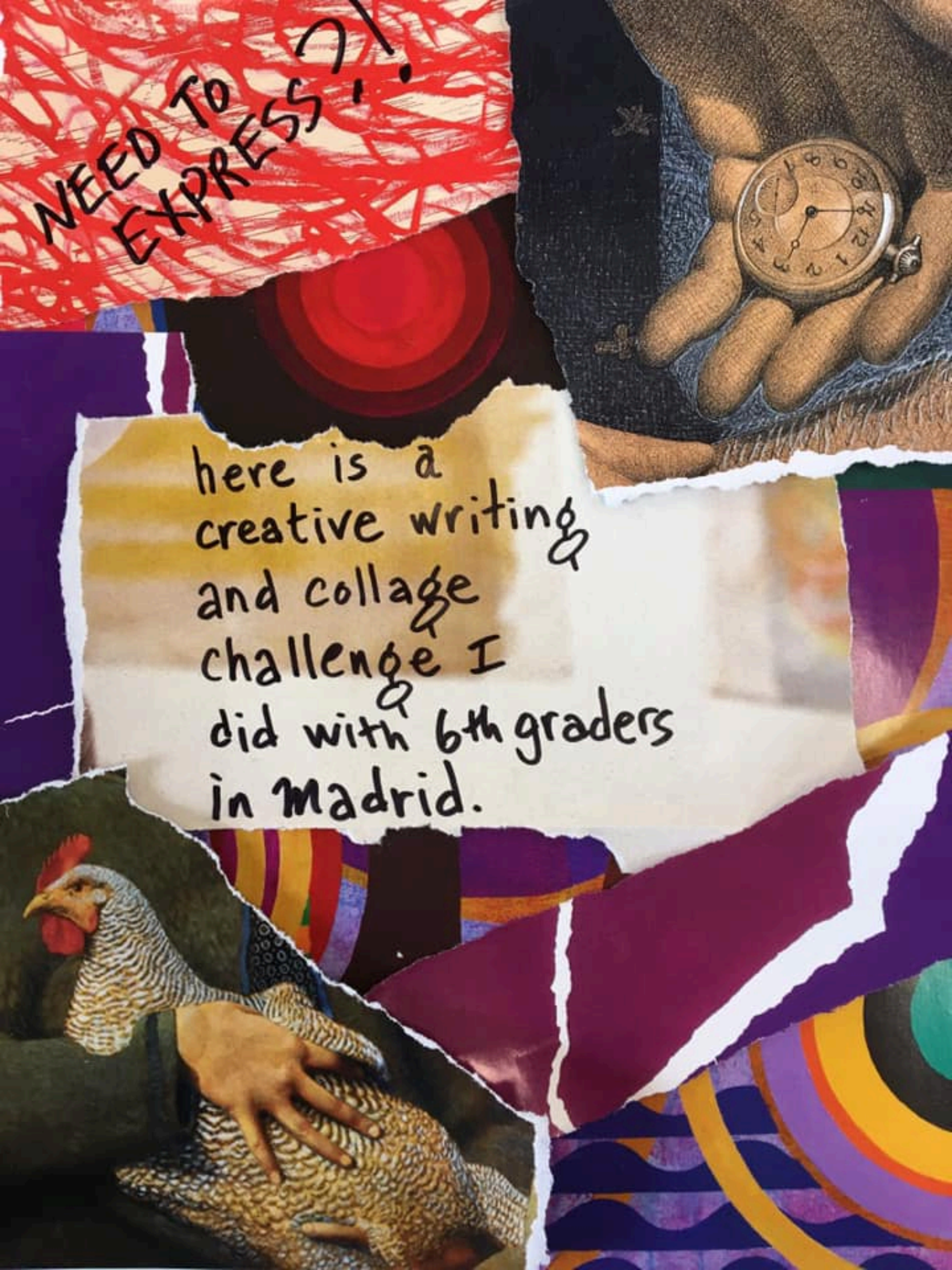


NEED TO EXPRESS!

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...

words



"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.

after you

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.

*read
this
poem*

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.

*write
your
own!*

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.

This is a collage of paper.



On her poem. What do you see?

This is my poem!

I AM FROM CREAKING FLOOR BOARDS,
DAFFODILS IN THE SPRING AND
THE BRIGHT RED
CARDINAL OF WINTER.

WE ARE SPORTY, HEARTY & HUNGRY!
WINE SIPPING
FINGER-LICKING
BEER BREWING
BREADBAKING
INDUSTRIALISTS.

MY TRUNK IS THICK WITH WISDOM:
BROWN CREASED BARK
BLUE SKY AT MY TIPS
YELLOW BLOSSOMS AND
BLUE BIRDS SINGING.

