

# APPENDIX A

## Poems for “Strike the Imagination” Lesson

### “Mother of the Night”

*By Erica Blanco*

Mother of the night  
You light the way in the dark  
A silvery spark

Mother of the night  
Changing from utter darkness  
To a bright goddess

•

Mother of the night  
Pulling the tides high and low  
Most important rock

### “Moon Serenade”\*

*By Cornelia Gilbert*

The sun disappears and the night sets in  
Far away and so clear, a mystery of glistening.  
Whether silver lace or orange glow  
You look especially glorious above a white sheet of snow.

To shed light into darkness, you are truly the one  
Not to forget that sparkle you put upon the face of my son

Your countenance inspires my soul and arouses my being  
A night with delight, love and abundance of feeling

Full moon, I await your appearance with much anticipation  
What a magnificent part of the divine creation.

From <http://www.fullmoon.info/en/fullmoon-poems.html>

\*Note: When reading poem, do not read the title or “full moon” in the tenth line; the listener should guess what the poem is about based on the imagery.

## **“The Moon and Stars”**

*By Sappho (c. 610-570 B.C.E.)*

*translated by Arthur S. Way*

The stars that round the Queen of Night

Like maids attend her  
Hide as in veils of mist their light  
When she, in full-orbed glory bright.  
O'er all the earth shines from her height,

A silver splendour.

From [http://www.blackcatpoems.com/s/the\\_moon\\_and\\_stars.html](http://www.blackcatpoems.com/s/the_moon_and_stars.html)

## **"I Am"**

I am (two special characteristics that you have)

I wonder (something you are curious about)

I hear (an imaginary sound)

I see (an imaginary sight)

I want (an actual desire)

I am (the first line of the poem repeated)

I pretend (something you pretend to do)

I feel (a feeling about something imaginary)

I touch (an imaginary touch)

I worry (something that really bothers you)

I cry (something that makes you very sad)

I am (the first line of the poem repeated)

I understand (something you know is true)

I say (something you believe)

I dream (something you dream about)

I try (something you make an effort about)

I hope (something you hope for)

I am (the first line of the poem repeated)

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Date: \_\_\_\_\_

I am \_\_\_\_\_

I wonder \_\_\_\_\_

I hear \_\_\_\_\_

I see \_\_\_\_\_

I want \_\_\_\_\_

I am \_\_\_\_\_

I pretend \_\_\_\_\_

I feel \_\_\_\_\_

I touch \_\_\_\_\_

I worry \_\_\_\_\_

I cry \_\_\_\_\_

I am \_\_\_\_\_

I understand \_\_\_\_\_

I say \_\_\_\_\_

I dream \_\_\_\_\_

I try \_\_\_\_\_

I hope \_\_\_\_\_

I am \_\_\_\_\_

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Date: \_\_\_\_\_

## "Personification Story"

By Erica Blanco

Directions: Underline all the examples of personification.

One cloudy day the sun hid behind the clouds. It did not want to come out. The plant in the ground cried out, "Sun, Sun, where are you?"

The plant looked up at the sky and wondered why the sun was hiding. "I need to make sugars today!" As the plant continued to grumble, a giraffe (or another animal) walked by and stopped.

"What are you doing?" asked the giraffe.

"I am trying to get the sun to come out," answered the plant.

"I am taller than you. Maybe he will be able to hear me," the giraffe said to the plant. She looked up. "Sun! Trees need sunlight to live and I need trees to live. Can you come out of hiding?"

The sun peeked out and saw the darkness below. It yawned. "I guess my nap is over. It's time to shine!"

The sun broke through the clouds and shined down on the earth.

"Time to work!" yelled the plant.

"Time to eat!" exclaimed the giraffe, and the circle of life kept on moving.

# APPENDIX B

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Date: \_\_\_\_\_

## **“The Wind”**

The wind howls outside. A tree taps against a window. Then—crack! The wind picks up and moves faster. It says, “Shh!” The grass rustles as a piece of trash whooshes by a window. The wind whistles when coming around the house. Two dead twigs snap off the tree. A newspaper flying high swishes and swooshes in the breeze. Then the wind hisses and the shutters close with a flap.

## **“The Wind”**

*by Erica Blanco*

Crack, howl, shh, tap tap!

Whistle, rustle, whoosh, snap snap!

Swoosh, hiss, swish, flap flap!



Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Date: \_\_\_\_\_

(Line 1) First name

(Line 2) 3 or 4 adjectives that describe the person

(Line 3) Important relationship (daughter of . . . , mother of . . . , etc.)

(Line 4) 2 or 3 things, people, or ideas that the person loved

(Line 5) 3 feelings the person experienced

(Line 6) 3 fears the person experienced

(Line 7) Accomplishments (who composed . . . , who discovered . . . , etc.)

(Line 8) 2 or 3 things the person wanted to see happen or wanted to experience

(Line 9) His or her residence

(Line 10) Last name

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Date: \_\_\_\_\_

## **“I’m Nobody! Who are you?”**

*by Emily Dickinson*

I’m Nobody! Who are you?  
Are you—Nobody—too?  
Then there’s a pair of us!  
Don’t tell! they’d advertise—you know!

How dreary—to be—Somebody!  
How public—like a Frog!  
To tell one’s name—the livelong June—  
To an admiring Bog!

**“This Is Just to Say”**

*By William Carlos Williams*

This is just to say  
I have eaten  
the plums  
that were in  
the icebox

and which  
you were probably  
saving  
for breakfast

Forgive me  
they were delicious  
so sweet  
and so cold

# APPENDIX C

## Color Poem Examples

### **"Purple"**

a bruise on your leg,  
bunches of grapes in a bowl,  
a sweater that goes great with black,  
the sound of power,  
fruit juice poured into a glass  
a school bell ringing, ringing  
Grandma's rhubarb pie.  
cold medicine served up on a tablespoon  
squishy cough drops,  
velvet covered cushions  
pointy tip sharpie markers,  
the sky before lightning starts  
Purple can take you for a sweet ride.

from <http://ettcweb.lr.k12.nj.us/forms/color.htm>

### **"Orange"**

*by Julia*

Orange is feeling in your stomach after an orange soda quenched your thirst.  
Orange is the sun after a summer day.  
Orange is the sound of a field filled with dandelions blowing in the wind.  
Orange is the taste of a pizza that just came out of the oven.  
Orange is the sound of a busy bumblebee.  
Orange is the taste of cold glass of orange juice.  
Orange is the feeling inside you when you accomplish something.  
Orange is the sound of a tomato plant growing.  
Orange is the color of a carrot that just popped out of the ground.  
Orange is the smell of a Tiger-Lily petal.  
Orange is the feeling after a baby smiles.  
Orange is the color of a brown beaver's incisor.  
Orange is the smell of a late July day.  
Orange is the feeling of a puppy's fur.  
Orange is the color of peach marmalade on a side of toast.  
Orange is the sound of a canoe paddling through shallow water.  
And orange is a color that is safe and alive.

from <http://www.kathimitchell.com/poemtypes.html>

## **"Blue"**

*By Erica Blanco*

Blue is calm and peaceful.

Blue looks like the sky.

Blue tastes like squishy blueberries.

Blue smells like a summer breeze.

Blue feels wet.

Blue sounds like a chirping blue bird.

Blue is a cloudless sky.

Blue looks like cold fingers.

Blue tastes like sweet cotton candy.

Blue smells like fresh, cold wind.

Blue feels like the ocean waves.

Blue sounds like running water.

Blue is lovely.

## **"Red"**

*By Erica Blanco*

The color of anger

The color of love

The smell of roses

The feel of a lace glove

The taste of an apple

The sound of a fire truck

The color of embarrassment

The feel of a door that's stuck

The taste of strawberry pie

The sound of an alarm bell

The smell of a fire

The color of an exotic shell

# **"Orange"**

*By Erica Blanco*

The color of an orange rind

The color of being kind

The color of a sunset of the beach

The smell of a ripe, sweet peach

The color of construction cones

The color of desert bones

Orange is a why color

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Date: \_\_\_\_\_

## **“If You Find a Little Feather”**

*by Beatrice Schenk de Regnier*

If you find a little feather  
a little white feather  
a soft and tickly feather  
it's for you.

A feather is a letter from a bird,  
And it says,  
“Think of me  
Do not forget me  
Remember me always  
Remember me forever  
Or remember me at least  
Until the feather is lost.”

So- if you find a little feather  
a little white feather  
a soft and tickly feather  
it's for you.  
Pick it up,  
and—  
put it in your pocket.