

Scottish Poetry Library

Poetry Unwrapped

S2 Lesson Plan

Success Criteria:

I can understand the importance of language in finding my own voice in a poem.

I am able to identify poetic techniques and sensory language in poetry.

I can confidently talk about how poetry can be used to explore feelings and emotions.

I can find poetry in my own personal experiences.

Lesson Learning Intention:

We are learning about the variety of ways poetry can be a tool to talk about personal experiences.

We are learning about the importance of using our own voices.

We are learning about the importance of word choice, senses and sounds in our poetry.

We are learning about neurodiversity and celebrating our different creative brains.

Starter:

What is neurodiversity?

What do these famous people have in common?

Main:

Craig Houston poem 'Shine'.

Victoria McNulty poem 'Rhumba'.

What do you hear? What can these poems tell us about the subject?

Finding your own voice.

Poetic techniques – listening for alliteration, assonance and consonance.

Using senses in your poetry.

Write a five-line poem.

Edit – add detail, think about word choice and poetic techniques.

How can you bring these ideas to life?

Plenary:

Fist of five – revisit success criteria

Resources:

Post-It notes (5 for each pupil)

Paper

Pens

Additional Resources (optional)

Fidget toys/ sensory box for centre of each table.

Ipads with mindmap template.

Slides

Slides **1 & 2** success criteria and introduction.

Slide **3** Starter – question for the class. What can poetry tell us? Who can be a poet? Gather pupil's thoughts and ideas.

Slide **4** Do you know any of these famous people? Name them if they can. What do they have in common?

Slide **5** Who knows what neurodivergent means?

Slide **6** Definition – emphasis on how positive it is to have a variety of ways something can be done.

Slides **7 & 8** Poets often view the world in a slightly different way – writing about this is compelling and interesting for the reader.

Slide **9, 10, 11** Poet Craig Houston talks about his personal experiences. More information regarding Craig and the Poetry Unwrapped resource can be found in the podcast on the [Scottish Poetry library website](#). (Full transcript of poem ‘Shine’ attached).

Slides **12 & 13** Victoria McNulty Scottish Poet – great examples of rhyme, rhythm, alliteration and sensory language in Victoria’s poem. (Full transcript of poem ‘A Rumba in the Co-op’ attached).

Slides **14 & 15** Challenges and Successes – emphasis on personal nature of this. What’s a challenge for one person may not be for another. Success is personal. Class discussion and thinking time.

Slide **16** No pupil should feel they can’t participate because they are worried about spelling or handwriting. The point of the lesson is about finding their voice and being able to freely express their ideas.

Slides **17 – 19** Hand out 5 Post-It notes. One word or a small handful of words on each is fine. Post-its are good because they can be moved round to make their poem. Have spare ones in case they make mistakes.

Slide **20-23** Editing and revising. Most important part is they have ideas down, don’t overthink it. The editing and finding the right words can come later. Find a way of capturing the ideas even if you are scribing/ recording for them.

Slides **24 – 26** Finding the rhythm and flow – might be helpful to have another space pupils can go to read their words aloud in small groups or on their own. Get a feel for the way the sounds fit together.

Poetry is a way of finding your own voice and expressing yourself.

You can’t edit a blank page. Words and ideas on small post-its are a great way of giving pupils a starting point.

Shine

by Craig Houston

There is no rhyme nor reason. I feel nothing and everything in harmony. I am drowning.

Drowning in self-doubt so sharp, it keeps the pieces of me, shattered.

These days strike like a volley of melancholy, muddle and scream like anxiety ridden decisions and panic stacked social contacts. Nothing has meaning. Why is it so loud?

They told I'd be fine.

Just turn the page in this here book of life.

Get your dead down, tick time off.

Toward a degree in being a grown up

They told I'd be fine.

Just fake it until you make it! Life is a performance and the audience are here to see that show

Get in character paint on that winning smile hair and make-up will be here in a while

Bright eyed and bushy-tailed you are ready to go so, keep those feelings buried. Low.

They told I'd be fine.

Tired. from fighting, fighting to be this life character you see because that is simply not me

Stage fright. Frozen. Eyes wide open but blinded

By darkness so heavy I that I am crumbling.....

They told me I did not perform well.

Alone. In the vastness of this darkness, there is a calmness. I can see the stars

I start to reminisce.

All the pain, pleasure, euphoria and doubt that I felt so clear when they were near, have fade away
just like this moment.

Moments that can never be replicated, repeated or restarted. Invisible.

I take a breath. I feel the power of the present wash over me, it is secure here, knowing this moment
too shall pass.

I am soaked it. I have nothing but this moment. No social norm to conform, character to portray, or
wishing my time away. Just this moment here and now.

The noise has quiet, my mind is clear

Recalling how what I thought were tortures were the very things that taught me what to hold dear

Because you can't see the stars if it doesn't get dark

A Rumba in the Co-op.

by Victoria McNulty

Pneumatic chalk walks numerically
A scratched repeat slid along
the black of the board.

There are road works a mile away
Between Co-op and Parkhead Cross.

A teenage girl talks tongue ticked
The flick of flesh on her inner cheek
Turns me red raged.

There's a pram rolling on the street outside.
A snotty baby crying.

My teacher's shoes are glue stuck
Mulch sludged as he rumbas across the lino
Puck a puck a puck.

My fingers grip a biro
Sweat pooled.

Chalk tick red sludge scratched a mile away
Infront of me glue stuck flesh rolling
a rumba at the Co-op.

The lights a blaze.

At parents' night he sat tie twisted.
Sandwich crumbs on the desk in front
Nonchalant. He told my Mum
That my future would ring brighter
If I applied myself in Maths.