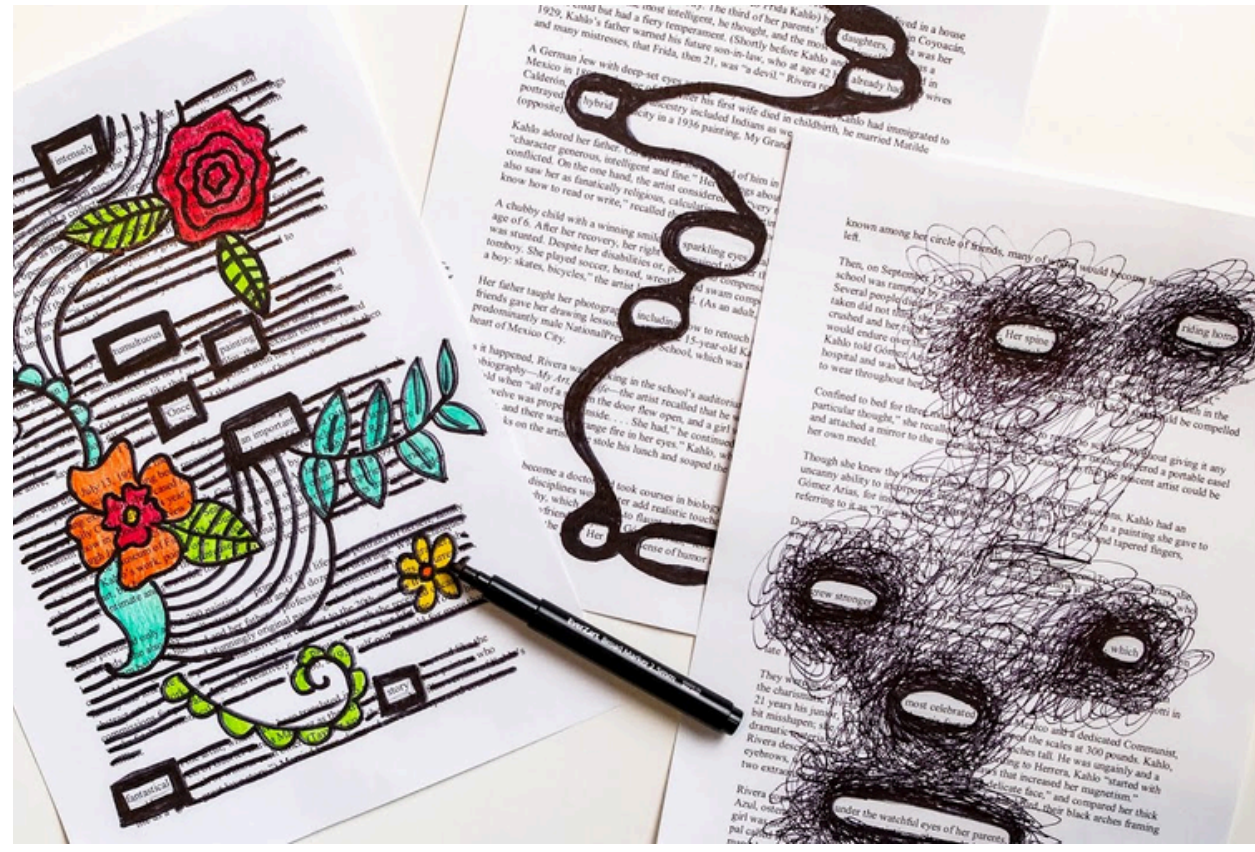


# Blackout Poetry



## Materials

Supplies included to make one (1) Décor:

