

Here, two seventh graders, inspired by WritingFix's [Little Toy Friend Poetry Assignment](#) (which is based on a poem by Robert Louis Stevenson), wrote and revised the following poems about lost possessions. Both writers worked on their idea development and sentence fluency skills as they prepared to publish these poems. Work with a partner and discuss which trait—idea development or sentence fluency—each poet showed his best skills with; be prepared to share with the class.

Lost iPod

by Jack



His iPod rests in the junkyard,
Atop a big mound of garbage,
Thrown out by accident in a big stack of paper.

On top of that heap of garbage
It has seen the many pickers, looking for buried treasure.
It has seen the line of tired bulldozers, dump trucks,
And backhoes, waiting to move some more trash.

On top of that heap of garbage
It has tasted the rest of the junk, on which the iPod leans,
And the dew that comes almost every morning.

On top of that heap of garbage
It has heard the clunking of the back loader engine,
It has heard the crumpling of cars in the car crusher,
And the passing of cars on the highway.

On top of that heap of garbage
It has smelled the scent of worn-out tires,
The smell of old toys molding.
It has smelled the aroma of corroding antiques.

On top of that heap of garbage
It feels lonely and forgotten.
It feels rusty, tired, and cramped,
Just wanting to play one more song.

Tale of a Tonka Truck

by Chance

On a bright, hot afternoon,
On a crowded ocean shore
Played a little boy in the muck
And a yellow Tonka Truck.

He'd never let it go.
He'd never throw it out,
But somehow he forgot the thing
He could never live without.

There it was,
Just sitting there
Half buried in the mud,
Hearing sounds of waves and gulls
And laughing kids all day.

It saw boats on the ocean,
Kids swimming,
Gulls flying.
It saw some crabs
And everyone playing
In the hot sun.

It smelled the salty water
And good food from the local shop.
The wonderful sights and smells
Just never seemed to stop.

It felt the waves
Gently pushing against it,
The hot sun shining down,
The cold mud holding it still.

It felt happy being there,
Around these happy people,
And being in such a nice place
Though it missed the boy
And his joyful smiling face.

