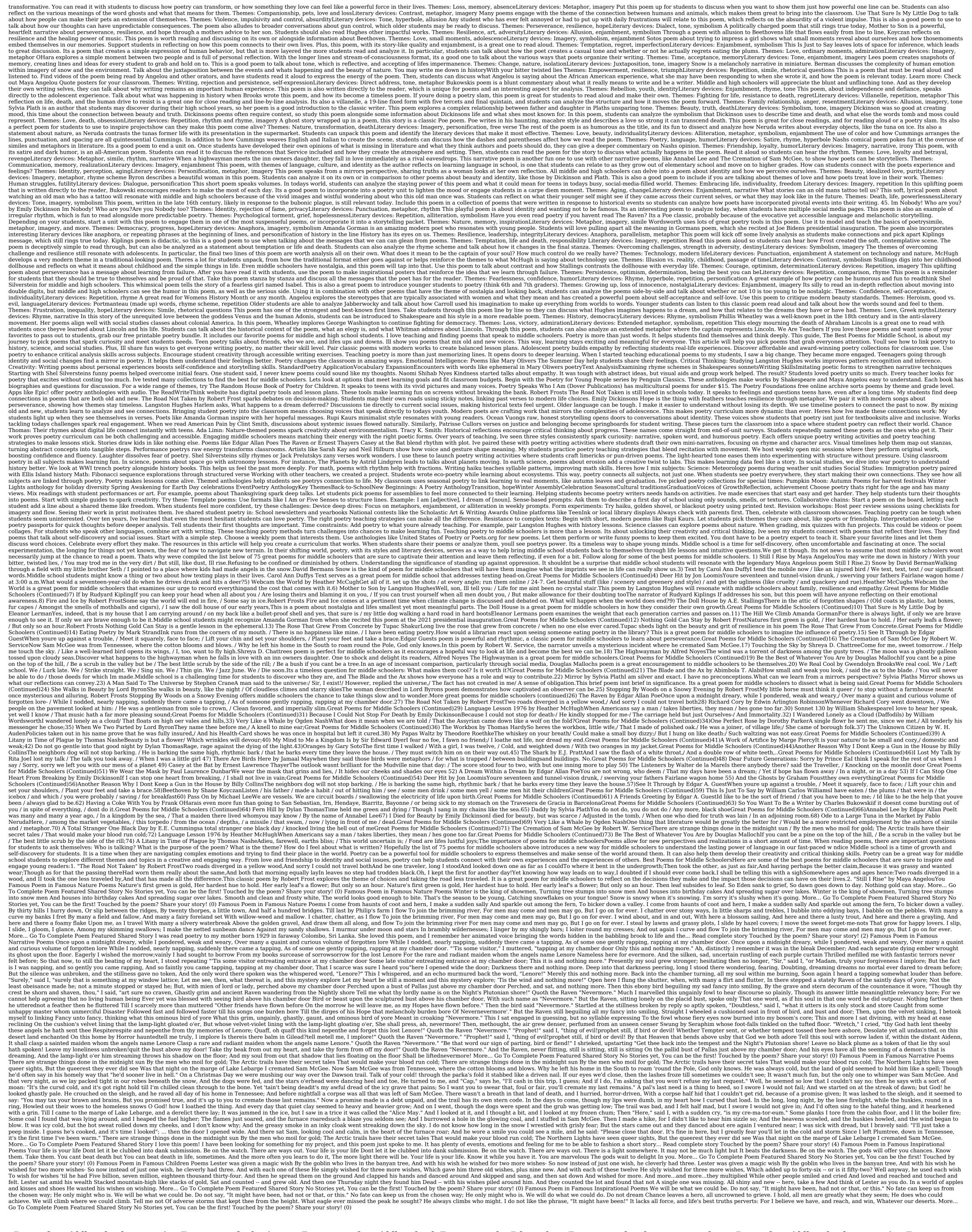
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be.Here it is nine plus four? and the answer is three.Three?Oh me . . . I guess its not as perfectAs I thought it would be. God in his wisdom made the flyAnd then forgot to tell us why. Twas brillig, and the slithy tovesDid gyre and gimble in the wabe;All mimsy were the borogoves,And the mome raths outgrabe. Beware the Jabberwock, my sonThe jaws
that bite, the claws that catch! Beware the Jubjub bird, and shunThe frumious Bandersnatch! He took his vorpal sword in hand; Long time the manxome foe he sought So rested he by the Tumtum tree, And stood awhile in thought. And, as in uffish thought he stood, The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame, Came whiffling through the tulgey wood, And burbled
as it came! One, two! One, two! One, two! And through and through and through the verbal blade went snicker-snack! He left it dead, and with its headHe went galumphing back. And hast thou slain the Jabberwock? Come to my arms, my beamish boy! O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay! He chortled in his joy. Twas brillig, and the slithy tovesDid gyre and gimble in the wabe; All
mimsy were the borogoves, And the mome raths outgrabe. If you have to dry the dishes(Such an awful, boring chore) If you have to dry the dishes anymore. If I were in charge of the worldId cancel oatmeal, Monday
mornings, Allergy shots, and also Sara Steinberg. If I were in charge of the worldYou wouldnt have lean. You wouldnt have lean. You wouldnt have lean. You wouldnt have sisters. If I were in charge of the worldYou wouldnt have sisters. If I were in charge of the worldYou wouldnt have sisters. If I were in charge of the worldYou wouldnt have sisters. If I were in charge of the worldYou wouldnt have sisters. If I were in charge of the worldYou wouldnt have sisters. If I were in charge of the worldYou wouldnt have sisters. If I were in charge of the worldYou wouldnt have sisters. If I were in charge of the worldYou wouldnt have sisters.
were in charge of the worldA chocolate sundae with whipped cream and nuts would be a vegetableAll 007 movies would be G,And a person who sometimes forgot to flush,Would still be allowed to beIn charge of the world. Be glad your nose is on your face,not pasted on some other place,for if it were where it is not,you
might dislike your nose a lot. Imagine if your precious nosewere sandwiched in between your toes, that clearly would be a source of dreadwere it attached atop your head, it soon would drive you to despair, forever tickled by your hair. Within your ear, your nose would bean absolute
catastrophe, for when you were obliged to sneeze, your brain would rattle from the breeze. Your nose, instead, through thick and thin, remains between your eyes and chin, not pasted on some other placebe glad your nose is on your face! I made myself a snowballAs perfect as could be. I thought Id keep it as a petAnd let it sleep with me. I made it some
pajamasAnd a pillow for its head. Then last night it ran away, But first it wet the bed. Herbert Hilbert Hubert Snodwas known for eating all things odd. The thing that bothered me the mosthas he spread toothpaste on his toast? Its springtime fresh, so cool and minty. His smiling eyes were bright and squinty. On baked potatoes, he would slather one half
can of shave cream lather. I dont know how his tum could copeas he ingested cubes of soap. At times his food choice made a scene; at least he kept his innards clean. I am Ebenezer Bleezer, I run BLEEZERS ICE CREAM STORE, there are flavors in my freezeryou have never seen before, twenty-eight divine creations too delicious to resist, why not do
yourself a favor, try the flavors on my list: COCOA MOCHA MACARONITAPIOCA SMOKED BALONEYCHECKERBERRY CHEDDAR CHEWCHICKEN CHERRY HONEYDEWTUTTI-FRUTTI STEWED TOMATOTUNA TACO BAKED POTATOLOBSTER LITCHI LIMA BEANMOZZARELLA MANGOSTEENALMOND HAM MERINGUE SALAMIYAM ANCHOVY
PRUNE PASTRAMISASSAFRAS SOUVLAKI HASHSUKIYAKI SUCCOTASHBUTTER BRICKLE PEPPER PICKLEPOMEGRANATE PUMPERNICKELPEACH PIMENTO PIZZA PLUMPEANUT PUMPKIN BUBBLEGUMBROCCOLI BANANA BLUSTERCHOCOLATE CHOP SUEY CLUSTERAVOCADO BRUSSELS SPROUTPERIWINKLE SAUERKRAUTCOTTON
CANDY CARROT CUSTARDCAULIFLOWER COLA MUSTARDONION DUMPLING DOUBLE DIPTURNIP TRUFFLE TRIPLE FLIPGARLIC GUMBO GRAVY GUAVALENTIL LEMON LIVER LAVAORANGE OLIVE BAGEL BEETWATERMELON WAFFLE WHEAT I am Ebenezer Bleezer, I run BLEEZERS ICE CREAM STORE, taste a flavor from my freezer, you
will surely ask for more. Our teacher gave detention to the fountains in the hall. She handed extra homework to the artwork on the wall. We saw her point a fingerat a banner and a sign. She said their bad behaviorwas completely out of line. The principal approached herand said, What is all this fuss? I heard you tried to punishall the tires on a bus.
