diamond
4. MUST follow the exact format below

Example to follow:

Here is the diagram to follow to write the diamante' poem:

- Line 1: Noun or subject
Line 2: Two adjectives describing the first noun/subject
Line 3: Three "ING" words describing the first noun/subject
Line 4: Four words: two about the first noun/subject and then two about the opposite noun/subject written on line 7
Line 5: Three "ING" words describing the noun/subject on line 7
Line 6: Two adjectives describing the noun/subject on line 7
Line 7: The opposite of the noun/subject on line 1

The following are examples that you may use as a pattern for your own poem:

Rain
Humid, damp
refreshing, dripping, splattering
wet, slippery, cold, slushy
sliding, melting, freezing
frigid, icy
Snow

Vacation
restful, fun
sleeping, reflecting, reading
beach, pool, computer, books
typing, grading, listening
beneficial, dedication
Work

HAIKU POEM

Requirements:

1. Create a poem that follows the traditional guidelines of three lines
 - a. The first line must have five syllables
 - b. The second line must have seven syllables
 - c. The third line must have five syllables
2. The subject of your poem must have something to do with nature
3. The poem must be unrhymed
4. The poem need not adhere to traditional punctuation and capitalization rules

Poem Structure:

five syllables
seven syllables
five syllables

Example Poems:

it was an old pond
the new frog jumped in quickly
the sound of water

the bright morning sun
gave me life this brand new day
I am truly blessed

PERSONIFICATION POEM

Requirements:

1. Poem must bring life to an inanimate object.
2. Poem must be 12 lines.
3. Poem must have any rhyme scheme that you choose.
4. Poem must contain three examples of onomatopoeia.

Example to follow:

My Ride

She stands alone
For all the world to see
Sitting pretty by herself
My shiny new baby

BRRRRUN she screams
At top volume
RUUUM she begs
To be on the road soon

SCREEEECH roar the tires
As we meet the pavement
And it is then that I know
My ride was heaven sent

SHAKESPERIAN SONNET

Requirements:

1. Must be fourteen lines long.
2. There must be three stanzas (quatrains) and a two-line couplet at the end.
3. The rhyme scheme must be:
 - a. Abab cdcd efef gg.
4. Must be written iambic pentameter.
 - a. Each line must contain five pairs of stressed and unstressed syllables.

Example Poem:

SONNET 18

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

SONNET 138

When my love swears that she is made of truth
I do believe her, though I know she lies,
That she might think me some untutor'd youth,
Unlearned in the world's false subtleties.
Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
Although she knows my days are past the best,
Simply I credit her false speaking tongue:
On both sides thus is simple truth suppress'd.
But wherefore says she not she is unjust?
And wherefore say not I that I am old?
O, love's best habit is in seeming trust,
And age in love loves not to have years told:
Therefore I lie with her and she with me,
And in our faults by lies we flatter'd be.

Because I Could Not Stop For Death

By Emily Dickinson

Because I could not stop for Death –
He kindly stopped for me –
The Carriage held but just Ourselves –
And Immortality.

We slowly drove – He knew no haste
And I had put away
My labor and my leisure too,
For His Civility –

We passed the School, where Children strove
At Recess – in the Ring –
We passed the Fields of Gazing Grain –
We passed the Setting Sun –

Or rather – He passed us –
The Dews drew quivering and chill –
For only Gossamer, my Gown –
My Tippet – only Tulle –

We paused before a House that seemed
A Swelling of the Ground –
The Roof was scarcely visible –
The Cornice – in the Ground –

Since then – 'tis Centuries – and yet
Feels shorter than the Day
I first surmised the Horses' Heads
Were toward Eternity –

Do Not Go Gentle Into That Good Night

By Dylan Thomas

Do not go gentle into that good night,
Old age should burn and rave at close of day;
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Though wise men at their end know dark is right,
Because their words had forked no lightning they
Do not go gentle into that good night.

Good men, the last wave by, crying how bright
Their frail deeds might have danced in a green bay,
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Wild men who caught and sang the sun in flight,
And learn, too late, they grieved it on its way,
Do not go gentle into that good night.

Grave men, near death, who see with blinding sight
Blind eyes could blaze like meteors and be gay,
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

And you, my father, there on the sad height,
Curse, bless, me now with your fierce tears, I pray.
Do not go gentle into that good night.
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

I'm a Believer

By Neil Diamond

I thought love was only true in fairy tales
Meant for someone else but not for me
Love was out to get me
That's the way it seemed
Disappointment haunted all my dreams

Then I saw her face
Now I'm a believer
Not a trace of doubt in my mind
I'm in love
I'm a believer
I couldn't leave her if I tried

I thought love was more or less a giving thing
Seems the more I gave the less I got
What's the use in trying
All you get is pain
When I needed sunshine I got rain

Then I saw her face
Now I'm a believer
Not a trace of doubt in my mind
I'm in love
I'm a believer
I couldn't leave her if I tried

