



Happy June! This week is Poetry week in the English Department. Please use your Clever sign-in on the BPSMA.org to access everything you need to complete this work including access to Microsoft Teams, Office 365, and Vocabulary.com.

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Learning Objectives:

Students will be able to: Read closely to determine what the text says explicitly and to make logical inferences from it; cite specific textual evidence when writing or speaking to support conclusions drawn from the text. Write arguments to support claims in an analysis of substantive topics or texts, using valid reasoning and relevant and sufficient evidence. [MA DESE Prerequisite Content Standards](#)

Literacy Objectives:

Students will be able to:

1. to communicate in a manner that allows one to be both heard and understood
2. to generate a response to what one has read, viewed, or heard
3. to understand a concept and construct meaning

<https://www.bpsma.org/schools/brockton-high-school/about-us/mission-literacy-charts>

This week's learning plan: Grades 9-11

Assignment 1: **Poetry, Power, and Performance.** Poetry is not just something you read. It is a full experience where an audience reads the words on the page but can feel them, visualize them, and experience the piece like a living, breathing thing. The goal of this assignment is to experience each portion of a powerful poem from another poet and then create a version. (Assignment details below)

Assignment 2: Have you ever thought about where artists, poets, writers, musicians draw inspiration? Sometimes they are going through difficult seasons in life that prompt them to use their imaginations to create. **Choose your favorite author, poet, writer, or artist, musician, and research their background and works.** Write down any interesting facts you learn about them, specifically anything or anyone that inspired their art. You'll be surprised by what you find. Write a multi-paragraphed response introducing the artist, their medium, and what you learned about their inspiration. Be sure to discuss why you are a fan and how you learned about the artist.

Assignment 3: Vocabulary practice on Vocabulary.com: "In the Mood: 100 Words to Describe How you Feel"
<https://www.vocabulary.com/lists/535865>

Ongoing learning opportunities

- KhanAcademy.com is available through your Clever login for SAT Practice.
- Vocabulary.com is great for quick daily practice to build your vocabulary.
- Sign up for an E-card for the library to borrow books from Hoopla.com and Overdrive.com:
<http://brocktonpubliclibrary.org/images/documents/Ecards.pdf>

Note to students: Your English teacher is available to help you complete the activities. You may also have additional learning opportunities provided by your teacher. Please contact them with specific via email or during office hours: [English Department Remote Office Hours](#)

Assignment 1:

Poetry, Power, and Performance. Poetry is not just something you read. It is a full experience where an audience reads the words on the page but can feel them, visualize them, and experience the piece like a living, breathing thing. The goal of this assignment is to experience each portion of a powerful poem from another poet and then create a version.

Select 1 or more of these pieces of poetry that are performed. First, watch the piece. Take your notes – these don't have to be formal but should be something that will help you think about the piece after you have watched it.

Watch it as often as needed. Your goal isn't just to summarize what the performer is talking about, but also think about HOW they get the message/focus you identified across.

Create at least a 3-5 brief responses (short paragraphs) for the poem you selected to analyze. What was the purpose of the poem? Discuss how you know and use examples from the performance to support your thinking. What did the poet do to make the performance engaging? How did the presentation of the poem make the focus clear to the audience? Your response could discuss a specific stylistic element that had an impact on you (word choice, images created by words, facial expression, tone). Be specific and thoughtful.

Here are the links to the performances. The text for each poem is below.

“Touchscreen” – Marshall Soulful Jones -- <https://youtu.be/GAx845QaOck> 3:11

“This Type Love” – Shihan, Def Poetry Jam -- <https://youtu.be/U4cMD2lnHWU> 3:22

“Names” – Elizabeth Acevedo, *The Poet X*-- <https://youtu.be/whLfYOoOVEo> 1:26

“I Come from the Fire City” – Eve L Ewing -- <https://youtu.be/qlwrZ-ocr8I> (film by Daniel Daly) 2:23

Creative Response

Write a piece as either a response to one of the poems (it doesn't have to be the one you analyzed if you don't want it to be). Or, you can take the subject/topic of the piece and create your piece that way. Whichever method you choose, it should be at least 25 quality lines.

Option: record yourself performing your piece, uploading it, or sending it to your teacher. Be creative and enjoy it! <https://www.poetryoutloud.org/> (a good resource when you work on reciting/performing)

“Touchscreen” by Marshall Davis Jones

<https://youtu.be/GAx845QaOck> 3:11

Introducing the new Apple iPerson
complete with multitouch and volume control
doesn't it feel good to touch?
doesn't it feel good to touch?
doesn't it feel good to touch?

my world is so digital
that I have forgotten what that feels like
it used to be hard to connect when friends formed
cliques
but it's even more difficult to connect now that clicks
form friends
But who am I to judge?
I face Facebook
more than books face me
hoping to
book face-to-faces
I update my status
420 spaces
to prove that I am still breathing
failure to do this daily
means my whole web wide world will forget that I exist
but with 3,000 friends online
only five I can count in real life
why wouldn't I spend more time in a world where there
are more people that 'like' me
Wouldn't you?
Here, it doesn't matter
if I'm an amateur person
as long as I have a 'pro' file
my smile is 50% genuine
and 50% genuine HD
You would need blu-rays to see the white on my teeth
but I'm not that focused
ten tabs open
hopin'
my problems can be resolved with a 1600 by 1700
resolution
this is a problem with this evolution
doubled over we used to sit in tree tops
till we swung down and stood upright
then someone slipped a disc
now we are doubled over at desktops
from the Garden of Eden
to the branches of Macintosh

