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## Competition Structure

- Participants will be broken up into six age-related categories (3<sup>rd</sup> grade, 4<sup>th</sup> grade, 5<sup>th</sup> grade, 6<sup>th</sup> grade, 7<sup>th</sup> grade and 8<sup>th</sup> grade).
- Each category is divided into two heats, with each heat taking place in a separate virtual breakout room.
- The contest takes place over two days:
  - Students from 3<sup>rd</sup> to 5<sup>th</sup> grade will participate on 29<sup>th</sup> October from 9.00 to 12.30.
  - Students from 6<sup>th</sup> to 8<sup>th</sup> grade will participate on 30<sup>th</sup> October from 9.00 to 12.30.
- Schools will select a maximum of 2 students per category to represent them at the competition. The students will compete in the same heat. Students can represent their school only every other year to encourage more school wide participation.
- The two best students from each heat will advance to the final that takes place virtually via Zoom on 29<sup>th</sup> and 30<sup>th</sup> October.
- In order to select their participants, schools are invited to conduct their own internal competition. We encourage teachers to organize said competition as it is a great opportunity to get your candidates familiar with the format of the competition (***This year digital video presentations***).
- In each category, there will be a prize for the 1<sup>st</sup>, 2<sup>nd</sup>, 3<sup>rd</sup> and 4<sup>th</sup> place.
- The overall winning school will be awarded a trophy, which will stay with the school until the next Poetry Recitation Contest takes place.

## Competition Rules

### Registration & Deadlines.

- Schools must register their participants for the ESU Chile inter-school competition by **Monday, 5<sup>th</sup> October, 2020.**
- To register, click [here](#).

### Eligibility

- Due to time constraints, schools may send two students per level (3<sup>rd</sup>-8<sup>th</sup> grade) to participate in the contest.
- Each student must choose a different poem from this booklet for their grade level.

### Rules

- Students should recite the poem, demonstrating their understanding. The poem should NOT be acted out.
- The poem must be memorized. Students may not use any form of notes.
- No visual aids or props of any kind may be used when delivering the poem.
- Before presenting their poems, students must say their name, the title and author of the poem. They should NOT say their school name.
- All poems have the same level of difficulty.
- Recited poems will be judged according to the Poetry Recitation Contest Rubric.
- There will also be an overall winning school who will be awarded with a trophy, which will stay with the school until the next Poetry Recitation Contest takes place.
- In order to choose the winning school, students will be awarded the following points:
  - 1<sup>st</sup> place - 5 points
  - 2<sup>nd</sup> place - 3 points
  - 3<sup>rd</sup> place - 1 point
- In the case of a draw, the school with most 1<sup>st</sup> place finishes will be awarded the trophy.

## Room Layout → Digital Camera View

- The participants will stand in front of a solid color backdrop (no ornamentations) with lighting that keeps face out of any shadows.
- One Camera view framed to include participant from waist to head.
- No full body only torso viewed - no zooming in or out, just one camera view point.
- Participants should view their MP4 format presentation, to be sure there are no visual glitches and audio is at appropriate level, then send via email to [esu\\_poetry@esu.cl](mailto:esu_poetry@esu.cl)
- The judges' panel will view digital presentations virtually and send their scoring results directly to the ESU Poetry Chairperson, [esu\\_poetry@esu.cl](mailto:esu_poetry@esu.cl)

Participant's camera view



Audience -- Other family members in the house



Camera person -- recording the performance

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Judges watching presentations online:



## Prizes

- There will be prizes for the winner, the runner-up, the third-place and the fourth-place performer in each category.
- There will be a certificate of participation for each contestant.
- There will be a trophy for the best overall school. This trophy will remain with the school until the following Poetry Recitation Competition takes place.
- There will also be other mini competitions throughout the day with a variety of prizes.

## Please take note...

- School uniform or any clothing with the school insignia may NOT be worn.
- Speakers should wear formal clothes. (NO jeans/ t-shirts/trainers/etc.)
- Teachers may not prompt the participant or coach them in any way during their performance.
- Participants, teachers, and parents from each school are encouraged to view all digital presentations of their participants as well as others when links are made available.







