Writing from the heart: A year's journey through poetry

Kathy Carl Dungan
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Writing From the Heart
A Year's Journey Through Poetry

By
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Presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of
Master of Arts in Fine Arts, Integrated Arts and Education
The University of Montana
2003

Approved by

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7-30-03
Date
Writing From the Heart: A Year’s Journey through Poetry

Committee Chair: Dr. Randy Bolton

ABSTRACT

Writing from the Heart is a project that is based on the premise that to develop the very best in our students as writers, the teacher must be personally engaged in the craft of writing. My final creative project was designed to move my understandings as a person directly involved in the craft of writing to explicit curriculum knowledge I could use in my teaching. My experiences as a reader and a writer would directly inform my instruction.

I began this project by investigating with my students what we knew about poetry by reading children’s poetry. Together we created charts which would be used as references throughout the year. I began to keep a writer’s notebook along with my students. I used my writing as mini lessons in many areas including metaphor, word choice, and revision.

We developed our inner and outer vision by creating heart maps, sketching objects from nature, and observing objects from many different viewpoints. We began to read with the eye of a writer. We became intrigued by words.

I chose the Masquer Theatre at the University of Montana for our final creative performance. It was a powerful setting in which to send our voices out into the world. As a result of this project my students and I entered the world of writers and developed skills which will hopefully grow and develop.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Section</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Project Intent</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Project Development/The Journey Begins</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Results of Our Journey</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Significance of a Year's Journey</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Significance as a Teacher/Artist</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bibliography</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Appendix A/ Poems by Kathy Dungan</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Appendix B/ Sharpening Our Outer Vision</td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Appendix C/Where Does Poetry Hide?</td>
<td>44</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Appendix D/Poems of Peace</td>
<td>52</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Appendix E/Selected Student Poems</td>
<td>62</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Appendix F/Student Poems on Martin Luther King Jr.</td>
<td>78</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Appendix G/Charts and Posters</td>
<td>88</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Appendix H/ Images of Our Final Creative Performance</td>
<td>91</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Project Intent

My goal for this project was to move my understandings as a person directly engaged in the craft of writing to explicit curriculum knowledge I could use in my teaching. My experiences as a writer would directly inform my instruction.

Background Information

I have always been absolutely fascinated by my students’ writing. As a teacher of first and second grade children in a multiage classroom, I have worked hard to help them develop skills. As I conferred with students during writing conferences, I listened like a reader and my experiences as a reader informed my instruction. We discussed word choice, beginnings, middles, and endings, writing plans, and other story elements. My mini lessons surrounded these topics. I placed a high value on writing as I knew good readers wrote, and I am a passionate reading teacher.

Engaging students in deep and meaningful learning is imperative to high achievement, healthy self esteem, and risk-taking. Because I hold this set of beliefs, I know writing must be authentic and student generated. However, before undertaking this project, I was frustrated with my teaching of writing. There was an important element missing and I was confused about what it was. I was often unsure as what to focus on, what the next teaching/learning step was, how to transfer my knowledge as a reader to a writer...? I conferred with colleagues; they were as frustrated as I.

Last summer I took a week of creative writing with Dr. Randy Bolton. It was a terrifying and exhilarating experience. As I have come to understand with most lessons learned in the Creative Pulse, the big understandings would come to me much later.
I realized some weeks into the new school year that my frustration with teaching writing was embedded in the fact that I was not personally engaged in the craft of writing. It was not enough that I conference reader to writer. I needed to conference writer to writer. I needed to hear my students as an insider, someone who also is involved in the process. I needed to write to understand what a writer does, feel, and needs.

I began a journey with my students that lasted the entire school year. The results were more than I could have possibly imagined as a teacher, and a writer.
Writing From the Heart:
A Year's Journey Through Poetry

The Journey

Our journey began with small tentative steps. We tested the waters and waded in slowly, each step immersing us deeper and deeper into the stories of our hearts. We celebrated each success with wonder and awe, encouraging us to travel further. We lived in the world as writers. We became aware of the power of each word. Became captivated and intrigued by the pictures we could paint. We began to search for seed ideas in our hearts to sharpen our inner vision. We observed the world with the intensity of a scientist to sharpen our outer vision.

We transformed the ordinary into the poetic.
We now send our voices into the world.

Creating the physical environment of a classroom is as important as deciding how and what to teach. I wanted the walls that surrounded us each day to reflect the high priority I place on relationships as well as my high academic expectations. I painted a large bulletin board which greeted my students with the words, “Twinkle, Twinkle My Little Stars!” Each student had a star with his or her name painted on it and I hung bright colored stars from the ceiling. I gathered together floor and table lamps, a futon, rocking chair, quilts, and throw rugs to create a warm inviting atmosphere. A corner window in our classroom library became our “poetry window”, a place where a child could sit and gather her thoughts. Later it would become the source and inspiration of many poems. I also established a poetry corner which contained collections of free-verse as well as rhyming poems.

In addition to creating the physical environment, the most important work to be done at the first of the year was to establish the classroom climate. Because of the important work I would be asking of my students, it was imperative to help create a warm rich atmosphere of mutual respect that encouraged risk-taking. We imagined the ideal
classroom. We explored what it would feel like, sound like, and look like. Rather than classroom rules we created a promise to live by. Our promise was a prelude to how important words would become to us.

Our Promise

We promise to be a friend, to help each other, to say sorry, and to use our words to solve problems. We will show kindness, smile, and give put-ups. We said goodbye to put-downs. They don’t exist in our classroom. We will listen with our eyes, ears, and hearts. We promise to be learners and never give up if we make a mistake. We will take a risk to learn new things. We want a happy ideal classroom.

With this initial work under way, we were ready to embark on our journey. After my creative writing class, I had decided to begin the year with a unit on writing poetry. Initially my students began without me. I sat on the sidelines and coached, encouraged, cheered and planned. We began by reading lots of poetry. Because most of my students had already been exposed to rhyming poems, I intentionally read free-verse. I wanted them to hear the rhythm and beat in this type of poetry since that is what they would be writing. This was an important starting place because of the freedom of form, space, length, conventions, and content, I knew all of my students could be successful. Students who struggled with forming letters and found writing burdensome could tap into their imaginations and shine, as could my more proficient writers.

I began by reading poems by kids. This was powerful because the message they received was, “This was written by kids just like you, and this is something you can do, too.” This was a big shift in my thinking. Teacher demonstration and shared writing are
strong models, but peer models are the most inspirational because of the message children receive.

As I read each poem I asked what they noticed. This information was documented on a large chart titled “What We Know about Poetry.” Each day we added to the list in a different color to show how our thinking grew and changed. After we read and analyzed five or six poems we were ready to write. They had heard poems about family, pets, sports, and friends, all by children like themselves.

This approach was tremendously successful. Children began writing with amazing enthusiasm. We continued to share and analyze peer generated poems. Each success led to the next piece of writing. My initial five week poetry unit became a vital ongoing component of my reading and writing curriculum!

Early in the fall I invited my students to write a piece for a contest sponsored by Father Jim Hogan of Christ the King Church. The contest was titled Search for Peace. We called upon our background knowledge in generating our Promise. The poems were amazingly beautiful and powerful. My students had moved from writing about pets, and sports to issues that were huge. They had important things to say and writing poetry was giving them a voice.