- Black permanent marker
- Poetry page

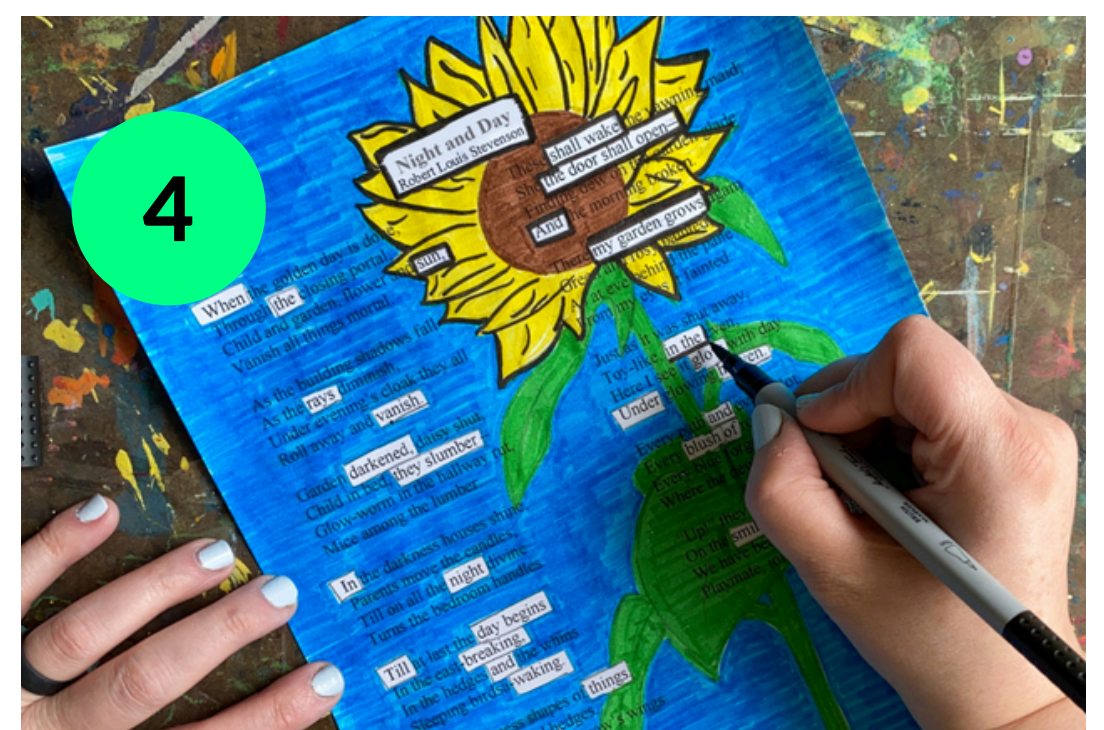
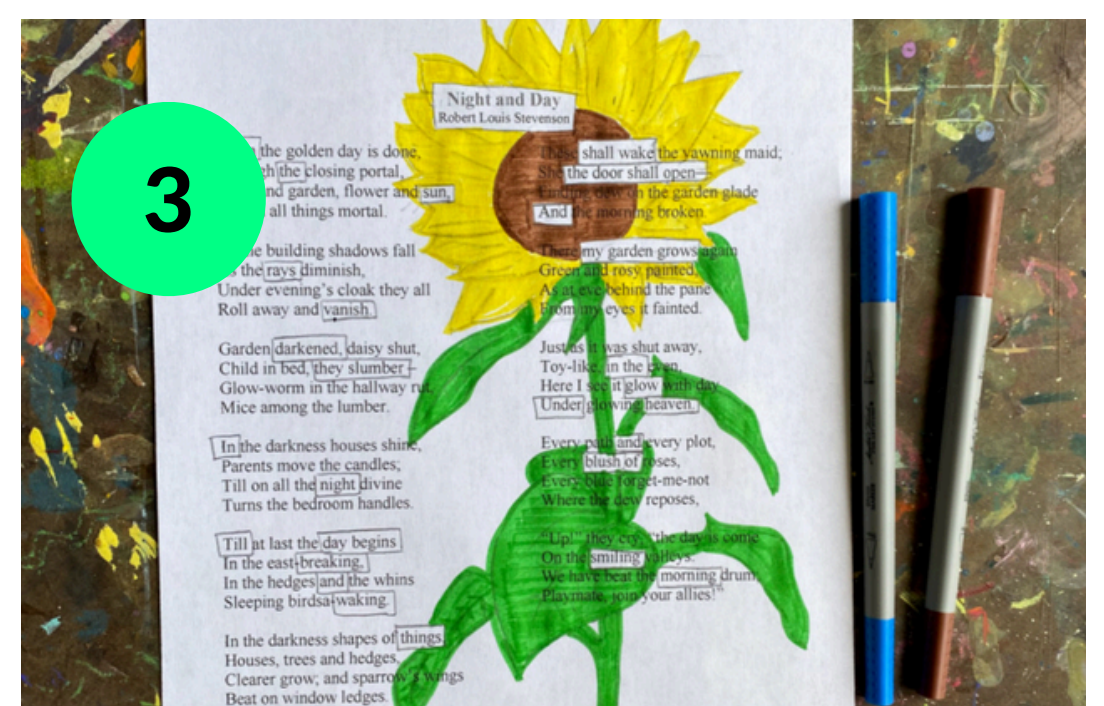
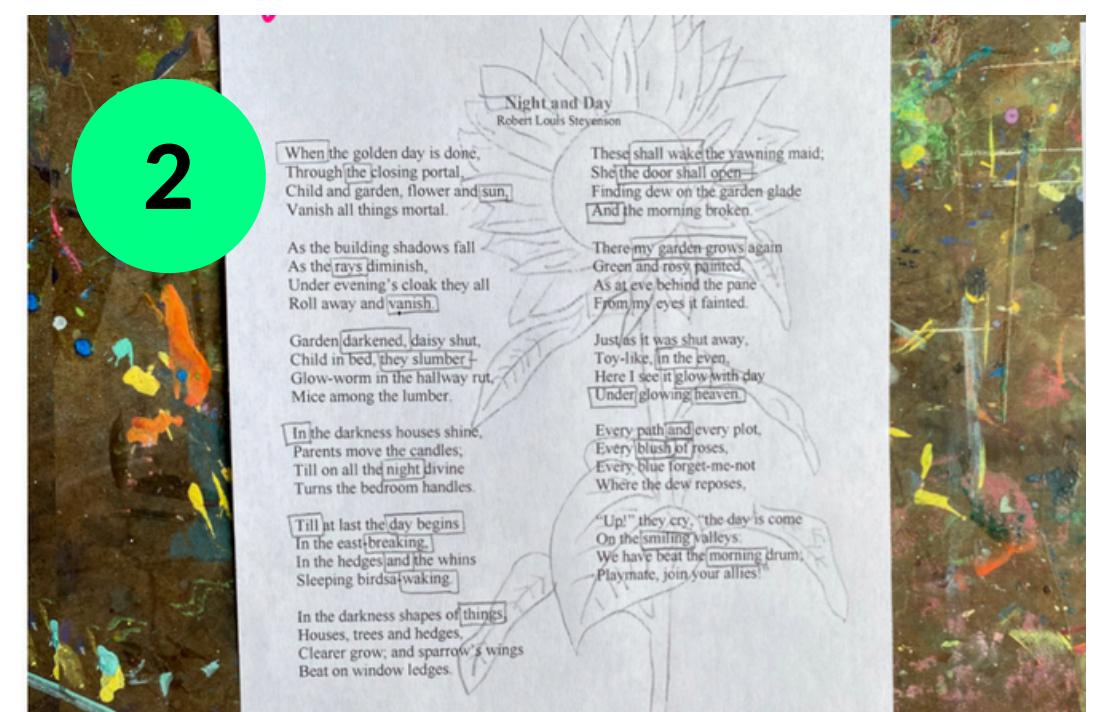
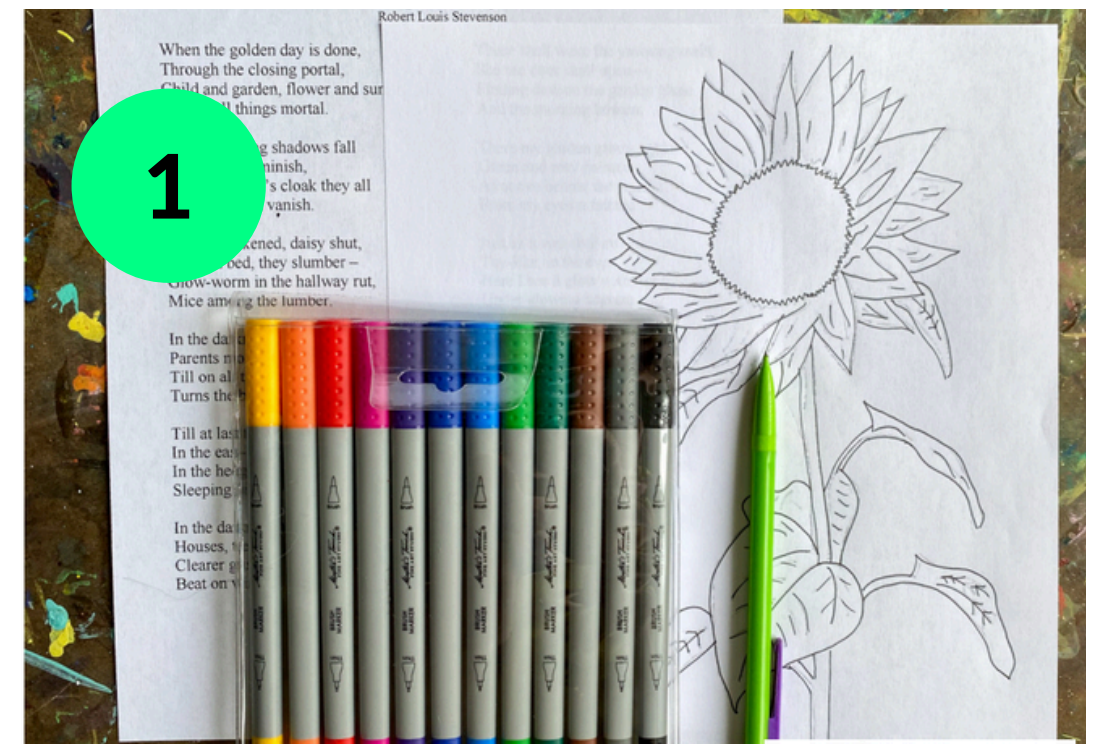
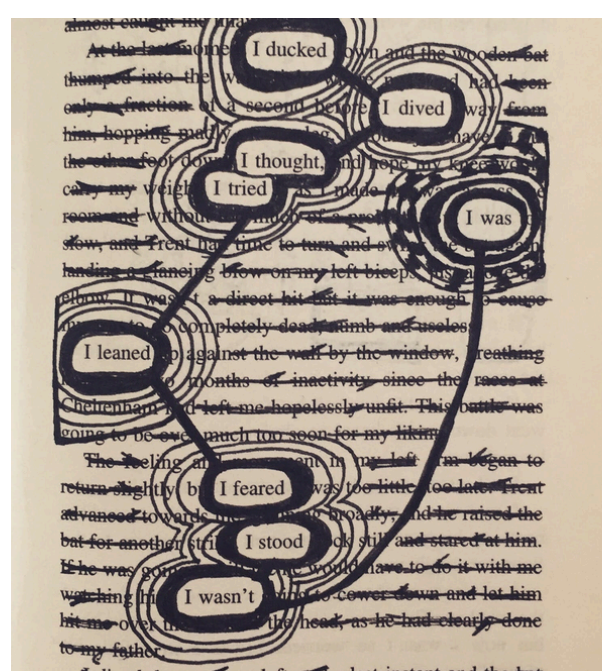
