**Example of List Poem**

**From “Poetry Goes to School”**

Boiled potato,

mashed potato

fried potato,

crisps

Jacket potato,

scalloped potato

puffed potato,

chips.

**From “Scholastic’s Guide: How to Write Poetry”**

When I’m alone I…

think about my life

it’s gone up in smoke

cry

listen to my cat

hear music play

hold my breath

scream

sleep

never dream

sing along

clean

sneak a puff

hold my breath

watch the news

have some coffee

fix a meal

do the dishes

sweep the floor

strum my guitar

mess up and start again

**From “Scholastic’s Guide: How to Write Poetry”**

How to get out of homework

I’m feeling sick

Look at what the dog’s doing

Five more minutes

That’s a beautiful necklace

Oh, just a little longer

But, I just reached dark castle and I can’t stop now

There’s a bomb in my bedroom

There’s a killer outside

The baby’s sick

But this book is stretching my mind in ways

 homework can’t

I’m feeling sleepy

I might wake the baby

I just heard a gunshot

Was that the phone?

After dinner?
The cat’s outside

So is the dog

I’m hungry

I don’t feel like it.

**Example of Haiku**

**From “Poetry Goes to School”**

Sunset coloured sky

Yellow to purple rainbow

Quickly becomes night

Blossom of pure snow

Crocus faces spring sunshine

Bright flower aglow

Weeping willows thrash

Autumn winds wildly howling

Sweet summer has passed

 *by Julian*

How reluctantly

the bee emerges from deep

within the peony

 *by Basho*

A world of dew,

and within every dewdrop

a world of struggle

 *by Issa*

**Example of Limerick Poem**

**By Arnold Lobel**

There was a young pig whose delight

Was to follow the moths in their flight.

He entrapped them in nets,

Then admired his pets

As they danced on the ceiling at night.

**By Constance Levy**

How awkward while playing with glue

To suddenly find out that you

Have stuck nice and tight

Your left hand to your right

In a permanent how-do-you-do!

**By Anonymous**

There was an old man from Peru

Who dreamed he was eating his shoe.

In the midst of the night

He awoke in a fright

And - good grief! it was perfectly true!

**Example of Acrostic Poem**

**By Steven Schnur**

**T**here bared, they

**I**nch forward,

**G**rowling softly,

**E**ager to

**R**each the

**S**ucculent zebra dinner.

**L**oves her mom

**A**lso likes to cook

**U**nlikes to clean her room

**R**uins some things

**E**ats a lot

**N**onlikes spaghetti

**H**ockey is my favourite sport

**O**n the ice or street

**C**ool and fun

**K**eep on playing

**E**xercise and stronger

**Y**ou should try

**Example of Found Poetry**

**By Ronald Gross**

Yield.

No Parking.

Unlawful to Pass.

Wait for Green Light.

Yield.

Stop.
Narrow Bridge.

Merging Traffic Ahead.

Yield.

Yield.

**From “Poetry Goes to School”**

Toasted Sandwiches

Put between 2 slices of toast

any of the following combinations:

sliced chicken

sautéed bacon

shredded cheese

hot sauce or

a cold dressing

creamed chicken

parmesan cheese

grilled tomatoes and bacon

…

**From http://chippedteacup.hubpages.com/**

**hub/visual-and-found-poetry**



**Example of Synonym Poetry**

**From “Scholastic’s Guide: How to Write Poetry”**

Weird

Bizarre, strange, and spooky things

Books and stories by Stephen King

School Lunch

Burgers, prunes, and warm spaghetti

To eat this stuff I’m not ready

Outlaw

Pirate, bandit, thief, crook

At them the judge should throw the book

**Example of Extended Metaphor Poetry**

Compass

**By Georgia Heard**

It stands

on a bright silver leg,

toe sharp and pointed

The other leg draws

a perfect circle

like a skater gracefully

tracing

half a figure eight

on paper ice.

Its silver skirt above

measures out inches

 – two – three – four

widening spheres

of mathematical perfection

Fireflies

**By J. Patrick Lewis**

An August night –

 The wind not quite

A wind, the sky –

 Not just a sky –

And everywhere

 The speckled air

Of summer stars

 Alive in jars

Porch Light

**By Debroah Chandra**

At night

the porch light

catches moths

and holds them

trapped

and

flapig

in a tight

yellow fist.

Only when I

turn the switch

will it loosen

its hot

grip.

**Example of Concrete/Shape Poetry**

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