

Writing poetry

After you have listened to Chapter 8. Read these poems that all share a similar theme to the events in Floodland

The impact of nature

The impact of humanity on nature

the power of the elements

First here is my favourite environmental proverb.

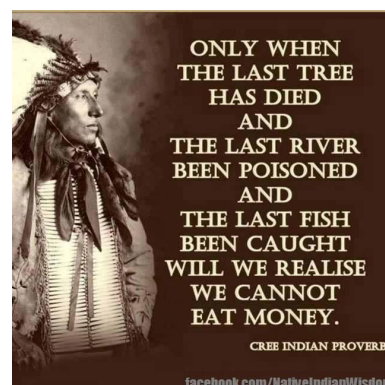
proverb

[ˈprɒvəːb] 

NOUN

a short, well-known pithy saying, stating a general truth or piece of advice.

Do you know any proverbs?



Think About How does the poem sound to you?.What does the language of the poem do?Do you like any parcular words or phrases? Why?

Does it have rhythm? How does it feel? Whose is the voice of the poem? What is the theme of the poem?What does the poem say to you as a reader?

Would you like to write a poem like this?-.What type of poem is it?Can you recognize the form of the poem?-How is it laid out?

I Asked the River

'Why do you run?' I asked the river,
'So fast I can't compete.'
'I run,' the river said, 'because
I have some streams to meet.'

'Where do you go?' I asked the river,
'And what do you do there?'
'I go to the valley,' the river said,
'Where I wash the rushes' hair.'

'Why do you sing?' I asked the river,
'Such a sweet and happy tune?'
'Because,' the river smiled,
'I'm having lunch with the sea at noon.'

'Why do you laugh?' I asked the river,
'You'll share the joke I suppose?'
'I woke the mountain,' the river grinned,
'By tickling his toes.'

Then the river shuddered, groaned and sighed,
The song of the streams and the laughter died,
And it whispered sadly, 'I can't, I can't,
As it limped along like an ancient aunt.'

'Now why do you wait?' I asked the river,
And why is your current so slow?
'Something holds me back,' it said,
Its voice was faint and low.

'And is that why you're getting small?
Is that why you sigh?'
'I sigh,' the river said, 'because
I know that soon I'll die.'

'Why don't you fight for your life?' I asked,
'You only foam and seethe.'
'My lungs are clogged,' the river moaned,
'And I can hardly breathe.'

'Perhaps a rest,' I told the river,
'Would help to clear your head.'
'I cannot rest,' the river said,
'There's garbage in my bed.'

'What's this garbage,' I asked, disturbed,
'Which is clogging up your sand?'
'Poisonous waste and wrappers like this,
Which just fell from your hand.'

By Malorie
blackman

The sea's hands

The sea lays big glass hands on the sand,
spreading its fingers out as if new
to the shore. It can't quite believe in it.
It wants to hold on before the glass breaks.

And it does break, giggling with froth,
lets go and slips back as it always knew
it would and the waves clap their hands
erupting broad cream flakes

of pleasure into the air which is moving
and will move for ever, through
any fingers. And the sea doesn't mind.
It is the glass not the heart that breaks.

From *In the Land of Giants*.

By George
Szirtes

River reflection

Poem from Red Cherry Red by Jackie Kay

Standing by the river, my face grew
into a flat fish and floated off
to a lily pad, and I was lonely
without myself, without my twin.

The river kept going on and on,
talking to itself dark thoughts,
and the rain started pattering on my face,
so that I looked like a spotted leaf.

And my eyes searched the river for my past
that might lie thick and slow underneath –
until somebody called my name,
and I walked home, turning my back on myself.

By Jackie Kay

What do you think Zoe feels to wake every morning to find that the world outside is filled with water?
Water that continues to encroach on the land and her life.

write a free verse poem in response to this as Zoe.

Free Verse

Free Verse poems have no rhyming structure and often don't have a particular rhythm or syllable patterns; like their name suggests, they are simply 'free'. Free verse, like abstract art, is where the definition of poetry becomes complicated.

Free verse is by far the most common form that contemporary poetry is written in.

Example of free verse



Eloise Greenfield

You Can Go

Guess what, Thinker?
Tomorrow is Pets' Day at school,
and you can go.
You won't be the only one,
we're going to have a lot
of fun.
You won't talk,
will you?

Go to the next page for another example of free verse poetry



Jennifer Watson

Themes:

The Natural World

Poetic Devices:

Simile

Assonance

Waiting For Snow*Poem from Let in the Stars by Mandy Coe*

We turn our faces up and jiggle thirty toes,
Morse-coding longing with our restless beat.
When will it come?

Shepherds on the first Nativity, we scan the skies
and huddle,

huffing frosting on our faces in the midnight glass.
When will it come?

To pass the time, I tell tall tales of days off-school that flew
beneath the runners of my ancient sledge.

With ace chicanery on Beacon Hill
I was invincible

When will it wait,

the wind has died and hushed as hallelujahs
the sky is falling in!

Our triple mouths breathe bubble lines of 'O's,
a dot to dot to mark each spiralling descent,
each tiny stellar miracle.

Blackfoot birds hunch grumpy underneath the birch,
sullenly interpreting the smoke signals send spinning
by our laughter on the badlands of the lawn – a blank page waiting for the stories
to be printed by our books.

Stamping reindeer-style, William says,
'if water endlessly recycles, then this snow fell on you before.'
I feel the fizz of snowflakes on my lips and smile.

I think it did.

You know, I really think it did.

Your free verse poem as Zoe.