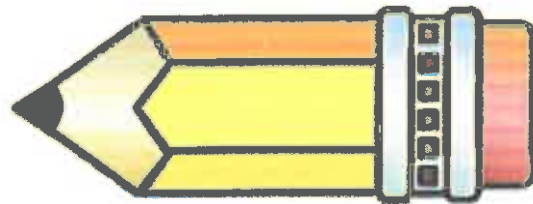


Poetry Choice Board

write a free verse poem with 4 stanzas.	write a narrative poem with a rhyming pattern.	Read a poem and illustrate it.	write a poem with a rhyming pattern in the 1 st , 3 rd , 5 th and 7 th lines.
write a humorous poem about your teacher.	write a free verse poem about your family.	write an acrostic poem using your first name.	write a rhyming poem about school.
write an acrostic poem using your last name.	write a rhyming poem about your favorite dessert.	write a narrative poem with 4 stanzas.	write a descriptive poem about your favorite foods.
write a poem with a rhyming pattern in the 2 nd , 4 th , 6 th and 8 th lines.	write a humorous poem with 4 stanzas.	write a poem in any style about a close friend.	Create an illustration and then write a poem about it.



Rhyming

A *rhyming poem* has a **repetition** of similar syllables or **sounds** occurring in two or more words at the **end** of the lines.

Couplet

Two lines with rhyming ending sounds

Triplet

Three lines with rhyming ending sounds

Quatrain

Four lines with rhyming ending sounds. There are many patterns of rhyme but the most common is ABCB, where the second and fourth lines rhyme.



Definition

A rhyming poem has a repetition of similar syllables or sounds occurring in two or more words at the end of the lines.

Types

Couplet

Two lines with rhyming ending sounds. Rhyme scheme of AA.

Triplet

Three lines with rhyming ending sounds. Rhyme scheme of AAA.

Quatrain

Four lines with rhyming ending sounds. There are many patterns of rhyme but the most common is ABCB, where the second and fourth lines rhyme.

Example

Spring grass sprouts up green.
The rain make sure it is seen.



The new ducks are growing.
The river is flowing.
The flowers are showing.



The rain comes roaring in
Like a lion they say.
I just can't wait
'Til it all stops in May.

Our samples:

As a class, let's brainstorm one example of each type of rhyming poem together. When done, indicate the rhyme scheme.

Couplet Subject:

Line 1: _____
Line 2: _____

Triplet Subject:

Line 1: _____
Line 2: _____
Line 3: _____

Quatrain Subject:

Line 1: _____
Line 2: _____
Line 3: _____
Line 4: _____

Practice:

With a partner, write one of each type of rhyming poem in the space below. Be sure your poem is about the subject specified. If time, draw a picture to accompany your rhyming poems.

Couplet Subject: Flowers

Line 1: _____
Line 2: _____

Triplet Subject: Sunshine

Line 1: _____
Line 2: _____
Line 3: _____

Quatrain Subject: Umbrellas

Line 1: _____
Line 2: _____
Line 3: _____
Line 4: _____

Name #: _____

Date: _____

Rhyming

Directions: You will write three of your own spring themed rhymes in the space below... Be sure to follow the correct rhyme pattern for each poem. You should try to convey a mood or emotion associated with spring.. You may illustrate each of the poems.

Couplet Subject:

Line 1: _____	
Line 2: _____	

Couplet Subject:

Line 1: _____	
Line 2: _____	

Triplet Subject:

Line 1: _____	
Line 2: _____	
Line 3: _____	

Triplet Subject:

Line 1: _____	
Line 2: _____	
Line 3: _____	

Quatrain Subject:

Line 1: _____	
Line 2: _____	
Line 3: _____	
Line 4: _____	

Quatrain Subject:

Line 1: _____	
Line 2: _____	
Line 3: _____	
Line 4: _____	

Bio Poem Planning (You)

Name _____

Adjectives that Describe You	Lover of . . .
Who feels . . .	Who wonders . . .
Who fears . . .	Who would like to . . .
Who is able to . . .	Who dreams . . .

A poem in my pocket

A poem is like a daydream-
it can take me far away;
or bring back a little memory
of a very special day.

A poem is like a party-
full of fun and sweet surprise;
and every poem I read is just
a present in disguise.

A poem is like a mystery-
and I'm waiting to unlock it.
I'm never bored when I'm alone;
a poem is in my pocket.

