

Creative Writing Exercises: Poetry

Today we will have two different poetry writing choices. The first is an exercise in which students will write an anger poem; the second is an example of parody poetry.

Choice #1: IT MAKES ME SO MAD!!!! [Or, writing an angry poem]

When you write a poem about anger, you need to really think about anger. What makes you angry? How do you feel when you are angry? How do you deal with your anger? It helps to remember specific incidents that have made you angry in the past.

And that is what the questions below will enable you to do. Answer these questions; they will enable you to gather words, phrases, and sentences that will detail your specific responses to anger.

A brief word: don't agonize over the questions. Just write whatever comes to mind. Let the ideas flow, without a great deal of hesitation. Later you will be more selective; you will choose the best words and start composing a poem.

Another brief word: anger is a strong emotion—try to use strong words to describe it.

Step

1. Make a list of things that make you angry—be as specific as possible.
2. How do you act when you get angry? Do you turn red, yell, hit something?
3. Describe what happens within your body when you feel anger. Be specific.
4. Describe how you get out of an angry mood.

Step Two:

1. Now you need to go through your lists, circling the best words from each. The best words are words that give the most important information, use interesting/original language, and create the most vivid pictures in the reader's mind.
2. Using the words you've circled, begin creating lines for your poem. Sometimes it is easiest to use only a line or two from each question, but it depends upon your information. Narrowing your choices will result in your strongest information.

BE CREATIVE! HAVE FUN!

Parody Poetry

“Sure,” by Arlene Tribbia

I miss my brother sure
he drank Robitussin
washed down with beer
sure he smoked dope
& shot heroin
& went to prison
for selling to
an undercover cop
& sure he robbed
the town's only hot dog stand,
Gino's like I overheard
while I laid on my bed
staring up at the stars
under slanted curtains
& sure he used to
leave his two year old
son alone so he could
score on the street
but before all this
my brother sure
used to swing me up
onto his back, run
me around dizzy
through hallways and rooms
& we'd laugh & laugh
fall onto the bed finally
and he'd tickle me
to death sure

“Sure,” by AD

I loved him sure
He cheated
On our one year anniversary
Sure he went on business trips
For days
For weeks
And rarely called
Just to say,
“I love you...
...I miss you”
And sure, rare
Became never
Still waiting by the phone
On my couch by the window
And sure he would always leave
Saying,
“I'll call, I promise”
And that's what keeps me going
Sure
Because before all of this
He would take me
By the heart
When he would take me
By the hand
Show me off
Make me dinner by candle light
And he would hold me
Till we fell asleep, sure.

"What I Would Do," Marc Petersen

If my wife were to have an affair,
I would walk to my toolbox in the garage,
Take from it my 12" flathead screwdriver
And my hickory-handle hammer,
The one that helped me build three redwood fences,
And I would hammer out the pins
In all the door hinges in the house,
And I would pull off all the doors
And I would stack them in the backyard.
And I would empty all the sheets from the linen closet,
And especially the flannels we have slept between for
 nineteen winters;
And I would empty all the towels, too,
The big heavy white towels she bought on Saturdays at
 Target,
And the red bath towels we got for our wedding,
And which we have never used;
And I would unroll the aluminum foil from its box,
And carry all the pots and pans from the cupboards to the
 backyard,
And lay this one long sheet of aluminum foil over all our
 pots and pans;
And I would dump all the silverware from the drawer
Onto the driveway; and I would push my motorcycle over
And let all its gas leak out,
And I would leave my Jeep running at the curb
Until its tank was empty or its motor blew up,
And I would turn the TV up full-blast and open all the
 window;
And I would turn the stereo up full-blast,
With Beethoven's Ninth Symphony on it,
Schiller's "Ode to Joy," really blasting;
And I would strip our bed;
And I would lie on our stripped bed;
And I would see our maple budding out the window.
I would see our maple budding out our window,
The hummingbird feeder hanging from its lowest bough.
And my cat would jump up to see what was the matter
 with me.
And I would tell her. Of course, I would tell her.
From her, I hold nothing back.

