

The  
Littlest Poets  
and Me

Cleo MeriAbut Jarvis

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**This collection of poems is dedicated to all of the children I have taught over the years.**

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## *Introduction*

# ME

I am an educator who loves poetry and have used poems with students of all ages to spark their interest in writing, reciting, and acting. Much of the work focuses on our love of words and how we can share beautiful words with others.

Writing poetry is a creative and enjoyable way to invite others into our world. After we write our poems, we find ways to share. Sometimes we act out our words. We may also dance to them, dress up in costumes and perform them for an audience. At times, we even create puppets as characters to illustrate our poems.

Because I wished that the children love poetry and not be turned off by all of the technical rules, initially we did not learn all of the formalities of poetry writing. Essentially, we began with learning that a poem can be simply a list of words related to a particular subject. List poems quickly became a favorite. We then moved on to learn how to use line breaks and white spaces to help the reader know where in the poem the writer wishes the reader to pause. Here I introduced onomatopoeia, which is fun because the words spell the sound naturally made in nature. To a list of onomatopoeia words we added more words, line breaks, white spaces, as well as exclamation points and periods, if we wished. One of the most exciting things about the process was witnessing their transformation from poetry haters to poetry lovers.

This collection was selected because the poems are favorites of my students as I shared my love of poetry with them over

the years. The children's poems were included as their work demonstrates how in just a few sessions, children are able to grasp concepts, enjoy creating models of what they learned, and to relish the journey of becoming "The Littlest Poets."

## THE LITTLEST POETS

The Littlest Poets included in this publication are a group of Elementary School children who have grown to love poetry due to their immersion in the craft, as well as their exposure to people who love poetry. The children wished to share the following with the readers of this publication.

We have learned that...

- With poetry, there is always more than meets the eye. Words can have many meanings and a person must listen carefully to get the real meaning.
- A reader or listener may need to create mind movies (visualize) to become a part of a world that is being created by the writer's words. It may be a world in which we might like to live more than where we actually live.
- Writers can change events to what we wish for instead of what really exists.
- Poetry uses beautiful language and as writers, we can use just the words we love most.
- With poetry, we don't have to use punctuation and there is no wrong or right way to write our words. We can even invent new ways to spell our favorite words.

## The Littlest Poets and Me

Although we learned the structured forms of poetry, we loved 'Free Form' the best because there are no real rules and no wrong or right way to write our poems. Other favorites are List, Onomatopoeia, Concrete (shape) and Limerick because they are really fun. We especially enjoyed performing for audiences who let us know that they loved what we wrote and the way we danced and sang when we shared.

We really enjoyed learning so much about poetry and we feel truly lucky to have been selected as members of "The Littlest Poets." We hope you enjoy our writing in this collection. If you want to share your thoughts with us you can email us at: **[thelittlestpoets@lookreadlistenpublishing.com](mailto:thelittlestpoets@lookreadlistenpublishing.com)**

or BlogWrite with us at  
**[www.lookreadlistenpublishing.blogspot.com](http://www.lookreadlistenpublishing.blogspot.com)**.





# Part I

## Me



Writing is one of my favorite things to do. It's one of the things that bring me profound joy. This book is my way of sharing with the world some of what I have written over the years—especially the pieces written for the education and enjoyment of children.

It is my hope that these words lighten the heart,  
nourish the soul and encourage readers to  
**Look Read Listen...and Write** too.





## Chapter I: People Stuff That I Am Thinking About



The poems in this section were inspired by things that I saw or experienced every day. Sometimes they made me sad, and sometimes they made me happy. I can truly say that most of the time, they just made me think a lot and want to write about them.



*Words*

Some Say...

“A picture is worth a thousand words.”

I say...

“Only to those who don’t know a thousand-and-one words.”

*Be You....Do You*

BE YOU!

No need to compare yourself to anyone

DO YOU!

No need to compete with anyone

BE YOU!

