

Having fun with words

“Poetry is rhythmical creation of beauty in words.” – Edgar Allen Poe



Poetry Workshop

Name _____

Class _____

Favourite poems- we ALL have them.

Let's share!

The Ant Explorer

Once a little sugar ant made up his mind to roam—
To fare away far away, far away from home.
He had eaten all his breakfast, and he had his Ma's consent
To see what he should chance to see and here's the way he went—
Up and down a fern frond, round and round a stone,
Down a gloomy gully where he loathed to be alone,
Up a mighty mountain range, seven inches high,
Through the fearful forest grass that nearly hid the sky,
Out along a bracken bridge, bending in the moss,
Till he reached a dreadful desert that was feet and feet across.
'Twas a dry, deserted desert, and a trackless land to tread;
He wished that he was home again and tucked-up tight in bed.
His little legs were wobbly, his strength was nearly spent,
And so he turned around again and here's the way he went—
Back away from desert lands feet and feet across,
Back along the bracken bridge bending in the moss,
Through the fearful forest grass, shutting out the sky,
Up a mighty mountain range seven inches high,
Down a gloomy gully, where he loathed to be alone,
Up and down a fern frond and round and round a stone,
A dreary ant, a weary ant, resolved no more to roam,
He staggered up the garden path and popped back home.

C. J. Dennis

What is your teacher's favourite poem?

Let's hear it!

A Word Is Dead

A word is dead
When it is said,
Some say.
I say it just
Begins to live
That day.

Emily Dickinson (1830–86)

Poetry is important! It has been around since time began, across all cultures.

Poetry needs to be read out loud, shared and enjoyed:

- Fosters social and emotional growth
- Builds a sense of community
- Avenue for self expression
- Among all cultures and languages.

Jabberwocky (hyperlinked to images) ([hyperlink to reading](#))

BY LEWIS CARROLL ([HYPERLINK THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS AUDIOBOOK](#))

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

“Beware the Jabberwock, my son!
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun
The frumious Bandersnatch!”

He took his vorpal sword in hand;
Long time the manxome foe he sought—
So rested he by the Tumtum tree
And stood awhile in thought.

And, as in uffish thought he stood,
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,
Came whiffling through the tulgey wood,
And burbled as it came!

One, two! One, two! And through and through
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!
He left it dead, and with its head
He went galumphing back.

“And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!
O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!”
He chortled in his joy.

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

Stuff and Nonsense

Draw the Jabberwocky below:

Source: *The Random House Book of Poetry for Children* (1983) **Allegory** (hidden meaning?)

Amongst the nonsense of made up creatures, and unknown objects, there are strong feelings expressed in this poem. What are they? Discuss feelings of risk, danger, satisfaction and friendship in the poem.

Roses are Red

Roses are red
violets are blue;
most poems rhyme
this one doesn't.

Anon



Cinquain Poem

This five-line poem doesn't rhyme. This poem often describes a person or object. One variety of cinquain works like this:

one noun

two adjectives

three "-ing" verbs

one phrase

another noun

The first and last lines are different nouns for the same subject. The middle three lines describe this subject in a fun or interesting way.

For example:

School

Special, safe

Scintillating, laughing, playing

My favourite place to be

Tea Gardens.

The formulaic nature of cinquains makes them easy to write. You can also play fun games with them.

Cinquain game

Once students write their own cinquains, share and write a few on the IWB, but leave the first and last lines empty. Students guess what the missing lines might be.

Learning intention: to introduce and practise the use of the poetic technique of alliteration (repetition of the consonant sound at the beginning of multiple words).

My Cinquains

Imagery- is the poetic device that results in pictures being built in your mind as you read poetry. The words *come alive*. They are secret strings that hold our poems together.

Read your poem and try and say it over and over till you remember it, building pictures, or images in your mind. Imagery is a poetic technique. Sometimes we use figurative language tools like simile and metaphor to build imagery in our writing.

Learning Intention: To discuss and unpack figurative language tools

Introduce hyperbole- world of the impossible (e.g. p15 *I'm Angry*)

Waltzing Matilda

Once a jolly swagman¹ camped by a billabong²

Under the shade of a coolibah tree,

And he sang as he watched and waited till his billy³ boiled:

"Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me?"

Waltzing Matilda, waltzing Matilda

You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me

And he sang as he watched and waited till his billy boiled:

"You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me."

Down came a jumbuck⁴ to drink at that billabong.

Up jumped the swagman and grabbed him with glee.

And he sang as he shoved that jumbuck in his tucker bag:⁵

"You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me."