apple picking has always come at a great cost
iPod iMac iPhone iChat
I can do all of these things without making eye contact
We used to sprint to pick and store blackberries
Now we run to the Sprint Store to pick Blackberries
it's scary
I can't hear the sound of mother nature speaking over all
this tweeting
and along with it is our ability to feel as it's fleeting
you would think these headphone jacks inject in the flesh
the way we connect to disconnect
power on
but we are powerless
they got us love drugged
Like e-pills
so we E*TRADE
email
e-motion
like e-commerce
because now money can buy love
for \$9.95 a month
click
to proceed the checkout
click
to x out where our hearts once where
click
I've uploaded this hug I hope she gets it
click
I'm making love to my wife I hope she's logged in
click
I'm holding my daughter over a Skype conference call
while she's crying in the crib in the next room
click
so when my phone goes off in my hip iTouch and iTouch
and iTouch
because in a world
where there are voices that are only read
and laughter is never heard
or I'm so desperate to feel
that I hope the Technologic can reverse the universe
so the screen can touch me back
and maybe it will
When our technology is advanced enough...
to make us human again

<https://genius.com/Marshall-davis-jones-touchscreen-annotated>

“This type love” by Shihan <https://youtu.be/GAx845QaOck> 3:11

I want a love like
Me thinking of you
Thinking of me thinking of you type love
Or me telling my friends more than I’ve ever admitted to
myself
About how I feel about you type love
Or hating how jealous you are
But loving how much you want me all to yourself type love
Or see how your first name just sound so good next to my last
name
And shit I wanted to see how far I could get without calling
you
And I barely made it out of my garage

See, I want a love that makes me wait until she falls asleep
And wonder if she’s dreaming about us being in love type love
Or who loves the other more
Or what she’s doing this exact moment
Or slow dancing in the middle of our apartment to the music
of our hearts
Closing my eyes and imagining how a love so good
Could hurt so much when she’s not there
And shit I love not knowing where this love is headed type
love
And check this, I want to place those little post-it notes
All around the how she she never forgets how much I love her
type love
And not have enough ink in my pen to write all there is to love
about her type love
And hope I make her feel as good as she makes me feel

And I want to deal with my friends making fun of me
The way I made fun of them when they went through the same
kind of love type love
Only difference is, this is one of those real love type loves
And just like in high school
I want to spend hours on the phone not saying shit
And then fall asleep and then wake up with her right next to
me
And smell her all up in my covers type love
I want to try counting the ways I love her
And lose count in the middle just so I have to start all over
again
And I want to celebrate one of those one month anniversaries

Even though they ain’t really anniversaries
But doing it just ‘cause it make her happy type love
And, check this, I want to fall in love with the melody the
phone plays
When none of us dialed into it type love
And talk to you until I lose my breathe
She leaves me breathless
But with the expanding of my lungs I inhale all of her back
into me

I want a love that makes me need to change my cell phone
calling plan
To something allows me to talk to her longer
‘cause in all honesty, I want to avoid one of them high cell
phone bill type loves
And I want a love that makes me regret how small my hands
are
I mean the lines on my palms don’t give me enough time
To love you as long as I’d like to type love
And I want a love that makes me st-st-st-stutter
Just thinking about how strong this love is type love
And I want a love that makes me want to cut off all my hair
Well, maybe not all of the hair
Maybe like I cut the split ends and trim my moustache
But it would still be a symbol of how strong my love for her
And check this, I kind of feel comfortable now
So I even be fantasizing about walking out on a green light
Just dying to get hit by a car
Just so I could lose my memory
Get transported to some third world country just to get treated
Then somehow meet up again with you so I can fall in love
with you
In a different language and see if it still feels the same type
love
I want a love that’s as unexplainable as she is
But I’m married, so she’s gonna be the one I share this love
with
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“Touchscreen” text <https://genius.com/Marshall-davis-jones-touchscreen-annotated>

“Names” Elizabeth Acevedo <https://youtu.be/whLfYOoVVEo> 1:26

I’m the only one in the family
without a biblical name.
Shit, Xiomara isn’t even Dominican.

I know, because I Googled it.
It means: One who is ready for war.

And truth be told, that description is about
right
because I even tried to come into the world
in a fighting stance: feet first.

Had to be cut out of Mami
after she’d given birth
to my twin brother, Xavier, just fine.
And my name labors out of some people’s
mouths
in that same awkward and painful way.

Until I have to slowly say:
See-oh-MAH-ruh.

I’ve learned not to flinch the first day of school
as teachers get stuck stupid trying to figure it
out.

Mami says she thought it was a saint’s name.
Gave me this gift of battle and now curses
how well I live up to it.

My parents probably wanted a girl who would
sit in the pews
wearing pretty florals and a soft smile.
They got combat boots and a mouth silent
until it’s sharp as an island machete.

https://cdn.ymaws.com/www.naiba.com/resource/resmgr/conference_2017/author_pdfs/Elizabeth_Acevedo_with_Poet_.pdf

I come from the fire city.

Eve L. Ewing <https://youtu.be/qlwrZ-ocr8I> (film by Daniel Daly) 2:23

i come from the fire city / fire came and licked up our houses, lapped them up like
they were nothing / drank them like the last dribbling water from a concrete
fountain / the spigot is too hot to touch with your lips be careful / fire kissed us and
laughed / and even now the rust climbs the walls, red ivy / iron fire and the brick
blossoms florid / red like stolen lipstick ground down to a small flat earth / stand on
any corner of the fire city, look west to death / the red sun eats the bungalows / the
fire city children watch with their fingers in their mouths / to savor the flaming hots
or hot flamins or hot crunchy curls or hot chips / they open the fire hydrants in the
fire city and lay dollar store boats in the gutters / warrior funeral pyres unlit

<https://poets.org/poem/i-come-fire-city>