



Over the past three weeks the English assignments have been designed to provide relevant and hopefully thought-provoking activities. Given the recent events in our country and our city, we will give the week to refocus. You have more time to complete last week's activities.

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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**

**Watch Trevor Noah, author of Born a Crime and host of the Daily Show**, talk about the “dominoes” of racial injustice and police brutality, and how the contract between society and black Americans has been broken time and time again. Listen to his “Daily Social Distancing Show” entitled “[George Floyd, Minneapolis Protests, Ahmaud Arbery & Amy Cooper.](#)” The topic of your response is to the video is open.

Week of June 1 – 5:

Assignment 1: **Poetry, Power, and Performance.**

Assignment 2: **Choose your favorite author, poet, writer, or artist, musician, and research their background and works.**

**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/whLfYOooVEo> 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](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>