## Guidance for Adjudicators

### General Overview

Participants and spectators must be confident in the competence of the adjudicators if they are to accept their decisions and take their advice on board. For that reason, adjudications should be as professional as possible at all stages of the competition.

### Training Session

After registration of participants is complete, adjudicators will be selected and sent additional online training materials. On the day of the final heats competition an **informational meeting** for all judges will take place at **9.00** online via Zoom.





## 2020 Poetry Recitation Contest Rubric

Student					
Poem					
Author					
Judges: Please mark students from 5 (Outstanding) to 1 (Developing)	<b>5</b> Outstanding	<b>4</b> Very Good	<b>3</b> Average	<b>2</b> Needs Improvement	<b>1</b> Developing
<b>Memorization: 5 points</b>					
<b>Accurate:</b> No errors or glaring pauses. Does the student avoid errors and long pauses? (not to be confused with internet freezing or dropping of connection)	No errors	Only one small error	Few, for example One or two small errors	Several, for example three or four errors	Five or more errors= omit words, reverse order of words or phrases
<b>Diction: 15 points</b>					
<b>Projection and Clarity:</b> Poem is easily heard with clear words (not mumbled). Does the student enunciate or speak loudly enough for you to hear?	No errors	Only one small enunciation issue	Two small enunciation issues	Three or four enunciation issues or overall issues with specific errors	General overall enunciation issues
<b>Correct Pronunciation:</b> Are the words pronounced properly?	No errors	Only one pronunciation issue	Two pronunciation issues	Three or four pronunciation issues	Five or more pronunciation issues
<b>Rhythm/Stress/Meter/Tonality</b> Are these elements observed in the recitation?	No errors	Only one issue with rhythm or tone	Two issues with rhythm or tone	Three or four issues with rhythm or tone	Five or more issues with rhythm or tone
<b>Interpretation: 15 points</b>					
<b>Understanding:</b> Shows understanding through phrasing, intonation, and appropriate expressions of emotion. Does the student's use of emotion and expression enhance the recitation of the poem? Student should not act out the poem.	No errors, spoke with appropriate expressions, emotion and gestures	Spoke with a wide variety of intonation using five or more facial expressions and hand gestures	Spoke with some variety of intonation using three or four facial or hand gestures	Spoke monotone or robotic used only one or two facial or hand gestures	Spoke with very little emotion in their voice inflections or body gestures
<b>Communication:</b> Does the student express the emotion described in the poem?	No errors	Expressed a wide variety of emotions	Displayed some emotion throughout	Only one or two examples of change of tone	Tone or emotion was missing throughout
<b>Preparation:</b> Displays rehearsal and preparation. Follows directions and guidelines provided by ESU.	No errors	One small issue	Two small issues	Three or four issues	General overall issues
<b>Body Language 5 points</b>					
<b>Confidence:</b> Student is confident, relaxed, and makes eye contact. How at ease is the student?	At ease, has eye contact within each line	Comfortable stage presence with some eye contact	Relaxed body but very little eye contact	Some stiffness or body swaying	Stiff or body swaying
<b>Total Score</b>	<b>General Comments:</b>				

# THE PROGRAMME

Poetry Recitation Contest  
Order of the Day

10.00 - 10.30	Welcome
10.30 - 11.00	Final Competition Heats Part 1  Break  Final Competition Heats Part 2  Musical Intermission and Contest  Award Ceremony
11.00 - 11.15	
11.15 - 11.35	
11.35 - 12.00	
12.00 - 12.15	





# Workshop

## General Overview

To help our teachers prepare their students for the Poetry Recitation Contest, we invite them to attend our annual teacher development workshop led by English language expert, Jennifer Haugh.

This workshop has been created for 3rd to 8th grade teachers who want to help their students learn how to recite poetry out loud. Using acting techniques for theater in verse, teachers will discover how to uncover the hidden clues the authors give us in their poems, in order to communicate their work better.

