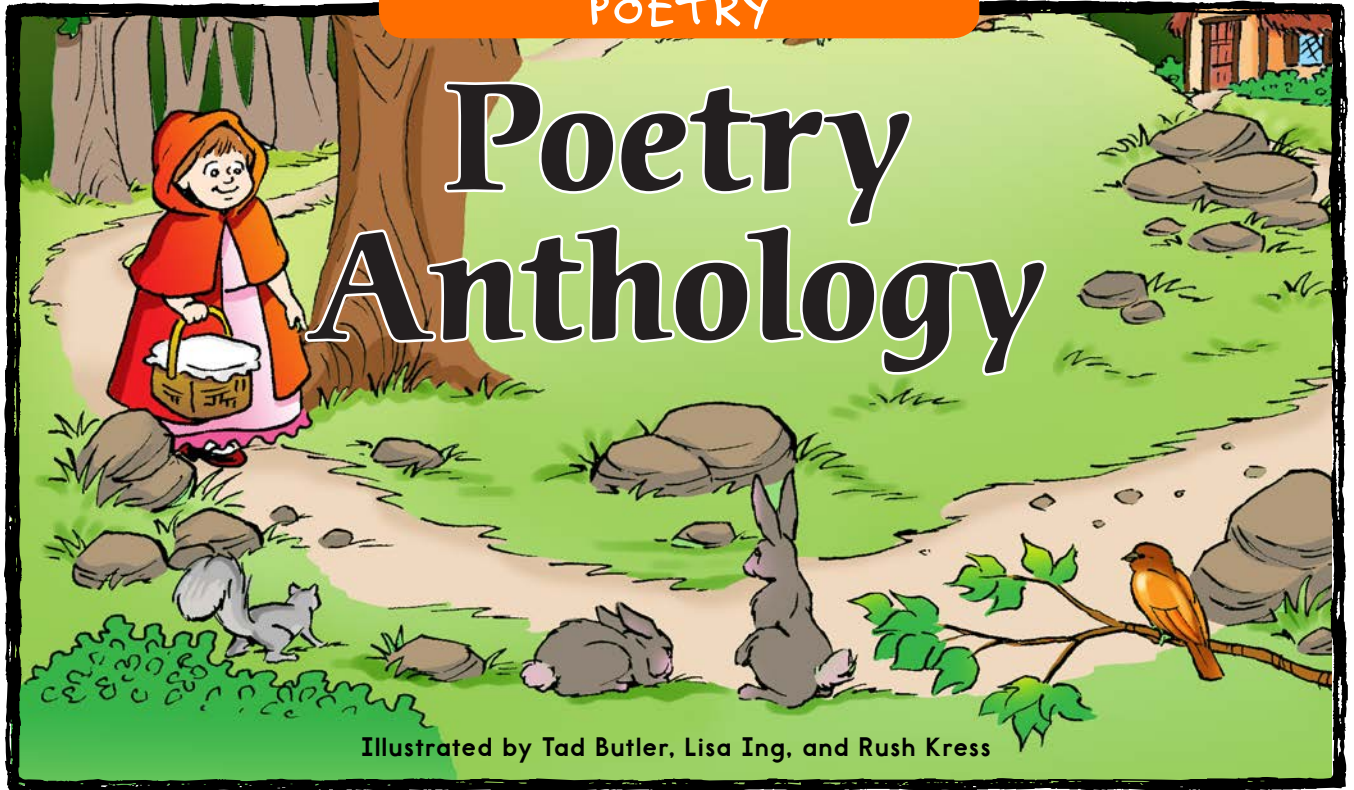


POETRY



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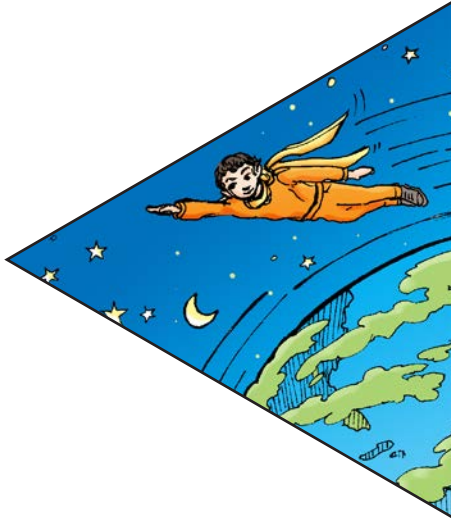
A Reading A-Z Poetry Book • Word Count: 493