Youve made the teachers angryby disrupting all their classes, so if you want to keep this job, you have to wear your glasses! When I got home from camp today, My parents almost died. They asked me how I got this way, And heres what I replied: This little cast from heel to hip Is nothing much at all. Some broken shingles made me slip From off the dining
hall. The poison ivys not too bad. It missed my back and chest. Of course, I guess I oughta addMosquitoes got the rest. I tried to eat some hickry nutsAnd cracked a tooth or two. And all these bruises, scabs, and cuts? I havent got a clue. I got the lump thats on my headFrom diving in the lake. I shouldve watched for rocks insteadOf grabbing for the
snake. That leaves this bandage on my chinAnd these three finger sprains, Along with lots of sunburned skinAnd sniffles from the rains. I also got a muscle crampAnd very nearly drowned. Its some terrific summer camp, The coolest one around. The Goops they lick their fingers, And the goops they like the goops they like the goops they like the goops the goops the goops the goops the goops the goops the goop
tableclothOh, they lead disgusting lives!The Goops they talk while eating,And loud and fast they chew;And that is why Im glad that IAm not a Goopare you? Hear eye sit inn English class; the likelihood is that eye wont passAn F on my report card wood bee worse than swallowing glassIts knot that eye havent studied, often till late at knightButt the
rules are sew confusing, eye simply cant get them write Hour teacher says, Heed my advice, ewe must study and sacrificeButt if mouses are mice and louses are mice and louse are mice and louse are mice and l
ultimata, and a couple of datum are dataSew wouldnt ewe expect it wood bee correct fore a bunch of plums to be plata? And if more than won octopus are octopi, and the plural of ox is oxenShouldnt a couple of busses bee bussi and a pare of foxes bee foxen? Lets talk about spelling a wile, specifically letters witch are silentWords like psychologist and
wreck shirley make awl of us violentAnd another example quite plane witch is really hard two explainIf its eye before e except after sea, then what about feign and reign? The final exam will determine how eye due, weather eye pass ore failI halve prepared as much as eye can down two the last detailIm ready two give it my vary best inn just a little
wileAnd then isle take a relaxing wrest on a tropical aisle. Christopher RobinHad wheezlesAnd sneezles, They bundled himIntoHis bed. They wonderedIf wheezlesCould turnInto measles, If sneezlesWould turnInto mumps; They examined his chestFor a rash, And the
restOf his body for swellings and lumps. They asked if he suffered from thirst; They asked if the sneezlesCame after the wheezles, Or if the first
sneezleCame first. They said, If you teazleA sneezleOr wheezle, The measleWill certainly go. They expounded the reazles and in breezles, The measle Will certainly go. They expounded the reazles and in breezles, The measle Will certainly go. They expounded the reazles and in breezles, The measle Will certainly go. They expounded the reazles are the measle Will certainly go. They expounded the reazles are the measle Will certainly go. They expounded the reazles are the measle Will certainly go. They expounded the reazles are the measle Will certainly go. They expounded the reazles are the measle Will certainly go. They expounded the reazles are the measle Will certainly go. They expounded the reazles are the measle Will certainly go. They expounded the reazles are the measle Will certainly go. They expounded the reazles are the measle Will certainly go. They expounded the reazles are the measle Will certainly go. They expounded the reazles are the measle Will certainly go. They expounded the reazles are the measle Will certainly go. They expounded the reazles are the measle Will certainly go. They expounded the reazles are the measle Will certainly go. They expounded the reazles are the measle Will certainly go. They expounded the reazles are the measle Will certainly go. They expounded the measle Will certainly go. They expound the measle Will certainly go. The measle Will certainly go. They expound the measle Will certainly go. The whole will be the measle Will certainly go. The whole will be the measle Will certainly go. The whole will be the measle Will certainly go. The whole will be the measle Will certainly go. The whole will be the wh
RobinGot up in the morning, The sneezles had vanished away. And the look in his eyeSeemed to say to the sky, Now, how to amuse them to-day? The thing about a shark isteeth, One row behind that? Now look in
and Look out! Oh my, Illneverknow now! Well, goodbye. James James Morrison Morrison Morrison Mother, Though he was only three. James James Morrison Mother and Look out! Oh my, Illneverknow now! Well, goodbye. James James James Morrison Mother and Look out! Oh my, Illneverknow now! Well, goodbye. James Jam
gown.James James Morrisons MotherDrove to the end of the town.James James Morrisons MotherSaid to herself, said she:I can get right downto the end of the townand be back in time for tea. King JohnPut up a notice,LOST or STOLEN or STRAYED!JAMES JAMES MORRISONS MOTHERSEEMS TO HAVE BEEN MISLAID.LAST SEENWANDERING
VAGUELY:QUITE OF HER OWN ACCORD, SHE TRIED TO GET DOWNTO THE END OF THE TOWN FORTY SHILLINGS REWARD! James J
consulting me. James James Morrisons mother Hasnt been heard of since. King John (Somebody told me) Said to a man he knew: If people go down to the end of the town, well, what can anyone do? (Now then, very softly) J.J.M.M.W.G.Du P.Took great C/O his M*****Though he was only 3.J.J. said to
his M*****M*****, he said, said he:You-must-never-go-down-to-the-end-of-the-town-if-you-dont-go-down-with-ME! A beetle once sat on a barberry twig, And turned at the crank of a thingum-a-jig. Needles for hornets, nippers for ants, For the bumblebee baby a new pair of pants, For the grizzled old gopher a hat and a wig, The beetle ground out of his
thingum-a-jig. My next door neighbor is a witch, And she lives way down in a ditch. Her clothing is a little strange, Because she never wants to change. She has a black robe and a smelly black cat. A big fat wart grows on her nose, And seventeen pimples on her toes. Buther food is EVEN worse, Because she eats it course by
course. Her first course is seven dead bats, Laid on top of seven rats. Then she has twenty fliesWith lots and lots of llama eyes. Her main course is a horrible soup, Because its made with doggie poop. But worst of all is her dessert. Its little children rolled in dirt. Last night she had a witchs feastAnd turned into a greedy beast. I think she cooked my best
friend TillyAnd ate her with some peas and broccoli. In form and feature, face and limb,I grew so like my brother,That folks got taking me for him,And each for one another.It puzzled all our kith and kin,It reachd an awful pitch;For one of us was born a twin,Yet not a soul knew which. One day (to make the matter worse),Before our names were fixed,As
we were being washd by nurseWe got completely mixd; And thus, you see, by Fates decree, (Or rather nurses whim), My brother John got christend me, And I got christend him. This fatal likeness even doggdMy footsteps when at school, And I was always getting floggd, For John turned out a fool. I put this question hopelesslyTo every one I knewWhat
would you do, if you were me, To prove that you were you? Our close resemblance turnd the tideOf my domestic life; For somehow my intended brideBecame my brothers wife. In short, year after year the sameAbsurd mistakes went on; And when I diedthe neighbors cameAnd buried brother John! Ive fallen in love don't know whyIve fallen in love with a
girl with one eye. I knew from the start. It was plain to seeThat this wonderful girl had an eye out for me Shes charming and witty and joularNot what youd expect from a girl whos monocular. Of eyesat the momentshe hasnt full quotaBut that doesnt change things for me one iota. It must be quite difficult if youre bereft. If your left eye is
gone and your right eye is left. But shes made up her mind. Shes made her decision. She land kind. And thus prove to everyone that loves not quite blind. You may write me down
in historyWith your bitter, twisted lies,You may trod me in the very dirtBut still, like dust, Ill rise. Does my sassiness upset you?Why are you beset with gloom?Cause I walk like hopes springing high,Still Ill rise. Did you want to see me broken?
