

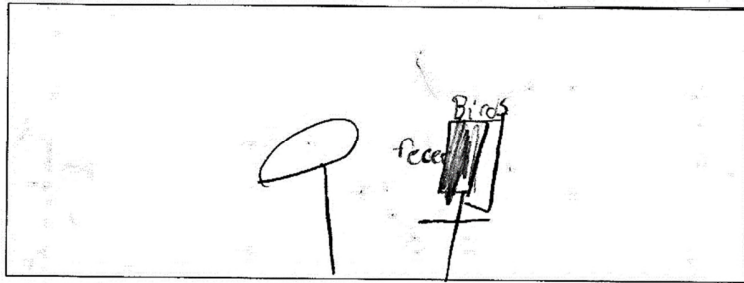
Kindergarten Students Write Poetry

For more than a month, students in Ms. Doris Fleming's Kindergarten read and talked about many poems. After each discussion, students returned to their desks and were free to write a poem or other response of their choice. They could use a poem they read for inspiration, or they could do something else. Ms. Fleming just stressed that they should write on topics they felt strongly about.

Please enjoy the poetry on the next pages.

Name Samantha

My Poem



Where do poems hide?
poems hide in nests.
They hide in bird feeders.
They hide in limos.
They hide at the beach.
They hide in people,
maybe cats and homes too,
maybe heaven, in a house,
maybe colors or school
maybe milk, and maybe dresses.

Samantha

Where do poems hide?

Poems hide in nests.

They hide in bird feeders.

They hide in limos.

They hide at the beach.

They hide in people,

maybe cats and homes, too,

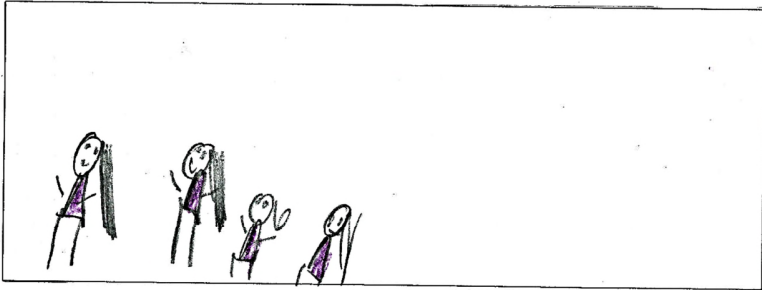
maybe heaven, in a house,

maybe colors or school

maybe milk, and maybe dresses.

Name Aaliyah

My Poem



My poem hides in my cousin's shoe.
She makes me happy.
We play hide and seek together.
Sometimes we play Happy Birthday.
Back in the olden days
we played tag.

Aaliyah

My poem hides in my cousin's shoe.
She makes me happy.
We play hide and seek together.
Sometimes we play Happy Birthday.
Back in the olden days
we played tag.

Name David

My Poem



Leopard

I creep up on animals.

I jump out and scare them.

I run as fast as I can to catch them.

I roar when I get close.

I use my sharp claws

to grab my prey.

I devour them.

Blood comes down my mouth and then

I get more scrumptious prey

to eat, and I have red eyes.

David

Leopard

I creep up on animals.

I jump out and scare them.

I run as fast as I can to catch them.

I roar when I get close.

I use my sharp claws

to grab my prey.

I devour them.

Blood comes down my mouth and then

I get more scrumptious prey

to eat, and I have red eyes.

Name Mireille

My Poem



Where do poems hide?

at the beach

heaven

water.

Mireille

Where do poems hide?

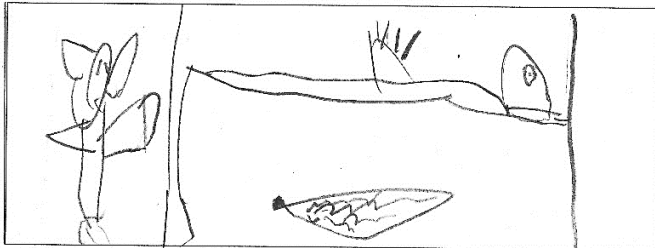
at the beach

heaven

water.