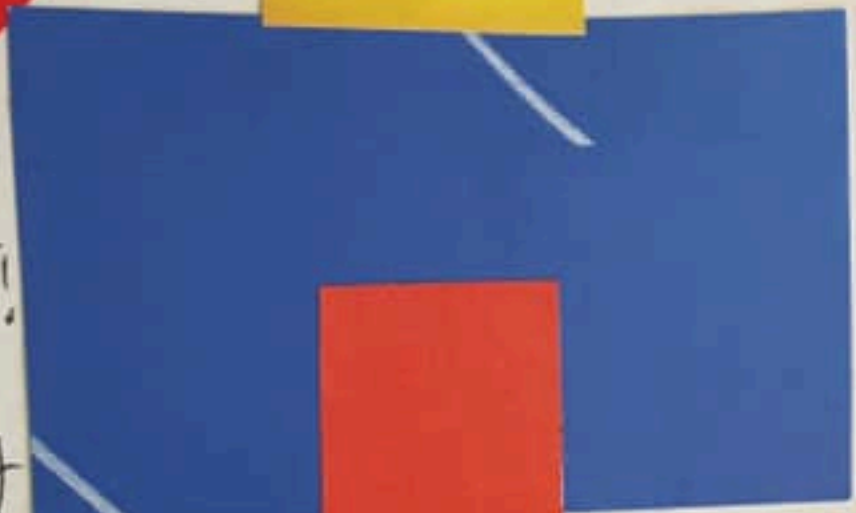
MY LEAVES REACH TOWARDS NEW LIGHT
FRESH AIR.

MY DEEP ROOTS CONNECT + GROUND ME
I AM GRATEFUL FOR THE SAP IN MY VEINS

No. WHERE I AM FROM EXERCISE.

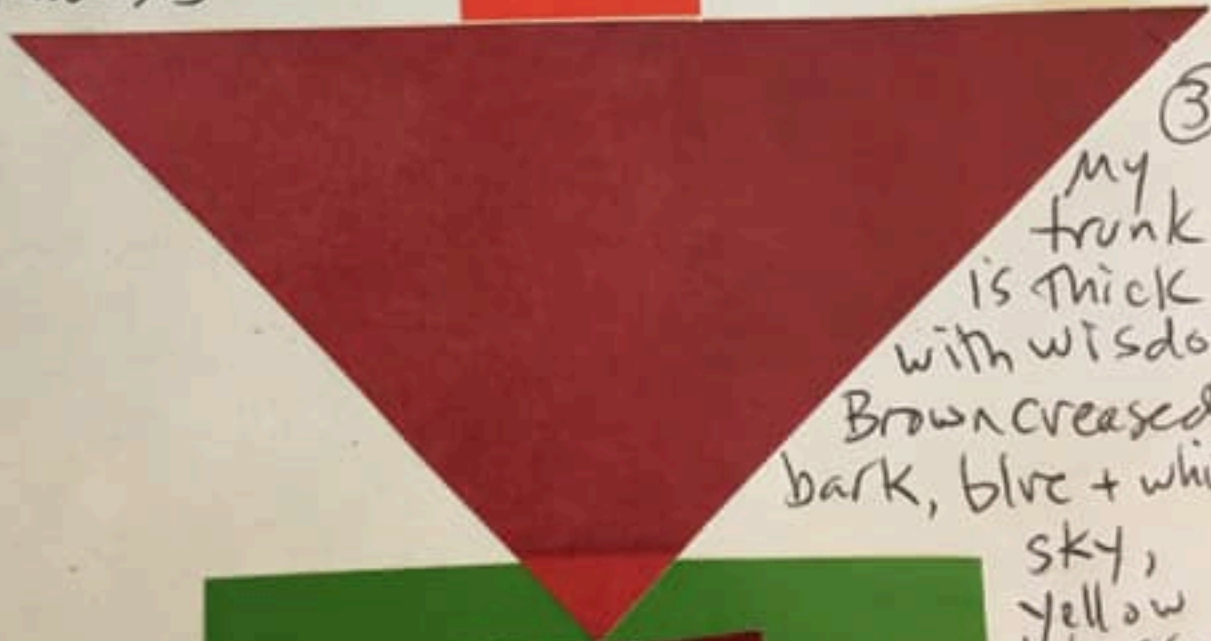
①

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



②
We are
sporty,
hearty &
hungry!

wine sipping
finger licking
beer brewing
bread baking
industrialists



③

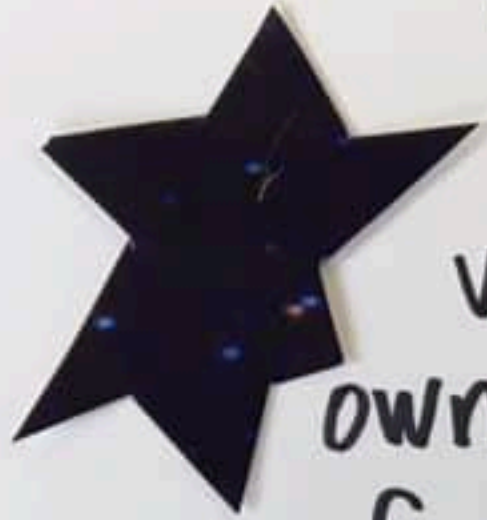
My
trunk
is thick
with wisdom:
Brown creased
bark, blue + white
sky,
yellow
blossoms
and
the indigo
bunting
singing
atop the
apple tree



④

My leaves reach towards new
light, fresh air.
My deep roots connect me + 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