Something began to happen inside my heart as well. I realized I wanted to join them on this journey of learning and discovery. The missing element in my teaching of writing was now obvious to me. I had made a promise to my students to be a learner, and to take a risk. I needed to pack up and get moving. I needed to write.

I began by keeping a writer’s notebook. I recorded observation, words and phrases, feelings, and ideas for pieces. I knew that most often ideas for writing came to
me at odd times. Rarely was I struck with an idea while sitting in front of my computer. My writer’s notebook became a tool for me to call upon when I needed a view back into my heart or my world. As a result, writing became a very interactive process. I felt a strong desire to record the moments in my life that moved me.

Now that I had committed to becoming involved in the craft of writing to become a better teacher of writers, I had two enormous tasks before me. How exactly do I tell the writing story around a minilesson when there are so many strategies and understandings embedded in a single piece of writing, and how do I move myself and my students forward as writers? My principal, Karen Allen, introduced me to two authors who would become my teachers over the months to come; Katie Wood Ray author of *What You Know By Heart: How to Develop Curriculum for Your Writing Workshop* and Georgia Heard, author of *Awakening the Heart: Exploring Poetry in Elementary and Middle School*.

One of the first pieces of writing I did after committing to join my students as a writer was a piece on my daughter. Emily needed to sketch a piece of outdoor art for a class. So she and I set off early one morning. It was frigidly cold. The leafless trees were covered in a thick frost. The sky was a heavy dull gray and the town seemed wrapped in silence. The silence extended to Emily and me. She quickly began to sketch, intently focused on her work. I watched her as I often do with overwhelming awe. I was struck by the fact that I could record this moment, this tiny time in our lives together. That was the moment, I think, that I realized the power and beauty of what writing could mean to me personally. Carrying my writer’s notebook had become a habit, so I quickly
began to record my feelings, and impressions. This entry would become the first piece I would take through the entire process of writing.

I was excited to read my work to my students the next day. I titled the piece Moments We Share. (See Appendix A) I realized much of the curriculum around the process of writing is based on teaching understandings. It’s not empirical, and this was at the core of my hesitation. I had to learn to trust the process by watching for understandings in my students’ writing. I had to know my focus. That was perhaps one of the most important concepts I had to keep in my mind. Over several months, I used the piece as a teaching tool many times. My first lesson was on choosing colorful words to help the readers get a strong mental image so they felt a connection to the story or poem. I used it to teach revision, to teach how writers think about writing all the time, even when they are not writing, how we can generate ideas from simple moments in our lives, and how to take an idea from a seed to bloom. At times I worried that my students would become tired of seeing the same piece over and over. However, that was not the case. They loved seeing my seed of an idea grow and change. They became my writing partners giving advice and encouragement. It seemed to give them license to try new ideas and I saw proof of understandings grow in their own writing. We had become completely captivated by our own words.

I began to think of writing and teaching like a flower. The seed (idea) is surrounded by layers and layers of petals (words and images) that form the bloom (poem). When I teach, my focus is the seed and the petals are the layers of understandings which create the final product. As I continue to teach and learn new understandings, the layers and blooms grow. Eventually we are left with a bouquet of
writing. This beauty happens over time. Writers do not “become” in one lesson. Understandings grow and are woven into every lesson, every example, every story, and every interaction with one another.

Some of these lessons were amazingly powerful however, and must be described in more detail. With the help of Georgia Heard, the author mentioned before, I realized that poems are all around us as well as inside us. We needed to sharpen our outer and inner vision to find them. Where does poetry hide? was one such lesson which helped to sharpen our outer vision. At Lewis and Clark School we are blessed with a beautiful outdoor science area we call the Outdoor Discovery Core. It is licensed as a schoolyard habitat by the Wildlife Federation. We had been discussing ideas for poems over several weeks and up to this point most of the work the children had been doing focused on themselves, pets, and friends. We gathered our writer’s notebooks and went on a hunt for places a poem might hide in the discovery core. Each child wrote his or her own list then we gathered everyone’s ideas and created a poster. As we were compiling our ideas one little girl mentioned that the list itself felt like a poem. Where does poetry hide? became the inspiration for many, many poems throughout the year. (See appendix C and F)

Another lesson which helped to sharpen our outer vision was closely observing and sketching objects. I asked the children to bring in a beloved object from nature. Our first task was to learn to draw exactly what we saw; then write the words to describe our object. The children brought in sea shells, fossils, driftwood, rocks, bones, even a deer leg! We spent days sketching and describing our treasures. We studied our objects with the intensity of a scientist. Because of my own careful observation of my object, a nest, I was able to use my own experience to help my students look closer, to see things they
had missed before. As we examined our objects I encouraged my students to listen to each other and write down the exciting discoveries they made. I realized that my giving them the scientific information; i.e. pinecones hold seeds until they are ready to be dropped; they were able to take this information and create heart-breakingly beautiful poems! (See appendix B) This experience would not have been nearly as powerful if I had not personally taken myself through the process. We continued to observe objects with this intensity throughout the year in field journals.

I mentioned before that I began to think of the lessons I was teaching as layers of petals. The next layer I taught was a lesson on taking ordinary words and giving them a poetic flavor. Again, taking myself through the process gave me the confidence and deeper understandings to bring it to my students. (See appendix F)

The next step was obvious, my students were already thinking in metaphor, it was time to take them further. We reread some of our favorite authors whose metaphors surprised, warmed, and delighted us. Then we made a list of why we were intrigued by these words. We realized that metaphor and simile helped us leap inside a poem. They helped us hear it, feel it, touch it, taste it. Our new understandings helped us create some guidelines when using metaphor and simile. (See appendix E and F)

Because poetry is about recognizing what touches our hearts, it was important to sharpen our inner vision to see the images more clearly. One exercise I did with my students was to create a six-room poem (Awakening the Heart, Georgia Heard). In the first room we caught a picture of something we had seen outside and held it in our mental file. We tried to see it as clearly as a photograph and write exactly what we saw. In the second room we looked back at the same image, but wrote only about the quality of light.
Was it bright, dull, or dark? What were the colors? In the third room we focused on the sound of the image. The fourth room was for any question we had about the image. In the fifth room we recorded feelings about the image and finally in room six we looked back over the other rooms and found a word, or words, a line, or phrase that felt important and repeated it three times. We imagined putting the object in the center of the room and looking at it from every angle. Over several days, the children and I took the six-rooms and created poems. We could rearrange the rooms, eliminate rooms, add or take away words.

There are many variations of this lesson. One that I tried was to use each room to write a different metaphor for the image. This was tremendously successful as it helped us to stretch the image in exciting ways. We used this idea of spinning and stretching metaphor in many of our pieces.

Another lesson I taught to sharpen the inner vision was called “cracking-open words” (See appendix F). This helped the children and I look deeper into our hearts and find the words that truly reflected what we were feeling. One little boy was trying to describe what he felt when he was riding his bike. He kept saying, “I feel happy, but more.” He was bouncing up and down as he said it, and another boy said, “I think riding your bike makes you bubble!” His eyes lit up, as he grabbed his pencil and scribble his new exciting word. With the help of a peer editor he had cracked open the word to see the true image in his heart!

To write poetry that was deep, meaningful, and heartfelt, it was necessary to know what was in our hearts. To help us see in a concrete way what was important to us, we created heart maps, another strategy to sharpen our inner vision. The hearts took on
many designs; some were shaped like crosses, flags, and the world. Still others were shaped like giant Valentines. All of them were beautiful and filled with powerful information. Tiny first and second grade children included feelings about war, children in Iraq, soldiers, and grandparents who had died. The heart maps were deeply powerful representations of what was important to us. We used them as tools to access our feelings when we wrote.