Bowed head and lowered eyes? Shoulders falling down like teardrops, Weakened by my soulful cries? Does my haughtiness offend you? Dont you take it awful hardCause I laugh like Ive got gold minesDiggin in my own backyard. You may shoot me with your eyes, You may kill me with your hatefulness, But still, like air, Ill
rise. Does my sexiness upset you? Does it come as a surpriseThat I dance like Ive got diamondsAt the meeting of my thighs? Out of the huts of historys shameI riseIm a black ocean, leaping and swelling I bear in the tide. Leaving behind nights of terror and fearI riseInto a daybreak thats
corners, And sometimes goin in the darkWhere there aint been no light. So boy, dont you turn back. Dont you fall now For Ise still climbin, And life for me aint been no crystal stair. I looked up from my writing, And gave a start to see, As if rapt in my inditing, The moons full
gaze on me. Her meditative misty headWas spectral in its air, And I involuntarily said, What are you doing there? Oh, Ive been scanning pond and holeAnd waterway hereabout for the body of one with a sunken soulWho has put his life-light out. Did you hear his frenzied tattle? It was sorrow for his sonWho is slain in brutish battle, Though he has injured
none. And now I am curious to lookInto the blinkered mindOf one who wants to write a bookIn a world of such a kind. Her temper overwrought me, And I edged to shun her view, For I felt assured she thought meOne who should drown him too. Doom is the House without the DoorTis entered from the SunAnd then the Ladders thrown away, Because
Escapeis done Tis varied by the DreamOf what they do outsideWhere Squirrels playand Berries dieAnd Hemlocksbowto God The rains cold grains are silver-graySharp as golden sands, A bell is clanging, people swayHanging by their hands. Supple hands, or gnarled and stiff, Snatch and grope; That face is yellow-pale, as if The fellow swung
from rope. Dull like pebbles, sharp like knives, Glances strike and glare, Fingers tangle, Bluebeards wivesDangle by the hair. Orchard of the strangest fruitsHanging from the skies; Brothers, yet insensate brutesWho fear each others eyes. One man stands as free men standAs if his soul might beBrave, unbroken; see his handNailed to an oaken tree. I
found a dimpled spider, fat and white, On a white piece of rigid satin clothAssorted characters of death and blightMixed ready to begin the morning right, Like the ingredients of a witches brothA snow-drop spider, a flower like a froth, And dead wings carried like a paper kite. What had that flower to do with being
white, The wayside blue and innocent heal-all? What brought the kindred spider to that height, Then steered the white moth thither in the night? What but design of darkness to appall? If design govern in a thing so small. When your ever and take a
brace. When its vain to try to dodge it, Do the best that you can do; You may fail, but you may conquer, See it through! Black may be the clouds about youAnd your future may seem grim, But dont let your nerve desert you; Keep yourself in fighting trim. If the worst is bound to happen, Spite of all that you can do; You may fail, but you may found your future may seem grim, But dont let your nerve desert you; Keep yourself in fighting trim. If the worst is bound to happen, Spite of all that you can do; You may fail, but you may found your future may seem grim, But dont let your nerve desert you.
through! Even hope may seem but futile, When with troubles your beset, But remember you are facing Just what other men have met. You may fail, but fall still fighting; Dont give up, whateer you do; Eyes front, head high to the finish. See it through! Sundays too my father got up early and put his clothes on in the blueblack cold, then with cracked hands
that achedfrom labor in the weekday weather madebanked fires blaze. No one ever thanked him. Id wake and hear the cold splintering, breaking when the chronic angers of that house, Speaking indifferently to him, who haddriven out the coldand polished my good shoes as
well. What did I know, what did I know, what did I know flovesaustereand lonely offices? Whose woods these are I think I know. His house is in the village, though; He will not see me stopping here To watch his woods fill up with snow. My little horse must think it queer To stop without a farmhouse near Between the woods and frozen lake The darkest evening of the year
He gives his harness bells a shakeTo ask if there is some mistake. The only other sounds the sweepOf easy wind and downy flake. The woods are lovely, dark and deep, But I have promises to keep, And miles to go before I sleep, And miles to go before I sleep. And miles to go before I sle
was hersseemed like what touched her couldn't hold, she got us almost through the high grassthen seemed like she turned around and ranright back inright back in in I am silver and exact. I have no preconceptions. Whatever I see I swallow immediately Just as it is, unmisted by love or dislike. I am not cruel, only truthful The eye of a little god, four-
cornered. Most of the time I meditate on the opposite wall. It is pink, with speckles. I have looked at it so long I think it is part of my heart. But it flickers. Faces and darkness separate us over and over. Now I am a lake. A woman bends over me, Searching my reaches for what she really is. Then she turns to those liars, the candles or the moon. I see her
back, and reflect it faithfully. She rewards me with tears and an agitation of hands. I am important to her. She comes and goes. Each morning it is her face that replaces the darkness. In me she has drowned a young girl, and in me an old woman Rises toward her day after day, like a terrible fish. O Captain! my Captai
has weatherd every rack, the prize we sought is won, The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting, While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring; But O heart! heart he bells; Rise upfor you the
does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,The ship is anchord safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;Exult O shores, and ring O bells!But I with mournful tread,Walk the deck my Captain lies,Fallen cold and dead. From the north Almagro brought his wrinkled lightning,and over the
territory, amid explosion and twilighthe bent day and night as over a chart. Shadow of thorns, shadow of thistle and waxthe Spaniard united with his dry figure, watching the wounded strategies of earth. Night, snow and sand make the formof my slim fatherland, all silence is in its long line, all foam emerges from its marine beard, all coal fills it with
mysterious kisses.Like an ember, gold burns in its fingersand silver illumines, like a green moon,its hardened shadow of grave planet. The Spaniard seated near the oil, near the oil sky, could not conceive this spot of angry stonerising from the dung of the marine eagle. I met a traveller from an antique land, Who
saidTwo vast and trunkless legs of stoneStand in the desert. . . . Near them, on the sand, Half sunk a shattered visage lies, whose frown, And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command, Tell that its sculptor well those passions readWhich yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things, The hand that mocked them, and the heart that fed; And on the pedestal
indigence,The brilliance of despair,The fond imponderable dreamsOf affluence, all were there. Poor Finzer, with his dreams and schemes, Fares hard now in the race,With heart and eye that have a taskWhen he looks in the faceOf one who might so easilyHave been in Finzers place. He comes unfailing for the loanWe give and then forget;He comes, and
probably for yearsWill he be coming yet, Familiar as an old mistake, And futile as regret. Even such is time, that takes in trustOur youth, our joys, our all we have, And pays us but with age and dust; Who, in the dark and silent grave, When we have wandered all our ways, Shuts up the story of our days. But from this earth, this grave, this dust, My God
shall raise me up, I trust. Gaily bedight, A gallant knight, In sunshine and in shadow, Had journeyed long, Singing a song, In search of Eldorado. But he grew oldThis knight so boldAnd oer his heart a shadowFell as he foundNo spot of groundThat looked like Eldorado. And, as his strengthFailed him at length, He met a pilgrim shadowShadow, said
he, Where can it be This land of Eldorado? Over the Mountains Of the Moon, Down the Valley of the Shadow, Ride, boldly ride, There was a dread pirate of Boulder Whose cutlass was slung from his shoulder. Hed mighty fine notions Of plundering oceans, But his mom said: Perhaps, when youre older. A certain
