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**Interpersonal Poetry Reflection**

E.O. 3.1.a. Write narratives to develop real or imagined experiences or events using effective technique, well-chosen details, and well-structured event sequences

E.O.3.1.b. Write literary and narrative texts using a range of poetic techniques, figurative language, and graphic elements to engage or entertain the intended audience.

E.O.3.3.b. Produce clear and coherent writing in which the development, organization, and style are appropriate to task, purpose, and audience.

Task: Write a 1 page interpersonal reflection on what the poem means to you. Find a poem that you love. Find a poem that you would sing on street corners and whisper to friends. Find a poem that makes your heart beat and your palms sweat. Read the poem 3 times before you begin the actual writing of this assignment.

You should include the follow pieces of information to complete this assignment:

* Introduce the poem’s title (poem titles are placed inside quotation marks, like short story titles!) and the author’s name.
* Briefly summarize the poem (**no more than** three sentences worth of summary!)
* Explain how **two or three poetic devices** within the poem help to create meaning for you
* Think about your own personal experiences and make explicit connections using cited in-text quotes taken from the poem
  + How do you relate to the poem?
  + Why did you pick this poem?
  + How does it connect with your experiences?
  + How does it relate to your observations about the world?

\*You should include at least **three** cited pieces of the text to support your reflection and give your response validity.

See next page for example of interpersonal response—

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Honors P. 6

4 February 2015

Work All Week, Play All Night

Reading “Weekend Glory” by Maya Angelou provoked many thoughts that I can connect to in so many ways. I have always thought it is very important to be my true self. Trying to be someone else has always been an alien thought to me. When Angelou writes about how other people “posin'’ and preenin’ and puttin’ on acts” (3-4) but she does not, it confirmed that I am not the only one who has those values. Another moral I have always had is to earn the achievements I work at before anything else. I try to work all week and then do fun things on the weekend, just as Angelou “works all week at the factory then get spruced up and laugh and dance” (31-36). Putting effort into something makes one more proud than just getting it, as I have always thought. Another value I have always had is to be positive all the time, no matter what I have. Angelou put my thoughts into words when she said “My life sure ain’t heaven but it sure ain’t hell. I'm not on top but i call it swell” (42-46). I always try to think to be positive no matter what the circumstances are. I, like Angelou, am happy with where my life is even though I may not get the best grades, or have the most stuff; I am able to work hard, and then when done with that, I am able to play hard. Being able to connect to “Weekend Glory” puts my thoughts into words that I could never come up with on my own, but I can so relate to.

Here’s another example--

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Honors Language Arts 7

5 February 2015

“Mushrooms” by Sylvia Plath

“Mushrooms” by Sylvia Plath is the mushroom’s point of view and how they live and survive. I relate to it because like in the halls at school we are always being; “Nudgers and shovers/ In spite of ourselves”(“Mushrooms” 28-29). Every day I walk through the halls of the high school and have to squeeze myself past these monsters of people and try to shove my way through. I feel like mushrooms who think that: “We are edible”(27). I am edible. Sort of, I am short, so then I have to push and shove. There are “So many of us”(“ Mushrooms” 21). Of course I try to be polite as much as I can until I get aggravated. People seem to never hear me, both in and outside of class, I am “perfectly voiceless” (16), some might say. But I have a voice that needs to be heard especially if I need to get to my class on time. Being the height I am might not seem like a big deal, but in a school filled with really tall people who look down upon me, yes it's a big deal. Yes, being short does have its advantages, especially in a game of soccer. But when there is a social community outside of class, there are less advantages. I then feel like the little mushrooms that get hidden behind the big tall mushrooms who get the water sun that they need. Mushrooms really are a lot like me, I think, as is this poem.