**Summative Poetry Assignment** **Name**

Complete the worksheet below to showcase your full understanding of the poetry unit. I will be using the tasks below as a final poetry assessment for you.

**Task 1:** Create a poster that showcases the poetic devices from your glossary. It should what each term means through either definitions or examples. Use all your own words. The poster should be a combination of pictures and text. Use colour and size of print to emphasis the most important ideas.

You can use paper to create your poster or put together a digital poster.

**Task 2**: Choose 2 of the 4 poems on the following pages. Write a response to the poem describing what you think the author is trying to share with us and explaining what you like and don’t like about the poem. Identify the poetic devices that the author is using and the type of poem it is.

**Task 3:** Write one poem of your own. Choose several poetic devices and use whichever format works well for your poem.

**Sick** By Shel Silverstein

“I cannot go to school today,"
Said little Peggy Ann McKay.
“I have the measles and the mumps,
A gash, a rash and purple bumps.
My mouth is wet, my throat is dry,
I’m going blind in my right eye.
My tonsils are as big as rocks,
I’ve counted sixteen chicken pox
And there’s one more--that’s seventeen,
And don’t you think my face looks green?
My leg is cut--my eyes are blue--
It might be instamatic flu.
I cough and sneeze and gasp and choke,
I’m sure that my left leg is broke--
My hip hurts when I move my chin,
My belly button’s caving in,
My back is wrenched, my ankle’s sprained,
My ‘pendix pains each time it rains.
My nose is cold, my toes are numb.
I have a sliver in my thumb.
My neck is stiff, my voice is weak,
I hardly whisper when I speak.
My tongue is filling up my mouth,
I think my hair is falling out.
My elbow’s bent, my spine ain’t straight,
My temperature is one-o-eight.
My brain is shrunk, I cannot hear,
There is a hole inside my ear.
I have a hangnail, and my heart is--what?
What’s that? What’s that you say?
You say today is. . .Saturday?
G’bye, I’m going out to play!”

Source: <https://www.familyfriendpoems.com/poem/sick-by-shel-silverstein>

**United** © Erica

Do we stay silent
Or raise our voices?
Do we give in
Or make our choices?

This is our chance.
This is our threat.
This is our choice.
And we're not finished yet.

We stand together
And await the light.
This is our chance,
This is our fight.

Here we're standing,
United and strong.
We're not giving this up.
We're not moving on.

This is our voice;
This is what we came to show.
This is our choice,
And we're not letting go.

This is our word.
You give what you get.
This is our world,
And we're not finished yet.

We stand beside you,
Ready to pay our debt
We stand united
Because we're not finished yet.

Children are born every day,
Waiting for someone to trust.
Dreams are dreamed every day
But left alone to rust.

Raise your voices; stand up tall.
You know this is unjust.
Make your choices; stand from the fall,
Because dreams are counting on us.

I know that you are scared to be strong.
You have every right to be.
Show the dreamers that you care.
Come and stand with me.

Think of our future; think of the truth.
Think of the lives we share.
Think of our beginnings; think of our youth.
We're all just a kid from somewhere.

Standing together, holding hands,
We all came from the same place.
Joined, we are forever;
We are running the same race.

Stand with me; we're not through yet.
We are getting what we gave.
Hand in hand with me, strongest together.
This can all be saved.

This is like our lifetimes;
This is more than just a game.
This is more than just the money,
More than ourselves, more than fame.

Speak up for what matters,
Because now it does; this love is caving.
Speak up before we shatter.
Think of all the dreams we're saving.

There are kids like us in Texas,
Out in Utah, up in Maine.
There are kids that are the future Crosby,
Skinner, Matthews, Kane.

From the mountains, valleys, cities,
Suburbs, hamlets and countryside,
There are the children of this future.
All around us they reside.

On the Pittsburgh Penguins, Boston Bruins,
The Canes and Minnesota Wild.
We often forget that before they were champions,
Each one was just a child

They once stood watching,
Dreaming with this light inside their eyes.
Together we can save that light,
And return it to more lives.

Here we're standing, grasping hands;
Here we're standing strong.
This time we're not giving in,
And we're not moving on.

THIS is our voice;
This is what we came to show.
This is our choice,
And we're not letting go.

This is the world we live in.
You must give what you get.
This is our word we're giving.
We're not finished yet.

We stand together, united.
This is our chance to repay this debt.
We stand beside you all, united.
We're not finished ye

Source: https://www.familyfriendpoems.com/poem/united

**My Best Friend** by Abby Jenkins

Black and white
Thick and furry
Fast as the wind
Always in a hurry
Couple of spots
Rub my ears
Always comes when his name he hears
Loves his ball; it's his favorite thing
What's most fun for him? Everything!
Great big tongue that licks my face
Has a crate, his very own space
Big brown eyes like moon pies
He's my friend till the very end!
Source: <https://www.familyfriendpoems.com/poem/dog-poem>

**Cry Of Wolves** by Shelagh Bullman

Rulers of the night, the wilderness is your home,
Man in his ignorance won't leave you alone,
Strong together you hunt for survival,
Man and his gun your only rival.

Mistress of the moon, shadows dancing on Northern skies,
I hear your torment and mournful cries,
Running, hunting, surviving, dying,
From frozen mountain tops I hear your crying.

Great warriors of the night,
I wish you strength and stamina,
Courage in your plight.
You are the heart of the wilderness,
Cool air and mountain snow,
You are part of this land but man is your foe.

So once again the dark night becomes black,
And howling is heard as wolves gather and pack,
With spirit and fight, stamina and charm,
Let no man destroy you, you mean them no harm.

Brave warriors of the night,
In the wilderness be,
Wise and cunning hunters,
Forever be free.

Let your howling join the earth,
May you hunt with no fear,
Let the mountains echo out,
The howl of wolves that fills the mountain air.

Source: <https://www.familyfriendpoems.com/poem/cry-of-wolves>