Using these layers of new learning helped tremendously in the revision process. The children saw me rework and rework the same piece over and over until it said exactly what I wanted it to say. We discussed how our thinking about revising a piece had changed. At first there was a feeling of, “Oops, I did it wrong, let me try it again.” Eventually we began to see revision as an opportunity to re-see our work. The children began to delight in the transformations their pieces made from seed to bloom. The confidence level of my students by this time was enormous. They would reread a piece to see where they could find a word to break open or spin a metaphor. They were absolutely enthralled with their own ability to dazzle the readers of their words!
Our Final Performance

The children and I had taken many of our poems to publication. We had created classroom anthologies as well as individual anthologies. We had given poems to parents as Christmas, birthday, Valentine, and Mother’s Day gifts. I had excitedly shared my students’ brilliant writings with colleagues, but I had not been brave enough to share my writing with anyone expect my students. However, it was necessary to take our work to a more public audience as a means to celebrate our year. I chose the Masquer Theatre at the University Of Montana for our final performance. A wonderful Lewis and Clark parent was on hand throughout the year to document with a digital camera our journey. I used these photos to create a power point slide show. The children and I each chose one poem to read and we created a self portrait, our heart maps, and a water color of one of our poems to display.

The day of our performance we came to the Masquer to practice reading. I wanted the children to make the space a part of them. I explained that I had spent the past two summers learning in the Masquer and it was a special place to me. When I saw the twenty two little darlings I had come to love in this space, I was overwhelmed with joy. I was blessed to share this moment with them. All of the fears and worries disappeared as we practiced reading our poems.

The children and I had made huge brightly decorative yellow frames to display our work. I hung these around the room. I sprinkled words from our poems throughout
the Masquer, and hung many of the charts we created that had guided our learning on the walls. On a table I displayed our anthologies and class poems. (See appendix H)

The only problem that arose was lighting. A misunderstanding between Desiree and I resulted in no one available to do lights. I panicked for a couple of seconds, but my snafu turned into a bonus. I zipped to my classroom, grabbed the lamps, a quilt, and a beautifully bright floor cloth I had made. The lamps softened the Masquer and brought my classroom into the space. It was also a beautiful foreground to the artwork and other displays.

For the actual performance the children and I all sat on stage in a semicircle. We began the performance with the images and music from the slide show filling up the space. Then one by one my students and I came to the center of the stage and read with beautiful voices our poems. Each child had chosen his or her personal favorite. The poems were serious, sad, silly, moving, touching examples of our work. Even though I had heard these poems hundreds of times, I was overcome with pride in what we had accomplished. After our poetry readings I turned up the lights and invited the audience to take a gallery walk of our work.

My final creative project was all I had hoped it would be. My students and I were bursting with pride. We had sent our voices into the world.
Results of Our Journey

The beauty of a journey of the heart is it never has to end. We’ve collected memories and skills which we will use to take us further as writers.

My goal for this project was to become a better teacher of writers by becoming engaged in the craft of writing. My thinking has traveled through a metamorphous of change. At first I conferred with my student reader to writer. My students were producing exciting work, but I was unsure how to take them further. When I became a writer, I was able to confer with my students writer to writer. The results were exactly what I had hoped for. But, there was another result I had not expected, I was not writing only to become a better teacher. I began to write because I felt a strong desire to write, to record my observations, feelings, and experiences. I began to push myself to see how far I could go personally. I have just begun!

One result I mentioned was how my lessons were now driven by what I knew as reader and writer. I had inside experience. I was aware of how powerful this experience was when we observed, sketched, and wrote about our beloved objects from nature. My object was a nest. As I sketched, I began to think of the nest as the earth’s strong brown arms holding and protecting spring. My poem poured out, and I was so excited I could hardly wait to share what I noticed with my students. (See appendix A, B, and F)
Because of my experience, I was able to help my students see their objects in different ways. Their poems from this lesson were amazing. One little girl wrote about a pine cone holding its seeds until they were ready to fly, like a parent sending his child into the world. Still another little boy, who was a very reluctant writer, saw his fossil as an ancient footprint. I had learned to listen closer and to give the children back their own words.

Another exciting result was how we changed as readers. We began to read with the eyes of writers. Our read aloud time was filled with talk not just about the story, but about what we were noticing about the writing. We became intrigued by words and phrases. So began a collection of words that captured our fancy. We also began to notice how verbs moved the story along. A collection of verbs grew from this experience. These all became tools for us to use in our writing. (See appendix F)

Still another change in our reading happened when I modeled for my students how I sometimes read the work of my favorite authors before I write so I have the voice of these “teachers” in my head.

Because I taught in a predictable way, layering lesson upon lesson and weaving them all together, I allowed for the unpredictable to happen! This was one of my most exciting realizations! Our classroom was a joyfully rigorous environment, but it was not restrictive or rigid.

Katie Wood Ray, author of *What You Know by Heart*, talks about the two sides of using your own writing as a teaching tool; the strategy side and the human side. An example of the strategy side was a lesson I taught on looking for poems in entries in my writer’s notebook with a common thread woven throughout. I read several entries aloud
that I had written about my children. (See appendix A) I discussed how reading back through my notebook gave me the idea of writing a poem about being a parent. The result was children began to value their notebooks more. They stopped erasing and began to think of their words in a different way. One little girl followed my example and found several writings about her grandfather which resulted in a beautiful poem.

The human side of using my writing as a teaching tool is empirical and a little hard to pin down. I allowed my students to see me in a new and more intimate way. They saw me as a learner willing to take risks. A concrete example came from the parents in my classroom. We had discussed as a class how important it is as a writer to think about writing all of the time, not just during writer’s workshop. We need to gather ideas and tuck them away. The parents in my room began to support this idea and bought the children beautiful writers’ notebooks for the summer. They too wanted the writing to continue outside of school and into their children’s lives!

There were many beautiful and unexpected moments of learning this year. One of the most powerful was a peer conferencing I witnessed. I mentioned earlier how a little boy was looking for a way to describe how he felt when he rode his bike, and a friend said he “bubbled.” This was so exciting for the little boy and he began to use the word in everything he wrote. While conferring with him and another little boy one day I noticed that he was using the word “bubbled” a lot. Our conferencing partner said, “You know I am beginning to think of words like pencils. At first they are nice and sharp. But then after you use it, it wears down, and if you use it too much it becomes dull. So keep your words sharp, don’t use them too much!” I was dazzled! This little guy had taught
us all a powerful lesson. We wrote down his brilliant thought and hung it up in our room. Looking for dull words became one of our revision tools.

Another example of the power of peering conferencing was during a sharing technique called “popcorn read.” I use it when many children have something to share. The children each chose one line of their work from that day to read aloud. Usually we quickly go around a circle and listen without comment letting the power of our words grow. But this day was not going as planned. The flow was interrupted by children commenting and offering suggestions on their friends’ work. I mentioned that we needed to simply listen. A little girl replied, “But Mrs. Dungan, you said ideas are like seeds. Well, we need the rain and sun of each other’s voices to make them grow!” I am sure I taught the most brilliant children on the planet this past year! We had another quote to guide us.