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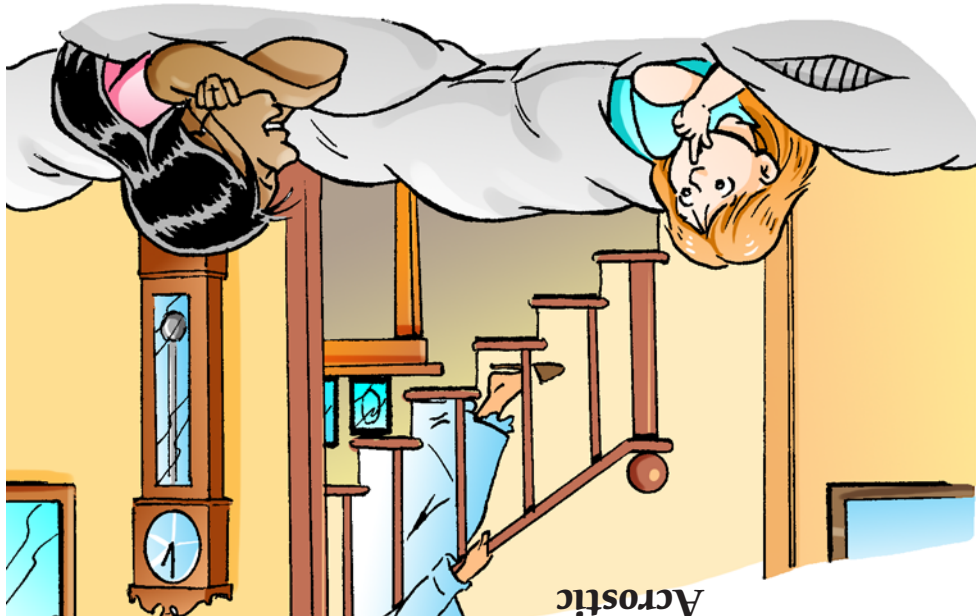
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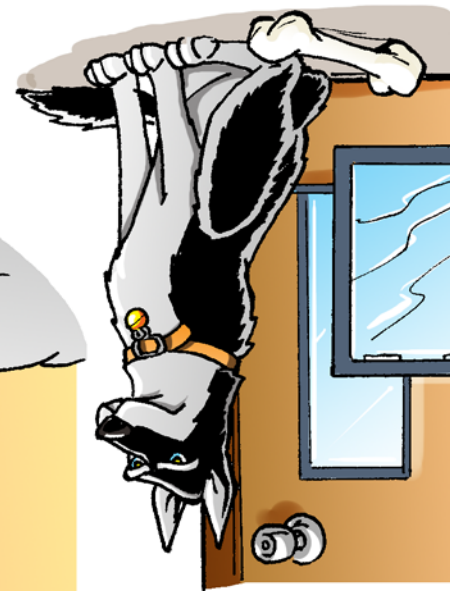
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Sprawled on sleeping bags, laughing past midnight
 The hand on your grandfather clock has moved to I
 Slipper sounds, the quiet footfalls of a sleepy mom
 Slickly sliding under cover, hear the angelic silence



