

Here, two eighth graders—inspired by WritingFix’s [Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow poetry lesson](#)—drafted and revised these poems.

Read each poem with a partner, and talk about where each poet used an idea development or a word choice skill in an interesting way. Be prepared to share with the whole group.

### **Yesterday, Today, Tomorrow**

by Rachana, eighth grade writer

#### Yesterday

A mural of bright colors,  
Distorted by a puddle of  
tears  
Left behind



#### Today

A never-ending maze of mystery,  
Filled with both thorns and flowers alike;  
Neither exists without the other

#### Tomorrow

Will it be a red letter day?  
Will the sun still be shining?  
Everyone says my future is in my hands,  
But how will I make it,  
Because I am a very big  
Procrastinator

### **Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow**

by Natalie, eighth grade writer



Yesterday, the world was painted in bright, vibrant colors  
Every day was new and clean  
The world was my playground, and even the color of the sky would change to match my mood  
Fairies lived in every bush, and the cardboard box our new refrigerator came in was a magic fortress  
While my parents were rocks stuck in mud at the bottom of a stream, I was a feather,  
Spinning over rapids, whizzing around bends, and rolling over ripples  
I absorbed the rays from the sun like a sponge, and I carried that light with me in my soul,  
And it was the sunshine that fueled my imagination

Today, I am changing into something nameless  
I'm somewhere between a caterpillar and a butterfly  
The transformation is a terrifying thrill  
I can remember the time when my life was what my imagination wanted it to be  
I want to lock the memories of those times up and keep them in my pocket, so I could maybe stay the child I once was,  
But I can't  
The world is pushing me to grow-up  
I'm a crisp green sprout, being excessively watered  
The waterer thinks it will accelerate my transformation, when really, it's just drowning me

Tomorrow is a blur of colors  
I'm moving too fast to make out what the future will be like for me  
Maybe tomorrow, I'll be able to keep that sunshine that fueled once my imagination, or maybe the sunshine will fuel something new  
All I know is that tomorrow's coiled up and ready to pounce, and surprises will lie around every corner  
Like storms, tomorrow cannot be controlled, but it can be prepared for  
I know tomorrow, I'll be something new