

Instructions for Making Poetry Come Alive
Joan and Kiley, note takers

Close your eyes

Take a deep breath

Here comes Cynthia

With a fierce boa around her chest.

Modeling ways to make poetry in her class come alive

Backed up by her divas and jammers

Who should be on radio or television, maybe on Fox- Ch.5

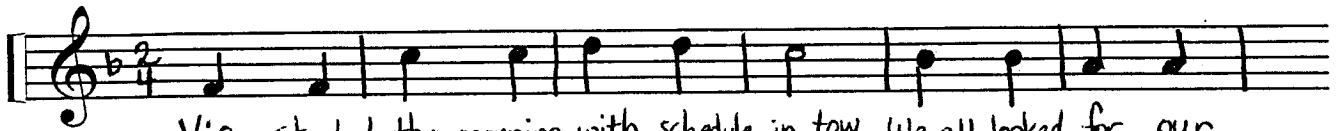
Eloquently reciting copycat, call response, or poetry in round

Even setting poetry to music

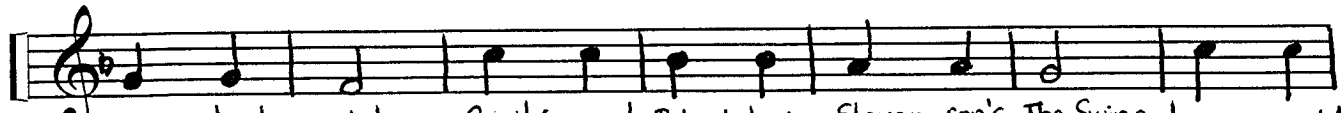
What a melodious sound !

"Swinging" to the tune of
"Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star"

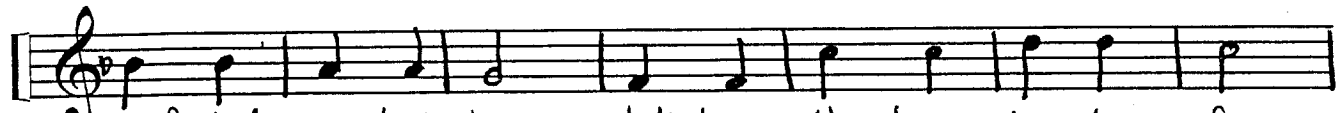
Kiley + Joan



Vic started the morning with schedule in tow, We all looked for our



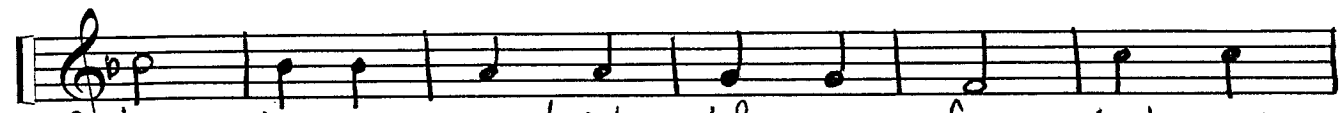
names high and low. Cynthia read Robert Louis Steven-son's The Swing, Laura couldn't



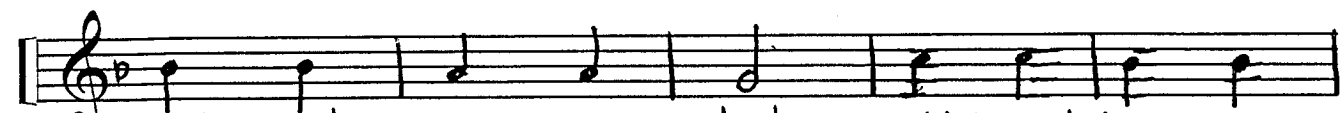
wait for the re-cess bell to ring. Jodi, Laura, He-len, Shei-la four,



Swing-ing where the ea-gles soar. Ange-la swung from a huge oak



tree, Jess-i-ca soared into life so free. Lee's swing



shook as he rose so high, Libby's Child-Ver-
hood ses



made us sigh. Read-ing, writ-ing, and chat-ting ga-lore,



Made per-son-al time a time to ex-plore.

