



Inspired by Run DMC's song, [My Adidas](#), and the online lesson at [WritingFix](#), these tenth graders wrote the following poems about their clothing. As they wrote and revised, they worked especially hard on their idea development and organization skills. Read the four poems, then—as a class—discuss the idea development and organization of these four poems.

Eyes That Can Talk

by Meghan, tenth grade poet

As they say, "There's more than meets the eye."
On the outside, a plain pair of brown eyes.
On the inside, an anonymous perspective.
We all see, but in different, unique ways.

Are you curious about my feelings?
Look into my eyes, they tell you everything.
My eyes just can't hold back emotions.
A sparkle of happiness, or a river of tears.
Bug-eyed with fear, or raging with anger.

From the Pacific Ocean, to the Eiffel Tower,
To the Grand Canyon and Disneyland,
Experiencing the crazy driving in the Philippines and watching
Everyone around me, including myself, grow up and live life.
I haven't seen it all, but I've seen enough for right now, to be satisfied.

These eyes are the reason I have special memories.
They have made me see things that I want to remember forever.
Also, things I wish I've never seen.
Blue eyes, brown eyes, green eyes, or hazel eyes,
"There's more than meets the eye."



Ski Race Ready

by Collin, tenth grade poet

I stand as silent sentinels
As he passes by.
A pack upon his back
As he thinks and wonders why.
Knowledge comes first
So I'll stand by.

I stand as silent sentinels
As challenges become skills.
Each Obstacle to peruse,
To perfect before the hills.
Training is the master's call
Challenging his test of wills.

I stand as silent sentinels,
Coiled in the gate.
Knowledge, training, skill,
We have seconds to wait.
Racer ready,
Our tenure now must mate.
Gate, carve, extend,
Drive, set, skate,
Gate, carve, extend,
Drive, set, skate.

We stand as silent sentinels
A victory in our hand.



Let Your Book tell Your Story

by Kristin, tenth grade poet

My book takes me to another world.
My book lives with me, breathes with me, cries with me.
My book hurts with me.
My book knows when I need to be taken away, to my other world.
My book knows that my parents don't understand.
No one understands.
My book is nonliving.
My book can't breathe.
My book can't see,
But just because my book isn't all these things,
It understands more than
Anyone ever would and ever will.
My book takes me to another world.



Life Items

by Brent, tenth grade poet

My music has been there my whole life.
It sees when I'm upset and turns on rap.
It sees my confused emotions and flips on soul.
It notices my adrenaline and clicks on hyphie.
My music has always been there with me,
And no matter what, my music will stay.

Then there is my phone,
It knows every little detail of my life.
My phone has heard my deepest conversations.
It has heard my most touching conversations.
My phone knows every secret of my love life,
And knows how I love my friends and family.

I love the things I walk through life with.
They help me reflect upon myself,
And that is why I love my life.



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