***Independent Station (To be completed on October 29 during Ms. Shawn’s class)***

***Directions:***

***One way to learn more about poetry and to improve your own writing of poetry is by studying amazing poets. Pat Mora is a Mexican-American author, poet, and advocate for the Hispanic community. She wrote a book of poems called Dizzy.***

***On this Google Doc, I have included three of Pat Mora’s poems. Please read the poem entitled “Spanish”, and then listen to it being read here:*** [***http://bcove.me/a5gfmmta***](http://bcove.me/a5gfmmta)***.***

***When you are done reading “Spanish”,answer the questions to demonstrate what you are learning about poetry. Once you finish with the poem “Spanish”, move on to the next poems. Your goal is to read and listen to all three poems, and to answer the questions. I will grade you on your answers using the following rubric:***

***Rubric:***

***4= Demonstrates a complete and detailed understanding of each question.***

***3= Demonstrates a complete understanding of each question.***

***2= Demonstrates a mostly complete understanding.***

***1= Demonstrates a lack of understanding.***

***Tips for Success:***

***1. Use the “Tools: Define” if you do not know what a word means.***

***2. Reread the poems or questions if you get stuck.***

***3. When you are using evidence from a text, put the exact words that support your answer in quotations. For example: The speaker of the poem “Spanish” felt like she was “shrinking” when… This shows that she felt…***

***Dizzy* Excerpt: "Spanish"**

My mom worried that I was sick   
or changing.   
*"¿Por que estás quieta?"*  
I hurt too much to tell her. I was shrinking  
in that school. I couldn't speak  
English.

All my intelligence and feelings trapped inside,  
*en español.*Quiet. I was the newest  
so knew no words. All day I listened and looked   
down, hoping no one would ask me a question.  
I hid so deep inside, I'd lose myself for days,  
forget the sound of my own voice.

At home I was silent more and more, my mouth   
too sad to speak.

When I would hear español, oh!  
It surrounded me like a comfort,   
*una frazada,* the syllables soothing   
me, slowly thawing my wounded self,  
the stranger inside.

**Question 1: What is the big event that happened to the speaker in this poem?**

**Answer:**

**Question 2: Using evidence from each stanza, describe how the speaker felt going to a school where no one spoke Spanish.**

**Answer:**

***Dizzy* Excerpt: "With Feeling"**

Where is the feeling?   
My piano teacher growls,   
"Play! Play with feeling!"   
He pinches me, his voice impatient.

My English teacher says, "Write!   
Write with feeling!"   
She tells us to avoid flat words,   
dull as the bottom of a bucket.

Feeling? I am all feeling.  
Don't they see it shimmering   
on my skin, plain for all to see?  
I burn with feeling.

I struggle to contain   
tears, giggles, fears, hates, anger   
and love, so much love, all have me spinning   
in my purple, green, red, black, yellow private vortex.

**Question 1: What simile does Pat Mora use in the second stanza of this poem to describe the type of words the English teacher wants her students to avoid in their writing?**

**Answer:**

**Question 2: Using evidence from the third stanza, what imagery does Pat Mora use to show all the feelings the speaker has inside of him or her? What can the reader see about the speaker’s feelings by visualizing, or imagining, his or her feelings?**

**Answer:**

***Dizzy* Excerpt: "Ode to Teachers"**

I remember   
the first day,  
how I looked down,  
hoping you wouldn't see   
me,   
and when I glanced up,   
I saw your smile   
shining like a soft light  
from deep inside you.

"I am listening," you encouraged us.  
"Come on!   
Join our conversation,  
let us hear your neon certainties,   
thorny doubts, tangled angers,"   
But for weeks I hid inside.

I read and re-read your notes   
praising   
my writing,   
and you whispered,  
"We need you   
and your stories  
and questions that like a fresh path  
will take us to new vistas."

Slowly your faith grew   
into my courage  
and for you —   
instead of handing you   
a note or an apple or flowers — I raised my hand.

I carry your smile   
and faith inside like I carry   
my dog's face,  
my sister's laugh,  
creamy melodies,   
the softness of sunrise,   
steady blessings of stars,   
autumn smell of gingerbread, the security of a sweater on a chilly day.

**Question 1: Using evidence from the first stanza, what simile does Pat Mora use to describe the teacher’s smile? What is the tone of this simile?**

**Answer:**

**Question 2: Using evidence from the entire poem, explain how the speaker feels about his or her teacher.**

**Answer:**