Name Sade

My Poem



Where do poems hide?

poems in a sign

the bed and

in me

Sade

Where do poems hide?

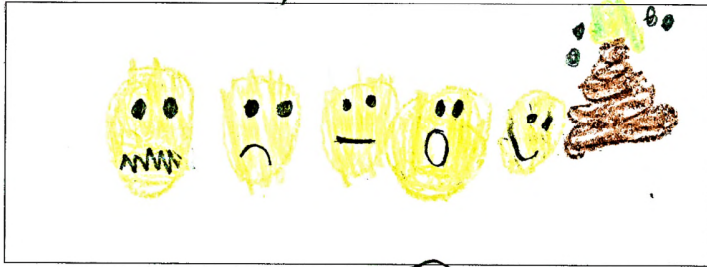
poems in a sign

the bed and

in me

Name Sammy

My Poem



Emoji Faces

mad

sad

boring

surprise

happy

poop

Sammy

Emoji Faces

mad

sad

boring

surprise

happy

poop

Name Camara Kiyana My Poem



The rain makes me
happy.
It makes me
jolly
optimistic,
attentive
and fantastical.

Camara Kiyana

The rain makes me
happy.
It makes me
jolly
optimistic,
attentive
and fantastic.

Name Chloe

My Poem



How does the rain kiss?

It falls on my face.

I am happy

because the rain drops

on my head and

my heart beeps

in the rain.

Chloe

How does the rain kiss?

It falls on my face.

I am happy

because the rain drops

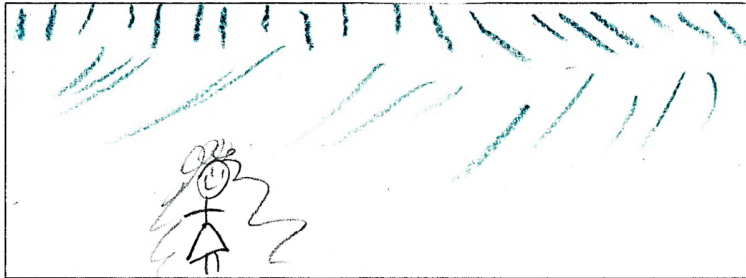
on my head and

my heart beeps

in the rain.

Name Michanna

My Poem



The rain kisses me
because it goes on
my head, my nose, and my rain
jacket.

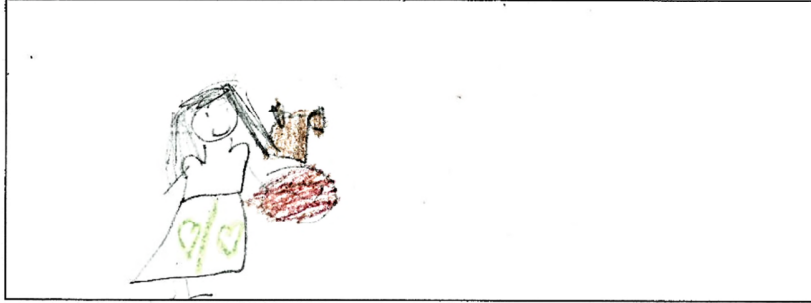
It makes me happy.
It makes me jump up and down.
I love it so much.
I jump, jump, jump
till I get hungry and
tired.

Michanna

The rain kisses me
because it goes on
my head, my nose, and my rain
jacket.
It makes me happy.
It makes me jump up and down.
I love it so much.
I jump, jump, jump
till I get hungry and
tired.

Name Aubryele

My Poem



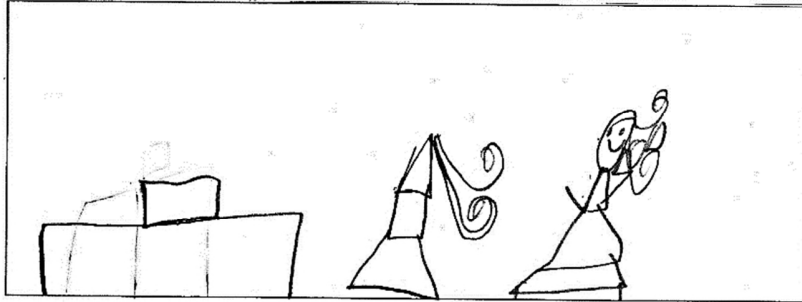
I had my first chicken
when I was two years old.
It was so good
I wanted to eat more and more
until my tummy ached.
I drank chocolate milk
to flush it down.