The workshop will focus on three main areas:

- **Introduction to Procedures/Overview, Comprehensive memorization.**
- **Classroom Engagement, specific activities regarding poem structure, interpretation, and developing effective communication.**
- **Presentation Etiquette, Body language**

Jennifer Haugh has dedicated over 20 years to education as a teacher, leader, and learner. Energized by teaching middle schoolers and the vision of secondary English education, she believes in an active, student-focused curriculum that promotes feedback, showcases student work, and upholds a school's values. Since earning an MA in Education - Curriculum and Instruction (University of Phoenix, CO USA), her leadership experiences include co-chairing accreditation and evaluation committees; co-designing K-12 professional development and shared belief work; and leading differentiation, literacy, and curriculum design workshops. Most recently, Jennifer received a Student-Centered Instructional Coaching Certificate (University of Wisconsin-Madison, USA). She enjoys learning from others through mentoring, co-teaching, supervising student teachers, and facilitating professional learning communities.



Workshop Topic 2 = **Classroom Engagement**

Tuesday, 1st. September - 4:30pm By [ZOOM](#)

Interested teachers should confirm their attendance [here](#)





# Poems

## 3rd Grade

### Keep A Poem In Your Pocket

By Beatrice Schenk de Regniers

Keep a poem in your pocket  
And a picture in your head  
And you'll never feel lonely  
At night when you're in bed.  
The little poem will sing to you  
The little picture bring to you  
A dozen dreams to dance to you  
At night when you're in bed.  
So - -  
Keep a picture in your pocket  
And a poem in your head  
And you'll never feel lonely  
At night when you are in bed.

### My Hope: If I Were A Dog For Just One Day

By Amy Ludwig Van Derwater

I'd catch a Frisbee  
chew a bone  
chase my neighbor's fluffy cat  
explore the forest on my own  
Roll in dead things  
drink from toilets  
chew my sister's favorite shoes  
beg for meatloaf  
wrestle  
cuddle  
pretend I understood the news  
stretch and yawn  
find my bed  
turn in circles round and round  
curl my tail to touch my head  
fall asleep without a sound.

### The Metaphor Family

By Lill Pluta

My brother is a dragon.  
My mom's a teddy bear.  
I am a shaggy sheepdog,  
With a ton of tangled hair.

My father is a monkey.  
His hope, to make us laugh,  
especially my sister,  
who is a tall giraffe.

We are a busy family,  
with many things to do.  
Our home is always happy,  
but sometimes it's a zoo.

### Super Samson Simpson

By Jack Prelutsky

I am Super Samson Simpson,  
I am superlatively strong,  
I like to carry elephants,  
I do it all day long.

I pick up half a dozen  
and hoist them in the air,  
it's really somewhat simple,  
for I have strength to spare.

My muscles are enormous,  
they bulge from top to toe,  
and when I carry elephants,  
they ripple to and fro.

But I am not the strongest  
in the Simpson family,  
for when I carry elephants,  
my grandma carries me.

### Trouble

By David Keppel

Better never trouble Trouble  
Until Trouble troubles you;  
For you only make your trouble  
Double-trouble when you do;  
And the trouble-like a bubble-  
That you're troubling about,  
May be nothing but a cipher  
With it'

### Our Magnificent World

By Shilow

Adventures in creation  
And discovery  
Understanding who you are  
And choosing who you want to be  
Dreams for a magnificent world  
Enjoying the journey  
Playing with destiny  
Shaping reality  
Believing in the infinite  
And eternal beauty  
Pulsing through all things

# Poems

## 4th Grade

### Zoom Gloom

By Kenn Nesbitt

Distance learning. What a bore.  
Our school's been closed a month or more.  
I'm stuck at home. I'm in my room,  
and meeting with my class on Zoom.  
There's no more lunchroom. No PE.  
Just studying and tests for me.  
There's no more recess. No more ball.  
Just staring at my bedroom wall.  
The playground's closed—the swings, the  
slide—  
and everybody's stuck inside.  
We can't go out and play with friends.  
I hope that, pretty soon, this ends.  
I know it's only for a while,  
but here's a thought that makes me smile:  
Although it might not sound so cool,  
I just can't *wait* to go to school.