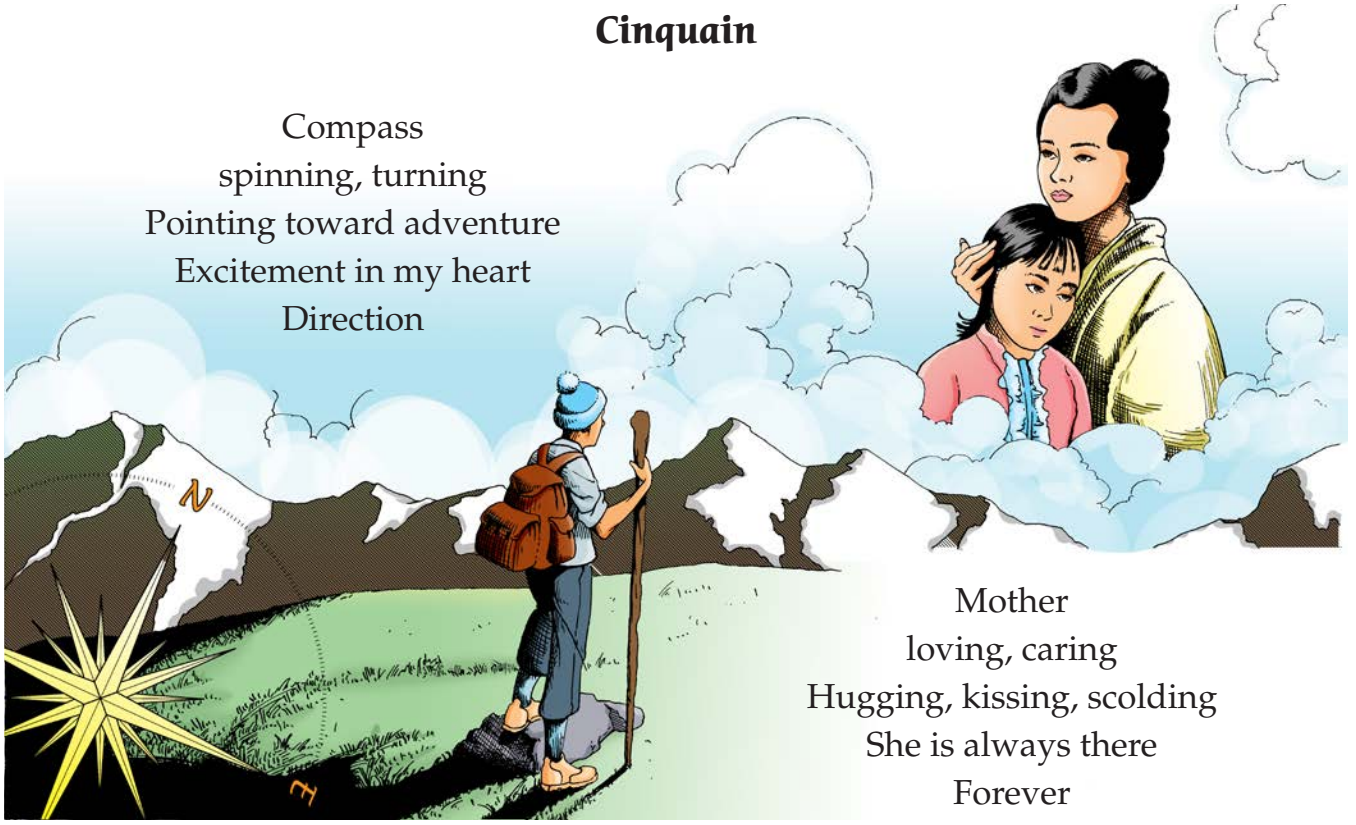
Acrostic



Determined
 Outstanding
 Guard

Cinquain

Compass
 spinning, turning
 Pointing toward adventure
 Excitement in my heart
 Direction



Mother
 loving, caring
 Hugging, kissing, scolding
 She is always there
 Forever

Entire group: It was midnight. It was creepy.
 First group: All the kids were getting sleepy.
 Second group: Except for tiny Mary Lou.
 Entire group (echo): Except for tiny Mary Lou.
 Entire group: Mary Lou was bright and cheerful.
 Second group: She was never sad nor fearful.
 First group: Everyone loved Mary Lou.
 Entire group (echo): Everyone loved Mary Lou.
 First group: Something kept the kids from sleeping.
 Second group: Something scary, crawling, creeping.
 First group: Who or what? No one knew.
 Entire group: Why or how? No one knew.

