

## Poetry Day April 24

### Plan

\*poems in unexpected places throughout the month (lunchroom, water fountain, drink machine, stairs, art, music, MC, classrooms, playground, science, sidewalk, office, salad bar, doors, etc)

Stations for field day poetry day

1. Snack/break
2. Field day focused on sports in poems
3. Write own poems about sports
4. videos with poems and sports
5. tech games with poems and sports

Poetry slam/share- Students share favorite poems in the afternoon

### **Field Day- 6 stations set up**

There will be 7 teachers for the stations, plus the teachers who are rotating with the kids (3-4 depending on grade level)

1. Basketball - dribble around cones, shoot, retrieve ball, pass
2. Football- pass/catch
3. Soccer- knock out..set up area, teams try to kick ball past other teams area
4. Baseball- wiffle ball pass and catch
5. Volleyball- beachball volleyball
6. Bowling- knock down/reset

### **Writing Poems- write a poem about sports**

Onomatopoeia

The poem should include at least three uses of onomatopoeia. Your examples of onomatopoeia should be well placed and add to the meaning of the poem. Effective example: Crack! The ball made contact and soared through the air! (well placed and adds to the meaning of the poem)

o Less effective examples: The crowd cheered loudly as I rounded home plate! (not a strong example of onomatopoeia) The ball went past my glove and landed on the hard on the ground,

woosh! (though “woosh” is an example of onomatopoeia, it is not well placed and is more confusing than meaningful)

Onomatopoeia

<http://www.pdesas.org/module/content/resources/18393/view.ashx>

Acrostic poetry

<http://www.readwritethink.org/classroom-resources/student-interactives/acrostic-poems-30045.html>

quatrains

<http://www.edu.pe.ca/vrcs/resources/poetry/text/genres/quatrains.html>

## **Technology**

<http://www.funbrain.com/math/>

<http://www.math-play.com/football-math.html>

<http://www.gotkidsgames.com/GotKidsGamesSportsbyGrade.html> lots of games by grade level

<http://pbskids.org/games/rhyming/> rhyming games

## **Videos**

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=TGZUKHtW7vg>

casey at the bat <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=erfSed2MUsA>

who's on first <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=WQXwt83hYkE>

basketball <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-Sw3wQXC2EI>

Music

Super bowl shuffle [https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=NxIRJp14\\_cM](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=NxIRJp14_cM)

volleyball song <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=h25tAhtsKBE>

baseball song <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-K3DI07Ibb4>

Poems for the poetry notebook

**Choose Your Sports**

Let's turn off our video games,  
and run outside.

From so many sports,  
we may choose and decide.

Baseball, soccer,  
and basketball are fun,  
Let's grab some friends,  
and play in the sun.

In baseball, you will be,  
running around.

When you hit the ball,  
it's a beautiful sound.

In soccer, you pass the ball,  
using your feet,

Drink lots of water,  
and watch out for the heat.

In basketball, the best sound,  
is a swish,

Making ten in a row,  
is a wonderful wish.

Whatever sports,  
you decide to play,  
Enjoy them with friends,  
each and every day.

by anitapoems.com

Football

***A Funny School Poem for Kids***

From the book *Revenge of the Lunch Ladies*

Our teacher's a football fanatic.  
It's all that he has on his mind.  
He listens to games on his headphones,  
and frets when his team is behind.

He jumps up and down with they're winning.  
He screams when they fumble a pass.  
We know we're supposed to be reading,

but watching him's simply a gas.

Our principal walked in on Friday,  
and he was too angry to speak.  
Our substitute started on Monday.  
Our teacher's been benched for a week.  
--Kenn Nesbitt

## Football

No matter the weather,  
No matter the pain,  
The kick always starts the game,  
The team runs it back as far as they can  
And the opposing team must defend  
Run or pass you don't want to finish last.  
Four fifteen minute quarter to decide the winner.  
Practice is the key to a successful team  
Playoffs are where they want to be.  
The loser goes home empty handed  
And the winner moves on.  
With the Super Bowl in view  
The lucky few will take home all the glory.  
And that's the end of my story.  
This poem was written/submitted by Aaron Tone

A Basketball Haiku  
B-ball is his life  
he's dribbling down the court  
swisher wins the game

~Dawn Horner~

## Soccer

I play keeper very fine.  
When the ball comes it's all mine.  
Bam!! Goes the ball off the pole.  
I just saved another goal.  
Whack!! The ball has been shot.  
It comes to me and I've caught.  
You can try and try and try.

You will never get the ball by.

## **Polar Bowling**

From the book *The Tightly-Whitey Spider*

**It used to be that polar bears  
went bowling, just for grins,  
with snowballs for their bowling balls  
and penguins as the pins.**

**The bears would have a blast  
with all the snowballs that they threw.**

**The penguins weren't as happy;  
that's the only time they flew.**

**So penguins all moved south and now  
they're at the other pole.**

**Well, wouldn't you move far away  
if bears used you to bowl?**

**--Kenn Nesbitt**

## Bowling

I approach the line

The ball is rolled

Everyone is silent

As I turn away,

the crowd is on their feet

It seems like forever

before the ball get's to the end

As it hit down all the pins;

the crowd is cheering

I am worried I might not get a strike

The audience yells strike

So glad

it's the first strike of the game

wait,

What was that?

