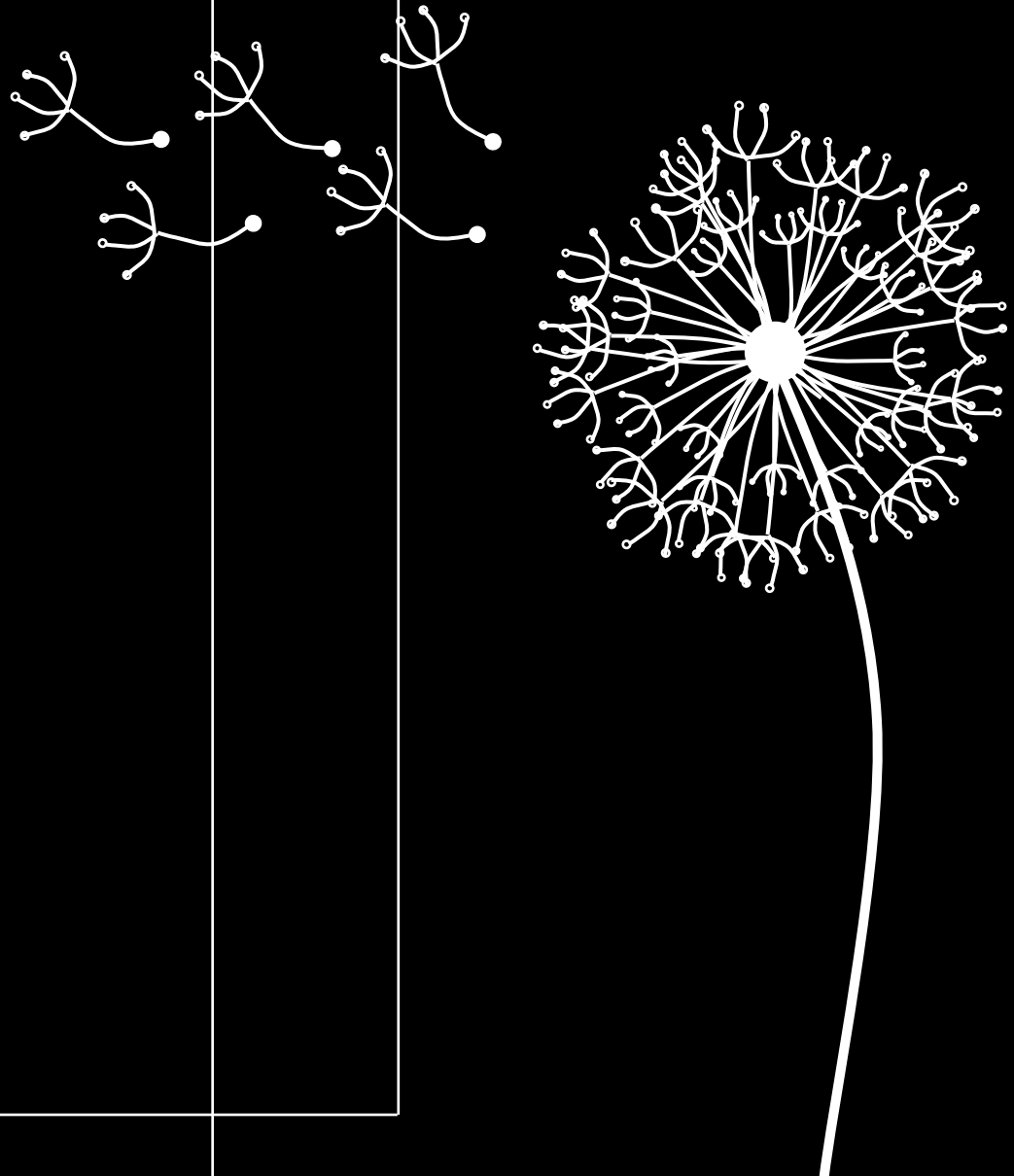
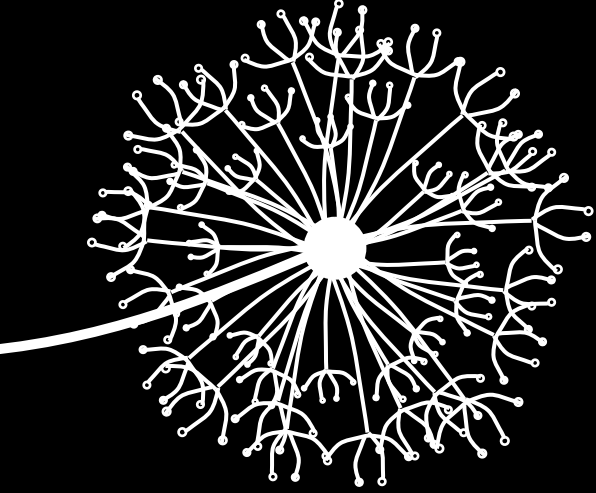