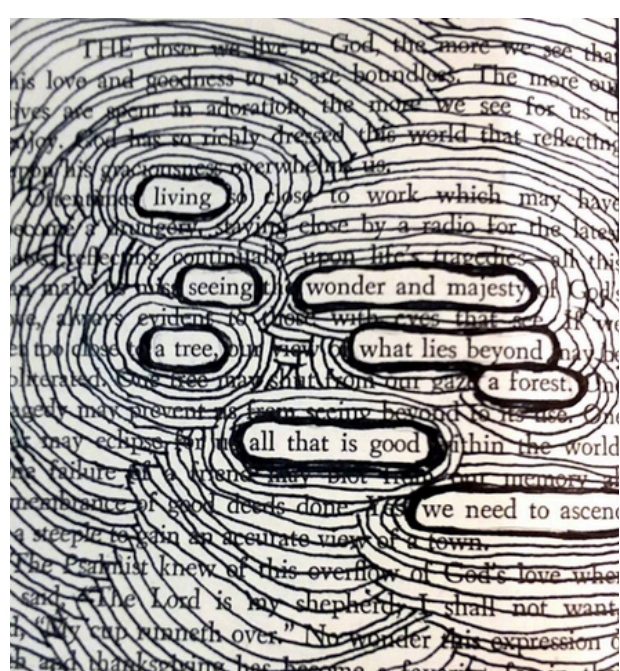
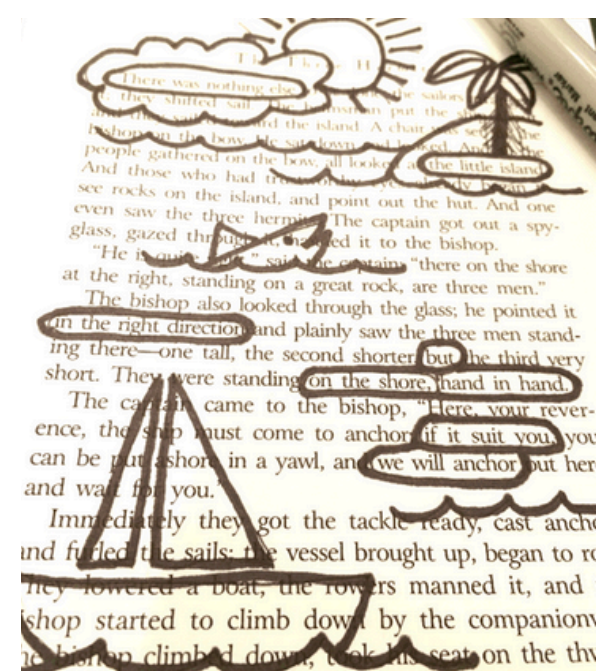
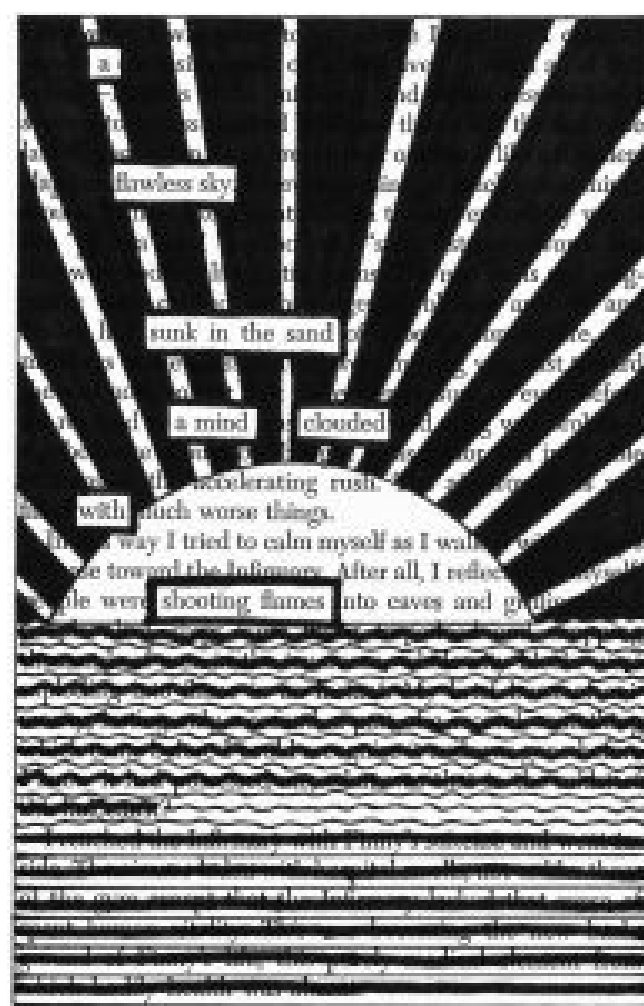
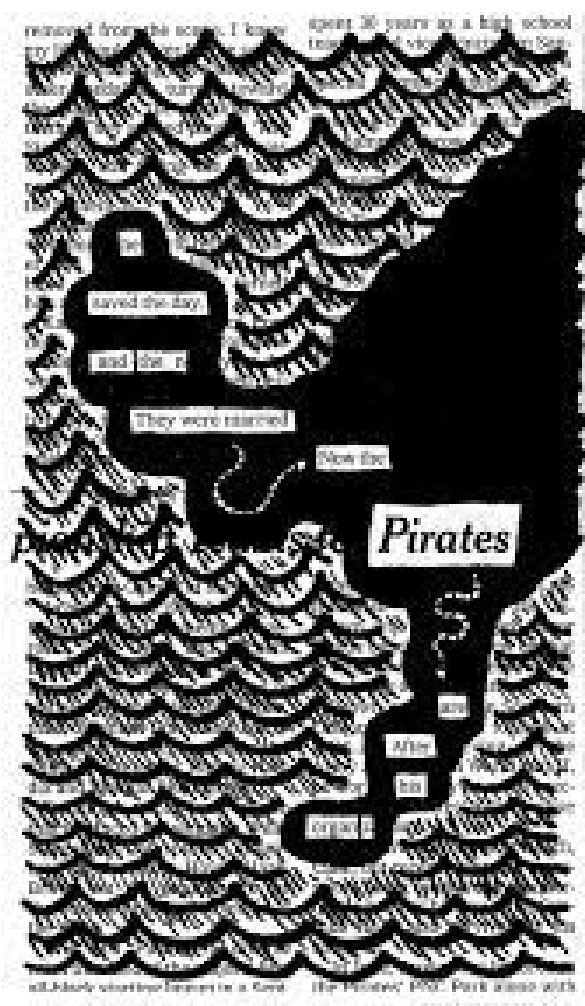
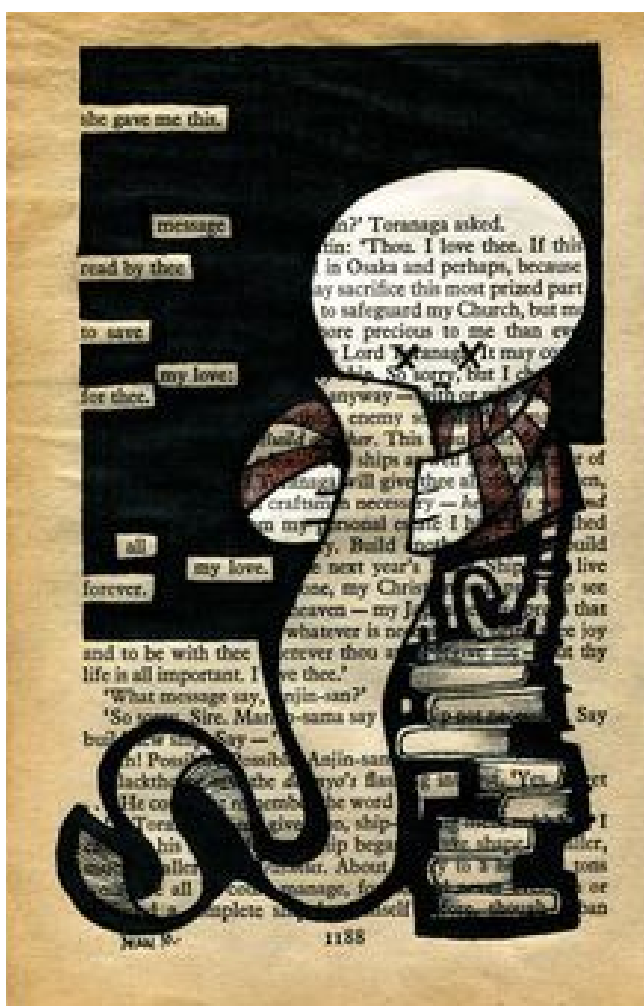
NOT included in your kit:

- Scissors
- Pencils
- Colored markers

## Instructions:

- Scan the page for interesting or meaningful words.
- Lightly circle those words with your pencil. (See picture 2)
- Optional: lightly sketch or trace a cool design onto your poetry page. (See picture 2 and the inspiration pictures)
- If you chose to include a design, color it in or outline it. Be careful not to color in the words you're using in your poem. (See picture 3)
- Blackout the words you do not need. (See picture 4 and the inspiration pictures)
- Outline your selected words and designs. (See picture 4)
- Optional: Color in with markers or pencils. (See picture 4)

## Inspiration pictures:

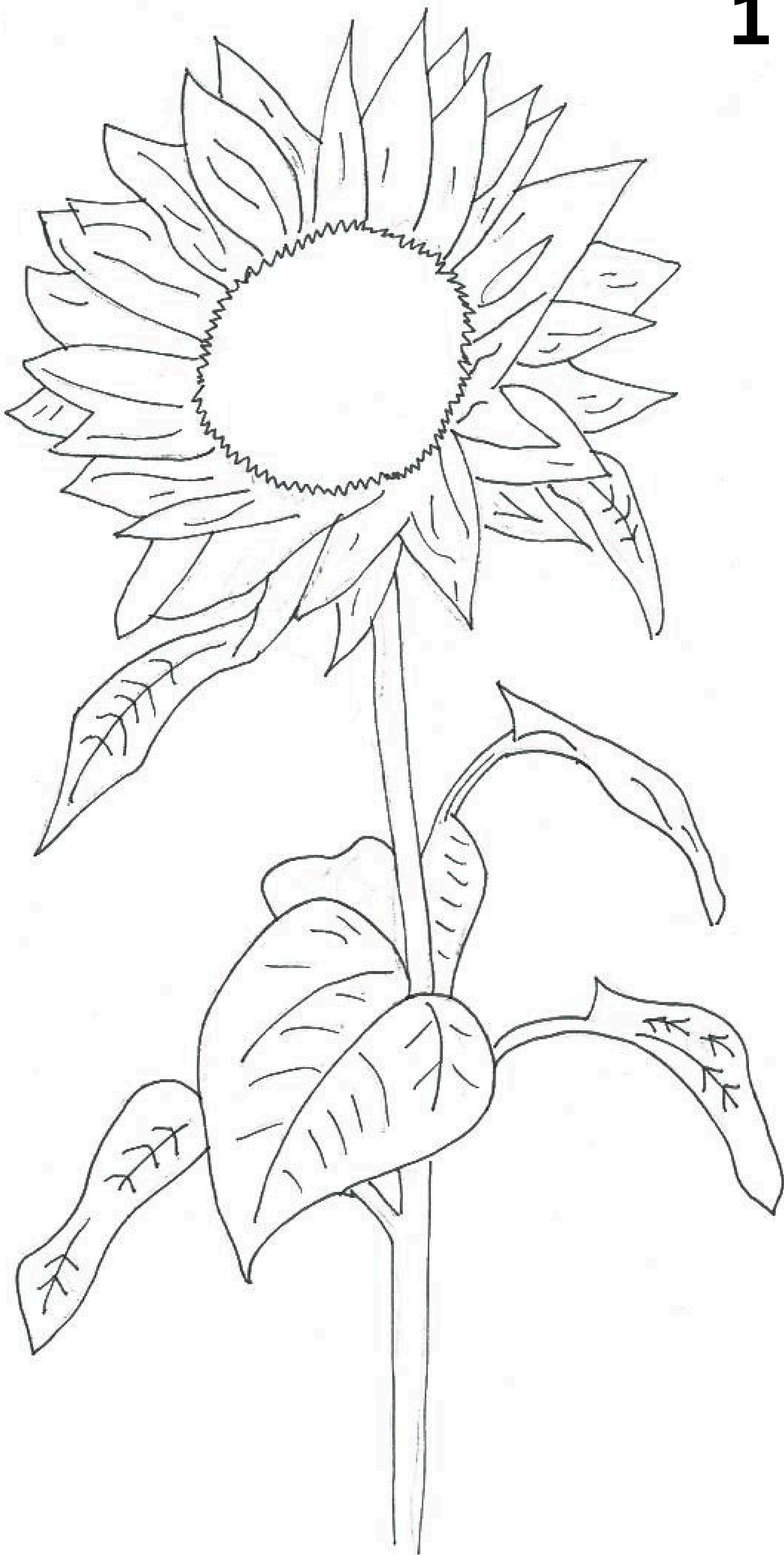
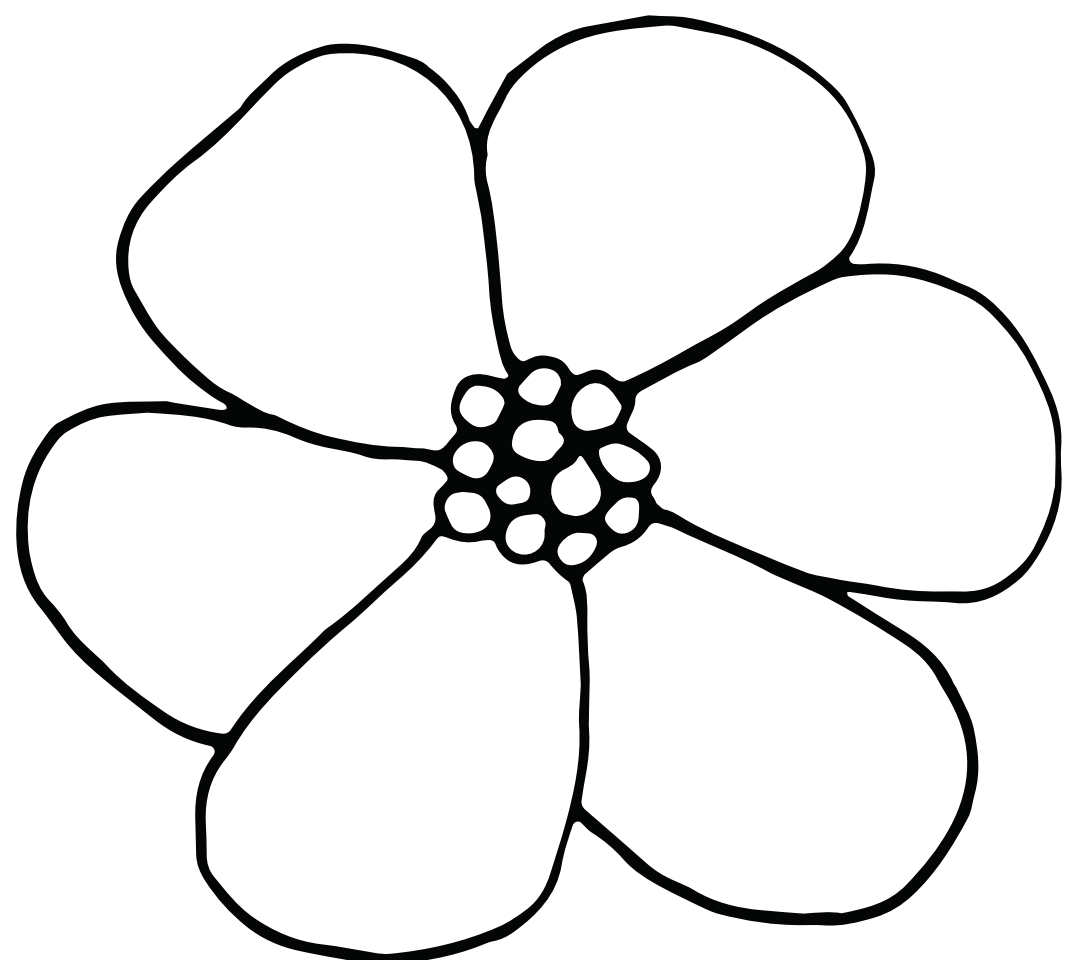
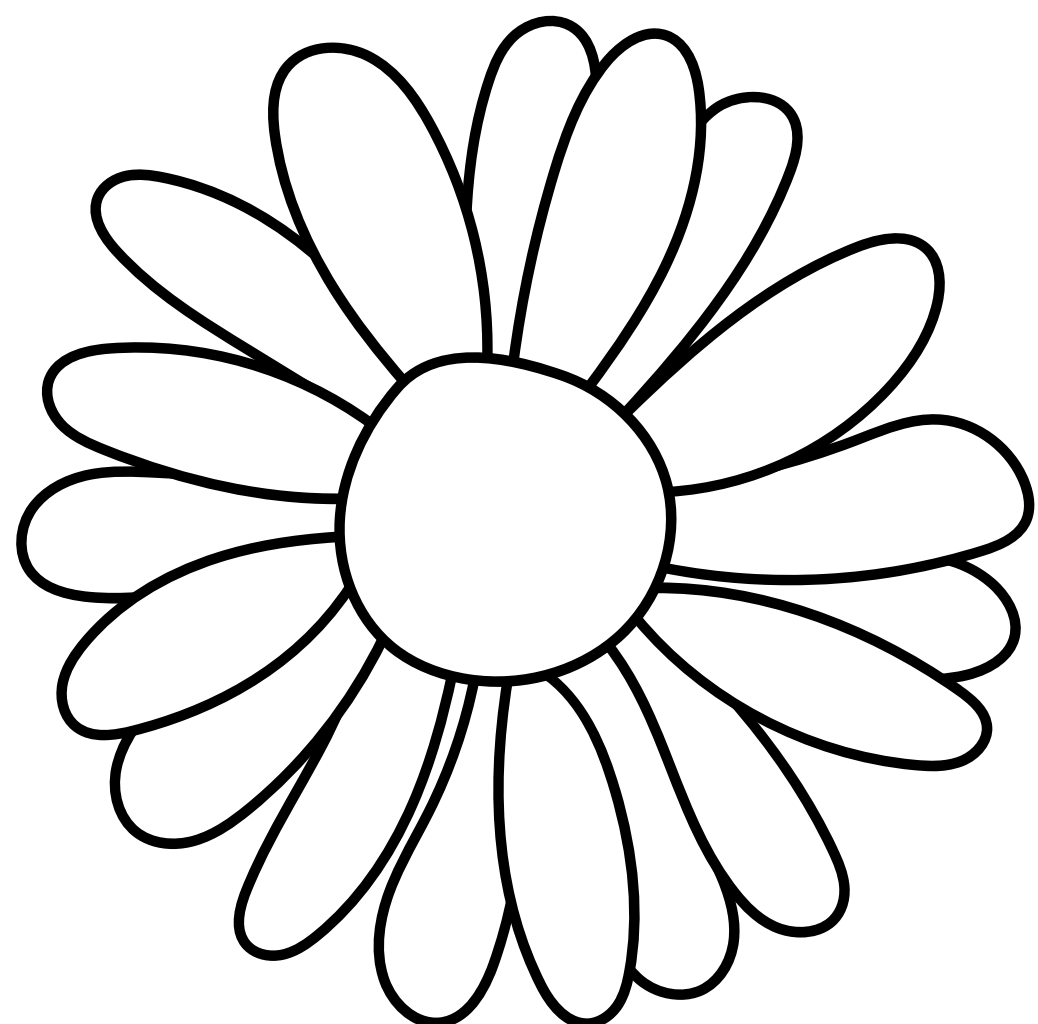
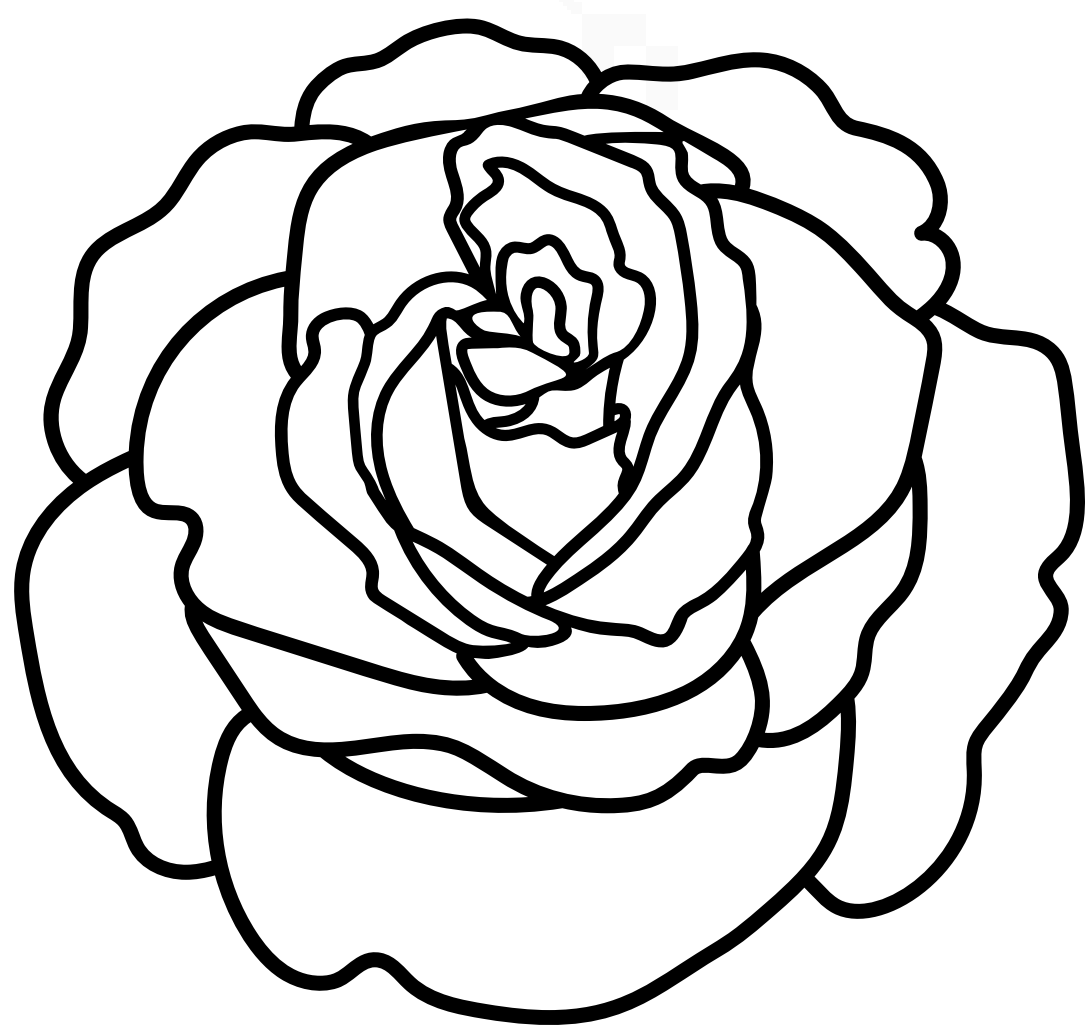
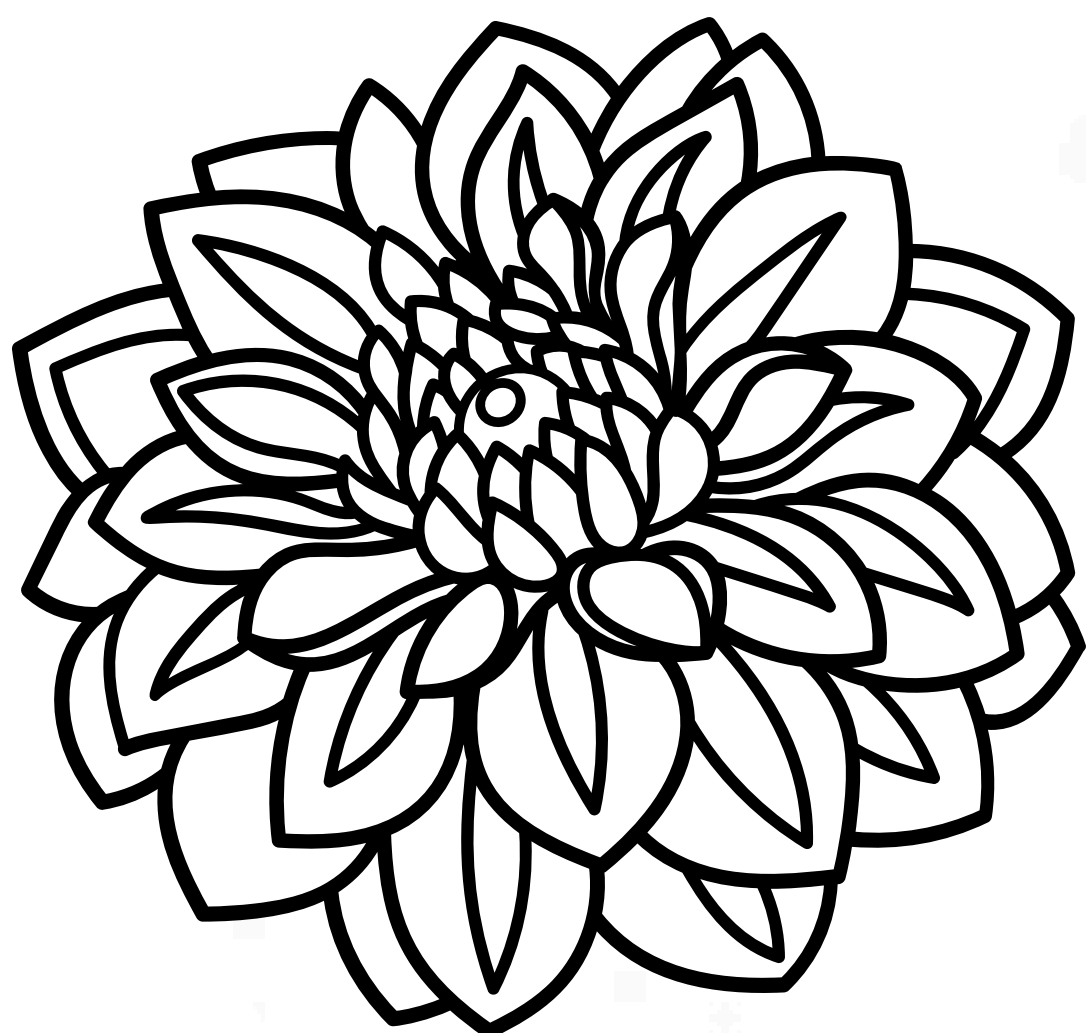