Everyone Loved Mary Lou

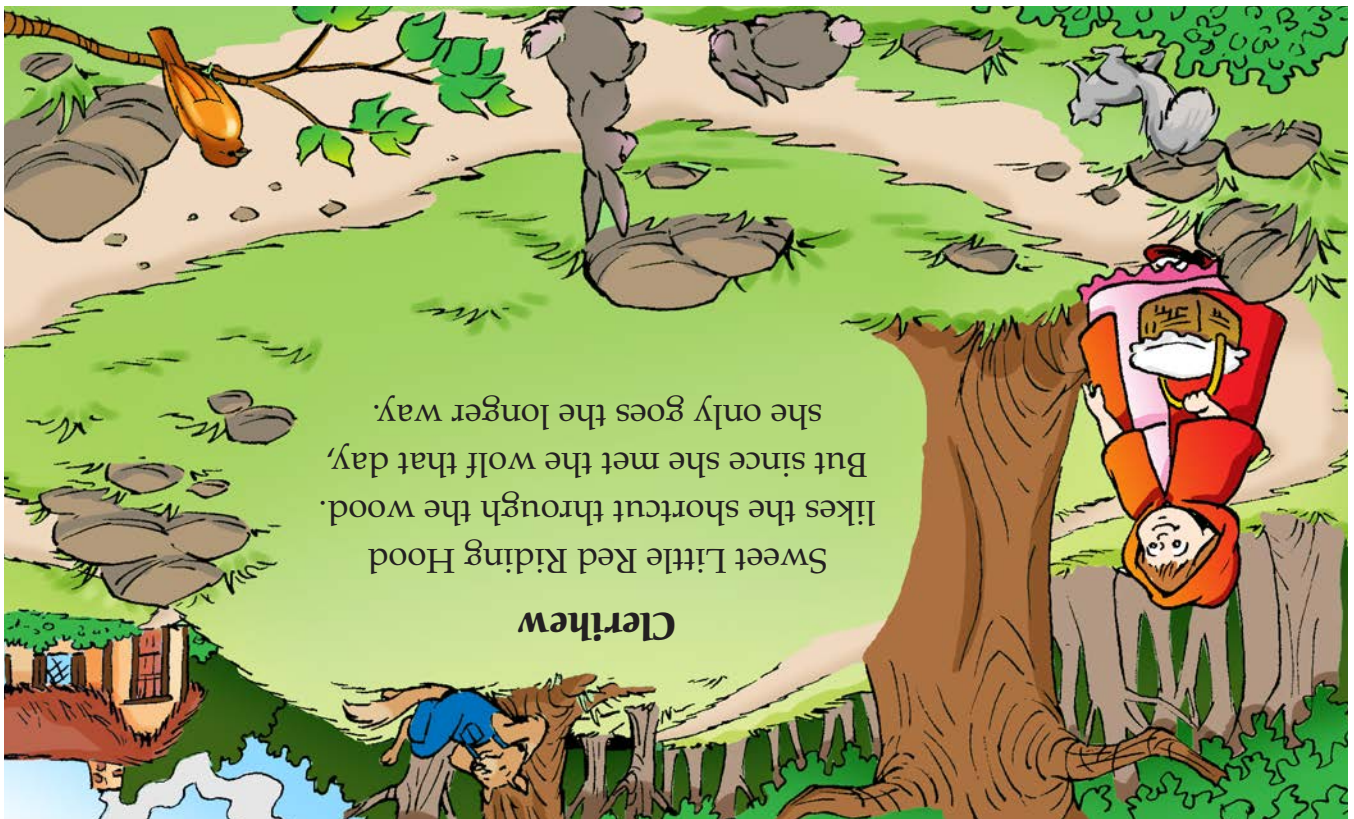
Choral Poetry

Entire group:
First group:
Second group:
Entire group (echo)

Entire group:
Second group:
First group:
Entire group (echo)

It was midnight. It was creepy.
But no kids were getting sleepy.
Except for tiny Mary Lou.
Except for tiny Mary Lou.

Mary Lou was soundly sleeping.
She'd been busy crawling, creeping.
And no one ever knew
And no one ever knew
The creepy thing was Mary Lou.

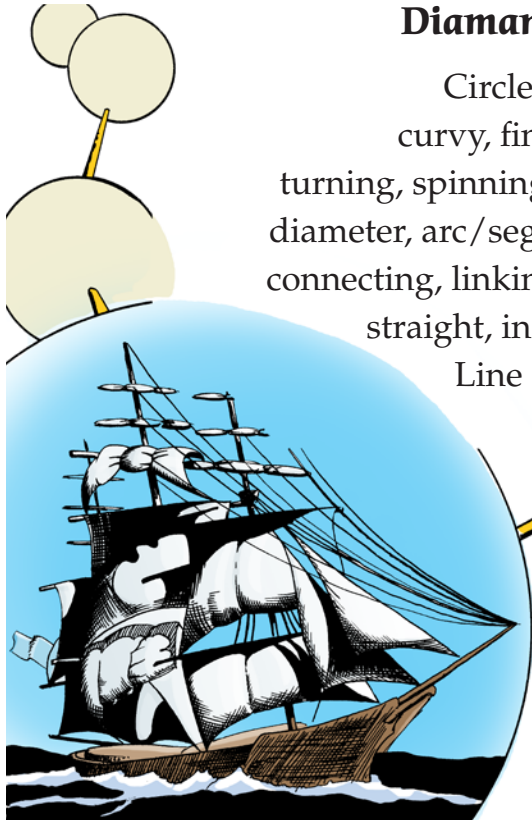


Sweet Little Red Riding Hood
Likes the shortcut through the wood.
But since she met the wolf that day,
she only goes the longer way.