Waltzing Matilda, waltzing Matilda

You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me

And he sang as he watched and waited till his billy boiled:

"You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me."

Up rode the squatter,⁶ mounted on his thoroughbred.⁷

Down came the troopers,⁸ one, two, and three.

"Whose is that jumbuck you've got in your tucker bag?"

You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me."

Waltzing Matilda, waltzing Matilda

You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me

And he sang as he watched and waited till his billy boiled:

"You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me."

Up jumped the swagman and sprang into the billabong.

"You'll never take me alive!" said he.

And his ghost may be heard as you pass by that billabong:

"Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me?"

Banjo Paterson (1864-1941)

¹ **swagman** a travelling worker, who worked on different sheep stations in the Australian countryside (or "the outback")

² **billabong** a pool left behind when a river has changed course

³ **billy** a little can or pot you put on a fire to cook with

⁴ **jumbuck** a kind of sheep

⁵ **tucker bag** a food bag

⁶ **squatter** a well-off landowner, usually English in origin

⁷ **thoroughbred** a very good purebred horse

⁸ **troopers** mounted police

[Waltzing Matilda](#) link to youtube

Poetry can be symbolic.

| | |
|---------|--|
| A | |
| B | |
| C | |
| D | |
| E | Erin (noun) eating (verb) eggplant (adverbial) |
| F | Friends (noun) feeling (verb) fabulous (adverbial) |
| G | |
| H | |
| I | |
| J | |
| K | |
| L | Lorri (noun) loving (verb) lollies (adverbial) |
| M | |
| N | |
| O | |
| P | |
| Q | |
| R | |
| S | Sharon (noun) shooting (verb) sheep (adverbial) |
| T | |
| U | Up umbrellas up |
| V | |
| W | Walruses wallowing wetly |
| X, Y, Z | Xander exiting ; Yolande yelling , zebras zooming |

music is poetry
with
personality

Assonance- repeating a vowel sound in nearby words

[Animal Fair link](#)



Animal Fair

I went to the animal fair,
All the birds and the beasts were there,
The gay baboon by the light of the moon
Was combing his yellow hair.
The monkey fell from his bunk
And slid down the elephant's trunk.
The elephant sneezed, and fell on his knees
And what became of the mon-key,
mon-key, mon-key, mon-key,
monkey?

My name: (Lorri) (write your name) ()

Words that rhyme- (dorry, Florrie, quarry) ()

The Quartermaster's Store

There was (Lorri, Lorri) (replace with your name) ()

Taking (Florrie down the quarry) (replace with the line you've written, change the verb) ()

In the store, in the store

There was (Lorri, Lorri)

Taking (Florrie down the quarry)

In the Quartermaster's Store

Chorus: (all join in)

My eyes are dim

I cannot see

I have not brought my specs with me

I have not brought my specks with me!

(Repeat this song around the sharing circle, students providing their name and rhyming action, so all students contribute. It is intended that the poem is sung in a lively way).

Learning intention: To teach the poetic technique of *assonance* (repetition of vowel sound in a poem)

[Quartersmasters Store link](#)

Quartersmaster's Stores



There were rats, rats
running around in hats
in the stores
in the stores.
There were rats, rats
running around in hats
in the Quartersmaster's Stores.



My eyes are dim
I cannot see,
I have not brought my specs with me
I have not brought my specs with me.



There were eggs, eggs
running around on legs
in the stores
in the stores.
There were eggs, eggs
running around on legs
in the Quartersmaster's Stores.



My eyes are dim
I cannot see,
I have not brought my specs with me
I have not brought my specs with me.



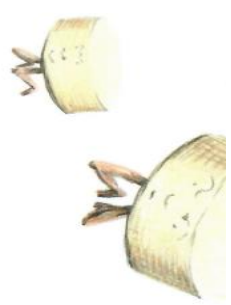
There was cheese, cheese
crawling on its knees
in the stores
in the stores.
There was cheese, cheese
crawling on its knees
in the Quartersmaster's Stores.



My eyes are dim
I cannot see,
I have not brought my specs with me
I have not brought my specs with me.



There was jelly, jelly
sliding on its belly
in the stores
in the stores.
There was jelly, jelly
sliding on its belly
in the Quartersmaster's Stores.



My eyes are dim
I cannot see,
I have not brought my specs with me
I have not brought my specs with me.



Anon

Alliteration and **assonance** are both used in **poetry** to provide rhythm. **Rhythm** (beat) is a poetic technique. The first syllable in Running Bear is stressed. This is an **accent**.

