

p o e t r y

Palooza

Free  
Verse  
Poetry

# p o e t r y

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## Why Poetry?

1. Author and Literacy expert, Mem Fox noted, "Rhymers will be readers; its that simple." Here are some key benefits to sharing poetry with children.
  - Poetry reinforces words sounds, rhymes, patterns and pronunciations (think phonics!)
  - Poetry introduces new vocabulary and figurative language, as well as samples of synonyms, antonyms, puns, word play, and coining new words and expressions.
  - Poetry is rich in imagery and in stimulating the imagination
  - Poetry provides practice for oral language development, listening, oral fluency, and a bridge to understanding the written word.
  - Captures the essence of meaning in the sparest of language (p. 410)

## 2. It's a TEKS...for EVERYONE in EVERY GRADE

### Reading/Comprehension of Literary Text/Poetry.

Students understand, make inferences and draw conclusions about the structure and elements of poetry and provide evidence from text to support their understanding. Students are expected to:

K	1	2	3	4	5
7(A) respond to rhythm and rhyme in poetry through identifying a regular beat and similarities in word sounds.	8(A) respond to and use rhythm, rhyme, and alliteration in poetry.	7(A) describe how rhyme, rhythm, and repetition interact to create images in poetry.	6(A) describe the characteristics of various forms of poetry and how they create imagery (e.g., narrative poetry, lyrical poetry, humorous poetry, free verse).	4(A) explain how the structural elements of poetry (e.g., rhyme, meter, stanzas, line breaks) relate to form (e.g., lyrical poetry, free verse).	4(A) analyze how poets use sound effects (e.g., alliteration, internal rhyme, onomatopoeia, rhyme scheme) to reinforce meaning in poems.

# p o e t r y Poalooza

## What is Free Verse Poetry?

Free verse is poetry that isn't tied to a certain poetic form... so, it doesn't have to rhyme, or be a certain amount of lines, or a certain number of syllables. To still make it poetry, the words have to be well-chosen and artistic, and it is usually arranged in stanzas and lines, not in paragraphs. The majority of modern poetry is free verse. Its popularity stems from the belief that free verse is poetry without rules.

There's more to free verse than a sudden thought recorded on paper. It's not that no rules apply to free verse; rather, the poet makes up the rules for each poem! Free verse *done well* will have rhythm, though it may not have a regular beat. A variety of poetic devices may be woven throughout the piece. There may be patterns of sound and repetition. Free verse can be compared to a song that doesn't rhyme. There is still a lyric quality to it.

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## Free Verse Poetry in Action

### Brownies –Oops!

I smelled them from my room:  
a wafting wave of chocolate-ness.

Interesting Words to  
Create Imagery

I listened for movement,  
ears pricked like a bat's.

Figurative Language to  
Create Imagery

I crept down, stepped  
over the sleeping dog.

I felt the cold linoleum  
on my bare toes.

Descriptive lines to  
Create Imagery

I saw the warm, thick  
brick of brownies.

Does **NOT** have a set  
Rhyme Scheme/Pattern

I slashed a huge chunk  
right out of the middle.

The gooey hunks of chocolate  
winked at me as I gobbled them.

Afterward, the pan gaped  
like and accusing eye.

Very Purposeful in Word  
Choice to get "More for  
Less."

My head said, Oops!  
but my stomach said, Heavenly.

By Maria

p o e t r y

# Poetry Palooza

## This Week's Schedule:

Day	Poem K-1	Poem 2-5	?s to ask
Monday	Green	Face Poem	Which word/words best describe the feeling the poet creates?
Tuesday	Whoops!	Pigeon on the Roof	The Poet titled this Poem, ____ most likely because...
Wednesday	Shoes	Two Voices in a Tent at Night	What is the speaker doing in the poem...
Thursday	The Best Paths	Knowing	What is the Main Message in the poem....
Friday	Words	Spew Machine	What images in your mind were created by reading this poem?

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**Kinder & 1st**  
**POEMS**

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## Green

By: Joyce Sidman

From: Red Sings from the Treetops a year in colors

**Green** is new

in spring. Shy.

**Green** peeks from buds,

trembles in the breeze.

**Green** floats through rain-dark trees,

and glows, mossy-soft, at my feet.

**Green** drips from tips of leaves

onto Pup's noes.

In spring,

even the rain tastes **Green**.



