here is a creative writing and collage challenge I did with 6th graders in Madrid.
want to explore the power of color, texture + shape to tell a story? your story. here's how...
"Where I’m From" Poem

You will need: scissors, magazines & glue, paper & pencil

AND AN OPEN MIND!
Where I'm From

I am from clothespins,
From Clorox and carbon tetrachloride.
I am from the dirt under the black porch
(Black, glistening it tasted like beets.)
I am from the forsythia bush, the Dutch elm whose long gone limbs I remember as if they were my own.

I’m from fudge and eyeglasses,
From Imogene and Alafair.
I’m from the know-it-alls and the pass-it-ons,
From perk up and pipe down.
I’m from He restoreth my soul with a cottonball lamb
And ten verses I can say myself.

I’m from Aretmus and Billie’s Branch,
Fried corn and strong coffee.
From the finger my grandfather lost to the auger
To the eye my father shut to keep his sight.

Under my bed was a dress box spilling old pictures,
A sift of lost faces to drift beneath my dreams.
I am from those moments – snapped before I budded—leaf-fall from the family tree.

George Ella Lyons
This is a collage based

On her poem. What do you see?
This is my poem!

I am from creaking floorboards,
daffodils in the spring and the bright red cardinal of winter.

We are sporty, hearty & hungry!

Wine sipping,
finger-licking,
beer brewing,
bread baking,
industrialists.

My trunk is thick with wisdom:
brown creased bark,
blue sky at my tips,
yellow blossoms and blue birds singing.

My leaves reach towards new light,
fresh air.

My deep roots connect and ground me.
I am grateful for the sap in my veins.
WHERE I AM FROM EXERCISE

I am from creaking floorboards, daffodils in the spring, and the bright red Cardinal of winter.

We are sporty, hearty, and hungry.

wine sipping, finger licking, beer brewing, bread baking, industrialists.

My trunk is thick with wisdom; brown creased bark, blue and white sky, yellow blossoms and the indigo bunting singing atop the apple tree.

My leaves reach towards new light, fresh air, my deep roots connect me and ground me. I am grateful for the sap in my veins.
Now that you have written your own "where I'm from" poem, think about how you can use colors, shapes, + textures to represent your words. And finally, make an abstract collage.