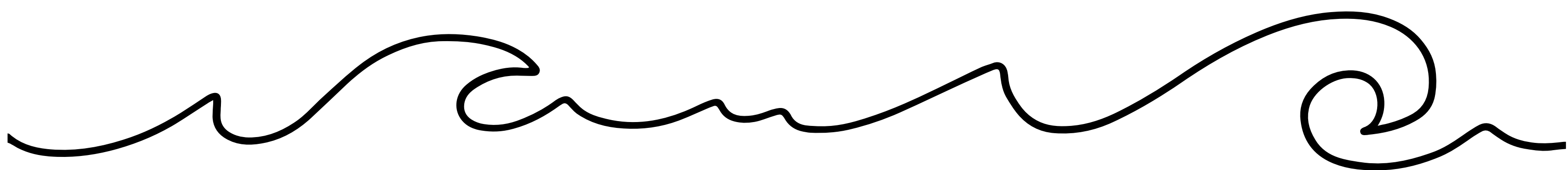
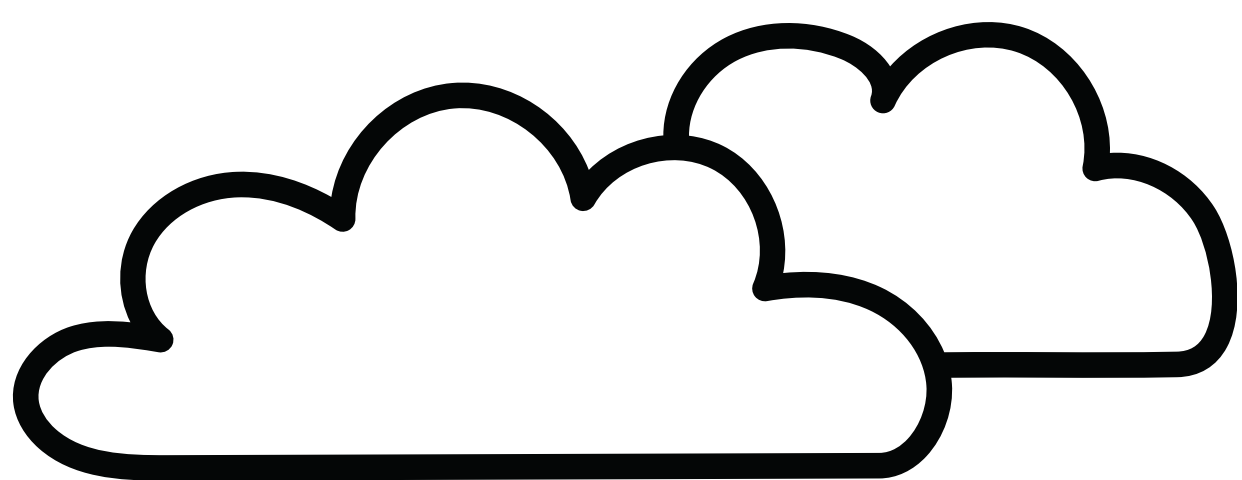
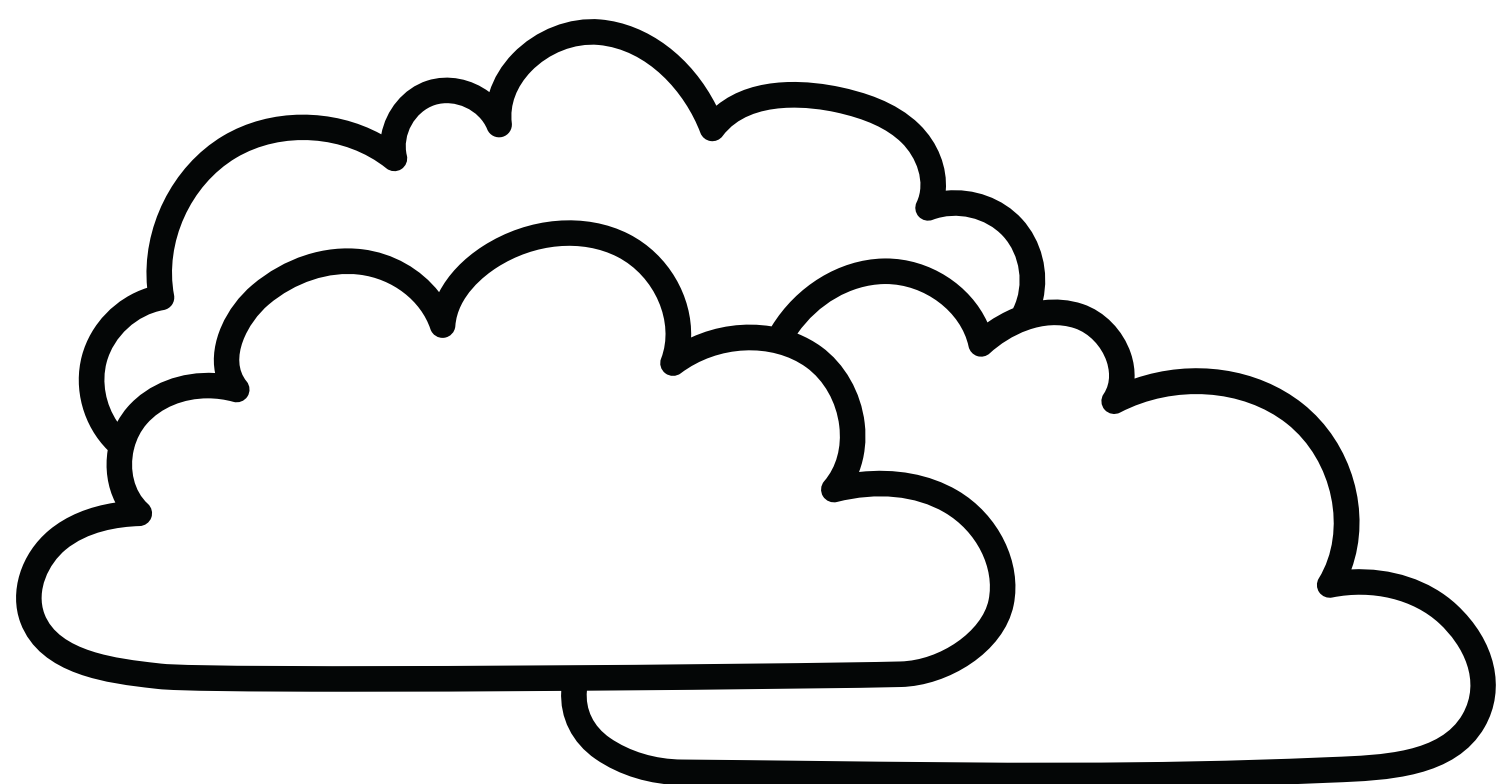
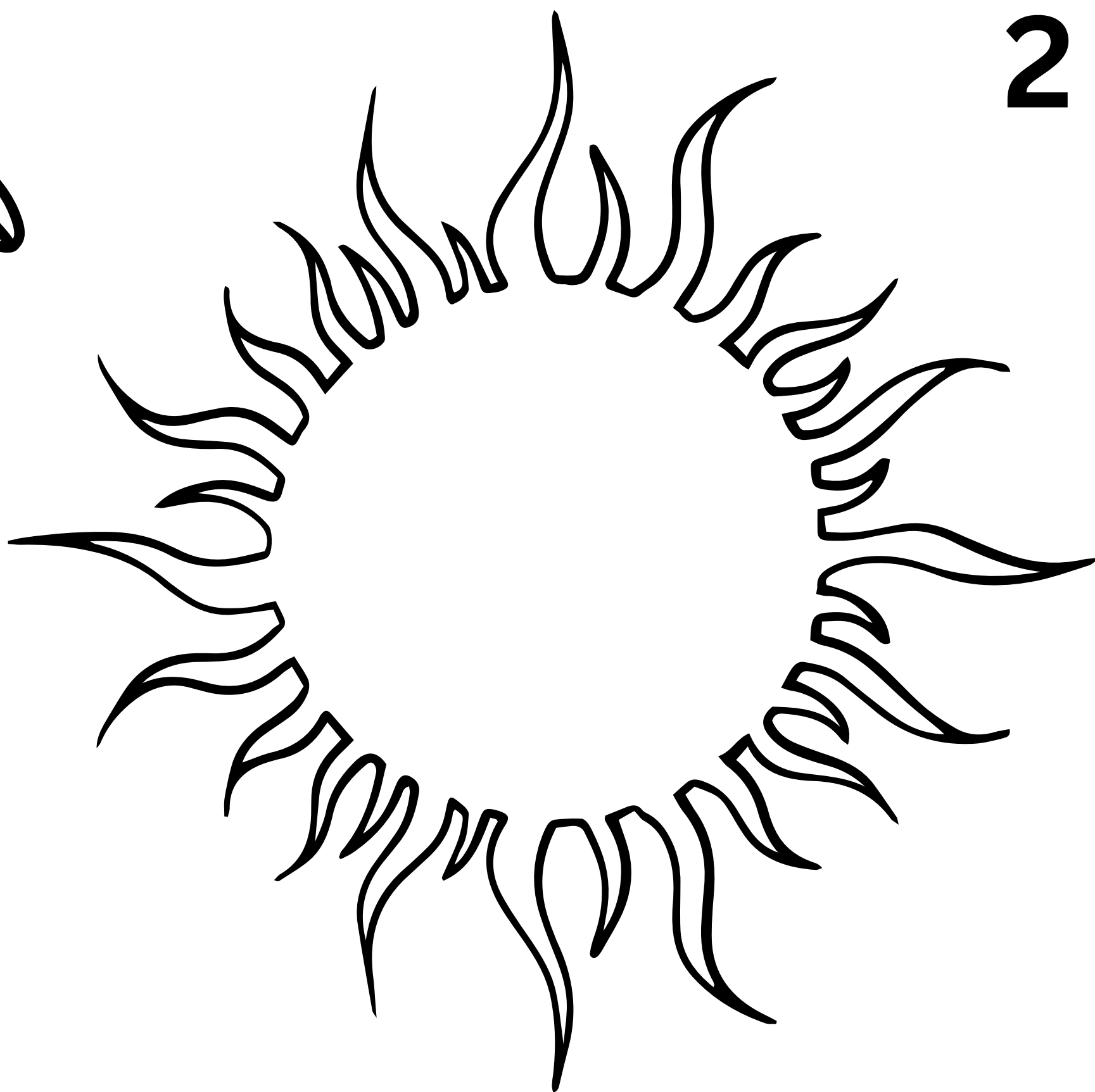
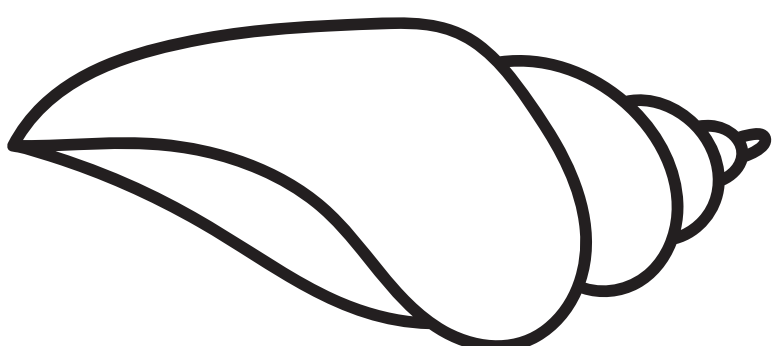