Aubryele

I had my first chicken
when I was two years old.
It was so good
I wanted to eat more and more
until my tummy ached.
I drank chocolate milk
to flush it down.

Name Aaliyah

My Poem



Where do poems hide?

maybe in a cat

maybe places that are not

expected

maybe in the garbage

maybe in a dog

maybe in my dad and mom

maybe in a book

Aaliyah

Where do poems hide?

maybe in a cat

maybe places that are not
expected

maybe in the garbage

maybe in a dog

maybe in my dad and mom

maybe in a book

Name David

My Poem



The Dark

I am not afraid of the dark.

I'm not afraid of tentacles
coming from under my bed.

I'm not afraid of spooky caterpillars,
skeletons, witches and monsters.

I'm not afraid of the dark
but I'm scared of the dark
when you turn off the
light.

David

The Dark

I am not afraid of the dark.

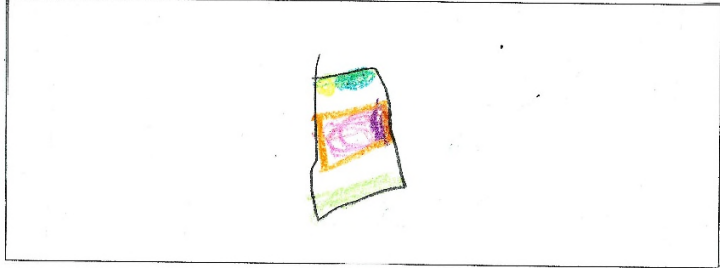
I'm not afraid of tentacles
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I'm not afraid of spooky caterpillars,
skeletons, witches and monsters.

I'm not afraid of the darkness
but I'm scared of the dark
when you turn off the
light.

Name Michanna

My Poem



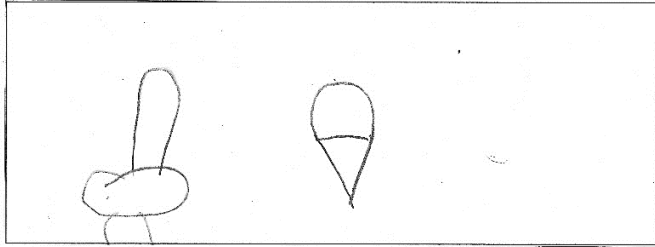
where do poems hide?
poems hide in
different places, but
how would it go in your home?
Well, How? I said.
How will it walk?

Michanna

Where do poems hide?
Poems hide in
different places, but
how would it go in your home?
Well, How? I said.
How will it walk?

Name Zachary

My Poem



Where do poems hide?
They hide in the toilet and
they hide in ice cream.

Zachary

Where do poems hide?

They hide in the toilet and

they hide in ice cream.

Name Chloe

My Poem



My poem hides in my room
and under my bed.
It comes at night.
No No

Chloe

My poem hides in my room

and under my bed.

It comes at night.

No No

Name Connor

My Poem



How does the rain make a puddle?
By filling it up to tippy top and
when it reaches to the top
it will go in the grass and then
go into roots.
Then the grass will grow taller and taller
until it stops and makes more food
for itself.
So it grows.

Connor

How does the rain make a puddle?

By filling it up to tippy top and
when it reaches to the top
it will go in the grass and then
go into roots.

Then the grass will grow taller and taller
until it stops and makes more food
for itself.

So it grows.

Name Christina

My Poem



Tickle

Me and Aaliyah are going
to tickle Layla
She tickled us
because
we tickled her
because
we like to play
with Layla.

