

Concrete Poem

a
sp
arkle
way up
high one
to make all
your wishes upon
high in the nighttime sky blinking like a broken
traffic light shining above us like a canopy
with holes punched in it growing bright
each night we look up at them
in amazement they hold our
hopes and dreams their tw
inkle assures us that very
thing will be alright
st ar

Acrostic Poem

Personal thoughts

Original ideas

Expressive language

Mental images

Sensory details

Haiku

An afternoon breeze
expels cold air, along with
the fallen brown leaves.