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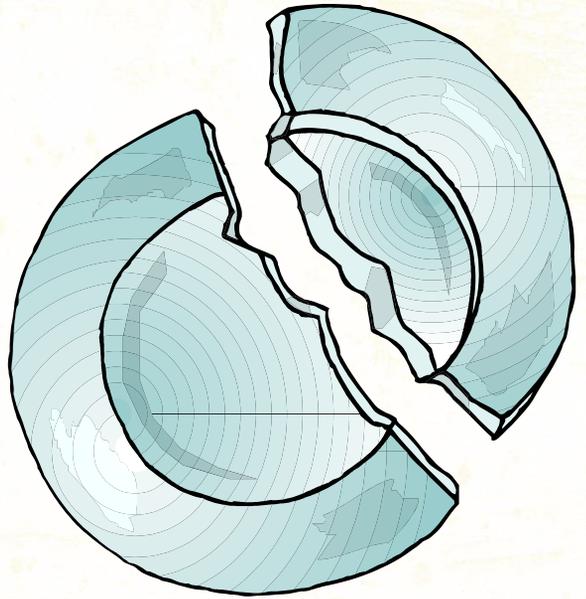
# Poetry

## Whoops!

By: Judith Viorst

From: Sad Underwear

I'm really really sorry  
That I broke that dinner plate,  
And spilled the sauce on the tablecloth,  
And chipped that cup,  
And dropped that glass on the floor.  
Excuse me, did I hear you say  
That I should please go out and play,  
And not help clear the dishes anymore?  
I'm really really really sorry.  
Sort of.



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# poetry

## Palooza

### SHOES

By Mordicai Gerstein  
From Dear Hot Dog

You sleep under my bed,  
yawning at dawn  
when I wake you.  
You swallow my feet  
for breakfast.  
You love to run  
and though I'm fast  
you always  
want to run faster  
and faster.  
Do you wish I were  
a horse?  
Do you want to be  
horseshoes  
when you grow up?



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## The Best Paths

By Kristine O'Connell George  
From Toasting Marshmallows

The best paths  
are whispers  
in the grass,  
a bent twig,  
a token, a hint,  
easily missed.

They best paths  
hide themselves  
until the right  
someone  
comes along.

The best paths  
lead you  
to where  
you didn't know  
you wanted to go.



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# Poetry Palooza

## Words

By Amy Ludwig VanDerwater

The same words  
Go to different parties  
Every day  
In different books  
Expressing  
Different meaning  
In different fonts  
With different looks.

But every night  
These little words  
Tiptoe to their homes  
And nestle deeply  
Into dreams  
Tucked  
In favorite poems.



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Poetry

2<sup>nd</sup> - 5<sup>th</sup>

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## Face Poem

By Amy Ludwig VanDerwater

I ask Grandpa  
*Why is your face so wrinkly?*  
Mom hushes me  
with arrows from her eyes.

Grandpa hushes her  
Raises my hand to his forehead.  
*You write poems with pencil on paper.*  
*I write poems with years on my face.*

His hand over mine  
Grandpa reads his forehead like braille –  
*My parents were poor but happy.*  
He reads his cheeks –  
*The War Years made me a man.*  
He reads his chin –  
*I will always love Grandma.*

I touch the corners of his eyes  
And read every smile, every joke  
As lines of poems  
Of laughter  
Fly to Grandpa's temples  
Like shooting stars.



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# Palooza

EASY DIVER  
Robert Froman

Pigeon on the roof.

Dives.

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HIT HARD!

Opens wings.

Softly, gently,

down.



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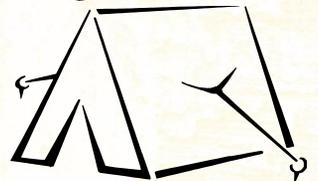
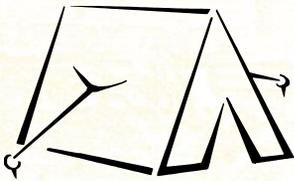
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# Palooza

## Two Voices in a Tent at Night

By Kristine O'Connell George  
From *Toasting Marshmallows Camping Poems*



Shhhhh.....  
Something is scratching  
On our tent.

Is too.

Scratching

Something is scratching!

It's you! Stop it!

It is you!  
Isn't it?

Told you so.  
Scratching!

No. No. No!

I hope so.

Is not.

Is not.

I don't hear anything.

Go to sleep.

No, it's *not*. It's a branch.

OK. OK. It *was* me...

Wait.

Something's scratching!

Listen.

*Shhhhhh*. Are *you* doing that?

Think it's the dog?

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# Palooza

## knowing

By Amy Ludwig VanDerwater

When my sister had her tonsils out  
our dog slept on her bed.

He always sleeps with me  
so my feet missed his furry circle.

He slept with my sister  
wagging his tail against her wall  
shedding gray on her blue quilt  
loving her with his warm weight.

I was alone  
until all twelve popsicles were gone  
and my sister ate a real dinner.  
That night his furry circle returned.  
How did he know?



