

Phizzog by Carl Sandburg

Modeling Poetry

This face you got
This here phizzog you carry around
You never picked it out for yourself at all, at all—did you
This here phizzog—somebody handed it to you—am I right?
Somebody said, “Here’s yours, now go see what you can do with it.”
Somebody slipped it to you and it was like a package marked:
“No goods exchanged after being taken away”
This face you got.

Sympathy from Sandburg by Mrs. Harrell

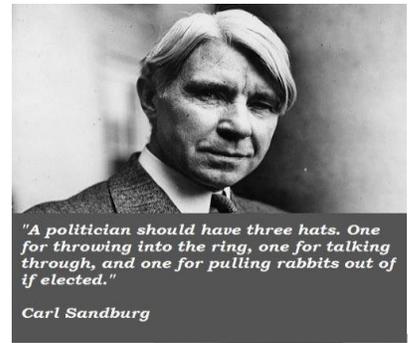
This hair you got
This frizz of white electricity flying out of your head
You never picked it out for yourself at all, did you?
Your last name was Whitehead, right?
The gene patrol said, “Here’s a fast track to geriatrics for that one.
Let’s see if she can glow in the dark with it.”
This disobedient rag of time’s ravage.
Somebody slipped it to you fifty years ago like a package marked,
“Loreal doesn’t prefer you!”
This hair you got.



Let’s look at another poem that is fun to model:

Homework! Oh, Homework! by Jack Prelutsky

Homework! Oh, Homework!
I hate you! You stink!
I wish I could wash you away in the sink
If only a bomb would explode you to bits
Homework! Oh, Homework!
You’re giving me fits.
I’d rather take baths with a man-eating shark
Or wrestle a lion alone in the dark
Eat spinach and liver, pet ten porcupines
Than tackle the homework my teacher assigns
Homework! Oh, Homework!
You’ve last on my list
I simply can’t see why you even exist
If you just disappeared it would tickle me pink
Homework! Oh, Homework!
I hate you! You stink!



What seem to be some key elements in modeling a poem? What changes and what stays the same?

Here a student sample for your enjoyment before you try your own:

Report Card

This here report card you got
These here grades you got today
You did it to yourself, didn’t you?
These grades—some teacher hands them to you—am I right?
Somebody said, “Your dad is going to whoop your butt.”
Somebody who calls herself a teacher slipped it to you
and it was like a paper marked,
“These Fs ore going to cause you pain.”
This here report card that you got.

And here is a model by a student, Ryan DiGiacomo

Ode to Jim Kelly

Jim Kelly! Jim Kelly!
I hate you, you stink
You throw interceptions before I can blink
With the wink of an eye, you are on the ground
Men jumping on you from all around
Jim Kelly! Jim Kelly!
You’re blind as a bat
Throw to the Redskins just like that
With men in the end zone, throw over their heads
My grandma throws better, and she is dead!