A poem in my pocket

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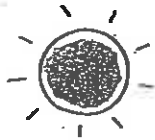
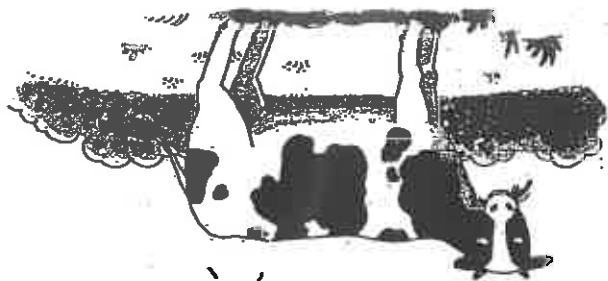
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—Marilyn Singer

I approve of June
Fresh food to chew
and chew
and lots of room to move around
or lie down
Not too hot
Not too cold
Not too wet
Not too dry
A good roof of sky over me and my calf
Who's now halfway up
on new legs
He'll want a meal real soon
Yes, I approve of June

Cow



Butterfly Wings

How would it be
on a day in June
to open your eyes
in a dark cocoon,

And soften one end
and crawl outside,
and find you had wings
to open wide,

And find you could fly
to a bush or tree
or float on the air
like a boat at sea . . .

How would it BE?

—Alleen Fisher



—Felice Holman

When I stamp
The ground thunders,
When I shout
The world rings,
When I sing
The air wonders
How I do such things.

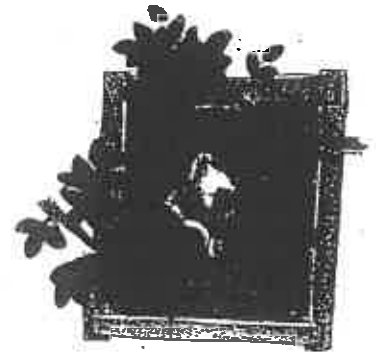
At the Top of My Voice

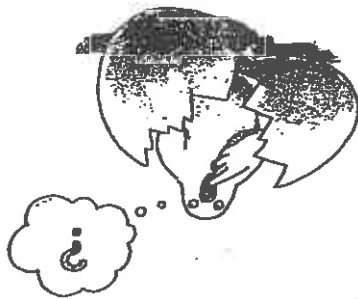


Tree House Night

At night I climbed
the ladder
to my house
up in the tree.
The moon was like:
an owl's eye
staring down at me.
The stars
were silver fireworks
that never burned away.
The robins' bedtime
songs were done . . .
they rested for the day.
I rolled up in my blanket
like a squirrel in a nest.
I knew my dreams
this cool-moon night
would be the very best.

—Sandra Watson





—Allien Fisher

Who lives inside a house
That doesn't have a door?
It doesn't have a window
or light inside, what's more.
Who lives inside a house
With walls so frail and thin
That when he comes out
he cannot go back in?

Who?



Gray Squirrel

Hurry, hurry, scamper, scurry,
Little squirrel all gray and furry.
Find an acorn; crack it, crunch it,
Nibble, nibble, munch, munch it.
Find another, fat and round,
To bury quickly in the ground.
Gather nuts—don't stop to play!
For winter winds are on the way.

—Joan Horton



—Maria Fleming

Between two green stems
You spread your lace tablecloth
And prepare to dine

Spider

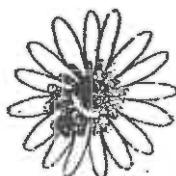
Tiny, twinkling stars
Play a game of hide-and-seek
by the backyard fence

Fireflies



Look! A red raindrop
Shimmering on a daisy
Has sprouted wings!

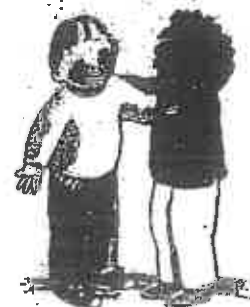
Ladybug



New Friend

A new friend, a true friend
A cheers-me-when-I'm-blue friend
A sunny-day-hurray friend
A come-over-and-play friend
A nice-in-every-way friend
A new friend, a true friend
A turns-the-gray-skies-blue friend
A talk-and-talk-non-stop friend
A giggle-til-we-drop friend
A none-can-ever-top friend
A new friend, a true friend
A happy-I-met-you friend

—Maria Fleming

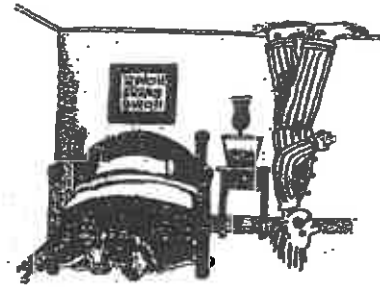




The Folk Who Live in Backward Town

The folk who live in Backward Town
Are inside out and upside down.
They wear their hats inside their heads
And go to sleep beneath their beds.
They only eat the apple peeling
And take their walks across the ceiling.

