

**Ms. Foster's ninth graders, inspired by Rudyard Kipling's poem *If* and the lesson found at WritingFix, wrote these four "Poems of Condition." These four poets worked very hard to 1) create sentences that flow and 2) develop interesting ideas. Working with a partner, find places in each poem where you see evidence of good sentence fluency and idea development.**

### **Hairstylist**

by Liane, ninth grade poet

If you like to sigh and smile and snip  
As your shiny scissors go clip clip  
If you whistle as you make dye dip  
And cherish heads of hair, thin or thick  
If your manicured nails can stroke  
But never strangle any split strand  
And have a room temp bottle of Coke  
To grab in your left and unused hand



If you can clone Halley Berry hair  
On some woman with not much left  
If you like to trim split ends with care  
With precision very quick and deft  
If your bubble gum will always pop  
With a gleeful I click as you measure

If your heart leaps at every grey  
And you know just what to make it brown  
If a customer had a bad day  
And you know to bring him up from down  
And giggle and chirp and make fine talk  
As you trim all her uneven locks  
But most of all enjoy doing so-  
Then you will be a hairstylist

### **Model**

by Rachel, ninth grade poet

If you can battle with bulimics,  
parade a playful pose,  
show no fear to critic extremists  
while looking delicate as a rose

If the camera's oxygen is your skin  
fashion your delight  
magazine spreads are your kin  
and you reach a towering height

If you can master all of this  
while acting fresh and fierce and fine  
Take a bite of the modeling world  
It's all of yours to dine.



**Ms. Foster's ninth graders, inspired by Rudyard Kipling's poem *If* and the lesson found at WritingFix, wrote these four "Poems of Condition." These four poets worked very hard to 1) create sentences that flow and 2) develop interesting ideas. Working with a partner, find places in each poem where you see evidence of good sentence fluency and idea development.**

### **Chef**

by Sage, ninth grade poet

If you find offices boring,  
    And isolation rough,  
If you are ready for exploring,  
    But are not yet tough,  
Or need a little extra schooling,  
    When you want to create,  
For a thing that is far from grueling,  
    That you can serve on a plate,  
If you love to work with food,  
    In your daily living,  
But suffer the rude,  
    And face the giving  
If you endure all this,  
    And undergo all of the adversity,  
If you struggle for bliss,  
    You will come across diversity,  
If you never waste,  
    And working hard is an everyday endeavor,  
You will craft food that everyone will taste:  
    You will be a chef.



### **How to Be a Child**

by Katy, ninth grade poet

If you can run through a park  
And not care about the scratches on your shins,  
If you're still afraid of the dark  
But the monster under your bed never wins.  
If you can throw a huge fit  
And forget it the next day.  
If you can kick, squeal and hit  
But say sorry to the kid that cried and ran away.

If you're still excited about a simple show  
And would wake up at 5 o' clock in the morning to see it.  
If you can make friends with people you don't know  
And become best friends and stay closely knit.  
If you can hold your little head up high,  
And be harshly judged but not care.  
If you are learning not to be shy  
And can look beyond outside appearances and share.

If you still play hopscotch and tidily-winks  
With your shoes laces flopping and untied.  
If you still think coming home at dark stinks  
But you obey your mom and look on the bright side.  
If you're completely convinced Santa still exists  
And you know the tooth fairy visits at least once a week.  
If you think chocolate ice cream is bliss  
And when you play tag, there is no technique.

If you scream at the sight of a bug,  
Or you're one of the others that find them fun.  
If you feel better from just a simple hug  
And your legs never hurt when you run.  
If you can take everything one day at a time,  
And not worry if the future will be challenging or wild.  
If there's no tree in the world you are afraid to climb,  
You are indeed a free spirited child