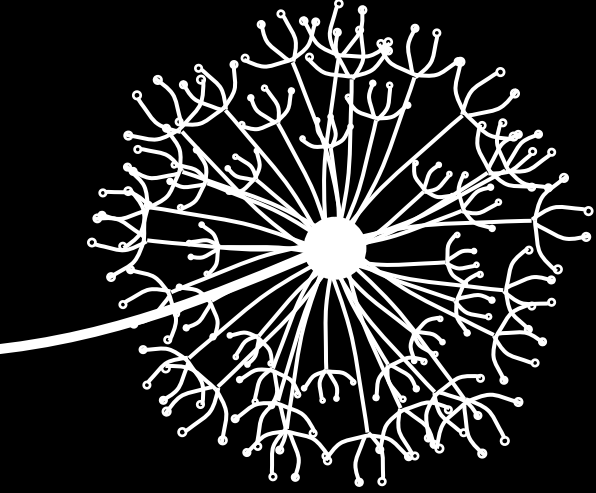
# What is a poem?





# Objective

SWBAT create a personal definition of poetry by experiencing many different styles of poems in a virtual gallery walk.



# Agenda

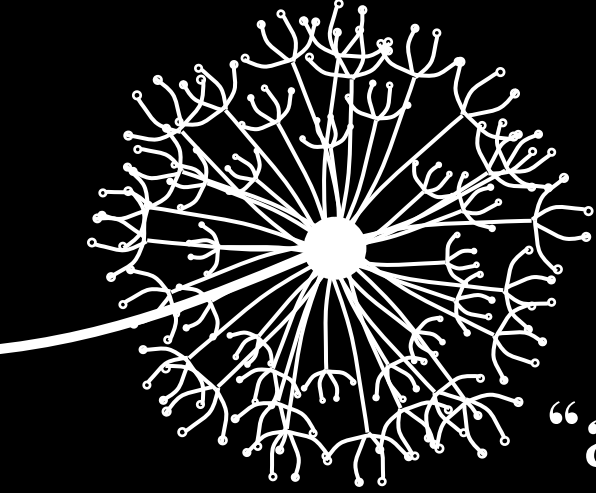
Activator: What is a poem?

Gallery Walk

Small Groups –  
Discussion/Capture Sheet

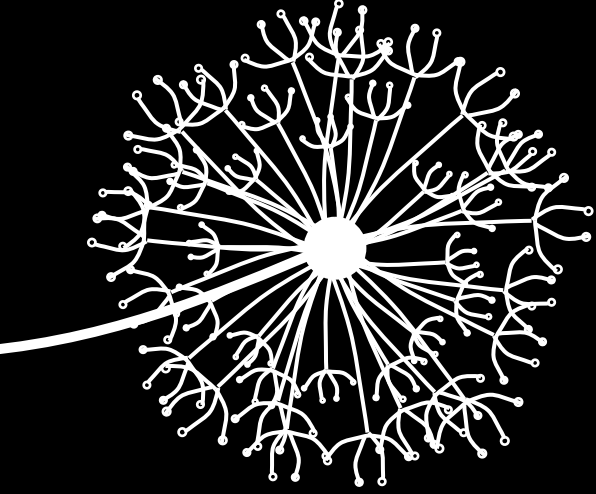
Whole Class Discussion

What is a Poem?



