# PBL Guerilla Poetry - participant handout
## Jowen Hillyer
## 2016

**'Freshen Up. Simplify. Look Again.'**
**Teaching to inspire creative, curious and critical minds.**
**Centre for Professional Learning**
**August 12th 2016**

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**Taree High School**

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|---|---|---|---|
| Name of project: | Thoughts that breathe and words that burn | Duration: | ongoing |
| Subjects: | English | Year level: | 9GATS/10 mixed ability |

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| Project idea: (summary of the challenge, investigation, scenario, problem or issue): | *The issue for discussion (at least in our context) is that students are often given poetry to engage with and to analyse. The unit often ends with an extended response answering a set question or a task with fairly narrow parameters. While these measures are necessary for assessment I feel we are neglecting the 'after reading' phase of learning. Once they have completed the task where to from here? Where is the personal relevance, sense of agency and public authentic audience?* |
| Driving question: | **What does poetry mean to me?** |
| Outcomes: (skills, content, cross-curricula priorities, general capabilities): | Objective A, C, D & E<br>*Student selected poetry, audience and expression cuts across all skills, cross curricula capabilities etc.* |
| Hook lesson (to launch inquiry and engage students): | Put up the stimulus quote "Poetry is thoughts that breathe and words that burn"<br>Floor storming activity<br>Intro to guerilla poetry (image slideshow and the box of props) |

| Proficiencies (explicitly taught and assessed 'T+A' or encouraged 'E'): *Since this follows and connects with a very structured poetry unit, all of these are covered either during or prior to the PBL component* | | T+A | E | | T+A | E |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | Collaboration | ✓ | ✓ | Creative Thinking | ✓ | ✓ |
| | Reflective, self-directed learning | ✓ | ✓ | Time Management & Organisation | ✓ | ✓ |
| | Critical Thinking | ✓ | ✓ | Presentation skills | ✓ | ✓ |

| Culminating products and performances: | | | Project audience (please add specific details): |
|---|---|---|---|
| | Individual: | Each student is required to create and display (in the manner they choose) self-selected poetry or self-created poetry and reflect on what this poetry means to them.<br>They email me photos which I then upload to our instagram account<br>This way we have 2 public audiences- internal to the school and community and to the wider world | ✓school<br>✓community<br>✓web |
| | Group: | Group art installations are an option (some installations take more than one person)but the project is a personal one | |

| GATS strategies embedded in teaching & learning: | (check all that will be used) | | | | | | |
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| | | Student-led discussions | ✓ | Individual research | ✓ | William's model | |
| | | Curriculum compacting (basic skills/content – individual/group) | | Differentiation | ✓ | Open-ended tasks | ✓ |
| | | Problem-solving | | Pre-testing | | Blooms taxonomy | |
| | | Contract work | ✓ | Learner outcomes | | Maker modifications | |

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| Assessments: ***THIS PBL comes after learning. Students have already been assessed. The only assessment which takes place is reflection*** | Assessment **for** Learning: (during project) | Concept maps/notes | ○ | Practice presentations | ○ |
| | | Quiz | ○ | Preliminary plans/prototypes | ○ |
| | | Online tests/exams | | Rough drafts | ✓ |
| | Assessment **as** Learning: (during project) | Learning journal/blog | ✓ | Checklists | |
| | | Goals/Medals/Missions | ✓ | SOLO taxonomy | |
| | | KWL table | | Punk Learner rubric | |
| | Assessment **of** learning: (end of project) | Written product with rubric: | ✓ | Peer evaluation | |
| | | Oral presentation with rubric | | Multiple choice/short answer test | |
| | | Essay test | ✓ | Other: *Student guerilla poetry upload of project* | |

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| End of project evaluation methods: | (check all that will be used) | Journal/Learning log/Blog | | Focus group | |
| | | Whole-class discussion | ✓ | Fishbowl discussions | |
| | | Survey | | Other: | |

## *Selected favourites to offer your class*
## *(As recommended for you by Year 9 & 10 at Taree High)*

### For My Daughter

By Sarah McMane

*"Never grow a wishbone, daughter, where your backbone ought to be."* – Clementine Paddleford

Never play the princess when you can
be the queen:
rule the kingdom, swing a sceptre,
wear a crown of gold.
Don't dance in glass slippers,
crystal carving up your toes --
be a barefoot Amazon instead,
for those shoes will surely shatter on your feet.
Never wear only pink
when you can strut in crimson red,
sweat in heather grey, and
shimmer in sky blue,
claim the golden sun upon your hair.
Colors are for everyone,
boys and girls, men and women --
be a verdant garden, the landscape of Versailles,
not a pale primrose blindly pushed aside.

Chase green dragons and one-eyed zombies,
fierce and fiery toothy monsters,
not merely lazy butterflies,
sweet and slow on summer days.
For you can tame the most brutish beasts
with your wily wits and charm,

and lizard scales feel just as smooth
as gossamer insect wings.
Tramp muddy through the house in
a purple tutu and cowboy boots.
Have a tea party in your overalls.
Build a fort of birch branches,
a zoo of Legos, a rocketship of
Queen Anne chairs and coverlets,
first stop on the moon.