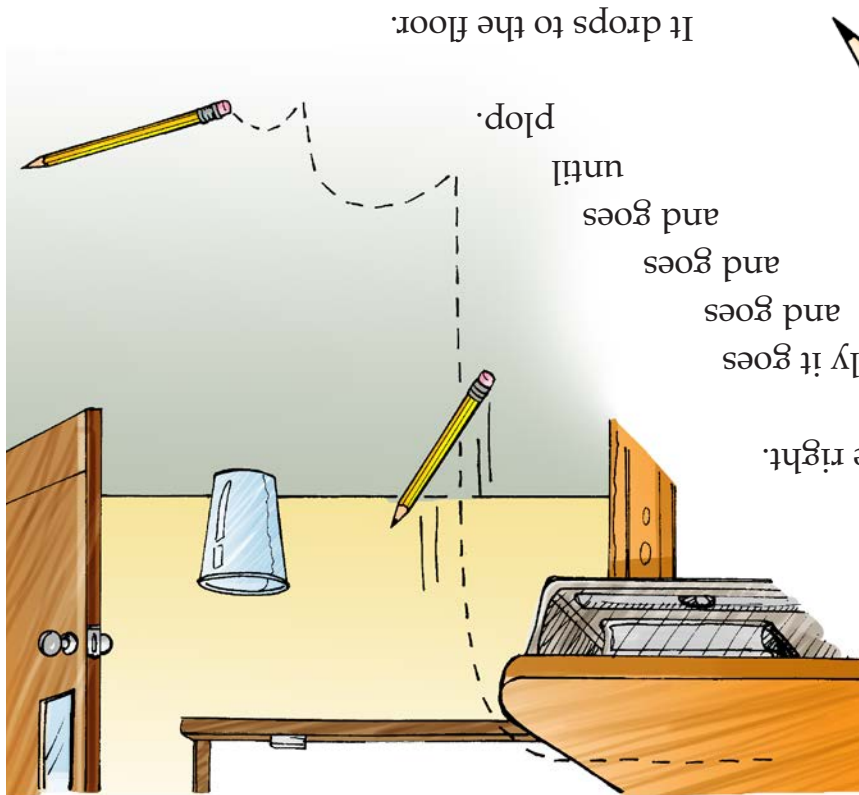
Clerihew

Diamante

Circle
 curvy, finite
 turning, spinning, whirling
 diameter, arc/segment, dash
 connecting, linking, bridging
 straight, infinite
 Line



Jet
 sleek, immediate
 racing, booming, flying
 engine, cockpit/ mainsail, rudder
 gliding, whispering, riding
 elegant, unruffled
 Tall Ship



It drops to the floor.