Respiration

By Mos Def

The new moon rode high in the crown of the metropolis
Shinin, like who on top of this?
People was hustlin, arguin and bustlin
Gangstaz of Gotham hardcore hustlin
I'm wrestlin with words and ideas
My ears is picky, seekin what will transmit
the scribes can apply to transcript, yo
This ain't no time where the usual is suitable
Tonight alive, let's describe the inscrutable
The indisputable, we New York the narcotic
Strength in metal and fiber optics
where mercenaries is paid to trade hot stock tips
for profits, thirsty criminals take pockets
Hard knuckles on the second hands of workin class watches
Skyscrapers is collosus, the cost of living
is preposterous, stay alive, you play or die, no options
No Batman and Robin, can't tell between
the cops and the robbers, they both partners, they all heartless
With no conscience, back streets stay darkened
Where unbeliever hearts stay hardened
My eagle talons STAY sharpened, like city lights stay throbbin
You either make a way or stay sobbin, the Shiny Apple
is bruised but sweet and if you choose to eat
You could lose your teeth, many crews retreat
Nightly news repeat, who got shot down and locked down
Spotlight to savages, NASDAQ averages
My narrative, rose to explain this existance
Amidst the harbor lights which remain in the distance

So much on my mind that it can't recline
Blastin holes in the night til she bled sunshine
Breathe in, inhale vapors from bright stars that shine
Breathe out, weed smoke retrace the skyline
Heard the bass ride out like an ancient mating call
I can't take it y'all, I can feel the city breathin
Chest heavin, against the flesh of the evening
Sigh before we die like the last train leaving

Sonnet 18

By William Shakespeare

I thought love was only true in fairy tales
Meant for someone else but not for me
Love was out to get me
That's the way it seemed
Disappointment haunted all my dreams

Then I saw her face
Now I'm a believer
Not a trace of doubt in my mind
I'm in love
I'm a believer
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I thought love was more or less a giving thing
Seems the more I gave the less I got
What's the use in trying
All you get is pain
When I needed sunshine I got rain

Then I saw her face
Now I'm a believer
Not a trace of doubt in my mind
I'm in love
I'm a believer
I couldn't leave her if I tried

Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening

By Robert Frost

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.

The Pasture

By Robert Frost

I'm going out to clean the pasture spring;
I'll only stop to rake the leaves away
(And wait to watch the water clear, I may):
I shan't be gone long. -- You come too.

I'm going out to fetch the little calf
That's standing by the mother. It's so young,
It totters when she licks it with her tongue.
I shan't be gone long. -- You come too.

The Tiger

By William Blake

TIGER, tiger, 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 and what art
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand and 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?

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

The Raven

By Edgar Allan Poe

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.
'Tis some visitor,' I muttered, 'tapping at my chamber door -
Only this, and nothing more.'

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow; - vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow - sorrow for the lost Lenore -
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels named Lenore -
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me - filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating
'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door -
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door; -
This it is, and nothing more,'

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
'Sir,' said I, 'or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you' - here I opened wide the door; -
Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before
But the silence was unbroken, and the darkness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, 'Lenore!'
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word, 'Lenore!'
Merely this and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping somewhat louder than before.
'Surely,' said I, 'surely that is something at my window lattice;
Let me see then, what theraat is, and this mystery explore -

Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery explore; -
'Tis the wind and nothing more!

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately raven of the saintly days of yore.
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door -
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door -
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
'Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou,' I said, 'art sure no craven.
Ghastly grim and ancient raven wandering from the nightly shore -
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore!
Quoth the raven, 'Nevermore.'

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning - little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door -
Bird or beast above the sculptured bust above his chamber door,
With such name as 'Nevermore.'

But the raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only,
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing further then he uttered - not a feather then he fluttered -
Till I scarcely more than muttered 'Other friends have flown before -
On the morrow he will leave me, as my hopes have flown before.'
Then the bird said, 'Nevermore.'

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
'Doubtless,' said I, 'what it utters is its only stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful disaster
Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one burden bore -
Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy burden bore
Of "Never-nevermore."

But the raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird and bust and door;
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore -
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking 'Nevermore.'

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o'er,
But whose velvet violet lining with the lamp-light gloating o'er,
She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by Seraphim whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor.
'Wretch,' I cried, 'thy God hath lent thee - by these angels he has sent thee
Respite - respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!
Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore!
Quoth the raven, 'Nevermore.'

'Prophet!' said I, 'thing of evil! - prophet still, if bird or devil! -
Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted -
On this home by horror haunted - tell me truly, I implore -
Is there - is there balm in Gilead? - tell me - tell me, I implore!
Quoth the raven, 'Nevermore.'

'Prophet!' said I, 'thing of evil! - prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that Heaven that bends above us - by that God we both adore -
Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels named Lenore -
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden, whom the angels named Lenore?'
Quoth the raven, 'Nevermore.'

'Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!' I shrieked upstarting -
'Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken! - quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!
Quoth the raven, 'Nevermore.'

And the raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted - nevermore!

The Red Wheelbarrow

by William Carlos Williams

so much depends
upon

a red wheel
barrow

glazed with rain
water

beside the white
chickens