

YEAR 9

Independent learning to be completed during school closure

English

During a two week period you would ordinarily have:

6 English lessons

Lesson 1 – - Writing Poetry: Cold Write

Write a poem about something that makes you happy.

Lesson 2 – Explore Poetry

- Read the attached poems. They are all on the theme of **happiness**.
- Choose the two that stand out to you and underline all the positive words you see.
- Annotate the words you've underlined, explaining their link to the idea of happiness.
- For each of your two chosen poems, finish this sentence: 'For this poet, happiness is . . .'

Lesson 3 – Boxing Up

- Choose your favourite poem. Annotate it further, this time making sure to label any methods the poet has used and explain the effect of the method.
- Box up the poem.

Lesson 4 – Research

- Spend an hour researching what makes people happy. You may do this by interviewing friends or family or by reading articles online. There have been a number of these articles at the moment as people are using this time to reflect on what makes them happy.
- Write up your notes on your findings.

Lesson 5 – Planning

- Plan your own poem on the theme of happiness. It does not have to be about you, but it can be. Use your research from Lesson 4 to help generate ideas. Use your boxing up from Lesson 3 to help guide how you put your ideas together.
- Come up with a list of 5 banned words (which are too commonly used and have little impact) and a list of ambitious replacements.

Lesson 6 – Writing Poetry

- Write your poem, being sure to include your ambitious vocabulary and an interesting use of methods.
- If you wish, you may want to present your poem to someone in your house!

Poems on the theme of Happiness

1. How Happy is the Little Stone by Emily Dickinson

How happy is the little stone
That rambles in the road alone,
And doesn't care about careers,
And exigencies never fears;
Whose coat of elemental brown,

A passing universe put on;
And independent as the sun,
Associates or glows alone,
Fulfilling absolute decree
In casual simplicity.

2. Today by Billy Collins

If ever there were a spring day so perfect,
so uplifted by a warm intermittent breeze
that it made you want to throw
open all the windows in the house
and unlatch the door to the canary's cage,
indeed, rip the little door from its jamb,
a day when the cool brick paths
and the garden bursting with peonies
seemed so etched in sunlight
that you felt like taking
a hammer to the glass paperweight
on the living room end table,
releasing the inhabitants
from their snow-covered cottage
so they could walk out,
holding hands and squinting
into this larger dome of blue and white,
well, today is just that kind of day.

3. Happiness by Raymond Carver

So early it's still almost dark out.
I'm near the window with coffee,

and the usual early morning stuff
that passes for thought.

When I see the boy and his friend
walking up the road
to deliver the newspaper.

They wear caps and sweaters,
and one boy has a bag over his shoulder.
They are so happy
they aren't saying anything, these boys.

I think if they could, they would take
each other's arm.

It's early in the morning,
and they are doing this thing together.

They come on, slowly.
The sky is taking on light,
though the moon still hangs pale over the water.

Such beauty that for a minute
death and ambition, even love,
doesn't enter into this.

Happiness. It comes on
unexpectedly. And goes beyond, really,
any early morning talk about it.

4. A Moment of Happiness by Rumi

A moment of happiness,
you and I sitting on the verandah,
apparently two, but one in soul, you and I.
We feel the flowing water of life here,
you and I, with the garden's beauty
and the birds singing.
The stars will be watching us,
and we will show them
what it is to be a thin crescent moon.
You and I unselfed, will be together,
indifferent to idle speculation, you and I.
The parrots of heaven will be cracking sugar
as we laugh together, you and I.
In one form upon this earth,
and in another form in a timeless sweet land.

5. God's World by Edna St Vincent Millay

O world, I cannot hold thee close enough!
Thy winds, thy wide grey skies!
Thy mists, that roll and rise!
Thy woods, this autumn day, that ache and sag
And all but cry with colour! That gaunt crag
To crush! To lift the lean of that black bluff!
World, World, I cannot get thee close enough!

Long have I known a glory in it all,
But never knew I this;
Here such a passion is
As stretcheth me apart,—Lord, I do fear
Thou'st made the world too beautiful this year;
My soul is all but out of me,—let fall
No burning leaf; prithee, let no bird call.

If you require further information please email:

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