

A Point of View to Share...

Almost every time I go to a meeting of English teachers, I hear someone make a sneering remark about "those big anthologies." I teach three grade levels every day, plus supervise independent study students when that is necessary. Next year I will have another prep added to my schedule for a reading class and/or an elective part of the year. I don't have time or energy to do the research and organization necessary to prepare that many different lessons daily and begin to do justice. I like my big anthology. It is balanced in genre, ethnicity and gender. It is so full of well researched lesson guides and support materials that I could teach out of one book for two years and still not use it all.

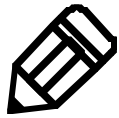
If you teach in a system where anthologies are assigned to you, I hope it is fairly new and a good one. Don't apologize. Just adapt and enhance to your heart's content and enjoy... JH

Creative Writing

2. Notions of Oceans

Create your own poem about the ocean or another place you've visited, perhaps with a friend. (You might get ideas about the ocean from the notes you made for the Quickwrite on page 460.) Try out any techniques that pleased you in Cumming's poem. You might want to adopt trademarks of Cumming's style: no capitalization, not much punctuation, and words run together without space between them.

One writer opened like this:
The beach was clean as
milk, the air was sheer
as silk, the sun was shining
on the shore.



The following are poems my seventh graders wrote after studying e.e.cummings' "milly and molly and maggie and may" and "I Am of Earth" by Anna Lee Walters.

The Quiet Woods

The woods are like an ice cream cone,
that cools the mind and the temper inside.

The woods are a hot dog fire, warming my heart,
with warm wood, blazing sights, and color, oh joy!

The woods are quiet. Quiet. No noise, no bother.
no jet plane, or auctioneers.

The woods are noiseless,
not boisterous, while gentle things unravel,

and to come out to the woods,
and to be of a brotherhood

to be a brother to the quiet,
and savor the silence.

The River

The river flows gracefully on
its impregnable currents drag leaves
and sticks along its path.

The minnows swim with the current while playing a
game of tag.

Pike looms hoping for breakfast.

The River continues on its timeless journey never
stopping.

Meanwhile Turtle sleeps as if dead with no worries or
troubles.

The River... so full of life.

My Mother

I am a girl
I have a mother
 She comforts me with love.
She clothes me with care.
 She makes me feel better.
She warms me with her touch.
 She embarrasses me with her signals.
She built me full of colors.
 From this day on, she loves me.

My trail in my woods
in my trail in my
 woods i see
 brown rabbits
 playing in the
 sea colored
 grass. i see
 trees, my
 luxurious
 lime colored
 trees, the leaves
 dancing in the
fanlike wind. i
touch the wet,
 wet rain drumming
 my hood. now
 my trail ends.
 i am refreshed.

The Court

I am good friends with the court.
He is my quiet place
He took away my sad feelings
He removes all my troubles
He gave me really good health
He presents me with a place to go
He helped me to do my best
He will push me to do better
He supports me in the day and even at night
And when I grow up,
And leave my home
I will always remember the times I had,
While playing on that court.

Teddy Bear

He is my friend
He opens my head and lets the thoughts
 fly out
He does not let my imagination finish
He helps it expand
He opens my spirit and makes it fly
 like an eagle soaring through the sky