What did you say?

It's only practice?

## ""The Track Meet""

I run fast

Like a car

I get first,

Place.

I jump high

I throw far

And

Soft.

I get first

I jump with

Joy, and have

Tears of joy.

The crowd cheers

I smile and wave,

My sister is  
Proud of me and so is my parents.

The coach pats  
Me on the  
Back and says  
good job!

My friends tell  
Me good job  
And I smile  
With happiness.

Author: Amanda B

**"Sports Guy"**

For an All Star Player,



You've got a winning attitude

You give your sport your all.

As you strive to be a champion

Be sure to have a ball

## Baseball

I can hear the cries of the crowd  
High up in the stands.  
Flesh against steel, the bat is now  
An extension of my hands  
The sun beats down from up above  
Heat waves rise off clay.  
The weather knows it, as I do  
That it is time to play.  
The pitcher glares from under brim  
The catcher shifts his feet.  
To hurl a sphere of white-hot flame  
Into the summer's heat.  
The first pitch soars right past me  
I know that's not my hit.  
Behind my dust explodes from  
Inside the catchers mitt.  
Perfect pitch is soon to come  
This I know is true  
For flame and bat shall yet collide  
And ball will fly to blue.  
Another pitch is catapulted  
Here in this baseball rapture.  
Crack of the bat is something  
No Kodak can capture.  
The dirt beneath my shoes, I hear  
But to the cheers I yield  
For this is between two beings  
Myself and my field.  
Around the diamond, I do fly  
A creature of infinite fate  
No infielder shall stop me 'till

I slide across home plate.  
The grass is mine, the fence is mine  
I'm labeled by no stat.  
But outfielders will quiver  
When I step up to bat.  
This poem was written/submitted by Mandy.

## BASKETBALL

As I dribble down the court  
I hear the whistle blow  
The ref yells out two shots  
And sends me for a free throw  
I make my first shot it goes down with a swish  
But for my second shot I could only wish  
I really want to make it  
Go ahead and save the game  
But instead I air-balled and felt really lame  
Coach called a time out and said I want the ball  
Steal it on the throw in and we will win it all  
The center throws the ball in and our player jumps in front  
He throws his little hands up and the ball goes bump  
It's in the air now and it is right where I can see  
So I jump as high as I can and it lands right on me  
I dribble to the three point line, stopped and popped a shot  
But next thing that I knew it bounced right out

The teams scrambled for a rebound we're still trailing them by three  
But out of nowhere our team grabs the ball and throws it back out to me  
I try to take the three again and this time it's a swish  
I never could have done it without our team's dish  
My coach said I saved the game with my Hail Mary shot  
He jumped up and down and celebrated quite a lot  
We're going to the championship  
Hooray Yee hah Yippee  
We never could have done it without Patrick Cassidy

## **My Goldfish Took up Tennis**

From the book *My Hippo Has the Hiccups*

My goldfish took up tennis.  
They installed a little net  
at the bottom of their fishtank  
for their first official set.

They got tennis balls and racquets.  
They got tennis shoes and shorts,  
for my fish are fond of tennis  
more than any other sports.

It's a funny thing to watch them.  
when they practice every day,  
as the tennis balls they serve each other  
always float away.  
--Kenn Nesbitt

## **Ready for Tennis?**

Playing tennis? Whack that ball!

Must at least be four feet tall!  
Better at least know how to play  
Or else it's a real tough day!

Crouched and ready I wait for the spike,  
My feet touching the floor ever so light.  
An open hand and the spike is a "tip,"  
Someone yells as I bite my lip.  
I spring into action and dive for the ball.  
I stretch out my hand and make contact as I fall.  
It's a perfect up and I roll out' a the way  
As the setter sets and our team makes the play.  
Of course it's a kill and our team wins the volley  
And all because I made NO folly!!

# Volleyball

By Liz M., South Plainfield, NJ

Volleyball is my favorite sport.

I bump, set, spike my way to victory.

I'm so happy when I'm on the court.

A champion is what I want to be.

There are six players that make up a team.

They all work together in unison.

The feeling I get is so extreme.

I hate to see the end of the season.

Volleyball is not all about winning,

it's about having fun together.

We were doing that since the beginning.

Rain or shine, or any kind of weather.

Volleyball is what I do to have fun.

And the best part is you don't have to run.

VOLLEYBALL

My head is throbbing,

I can't see straight.

Our score is three,

Their score is eight.

We're down by five,

We're catching up.

My turn to serve,

Please don't mess up!

My serve is over,

To the right.

Out of bounds,

And out of sight.

"Oh no!" I yell,

The other team cheers.

Their turn to serve,

I'm close to tears.

Her back is straight,  
Her arms are long.  
Their score at eight,  
But not for long.  
The toss goes up,  
The crowd looks down.  
Her serve is short,  
Her teammates frown.