### maggie and milly and molly and may

By e. e. cummings

maggie and milly and molly and may  
went down to the beach(to play one day)  
and maggie discovered a shell that sang  
so sweetly she couldn't remember her  
troubles,and  
milly befriended a stranded star  
whose rays five languid fingers were;  
and molly was chased by a horrible thing  
which raced sideways while blowing  
bubbles:and  
may came home with a smooth round stone  
as small as a world and as large as alone.  
For whatever we lose(like a you or a me)  
it's always ourselves we find in the sea

### Silver

By Walter de la Mare

Slowly, silently, now the moon  
Walks the night in her silver shoon;  
This way, and that, she peers, and sees  
Silver fruit upon silver trees;  
One by one the casements catch  
Her beams beneath the silvery thatch;  
Couched in his kennel, like a log,  
With paws of silver sleeps the dog;  
From their shadowy cote the white breasts peep  
Of doves in a silver-feathered sleep;  
A harvest mouse goes scampering by,  
With silver claws and a silver eye;  
And moveless fish in the water gleam,  
By silver reeds in a silver stream.

### A Pocket Poem

By Bobbi Katz

With a poem in your pocket,  
and a pocket in your pants,  
you can rock with new rhythms.

You can skip.  
You can dance.  
And wherever you go,  
and whatever you do,  
that poem in your pocket is going there, too.

You could misplace your homework.  
You could lose your left shoe.  
But that poem in your pocket will be part of you.

And nothing can take it.  
And nothing can break it.  
That poem in your pocket  
Becomes part of you!

### Humble and Grumble

By Eldred Herbert

Humble and Grumble were identical twins,  
And Humble was ever so meek;  
Grumble did nothing but grumble all day,  
Some may even call him a freak.

Humble was happy and everyone's friend,  
Grumble was jealous of course;  
Humble was happy to follow the Lord,  
But Grumble, an immoral source.

Humble was never seen wearing a frown,  
And Grumble, ne'er seen with a smile;  
Humble won friends by just being himself,  
But, Grumble, he won them by guile.

So Grumble, please follow Humble, your twin.

# Poems

## 5th Grade

### *The Place Where the Sidewalk Ends* By Shel Silverstein

There is a place where the sidewalk ends  
and before the street begins,  
and there the grass grows soft and white,  
and there the sun burns crimson bright,  
and there the moon-bird rests from his flight  
to cool in the peppermint wind.

Let us leave this place where the smoke blows black  
and the dark street winds and bends.  
Past the pits where the asphalt flowers grow  
we shall walk with a walk that is measured and slow  
and watch where the chalk-white arrows go  
to the place where the sidewalk ends.

Yes we'll walk with a walk that is measured and slow,  
and we'll go where the chalk-white arrows go,  
for the children, they mark, and the children,  
they know, the place where the sidewalk ends.

### *In Good Time* By Abimbola T. Alabi

Life can seem an endless maze,  
The twists and turns, lulls and delays,  
But things always fall into place.  
In good time.

Friends will sometimes go away.  
Some may disappoint or others betray,  
But new ones will come to stay.  
In good time.

The hurt of getting something wrong,  
And the lesson it often brings along  
Are there, you see, to make you strong.  
In good time.

Kindness freely given away,  
Unnoticed now, will somehow find its way  
Back to you and come to stay.  
In good time.

Efforts seem not to pay to plan?  
Forge on friend, doing the best you can.  
Fortune will find the deserving man.  
In good time.

Life can be tough, there's no doubt,  
But hope is the thing we can't do without.  
Right things with joy will come about.  
In good time.

