* Word Choice for Poems
* Look at example poems in small groups
	+ Underline the adjectives used by the author
* Talk about what kind of adjectives the poems use. Do they use words like happy, sad, or scared? Or do they use words like terrified, frustrated, infuriated, ecstatic?
* Why do you think the poems use these words? What can help us to find stronger words to use in our poems?
* Thesaurus
	+ Look up a word like happy, sad, and scared and find synonyms for it.
	+ What do we have to remember about the words we use in our poem? There are a specific amount of syllables we can use in each line.
		- Line 1- 2 syllables (title)
		- Line 2- 4 syllables (describe the animal)
		- Line 3- 6 syllables (give an action(s))
		- Line 4- 8 syllables (feeling)
		- Line 5- 2 syllables.
* Partner up and look at your draft of your poem. Try to brainstorm stronger words to use in the poem.
* Time to work on draft (Jacob and Isaiah have been working together on writing poems)
* Student are hand writing their final draft (except Jack) and then decorating the page.
	+ If they finish, they can help a friend still working on their poem.

**Excerpt from Do Not Go Gentle into that Good Night**

 Good men, the last wave by, crying how bright

Their frail deeds might have danced in a green bay,

Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Wild men who caught and sang the sun in flight,

And learn, too late, they grieved it on its way,

Do not go gentle into that good night.

**The Race**

The runners flew past in unison
Each lifting right leg then left
The race was on
Above us the sky wore a brilliant,
sparkling blue sheen.
There was no room for clouds on such a day.
The multitude encouraged the runners
from both sides of the road.
A salad of applause, hoots and hollers.
It was a wonderful day for a race
The most temperate of afternoons.
Energy exchanged between spectator and runner
adding electricity to an already charged atmosphere
Indeed, it was a wonderful day for a race

**The Stadium**

Green and brown
under shades of blue.
Surrounded by every color and hue.
Little white pillows line a track
Where runners run
And can never go back
Wooden sticks of black and bone
Sometimes red, it is not unknown.
The outfielders trod on a sea of green
Such a stunning sight you've never seen.
And in the stands the fans wear blue,
to the home team’s colors
they are always true.
I speak of baseball
what else can I do
But the same goes for football
And soccer too
So many colors one sees at a game
No matter the sport
The views are the same

**Goldfish**

Flash

Gold and silver scales;

They flick and slip

Away

Under green weed-

But round brown

snail

Stick to glass and stay

**Fireworks**

Fireworks cracking the sky.

 Big balls of fire bursting into

 bloom and fading upon the

 dark lonely sky.

**In the ocean**

In the ocean I have seen

Fish that gleam like

A huge rainbow

And turtles sleeping deep, deep

All curled up

And mountains with

One little black weed

That sways

And cave, tiny caves

With snails inside

And all this has

Been before my eyes.