

Inspired by WritingFix's [Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow Poetry Lesson](#), these seventh graders created the three-stanza poems you see here.

As they wrote and revised these poems, they worked especially hard on their **idea development** and **word choice** skills. With a partner, discuss where each poet excels with these two writing traits.

The Wonders of Hunting at the Farm

by Justin, seventh grade poet

When I was very new
To this wonderful sport of hunting,
I went to my stand as the wind blew.
I stayed for hour upon hour,
Watching deer hundreds of yards away.
My attitude toward sitting there became sour.
It came alive again, though, as the deer came,
And after I dropped one with just one bullet,
I found myself gaining hunting fame.
The next month I bagged a buck.
I loved the renewed attention
(Though I knew I owed some of it to luck).



That good fortune, though, is gone
As I now sit here in the stand,
Seeing nothing but a tiny fawn.
But I haven't got anything to fear,
Look! Here is my chance!
I think, as I see a deer.
I reach for my gun,
Line it up, and, BANG!
It was trying to run,
But my aim was true,
And it could not go far.
After a shot like that, I had nothing to rue.
My heart leapt when I heard a sound.
I knew it was yet another deer
Walking on the ground.
So I took the deer with one shot,
As I stepped out of my hunting spot,
To see my two deer,
And I for my composure fought
As I realized I had shot two deer in one night!

Here is to the future of many a year,
To hunt on this wonderful farm of Grandpa's,
To shoot some bear, along with many more deer,
But the hunting is just the half of it.
Since I can spend so much time with my family,
I never have anything to fuel a fit.
No, hunting is a wonderful time.
That I enjoy so much,
It seems like a crime!

A poem dedicated to my grandfather, Reuben Hanson.

Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow

by Alyssa, seventh grade poet

Yesterday seems so far away,
Yet it happens day after day,
That sometimes we think of the bad,
Which will often make us sad.
It may be better to just forget.
And often times we need to forgive,
But that seems too much like
Yesterday.



Today is never thought of the same,
But that doesn't mean that we can just blame.
It's all on the weight of today.
You never know when it will end,
But often times we tend
To live in the past, but today is today and it will soon end.
So live it to the fullest,
Like it was your last
Today.

Tomorrow is always unknown,
But it's better that way.
The best way to enter,
Listen to your soul and to the beat of your heart.
Think of the future
And conquer your dreams.
For that was Yesterday,
This is Today,
And the unknown will always be Tomorrow.

Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow

by Thomas, seventh grade poet

Yesterday was happy and carefree.
It held the sounds of birds singing and
children playing.
The days would drag on and I could feel
every second in my heart.
Yesterday was a time when mistakes
were forgotten.



Today is a time when mistakes linger.
The hum of computers and the scratching of pencils
Replace the sounds of nature.
The green of the grass is replaced the beige and cream of
The walls around me.
The days now speed by at an overwhelming speed; days
will go by without me noticing.

Tomorrow is a time of great mystery.
No one can predict what will come in my future.
Not even the greatest seer can see what is in store for me.
No oracle will tell me my fate,
For I make my own fate and fortune.
I will decide the path of my life.
That is why I say tomorrow is a good day.