

Season Poems

As you read and write some poems,
think about:

- using all your senses
- using active, exciting verbs
- making line breaks for impact

In Fields of Summer

The sun rises,
The goldenrod blooms,
I drift in fields of summer,
My life is adrift in my body,
It shines in my heart and hands, in my teeth,
It shines up at the old crane
Who holds out his drainpipe of a neck
And creaks along in the blue,

And the goldenrod shines with its life, too,
And the grass, look,
The great field wavers and flakes,
The rumble of bumblebees keeps
deepening,
A phoebe flutters up,
A lark burst up all dew.

by Galway Kinnell

Poem Idea #1 - Select a moment in time.
Describe the things that are happening all
around you, using the present tense, so we
can experience the moment with you.

Reading: Summer

Summer is with it,
she's wild,
she likes
bare legs and cutoffs
and camping
and hikes;
she dives in deep water,
she wades in a stream,
she guzzles cold drinks
and she drowns in ice cream;
she runs barefoot,
she picnics,
she fishes,
digs bait,
she pitches a tent
and she stays up too late
while she counts out the stars
swats mosquitoes and flies,
hears crickets,
smells pine trees,
spies night-creature eyes;
she rides bareback,
goes sailing,
plays tennis,
climbs trees;
she soaks in the sunshine;
she gulps in a breeze;
she tastes the warm air
on the end of her tongue,
and she falls asleep
reading
alone
in the sun.

by Myra Cohn Livingston

Poem Idea #2 - Pick a season that you like.
Give the season a gender (male or female.)
Describe all the things that season likes to
do. Try to use strong, vivid action verbs.

The Waking

I strolled across
An open field;
The sun was out;
Heat was happy.

This way! This way!
The wren's throat shimmered,
Either to other,
The blossoms sang.

The stones sang,
The little ones did,
And flowers jumped
Like small goats.

A ragged fringe
Of daisies waved;
I wasn't alone
In a grove of apples.

Far in the wood
A nestling sighed;
The dew loosened
Its morning smells.

I came where the river
Ran over stones:
My ears knew
An early joy.

And all the waters
Of all the streams
Sang in my veins
That summer day.

by Theodore Roethke

Poem Idea #3 - Can you remember a special moment in time that was even more special because of the season it occurred in? Describe that moment and how it felt.

Spring Is

Spring is when
the morning sputters like

bacon

and

your

sneakers

run

down

the

stairs

so fast you can hardly keep up with them,
and
spring is when

your scrambled eggs

jump

off

the

plate

and turn into a million daffodils
trembling in the sunshine.

by Bobbi Katz

Poem Idea #4 - Use descriptive and figurative language to show what a particular season is like.