Every day was filled with teachable moments. But of course, the best and most hoped for result was that my students would come to see themselves as writers, truly and deeply. That no matter the philosophy of the teacher they will have in the future, they will see themselves as members of a special group, people who are able to look closely at the world and their own hearts and are able to record those moments with powerful words. I will have to wait to see if this comes true.
Significance of a Year's Journey through Poetry

It is the job of a poet to see the world in a new way and share her vision. Poetry is a way of digging through the rubble to the essence of one’s soul. I know poetry from the inside. I have found the key and I can visit it anytime. Poetry’s key has opened the world of words to me and my students. Because of my explicit knowledge, my sense of a writing curriculum is stronger and my teaching is richer.

A colleague once commented about the work I was doing with my students. She was wondering how their poetry would influence other writing they would do. She repeatedly asked me if I was still “doing” poetry. I began to feel uncomfortable with her inquiry. I felt as if she was saying poetry is not real writing. It was okay to dabble, but move on. I trusted the process, however, and I am so happy I did.

The curriculum I have taught can be used to teach in any genre for any purpose. Good writing is writing that helps the reader to see new worlds, touches the heart, and makes us laugh, cry, and dream. A scientist’s job is to help us see the world through a magnifying glass. Poetry does that. A mathematician’s job is to show us the patterns in our world. Poetry does that. A story teller’s job is to take us beyond our world. Poetry does that. If we explore the world as a poet we can open any door.

I am confident that the lessons I have taught, sharpening our inner and outer visions, recording heart maps, creating six-room poems, and moving form the ordinary to the poetic have expanded my thinking and my students’ thinking. We are changed. All of these lessons are ways of feeling poetry. If we can feel it, we can write it. We can let
the knowledge pass through our hearts through our fingers and our voices can take them out to the world! We are poets!
Significance of a Year’s Journey through Poetry

As a Teacher/Artist

I have often said that the big understandings from the lessons I have learned in the Pulse come to me at odd times. I am sure I am not yet aware of the significance of the work I have taken on as a teacher and artist. I do know I have a keener view into my heart and that I now have a way to express my feelings that wasn’t available to me before. I listen to the world in a more careful way. I let moments fill me knowing I can forever capture their essence. I read with a writer’s eye. I roll words around on my tongue like a scrumptious piece of chocolate, hungry for more.

Growth leads to new growth. I am a much more capable, confident teacher of writers. I can read a child’s writing and know the next teaching step to take her further. I have a strong foundation on which to build my understandings as a writer/teacher. There were times this year that I was so completely dazzled by our work that I thought, “This work needs to be published!” Simply allowing that thought in my head is significant to me. It reflects the personal growth I have experienced.

I realize my learning is still in the infant stage and I am almost giddy to continue learning this summer. Engaging in the craft of writing and trying to transfer my knowledge to my students as I gained new information was overwhelming at times. I am excited to explore my writing this summer without the added burden of teaching.
Another significant result of my work this year is I have been asked to teach workshops on writing to other teachers. It is something I am seriously considering for several reasons. This has been such a positive experience for me; I would love to pass it on to others. Also, I know that when we teach something, our understandings grow. Teaching my colleagues would stretch me as a professional.

Teaching has always been a passion for me. I feel blessed to go to a job everyday that I love. I am a serious teacher and expanding my skills to bring more exciting, meaningful experiences to my students is a priority. The bonus is, by becoming a writer I gave myself a lifelong gift.
Bibliography

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Appendix A
Poems written by Kathy Dungan

Brilliant Writings

My mind is full of
   Ghosts of ideas for
      Brilliant writings
Sometimes they are fragile
   With gossamer wings
      Gone so quickly
         I want to cry
I carry net
   Trying to capture
      The most beautiful,
         Intriguing,
            Interesting ideas
But they are tricky

And I am slow and unskilled
Life

Life is

A series of moments

Some become woven into your memory.

Moment of a first kiss
Sloppy, nervous lips touching

Moment of a life stirring within your body
Bubbles floating

Moment a heart recognizes love
Joy that melts into your bones

Moment a life ends
Pain, loss, tears, disbelief

Moments you will mourn forever

Moments so tender
And
Fragile
Our hearts break

Life is a series of

Moments
Remembrance of You

Watching you silently stare out the window
    Pain etched so deeply within you,
Thoughts and fears we don’t dare speak of.

The glimmer in your cornflower blue eyes
    When you laughed,
Not often enough. Not nearly enough.

Your determination to conquer the ugly beast
    Slowly, cell by cell
Trying to take you from us.

Hearing and feeling your warm voice say
    One last time
Don’t be scared, I love you too.
Wrong Number

Safe
    Peaceful

    Silence...
Of deep sleep

Shattered by shrill ringing

Heart hammering in my ears
Icy fear creeps into my bones

Whom do I mourn?
Whom do I comfort?

A wrong number.

Relief makes me weak
Heart slows

Silence again
    But not
Safe
    Peaceful

No sleep tonight.
Moments We Share

My fingers numb with cold.
My cheeks sting with frigid winter morning.
Trees stand silent, lonely, yet majestic,
covered in white frozen frost.

Emily’s brows wrinkle in concentration
as she sketches the giant salmon
swimming upstream in Caras Park.
She doesn’t notice my quiet watching of her
As she transforms simple lines
into shimmering creatures.
I marvel at her ability to ignore
the nagging bitterness.

Finally, Emily looks up and with surprise
notices the cold for the first time.
We stand and hurriedly fold our blanket
run to our car.

Cocooned inside the warmth
with the heater blasting the numbness
from our toes and fingers
we head to the bakery

The smell of warm bread
wraps around us like a cozy blanket.
We find a seat by the window
and for the first time that day
the sun breaks through the thick frosty clouds.

I look at my Emily, my darling child,
tears soothe my eyes.
The moment fills me,
every cell with its simple beauty.
I will remember it all, every detail,
every feeling down to our freezing breath.

It made me think,
“Memories are not made in days,
but in the moments we share.”
I write this moment
A Life

Creating a tapestry
Of amazing
Texture and depth

A Life must be woven
With the threads of

Pain
we do not choose
But we all must take our share
So we will know empathy

Joy
We greedily pour through life
Hunting for these precious scraps
To sustain us

Betrayal
Only a few threads to help us
See the beauty of a friend and
To be a friend

Anger
To give our creation strength
When wronged, but use caution
Too many anger threads make the tapestry
Ugly and stiff

Passion,
For all we love and hold dear
Will keep us from
A dull existence

Love
The foundation of all threads
Limitless colors and hues

Each person's unique design
A symphony of
Strength
Weakness

Threads
Woven
Mother and Child

Words linked forever
    On the day you were born
    I breathed in your sweet scent
    Gently whispered in the curve of your tiny ear
    “My baby”

Hearts intertwined
    Each joy, each pain
    You have felt
    Has seeped into my body
    Changing me

Richly mysterious
    You and I unique
    Depths we’ve yet
    To discover

Paths divide
    Life will take us
    On journeys
    We will always find our way
    back to one another

Mystical enduring
    We are mother and child
    Eternal bond
My Prayer

That it not be long

Until peace is seen as power
Love is pondered in the heart
Fear is not allowed to paralyze
Beauty is compassion revealed
We allow our God’s love to fill us

That it not be long
Snow

The great equalizer
Cocooning
All in its
Sparkling beauty
Regardless of worthiness