Dream of dinosaurs and baby dolls,
bold brontosaurus and bookish Belle,
not Barbie on the runway or
Disney damsels in distress --
you are much too strong to play
the simpering waif.
Don a baseball cap, dance with Daddy,
paint your toenails, climb a cottonwood.
Learn to speak with both your mind and heart.
For the ground beneath will hold you, dear --
know that you are free.
And never grow a wishbone, daughter,
where your backbone ought to be.

**Explaining my Depression to My Mother; A Conversation**

(Performance poetry- watch it on YouTube)

Mom, My depression is a shape shifter.
One day it is as small as a firefly in the palm of a bear
The next, it's the bear.
On those days I play dead until the bear leaves me alone.
I call the bad days the dark days.
Mom said "try lighting candles"
When I see a candle, I see the flesh of a church.
The flicker of a flame
Sparks of a memory younger than noon
I am standing beside her open casket
It is the moment that I learn every person I ever come to know will someday die.
Besides mom
I'm not afraid of the dark.
Perhaps that's part of the problem.
Mom said "I thought the problem was that you can't get out of bed."
I can't.
Anxiety holds me a hostage inside of my house.
Inside of my head.
Mom says "where did anxiety come from?"
Anxiety is the cousin visiting from out of town.
Depression felt obligated to bring to the party.
Mom, I am the party.
Only I am a party I don't want to be at.
Mom says "Why don't you try going to actual parties? See your friends. "
Sure, I make plans.
I make plans but I don't wanna go.
I make plans because I know I should want to go.
I know sometimes I would have wanted to go.
It's just not that much fun having fun when you don't want to have fun, mom.
You see mom,
Each night insomnia sweeps me up in his arms dips me in the kitchen in the small glow of the stove light.
Insomnia has this romantic way of making the moon feel like perfect company.
Mom says "try counting sheep"
But my mind can only count reasons to stay awake.
So I go for walks.
But my stuttering knee caps clank like silver spoons,
Held in strong arms with loose wrists.
They ring in my ears like clumsy church bells,
Reminding me I am sleepwalking on an ocean of happiness I cannot baptize myself in.
Mom says "Happy is a decision"
But my happy is hallow as a pin pricked egg.
My happy is a high fever that will break.

My mom says I am so good at making something out of nothing,
And then flat out asks me if I am afraid of dying.
No.
I am afraid of living.
Mom
I am lonely.
I think of how I learned when dad left how to turn the anger into lonely
The lonely into busy
So when I tell you
“I’ve been super busy lately”
I mean I’ve been falling asleep watching sports center on the couch to avoid confronting the empty side of my bed.
But my depression always drags me back to my bed,
Until my bones are the forgotten fossils of a skeleton sunken city.
My mouth a bone yard of teeth broken from biting down on themselves.
The hallow auditorium of my chest swoons with echoes of a heartbeat.
But I am a careless tourist here.
I will never truly know everywhere I have been.
Mom still doesn’t understand.
Mom! Can’t you see that neither can I?
By: Sabrina Benaim

## The Summer Day

Who made the world?

Who made the swan, and the black bear?

Who made the grasshopper?

This grasshopper, I mean-

the one who has flung herself out of the grass,

the one who is eating sugar out of my hand,

who is moving her jaws back and forth instead of up and down-

who is gazing around with her enormous and complicated eyes.

Now she lifts her pale forearms and thoroughly washes her face.

Now she snaps her wings open, and floats away.

I don't know exactly what a prayer is.

I do know how to pay attention, how to fall down

into the grass, how to kneel down in the grass,

how to be idle and blessed, how to stroll through the fields,

which is what I have been doing all day.

Tell me, what else should I have done?

Doesn't everything die at last, and too soon?

Tell me, what is it you plan to do

with your one wild and precious life?

—Mary Oliver

from *New and Selected Poems*, 1992
Beacon Press, Boston, MA

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## ***Tychbornes Elegie, written with his owne hand in the Tower before his execution***

My prime of youth is but a frost of cares,
My feast of joy is but a dish of paine,
My Crop of corne is but a field of tares,
And al my good is but vaine hope of gaine.
The day is past, and yet I saw no sunne,
And now I live, and now my life is done.

My tale was heard, and yet it was not told,
My fruite is falne, & yet my leaves are greene:
My youth is spent, and yet I am not old,
I saw the world, and yet I was not seene.
My thred is cut, and yet it is not spunne,
And now I live, and now my life is done.

I sought my death, and found it in my wombe,
I lookt for life, and saw it was a shade:
I trod the earth, and knew it was my Tombe,
And now I die, and now I was but made.
My glasse is full, and now my glasse is runne,
And now I live, and now my life is done.

