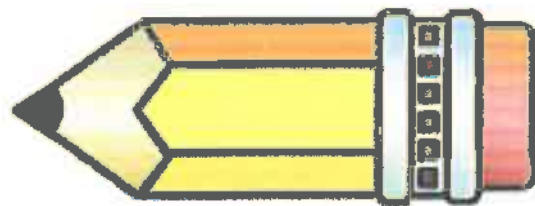


# Poetry Choice Board

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 <sup>st</sup> , 3 <sup>rd</sup> , 5 <sup>th</sup> and 7 <sup>th</sup> 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 <sup>nd</sup> , 4 <sup>th</sup> , 6 <sup>th</sup> and 8 <sup>th</sup> 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 surprises;  
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.

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—Marilyn Singer

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

—Allene Fisher



—Felicia Holman

When I stomp  
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

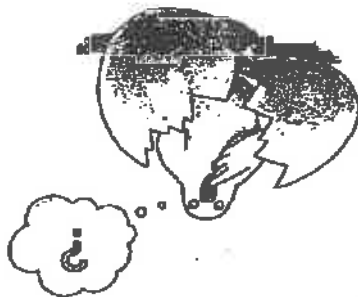
## Tree House Night

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







—Allen 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 tall and thin  
that when he once 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, 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



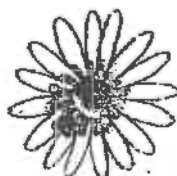
—Maria Fleming

Between two green stems  
You spread your legs to the cloth  
And prepare to dine

Spider

They, 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!

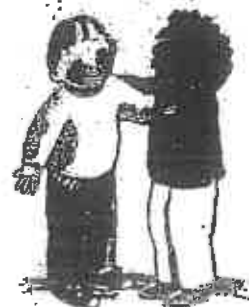
Ladybug



## 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-till-we-drop friend  
A none-can-ever-top friend  
A new friend, a true friend  
A happy-I-met-you friend

—Maria Fleming



## Maytime Magic



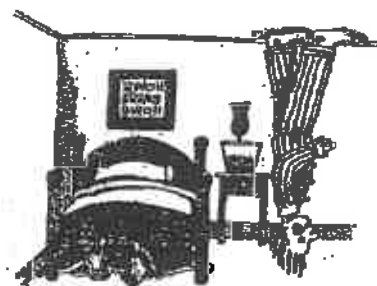
A little seed  
For me to sow  
A little earth  
To make it grow  
A little hole,  
A little pot,  
A little wish,  
And that is that.  
A little sun,  
A little shower,  
A little while,  
And then—a flower!

—Mabel Watts

## 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



## 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

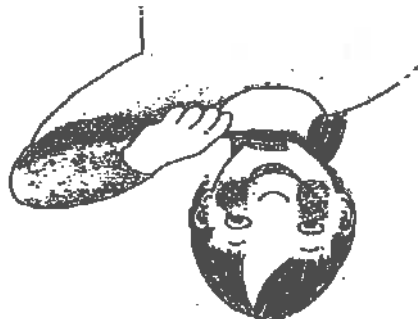


## Chatterbox, The Rain

Bursting with news,  
Chatterbox, the rain,  
Talks all day  
To the windowpane,  
To the trash can lid  
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





—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 wiggie wog

Polly wiggie waggie wog  
Wiggie waggie waggie wog

Polly wolly wiggie waggie  
Wiggie waggie waggie waggie

Sleep, my little wiggie 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

blingy

slingy

wingy

zingy

That

Of course, you know the answer—

Who brings the butterflies?

Who brings the flowers?

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 Alton



Red shouts a loud, balloon-round sound.  
Black crackles like noisy griddles.  
Cafe clatter clicks its wooden sticks.  
Yellow sparks and sizzles, tzz-tzz.  
White sings, Ay, her high, light note.  
Verde rustles leaf secrets, swish, swish.  
Girls with white whiskers, their kitten whiskers,  
Silver ring-ring-o-ring jingles.  
Azul coo-coo-coos like polkas 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



—Zhanya 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 snowdrops 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.

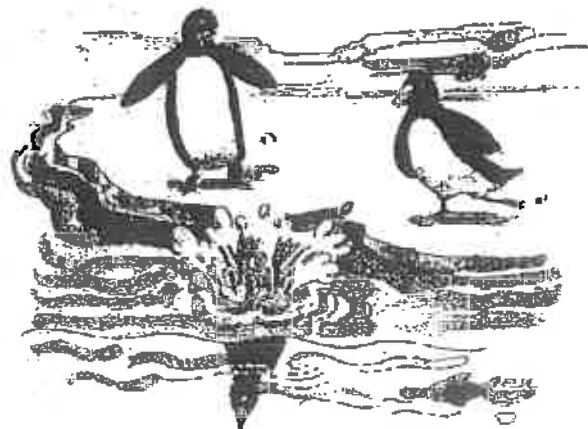
—Rachel Field



## Perhaps

All day long the penguins play  
In the cold Antarctic sea—  
diving  
splashing  
leaping  
dashing  
In slippery, slippery glaze.  
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!*