### *Hope* By Louisa Jensen

Hope is a special something  
we cannot live without.  
We can all have hope  
but we must not doubt.  
We hope things will get better  
when everything goes wrong.  
Hope gives us what we need,  
it helps us to be strong.  
It keeps us going when we're tired,  
and helps us to be strong.  
It keeps us going when we're tired,  
and helps us when we fall.  
If we hope for what we already have,  
then that's not hope at all.  
But hope for what we can't yet see  
is patient, calm and waiting.  
Our minds must be controlled and quiet,  
all painful thoughts abating.  
All of life has purpose  
when we have something to believe.  
The gift of hope is a life-giving gift  
We hope one day to achieve.

### *Be Glad Your Nose Is on Your Face* By Jack Prelutsky

Be glad your nose is on your face,  
not pasted on some other place,  
for if it were where it is not,  
you might dislike your nose a lot.  
Imagine if your precious nose  
were sandwiched in between your toes,  
that clearly would not be a treat,  
for you'd be forced to smell your feet.  
Your nose would be a source of dread  
were it attached atop your head,  
it soon would drive you to despair,  
forever tickled by your hair.  
Within your ear, your nose would be  
an absolute catastrophe,  
for when you were obliged to sneeze,  
your brain would rattle from the breeze.  
Your nose, instead, through thick and thin,  
remains between your eyes and chin,  
not pasted on some other place--  
be glad your nose is on your face!

### *What is success?* By Ralph Waldo Emerson

What is success?  
To laugh often and much;  
To win the respect of intelligent people  
and the affection of children;  
To earn the appreciation of honest critics  
and endure the betrayal of false friends;  
To appreciate beauty;  
To find the best in others;  
To leave the world a bit better, whether by  
a healthy child, a garden patch  
or a redeemed social condition;  
To know even one life has breathed  
easier because you have lived;  
This is to have succeeded.

# Poems

## 6th Grade

### *As Is Life*

By Albi Demeza

It's strange the things you remember  
And the things you seem to forget.  
It's a jamboree of all sorts,  
A patchwork of joys and regrets.

You remember the days when you mess up,  
The days when sadness brings tears,  
But you forget all those small happy moments  
When it's laughter that brings you to tears.

If only we could be happy forever,  
To look forward, not think of the past,  
Our lives would be full of elation,  
With sadness a ghost of the past.

### *A Poem of Hope*

By Catherine Pulsifer

When life is getting you down, and you need a little hope.  
Look deep down inside yourself, and you'll find the way to cope.

When life is getting you down, and you need a little love.  
Go to the person whom you are the closest, as the rest they are above.

When life is getting you down, and all you need is a laugh.  
Find the friend that makes you smile, might even be one you wrath.

When life is getting you down, don't allow it so.  
Change the way you think of life, and life will be better, you know.

When life is getting you down, don't sit and mope  
Take action and always have hope.

When life is getting you down, take time to pray  
Don't allow yourself to frown, God will help you see the  
blessings of the day.

### *When The Clouds Cover The Sky*

Written Anonymously by Selffa.com

When the clouds cover the sky,  
and the rain begins to pour from a height.  
When it gets all dark outside,  
And you just wish you could stay at home and hide.  
A silver lining suddenly forms around the cloud,  
And almost immediately the quiet turns into loud.  
The sun peeks right through and the rainbow makes its entrance,  
It is the most beautiful sight, it is the perfect time for romance.  
Love is suddenly back in the air,  
It is smiling through heaven with pride and flare.  
While the darkness is no where now,  
It is taken over by light and the earth is smiling again.  
For no darkness is here to stay forever,  
Sooner or later light will surely arrive however.

### *The Lorax* (Excerpt)

By Dr. Seuss

At the far end of town where the Grickle-grass grows  
and the wind smells slow-and-sour when it blows  
and no birds ever sing excepting old crows  
is the Street of the Lifted Lorax.

And deep in the Grickle-grass, some people say,  
if you look deep enough you can still see, today,  
where the Lorax once stood just as long as it could  
before somebody lifted the Lorax away ...