Our turn again,  
To serve once more.  
It's in the air,  
It hits the floor!  
One point for blue,  
Still down by five.  
But not for long,  
We're coming alive!!!

It's still our serve,  
She throws it up.  
What a curve!  
Another point for blue!  
Their faces blank,  
They don't know what to do.  
We got it back and won the game.  
We stole the ball,  
Put them to shame.

As you may see,  
Volleyball is an intense game.

But when you win,  
No one's to blame

## **I Played a Game**

From the book *My Hippo Has the Hiccups* --Kenn Nesbitt

I played a game.  
I rode my bike.  
I had a snack.  
I took a hike.  
I read a book.  
I watched T.V.  
I built a fort.  
I climbed a tree.  
I surfed the web.  
I played guitar.  
I caught a bug  
inside a jar.  
I called my friends.  
I dug a hole.  
I kicked a ball.  
I scored a goal.  
I had a swim.  
I learned to skate.  
I played with toys.  
I stayed up late.  
It's fair to say  
I do like school,  
but even more, though,  
weekends rule!

## **"Golf Ball"**

I'm two inches wide,  
and can drive a person  
insane. I roll my own way

even slower in the rain. I am  
always still when you need me  
too. I spin and slice when not hit  
right. I can hook and dive and go  
out of sight. I can drop on a green  
if the golf gods are there, or I can  
land in the sand if they choose or  
even care. See a golf ball is bad  
and can make a man sad. But  
for a hole in one, I would be  
very happy and oh so glad.

# Life is Like a Round of Golf | Golf Poem

by Jon Leland in golf, golf quotes

## **Life is like a Round of Golf**

Life is like a round of golf  
With many a turn and twist.  
But the game is much too sweet and short  
To curse the shots you've missed.  
Sometimes you'll hit it straight and far  
Sometimes the putts roll true.  
But each round has it's errant shots  
And troubles to play through.  
So always swing with courage  
No matter what the lie.  
And never let the hazards  
Destroy the joy inside.  
And keep a song within your heart  
Give thanks that you can play.  
For the round is much too short and sweet



To let it slip away.

— Criswell Freeman

**Wicked World Cup** by *Oliver and Louis (aged 7)*

Elegant England  
Spectacular Spain  
Great Ghana  
Brilliant Brazil  
Creative Cameroon  
Jumping Japan  
Useful U.S.A  
Impossible Italy  
Magnificent Mexico  
Paradise Portugal  
Spinning Switzerland  
Armed Argentina  
Hungry Honduras  
Giant Germany  
Dark Denmark  
Champion Chile  
Funny France  
Active Algeria  
Neat Netherlands  
Accurate Australia  
Super Serbia  
Sonic Slovakia  
Patient Paraguay  
Glad Greece  
Nice Nigeria  
Unique Uruguay  
Suitable South Africa  
Strong Slovenia  
Springy South Korea  
Impressive Ivory Coast  
Nippy North Korea

## **The Football Game**

Blitz and blocking, bump –and-run  
Drive and drop kick, the other team's done  
End zone, end line, ebb and flow  
Snap, sack, scrambling, I love it so  
Football is fun and fabulous too  
Let's go to the stadium, just me and you

**Poetry by Alan Loren**

# Extended Metaphor Poem on Basketball

By Zachary K., Chester Springs, PA

[Email me when Zachary K. contributes work](#)

My Life is Basketball

My eyes are big before the game starts

My body covered in hope

18 years of practice

My mind is focussed

I have only one purpose

I visualize everything I want to do

My home the court

The crowd surrounding with their big eyes watching

Attracted to the bright lights

My team behind me

Weaving in and out of expectant fans

Making our way to the court

Endless cameras

Each other's families

Still sensing the sudden thrill of anticipation

We circle up, hands together, chanting

A team together

All focussed on glory

Where we will Live forever

Soccer: The Great Defeat

Soccer is like a friendly war.

You and 10 other men fighting like a war against 11 other men, your enemies.

You dribble past them quickly like a cheetah that they barely see you

You fire a shot as if it came out of a machine gun,

Fast like lightning, floats like a butterfly, and stings like a bee!

It hits the back of the net as hard as a hammer coming down on a nail.

The war is over.

Lee Emmett, Australia

Poem

BOUNCING BASKETBALL

bounce, dribble, bounce  
stumble, thud, stop  
bounce, bounce, take aim  
into basket drop

rebound, dribble, bounce  
jump, reaching, stretch  
smack, hit back-board  
thump, weeping, retch

umpire whistles, calls 'foul'  
coach mumbles, players grumble  
shrill blast, time-out's past  
back to task, run, rumble

HOME RUN

by

Gregory K.

Swing.

Crack!

Fly ball.

Going deep.

What a sight I see...

Just the back of the left fielder.

## Battle Over the Diamond

pitcher

cool,      cocky

examining, taunting, throwing

batter1, batter2, pinchhitter, batter3

readying,    waiting,    swinging

ready,      missed

catcher