

Inspired by the poetry collection-- [Fathers, Mothers, Sisters, Brothers: A Collection of Family Poems](#)—these three sixth graders wrote poems about their families.

The [poetry lesson at WritingFix](#) that inspired these poems encouraged the writers to structure their poetry around repeating lines. With a partner, discuss how effective the repetition is in these three poems. How does repetition add to *rhythm and sentence fluency*?

Adored and Far
by Michelle, sixth grade poet

My nana doesn't live here anymore.
My nana got older, retired, and moved.
My nana moved to South Carolina.
My nana would always have a scent of coffee and cocoa butter.

I still cry.

My nana has been gone for a while.
My nana had a smile I couldn't forget.
My nana always knew a way to be fair.
My nana was a master at ping pong, and she laughed when she messed up.

I still cry.

My nana had a loving and strong heart.
My nana told me right from wrong in her wise mind.
My nana always made me laugh.
My nana always wore her shimmery brown earth tone lipstick.

I still cry.

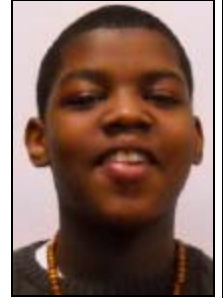
My nana had ways of making anyone smile.
My nana is happy now.

I'm happy now too.



My Mom is Still My Everything
by Aaron, sixth grade poet

When I meet new girls and buy them pearls,
My mom is still my everything.
When I do my best or make her hurl,
My mom is still my everything.
When I graduate and grow old,
My mom is still my everything.
When I go downhill or break a bone,
My mom is still my everything.
When I reach for the stars and do it big,
My mom is still my everything.
When our relationship is strong as a rock or as weak as a newborn,
My mom is still my everything.
When I love her like candy or hate her like vegetables,
My mom is still my everything.
When she's long gone to Heaven,
My mom is still my everything.



That's Why We're a Family
by Stefanie, sixth grade poet

We're a family.
We frolic and support each other.
We chant and dance and fool around like if we were young kids again.
We tell jokes to one another.
We all might be different, in many distinct ways.
Hey, who cares?
And that's why we're a family,
But sometimes,
We scream as if we're monkeys and fight as if we're lions.
Often we annoy one another.
Hey who cares?
At least we are still together.
And that's why we're a family.