Now that you're here, the word of the Lorax  
seems perfectly clear.  
UNLESS someone like you cares a whole awful lot,  
nothing is going to get better. It's not.

SO... Catch! Calls the Once-ler. He lets something fall.  
It's a Truffula Seed. It's the last one of all!  
You're in charge of the last of the Truffula Seeds.  
And Truffula Trees are what everyone needs.

Plant a new Truffula. Treat it with care.  
Give it clean water. And feed it fresh air.  
Grow a forest. Protect it from axes that hack.  
Then, the Lorax and all of his friends  
may come back.

### *Somewhere Along The Stony Way*

Written Anonymously by Selffa.com

Somewhere along the stony way,  
Lies a hidden hope of yesterday.  
You probably never noticed it in the past,  
But they are joys forever to last.  
They will show up when you least expect them to,  
And they will reward you with bliss experienced  
by only a fortunate few.

If you hope there won't be fear,  
If you hope, there won't be tears,  
Hope is a word that believes us to do things,  
Hope is a word that propels everything,  
Hope keeps us going till the end,  
Hope gives us the inner strength.



## 6th Grade (continued)

### *I Dreamed That I Was Flying*

By Kevin Nesbitt

I dreamed that I was in my room  
when much to my surprise,  
I found that if I flapped my arms  
it made me start to rise.

I waved my arms a little more  
and floated off the ground,  
I rose up to the ceiling  
and I had a look around.

I flapped around my bedroom  
then decided what I'd do:  
I opened up my window,  
waved my arms, and out I flew!

I flew around the city  
with surprising grace and ease.  
I sailed along the rooftops  
and I soared among the trees  
I chased a pair of pigeons  
'round the playground in the park.  
I raced beside a robin  
and cavorted with a lark.

And when I tired of flying  
and decided I should rest,  
I joined a sleeping eagle  
for a nap inside his nest.

I woke confused this morning,  
and I had to scratch my head,  
for underneath my covers  
I found feathers in my bed.

## Poems

### 7th Grade

### *Small Yet Luminous*

By Shilow

I get lost  
I get found  
I am bound to a heartbeat  
In the warmth  
In a hold  
I am strong within the wind of change  
Where do the stars go in the city  
Won't you take me away  
Take me where I can lay  
Without the worries of the world  
I will come back renewed  
And we will share what we learned  
We will dance under showers of stardust  
Everybody gets so worked up  
I thought I had control  
But no, I am not immune  
I still feel so small under the moon  
Small yet luminous

## 7th Grade

### *The Rider*

By Naomi Shihab Nye

A boy told me  
if he roller-skated fast enough  
his loneliness couldn't catch up to him,  
the best reason I ever heard  
for trying to be a champion.  
What I wonder tonight  
pedaling hard down King William Street  
is if it translates to bicycles.  
A victory! To leave your loneliness  
panting behind you on some street corner  
while you float free into a cloud of  
sudden azaleas,  
pink petals that have never felt loneliness,  
no matter how slowly they fell.

### *Laughter Is A Gift*

by Catherine Pulsifer

Laughter is a gift  
It doesn't mean your fit  
But it will soften any tension  
It could be considered stress prevention.

Find a reason to laugh  
Just look at funny giraffes  
Watch a funny show  
A transformation you will go.

Read a silly book  
And laugh so others will look  
Or watch some children play  
They always find a yea!

The most wasted of all days  
Is one where laughter is delayed.  
When life gets you down  
Please don't frown.

So take this wonderful gift  
And don't ever be miffed  
Laughter makes living  
For us to be giving.

## 7th Grade (continued)

### Hope

By Sri Chinmoy

Hope  
Knows no fear.  
Hope dares to blossom  
Even inside the abysmal abyss.  
Hope secretly feeds  
And strengthens  
Promise.

Hope passes beyond,  
Far beyond  
The abyss of despair.