young fellow named Bee-BeeWished to wed a woman named Phoebe. But, he said, I must seeWhat the clerical feeBe before Phoebe be Phoebe be Phoebe be Phoebe be Phoebe be Phoebe before Phoebe be Phoebe before Phoebe 
kept all his cash in a bucket; But his daughter, named NanRan away with a manAnd as far as the bucket, Nantucket. A canner can tan a can, can he? A circus performer named BrianOnce smiled as he rode on a lion. They came back from the
ride, But with Brian inside, And the smile on the face of the lion. There was a young woman named Bright, Whose speed was much faster than light. She set out one day, In a relative way, And returned on the previous night. There once was a hunter named PaulWho strangled nine grizzlies one Fall. Nine is such a good score, So he tried for one more But he
lost. Well, you cant win them all! I need a front door for my hall, The replacement I bought was too small. Id rather have Ears than a Nose. And as for my Hair, Im glad its all there, Ill be awfully sad, when it goes. There once was a
ThingamajigLike a Whatsis, but three times as big. When it first came in viewIt looked something like youBut it stayed and turned into a pig. There once was a poor boy named SidWho thought that a sharkWould turn tail if you bark. So he swam out to try it poor kid! Whitecaps on the bay: A broken signboard
bangingIn the April wind. Light of the moonMoves west, flowers shadowsCreep eastward. The crow has flown away:swaying in the evening sun, a leafless tree. Santa is comingHe rewards good behaviorNo presents for me My homework is lateDog ate it before breakfastVery helpful dog The light of a candleIs transferred to another candleSpring
twilight I write, erase, rewriteErase again, and thenA poppy blooms. Over the wintryForest, winds howl in rageWith no leaves to blow. Everything I touchwith tenderness, alas, pricks like a bramble. The west wind whispered, And touched the eyelids of spring: Her eyes, Primroses. Plum flower temple: Voices riseFrom the foothills Ice creamCold and
yummyI love its sweet richnessAs it finds its way into mytummy. SummerHot, humidSwimming pool loungingRefreshing coolness in middaysatisfaction Applered, deliciouscrunching, chewing, eating my favorite snackapple School DaysCrazy, boringWork! Work! Too much work! The last days are always the bestAll done. WaterTo drinkAnd to
cleanAn ambrosia for lifeParamount ExistenceJoyous, melancholyCreating, flowing, demolishing,Energy that is life and deathVitality Look up From bleakening hillsBlows down the light, first breathOf wintry wind look up, and scentThe snow! CastleStrong, beautifulImposing, protecting, watchingSymbolizes wealth and powerFortress AcrobatsFlexible
amusingFlipping, twirling, jumpingThey make me laughPerformers PenguinsWhite, blackWaddling, swimming, eatingThey are playing in the waterEmperors When my mother died I was very young, And my father sold me while yet my tongueCould scarcely cry weep! w
Dacre, who cried when his headThat curled like a lambs back, was shaved, so I said, Hush, Tom! never mind it, for when your heads bare, You know that the soot cannot spoil your white hair. And so he was quiet, & that very night, As Tom was a-sleeping he had such a sight! That thousands of sweepers, Dick, Joe, Ned, & Jack, Were all of them locked up
in coffins of black; And by came an Angel who had a bright key, And he opened the coffins & set them all free; Then down a green plain, leaping, laughing they run, And wash in a river and shine in the Sun. Then naked & white, all their bags left behind, They rise upon clouds, and sport in the wind. And the Angel told Tom, if hed be a good boy, Hed have
God for his father & never want joy. And so Tom awoke; and we rose in the darkAnd got with our bags & our brushes to work. Though the morning was cold, Tom was happy & warm; So if all do their duty, they need not fear harm. It was the schooner Hesperus, That sailed the wintry sea; And the skipper had taken his little daughtr, To bear him
company. Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax, Her cheeks like the dawn of day, And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds, That ope in the month of May. The skipper he stood beside the helm, His pipe was in his mouth, And he watched how the veering flaw did blowThe smoke now West, now South. Then up and spake an old Sailr, Had sailed to the
Spanish Main, I pray thee, put into yonder portFor I fear a hurricane. Last night, the moon had a golden ring, And to-night no moon we see! The skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe, And a scornful laugh laughed he. Colder and louder blew the wind, A gale from the Northeast, The snow fell hissing in the brine, And the billows frothed like yeast. Down
came the storm, and smote amainThe vessel in its strength; She shuddered and paused, like a frighted steed, Then leaped her cables length. Come hither! my little daughtr, And do not tremble so; For I can weather the roughest galeThat ever wind did blow. He wrapped her warm in his seamans coatAgainst the stinging blast; He cut a rope
from a broken spar, And bound her to the mast. O father! I hear the church-bells ring, Oh say, what may it be? Some ship in distress, that cannot liveIn such an angry sea! O father! I see a gleaming light, Oh say, what may it be? Some ship in distress, that cannot liveIn such an angry sea! O father! I see a gleaming light, Oh say, what may it be? Some ship in distress, that cannot liveIn such an angry sea! O father! I see a gleaming light, Oh say, what may it be? Some ship in distress, that cannot liveIn such an angry sea! O father! I hear the sound of guns, Oh say, what may it be? Some ship in distress, that cannot liveIn such an angry sea! O father! I hear the sound of guns, Oh say, what may it be? Some ship in distress, that cannot liveIn such an angry sea! O father! I hear the sound of guns, Oh say, what may it be? Some ship in distress, that cannot liveIn such an angry sea! O father! I hear the sound of guns, Oh say, what may it be? Some ship in distress, that cannot liveIn such an angry sea! O father! I hear the sound of guns, Oh say, what may it be? Some ship in distress, that cannot liveIn such an angry sea! O father! I hear the sound of guns, Oh say, what may it be? Some ship in distress, that cannot liveIn such an angry sea! O father! I hear the sound of guns, Oh say, what may it be? Some ship in distress is the sound of guns, Oh say, what may it be? Some ship in distress is the sound of guns, Oh say, what may it be? Some ship in distress is the sound of guns, Oh say, what may it be? Some ship in distress is the sound of guns, Oh say, what may it be? Some ship in distress is the sound of guns, Oh say, what may it be? Some ship in distress is the sound of guns, Oh say, what may it be? Some ship in distress is the sound of guns, Oh say, what may it be? Some ship in distress is the sound of guns, Oh say, what may it be? Some ship in distress is the sound of guns, Oh say, on the sound of
be?But the father answered never a word, A frozen corpse was he. Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark, With his face turned to the skies, The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snowOn his fixed and glassy eyes. Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayedThat savd she might be; And she thought of Christ, who stilled the waveOn the Lake of
Galilee. And fast through the midnight dark and drear, Through the whistling sleet and snow, Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel sweptTowrds the reef of Normans Woe. And ever the fitful gusts betweenA sound came from the land; It was the sound of the trampling surfOn the rocks and the hard sea-sand. The breakers were right beneath her bows, She
drifted a dreary wreck, And a whooping billow swept the crewLike icicles from her deck. She struck where the white and fleecy wavesLooked soft as carded wool, But the cruel rocks, they gored her sideLike the horns of an angry bull. Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice, With the masts went by the board; Like a vessel of glass, she stove and
sank, Ho! ho! the breakers roared! At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach, A fisherman stood aghast, To see the form of a maiden fair, Lashed close to a drifting mast. The salt sea was frozen on her breast, The salt tears in her eyes; And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed, On the billows fall and rise. Such was the wreck of the Hesperus, In the
midnight and the snow! Christ save us all from a death like this, On the reef of Normans Woe! Because I could not stop for Death He kindly stopped for me The Carriage held but just Ourselves And Immortality. We passed the School, where Children