Sky
Dusting ice and snow
Blanketing all
In a second chance
Making it pure once again

If only for a calm wintery moment
Which
May
Be
All
The
Time
We
Need
The Nest

Strong sturdy home
    Woven from earth’s gifts
Wrapping spring’s
Possibilities
    In its
Warm
    Brown
    Arms
Words

Flitter
Scatter
Zip
Zoom

Inside my head

They light like tiny fireflies
Weaving a pattern of fragile light
Leaving a shadow of wonder
That
Disappears
Before my brain can capture the

T
H
O
U
G
H
T....
Appendix B
Student/Teacher Poetry
Lesson to Sharpen Outer Vision

April 11, 2003

Dear Poets,

Please bring a beloved object from nature—a pinecone, a shell, a nest, a bone, a flower—some piece of nature that you have chosen because you think it is beautiful, makes you wonder, or amazes you. It should be carefully selected as a reminder of the beauty and vastness of the natural world. Whatever you choose, it should have a story, a wonder, or a memory attached to it. A good poet is also a scientific observer. We will sketch your objects focusing on the details. When we focus on details, we can then write with detail. Please bring your objects on Monday. Happy hunting!

Love,

Mrs. Dungan

Bee Hotel

A Busy buzzing Hotel for bees Thousands of tiny rooms Filled with yellow-jacketed bugs On vacation

It's a bee hive of fun!

By Kobi Hudson
Roots
Roots resting in the ground
So Bumpy
They look like sea monsters
Breaking the waves
Gray and brown
Gray and brown
B
L
E
N
D
I
N
G
Into the soil
By
Breezi Cuffe

The Arrowhead

Stiff black head
Body gleaming with pride
Holding its bold sharp pointed head
With
Dignity
By
Kiehly Hyde
The Nest

Strong sturdy home
  Woven from earth's gifts
Wrapping spring's
Possibilities
In its
  Warm
  Brown
  Arms

By Kathy Dungan

The Stick

Water polishing
  The roughness away,
Leaving smoothness behind.
Making the stick sleeker.
  Showing a pattern of
  Lines and circles.

By
Matthew Tarkelson
A Bird

A bird perching on a branch
Singing with happiness
Holding on tight
With its tiny little legs
Spreading his wings
Soaring into the clouds,
He slowly disappears.

By Kira Rose

A Deer Antler

A deer antler is...
As strong as a buffalo.
As sharp as a knife.
As pointy as a thorn.
As cold as an ice cream cone.
As proud as a kid catching a pop fly!

By Brandon Gangle

A Sea Shell

A sea shell comes from the sea
A colorful whirlpool of lines
Home of a lucky hermit crab

By Melanie Alsup
A Fossil

That
wonder
of a
home
A
foot
print
of a memory
An ancient castle of a
long ago crab

A fossil

By Christopher Davey

Buds

A little baby
GROWING
Out of her mommy’s tummy
And
Beginning to be
Beautiful!

By
Elizabeth Riddle
A Shell

A castle with turrets
For a lucky
Sea creature.

A cave with a hidden shiny yellow

W
A
T
E
R
F
A
L
L

By Emily Beach

Ant's Fun

Ants running,
Ants playing,
Ants jumping through holes,
Ants playing tag
Back!

My
Up

Ants!
by Teague Blome
Daffodil

A golden frog
Sitting on a lily pad
In a puddle of
Green grass

The sparkling richness
Thrills my
Imagination!!

By
Teal Packard

Death of a Deer

Death came to a poor old deer
Why did it happen like this?
It does not feel right
Deer are not meant to die this way
They are meant to live and have freedom

Oh, I wish that deer had survived.

By Patrick Colberg
Feather Treasure

Body feathers,
Flight feathers
Feathers in every shape and size.
Feathers in colors of yellow
Shinning like gold
and
Blue, dark as the night sky.

Feather treasure

By
Jayce Marso

Rock Fish

Blackish, silvery, like a crystal in a rock
Tannish in the sun, hiding in the sand
Swimming in the rocks
For an afternoon break
Fat like the planets
But smaller than peanuts
Bumpy like the hills
But
Not
Bumpy enough

by Lucas Teynor

Pinecone

A warm golden body
Protecting the seeds
With its sheltering brown arms.

Like a parent
Freeing its child to travel
Through the world.

By Chi-Chi Adeleke
Pinecone

A little thing
H
   A
      N
         G
            I
                  N
                         G

From a tree
A caramely, prickly, round
Pinecone

By Amanda Payment

The Dead Bird

I wish that bird didn’t die
I wish that bird was still alive...

Birds are for giving babies bugs
Birds are flying like a magic rug

By Ethan Tarkalson
The Hornet

Buzzing,
As noisy as a saw.
I felt a tickle
For a second.
Then...
A burning stinging prickle!
My heart was pumping
As fast as a race car
As I noticed
I'd been attacked
By an
Enormous
Furious
Deranged
HORNET!

By Jake Howard

A Magpie

A magpie perched on a
silvery gate with its long flat
black tail flapping
up and down like a
broken swing
d
a
n
g
l
i
n
g
on a bar

by Talia Zook
Appendix C
Where Does Poetry Hide?
Cooperative Group Poems

Where Do Poems Hide?

Poems hide in the Sparkling Water Bursting Down The Snow Covered Mountains Carrying A cold Breeze

By Patrick Colberg Brandon Gangle Amanda Payment
Where Does Poetry Hide

In the mountains
In a gooey chocolate cookie
right out of the oven
Inside a hollow oak tree.
Inside an egg that’s going to hatch
Into a poem
That’s where poetry hides!

by Kiehly Hyde
Kira Rose
Emily Beach
Where Do We Find A Poem?

In an empty butterfly garden
Waiting
For a fluttering quilt of wings

Quivering

Swirling

Twirling

Whirling

Butterfly

Poetry

by Teal Packard, Teague Blome, Chi-Chi Adeleke, Elizabeth Riddle
That's Where We Find Poetry

Luck from clovers,
Under stones,
Buried in a waterfall,
Inside a robin's egg,
Through the feather-pillowed clouds,
In Gods big warm hands.

That's where we find poetry

By Talia Zook,
Lucas Teynor,
Matthew Tarkalson
Where Does Poetry Hide

Poetry Hides in a squirrel
   Twirling!
   Swirling!
   Wiggling!
   Giggling!

Tails as fluffy as cotton candy.
Square teeth munching on nuts,
   Diving from tree to tree.

That's
   Where
   Poetry
   Hides!

By Breanna Cuffe
   Jayce Marso
   Jake Howard
Poetry Hides in a Squirrel

Poetry hides in a Squirrel
Twirling, swirling, wiggling, and giggling,
Tails as fluffy as cotton candy.
Square teeth munching on nuts,
Diving from tree to tree.

That’s
Where
Poetry
Hides!

By
Breanna Ridders
Jake Howard
Jayce Marso
A Poem Hides

A Poem hides in a frozen Stream
As it drifts through the sparkling Mountains
With wings of the beautiful Butterfly
Soaring Through The Air!

By Loree Martin
Melanie Alsup
Christopher Davey
I Will Tell You

I will tell you where a poem hides.

It hides in a frozen
Pond
As an old turtle takes
A long winter’s
Nap.
Filled with dazing
Fish.
Scales sparkling like rainbow
Pearls
Under their silent winter
Roof.