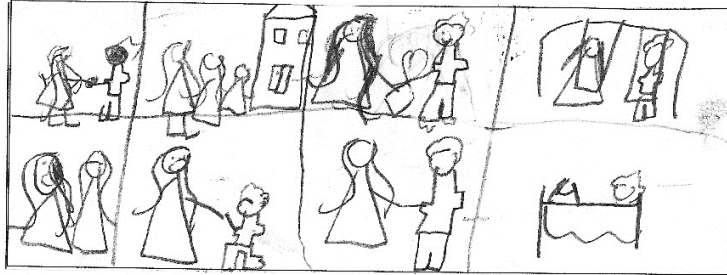
Christina

Tickle

Me and Aaliyah are going
to tickle Layla
She tickled us
because
we tickled her
because
we like to play
with Layla.

Name Willow

My Poem



My Mom

The important thing about my mom is

she is in love!

Now I have a

dad and a mom!

The important thing about my mom is

she is in love!

Willow

My Mom

The important thing about my mom is

she is in love!

Now I have a

dad and a mom.

The important thing about my mom is

she is in love!

Name Samantha

My Poem



I play in the rain.
The rain makes me happy
when I jump in it,
run in it, skip in it, feel it.
It makes a pool on the sidewalk.
I swim in it.
I am jolly in the rain.
It drips on me and
I feel it.

Samantha

I play in the rain.
The rain makes me happy
when I jump in it,
run in it, skip in it, feel it.
It makes a pool on the sidewalk.
I swim in it.
I am jolly in the rain.
It drips on me and
I feel it.

Name Kenay

My Poem



Dinner

When I am in a diner

I eat dinner.

Then I drink milk.

Then I am full.

Done eating

Kenay

Dinner

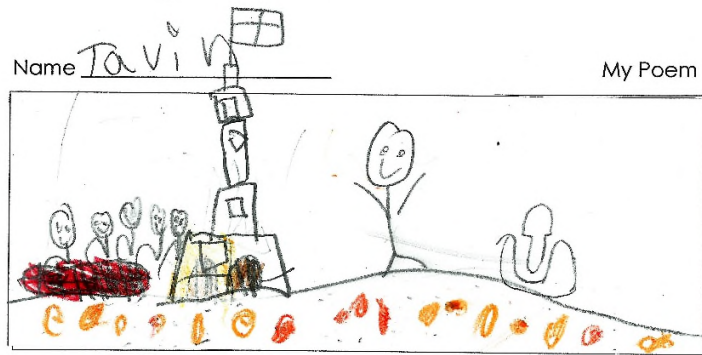
When I am in a diner

I eat dinner.

Then I drink milk.

Then I am full.

Done eating.



sand castle
shiny ornaments in it.
Princesses in it.
It's got kings too.



where do poems hide?
poems hide in the garbage
They smell stinky.

Tavin

Sand Castle

Shiny ornaments in it.

Princesses in it.

It's got kings, too.

Sammy

Where do poems hide?

Poems hide in the garbage.

They smell stinky.

Name Aaliyah

My Poem

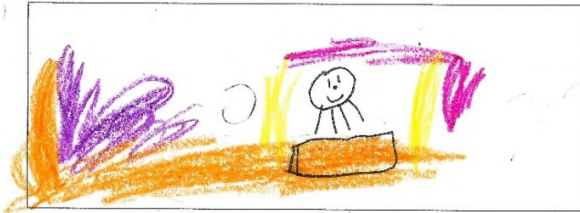


You

The important thing about you is
when you go down a slide
your feet go down first
then your tummy.

Name Kenay

My Poem



Me

The important thing about me is
I am a great listener
eyes on you
and ears hearing

Aaliyah

You

The important thing about you is
when you go down a slide
your feet go down first
then your tummy.

Kenay

Me

The important thing about me is
I am a great listener
eyes on you
and ears hearing.

Name David

My Poem



How does the rain make a puddle?

All the water

comes together and

you splash in it and

that's how a puddle works,

you splash in it

David

How does the rain make a puddle?