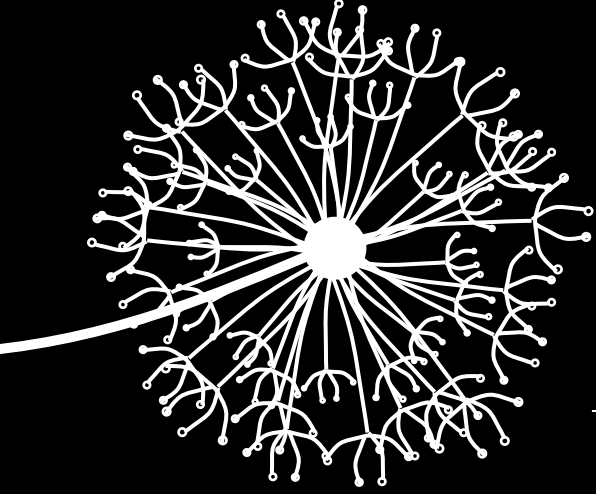
From the Dictionary:  
“a piece of writing that partakes of  
the nature of both speech and song  
that is nearly always rhythmical,  
usually metaphorical, and often  
exhibits such formal elements as  
meter, rhyme, and stanzaic  
structure.”

**What  
is a  
poem?**



**What  
is a  
poem?**

**Do you just know a poem  
when you see it?**



What does a poem need  
to have in order to meet your  
criteria of poetry?

What does it have to do?

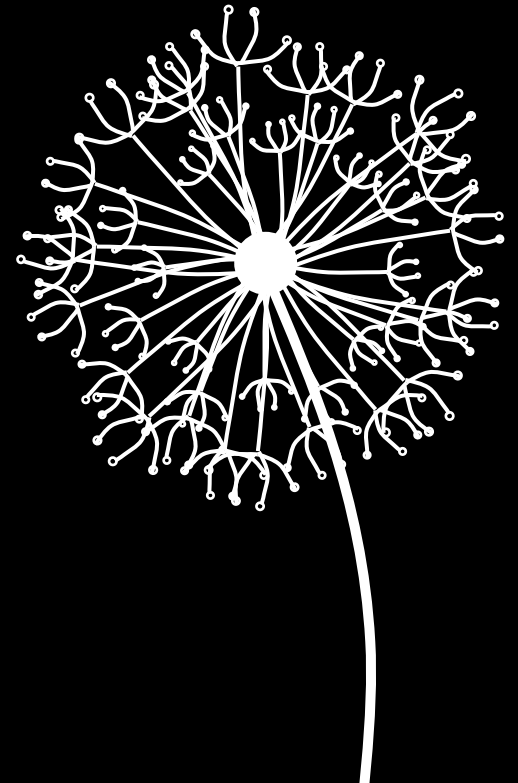
Does it need to look a certain way?  
Sound a certain way?

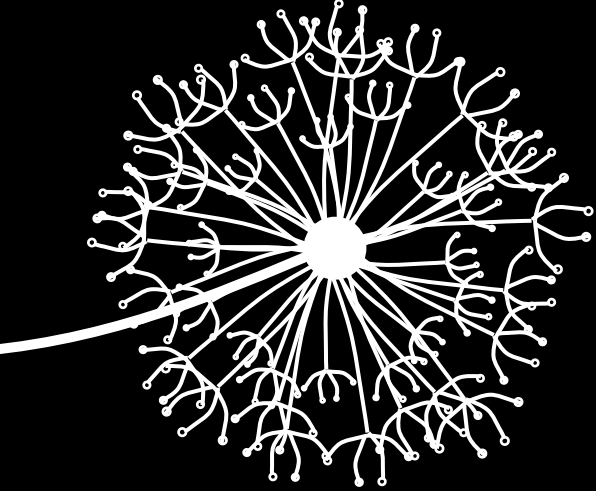
**What  
is a  
poem?**

# Gallery Walk

Look at the  
poems around  
the room.