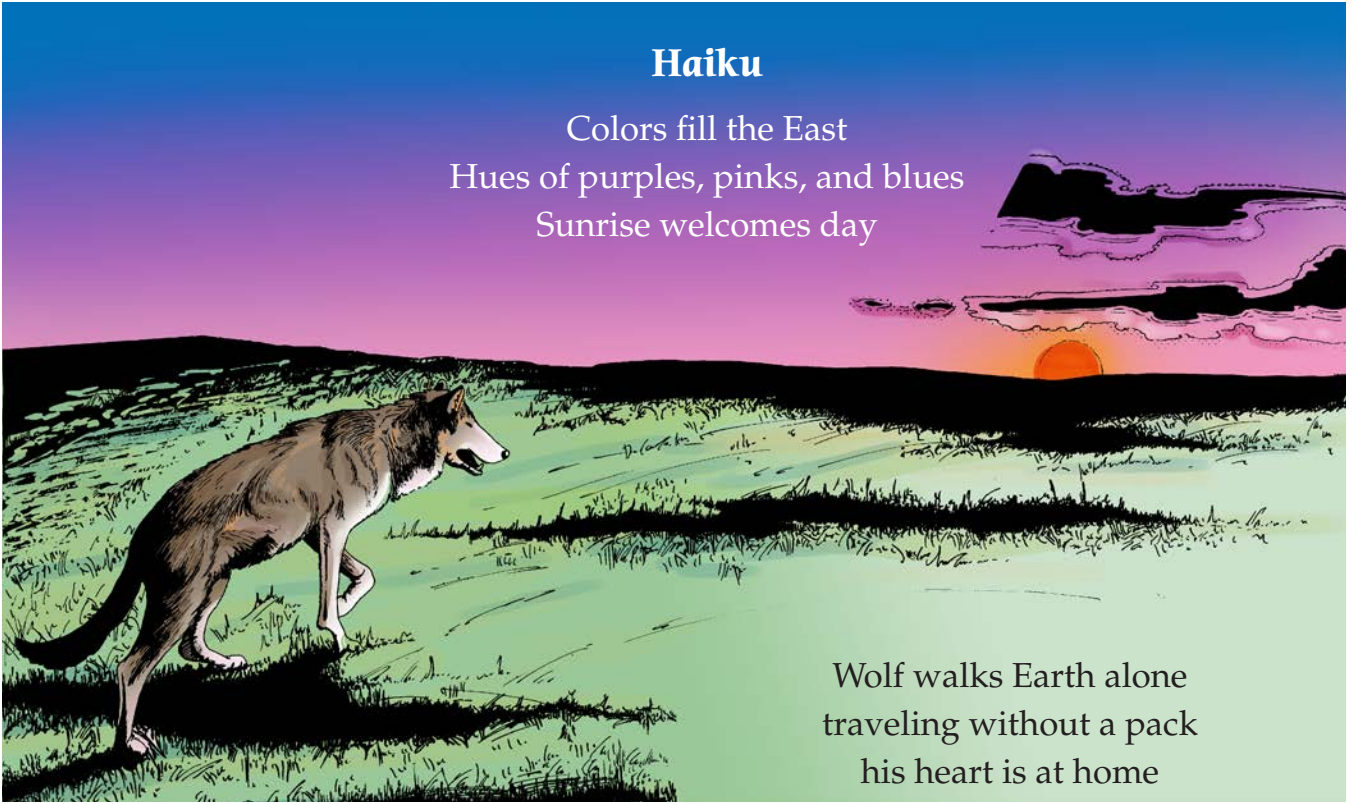
until
 and goes
 and goes
 and goes
 Slowly it goes
 to roll to the right.



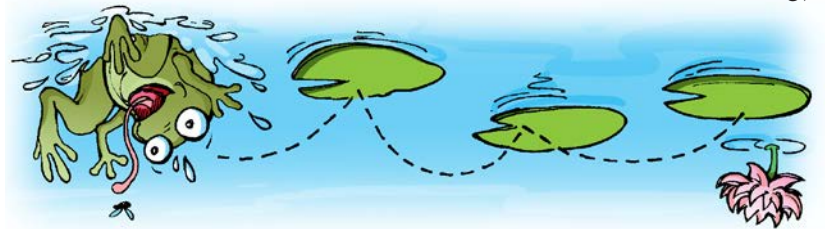
Free Verse
 I set my pencil
 on the curve
 of my desk
 and watch it
 slowly start
 to roll to the right.

Haiku

Colors fill the East
Hues of purples, pinks, and blues
Sunrise welcomes day



Wolf walks Earth alone
traveling without a pack
his heart is at home



There once lived a bullfrog named Plop.
Across lily pads he liked to hop.
When Plop stuck out his tongue,
The fly thought he was done,
Until into the water went Plop.



There once was a sharp private eye.
He'd outwit any crook, thief, or spy.
When the bad guys got rough,
He would show them his stuff,
And the villains would lie down and cry.

Limerick

Triangle Triplet



When I learn to fly

I'll never leave the sky

I'll see the world turn by



I often wonder when

I'll be smiling then

We will meet again

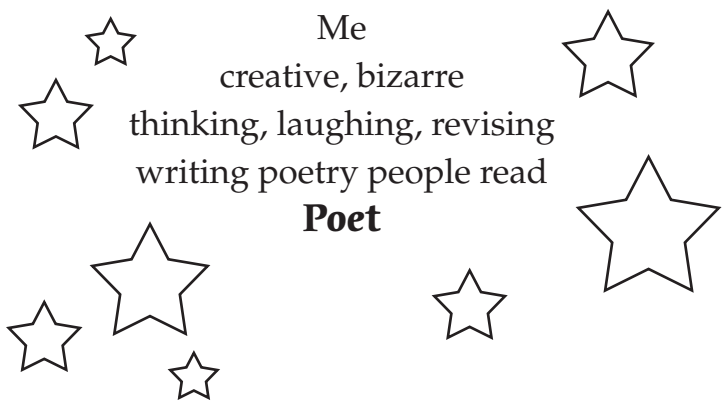


Past the snow-white field
up the snowy riverbank
the kids play hockey
the grown-ups cheering them on
it happens every weekend