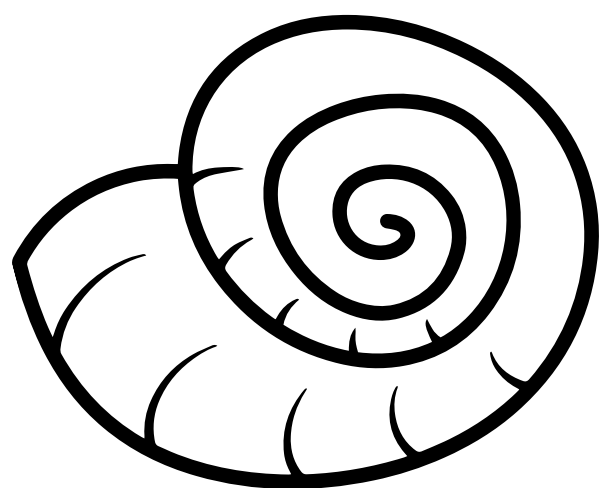
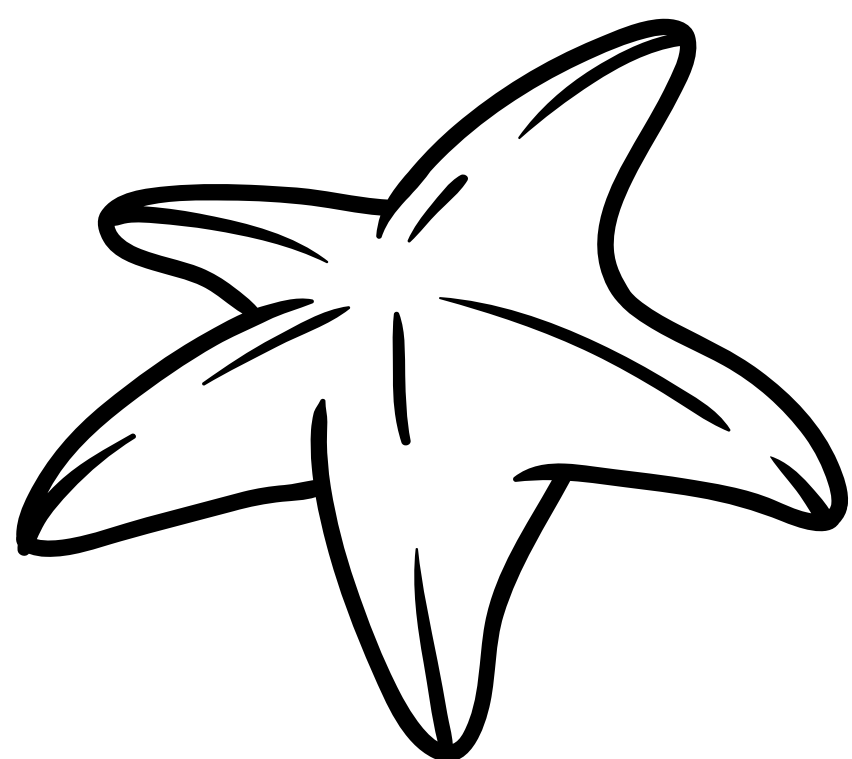
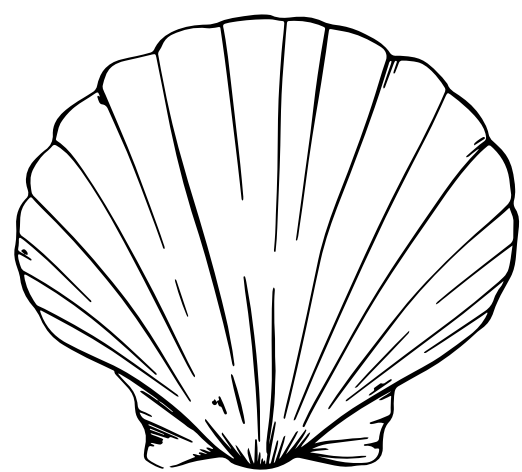
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# Night and Day

