

Bonus poetry project

By : Bianca



Verse

Every poem have many verses because a verse is a line and sometimes verses can create rhythms . And sometimes a verse can create a picture.

TODAY

Oh! kangaroos, sequins, chocolate sodas!
You really are beautiful! Pearls,
harmonicas, jujubes, aspirins! all
the stuff they've always talked about

still makes a poem a surprise!
These things are with us every day
even on beachheads and biers. They
do have meaning. They're strong as rocks.

[1950]

You
are my thoughts
poured into words.

You
are the stars that
align the night sky.

You
are the words that
never escape my mouth.

You
are the longing that
yearns deep within my heart.

(J.M.)

Stanza

A stanza looks like a paragraph in a poem , if you think one thing is finished you can start a new stanza.

A LIFE ON EARTH

UPON this soil, my soul
Has, ever since my birth,
Held freedom as its goal
— And roamed with ease on Earth.

MY hands and eyes and mind
I've used to prove *my* worth.
To *no* cause I've been signed,
— Nor lived to please the Earth!

YES, other souls I've known:
A *few* bestowed me mirth,
But most I left alone
— Desiring peace on Earth . . .

OF fertile soil and plans
I'll one day find a dearth.
Then mind and eyes and hands
— Will rest at ease in earth.

Awaiting Spring (Mirror Sestet) (Three Stanzas)

Spring, many flowers it will bring
bring with it, smells of Spring.
Awaiting Spring, Winter's hesitating
hesitating it is, but I'm awaiting.
Sights and sounds, children's smiles are bright
bright the sky will be, with beauty of sunset sights.

Sunsets, will be beautiful, I bet
bet the reds will be brilliant in the sunsets.
Bring in the warm weather, my soul will sing
sing like the birds, peace it will bring.
Awaiting Spring, my mind will be creating
creating with pen and ink, Spring, I'm awaiting.

Fairies will be dancing, beneath the berries
berries waiting to be picked by the Fairies.
Butterflies will flutter through the sky
sky will be filled with butterflies.
Awaiting Spring, my mind will be creating
creating with words, Spring, I'm definitely awaiting.

Copyright Cynthia Jones
Feb.24/2009

Stanza

Rhyme scheme

AA BB:

Upon a nice mid-spring **day**,

A

Let's take a look at Nature's **way**.

A

Breathe the scent of nice fresh **air**,

B

Feel the breeze within your **hair**.

B

The rhyme scheme is about the way the last word rhymes like:
DAY and WAY[A] AIR and HAIR[B].

Theme

The theme of this poem is if you don't want to do a thing
do a bad job and a theme is like a lesson.

Lesson!!!



HOW NOT TO HAVE TO DRY THE DISHES

If you have to dry the dishes
(Such an awful, boring chore)
If you have to dry the dishes
(Stead of going to the store)
If you have to dry the dishes
And you drop one on the floor—
Maybe they won't let you
Dry the dishes anymore.

Metaphor

A metaphor is the kind of poem that uses is but it is Actually not “Is” . It is not a simile poem because it Don’t use like and as.

The Night is a Big Black Cat

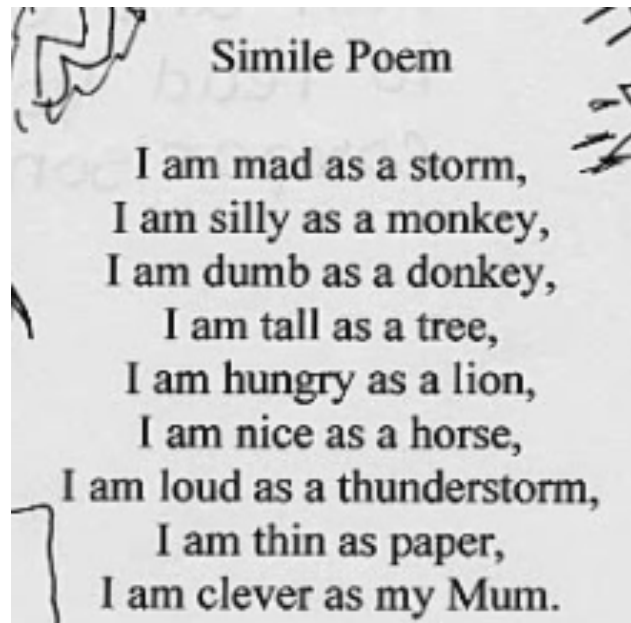
The Night is a big black cat
The moon is her topaz eye,
The stars are the mice she hunts at night,
In the field of the sultry sky.

By G. Orr Clark



Simile

A simile poem is the kind of poem that always uses like and as .



Blue is loud like
a truck honking its horn.

Blue is gushy like
blue cheese dressing on my
salad.



Blue is fizzy like
bubbles popping.

Blue makes me as happy
as a
fish swimming in the ocean.

Imagery

An imagery is the kind of poem that put pictures into your mind.

Like:

Black as night, white as snow

It is like simile but very detailed. [sometimes it's not like simile]

WHERE THE SIDEWALK ENDS

There is a place where the sidewalk ends
And before the street begins.
And there the grass grows soft and white,
And there the sun burns crimson bright,
And there the moon-bird rests from his flight
To cool in the peppermint wind.

