

Here, three eighth graders—inspired by Dr. Seuss’ [My Many Colored Days](#) and a lesson at [WritingFix](#)—worked on their idea development and word choice skills as they wrote and revised the published poems you see here. Read each poem and discuss where you see each poet’s best demonstration of idea development and word choice.

**My Many Colored Days**

by Lisa, eighth grade poet



For every new day,  
There’s a new feeling.  
For every new feeling,  
There’s a new color.

On a neon green day I’m excited or surprised,  
Like a grasshopper jumping through the grass  
On a moderately warm spring day.

On an orange day I’m happy,  
Like a jack-o-lantern glowing in the dark  
On a starry dark fall night.

On a lavender day I’m relaxed,  
Like a flower rustling in the spring breeze  
On a cool summer morning.

On a white day I’m confused about what I feel,  
Like a cloud changing colors as a storm blows  
through  
On a dreary mid-afternoon.

On a brown day I’m sad,  
Like an abused dog whining for affection  
On a stormy fall night.

Although there are many emotions,  
A certain color is a new feeling.

**My Rainbow**

by Michala, eighth grade poet



On baby blue days  
I feel careless  
Like waves crashing on the shore  
On a warm August morning.

On bright pink days  
I feel prideful  
Like a sunflower in a daisy patch  
On a cool crisp morning.

On plain white days  
I feel emotionless  
Like a black and white photo  
In a old photo album  
In a dark dusty attic.

On dark black days  
I feel mad  
Like a tornado  
Tearing through a innocent town  
On a dark stormy evening.

**Many Colored Days**

by Kimmie, eighth grade poet



On black days  
I am happy  
Like a penguin  
Swimming in the Antarctic water.

On ruby days  
I am sorrow  
Like a wolf howling at the moon  
In a lonely forest.

On brown days  
I am warm  
Like a dog sitting  
In the Texan sun.

On purple days  
I am high and mighty  
Like the Queen of England  
Watching over her country.

On pink days  
I am tired  
Like a new born baby  
Sleeping in a crib at the hospital.