poetry cheat sheet 2

FREE VERSE:

A poem that doesn't have a regular rhythm or rhyme scheme. This poem may be about any topic.

HOW TO:

Choose an idea, feeling, thought or observation from your "HEART MAP" or your "QUESTIONS FOR MEMOIRISTS." We Are a Thunderstorm by Amity Gage

Individually

we are single drops of rain falling silently into the dust offering little promise of moisture to the thirsty land.

But, together we can nourish the earth and revive its hopes and dreams.

Together we are a thunderstorm.

3 LETTER POEM:

A poem, in the form of a letter, that expresses strong feelings, images, thoughts, or opinions that you hold.

HOW TO:

Think of a person, thing, or force that intrigues you—one that you have feelings, thoughts questions, or opinions about.

- * A person could be a friend or family member, a coach, a famous person, or athlete, etc.
- * A 'thing' or 'force' might be something like the creek in your backyard, a shadow on your wall at night, the wind, a dolphin, etc.

To start—if it's easier for you—write your ideas in LETTER FORMAT:

- Express feelings—affection, fear, curiosity, hope, outrage, gratitude, pride or shame.
- * Share thoughts, ideas and opinions. Talk about IMAGINED things as much as real things.
- * Write in line breaks, and re-format into a poem.

Sign it with a clever name, like..."Your Worried Friend," or "A Curious Guy."

Victim by Rachel S.

Dear Insomnia, Your power rules my sleep preventing the occurrence of dreams.

Lying in bed staring at the ceiling

Glancing at the digital clock menacing red letters are a magnet to my eyes.

10:47 p.m. 12:36 a.m.

12.50 a.iii

2:51 a.m.

Still awake.

I close my eyes praying to drift away.

The alarm clock buzzes and my stomach falls.

Summer light shimmers through the glass

as I force my eyes open and drag myself off my soft pillow. Only

one

hour

of sleep.

You do not fade away.

With no rest

the prolonged night before it is impossible to focus.

When the sun goes down again your cycle begins once more.

Yawningly yours, A Victim of Sleeplessness



A poem that richly describes your favorite place get really specific here rather than general (think about nooks in your house, or a particular spot on the beach, or up on the roof of your building rather than Thailand or grandma's whole house)

EXAMPLE:

Waves subtract the shoreline—wipe away footprints

leave behind a blank slate to start again

Down the coast a child chases his father

runs on wobbly legs laughing

big hopes already in order for him

Waves conceal my own failures and shortcomings

push forward my own hopes and dreams

a soft breeze dances on bare toes sweeps through hair pulled back in a ponytail

an orange sun shifts on the horizon

Like the child, I wonder about my own future

Who will I become?

I watch As sand sifts between each passing tide, and the only part that comes into focus herein this place

is the present.

4 CONFESSION POEM:

A THREE STANZA poem that exposes your own character flaws, or confesses 'little' secrets about yourself that no one knows. These must be TRUE. (Make sure to think about what can go 'public' and what should stay private.)

HOW TO:

The poem can be three stanzas about one event, OR three stanzas about three separate events.

Browse the list below for starter ideas:

- taking more than your share
- pretending to be sick
- breaking a promise
- saying something mean
- lying
- taking something that didn't belong to you
- tricking someone
- blaming someone else for something you did

Start your stanzas with language like "I also..." or "Although I didn't mean to..."

- Include descriptive details!
- Include CONSEQUENCES!

confessions of a murderer

by Charlie E.

I broke the handle off a cup didn't want Mom to yell so I placed the handle inside it and hid the whole thing behind the potato chips

I picked all the four-leaf clovers from the box of Lucky Charms and ate them before my mother ever got them off the shelf to feed to my brothers and sister.

Sitting beside a pool one day
I noticed a fly in the water
so I helped him out
then pulled off his wings
and threw him back to see him struggle.



This two stanza poem is one where you get the chance to write about how others see you on the outside and then WHO you really are on the inside.

EXAMPLE:

Who am I really way down deep? What is it like in those secret chambers of my heart?

Am I the girl
they say is so
smiley and happy
all the time?
Do I really have
everything under control
Calm, cool and collected
is what I hear.
Patient.
A people person.

No worries. No stress. Is that me?

Gazing farther
Past my appearance
You'd see challenges,
frustrations,
and yes...
anger.

Pressure to be the best
Pressure be first over the finish line
Pressure to stay at the top
Pressure to meet

everyone else's needs and expectations.

I'm not saying what the world perceives is completely wrong.

Just not the whole truth.

If you were to look at my heart
As a collage of colors
Bright, sunny tones would consume
most of the space.
Yet you wouldn't be able to conceal

Yet you wouldn't be able to conceal the fact that shades of gray loom off to the sides

sometimes casting a shadow over all the rest.

When you search deeper what you will find is someone who struggles.

Just like you.