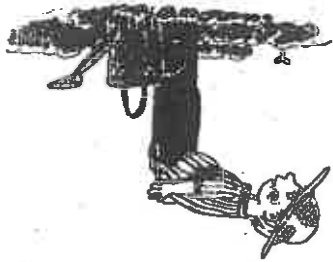
—Mary Ann Hoberman



A little seed
For me to sow ...
A little earth
To make it grow ...
A little hole,
A little pot ...
A little wish,
And that is that.
A little sun,
A little shower ...
A little while,
And then—a flower!

—Mabel Watts

Maytime Magic



Whale

A whale is stout about the middle,
He is stout about the ends,
& so is all his family
& so are all his friends.

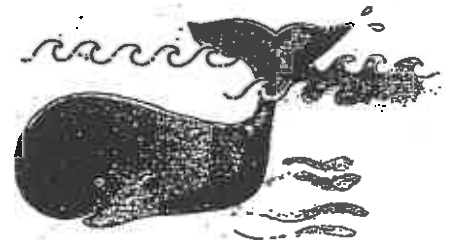
He's pleased that he's enormous,
He's happy he weighs tons,
& so are all his daughters
& so are all his sons.

He eats when he is hungry
Each kind of food he wants,
& so do all his uncles
& so do all his aunts.

He doesn't mind his blubber,
He doesn't mind his creases,
& neither do his nephews
& neither do his nieces.

You may find him chubby,
You may find him fat,
But he would disagree with you:
He likes himself like that.

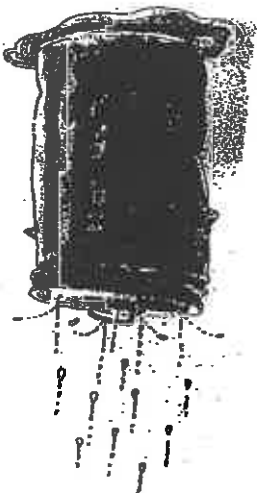
—Mary Ann Hoberman

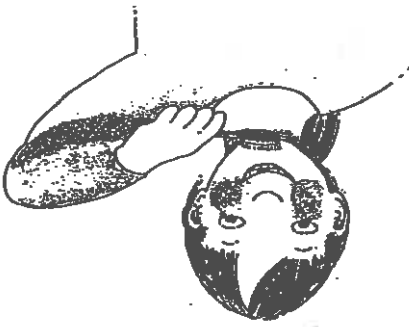


Bursting with news,
Chatterbox, the Rain,
Talks all day
To the windupone,
To the trash can lid
Rattles on and on,
Bobbles this and that
To the backyard lawn,
Chatterbox, the Rain,
Talks and talks all day,
And still has puddles
And puddles to say.

—Beverly McLaughlin

Chatterbox, The Rain





—Aileen Fisher

A tooth fell out
and left a space
so big my tongue
can touch my FACE.
And every time
I smile, I show
a space where some-
thing used to grow.
I miss my tooth,
as you may guess,
but then—I have to
brush one less.

But Then



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



Frog's Lullaby

Sleep, my pretty polliwog,
Polly wolly wiggle wog

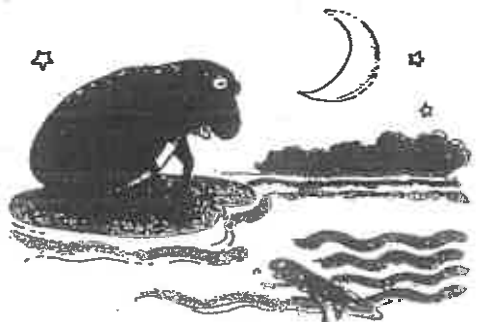
Polly wiggle woggle wog
Wiggle woggle woggle wog

Polly wolly wiggle woggle
Wiggle woggle woggle froggle

Sleep, my little wiggle head,
In your little water bed.

Sweet dreams, pretty polliwog,
When you wake, you'll be a frog.

—Charlotte Pomerantz



—Patricia Hubbell

SPRING!
season

swingy

flingy

slingy

wingy

zingy

That

Of course, you know the answer—

Who brings the butterflies?

Who brings the showers?

Who brings the flowers?

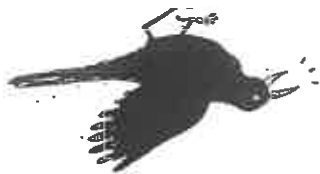
Where birds can hide unseen?

