

Examples of students' Invitation Poems follow.

Invitation

Come with me into a world  
Where a child turns into a sorcerer,  
As quickly as a drop of rain  
Falls from a gray sea  
To a plush, green meadow  
Moving with the wind,  
Each blade tilting,  
To the same direction,  
At different heights,  
At different moments,

**Katie Marsh**  
5/15/02  
Invitation  
Poem  
Block 2

### **An Invitation Into My Creation**

Have a seat... take a journey with me  
In the crevices of my mind you will see  
You'll witness a cute little tag-along child  
And a shiny red car, speedy and wild  
Through the year you will see me grow  
And test poetry's waters with my big toe  
Read my opinion about my name  
And behold the essays that brought me fame  
**URGGG!** Inspiration never easily comes  
I often march to the beat of my own drum  
Don't be afraid to shed tears with me  
As I reflect on the September 11 tragedy  
As you turn each delicate page  
You'll see me at many a different age  
Read my wacky version of crazy King Lear  
A hillbilly feller' makes it all clear  
A budding dandelion is what I am  
And a devoted fan of Uncle Sam  
Each piece is beautiful, some have that *zing*  
As I grew my pencil sprouted golden wings

Invitation

Come and take a look with me,  
All of which I wrote for thee,  
The sorrow and the anger burning  
Just an amateur poet learning.  
Come and see the joy tomorrow  
From another life I borrow,  
See the envy, see the greed,  
Growing, fruitful, from a seed.  
Concrete, what is that?  
Nothing like the words I spat,  
Yet I followed what he preached, what he told,  
Eventually learning to shape and mold,  
Seeing nothing like before,  
Viewing thoughts I store, explore.  
Remembering bitter moments with tears,  
Tears, shedding my mind of fears.  
So come, be part of my world,  
Capture ideas, my mind, my curls.

— Kim Wong

Invitation

I sing of C's; of Coke, comforts, coping, and church.  
With these, I give to thee  
The almighty book that will forever be.  
I write of D's; of dogs, and ducks,  
Hoping that with these poems you will be struck.  
I write of F's; of feelings and fleas,  
Commanding you not to laugh at these, please.  
I sing of M's; of myself, of miner, and mother.  
I ask you to read these before any other.  
I write of an N; of a so-called nothing,  
With a miracle turned out to be something.  
I write of an R; of a relational.  
I hope you will find it to be sensational.  
I sing of S's; of the sky, of songs, of streams, of  
the sun, of sunsets, and sunrises.  
I'm informing you so there won't be any surprises.  
I laugh of a T; a teacher,  
Those that tend to turn into preachers.  
I write of W's; of water and walking,  
I wish you would please stop talking.  
So I may present to you this book,  
That I hope you — Oh, here, take a look.

— Stephen Di Mauro

Invitation

I sing of silver grass and loneliness,  
of earth and loam and deserts  
filled with roses.  
I write of earthworms, plow's wakes,  
and dusty roads leading nowhere,  
and of the moon and myself;  
I wander seeking light  
knowing I will find it someday.

— Mindy Starn