By Kobi Hudson
Hailey Emett
Ethan Tarkalson
Appendix D
What Can One Little Person Do?
Poems of Peace

My Peace
If I was a rainbow
I would hug the world in my colorful arms
I would warm the world with my strength
By Brandon Gangle

Peace
By Hailey Emett

If I want peace, I’m going to be a friend.
If I want peace, I’m going to be nice.
If I want peace, I’m going to pick up litter.
If I want peace, I’m helping others if they’re hurt.
If I want peace, I’m going to help the world.

Peace
By Kobi Hudson

I am a little kid and
I know how to say my words.
I am a little kid and
I know how to give put-ups.
I am a little kid and
I know how to be kind.
I am a little kid and
I know how to teach

PEACE!
Peace
By Emily Beach

Peace is joy
Peace is beauty
Peace is love

Sing peace!
Peace
Peace is a smile.
Peace is happy.
Peace is quiet.
Peace is a put-ups, not a put downs.
Peace is a kind word.

Peace is love.
By Lucas Teynor

Peaceful
By Matthew Tarkalson

To feel peaceful
we need to give people care
To feel peaceful
we need to not give people put-downs
To feel peaceful
we need to play with friends
To feel peaceful
we need to be happy

My Wish
By Kira Rose

I wish for the world to be a better place
To pick up litter and never go to war
Listen with eyes ears and hearts
Never be bad
Be jumping and laughing and singing
Caring for Fish
By Jayce Marso

Fish need lots of water
Fish need clean water
Fish need food
Fish need clean air
Fish need us to help the world

By Loree Martin

Peace is a smile.
Peace is a rainbow.
Peace is a hug.
Peace is a gift.
Peace is a flower.
Peace is sunshine.
Peace is a kiss.

God Must be Crying
By Talia Zook

I felt rain drops touch the top of my head. God must be crying.
I look up as the rain plops on my face.
God must be crying.
God must be crying for peace and no war. War is killing nature – God’s nature.
Army men have care in their hearts. Everyone does. And God knows it.
God must be crying.
Leaves

If I were a leaf
I would float in the air
I would whisper

Hello
Love
Be good

By Christopher Davey

I’d Like To Be A Leaf

I’d like to be a leaf on a tree
I would wish to float to the ground
I would say hi to the grass

By Ethan Tarkalson
All Kinds of
Different Gifts
By Teal Packard

A **kiss** is a gift.
A **hug** is a gift.
**Happiness** is a gift.
A **family** is a gift.

I’m glad for the gifts of the world.

**Peaceful**
By Melanie Alsup

I like the sound of birds singing.

I like to see people smiling.

I like to feel the happiness of a hug.

**I love the World!**
**If I Were A Leaf**

If I were a leaf  
I would float in the air.  
I would change colors from green to red.  
I would say "Hi!" to my leaf friends.  
I would smile to them.

If I were a leaf  
I would talk to my leaf friends and say...  
"Come on let's go whisper so the people can hear us."

If I were a leaf  
We would whisper...  
"Pick up trash."  
"Don't go to war."  
"Don't fight."

"Listen with your Eyes, Ears, and Hearts!"

by Breanna Cuffe

**If I Were a Mountain**  
By Kiehly Hyde

If I were a mountain I would be up high  
Way in the sky  
I would feel the cool breeze in the world  
I'm higher than an oak  
Know that I'm there ~~ Climb me if you dare!  
I'm the highest
If I Were A Baby Tree

By Talia Zook

My little branches swaying in the wind
Back and forth
In the fall my little leaves changing colors
Red, yellow, brown, orange

Falling down from the sky

And then the breeze will pick them up
And they will glide on the air and fly back to me
I will grow strong and tall to help people dream and play

My Wish

By Chi-Chi

I wish for the world to be better
Loving and laughing
Singing and dancing
And feeling happy as can be
I wish for the world to be peaceful, joyful and wonderful
Glorious, magnificent and spectacular

That is my wish
If I Were a Tree
By Elizabeth

If I were a tree I would dance in the wind
While my branches are swaying
My leaves will whisper to the grass and the bugs
Hello
Don't fight
Don't go to war
Play nice
Be peaceful

Bird of Peace

By Patrick Colberg

If I were a bird of peace'
I would call...
"Be peaceful
Be peaceful!"

I would sit in a tree
And sing peaceful songs
All
Day
Long.
If We Want Peace
By Teague Blome

If we want peace,
Shake hands.

If we want peace,
Smile at each other.

If we want peace,
Pray for kindness.

If we want peace,
Hug the people you love.

The Peaceful Poem

By Amanda Payment

Peace can be quiet.
Peace can be helpful.
Peace can be a kiss.

Peace is love.

I love Peace!
Appendix E
Selected Student Poems

Daffodils

Sun rising
Blooming stars
Golden rays
On a strong jade body
Bringing the warmth of raindrops
To life
Poets of Mrs. Dungan's Class

Facing my Fears

I climb up the tree.
I grab the branch.
I hang my feet.
I close my eyes.
But...

I just can't drop
Facing my fears is hard.

But...

I take a breath,
I close my eyes,
I fall through the air like an angel coming back to earth!
By Hailey Emett
Love

I love you as much as my heart can love
as much as the sky and the stars above.

I love you as much as much as my heart can love
I love you like a flying dove.

I love you as much as my heart can love
with lots of hope and a birthday note!

I love you as much as my heart can love.

Kiehly Hyde

IMAGINE SOMETHING TO LOVE

Imagine…

The warmth of hands feeling like lambs wool on your face.

The wind and the mountains and the valleys surrounding

Your home sweet lovable home.

Remember where you were born and where you are meant to be.

What you need is to love yourself and

Where your feet carry you.

Imagine something to love.

By Kiehly Hyde
Winter

Snowballs flying back and forth
Snow angels and snowmen being created
Snow forts growing
Ground disappearing like magic

Snowboarding tricks
And
Flips, flips
More
Tricks!

Iceskaters jumping back and forth;
Spinning all around
Flying like birds

Sledding- crashing into trees.
Oh, We're free!

Time for hot chocolate-
Don't forget to say "please!"

By Kobi Hudson

The Leaf Dance

Leaves dance
Making music

My heart
Tickles
As I lay under
The green
Blanket Floating
Over me

The leaf dance

By Kobi Hudson
Spring
Dogs running
Elk jumping
Cats frightened
Moose running from prey
Bears growling
Coyotes howling
Fish jumping
Cougars running

Dogs breathing
Elk sleeping
cats happy
Moose snoring
Bears silent
Coyotes gone
Fish swimming

Spring mornings are so weird!
By Lucas Teynor

A little Sister

I am an
Intelligent little sister
Growing strong.

I am like a seed.
I'll be a flower
Soon...

But for now,
I
Am
Just
ME!

By Hailey Emett
A Lonely Lava Lamp

A sad lonely lamp with viscous circles  
Touching each other but not  
a word  
Little tiny tears  
dropping down it’s face

by Elizabeth Riddle

A Lonely Soul
Exploring

Through the  
Tumbling splashing sky.

Whirling and swirling  
Dancing and dreaming.

Feeling the wind breath  
On his face.

Drifting and gliding  
Leaping and sliding...

A lonely soul

By
Chi-Chi Adeleke

A Poetic Sky
The breeze blowing back my hair.
As the clouds swish across the blue, sparkly sky.
It fills me with laughter and love.
A poetic sky,
Oh what a poetic sky.