stroveAt Recess in the Ring We passed the Fields of Gazing Grain We passed the Fields of Gazing Grain We passed the Setting Sun Or rather He passed the Setting Sun Or rather He passed the Fields of Gazing Grain We passed the Setting Sun Or rather He passed the Fields of Gazing Grain We passed the Setting Sun Or rather He passed Us The Dews drew quivering and Chill For only Gossamer, my Gown My Tippet only Tulle We passed the Setting Sun Or rather He passed Us The Dews drew quivering and Chill For only Gossamer, my Gown My Tippet only Tulle We passed the Setting Sun Or rather He passed Us The Dews drew quivering and Chill For only Gossamer, my Gown My Tippet only Tulle We passed the Setting Sun Or rather He passed Us The Dews drew quivering and Chill For only Gossamer, my Gown My Tippet only Tulle We passed the Setting Sun Or rather He passed Us The Dews drew quivering and Chill For only Gossamer, my Gown My Tippet only Tulle We passed Us The Dews drew quivering and Chill For only Gossamer, my Gown My Tippet only Tulle We passed Us The Dews drew quivering and Chill For only Gossamer, my Gown My Tippet only Tulle We passed Us The Dews drew quivering and Chill For only Gossamer, my Gown My Tippet only Tulle We passed Us The Dews drew quivering and Chill For only Gossamer, my Gown My Tippet only Tulle We passed Us The Dews drew quivering and Chill For only Gossamer, my Gown My Tippet only Tulle We passed Us The Dews drew quivering and Chill For only Gossamer, my Gown My Tippet only Gossamer, my Gown My Tippet only Tulle We passed Us The Dews drew Government (In the Dews drew Gossamer).
and yetFeels shorter than the DayI first surmised the Horses HeadsWere toward Eternity Is my team ploughing, That I was used to driveAnd hear the harness jingleWhen I was man alive? Ay, the horses trample, The harness jingles now; No change though you lie underThe land you used to plough. Is football playingAlong the river shore, With lads to
chase the leather, Now I stand up no more? Ay the ball is flying, The lads play heart and soul; The goal stands up, the keeper Stands up to keep the goal. Is my girl happy, That I thought hard to leave, And has she tired of weeping As she lies down at eve? Ay, she lies down lightly, She lies not down to weep: Your girl is well contented. Be still, my lad, and
sleep. Is my friend hearty, Now I am thin and pine, And has he found to sleep in A better bed than mine? Yes, lad, I lie easy, I lie as lads would choose; I cheer a dead mans sweetheart, Never ask me whose. Last night I heard your voice, mother, The words you sang to meWhen I, a little barefoot boy, Knelt down against your knee. And tears gushed from my
heart, mother, And passed beyond its wall, But though the fountain reached my throat The drops refused to fall. Tis ten years since you died, mother, Just ten dark years of pain, And oh, I only wish that ICould weep just once again. Avoid the reeking herd, Shun the polluted flock, Live like that stoic bird, The eagle of the rock. The huddled warmth of
crowdsBegets and fosters hate; He keeps above the storm, He stares into the sun. If in the eagles trackYour sinews cannot leap, Avoid the lathered pack, Turn from the steaming sheep. If you would keep your soulFrom spotted sight or sound, Live like the
velvet mole: Go burrow underground. And there hold intercourse With roots of trees and stones, With rivers at their source, And disembodied bones. Hold fast to dreams go Life is a barren field Frozen with snow. Inside: Having difficulties finding attention
catching middle school poetry? Keep reading for a list of interesting poems for middle school students, and suggestions on how you might use them. The Middle School Poetry Battle BeginsToday we begin our poetry unit. Every year I proclaim these words while imagining myself standing on a desk, like Robin Williams in Dead Poets Society. Instead of
cheers, Im usually met with collective sighs and groans that echo down the 6th grade hallway. Every middle school language arts teacher finds themselves in one of two places: Being trampled by a sea of poetry hating tweens and teens, or standing up, large shield in hand, waging a Spartan-esc war against poetry apathy. Im not fond of being trampled,
so shield in hand, I dig in my heels and repeat the mantra: I will wear you in before you wear me out. Fully knowing the war that youre facing, I offer up one component of a strong shield. Choose the right poem for the age group. What is the Right Poem for Middle Schoolers? Consider where middle schoolers are at developmentally, which is the same
as where theyre at physically all over the place! Theyre referred to as in the middle because they are very much in between childhood and adulthood. Their brains are beginning to think figuratively, but not every student is there yet. In fact, many middle schoolers are still thinking entirely literal. This explains why they would resist poetry, a primarily
figurative text. In order to accommodate this in the middle stage, we have to choose poems that is too literal meaning, but also include figurative will cause frustration. Meet them where they are developmentally find a middle ground. A poem that
will produce a productive struggle.**The Top 10 Middle School Poems and Why they are so greatPoems are listed in ascending order
order from easiest to most challenging.1. This is Just to Say by William Carlos WilliamsWhy its so great: This poem reads like a casual note left on the refrigerator, and the fun of teaching it is in helping students discover why it was written. A simple apology for stealing fruit.2. Same Song by Pat MoraWhy its so great: This poem explores the idea of
fitting in based on your physical appearance. What could be more appropriate for middle school? Its also great for teaching theme and helping students differentiate between their own life lessons and what the poem is actually teaching. 3. How You Gave Up Root Beer by Gary SotoWhy its so great: Its a personal narrative about embarrassing yourself
in front of your crush, and its filled with figurative language. From my experience, this poem is a winner with a sub-group of students who traditionally do not choose poetry. 4. Stopping By Woods on a Snowy Evening by Robert FrostWhy its so great: There is an air of mystery surrounding why the speaker is stopping, what promises he has to keep,
and where he is going. It is also a great poem to introduce students to traditional language and how to analyze it for themselves. There is No Word For Goodbye by Mary TallMountainWhy its so great: This poem has fantastic emotional appeal. Also, it opens the door to understand a different culture, learn new vocabulary words and analyze
figurative language. 6. On Turning Ten by Billy CollinsWhy its so great: Middle schoolers identify with the pains of growing up. This poem explores that familiar idea, while using interesting figurative language. 7. Shadwell Stair by Wilfred OwenWhy its so great: Like the previous Frost poem, this poem taps into that sense of mystery while introducing
a more traditional language pattern. It lends itself to studying vocabulary in context.8. Valentine for Earnest Mann by Naomi Shihab NyeWhy its so great: Its about writing poetry unit. Additionally, its an interesting mash-up of ideas and
intersects with Same Songs exploration of physical beauty.9. The Rider by Naomi Shihab NyeWhy its so great: It explores the idea of overcoming loneliness. Middle schoolers often feel moments of isolation from their peers, so this poem teaches a hopeful lesson using figurative language. 10.Out, Out by Robert FrostWhy its so great: Its violent. This
poem is filled with figurative language and literary devices, but its ultimate appeal is in the shocking narrative of a boy who looses his hand and dies. This poem is definitely for the older middle schooler, but it reaches a crowd that few other poems can reach. Additionally, it explores many expository topics like child labor, medicine, gender
stereotypes, etc. A Passion For PoetryAs youre choosing to do to battle with poetic apathy, go in with a strong shield. Choose poems that teach your critical content and meet your excitement and passion for a text and they are likely to join in. Other resourcesMy Teachers Pay T
store has a poetry analysis activities and several guided close reads of great poems. Looking for a dynamic way to launch your poetry unit! Looking to teach these poems to be to sign up for a free PDF copy for your unit binder! Reading Here are 12 poems that seem to be