All the water

comes together and

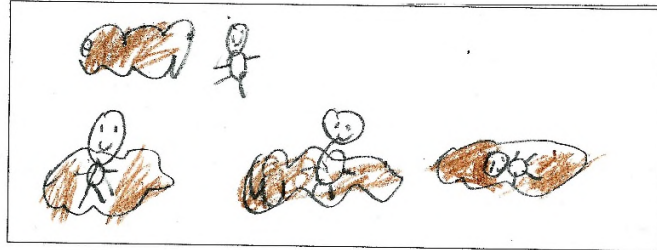
you splash in it and

that's how a puddle works,

you splash in it

Name Zachary

My Poem



The rain makes me feel jolly
because I like to
jump in muddy puddles,
play in muddy puddles,
slide in muddy puddles and
slip in muddy puddles.

Zachary

The rain makes me feel jolly
because I like to
jump in muddy puddles,
play in muddy puddles,
slide in muddy puddles and
slip in muddy puddles.

Interview with Ms. Doris Fleming, Kindergarten Teacher at the Bronx Charter School for Better Learning (BBL)

Dr. Bruce Ballard, one of BBL's Professional Development Specialists, interviewed Ms. Doris Fleming about these poems in June, 2016.

Bruce: Please tell us how these poems came into existence.

Doris: They were a continuation of the discussions and writing sessions we've been having all year. In this case, we read and discussed a poem as a whole class. We sat on our rug and read poems from many sources, including the *BBL Poetry Anthology*, which has a lot of poetry that BBL students composed in previous years. We talked about how the writer probably felt, and how we felt after reading the poem.

I also referred to Georgia Heard's book, *Awakening the Heart: Exploring Poetry in*

Elementary and Middle School. She challenged the students with the question, "Where does a poem hide?" We talked about that a lot.

After the whole-group discussion, students returned to their seats and got out their journals. They could write about whatever they wanted, but I always said, "If you feel really strongly about something, write it." Then I would walk around the room and look at what the kids were doing. I feel it's important for me to see where each child is with the piece of writing and where they are in general in their growth as readers and writers. I tended to ask individual children "How" and "Why" questions. For example: *How did that happen? Why did you pick this topic?*

My assistant, Ms. Buckley, and I would look the writing over toward the end of the session. We helped the child if we saw spelling issues, then the child wrote the final draft with the corrected spelling.

Bruce: So all the writing takes place in the classroom, and is usually done in just one session? No multiple drafts with revisions, no other help from the teachers except for spelling?

Doris: Yes.

Bruce: How is it that some children are using advanced vocabulary like scrumptious, optimistic, and attentive?

Doris: The children got a lot of vocabulary from the Words in Color Word Charts that we have along the back wall. *[Note: The twenty Word Charts contain about 900 words that are color-coded. Once students are aware of how the colors work, they can decode new words on the charts by themselves. The words run the gamut from easy spellings - pet, pat, up - to challenging items like sapphire, conscientious and luxurious.]*

For example, at the beginning of the year you visited us and got the children to decode fantastic on Chart 11. Lots of children kept returning to that word throughout the year to put in their writing.

David discovered and decoded leopard (Chart 19) on his own. He then wrote about leopards often. Similarly, many children wrote about chicken after they found that word on Chart 10. Because the Word Charts were on the wall all year, children could freely refer to them whenever they needed to.

Other vocabulary, like optimistic and attentive, entered our classroom through read-alouds. I prepared words in advance that I knew we could use to describe character traits or how the character felt in certain situations. I'd print out the word in large font and include a picture that showed what it meant. We'd discuss the new word while we talked about stories. These vocabulary items stayed up all year on another wall, and we referred to them again and again in class discussions. *[Note: This second vocabulary wall includes scrumptious, delectable, persistent, inattentive, unobservant, ferocious, and empathy.]*

Bruce: Do you have any final comments or observations?

Doris: I love poetry in general. I think it's important to get our students thinking about poetry, especially when their lives are filled with so many poetic moments. I also think they should be writing all the time, so that it becomes easy for them. I want them to look at writing, not as a burden, but as a way of sharing what they're thinking and feeling.