Decide whether  
you think each one  
is a poem or not.





# #1

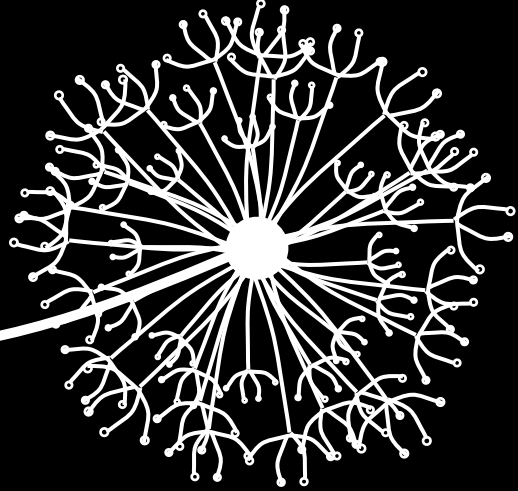
I AM WASHING MY FACE BEFORE  
BED WHILE A COUNTRY IS ON FIRE.

IT FEELS DUMB TO WASH MY FACE,  
AND DUMB NOT TO.

IT HAS NEVER BEEN THIS WAY, AND  
IT HAS ALWAYS BEEN THIS WAY.

SOMEONE HAS ALWAYS CLINKED A  
COCKTAIL GLASS IN ONE HEMISPHERE  
AS SOMEONE LOSES A HOME IN  
ANOTHER WHILE SOMEONE FALLS IN  
LOVE IN THE SAME APARTMENT BUILDING  
WHERE SOMEONE GRIEVES. THE FACT  
THAT SUFFERING, MUNDANITY, AND BEAUTY  
COINCIDE IS UNBEARABLE AND REMARKABLE.





# #2

Dear Basketball  
by Kobe Bryant  
November 29, 2015

Dear Basketball,

From the moment  
I started rolling my dad's tube socks  
And shooting imaginary  
Game-winning shots  
In the Great Western Forum  
I knew one thing was real:

I fell in love with you.

A love so deep I gave you my all —  
From my mind & body  
To my spirit & soul.

As a six-year-old boy  
Deeply in love with you  
I never saw the end of the tunnel.  
I only saw myself  
Running out of one.

And so I ran.  
I ran up and down every court  
After every loose ball for you.  
You asked for my hustle  
I gave you my heart  
Because it came with so much more.

I played through the sweat and hurt  
Not because challenge called me  
But because YOU called me.  
I did everything for YOU

Because that's what you do  
When someone makes you feel as  
Alive as you've made me feel.

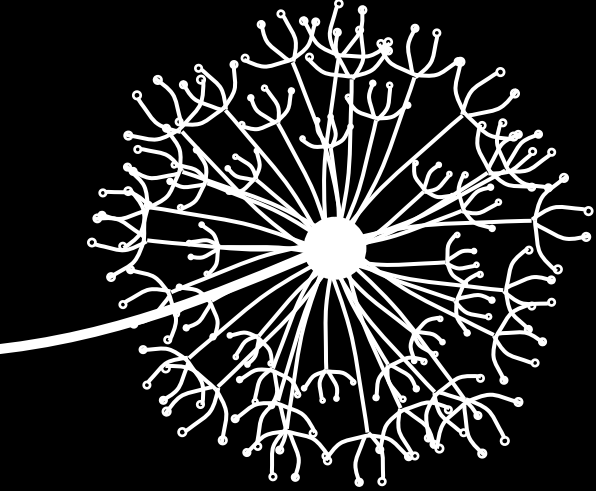
You gave a six-year-old boy his Laker dream  
And I'll always love you for it.  
But I can't love you obsessively for much  
longer.

