# Lesson Overview

**Overview:** Students will view and evaluate primary sources of poetry examples and correlate the relationship of the poet, events in history pertaining to war, and then write their own poems honoring our veterans in our community.

**Grade Range:** 6-8

**Objective:** Students will examine and evaluate primary sources of poetry written by U.S. Presidents and other poets. They will recognize elements of history/war/soldiers and connect with real-life, local veterans and understand their roles in society. Students will write poetry with a rhyming pattern figurative language, and content will pay tribute to local veterans.

**Time Required:** One class period of 40 minutes

**Discipline/Subject:** Reading/English/Social Studies

**Topic/Subject:** War, Military/Presidents

**Era:** Great Depression/World War II, 1929-1945, Postwar United States, 1945-1968

## Standards

**Illinois Learning Standards:**

- **Social Studies:**
  18.B- Understand the roles and interactions of individuals and groups in society.
  18.B.3a-Analyze how individuals and groups interact with and within institutions.

- **Language Arts:**
  2.B.3a-Respond to literary material from personal, creative, and critical points of view.
  3.C-Communicate ideas in writing to accomplish a variety of purposes.
  5.B.3a-Choose and analyze information sources for individual, academic and functional purposes.
  5.B.3b-Identify, evaluate and cite primary sources.
  5.C.3b-Prepare and orally present original work supported by research.
Materials

Handouts: Copies of Primary Sources. LOC Mind Walk Activity
Analysis Tools: Poem Analysis
Rubrics: Poetry Rubric from Prentice-Hall

Library of Congress Items:
Title of Source: Abraham Lincoln, 1846 (Poem My Child-hood Home I See Again) and Transcript
Creator of Source: Abraham Lincoln
Date of Creation: 1846
URL of Source: http://memory.loc.gov/cgi-bin/ampage?collId=mal&fileName=mal3/433/4334400/malpage.db&recNum=0

Title of Source: Poetry Left At Memorial
Creator of Source: Photographer/Green, Steve, Photographer/ Barr, Christina
Date of Creation: September 2001?
URL of Source: http://memory.loc.gov/cgi-bin/query/r?ammem/afc911bib:@field(DOCID+@lit(afc911000186))

Online Resources:
Title: Obama as Poet
URL: http://www.loc.gov/rr/program/bib/prespoetry/bo.html
Description: LOC Web Guide poem written by President Obama

Title: Poetry 180 "How to Read a Poem Out Loud"
URL: http://www.loc.gov/poetry/180/p180-howtoread.html
Description: LOC Poetry 180 website with instructions on how to read a poem out loud.

Title: Poets Against War Website
URL: http://www.poetsagainstthewar.org/displaypoem.asp?aurthorID=1641
Description: Poem called “Ground Zero” by Robert Creeley

Procedures

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Procedure Step #</th>
<th>Resource or Material Used</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1. Students will become engaged in thinking about the past by reflecting and evaluating past activities using LOC Mind Walk Activity</td>
<td>Handouts</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2. Students will read online four keypoints: “How to Read a Poem Out Loud.”</td>
<td>Online Resource</td>
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<tr>
<td>3. Students will read and select a poem to analyze from various Library of Congress primary sources.</td>
<td>LOC Items Online Resources Analysis Tools</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4. Students will construct a 12 to 20 line poem to honor an American soldier.</td>
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<td>5. Students will recite poems to classmates in class and honored veterans at an all school assembly.</td>
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Evaluation

Rubric will be used to evaluate rhyming pattern, punctuation, and overall appropriate message to honor our veterans.

Author Credits:
D. Spannagel
Cumberland Middle School
My child's room home it sees again
And glancing with the rest,
And still on memory's memory back
There's sadness in it too.

O memory! These morning morn
The east is the new Redecision.
When things seemed so long past lost
In many shadows now.

And fields from all that grows arise
From hallowed, pale and bright.
Like some in some exclamation eyes
All hallowed in liquid lights.

As distant mountains please the eye
When the light above sing.
As bright trees, that passing by,
In certain airs swing.

As leaving some grander tale.
Me lingering let it mean, profound.
So memory will hollow all.
There known, but know no more.

Now twelve, years had passed away to
Know they are left far away of nature will,
It seems, and feels, more sense of play.
And schooldays loved so well.
My child-hood home I see again, And gladden with the view; And still as mem'ries crowd my brain, There's sadness in it too--

O memory! thou mid-way world Twixt Earth and Paradise; Where things decayed, and loved ones lost In dreamy shadows rise--

And freed from all that's gross or vile, Seem hallowed, pure, and bright, Like scenes in some enchanted isle, All bathed in liquid light--

As distant mountains please the eye, When twilight chases day -- As bugle-tones, that, passing by, In distance die away --As leaving some grand water-fall We ling'r ring list it's roar, So memory will hallow all We've known, but know no more--

Now twenty years have passed away, Since here I bid farewell To woods, and fields, and scenes of play And school-mates loved so well-- Where many were, how few remain Of old familiar things! But seeing these to mind again The lost and absent brings-- The friends I left that parting day -

How changed as time has sped! Young child hood grown, strong manhood grey, And half of all are dead--I hear the lone survivors tell How nought from death could save, Till every sound appears a knell And every spot a grave--

I pace the hollow rooms; And feel (companion of the dead) I'm living in the tombs-- A here's an object more of dread, Than ought the grave contains--

A human-form, with reason fled While wretched life remains--Poor Matthew! Once of genius bright,--A fortune-favored child--

Now locked for age, in mental night, A haggard mad-man wild--Poor Matthew! I have ne'er forgot When first with maddened will, Yourself you maimed, your father fought; And mother strove to kill; And terror spread, and neighbours ran, Your dang'rous strength to bind; And soon a howling crazy man, Your limbs were fast confined--