*<u>The Sunne Rising</u>- John Donne*

*Busy old fool, unruly sun,*
*Why dost thou thus,*
*Through windows, and through curtains call on us?*
*Must to thy motions lovers' seasons run?*
*Saucy pedantic wretch, go chide*
*Late school boys and sour prentices,*
*Go tell court huntsmen that the king will ride,*
*Call country ants to harvest offices,*
*Love, all alike, no season knows nor clime,*
*Nor hours, days, months, which are the rags of time.*

*Thy beams, so reverend and strong*
*Why shouldst thou think?*
*I could eclipse and cloud them with a wink,*
*But that I would not lose her sight so long;*
*If her eyes have not blinded thine,*
*Look, and tomorrow late, tell me,*
*Whether both th' Indias of spice and mine*
*Be where thou leftst them, or lie here with me.*
*Ask for those kings whom thou saw'st yesterday,*
*And thou shalt hear, All here in one bed lay.*

*She's all states, and all princes, I,*
*Nothing else is.*
*Princes do but play us; compared to this,*
*All honor's mimic, all wealth alchemy.*
*Thou, sun, art half as happy as we,*
*In that the world's contracted thus.*
*Thine age asks ease, and since thy duties be*
*To warm the world, that's done in warming us.*
*Shine here to us, and thou art everywhere;*
*This bed thy center is, these walls, thy sphere.*

**Lord of the lounge**

It’s a good library.
Lots of books, sure,
and lounges soft and comfortable
for real reading,
and I choose one
in the corner
and I settle down
with a book about these kids
stranded on a desert island
and some try to live right
but the others go feral
and it’s s good book
and I’m there, on the island,
gorging on tropical fruit,
trying to decide
whose side I’m on.
And then it hits me.
I’m on neither.
I’d go off alone,
because you can’t trust
those who want to break the rules
and you certainly can’t trust
those who make the rules,
so you do the only thing possible,
you avoid the rules.
That’s me,
on the deserted island
of a soft lounge
in Bendarat Library.

from *The Simple Gift* by Steven Herrick, UQP (University of Queensland Press), 2000, reissued 2014, ISBN 9780702231339, p. 15-16, and p23-24.

PBL Planner- By Bianca Hewes (used with kind permission)

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| Hook lesson (to launch inquiry and engage students): | | | |

| | | T+A | E | | T+A | E |
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| Proficiencies (explicitly taught and assessed 'T+A' or encouraged 'E'): | Collaboration | ✓ | ✓ | Creative Thinking | ✓ | ✓ |
| | Reflective, self-directed learning | ✓ | ✓ | Time Management & Organisation | ✓ | ✓ |
| | Critical Thinking | ✓ | ✓ | Presentation skills | ✓ | ✓ |

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Culminating products and performances: | Individual: | | Project audience (please add specific details): ✓ school ✓ community ✓ experts ✓ web ✓ other: _____ |
| | Group: | | |

| | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| GATS strategies embedded in teaching & learning: | (check all that will be used) | Student-led discussions | ○ | Individual research | ○ | William's model | ○ |
| | | Curriculum compacting (basic skills/content – individual/group) | ○ | Differentiation | ○ | Open-ended tasks | ○ |
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| | | Whole-class discussion | ○ | Fishbowl discussions | ○ |
| | | Survey | ○ | Other: | ○ |
| | | | ○ | | ○ |

| HOOK | EXPERT | PRODUCT | AUDIENCE |
|---|---|---|---|
| Model building | Academic | Video (draw my life/paper slide/minecraft screencast) | Principal/HT/teachers |
| Watching YouTube | Author | Documentary | Class within school |
| Drama activities | Director (film /theatre) | Film | Class in another school (face to face or online via Skype) |
| Taking students outside | Celebrity | Website (weebly, wix) | Whole school |
| Garden health assessment and revamp | Engineer | Picture book | Grandparents |
| Tasting foods | Journalist | Novel/novella | Local politician |
| Classroom cinema | Game designer | Book/iBook | Nursing home |
| Guest expert talk | Artist/ Musician | Graphic novel | Preschool |
| 6 word story/memoir/play | Business person | Exhibition | Online |
| Twitter Q&A with expert | Community clubs/organisations | Food stall | Local/state library |
| Art - painting | Chef/Baker | Innovative design and prototype (loom band) | Local art gallery |
| Celebrity head/match the pictures | Fashion designer | Video game design | University campus |
| Introductory video from expert | Politician | Poetry performance/reading | Youth workers |
| Skype call with expert | Sportsperson | Horrible Histories episode | Expert (see other column) |
| Playing video games | Gardener | Interpretive dance | Parents and friends |
| Scavenger hunt | NGO representative | Stage performance | Charity representatives |

Some useful links:
http://www.curriculumsupport.education.nsw.gov.au/policies/gats/assets/pdf/uhsi3hstanzac.pdf (William's model)
http://www.teacherstoolbox.co.uk/medals_and_missions_feedback.html
Work that matters: A teacher's guide to project based learning:
http://www.innovationunit.org/sites/default/files/Teacher's%20Guide%20to%20Project-based%20Learning.pdf
http://redroomcompany.org/media/uploads/spineout-collabo/spineout_guerrilla_poetry.pdf
Supporting resources can be found at: http://projectbasedlearningmsc.weebly.com/
http://bie.org/about (At the **Buck Institute for Education (BIE)**, our highest priority is to help teachers prepare students for successful lives. We do this by showing teachers how to use Project Based Learning in all grade levels and subject areas.)