This season is all I have left to give.  
My heart can take the pounding  
My mind can handle the grind  
But my body knows it's time to say goodbye.

And that's OK.  
I'm ready to let you go.  
I want you to know now  
So we both can savor every moment we have  
left together.  
The good and the bad.  
We have given each other  
All that we have.

And we both know, no matter what I do next  
I'll always be that kid  
With the rolled up socks  
Garbage can in the corner  
:05 seconds on the clock  
Ball in my hands.  
5 ... 4 ... 3 ... 2 ... 1

Love you always,  
Kobe



# #3

---

## *Footnotes*

I loved<sup>1</sup> him.

*kristina mahr*

---

<sup>1</sup> per my definition of love, which I know is not everyone's definition<sup>2</sup> of love

<sup>2</sup> I know to some people<sup>3</sup> love is an undefinable thing, and I do not want to detract from this belief.

<sup>3</sup> yes I could have placed a comma here, but for effect I chose not to; forgive me, grammar is fluid in poetry.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>4</sup> how is this a poem? some of you are asking, and a poem is a poem is a poem (that will not answer<sup>5</sup> you, but it is the truth as I know it)

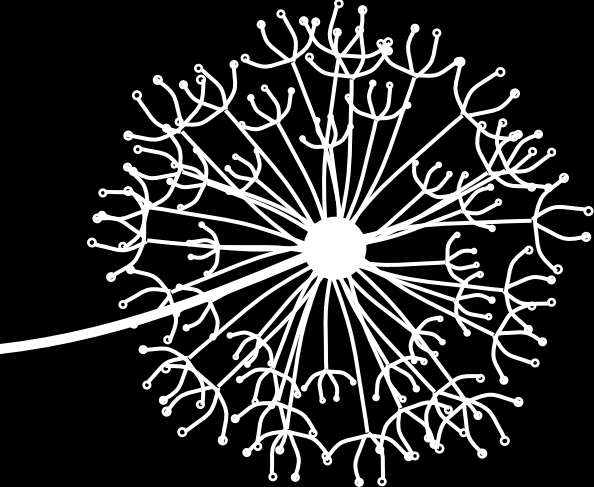
<sup>5</sup> I know you want answers. I know we all<sup>6</sup> want answers.

<sup>6</sup> I can't speak for us all, the truth is *I* want an answer.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>7</sup> you, the reader, don't know to what, and it is cruel to leave you guessing so—I want an answer to why I loved him.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>8</sup> that's a lie.<sup>9</sup>

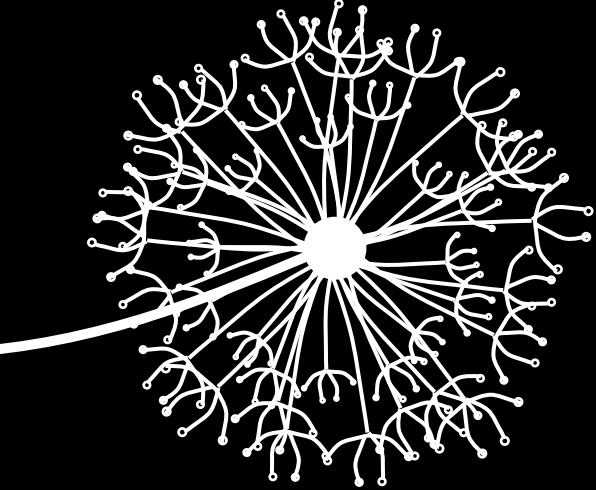
<sup>9</sup> I want an answer to why it wasn't enough.



