



# Hope at Hand

## “Poetry is Everywhere”

### Directions

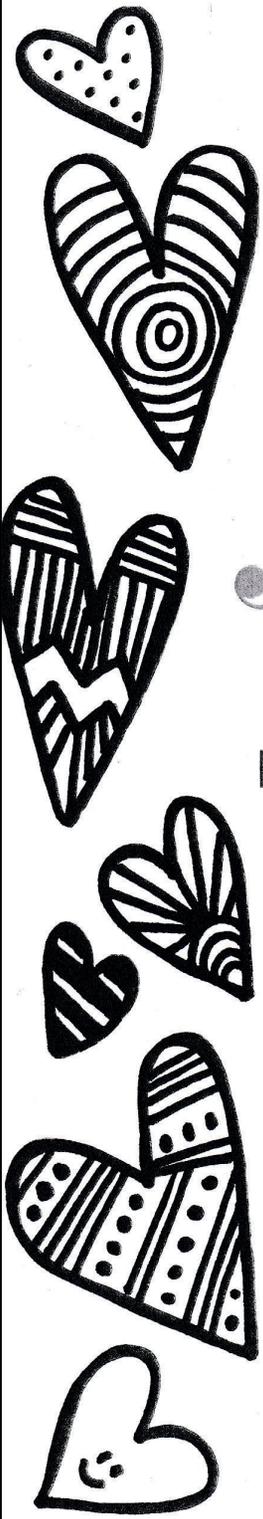
1. Start: Talk to participants about how poetry is everywhere in life. Show a few examples of Found Poetry and Blackout Poetry.
2. Read: The poem “ Everything I see is Poetry to Me”. Ask the students where do they see poetry.
3. Write: Found Poem.
  - Give the participants a handful of pre-cut words and have them arrange the words to create a poem. They can also write in their own words.
  - Once they’ve arranged the words how they want them, glue the words down to the paper.
  - After all the words are on the paper, they can decorate their paper with color and shapes.

Please bring an example of the art activity to your session—ideally one you’ve made yourself. A full-color example is included at the end of this document. *If needed, print it elsewhere, as color printing is not permitted on the office printer.*

4. Write: A Blackout Poem.
  - Give the participants a page from a book.
  - Have them underline interesting/evocative words with a pencil
  - Using a marker, go back and more carefully circle words or phrases that connect to make a narrative.
  - Blackout out the rest of the unchosen words with marker.

### Materials

Bag of pre-cut words and pieces of card stock, glue, colored pencils, markers, or crayons, pages from a book, and black markers.



**THE**

bright side.

**is**

**FREE**

*Joy*

**is**

**POWERFUL**

**explore**

happiness.

*Hope*

**MORE**

**LOVE**

**UNTIL A**

SMILE COMES OUT.

-B

It's time to Discover Yourself

**SEARCH** Beyond

Open Up

**FIND** Some ideas

Encounter Your Imagination

**be** Different

**GeT** Connected

we do have screens on the windows. But you still can't open a window when the train is moving."

"Why not?" Tom asked.

"Smoke from the locomotive would go into the passenger cars," the conductor said.

"They could fix it so all windows could be opened without any cinders or smoke getting into the passenger cars," Tom said, although he didn't have a least idea of exactly how it could be done.

And just how would they do that? the conductor asked. "I'm sure the president of this railroad and of every other railroad would be delighted to know."

Tom didn't miss seeing the conductor wink at the other passengers. He raised his index finger to his temple.

"I'll put my brain to work on it," he said, "and let you know when I start collecting tickets."

"I'll be back," the conductor said. "I wouldn't miss knowing this for the world."

All the passengers in the coach except Sweyn began to laugh. Sweyn felt so embarrassed that he slid way down in his seat.

"You have only been on this train for about ten minutes," he said, "and you've already made us the laughing stock of everybody in this coach."

"They won't be laughing very long," Tom said confidently, that his great brain would not let him down.

"You must be a little loco," Sweyn said with disgust.

"They have engineers with years of experience designing trains. If there was any way to open windows without getting cinders and smoke into the passenger cars, they would have invented it."

Does that make Tom give up? Heck no.

~~standing in the field~~

~~the houses and a church with a square tower and~~

~~the houses and a church with a square tower and~~

~~the houses and a church with a square tower and~~

~~the houses and a church with a square tower and~~

~~at the edge of the field~~

~~the houses and a church with a square tower and~~

~~because they~~

~~remember~~

~~because Father and Mother and I~~

~~to get a turkey to thank and we did what we~~

~~going by little~~

~~to get a turkey to thank and we did what we~~

~~going by little~~

~~to get a turkey to thank and we did what we~~

~~going by little~~

~~the houses and a church with a square tower and~~

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<sup>12</sup>This is really true because I asked Siobhan what people thought about when they looked at things, and this is what she said.

## Everything I see Is Poetry To Me

by Allen Steble

Everything I see  
Is poetry to me  
From the last standing tree  
In a lonely forest  
To the great ocean sea  
Bathing in the sunset  
Everything I see  
Is poetry to me

Everything I see  
Is poetry to me  
From the buzzing honeybee  
In a field of red roses  
To the whimsical jumping flea  
That makes a dog scratch vigorously  
Everything I see  
Is poetry to me

Everything I see  
Is poetry to me  
From the sun thinking brightly  
Against a clear blue sky  
To the birds flying freely  
singing in harmony  
Everything I see  
Is poetry to me

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