

Shape Poetry

-Shape Poetry is also associated with Concrete Poetry-

Shape is one of the main things that separate prose and poetry. Poetry can take on many formats, but one of the most inventive forms is for the poem to take on the shape of its subject. Therefore, if the subject of your poem were of a flower, then the poem would be shaped like a flower. If it were of a fish, then the poem would take on the shape of a fish.

Shape and Concrete Poetry go hand-in-hand; however, Concrete or Visual Poetry don't have to take on the particular shape of the poem's subject, but rather the wording in the poem can enhance the effect of the words such as in this line:

```
an angel tumbling
d
  o
    w
      n
        to earth . . .
```

Designing your own shape poem can be simple and fun, but try not to pick anything that would be too difficult. We suggest mapping out or drawing your shape first, and then importing the text of your poem into your shape.

Broken Car

```
          What can I do with
            a car that doesn't go
              Can I find some way to fix it
                How long will it be before I can go again
                  Can the car even be fixed or is it hopeless
                    I can't take a bus to work they aren't around
                      Stranded                               No Money
                        Damned                               Things
```

Copyright © 2001 Johnathan Sluder

A Simple Tree

```
          and life began
            from a simple tree
              starting from roots
                they spread beneath
                  the earth nourishing soil
                    growing bigger
                      its trunk widens
                        strengthening
                          it begins to
                            stand
                              on
                                its
                                  own
and the roots keep reaching far beyond the ground...
```

Copyright © 2001 Julie Wright

Rockets Red Glare

I
see
above
my head
sparkling
lights of
bright colors
Announcing
Signaling
Rejoicing
Sounding
dreaming
calling
to my
being
telling
me that I
am free of
oppressions
can you see
what they
Have Said

Copyright © 2001 Johnathan Sluder

Luna

You
were my
first dandelion
wish, my cotton
candy kiss, and sweet
lullaby. With you nested
in the palm of my hand,
we became one with the night,
ruling over the stars in the sky.
You have been my guiding light
through sleepless nights, my
muse, and friend, always
lending a listening ear, and
offering your soft, glowing
light to ease my fears.
You are my warm,
goodnight moon,
Luna.

Copyright © 2003 Marie Summers