

Poetry Day 1:

Life Doesn't Frighten Me by Maya Angelou

Shadows on the wall
Noises down the hall
Life doesn't frighten me at all

Bad dogs barking loud
Big ghosts in a cloud
Life doesn't frighten me at all

Mean old Mother Goose
Lions on the loose
They don't frighten me at all

Dragons breathing flame
On my counterpane
That doesn't frighten me at all.

I go boo
Make them shoo
I make fun
Way they run
I won't cry
So they fly
I just smile
They go wild
Life doesn't frighten me at all.

Tough guys fight
All alone at night
Life doesn't frighten me at all.
Panthers in the park
Strangers in the dark
No, they don't frighten me at all.

That new classroom where
Boys all pull my hair
(Kissy little girls
With their hair in curls)
They don't frighten me at all.

Don't show me frogs and snakes
And listen for my scream,
If I'm afraid at all
It's only in my dreams.

I've got a magic charm
That I keep up my sleeve
I can walk the ocean floor
And never have to breathe.

Life doesn't frighten me at all
Not at all
Not at all.
Life doesn't frighten me at all.

Poetry Day 2:

Dreams by Langston Hughes

Hold fast to dreams
For if dreams die
Life is broken-winged bird
That cannot fly.

Hold fast to dreams
For when dreams go
Life is a barren field
Frozen with snow

Poetry Day 3:

on paper by Jacqueline Woodson

The first time I write my full name

Jacqueline Amanda Woodson

without anybody's help
on a clean white page in my composition notebook,
I know

if I wanted to

I could write anything.

Letters becoming words, words gathering meaning,
becoming
thoughts outside my head

becoming sentences

written by

Jacqueline Amanda Woodson

Poetry Day 4:

Summer by Walter Dean Myers

I like hot days, hot days
Sweat is what you got days
Bugs buzzin' from cousin to cousin
Juices dripping
Running and ripping
Catch the one you love days

Birds peeping
Old men sleeping
Lazy days, daisies lay
Beaming and dreaming
Of hot days, hot days,
Sweat is what you got days.

Poetry Day 5:

Reading by Jaqueline Woodson

I am not my sister.
Words from the books curl around each other
make little sense
until
I read them again
and again, the story
settling into memory. *Too slow*
the teacher says.
Read faster.
Too babyish, the teacher says.
Read older.
But I don't want to read faster or older or
any way else that might
make the story disappear too quickly
from where it's settling
inside my brain,
slowly becoming
a part of me.
A story I will remember
long after I've read it for the second,
third, tenth,
hundredth time.