Please enjoy this complimentary excerpt from *Text Structures from Poetry, Grades 4-12*, by Gretchen Bernabei and Laura Van Prooyen. In this lesson, students read and dissect the poem "Love Waltz With Fireworks" and write their own poetry based on their text structure analysis.

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**Thank you FOR YOUR INTEREST IN CORWIN**
1. Freewrite for 3 minutes (then set aside).

Notice:
- Time changes
- How conjunctions move the poem (and now, but)
- Those italics!

2. Read the poem. Aloud. Slowly. Read it again, and this time everyone should underline parts they find striking. Discuss the parts they notice. Name the craft. Notice the parts.

3. Reveal the chunked poem. (Students copy the chunks.) Re-read the poem, watching the movement of the structure.

4. Invite students to write a poem. Right now you have
   - A page of thoughts
   - Examples of craft you like
   - A text structure

See what you come up with! Use any of those, change any, and see what you write in the next minutes.

*Nobody starts with a blank page.*
Love Waltz With Fireworks
by Kelli Russell Agodon

Seventeen minutes ago, I was in love
with the cashier and a cinnamon pull-apart,
seven minutes before that, it was a gray-
haired man in argyle socks, a woman
dancing outside the bakery holding
a cigarette and broken umbrella. The rain,

I’ve fallen in love with it many times,
the fog, the frost—how it covers the clovers
—and by clovers I mean lovers.

And now I’m thinking how much I want to rush up
to the stranger in the plaid wool hat
and tell him how much I love his eyes,

all those fireworks, every seventeen minutes, exploding
in my head—you the baker, you the novelist,
you the reader, you the homeless man on the corner

with the strong hands—I’ve thought about you. But
in this world we’ve been taught to keep
our emotions tight, a rubberband ball we worry

if one band loosens, the others will begin shooting off
in so many directions. So we quiet.
I quiet. I eat my cinnamon bread

in the bakery watching the old man still sitting
at his table, moving his napkin as he drinks
his small cup of coffee, and I never say,

I think you’re beautiful, except in my head,
extcept I decide I can’t
live this way, and walk over to him and

place my hand on his shoulder, lean in close
and whisper, I love your argyle socks,
and he grabs my hand,

the way a memory holds tight in the smallest
corner. He smiles and says,
I always hope someone will notice.

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Acting On Impulse

Things I see that make me
feel/think/react

What I wish I could say

But how the world expects or

Instead, I decide to do

The reaction I get
A Walk

She loves walking
all the way around a jungle length of her neighborhood.

She grabs a leash and collar, just perfect for her dog
and heads out the door for a new adventure.

Now starting off,
a sunny day
before lunch and ready to eat.

She feels the wind blow through her hair,
not a single honk from her siblings.

With a long way to go,
a nice excited healthy dog to walk with,
it gives her energy and excitement.

She runs then walks,
catching her breath like her dog.
They’re both hungry so they head back.

They’re eating, but do not have the same good vibes.

She thinks you can still be happy
without the long walk.
She would think of the tweeting of the birds
and would be thankful for her dog.
She will never forget the feeling.

Audrie Soler
Grade 7