

Utwory Studentów- Poems 2013



Part I

1. Poems based on the prompt structure (guided practice)

Classroom task Think of one word, any word , it can be one from the class texts or you own. Write this word as the title of the poem prompt and repeat it in every gap in inverted commas. Then use your imagination and by filling in empty spaces by your own expressions **create a poem.** (prompt =stimulation=encouragement)

Poem Prompt

“.....”
“.....” is the colour of.....
.....
I feel it when I
It sounds like.....
And many people think it is.....
.....
When we live with “.....”
We.....
.....
It tastes of..... and.....
.....

And I see it in my.....
I dream of “.....” when I
.....
.....
And I hope that one day “.....”
.....
.....

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INSPIRATION

**She is the color of a wind.
I feel it when I'm singing.
It sounds like the most beautiful song ever.
And many people think it is frivolous and silly.**

**When we live with 'inspiration'
We are the happiest people in the world.
It tastes like hot chocolate in cold days and
it's like magic,**

by Gabriela



“Inspiration”

It's the colour of the unknown whose address is lost
I feel it when I'm in blue.

It sounds like a monotonous whisper right to my ear

And many people think it is a waste of time

When we live with “inspiration”

We feel its gentle touch across our heart

It tastes like gingerbread Christmas cake **and**
it's like a surprising gift under a Christmas tree.

And I see it in my poem

I dream of “inspiration” **when I**

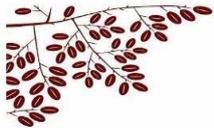
Don't know what to do with passing time.

And I hope that one day “inspiration”

Will knock on my door and take me to

dance waltzes under the silver moon

by Ewa and Ilona



“Freedom”

“Freedom” is the colour of grass in the morning

I feel it when I look out of my urban cage

It sounds like children's laughter when they go frolicking on meadows

And many people think it is nothing special

Because they were born in captivity of material world

When we live with “Freedom”

We don't have to lie or cheat on the others

Because we're free of first page images

It tastes of everlasting youth **and** it's worth of trying

And I see it in my most desired dreams

I dream of “Freedom” **when I**

read the morning paper over a cup of coffee

And I hope that one day “Freedom”

Will become my everyday bread .

by Agnes



“Love”

*“Love” is the colour of sunshine
I feel it when I write down your name
It sounds like an adagio by Chopin, Mozart, Tchaikovsky, 3 in 1
And many people think it is silly and pathetic and nothing to talk about*

*When we live with “Love”
We can't sleep, eat, work, do homework, etc.
but we can walk in the rain and be silent
It tastes like air cocktail with strawberries and a hint of carelessness*

*And I see it in my mirror reflection in the darkness
I dream of “Love” when I
Listen to the crowd of people on the board of bus 114
And I hope that one day “Love”
Brings me my darling Clementine on my Route 66 across my continent .*

by Anonymous Author



“ Cardinal Stefan”

**“ Cardinal Stefan” is not the colour, He's a badge of honour
I feel his presence when I walk down my Campus at a dawn without breakfast
He sounds like my mother's caring reminder
And many people know nothing about Him and feel O.K.**

When we live with “ Cardinal Stefan”

**We try to understand our history and fathers and grandfathers
It tastes like drinking fresh spring water
And I see it in my past and my future
I dream of “ Cardinal Stefan” when I need his advice and see
Trees cut down, ethics sold out, hungry people without work, and kids without smiles
And I hope that one day “ Cardinal Stefan”
is going to come again to teach us respect for each other**

by Stan



Part II

Other poems sent by Students (free practice)

(Classroom task as it was. Now time for you own individual poem. Take time. Think about the content and the title. It can be only a few lines of your own creation)



“Stream”

Under the Sistine dome people stream to and fro
With their heads up and up they admire Michelangelo’s visions
Up there
Yet under their feet
they trample ants and flies and even
butterflies – brave soldiers of microscopic scale
Each stream has its ebbs and waves
As covering and hiding small tragedies
Not to public eye
But does art justify
My “I” and your “I” and their “I”

by Marta



“Canon Law”

... has no excuses for King David but to put dust on his head
... has no excuses for Michelangelo but to paint The Sistine Chapel
as a life sentence
Was it a punishment or a reward who knows?
By the invisible verdict of his imagination
he got the visible act of creation for years and centuries
to enjoy the canon of art forced by the urge of talent
so law without the canon is like creation without talent ☺

by the students of Law



“To My Friends”

Poets have muses or other inspirations

I have Rolling Stones, coffee and you

Rolling Stones have muses, inspirations and coffee

But they don't have you

You have coffee, stones and me to roll out with laughter at muses

To sum up everybody needs somebody to laugh over a cup of coffee

by Thomas



“To Write a Poem in the Classroom”

**To write a poem in the classroom is like
playing out of tune with snowballs in summer
or imitating The Book Of Genesis but in a messy order:**

**man, horizon, darkness, birds, heaven, light and now what...
chilling sensations flowing down my pen without rhythm
and rhyme
but mine, silly mine.**

**Text messages are easier, no poetry at all,
just facts, dates, names, and
oh, don't forget... no metaphors.**

**So to write a poem in the classroom is
pure poetry itself
for students and for elves ☺ (1 elf / 2 elves)**

by Ewa and friends



The End