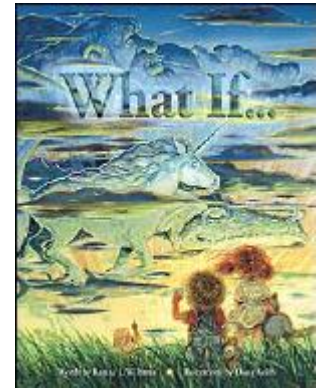


At the Northern Nevada Writing Project's 2009 Piñon Poetry Festival, students of many ages were inspired to write *What If... poems* after hearing Regina Williams' picture book What If...

Student poets worked hard on their *word choice* and their *idea development* as they composed these poems, then published them before the festival ended.

Look over these poems and talk with a partner about where you see each poet's strength with the writing traits of *word choice* and *idea development*. Be prepared to share with the whole class.

The lesson that inspired this writing can be accessed at the WritingFix website (<http://writingfix.com>).



Our Secret Place...

by Diana, eighth grade poet

What if my hair could tap you on the shoulder
Each time you walked by?
My eye would wink a *hi*
And my nose twitch a *good bye*.

What if clouds
Became the playground
Where students could chill and think
While they wrote a poem for you and me?

What if summer was every day
And winter once a month?
I could go outside and hope you will too,
Then maybe hang around and smile shyly at you.

And what if vacations were nine months
And school was three?
We could peek around secret corners
Hoping no one will see.

But most importantly,
What if fairies came to life
Every time I was down and upset?
They were watching over me just because you left,
Waiting on the playground, they whispered it will be ok.



Dreamer

by McKenna, eighth grade poet

What if dragons soared the midnight sky
Between the stormy clouds
And past the rolling fields?

What if unicorns ran through the forest
Toward the open land they call home.
Past the black-hearted poachers?

What if fairies danced in the trees
Even as dawn approached
Until all believers stop believing?
The fairies shall forever dance.

What if wizards cast spells all through the night
As though their potions were recipes?
Whenever they master a potion, it's no secret.
Shape shifting and storms are their specialties.

What if the world had no imagination?
Until the last person stops using imagination,
The world will keep spinning.
Until death consumes my spirit and soul,
I will have an imagination.