

Write Your Personal Biopoem

- Line 1: first name
- Line 2: four traits that describe you (usually adjectives)
- Line 3: relative of (“brother, sister, daughter, son, etc. of...,”)
- Line 4: lover of (three things or people)
- Line 5: who feels (three items or phrases)
- Line 6: who needs (three phrases)
- Line 7: who fears (three items)
- Line 8: who gives (three items or ideas)
- Line 9: who would like to see (three items for the future)
- Line 10: resident of (city, state, and/or country)
- Line 11: last name

“Found” Poetry:

You will be writing poetry with an unrestricted form, but the words will be provided for you. (It is similar to the magnetic poetry kits.)

Your poem need not rhyme nor contain an exact meter.

1. Write down about 50 words of your choice from the beginning of chapter two (see reverse).
2. You can add two of your own words that are not in the text.
3. From these 52 words, you are to create a poem that encapsulates the tone or the mood of the novel as you perceive it so far.
4. Arrange the words to be “poem-like” (make it visually appealing and be purposeful with punctuation).
5. Create a title for it.

For “Found” Poetry

The bunk house was a long, rectangular building. Inside, the walls were whitewashed and the floor unpainted. In three walls there were small, square windows, and in the fourth, a solid door with a wooden latch. Against the walls were eight bunks, five of them made up with blankets and the other three showing their burlap ticking. Over each bunk there was nailed an apple box with the opening forward so that it made two shelves for the personal belongings of the occupant of the bunk. And these shelves were loaded with little articles, soap and talcum powder, razors and those Western magazines ranch men love to read and scoff at and secretly believe. And there were medicines on the shelves, and little vials, combs; and from nails on the box sides, a few neckties. Near one wall there was a black cast-iron stove, its stovepipe going straight through the ceiling. In the middle of the room stood a big square table littered with playing cards, and around it were grouped boxes for the player to sit on.

At about ten o'clock in the morning the sun threw a bright dust-laden bar through one of the side windows, and in and out of the beam flies shot like rushing stars.

The wooden latch raised. The door opened and a tall, stoop-shouldered old man came in. He was dressed in blue jeans and he carried a big push-broom in his left hand.