

## Inside Poems

Write a poem about getting inside the core or heart of something. You could get inside an abstract idea like love or hate or freedom. Or you could get inside a concrete object the way the writers got into a stone, a pencil, or a rose. Pick something that interests you and use your imagination to describe what it might be like to be inside of that thing.

### Examples:

#### To Look at Any Thing

To look at any thing,  
If you would know that thing,  
You must look at it long;  
To look at this green and say  
'I have seen spring in these  
Woods,' will not do--you must  
Be the thing you see;  
You must be the dark snakes of  
Stems and ferny plumes of leaves,  
You must enter in  
To the small silences between  
The leaves,  
You must take your time  
And touch the very peace  
They issue from.

by John Moffitt

#### Inside a Rose

Inside of love is a  
beautiful valley, its color  
like a rainbow. A pegasus white,  
like the prettiest snow,  
flapping its wings,  
soaring through the sky  
and in the clouds landing  
on a hill. Then out of a cave  
comes hundreds of pegs  
dancing through the air  
and singing  
    a magical song  
    of love.

by Albert Cuomo

#### Stone

Go inside a stone  
That would be my way.  
Let somebody else become a dove  
Or gnash with a tiger's tooth.  
I am happy to be a stone.  
From the outside the stone is a riddle;  
No one knows how to answer it.  
Yet within, it must be cool and quiet  
Even though a cow steps on it full weight,  
Even though a child throws it in a river;  
The stone sinks, slow, unperturbed  
To the river bottom  
I have seen sparks fly out  
When two stones are rubbed,  
So perhaps it is not dark inside after all;  
Perhaps there is a moon shining  
From somewhere, as though behind a hill--  
Just enough light to make out  
The strange writings, the star-charts  
On the inner walls.

by Charles Simic

## The Unwritten

Inside this pencil  
crouch words that have never been written  
never been spoken  
never been thought

they're hiding

they're awake in there  
dark in the dark  
hearing us  
but they won't come out  
not for love not for time not for fire

even when the dark was worn away  
they'll still be there  
hiding in the air  
multitudes in days to come may walk  
through them  
breathe them  
be none the wiser

what script can it be  
that they won't unroll  
in what language would I recognize it  
would I be able to follow it  
to make out the real names  
of everything

maybe there aren't many  
it could be that there's only one word  
and it's all we need  
It's here in this pencil

every pencil in the world  
is like this

by W. S. Merwin

## Inside this Dictionary

Inside this dictionary there  
are trillions of words,  
like somebody who can't stop talking  
the dictionary goes on and on  
like a line that never stops.  
inside this dictionary live little  
people with orange skin.  
These little people are called Dictions  
and they know every meaning  
for every word  
in the whole entire universe.

by Caitlin Taylor