# #4

To  
 think  
 in only  
 two colors:  
 Black and  
 White. To be oblivious  
 others. only black. or  
 shallow or deep, high  
 or fight I only think in  
 Have you finished your  
 Then you must not have  
 at all. How was your  
 No? Then it must  
 much have been quite  
 ball. I ask what color  
 grass If not green, then it  
 be red. I ask how your mother  
 not well, she must be dead. What is  
 2 equivalent to? If not 4 then  
 be minus 4. Is it  
 love and adore? If not, then I  
 one you abhor. I think in two  
 both length and width. Depth  
 myth. Like a paper I have  
 see just one face Its blank stare is one you  
 if I had finished the job halfway and my day  
 grass looks like a dead yellow and I hear  
 mellow. What if one had changed divid-  
 lover, we were just friends. These are  
 life. This is where identity and variety  
 cerulean, and deep pink. Ecru, flam ingo, indigo and pitch  
 like ink. Do not think there is just wr ong and right For we  
 cannot think in only black and white. Do not fall  
 for any extremist propaganda. For we are not as

monochrome as an innocent small panda.



#5

*r-p-o-p-h-e-s-s-a-g-r*

r-p-o-p-h-e-s-s-a-g-r

who

a)s w(e loo)k

upnowgath

PPEGORHRASS

eringint(o-

aThe):l

eA

!p:

S

a

(r

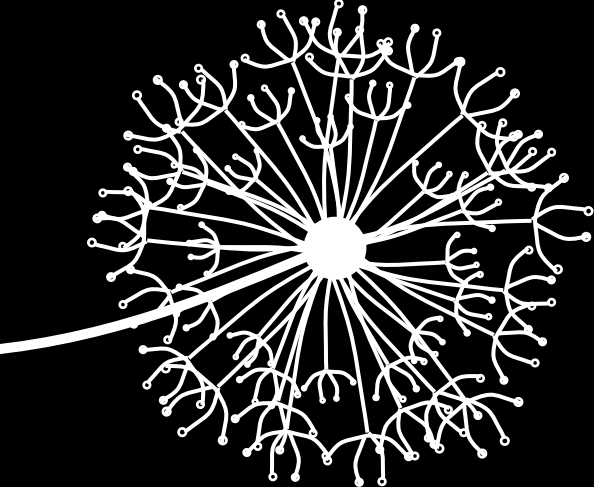
rIvInG

.gRrEaPsPhOs)

to

rea(be)rran(com)gi(e)ngly

,grasshopper;

