

21 January 2016

- Rewrite and format "I Am..." Imitation - See Mr. Thompson for specifics if absent.
- Return "Hey Diddle Diddle" Imitation
- Complete analysis of "Lessons of Loss" and begin drafting personal "Letter Address Imitation".
- **Homework -**
  - > **Annotations are to be finished before class ends.**
  - > **Complete at least half of "Letter Address Imitation" draft, including a minimum of two poetic devices and one figurative language.**

Atvik Belgigabar  
Thompson  
English - 1  
21 Jan 2016

"I Am..." Imitation

~~Original~~

"I Am Mr. Thompson"

~~Rep~~

Label  
only  
what is  
assigned.

I Am Mr. Thompson.

I am rigid, rigorous, resourceful. (all:it)

I enjoy volleyball, teaching, and my family.

I do not like lazy, lackadaisical, students.

I do not enjoy disruptive and corruptive students. (E R)

I like students who believe they should achieve.

I like students who step up to the plate. (idiom)

I am like a cop, both there to help and correct.

I am rigid, rigorous, resourceful.

I Am Mr. Thompson.

## Letter Address Poem Imitation

For "Lessons of Loss", each student will annotate for the \*Poetic Device and/or the \*\*Figurative Language as identified in various lines. \*-Identify a PD or \*\*=Identify the FL

The imitation of this poem should be written in a poetic structure, and the content will be written directly to someone as if it were a letter.

Write to someone that you are not able to write for some reason. Perhaps you don't speak anymore with them, they have passed away, or maybe they didn't live in your time period. Maybe it is someone to whom you would like to write but don't have the nerve.

This is a free verse poem with a minimum of 16 lines. It should have 4 poetic devices and at least 3 examples of figurative language; all seven should be of a different type.

Line breaks are crucial in a letter address poem. Let the line break at a place of pause or a grammatical end mark. USE end marks and punctuation appropriately. It should look like a poem, not a paragraph.

### "Lessons of Loss "

Much has changed  
about your life and mine, Mitchell.\*  
It's been 10 years \*  
since you vanished.\*\*  
My age has doubled,  
now I'm yours.  
Dark morning on Friday,  
September Trey,  
I held many memories\*  
never with more to be added.  
Time has passed so fast\*  
and little do I remember.  
For knowing so much from paper images  
and very little from our physical world,  
your influence on my life never ends.  
We lived in separate worlds\*\*  
under one roof  
where the whole world changed\*\*  
upon your last magic act.\*/\*\*  
You had no choice,  
she drove the car  
before passing the fatal car of dreams.\*\*  
Upon your death bed,\*/\*\*  
you cared not for yourself,  
but for the one  
who drove you to a better world.\*/\*\*  
From you I learn to care,  
put others before myself,  
and think before dreaming and driving.\*  
Thank You.

### "The Eleventh Year"

2/3/68 - 10/11/93

Eleven years its been since you went away,  
You're in my thoughts each and everyday.  
Our sweet, bouncing baby girl,  
With blue eyes and hair of black with lots of curls.

Heaven's glory daily you behold,  
As you walk with angels on those streets of gold.  
Bowing down, worshiping our Mighty, Omnipotent King,  
Praising Him with the Heavenly Host as you sing.

I am thrilled that you are there.  
It is a blessing knowing you are in our Savior's care.  
Still, sometimes in the early morning light,  
Nothing would bring me more joy than to have you in my sight.

Once more to see that smiling face,  
Now free of all pain & sorrow, living in God's grace.  
How exuberant I will feel, maybe soon, once more,  
To be with you again, to share forever what is in store.

For all of us saved by His Grace,  
To always live with Our Maker in that Last Best Place.  
So Samantha, I'll try for this time,  
With His help, I won't complain, cry, or whine.

Not my choice, but you were the one to go ahead.  
I'll try to honor your 25 years, and glorify Him instead.  
With gratefulness that you were with us awhile.  
There were many difficult times but you brought such smiles.

So with praise in my soul,  
That God sent to us a treasure more precious than gold.  
Holding to His Abundant Promises that heaven & earth shall pass  
But not His Words of Hope, and at last,

We won't be separated from His Love,  
Together, then we will live in His Presence above.  
Though I still wish you would come when I call your name,  
For eleven years later, nothing is the same.

Love, Mom