

# **6th Grade Art Unit 1: Art and Sound**

## **Poetry Handout**

### **Poem 1:**

***“The Toy Eater”***

**by: Shel Silverstein**

You don't have to pick up your toys, okay?  
You can leave 'em right there on the floor,  
So tonight when the Terrible Toy-Eatin' Tookie  
Comes tiptoeing' in through the crack in the door,  
He'll crunch all your soldiers, he'll munch on your trucks,  
He'll chew your poor puppets to shreds,  
He'll swallow your Big Wheel and slurp up your paints  
And bite off your dear dollies' heads.  
Then he'll wipe off his lips with the sails of your ship,  
And making a bur pity noise,  
He'll slither away -- but hey, that's okay,  
You don't have to pick up your toys.

### **Poem 3:**

***“The New Colossus”***

**by: Emma Lazarus**

Not like the brazen giant of Greek fame,  
With conquering limbs astride from land to land;  
Here at our sea-washed, sunset gates shall stand  
A mighty woman with a torch, whose flame  
Is the imprisoned lightning, and her name  
Mother of Exiles. From her beacon-hand  
Glows world-wide welcome; her mild eyes command  
The air-bridged harbor that twin cities frame.  
“Keep, ancient lands, your storied pomp!” cries she  
With silent lips. “Give me your tired, your poor,  
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,  
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore.  
Send these, the homeless, tempest-tost to me,  
I lift my lamp beside the golden door!”

## Poem 2:

### “To Make Use of Water”

by: Safia Elhillo

1 dilute

i forget the arabic word for  
*economy* i forget the english word  
for غسل forget the arabic word for  
*incense* & english word for مسكين  
arabic word for *sandwich* english  
for مطعم & صيدلية & وله  
/stupid girl, atlantic got your tongue/

2 quench

i think i can take care of myself  
because i only broke one plate the  
day wael died left it in the sink for  
hours watched water fill the seams  
of the mosaic & only let myself  
think once of the crossed ocean  
how we thought it was enough to  
keep us safe

3 blur

back home we are plagued by a  
politeness  
so dense even the doctors  
cannot call things  
what they are my grandfather's  
left eye  
swirled thick with smoke  
what my new mouth can call  
*glaucoma*  
while the arabic still translates to  
*the white water*

4 wash

i think i can take care of myself  
a stranger's sour mouth scraped  
the name off my body  
but i keep quiet  
i am last in the shower line  
i let it remain a household joke  
how i finish all the hot water

5 swim

i want to go home

6 dissolve

i want to go home

7 drown

*half don't even make it out or across you get to be ungrateful you get to be homesick  
from safe inside the folds of your blue american passport do you even understand  
what was lost to bring you here*

**Poem 4:**

***“The Dream Keeper”***

**by: Langston Hughes**

Bring me all of your dreams,  
You dreamer,  
Bring me all your  
Heart melodies  
That I may wrap them  
In a blue cloud-cloth  
Away from the too-rough fingers  
Of the world.

And that is what poetry may do, wrap up your dreams, protect and preserve and hold them until maybe they come true. Columbus dreamed of finding a new world, he found it. Edison dreamed of light, more light, and he made light. All the progress that human beings have made on this old earth of ours grew out of dreams. That is why it is wise, I should think to:

Hold fast to dreams  
For if dreams die  
Life is a broken-winged bird  
That cannot fly.

Hold fast to dreams  
For when dreams go  
Life is a barren field  
Frozen with snow.