written specifically for middle school students, along with suggestions for teaching. Youll find a variety of poetic forms from contemporary to classic poems. The 12 poems youll find in this post: I want you to know that this post contains affiliate links. As an Amazon Associate, I earn a small fee from any qualifying purchases you make. You can read
more here. 1. Im Nobody! Who are you? by Emily Dickinson Reasons to love this: One of the best short poems to interpret and discuss. Students our who the frogs are in society today. Its incredible how this little poem is still relevant and applies to our
world even now! Perfect introduction into literary analysis. If your students are intimidated by poetry, this poem can be challenging to understand at first, but once students begin discussing it, its meaning becomes clear. It is a poem that helps students
have that light bulb moment. It is short and powerful. Easy enough to teach in a single class period. If you teachThe Outsidersby S. E. Hinton, youre familiar with this beautiful poem. Taking time to read and analyze it helps students understand the themes of the novel. This is one of many of the Robert Frost poems that work so well for middle school
If you want to challenge students to memorize a poem, offer them this one! Lesson focus: When we say poetry is condensed language, this poem is a perfect example of that. Couplets Imagery The power of repeating lines Practice using DIDLS Connect the poem and the novel to teach themes Reasons to love this: Students can listen to Johnny Cashs
powerful reading of it! Funny, surprising ending that students enjoy. Since this is a marrative poem, students anticipate a beginning, middle, and end. Its a mid length poem, but not so long that it wont engage students anticipate a beginning, middle, and end. Its a mid length poem, but not so long that it wont engage students. This is a good opportunity for students to practice annotating a poem.
 listen to!) Lesson focus: Narrative poetry Rhythm Rhyme scheme Hyperbole Reasons to love this: Before teaching this famous poem, be sure to share that Dylan Thomas wrote this for his dying father. Students will notice the repeated first and third lines of the villanelle poem. The poem argues logically as it moves through how wise men, good men,
wild men, and brave men face death. Finally leading the speaker to plead for his father to Rage, rage against the dying of the light. Strong images of light and dark that will be able to understand it. Lesson focus: Villanelle
poems Word choice Repetition Imagery Reasons to love this: If your looking for free verse poetry, youll want to share this one. This poem is wonderful and relevant! If you have time, be sure to share with students Walt Whitmans I Hear American Singing. Students can readily comprehend the today/tomorrow sequence as well as hear the speakers
 bitterness and anger. The poem is framed with a similar line. The change of just one word sing to am provide a great starting point for discussion and analysis. There is nothing not to love about Langston Hughes! Lesson focus: Free verse Word choice Theme Connection to other pieces of literature (in this case, I Hear America Singing.) Reasons to
love these sonnets: Challenging? Yes, but worth it when students realize that they are strictly for high school classes, middle school students can appreciate them as well. Relatable. Sonnet 29, especially, sounds like it was written by an angsty pre-teenno one understands me except for
YOU! Sonnets follow a logical argument. Once students know this, they can begin to look of the argument the speaker is making. This makes sonnets much more approachable. Check out this post for more details on how to teach sonnets. Lesson focus: Form of the sonnet Meter lambic pentameter anyone?! The turn Concluding rhyming couplet
 Reasons to love this: Before teaching, share with students that this poem was written about the assassination of Abraham Lincoln. This will help them focus on the overall theme. I always struggle reading this poem out loud becauseit makes me cry! The logic of this poem is easy to see. Ask students to infer what is happening to the speaker in each
stanza. Notice the contrast between what is happening in the world (cheering crowd, battle over, safe harbor) and what is happening on the ship. Lesson focus: Tone Repetition Form Extended metaphor Reasons to love this: Completely relevant. Short and punchy. What a great form! Easy for students to comprehend after the initial reading with only
a few vocabulary clarification needed. Lesson focus: Word choice look at what is communicated in just a few words! Rhyme Form Alliteration Reasons to love this: This little gem of a poem is easy for students to relate to and understand. The poem makes
sense! Compact yet powerful. Another wonderful example of condensed language in poetry. Like so many Emily Dickinson poems for 7th graders, try this one out. Lesson focus: Imagery Extended metaphor Theme Reasons toLOVE,
LOVE, LOVE this: This has to have been a number 1 favorite with my students for its random quirkiness. And it is one of the cool poems to study. After the initial, What?! Students will start to see the parts of the poem: Youarethis; youare notthat. Iamthis; Iam notthat. Students don't have understand each reference to enjoy it! Its just plain fun to read
and consider. What does it mean to say, And you are certainly not the pine-scented air? Is that an insult or a compliment? If you have studied This Is Just to Say by William Carlos Williams, your students will get the nod to the pine-scented air? Is that an insult or a compliment? If you have studied This Is Just to Say by Williams, your students will get the nod to the pine-scented air? Is that an insult or a compliment? If you have studied This Is Just to Say by Williams, your students will get the nod to the pine-scented air? Is that an insult or a compliment? If you have studied This Is Just to Say by Williams, your students will get the nod to the pine-scented air? Is that an insult or a compliment? If you have studied This Is Just to Say by Williams, your students will get the nod to the pine-scented air? Is that an insult or a compliment? If you have studied This Is Just to Say by Williams, your students will get the nod to the pine-scented air.
so delightful! If you are challenging students to write companion poems as part of your poetry unit, this one is a blast to take on. Can students write a poem that is a litany of what someone is and 8th grade poems, this one is perfect because of the
someone biting tone. Lesson focus: Poetry is just plain fun, funny, quirky, and delightful to read! Metaphor Theme Reasons to love this: If youre a teacher, this poem is an instant favorite! Print it up and hang it in the faculty lounge!! Sarcasm? Why yes! Poems can be as sarcastic as a middle schooler!! And when you finish chuckling over this clever
poem, youll notice the construction everything/nothing that moves the poem forward and provides vivid scenes. Lesson focus: This is another poem that is fun to read and share with your students! They are
perfect to share with middle school kids! If youre looking for poetry analysis sheets that will help you all year, you can find free poetry analysis worksheets here. You can find it in this Strategies for Teaching Poetry guide. It will help you step-by-step through the
teaching process! You can find more teaching support in my shop. With gratitude for all you do, Poetry is powerful. These engaging, shorter texts offer an abundance of opportunities to work on reading comprehension, fluency, and writing skills while building background knowledge and connecting social and emotional learning. See my Poem of the
Week post for tips on how to incorporate more poetry into your classroom. Heres a printable PDF of the list of poems: Poems-I-Love-to-TeachDownload While links to the poems are provided for your benefit, I am not affiliated with any of these sites or authors. These are simply some of my favorite poems to teach to students in grades 3-8. I always
start the year with this poem. It frames our intentions and lets students know that we are not looking for one correct interpretation. Also, the figurative language is worth discussing. Excellent for connections to history and for teaching structure. This is a Petrarchan sonnet and once you teach your students about voltas, they let start seeing them
everywhere. Speaking of voltas! This poem is loaded with figurative language and sophisticated vocabulary, but once students understand that the speaker is grappling with two desires, its a good one to imitate. Plus, trottoirs is so fun to say. Pair this with I, Too by Langston Hughes and youve got yourself a discussion on point of view (standard 6).