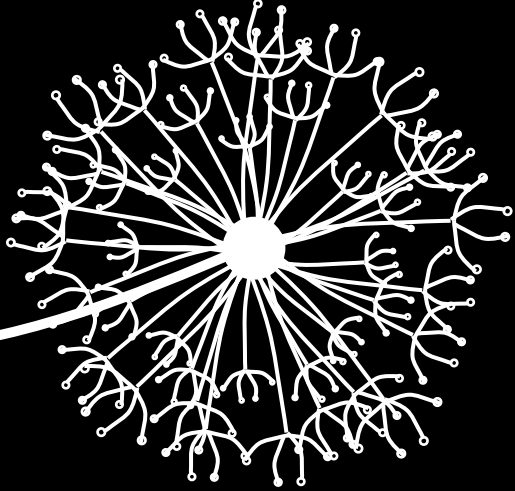


# #6

01.05.16

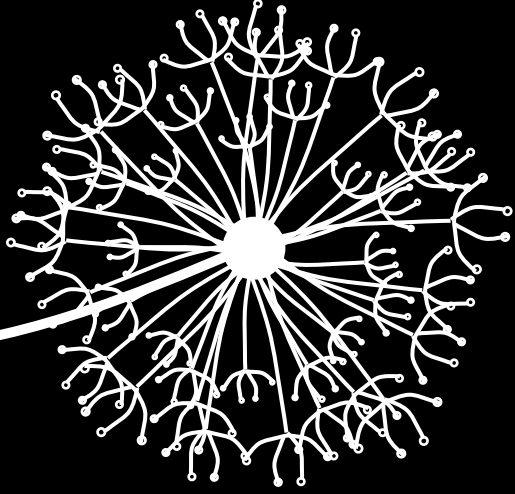
*By Laynie Browne*

1. Misplacing the year is useful.
2. Pretext may grow into medicine.
3. Ignore numbers until they become secret persons.
4. Pour out this metal thermos. But it isn't a thermos, that's just an image to help you physicalize an intellectual process.
5. If you want to transform a book you'll need ingredients.
6. Read lines from an enchantress when you want to be a bird.
7. Ingest liquid prose when you prefer to be fluid.
8. A good title only proves you have work ahead of you.
9. Remembering your potency impels me further. I want to be impaled by a poem.
10. Beginning is always precarious. Avoid snow-covered terrain and long-haired ponies. Avoid skipping ahead, as I've inadvertently just done.
11. Return to certain constitutional texts when you need protection.
12. Refuse to look at detailed maps. You don't need to know the future.
13. Your headache isn't fake — but pretend if you can.
14. Fantasize that for the next six hours you will not stop.
15. All pain will end almost immediately.
16. If you are able to endure forgetfulness.
17. Welcome imperfection as you would a cup of tea served to you by a beautiful, devoted attendant.
18. Your attendant will stay as long as you like.
19. When lost, reread these instructions.
20. Don't speak.
21. Ecstatic impulse is now.
22. Continuously — you.



# #7

what they have said  
about us  
doesn't mean a thing  
I want you  
to shine in my arms  
and the rain  
to never stop



# #8

I have eaten  
the plums  
that were in  
the icebox

and which  
you were probably  
saving  
for breakfast

Forgive me  
they were delicious  
so sweet  
and so cold

- William Carlos Williams

# Small Groups

We will split up into small groups. Each group will examine one text from the gallery walk.

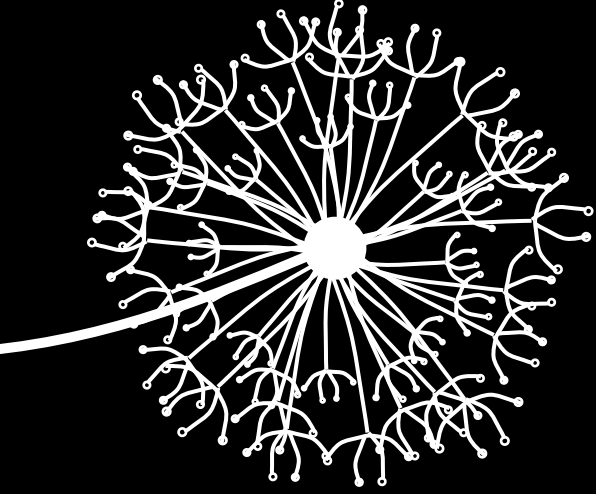
With your group, read and discuss the text.

Decide together whether or not it is a poem.

Be prepared to explain your response to the class.

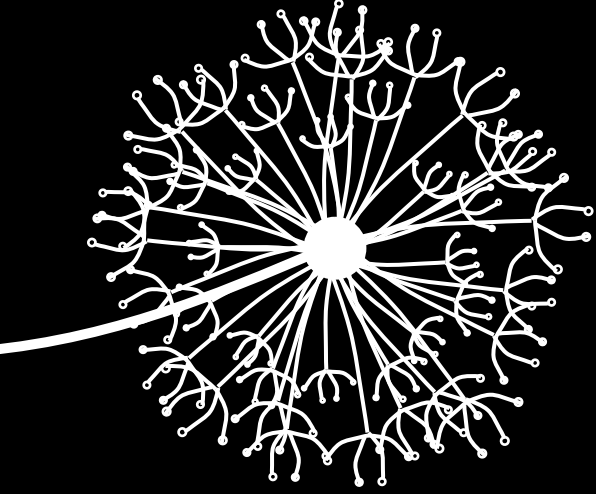






# Let's Share!

**As you are called on, your group's Reporter should be ready to explain your group's answer and reasoning.**



# Exit Ticket

Considering your thought process throughout today's lesson, what is your definition of poetry now? List all of the criteria a text needs to have in order to be a poem.