Let us not underestimate the power of hope.  
No matter how fleeting its life,  
It offers to us the most convincing  
And fulfilling power.

Yesterday's failures  
Must be forgotten.  
Tomorrow's new hope  
And new fulfilment  
Must be cherished.

Hope is not a momentary flicker.  
Hope is Eternity's slow, steady,  
Illumining and fulfilling height.

Hope is sweet.  
Hope is illuminating.  
Hope is fulfilling.  
Hope can be everlasting.  
Therefore, do not give up hope  
Even in the sunset of your life.

### Dream

By Edgar Allan Poe

Take this kiss upon the brow!  
And, in parting from you now,  
Thus much let me avow —  
You are not wrong, who deem  
That my days have been a dream;  
Yet if hope has flown away  
In a night, or in a day,  
In a vision, or in none,  
Is it therefore the less gone?  
All that we see or seem  
Is but a dream within a dream.

I stand amid the roar  
Of a surf-tormented shore,  
And I hold within my hand  
Grains of the golden sand —  
How few! Yet how they creep  
Through my fingers to the deep,  
While I weep — while I weep!  
O God! Can I not grasp  
Them with a tighter clasp?  
O God! can I not save  
One from the pitiless wave?  
Is all that we see or seem  
But a dream within a dream?

## Poems

### 8th Grade

#### The Old Oak Tree

By Erica M.L. , (2017 age 13)

Sometimes at night I get up from my bed.  
I go outside and I lay down my head.

On these cool fall nights, I lay in peace  
Under the shelter of the old oak tree.

Leaning my head against its bark.  
Looking up at the sky, things aren't so dark.

I can feel it... the oak is living, breathing.  
The leaves are alive... its heart is beating...

I listen closer and wonder what it's seen  
With its wise old bark and its leaves of green.

It cradles me closer. The leaves whisper to me,  
So I sit there and listen to the old oak tree.

Gazing at the dark night sky,  
The expanse of stars is breathtaking. I sigh.

Out there is a universe much greater than I,  
But the place where I belong is where I reside.

One day I'll explore it. I'll touch every star,  
And I'll find my way back to where you are.

One day I'll go out there, oh the things I will see.  
Until then...I'll stay under the old oak tree.

Safe in its arms, I lay. The night is still.  
It loves me, holds me, and always will.

Hush. It whispers. I close my eyes,  
And I begin to drift as the moon does rise.

Hush says the tree. Everything is all right.  
I let myself slip away on that cool fall night.

And I dream... I am far, somewhere up in the sky,

Exploring the universe that is greater than I...

Living, breathing, she whispers to me,  
So I lay hopeful, and dream

Under the old oak tree.

## 8th Grade (continued)

### *I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings* By Maya Angelou

A free bird leaps on the back  
Of the wind and floats downstream  
Till the current ends and dips his wing  
In the orange sun's rays  
And dares to claim the sky.

But a BIRD that stalks down his narrow cage  
Can seldom see through his bars of rage  
His wings are clipped and his feet are tied  
So he opens his throat to sing.

The caged bird sings with a fearful trill  
Of things unknown but longed for still  
And his tune is heard on the distant hill for  
The caged bird sings of freedom.

The free bird thinks of another breeze  
And the trade winds soft through  
The sighing trees  
And the fat worms waiting on a dawn-bright  
Lawn and he names the sky his own.

But a caged BIRD stands on the grave of dreams  
His shadow shouts on a nightmare scream  
His wings are clipped and his feet are tied  
So he opens his throat to sing.

The caged bird sings with  
A fearful trill of things unknown  
But longed for still and his  
Tune is heard on the distant hill  
For the caged bird sings of freedom.

### Television by Roald Dahl

The most important thing we've learned,  
So far as children are concerned,  
Is never, NEVER, NEVER let  
Them near your television set --  
Or better still, just don't install  
The idiotic thing at all.

But did you ever stop to think,  
To wonder just exactly what  
This does to your beloved tot?