My bedroom window
covered now with ice and frost
was once dry with sun
looking out I see snowdrifts
one pair of footprints walking

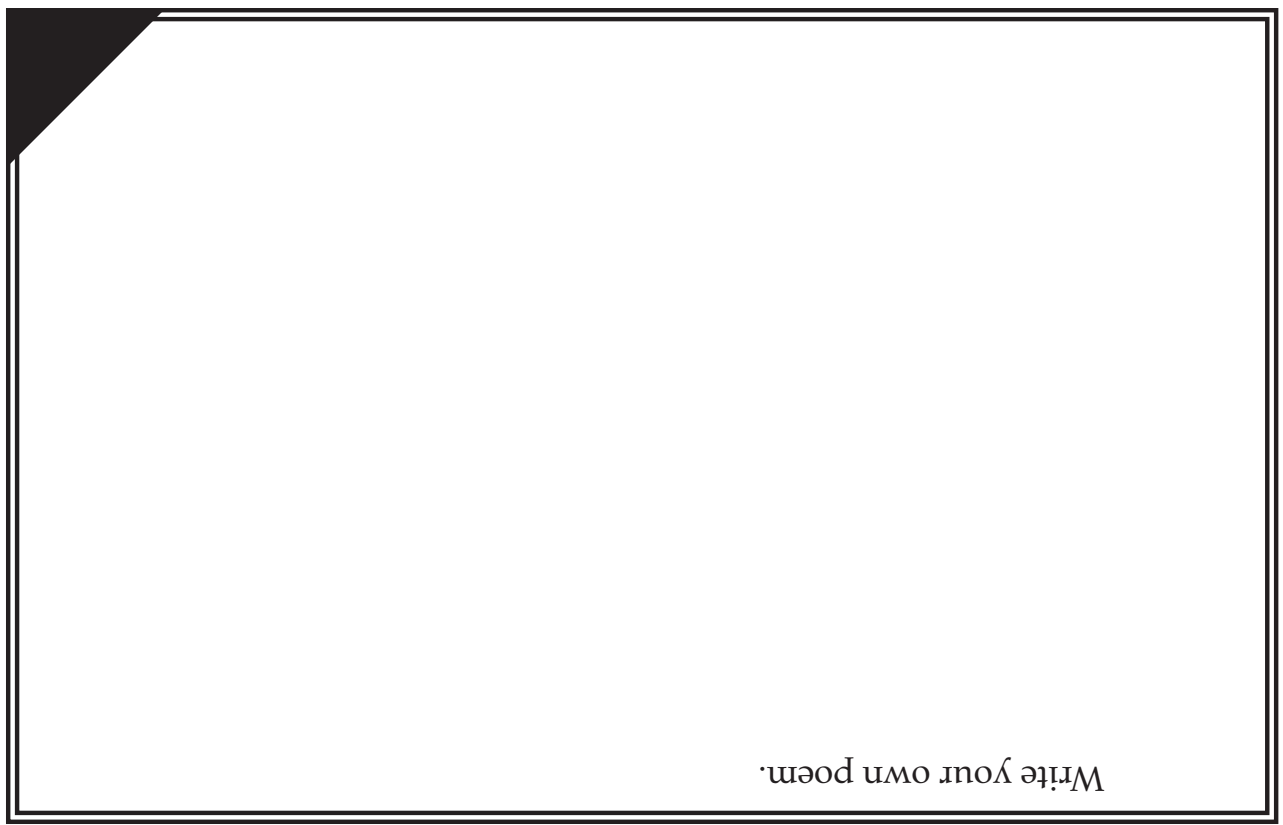
Tanka





Me
creative, bizarre
thinking, laughing, revising
writing poetry people read
Poet

Draw a self-portrait on this page.



Write your own poem.