Ok, so I love Walt Whitman. Dont come at me. He contains multitudes. This one has a beautiful theme worth discussing. A historical clapback in poetry form. Perfection. Extended metaphor. Mimetic syntax. Inspiring theme. Clear point of view. This is a great one for students to imitate by writing their own advice poem. A spring poem from this
prodigious Harlem Renaissance author that students of all ages can appreciate. I cant tell you the amount of times the lines If you can meet with triumph and disaster / And treat those two impostors just the same; have resurfaced in my brain throughout my adult life. This is poem with a theme that sticks with you. It would be fun to pair it with
Mother to Son by Langston Hughes as they are both advice poems from parents. A beautiful, reflective poem for the winter. Heres a gorgeously illustrated book of the poem. Are you even teaching poetry if you dont include this one? Im pretty sure the students get it every year. Ask them these questions: Is he glad he made the choice he did? Whats
your evidence for that? I had a group of 5th graders that made me question everything I thought I knew about this poem. An introduction to poems for two voices and perfect for opening discussions around race, culture, immigration, and identity. Rich in figurative language and a good one for students to imitate. A powerful poem worth reading and
discussing but I strongly encourage you to omit the 7th stanza or you will have complaints. I would print out the edited version with a line that said edited for school use and not post a link to the whole poem anywhere. Even if you are not ready for day / it cannot always be night. is another set of lines that have come to mind countless times. This is in
my top 5 for powerful themes. Deep and haunting. Im not sure what it all means but I like to puzzle over it. Heres an amazing video of the 2014 Poetry Out Loud winner, Anita Norman reciting it. (Shes from TN!) I still get chills when I hear her say, I have walked through many lives, / some of them my own. This seemingly simple quatrain packs a
punch. Or should I say, sting? This is a good one to imitate at the beginning of the year or use on a four-day week. Good introduction to extended metaphors, this poem resonates deeply with my middle-aged woman soul. This will seems trite to students on the first read, but once you let them argue about why he would
have written this theyll appreciate Williams very visual close-up. Excellent for imitation. This author writes the simple so beautifully. This poem has inspired countless imitations, give this one as an option. Point out the
portmanteau words and let them have fun with it. Another poem that appears simple but it offers lots of opportunities for inferencing. This is a great one to quote absurdly as youre putting restless children to bed. A powerful theme (standard 2)
for students to be exposed to with an interesting structure of sonnets. Writing a sonnet would be a fun mathematical-linguistic challenge for students to tackle in teams! e.e. cummings breaks all the capitalization and
punctuation rules and your students will love it A good one to pull out when that middle school drama gets to be too much. Perfect for a math connection or an Earth day celebration. Easily imitable. Students will have to inference and will enjoy doing it. This would be a good poem to have a Socratic seminar around, or to use if you needed to teach
using evidence from the text. Rich figurative language and strong vocabulary around a common topic: the sun. Refrain, similes, a beautiful theme. It is like a warm coat, indeed. An uplifting theme. This would be a neat one to pair with The Layers. The villanelle is a really fun structure to teach. Not as imposing as a sonnet, students can usually create
their own villanelles after some teacher modeling. A longer narrative poem with a twist at the end. Scattered gems of figurative language throughout this poem about farming. Use whole or in part as a connection to units about Native Americans. A haunting, yet surprisingly gentle, poem about the Holocaust. Structure, figurative language, and the
topic of the poem are all worthy discussion points for students at the upper end of the middle grades. Mimetic syntax at its finest, this poem has a rhythm well-suited for this urban scene. Interesting uses of spacing in the structure of the poem about
basketball, this poem builds suspense through the authors careful word choice. I enjoy the body of work by Nye, she excels at writing delightful poems about common subjects. This one is sure to engage the cat lovers in your classroom and students could easily imitate it by writing a poem describing several animals or objects they like. There you
have it, 41 poems that are worth teaching to students in the middle grades! Let me know your favorite poems to teach in the comments below! Subscribe if you would like more free literacy resources and check out my other blog posts to see what youve missed! If your teachers could benefit from writing professional development, check out the
Services page and contact me with any questions you may have. I look forward to hearing from you! Last week, I dished out my seven tips for teaching poetry to middle school students. One of those tips was to make the study of poetry to middle school students.
to read. While what is relevant will vary from student to student and class to class, I have done my best to make a list of relevant poems when teaching students how to analyze a poem.