IT ROTTS THE SENSE IN THE HEAD!  
IT KILLS IMAGINATION DEAD!  
IT CLOGS AND CLUTTERS UP THE MIND!  
IT MAKES A CHILD SO DULL AND BLIND  
HE CAN NO LONGER UNDERSTAND  
A FANTASY, A FAIRYLAND!  
HIS BRAIN BECOMES AS SOFT AS CHEESE!  
HIS POWERS OF THINKING RUST AND FREEZE!  
HE CANNOT THINK -- HE ONLY SEES!

'Before this monster was invented  
How did they keep themselves contented?'

THEY ... USED ... TO ... READ! They'd READ and READ,  
AND READ and READ, and then proceed  
To READ some more. Great Scott! Gadzooks!  
One half their lives was reading books!

The nursery shelves held books galore!  
Books cluttered up the nursery floor!  
And in the bedroom, by the bed,  
More books were waiting to be read!  
Such wondrous, fine, fantastic tales  
Of dragons, gypsies, queens, and whales  
And treasure isles, and distant shores.

Oh, books, what books they used to know,  
Those children living long ago!  
So please, oh please, we beg, we pray,  
Go throw your TV set away,  
And in its place you can install  
A lovely bookshelf on the wall.  
Then fill the shelves with lots of books,  
Ignoring all the dirty looks.

They'll now begin to feel the need  
Of having something to read.

And once they start -- oh boy, oh boy!  
You watch the slowly growing joy  
That fills their hearts. They'll grow so keen  
They'll wonder what they'd ever seen  
In that ridiculous machine,  
That nauseating, foul, unclean,  
Repulsive television screen!  
And later, each and every kid  
Will love you more for what you did.

## 8th Grade (continued)

### Help My Soul To Rise

By Greta Zwaan

In the wilderness of depression my heart has sunk so low,  
I long for a solution but I don't know where to go.  
I have this guilty complex, as if the fault were mine,  
As if somehow I'd ventured through a "no admittance" sign.

I feel I ought not be here, I've better things to do,  
Yet I can't seem to focus, I'm simply muddling through.  
My tears are always present, appearing just at will,  
I feel nobody loves me, my world is oh, so still.

In crowds I feel an outcast, as if I don't belong,  
I cannot speak to strangers within a noisy throng.  
My mind is all confusion, my heart is full of fear,  
I can't find any solace, what am I doing here?

With haste I rush for shelter far from this mob, this crowd,  
No matter what the function, they're all so terribly loud.  
Back to my silent enclave, to loneliness and pain,  
To sort out troubled feelings that surface once again.

How do I cast this burden? Find peace to fill my soul?  
Where do I get my answers? How do I find control?  
Can someone please direct me? Can someone give me hope?  
Within this darkened valley I can no longer cope.

The world's so dark and dreary, I may decide to leave,  
I've tried but I can't conquer, I just cannot achieve.  
If you could feel compassion, if you would be my friend,  
Perhaps I'd seek renewal, perhaps my world won't end.

I need you to stand by me, but not to criticize,  
Give me a firm foundation, please. Help my soul to rise.

### Hopes and Dreams

By Kym Erickson

You're the driver of your destiny,  
Passenger of none,  
In control and looking forward  
Of things that must be done.

You're the captain of your ship,  
Destination unknown,  
Plans to help you get there  
And freedom to bring you home.

You're the pilot of your airplane;  
Fly as high as you can.  
Life is what you make it,  
So follow your plan.

Hopes and dreams not yet reached,  
Motivation on display.  
A journey full of ups and downs,  
Experience gained each day.

Direction is always forward;  
Backwards remains the same.  
Discover your authentic self,  
And have a willingness to change.

Enhance each quality given.  
Develop talents you were blessed.  
Transform your heart into one of gold,  
And believe in more than yourself.

Mistakes are made; we move on.  
We get back on our feet.  
I'm here to support you always  
Should you ever need me.

For every start there is a finish.  
For every beginning there is an end.  
Hold onto your accomplishments,  
And even tighter to your friends.