

Writing Ex: This is Where You Will Find Me

Reading:

Read “This is Where You Will Find Me” and/or “Summer Afternoon” to the students. Ask a student to read the poem out loud again. Students should now be listening for the details in the poem. Ask them to choose a favorite line.

Class Discussion:

What was your favorite line in the poem? Why?
What words or phrases in the poem help you to visualize this place in your mind?
Did the author use any of the 5 senses to help create her image? What senses?
Can you think of a place where we might find you?

Pre-Writing:

Choose a place where someone might find you: the basketball court, the library, your backyard, a friend’s house, etc.

This poem invites you into a moment in time. Create a “list” on a blank sheet of paper. Write down anything you can think of about this place, this activity, this moment. Are you outside or inside? What is the weather like? Colors? People? Try to bring us to this moment in your life.

Where are you?
What are you doing?
Why are you there?
When were you there?
What was it like?

Don’t forget to include ideas for the 5 senses!

Writing:

Notice how the poem moves down the page with one detail per line. Think of your poem as a house. Each line/detail is a brick that will build that house.

Borrow the first line of the poem: **This is where you will find me**

Write your poem telling the reader about a place where we could find you. Invite the reader into that moment in time. Be generous with your details. If possible stretch the image by including a simile or metaphor!

This Is Where You Will Find Me

Out on the open road
Riding over bumps.
Going fast as the wind
Hearing my tires going trit-trot.
Feeling my feet pedaling outside in the open.
I smell the fresh air of spring.
I see nothing but nature and outside.
Looking at the gray firm cold road
My hand gripping on rubber
The heat touching my face.
I know I'm riding my bike
Every chance I get I ride my bike.
My blue shirt all wet under the warm blazing sun.
My purple bike as shiny as a mirror,
Out on the open road.

—Caroline H. (Grade Three)

Summer Afternoon

This is where you will find me
Underneath a maple tree,
My nose in a book.
The smell of the grass floats out
Underneath the bright blue sky.
No one else is out,
And the only sound heard is the cars,
Rumbling on the main road.
I turn the page and read on,
Oblivious of everything.
In the shade of the maple,
Squirrels chase themselves in the bushes.
The sun is shining brightly,
Beating on the green tops of the trees.
I close the book.
A light, warm summer breeze rustles my hair,
And I find out the birds are singing.
The cars are back,
And the sun smiles.

—Grace M. (Grade Four)