Chi-Chi Adeleke
Apples

Juicy
CRUNCHY
Sour
Sweet
Tangy, dipped in caramel

I love to eat my favorite treat!

By Kiehly Hyde

A Diary

I am a diary
Holding your secrets
Dear.

I am a diary
Waiting for secrets to
Appear!

By Hailey Emett

April
I lay in the rain polished grass.
Flowers crack open and bloom.
Their scent swirls and twirls.
Through the spring air.

by Emily Beach
I am a basketball

Flying bravely
From friend to friend, hoping and dreaming
For a swoosh on my

Clouds rolling across the sky
Like a mountain of snow
Covering the earth
With its soft blanket
Washing the world
Making the world sparkly clean

Elizabeth Riddle

My draft book is a

Treasure

When I open it up
All the buried treasure
Soar out like an eagle
With golden wings
Hunting for tasty words

I would be lost without it!

Patrick Colberg
I am a football player,

    Waiting in the locker room
    For the smell of sweet grass,

Crying to touch the football

    And that's what I am.

By Teague Blome

Football

When I play football
I can feel the wind blowing on my face
Like I'm an eagle flying in the air

Matthew Tarkslon

The cold frozen grass tickles my feet

    As I walk to my friend's house
Wishing for the sun to shine on my freezing cold body
My hands are as cold as an icicle covered with snow.

    I feel like a Popsicle in the freezer.
But when the sun comes up it will be as hot as a fire.
    I'll burst into flames, melting the coldness away.

by Loree Martin
Grandpa
By Loree Martin

With happiness in my heart
I gently laid down in the grass
and I looked up in the sky
and saw my Grandpa
looking at me saying
you are a beautiful little girl
and I love you!

I Am A Tear

I am a tear
A very useless
Sphere

I only come
Once in a
While

I never, never
Have a
Smile.

I am a tear
Falling from the
Sky

I don't know why
I am a tear
I am a tear

By
Kiehly Hyde
I'm A Rose

I'm a rose
Living in a meadow
Feeling the breeze
Ruffle my petals

I'm a rose
Dancing through
The wind like a
Ballet dancer

I'm a show off
I'm a rose
I'm a rose

Kiehly Hyde

My Mom

My Mom
Is
A
Butterfly
Hovering around me

My Mom
Is
A
Flower

My Mom
Is
Cute as a kitten

My Mom  By Jayce Marso
MY MOODS

There are times when tears
Fall down through my body
Like raindrops from the sky,
Washing my soul,
Drenching my pillow.

There are times,

When I’m cheerful as a song bird,
Keeping his secrets safe
In his own little world.

There are times when....

By Kiehly Hyde

A Lonely, Lava Lamp
By Mandy Payment

A lava lamp,
A viscous lava lamp
Circles jumping up and down like bouncy balls
Sticky as bubble gum,
Hot as a cookie.
Sad tears dripping down
Making changing shapes.

I feel the hotness on my hands.

Night
By Hailey Emett
Night’s dark black face
Overflowing with stars
Forming a glittery waterfall
Of shimmering lights
It frames a river
And spills over
With stars shining like snowflakes
They burst with glistening fireworks
The sparks fall and
Form a shield of fire
That harms nothing
Night
By Mandy Payment

Through my window I see
A blue black glittering quilt of stars
Shining like diamonds
Cars passing our house sound like waves floating in the air
My heart beats calmly as my eyes gently shut
My dream takes me on an adventure

Night Sky
By Teal Packard and Elizabeth Riddle

Night sky shining on my home!
Hear the trees whispering good night.
I lay in bed seeing the twinkling stars.
Night sky, Night sky!

Rain

Rain falling
On top of my head
Birds chirping
While making nests
Wet grass
Soaking my toes
Bare Trees
Beginning to bloom
Happy flowers
Bursting with color

By Christopher Davey
Fall
Pokey blades of frozen grass,
Sun shining and making it sparkle.

Pretty songs of the flicker.

Chilly peaceful leaves swirl down to the ground.
Green fades away and yellow blends in.

Shivering rosy cheeks
Listen and hear you breath,
Warm but kind of cold.

Oh my, Oh my
Fall!

By Christopher Davey, Teal Packard, Kiehly Hyde,
Elizabeth Riddle

I’m Just a Sister
By Mandy Payment

I’m a strong tree...
Protecting my sister.
Spreading my sweetness into the world.
My sister sitting on my branches,
looking over to see the beautiful city.

Stars
Stars blooming on my face
Like a soft yellow blanket
Stars dancing around me
Lighting my way.
Stars framing the faces
Of people I love.
Stars
Elizabeth Riddle
The Lonely Stem

A tall
Green
Lonely
Stem
Drooping
In thirst,
As Flexible
As a piece
Of
Licorice.
Hoping for
His dream to
BLOOM!
Kobi Hudson

The Mystery Poem
By Elizabeth Riddle

The title is a clue to the mystery.
The words are a garden of flowers,
The pages are the path through the garden.
The pictures are a bouquet of words.

When I open a book, I bloom!

Snow

The snow is blue,
But the mountains are white.
Soon the land will have a
blanket of snow.
Making snowmen,
Riding sleds,
But best of all,
Tasting those little sparkles!

By Talia Zook
Watching Over Me
By Kobi

Moon's shadow dancing on water.
Stars twinkling with laughter;
Making the sky a little brighter,
Making me a little warmer.
Darkness covers me
Like a warm black blanket.
And I know
My grandpas and grandmas
are watching over me.
It is silent,
But I can hear
Their love whispering to me.

Waterfall
By Melanie

Sparkling coldness splashing like thunder over the big brave giants
Trees waving to the clouds
Cheerful

Cheerful

Cheerful
Dawn
Flicking off the light
Waiting for dawn to be noticed again
Only a few
stars
whispering
to
the moon, keeping dawn company
Chirping
robin
Shopping for worms for an early supper
Whining dogs, anxious to greet dawn
Lucas Teynor
Appendix F
Student Poems on Martin Luther King Jr.

I Have a Dream

I have a dream
That all people will have a heart of
\textit{Gold}
That all people will have the right of
\textit{Freedom}

Martin Luther King Jr. helped us to dream that.

By Jake Howard

\textbf{My Big Words}

Peaceful and loving,
Joy never stopped,
Freedom alive,
Rights and bravery.
These are my big words!

By Teague Blome
Martin Luther King's
Big Words
by Kobi Hudson
Marching for freedom,
A brave hero.
Teaching togetherness,
Praying for peace.
Standing up for rights,
Courageous leader.

Side by side,
Loving,
Caring,
Hoping,
Dreaming,
Equality.

An awesome man who believed in
Peace!

Dreams
by Loree Martin

Love is peace
Peace is love.
Together we can make our world
Beautiful.
Loving each other
With hearts of gold.

Growing the courage
To stand up for ourselves.

To shine like the
Light of the moon.
One Brave Person

There was a world leader
With a loving twinkle,
A cradle of right.

This leader tried with all his might
To get the world
Loving day and night,
To use our words, and not fight.

This world leader was
One Brave Person.
This leader was
Martin Luther King Jr.

Talia Zook

Loving Hearts

Loving hearts are the way to freedom.
Teaching peace is the way to truth.
A heart of gold is the gold of the heart.