How then you writhed and shrieked aloud, Your bones and sinews bared; And fiendish on the gaping crowd, With burning eye-balls glared--

And begged, and swore, and wept, a And prayed, With maniac laughter joined--

How fearful are the signs displayed, By pangs that kill the mind! And when at length, tho,

dreer and long, Time soothed your fiercer woes --How plantively your mournful song, Upon the still night rose--I've heard it oft, as if I dreamed,

Far-distant, sweet, and lone; The funeral dirge, it ever seemed Of reason dead and gone--

To drink it's strains I've stole away, All silently and still, Ere yet the rising god of day Had streaked the Eastern hill--

Air held his breath, the trees all still Seemed sorr'wing angels round: Their swelling tears in dew-drops fell Upon the list'ning ground--

But this is past, and nought remains That raised you o'er the brute--

Your mad'ning shrieks and soothing strains Are like forever mute--Now fare thee well: more thou the cause Than subject now of woe. All mental pangs, by time's kind laws, Hast lost the power to know--

And now away to seek some scene Less painful than the last --With less of horror mingled in The present and the past--

The very spot where grew the bread, That formed my bones, I see How strange, old field, on thee to tread And feel I'm part of thee!

Prose and Heroes-Remembering our Soldiers
The Towers

You rushed up the stairs of the towers
As we rushed down...
You looked for those who needed you...
They were all around.

Your job is to save... that is what you
are taught to do...
no matter each horror or incident
it is expected... of you...

We see you today... going up each stair...
We are helpless and cry out
In despair
The building collapsed
Our hearts did too...
America lost its heroes
With you

Those of us living who don’t even
Know your name
Tet your brothers
And America will never be the same

Again and again firefighters
will all come along the
same oaths and traditions
will always carry on

And you... who follow the footsteps
Of those who went up those stairs
We give you our love our hope
And our prayers

And that this horror in America
can never again be
We wish God speed to you
And hold your brothers
Eternally.

Barbara Mengenroth
Saratoga, Florida
September 2001
Mother of a Firefighter.
Think for a moment about all the activities you were involved in during the past 24 hours. For each event, think further about what evidence, if any, your activities might have left behind.

Which of your daily activities were most likely to leave trace evidence behind?

What, if any, of that evidence might be preserved for the future? Why?

What might be left out of a historical record of your activities? Why?

What would a future historian be able to tell about your life and your society based on evidence of your daily activities that might be preserved for the future?

Now think about a more public event currently happening (a court case, election, public controversy, law being debated), and answer these questions:

What kinds of evidence might this event leave behind?

Who records information about this event?

For what purpose are different records of this event made?
POEM ANALYSIS

Looking at the Poem
Look at the physical format and graphical elements, What do you see?

Title
Author
Date Created
Does the look of the poem mean anything?

First Reading
Circle words that you don’t know.

Highlight words or phrases that you think are expressive. What about the language appeals to you?

Write any important words that are used more than three times below.

Responding to the Poem
What are your personal reactions to the poem?

Underline your favorite line. Why did it capture your attention?

Why is this considered a poem?

Thinking about History
For what audience was this poem written?

Why do you think the poet wrote this poem? What clues do you find that support this?

What does this poem tell you about life during this period in history?

Is the poem effective in communicating its message? How?

Write a question to the creator that is left unanswered by the poem.

What more do you want to know and how can you find out?

Prose and Heroes-Remembering our Soldiers
## Scoring Rubric: Poetry

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Date</th>
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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th><strong>Organization and Overall Impact</strong></th>
<th>4</th>
<th>3</th>
<th>2</th>
<th>1</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>The form of the poem is appropriate to the subject. The poem enables the reader to see, hear, feel, or think about the subject in a new way or in a more potent way than ever before.</td>
<td>The form of the poem is appropriate to the subject. The poem enables the reader to see, hear, feel, or think about the subject.</td>
<td>The form of the poem should be more appropriate to the subject. The poem enables the reader to see, hear, feel, or think about the subject.</td>
<td>The form of the poem is not appropriate to the subject. The poem does not enable the reader to see, hear, feel, or think about the subject.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<th><strong>Elements of Poetry</strong></th>
<th>4</th>
<th>3</th>
<th>2</th>
<th>1</th>
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<tr>
<td>Sensory details and figurative language contribute significantly to the meaning of the poem; sound devices, such as rhyme, alliteration, or onomatopoeia, are used effectively and contribute to the meaning of the poem. Word choice is vivid and exact throughout.</td>
<td>Sensory details and figurative language contribute to the meaning of the poem; sound devices, such as rhyme, alliteration, or onomatopoeia, also add to the meaning of the poem. Most word choices are precise.</td>
<td>Sensory details and figurative language may be overused, underused, or inappropriate to the subject; sound devices, such as rhyme, alliteration, or onomatopoeia, may be overused or underused, or they may fail to add to the meaning of the poem. Word choices may be vague, repetitive, or imprecise.</td>
<td>There is no use—or consistently confusing or inappropriate use—of sensory details, figurative language, or sound devices. Words may be misused or unclear.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<th><strong>Grammar, Usage, Mechanics, and Spelling</strong></th>
<th>4</th>
<th>3</th>
<th>2</th>
<th>1</th>
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<tr>
<td>There are few or no errors in mechanics, usage, grammar, or spelling.</td>
<td>There are some errors in mechanics, usage, grammar, or spelling.</td>
<td>The poem is difficult to understand at times because of errors in mechanics, usage, grammar, or spelling.</td>
<td>The poem is consistently difficult to understand because of errors in mechanics, usage, grammar, or spelling.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
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