Running Bear *(read aloud/ sing with percussion instruments)

On the banks *(*taa-tee-taa*)

Of the river

Stood running Bear

Young Indian Brave

On the other

Side of the river

Stood his lovely

Indian maid

Little White Dove

Was her name

Such a lovely sight to see

But their tribe warred with each other

So their love could never be *(*taa-taa-taa*)

Chorus:

Running Bear

Loved Little White dove

With a love

Big as the sky

Running Bear

Loved little White Dove

With a love that couldn't die *(*taa-tee-taa-tee-taa*)

Learning Intention: to reinforce the poetic technique of rhythm/ accent. To revise assonance, alliteration.

The Jumblies

I

They went to sea in a Sieve, they did,

In a Sieve they went to sea:

In spite of all their friends could say,

On a winter's morn, on a stormy day,

In a Sieve they went to sea!

And when the Sieve turned round and round,

And every one cried, "You'll all be drowned!"

They called aloud, "Our Sieve aint big,

But we don't care a button! we don't care a fig!

In a Sieve we'll go to sea!"

Far and few, far and few,

Are the lands where the Jumblies live;

Their heads are green, and their hands are blue,

And they went to sea in a Sieve.

II

They sailed away in a Sieve, they did,

In a Sieve they sailed so fast,

With only a beautiful pea-green veil

Tied with a riband by way of a sail,

To a small tobacco-pipe mast;

And every one said, who saw them go,

"O wot they be soon upset, you know!"

For the sky is dark, and the voyage is long,

And happen what may, it's extremely wrong

In a Sieve to sail so fast!"

Far and few, far and few,

Are the lands where the Jumblies live;

Their heads are green, and their hands are blue,

And they went to sea in a Sieve.

[Michael Rosen](#) performs *The Jumblies*- by Edward Lear

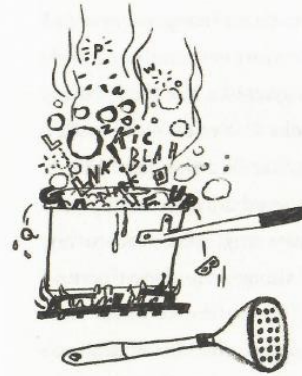
Learning Intention: to discuss nonsense poetry. To perform the poem in 2 parts. The narrator (teacher) and the chorus (whole class) modelling **prosodic** (fluent, accurate, rhyme and rhythm) reading to class.

I Am Angry

eeeeeeeee

| | |
|-------------------------|----------------------|
| I am angry | Hunt down ghosts |
| Really angry | Scare spiders |
| Angry, angry, angry. | Scare tigers |
| I'm so angry | Pull up trees |
| I'll jump up and down | Bully bees |
| I'll roll on the ground | Rattle the radiators |
| Make a din | Frighten alligators |
| Make you spin | Cut down flowers |
| Pull out my hair | Bring down towers |
| Throw you in the air | Bang all the bones |
| Pull down posts | Wake up stones |

| | |
|-----------------|---------------------|
| Shake the tiles | Mash up names |
| Stop all smiles | Grind up games |
| Silence birds | Crush tunes |
| Boil words | Squash moons |
| | Make giants run |
| | Terrify the sun |
| | Turn the sky red |
| | And then go to bed. |



from *A Great Big Cuddle*

I Am _____

I am _____

Really _____

I'm so _____

I'll _____

I'll _____

Learning Intention: To innovate on a poem to create a new one. To share feelings through poetry

Learning Intention: Formative assessment task to identify alliteration, assonance, rhythm, rhyme. To introduce “personification”, identify rhyming words, introduce “stanza”.



The Eagle

He clasps the crag with crooked hands;
Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ring'd with the azure¹ world, he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;
He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunderbolt he falls.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson (1809–92)