Robert Louis Stevenson

When the golden day is done,  
Through the closing portal,  
Child and garden, flower and sun,  
Vanish all things mortal.

As the building shadows fall  
As the rays diminish,  
Under evening's cloak they all  
Roll away and vanish.

Garden darkened, daisy shut,  
Child in bed, they slumber –  
Glow-worm in the hallway rut,  
Mice among the lumber.

In the darkness houses shine,  
Parents move the candles;  
Till on all the night divine  
Turns the bedroom handles.

Till at last the day begins  
In the east-breaking,  
In the hedges and the whins  
Sleeping birds a-waking.

In the darkness shapes of things,  
Houses, trees and hedges,  
Clearer grow; and sparrow's wings  
Beat on window ledges.

These shall wake the yawning maid;  
She the door shall open—  
Finding dew on the garden glade  
And the morning broken.

There my garden grows again  
Green and rosy painted,  
As at eve behind the pane  
From my eyes it fainted.

Just as it was shut away,  
Toy-like, in the even,  
Here I see it glow with day  
Under glowing heaven.

Every path and every plot,  
Every blush of roses,  
Every blue forget-me-not  
Where the dew reposes,

“Up!” they cry, “the day is come  
On the smiling valleys:  
We have beat the morning drum;  
Playmate, join your allies!”

# I Wandered Lonely As A Cloud

William Wordsworth

I wandered lonely as a cloud  
That floats on high o'er vales and  
hills,  
When all at once I saw a crowd,  
A host, of golden daffodils;  
Beside the lake, beneath the  
trees,  
Fluttering and dancing in the  
breeze.

Continuous as the stars that  
shine  
And twinkle on the milky way,  
They stretched in never-ending  
line  
Along the margin of a bay:  
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,  
Tossing their heads in sprightly  
dance.

The waves beside them  
danced; but they  
Out-did the sparkling waves in  
glee:  
A poet could not but be gay,  
In such a jocund company:  
I gazed—and gazed—but little  
thought  
What wealth the show to me  
had brought:  
  
For oft, when on my couch I  
lie  
In vacant or in pensive mood,  
They flash upon that inward  
eye  
Which is the bliss of solitude;  
And then my heart with  
pleasure fills,  
And dances with the daffodils.

# What I Would Like to Grow in My Garden

Katherine Riegel

Peonies, heavy and pink as '80s  
bridesmaid dresses  
and scented just the same.

Sweet pea,  
because I like clashing smells  
and the car

I drove in college was named  
that: a pea-green

Datsun with a tendency to  
backfire.

Sugar snap peas, which I might  
as well  
call memory bites for how they  
taste like

being fourteen and still  
mourning the horse farm

I had been uprooted from at  
ten.

Also: sage, mint, and thyme—  
the clocks  
of summer—and watermelon  
and blue lobelia.

Lavender for the bees and  
because I hate all fake lavender  
smells. Tomatoes to cut  
and place on toasted bread for  
BLTs, with or without  
the b and the l. I'd like, too, to  
plant  
the sweet alyssum that smells  
like honey and peace,  
and for it to bloom even when  
it's hot,  
and also lilies, so I have  
something left  
to look at when the rabbits  
come.

They always come. They are  
always hungry. And I think I am  
done  
protecting one sweet thing from  
another.