I have a dream that white and black people will get along,
Feel the freedom in their hearts.
A hero to me is Martin Luther King

By Chi-Chi Adeleke

Peace Is love

Peace is:
Love.
The world shining with equality.
People with gladness in their hearts.
Respecting each other.
Smiling!

By Ethan Tarkelson
Sparkle Light
by Kiehly Hyde

Sparkle light
Sparkle bright.
First shine I see tonight.
I wish I may, I wish I might,
Have the wish I wish tonight.

With every golden heart
His love has a part.
With every caring kiss
Martin makes a wish.

From heaven he gives a smile,
Although he was here
For only a short while.

His Dream

There was a leader
With a glowing soul.
He gave a speech
To open our hearts.
For all men,
Women,
and
Children too.
Loving and caring
That’s what we must
DO!

By Breezi Cuffe
Peace Is love

Peace is:

Love.
The world shining with equality.
People with gladness in their hearts.
Respecting each other.
Smiling!

By Ethan Tarkelson

Dreams

Love is peace.
Peace is love.

A hero is brave.
Bravery is a hero.

Twinkling is beautiful.
Beauty is twinkling.

Freedom is happiness.
Happiness is freedom.

Hate can not drive out hate,
Only love can do that.

By Emily Beach
Martin Luther King
Loving and caring.
Began a march.

He taught us,
If people say hate.
To say love.

"Hate can not drive out hate,
Only love can do that."

by
Matthew Takelson

A Hero

by Christopher Davey

Dr. Martin Luther King Jr.
Loving and caring,
Died a hero.
A glowing dream.
Leader to all.

A Hero!
**Martin Luther King Jr.**

Martin Luther King Jr.
Was a brave man
And
A Hero.
He stopped awful laws.
He had a loving heart.
His lessons twinkle in my heart today.

Thank You Martin Luther King!

By Elizabeth Riddle

**Freedom**

Love can not be stopped.

Peace shines like a star.

Freedom to all

Whoever you are!

By Melanie Alsup

**Think of A World**

by Hailey Emett

Think of a world of golden hearts,
With a universe of shining heroes.

Think of a world with a leader of gold,
That drove away hate by dreaming a dream.

Think of a world with shining stars
Tingling with Martin’s Big words!
The One With
A Heart Of Gold

The one who had a heart of gold
Would never get old.
He had a dream of his own that
Love can sparkle togetherness
Martin was a hero with a dream of his own.

By
Amanda Payment

Golden Graves
by Lucas Teynor

Tears dropping
People crying
For
Peace.

Golden graves
Of brave people
Marching
For
Rights
Martin Luther King Jr.
**Martin's Poem**

He had a dream of
Freedom
And
Loving Hearts.

Caring for all.
Changing
White laws.

Martin Luther King

By
Teal Packard

---

**A Beautiful Man**

Martin Luther King Jr.

A
Beautiful Man.
Too
Beautiful to die.
Sad hearts,
People crying tears.
A Brave man
Gave us a
Cradle of hope!

"Hate can not drive out hate,
only love can do that."

by Jayce Marso
Moonlight

by Kira Rose

The light of the moon
Shines down on my
Heart
As I lay here
Dreaming
Of
People getting
Together.

Masterpiece Of Freedom

We will create a masterpiece of
Freedom
By
Loving,
Caring,
And treating everyone the same.
Not giving up our rights.
By
Listening to the words of
Martin Luther King,
A
Hero
Who believed in
God

By Patrick Colberg
Appendix G
Charts and Posters Created to Support Learning

Simile and Metaphor help us leap into a poem by painting pictures with words:

Night cover me with warmth. (Kobi Hudson)
Words are a garden of flowers. (Elizabeth Riddle)
Strong jade body… (Class poem)
The wind leaped through the grass tickling the Blades. (Jane Yolen)

Tall as an ancient redwood.
Skinny as a blade of grass.
Hungry as a hog.
Prickly as a thorn on a rose.
Happy as a kid with a new puppy.

Verbs are the engine of the sentence:

flip twirl swirl spin quiver wiggle jiggle flap crack splitter
soar scatter splatter doze lunge plunge stack growl
flicker polish explore chewed fight flex giggle yelling brushed
drawing rumbling tumble splash plow wrap float cried skim
carve carry dance ride dive play gobble walk swim bellow
skip hangin migrate curled whirl sent glow lighting swell
protect slip whisper zip zap drift glide sift leap dream breathe

Crack open boring sentences by repainting them with your own images and words:

I saw the stars at night.= Stars were twinkling, filling me with laughter.

It was dark.= Darkness covered me with a warm black blanket.

I was happy when I made the basket.= My heart bubble with laughter as the shot swooshed through the air.

The flower was pretty.= The brave golden petals burst open welcoming spring.

The girl was sad.= Tears washed her face.
Where Does Poetry Hide?

Mountains
Black licorice smelling plants
Logs piled where squirrels may hide
Sound of arguing birds
New growth
Trees
Empty butterfly garden
Inside an acorn
Cold breeze
Tiny baby plants pushing up through the soil
All the space where air is moving
Green grass scent that tickles our noses
Litter that breaks the peace
Breeze that carries a hint of warmth
Stepping stones with handprints of long ago
pokey leaves
dead plants, yet still alive
frozen stream
spring birds fighting like maniacs
nests built in school walls
butterflies soaring
waterfall
luck of the clovers
feet crunching on frozen bark
nest
pinecones falling from the trees
my desk
stones
trees that glitter like gold
moving air

Spinning Metaphor

To loosen our minds, we can write several different metaphor for one subject:

Love is:
your parent’s arms.
singing a song that never ends.
a warm soft blanket wrapping you in joy.
a picture frame protecting the ones we love.

An oak tree is:
a sky scraper tickling the sky.
a playground for squirrels.
a giant holding me as I climb up his arms.
astage for a bird concert.

We Are Intrigued By Words!

Dazzle joy sparkle float bloom whisper cradle of hope heroes beauty Courage peace rights one little person together melting down the stairs possibilities gifts bubble burst woven sturdy home rainbows of love strength want peace dance in the wind
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th><strong>Ordinary</strong></th>
<th><strong>Poetic</strong></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Nest</td>
<td>Strong sturdy home</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mud</td>
<td>Woven from earth's gifts</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grass</td>
<td>Wrapping spring's</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Round</td>
<td>Possibilities in its</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Warm brown arms</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Flowers</td>
<td>Sun rising</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beautiful, pretty</td>
<td>Blooming stars of</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Yellow</td>
<td>Golden rays</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Green stem</td>
<td>On a strong brave jade body</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spring</td>
<td>Brining the warmth of raindrops to life</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Appendix H
Images of Our Final Creative Performance

The stage is set, the lights are down. We wait, tingling with excitement to begin.

Ethan Tarkalson closes his eyes and feels like a bird gliding through the air as he reads *The Motorcycle*, a poem about him and his dad.

Takia Zook reading *God Must Be Crying*. 
Hailey Emett is facing her fears as she reads a beautiful poem about bravery.

Jayce Marso looks dapper as he reads his poem about his love for his mom.

I take my turn reading my poem A Life.
Dorothy Morrison as she enjoys a poet’s work.

Over a hundred people came to hear and read our words and view our art work.

These are a few of the charts and posters we created during the year which helped to guide our learning.
Kobi Hudson’s heart map, self portrait, watercolor, and selected poems.

Each child designed a frame in which to display his or her work. We sprinkled words throughout the theater.

Some of the poets and me are posing for a photograph after the performance.