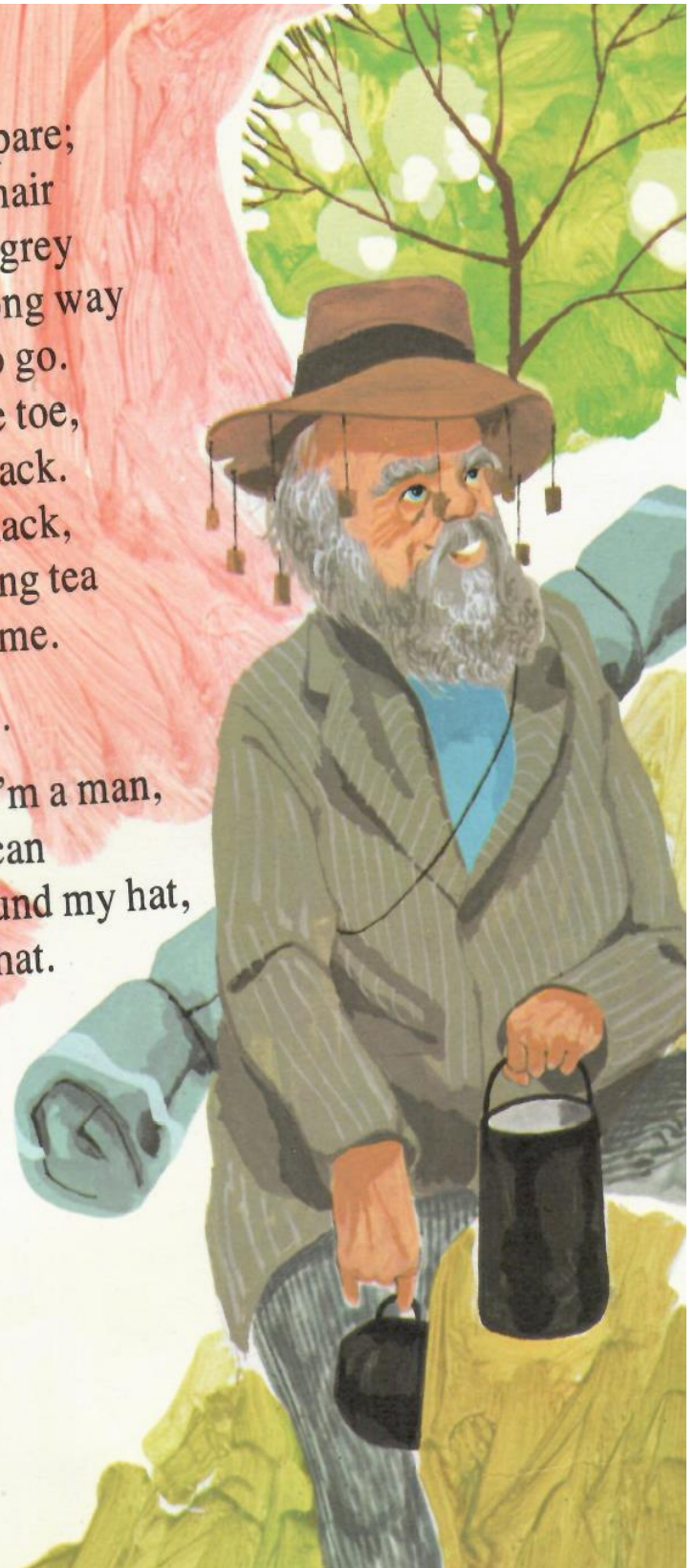
¹ **azure** bright blue

The Swagman

Oh, he was old and he was spare;
His bushy whiskers and his hair
Were all fussed up and very grey
He said he'd come a long, long way
And had a long, long way to go.
Each boot was broken at the toe,
And he'd a swag upon his back.
His billy-can, as black as black,
Was just the thing for making tea
At picnics, so it seemed to me.

.....
I sometimes think: When I'm a man,
I'll get a good black billy-can
And hang some corks around my hat,
And lead a jolly life like that.

C. J. Dennis
from 'The Swagman'



Learning Intention: To introduce students to poems with literary value (classical status)

[Link to CJ Dennis' works by Libbie Hathorn \(Australian poet\)](#)

THE TUMMY BEAST

One afternoon I said to mummy,
"Who is this person in my tummy?"
"He must be small and very thin
"Or how could he have gotten in?"
My mother said from where she sat,
"It isn't nice to talk like that."
"It's true!" I cried. "I swear it, mummy!"
"There is a person in my tummy!"
"He talks to me at night in bed,
"He's always asking to be fed,
"Throughout the day, he screams at me,
"Demanding sugar buns for tea.
"He tells me it is not a sin
"To go and raid the biscuit tin.
"I know quite well it's awfully wrong
"To guzzle food the whole day long,
"But really I can't help it, mummy,
"Not with this person in my tummy."
"You horrid child!" my mother cried.
"Admit it right away, you've lied!
"You're simply trying to produce
"A silly asinine excuse!
"You are the greedy guzzling brat!
"And that is why you're always fat!"
I tried once more, "Believe me, mummy,
"There is a person in my tummy."
"I've had enough!" my mother said,
"You'd better go at once to bed!"