Let us leave this place where the smoke blows black
And the dark street winds and bends.
Past the pits where the asphalt flowers grow
We shall walk with a walk that is measured and slow,
And watch where the chalk-white arrows go
To the place where the sidewalk ends.

Yes we'll walk with a walk that is measured and slow,
And we'll go where the chalk-white arrows go,
For the children, they mark, and the children, they know
The place where the sidewalk ends.

Irony

Peanut butter sandwich: the irony in this poem is
At last the king still wanted to eat a peanut butter
Sandwich and everyone thought he would learn his lesson
But he did NOT!

Irony is about if you think one thing will happen and in the poem it
Did not it is irony.

I'll sing you a poem of a silly young king
Who played with the world at the end of a string,
But he only loved one single thing—
And that was just a peanut-butter sandwich.
His scepter and his royal gowns,
His regal throne and golden crowns
Were brown and sticky from the mounds
And drippings from each peanut-butter sandwich.
His subjects all were silly fools
For he had passed a royal rule
That all that they could learn in school
Was how to make a peanut-butter sandwich.
He would not eat his sovereign steak,
He scorned his soup and kingly cake,
And told his courtly cook to bake
An extra-sticky peanut-butter sandwich.
And then one day he took a bit
And started chewing with delight,
But found his mouth was stuck quite tight
From that last bite of peanut-butter sandwich.
His brother pulled, his sister pried,
The wizard pushed, his mother cried,
'My boy's committed suicide
From eating his last peanut-butter sandwich!'
The dentist came, and the royal doc.
The royal plumber banged and knocked,
But still those jaws stayed tightly locked.
Oh darn that sticky peanut-butter sandwich!
The carpenter, he tried with pliers,

The telephone man tried with wires,
The firemen, they tried with fire,
But couldn't melt that peanut-butter sandwich.
With ropes and pulleys, drills and coil,
With steam and lubricating oil—
For twenty years of tears and toil—
They fought that awful peanut-butter sandwich.
Then all his royal subjects came.
They hooked his jaws with grapplin' chains
And pulled both ways with might and main
Against that stubborn peanut-butter sandwich.
Each man and woman, girl and boy
Put down their ploughs and pots and toys
And pulled until kerack! Oh, joy—
They broke right through that peanut-butter sandwich
A puff of dust, a screech, a squeak—
The king's jaw opened with a creak.
And then in voice so faint and weak—
The first words that they heard him speak
Were, 'How about a peanut-butter sandwich?'

Alliteration

A alliteration is like if the first letter of one word is the same to another
One it is alliteration. Like:

Mav Mom Moon Mam [all start with the same letter]

★ CURIOSITY
by Leon Enriquez

Charm crafts cheer
Dream draws dear

Meet milks minds
Feel frames find

Craft clear choice
Prize proud poise

Lift lines loud
Pay price proud

Set sure spree
Feel form free

Lure lifts laughs
Some strange stuff

Etch...

★ TASTE
by Leon Enriquez

Watch wise wit
Feel fond fit

Sense sweet sounds
Glimpse good grounds

Taste true thought
Peel prime plot

Still sure soul
Work warm whole

Trust treats truth
Prize pure proof

Moonwash
by Bernard Chan

Wisping winds whisk whispered whimsies willows' way.
By the pond, we ponder potent possibilities posed by pollinated passions.
As we divine dallying delights depicting developing...

Personification

Personification is like if it is a thing and you write in the poem
A thing people can do and transfer it to let the 'thing' do it.

**Winter shakes his robes of white
And storms around the stage,
As Spring waits calmly in the wings,
Observing Winter's rage.**

**The skies, like lead, are heavy now,
And not about to lift.
For Winter's tale is far from told,
As snow begins to drift.**

**Traffic struggles on the streets,
And wise men stay at home.
Winter paints his canvas, bold,
In shades of monochrome.**

**With icy hand, he strikes the lake,
And bids the waves, "Be still!"
As Spring can only watch and wait,
With time left yet to kill.**

Water

Silence
All I ever heard is silence

Nature is always and forever a beauty
Their reflection are crystal clear to my surface

Humans walk here and there
Just to enjoy the clarity and the creations inside

My soothing sound can make a mind be in peace
People found it amusing and will sit there quietly

Fishes loves to swim in me
Insects will breed on me

Within me I'm pure
I cleanse all dirt inside and out

One day the heat evaporates part of me
I'll reincarnate to become the atmosphere

I am a part of paradise
I am the universal liquid
I am Water

Limerick

A **limerick** is a form of verse, often humorous and sometimes obscene, in five-line, predominantly anapestic meter with a strict rhyme scheme of AABBA in which the first, second and fifth line rhyme, while the third and fourth lines are shorter and share a different rhyme.

"There once was a girl Selina,
who wanted to be a ballerina.
She went on her toes,
and broke her nose.
Then she became cleaner."

Poetry have a rhyme scheme and
Prose don't rhyme poems can also
Be used to make a song.