Who covers trees with tiny leaves

Who dances lightly through the world
in slippers mossy green?

Riddle





—Pat Moore



Red shouts a loud, balloon-round sound.
 Black crackles like noisy grackles.
 Cafe clickety-clicks its wooden sticks.
 Yellow sparks and sizzles, tzz-tzz.
 White sings, Ay, her high, light note.
 Verde rustles leaf secrets, swish, swish.
 Girls whis-whispers its kitten whiskers.
 Silver ring-ring-a-ling ringles.
 Azul coo-coo-coos like polka-dots do.
 Purple thunders and rum-rum-rumbles.
 Oro blares, a brassy, brass tuba.
 Orange grows its striped, roiled roar.
 Colors crackle, Colors Roar.



Colors Crackle, Colors Roar



—Zhenya Gay

In the summer we eat,
 In the winter we don't.
 In the summer we'll play,
 In the winter we won't.
 All winter we sleep, each curled in a ball
 As soon as the snowflakes start to fall.
 But in spring we each come out of our den
 And start to eat all over again.

In the Summer We Eat



Something Told the Wild Geese

Something told the wild geese
 It was time to go.
 Though the fields lay golden
 Something whispered—"Snow."
 Leaves were green and stirring,
 Berries, luster-glossed,
 But beneath warm feathers
 Something cautioned—"Frost."
 All the sagging orchards
 Steamed with amber spice,
 But each wild breast stiffened
 At remembered ice.
 Something told the wild geese
 It was time to fly—
 Summer sun was on their wings,
 Winter in their cry.

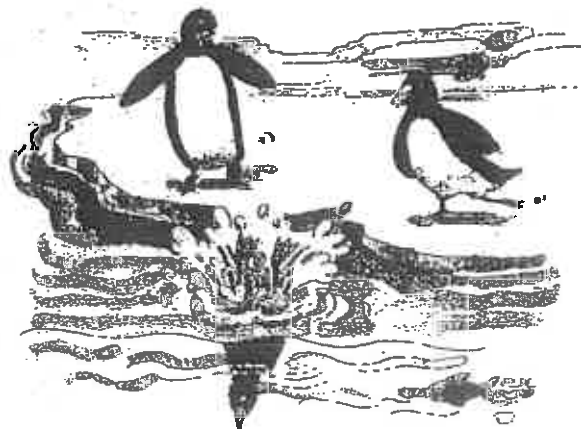
—Rachel Field

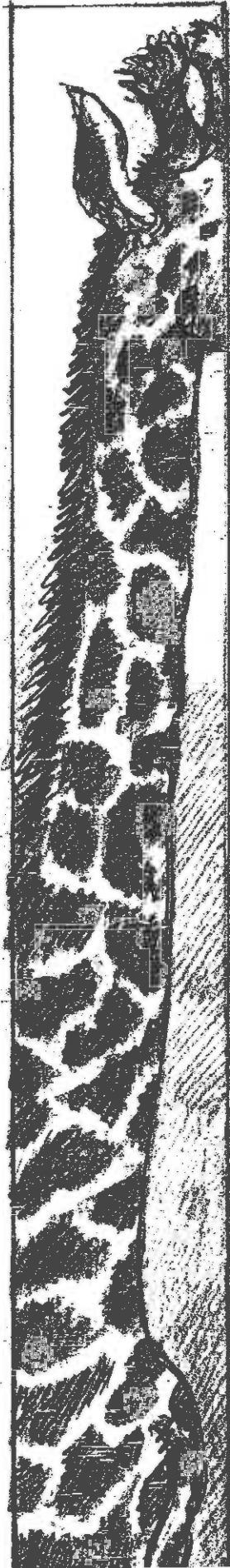


Perhaps

All day long the penguins play
 In the cold Antarctic sea—
 diving
 splashing
 leaping
 dashing
 In slippery, slippery glee.
 While other birds chase blue-sky dreams
 The sea to penguins sings—
 perhaps they aren't birds at all
 but fish with feet and wings.

—Maxwell Higgins





DOGS AND CATS AND BEARS AND BATS

*Mammals are a varied lot;
some are furry, some are not;
many come equipped with tails;
some have quills, a few have scales.*

*Some are large, and others small;
some are quick, while others crawl;
they prance on land, they swing from trees
they're underground and in the seas.*

*Some have hooves, and some have paws;
some have fangs in snapping jaws;
some will snarl if you come near;
others quickly disappear.*

*Dogs and cats and bears and bats,
all are mammals, so are rats;
whales are mammals, camels too;
I'm a mammal . . . so are YOU!*