Middle school students love this poem by the one and only Maya Angelou. Students will be inspired by Angelous words as she expresses her adamant refusal to be kept down by anyone or anything! What poem by Carol Ann Duffy explores the
nature of the popular form of communication many of us use hundreds of times a day. I find it fascinating to hear students thoughts on the benefits and hindrances of texting after studying this poem. In a thoughtful fusion of technology and nature, Heather McCugh exposes the irony of urgently recording the beauty (and ugliness) of the world using
the devices created by the people and culture that is destroying nature! Your students will love this ironic call to save nature! A classic poem by the British India-born author, Rudyard Kipling, that is sure to inspire your students. While this poem is written from the perspective of a father to his son, it contains a lot of helpful advice that can be applied
to anyone. What I think I love most about this poem is the way that it describes a person who has developed emotional maturity and to both childhood and to the simple things of life. I love how she takes something as simple as a doll house and
turns it into a meaningful reflective moment. Introducing the all-new podcast just for educators: The Strength of Teachers podcast! Join long-time educator turned Certified Life Coach Brenna Nelson as we discuss real teacher problems along with practical tools you can use to solve todays classroom problems TODAY! Click HERE to check it out! One
could not help but be mesmerized by the incredible Amanda Gorman as she brilliantly recited this poem during the presidential inauguration in January 2021. This poem contains so many beautiful truths that are sure to resonate with your middle school students. My personal favorite is the last lines, For there is always light, if only we are brave
enough to see it. If only we are brave enough to be it. A beautiful metaphor about courage, grit, and perseverance, Tupacs few short lines will feel relevant to many students. Aided in part by the familiar author, the poem encourages students to continue pressing on in the face of adversity. What teenager has never felt adversity? With similar themes
to the previous poem, Langston Hughes dramatic monologue describes a mothers efforts to carry on in the face of racism and oppression. As she encourages her son through the extended metaphor of climbing stairs, students will make connections between the time when the poem was written and the current state of our society. A great poem to take
a look at where we were, how far we have come, and where we have yet to go. Another classic poem about perseverance, the catchy rhyme and rhythm of Edgar Guests See It Through mistakes and failures. In fact, it
is the mistakes and failures that can make us stronger! I adore this poem by Shreya D. Chattree! I love the perspective of a young girl approaching life with the hope of learning and growing, failing and struggling, all in the quest to become the best version of herself. What a lovely way to view the world! Teach your Student Poetry the FUN way! Lets
face it. Most of our students dont LOVE poetry the way we English Teachers love poetry, and that sokay. Knowing that fact, we can do our best to make studying poetry in our classrooms exciting and engaging instead of the default long and laborious! This Complete Poetry Unit does just that with interesting lessons, creative activities, and lots of
laughs included all along the way! And, the best part? Ive done the heavy lifting for you! With instructional Slides, ready-to-go handouts and assignments, lesson outlines, answer keys, pre and post tests, and more included, youll breeze through this poetry unit and will likely have some fun too! Check it out HERE! Another classic, Be the Best of
Whatever You Are is a poem that encourages individuals to avoid the trap of comparison! I find this poem especially relevant in the age of social media, when it is so easy to believe the lie that a persons worth is in the number or followers or likes, instaed of inherent. I love the reminder to stay in our own lanes and be the best version of ourselves! The
Blade and the Ax by Alabi is a great modern compliment to Mallochs classic. Alabi uses personification to describe the worlds need for each individuals talents. Everyone has something important to contribute! What a great lesson for middle school students to learn! While teaching poetry to middle school students can feel daunting at times, you can
do it! One key is to meet students where they are and make it fun! Sharing poems that feel important and meaningful to middle school students will be a big help! I would love to hear what poems you and your students love! Drop the in the comments below! Best, Brenna (Mrs. Nelson) Introducing the all-new podcast just for educators: The Strength
of Teachers podcast! Join long-time educator turned Certified Life Coach Brenna Nelson as we discuss real teacher problems along with practical tools you can use to solve todays classroom problems along with practical tools you can use to solve todays classroom problems along with practical tools you can use to solve todays classroom problems along with practical tools you can use to solve todays classroom problems along with practical tools you can use to solve todays classroom problems along with practical tools you can use to solve todays classroom problems along with practical tools you can use to solve todays classroom problems along with practical tools you can use to solve todays classroom problems along with practical tools you can use to solve todays classroom problems along with practical tools you can use to solve todays classroom problems along with practical tools you can use to solve todays classroom problems along with practical tools you can use to solve todays classroom problems along with practical tools you can use to solve todays classroom problems along with practical tools you can use to solve todays classroom problems along with practical tools you can use to solve todays classroom problems along with practical tools you can use to solve todays classroom problems along with practical tools you can use to solve todays classroom problems along with practical tools you can use to solve todays classroom problems along with practical tools you can use to solve todays classroom problems along with practical tools you can use to solve todays classroom problems along with practical tools you can use to solve todays classroom problems along with practical tools you can use to solve todays classroom problems along with practical tools you can use to solve todays classroom problems along with practical tools you can use to solve todays classroom problems along with practical tools you can use to solve todays classroom problems along the problems along the problems along the problems along the proble
which will leave them yawning. So we asked experienced teachers to share their favorite poems for middle school students. Note: Every classroom is different, so please be sure to review these poems for middle and high school students
before sharing to ensure they align with your learning environment. FREE PRINTABLE This printable bundle includes of some of our favorite middle and high school poems to share with students. Get My Free Printable Poems Themes: The life cycle, loss, regretLiterary devices: Alliteration, metaphor, personification This poem is a great introduction
to poetry that can be analyzed and discussed within a class period. Plus you can talk about how the poem relates to what students experience as they move through childhood milestones. Themes: Individualism vs. nonconformity; choices and consequencesLiterary devices: Extended metaphor, imagery, symbolism, rhyme The Road Not Taken is a
classic poem that every middle and high schooler really should read. Its also a poem about things that teens struggle with, like whether to conform or be themselves, or the consequences of their actions. Engage students in a classic close reading of this poem so they can experience it for themselves, and discuss it as a class. Themes: Resilience,
survival, misunderstanding Literary devices: Personification, metaphor, tone Listen to the author herself as she performs her poetry. Study how Acevedo creates a shift in tone and how that changes the meaning of the poem and the readers expectations. Themes: Loss, cultural identity, oppression Literary devices: Repetition, symbolism, tone shift This
poem follows the pain and suffering Joe experienced at Shubenacadie Residential School in Nova Scotia. As middle schoolers find their own voices, this poem is a great one for students to read and discuss for the general meaning. Or you can research residential schools in Canada and the United States and talk about the history and ethics of those
schools with regard to Indigenous people. As you analyze it, talk about the various meanings of talk as it relates to language, culture, and identity. Themes: Change, memory, passage of timeLiterary devices: Symbolism, metaphor, enjambment This poem uses run-on lines to create a flowing rhythm (enjambment), so its a great one to read aloud or
encourage students to read in a poetry slam. You can also use it to talk about how friendships change over time. Themes: Challenging stereotypes, resilience, misrepresentation, hopeLiterary devices: Repetition, contrast, symbolism The repeated line There are birds here reinforces the idea that life and beauty exist even when things seem hopeless.
Students can use this poem in a Socratic seminar to talk about how the author describes and reflects on Detroit and negative perceptions of the city, and the presence of joy, nature, and community that point to a broader endurance. Themes: End of the world, emotionsLiterary devices: Symbolism, contrast, imagery This poem will especially engage
students who like Game of Thrones as there is discussion that the poem inspired the author of that work. For all middle schoolers, Frost doesnt hold back with this poem, and its an ideal one for discussion and debate. Where do students fall, fire or ice? Themes: Destruction, responsibility, climateLiterary devices: Personification, direct address,
metaphor Ea documented this to raise awareness about the alarming rates of deforestation and the reckless destruction of our environment. Read this poem to discuss themes of climate change, or bring it into science class to show students how poets can reflect the times they write in, and what is a writers responsibility to reflect and work to change
problems they see. Themes: Pride, failure, sports-obsessed middle schoolers or to analyze the AABB rhyme and meter An oldie but goodie! Use this poem to engage your sports-obsessed middle schoolers or to analyze the AABB rhyme and rhythm The late artist
created a clear connection between the rhythm and deeper meaning of poetry and rap. Yes, this poem is good to engage students who are interested in music, but its also a good poem to analyze and connect to students lives as they go through their own transformative experiences. Is there anybody there? said the Traveller, Knocking on the moonlit
door Themes: Unanswered questions, isolation, the passage of time Literary devices: Symbolism, personification, repetition The Listeners is a poem for your fans of science fiction. Read this poem aloud and talk about tonehow does the poet create that eerie atmosphere? Themes: Racial injustice, masking emotions, resilience Literary devices:
Metaphor, personification, imagery A reaction to the experience of being Black in America in the late 19th century. The mask is a metaphor that adolescents can relate to). Its also important to talk about how Dunbars poem fits into African American
history. Themes: Fleeting nature of time, illusion vs. reality Literary devices: Rhyme scheme, metaphor, imagery A Dream Within a Dream is an introspective poem is clear evidence of that with its AABACDCD pattern. Use it to introduce and
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analyze rhyme scheme in a poem. Themes: Human impact on nature, reflection, guiltLiterary devices: Juxtaposition, personification, tone Students wont soon forget this poem, both for the impact that sensory details. Deer Hit is about the moments immediately after a deer is hit by a car. Read it for the impact that sensory details can have on a reader or to talk about themes of how humans interact with nature. Themes: Power of poetry, art, self-transformationLiterary devices: Surrealism, enjambment, personification, simile The title may entice some more reluctant poetry is literally



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