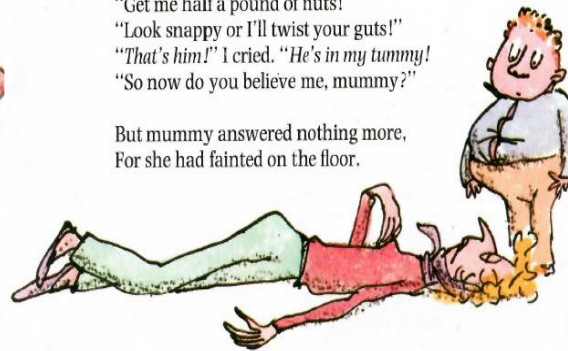


Just then, a nicely timed event
Delivered me from punishment.
Deep in my tummy something stirred,
And then an awful noise was heard,
A snorting grumbling grunting sound
That made my tummy jump around.
My darling mother nearly died,



"My goodness, what was that?" she cried.
At once, the tummy voice came through,
It shouted, "Hey there! Listen you!
"I'm getting hungry! I want eats!
"I want lots of chocs and sweets!
"Get me half a pound of nuts!
"Look snappy or I'll twist your guts!"
"That's him!" I cried. "He's in my tummy!"
"So now do you believe me, mummy?"

But mummy answered nothing more,
For she had fainted on the floor.



Source: Roald Dahl *Revolting Rhymes*

Poetry and drama

To perform this poem/ play, we need:

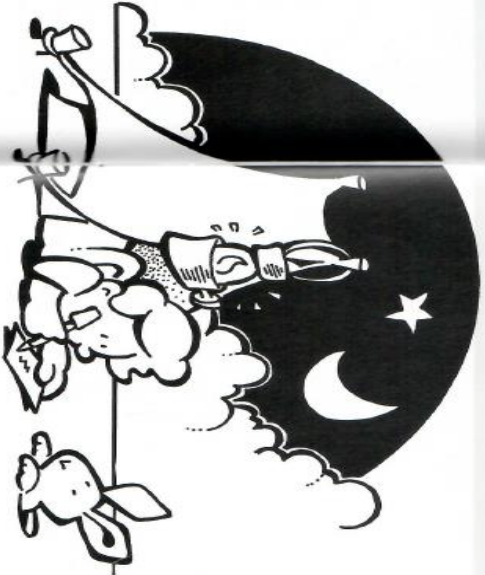
- Narrator
- Child
- Mum
- Tummy monster

Learning Intention: To perform with passion and enjoy poetry together.

I Didn't Do my Homework . . .

We had a small fire in the kitchen,
 The bathroom flooded too,
 The dog ran away,
 My Gran came to stay
 My book was torn in two.
 Kittens were born
 Right on the lawn
 And then there was
 This awful storm.
 I lost my only pencil,
 The baby ate the stencil,
 The power went off,
 I got this cough
 And an ache in the head
 So I had to go to bed . . .
 Mum said.

I didn't do my homework
 But don't get mad with me—
 I'll do it tonight
 And get it all right.
 Just you wait and see . . .



Postcard Home

Dear Mum and Dad,
 Camp's good this week
 (Miss you both pretty bad
 And the baby, a heap)

The food's pretty nice
 and there's plenty to eat.
 (Your spaghetti and meatballs
 would be such a great treat.)

The days are so good
 We swim and we walk.
 (I'm awfully tired, nights
 'Cause we talk and we talk.)

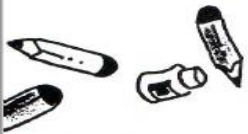
The sleeping bag's fine
 And the stars are so bright.
 (Just wondering what you are
 all doing tonight?)

Tomorrow's a bushwalk
 Way down in the glen
 (Four more days, just four mo
 I'll be coming home then !)

See you soon. Having fun.
 Kiss the baby.

Love Len

XX



Source: Talks with my skateboard by Libby Hathorn

Learning Intention: To share feelings through poetry

Poems are suggestive of feelings, thoughts, problems, ideas. Poems are good at expressing who we are and what we believe. How does Len feel at camp in *Postcard Home*? What happened to the homework?

How can I enjoy poetry?

- Read, read and re-read and read some more...
- Ask lots of questions about meaning
- Find secret strings (figurative devices)
- Learn poems off by heart
- Make a video of yourself and your friends reciting poetry
- Innovate on poems you love (change them around)
- Share favourite poems with people who are interested
- Join or create a poetry club. Ask your librarian to help.
- Find favourite poets.
- Find all the poetry books that you can, read, share and enjoy them.

How can I find ideas for poetry writing?

- Write a poem like one you enjoy (appropriation)
- Think about conversations that take you back to important moments in your life
- Start with a picture “Freeze frame” to say something interesting without words. Let the picture talk to you.
- Pick a person, animal, object and write down what it is saying/ thinking.
- Play with dreams, fantasies, nonsense, write them down as they happen/ occur to you, like a video diary.