

## Flocabulary poem guided notes

### **Nitty:**

Welcome, welcome to this poetry slam. Alright, guys, I'll call you up one at a time, OK? Have fun up there.

Welcome to the poetry cafe,

But you don't need to sip a latte or rock a beret.

First up, Sugita Hisajo has a haiku. She flew in from Japan just to spit it for you.

A \_\_\_\_\_ is short with just \_\_\_\_\_ lines,

With a set \_\_\_\_\_ of syllables each time.

\_\_\_\_\_ in the first, then \_\_\_\_\_ syllables,

Then five again in the last line, that's critical. It doesn't matter about the \_\_\_\_\_ or the rhyme. Their theme is \_\_\_\_\_, most of the time.

Come on, come on up on the stage, yeah, come on.

### **Sugita Hisajo:**

Chasing butterflies

Deep into the spring mountains,

So I lost my way.

### **Nitty:**

Ooh, that was nice!

### **Sugita Hisajo:**

Thank you.

OK, next up, Edward Lear, for a little bit. Will keep it lighthearted with a limerick.

They're often \_\_\_\_\_, sometimes rude or naughty,

They've been causing laughs for centuries, probably.

Limericks are short, \_\_\_\_\_ lines, OK, and they always rhyme AABBA.

Come on, Mr. Lear, lend him your ear.

### **Edward Lear:**

There was a Young Lady whose chin,

Resembled the point of a pin;

So she had it made sharp,

And purchased a harp,

And played several tunes with her chin.

Thank you, thank you, thank you... I appreciate it.

### **Nitty:**

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That was excellent, thank you, thank you. We have a special treat for you up next,  
It's the bard, William Shakespeare, in the flesh.  
He's hopping on a sonnet, 14 \_\_\_\_\_,  
Sonnets always have clear rhyme scheme defined.  
Three four-line \_\_\_\_\_, those are quatrains,  
That rhyme ABAB, I'm not playing.  
Then a rhyming couplet, \_\_\_\_\_ lines at the end,  
They also have a certain meter contained within.  
That's the pattern of stressed syllables in a line,  
Looking for love? Pick a sonnet every time.

### **Nitty:**

Come on up, Mr. Shakespeare. He's gonna do a shortened version for y'all...

### **William Shakespeare:**

In faith, I do not love thee with mine eyes,  
For they in thee a thousand errors note;  
But 'tis my heart that loves what they despise,  
Who, in despite of view, is pleased to dote;  
...Only my plague thus far I count my gain,  
That she that makes me sin awards me pain.

### **Nitty:**

That was crazy. I'mma have to unpack that later...

OK, folks, that's all the dead poets tonight,  
But I wanted to make mention of a few more types.  
We've got concrete poems, a visual \_\_\_\_\_,  
Where the poem is shaped like what it describes.  
A poem that tells a \_\_\_\_\_ is called a ballad,  
Many have been passed down through songs, and that is  
Kinda cool, but to end, here's a poem I had to rehearse  
This type of poem has no rules, it's a free verse...

I need no rules,  
No meter,  
No rhyme.  
Forgive me,  
This verse is so sweet  
And so cold.