Let your light shine—no need to fake it

DO YOU!

You were born with everything you need to make it

BE YOU!

Manifesting Divinity for all to see –is our foremost duty

DO YOU!

Share your brilliance, talents and beauty

BE YOU!

Give others permission to do the same

DO YOU

Share the love in your heart without shame

*Shine Your Inner Light*

Beam your inner light brightly  
and  
Let your gifts be a gift to others

Show the world how fabulous you are  
and  
If you don't like what you see around you

Reach out and help—or—switch to another channel

Make a difference wherever you go  
Even if it is to leave them wishing they were you

Don't Stop!!! Don't Quit!!!!  
Realize your dreams!!  
Help others to see their way  
by  
Shining your inner light—EVERY DAY

*Be Yourself*

Ever wonder why some folks  
Poke fun at things  
They know nothing of?

They laugh because you are powerful  
Your God-like gifts intimidate them...

SO

Stand your ground  
Do your best  
Shine your light

It's just a test  
The Universe will take care of the rest

*I AM*

I am life

I am beautiful

I am intelligent

I am creative

I am strong

I am hope

I am charity

I am abundance

I am radiant

I am pure

I am Love

I AM

*P S A—Sneeze*

When you feel the urge to sneeze  
Hug your face—into your sleeve

Also, cover up when you need to cough  
But don't use your hands—sleeves are enough

And, though germs are not shared when you yawn  
It's polite—so cover up—make good manners your norm.

*Tracks*

Just like animals among the trees  
Whose tiny tracks point the way they've been  
So will humans with the things we do  
Make tracks for all the world to view.

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*Pushing Through the Rough Stuff*  
Inspired by my son Fahnon

When times are hard and things get rough  
You've gotta push through all that stuff  
And if at first there's no success  
Try again—give it your best.

You know, life will test you to the max  
So when challenges come, just try to relax  
Focus on the good in every situation  
Because soon...you'll be sharing a huge celebration.

The Littlest Poets and Me

## *Tell Somebody*

*Inspired by Antwone Fisher and  
Some Youth Who Have Graced My Life*

Feeling like your world's turning upside-down?  
Tell somebody!

Feel that your feet are not on the ground?  
Tell somebody!

If that touch doesn't feel quite right...  
Tell somebody!

Feeling pain or anger? No need to fight...  
Tell somebody!

Don't keep all that hurt locked inside...  
Tell somebody!

Don't give in to fear and false pride...  
Tell somebody!

If you're hassled by a rude bully...  
Tell somebody!

You're not alone, so don't be silly...  
Tell somebody!

Trying to decipher right from wrong?  
Tell somebody!

And you don't have to act like you're always strong...  
Tell somebody!

The Littlest Poets and Me

Use that negative energy as your candlelight...  
Tell somebody!

You'll make better choices—positive changes in your life...  
Tell somebody!

## *Supermarket Blues*

Aisles full of treats  
That I know I mustn't eat  
My tummy won't let me have any  
Can't even have my favorite candy  
Don't want to be on a snack-free diet  
Sometimes I feel like—starting a binge riot

Don't want wax covered fruits and veggies too  
How could that ever be good for you?  
Schlepping heavy bags to the vehicles  
Had to run back—forgot the dill pickles  
Cashier declared, "No more plastic bags here!"  
I just looked at her with a blank stare!

Thank you ma'am no bag needed at all  
Have my own that I purchased at the mall  
Handed her the bag—she plopped in my stuff  
On my groceries she was kind of rough  
Gave her a look that was not nice—kind of rude  
But that's because she gave me the Supermarket Blues.

## *Safety Pin, Safety Pin*

Safety pin, safety pin  
Where are you?  
I need you to hold up my skirt  
Though it is new  
I lost some weight and  
Although that's great  
My skirt is falling  
And that is appalling.

Safety pin, safety pin  
Where are you?  
I need you to hold  
My shirt closed too  
Don't want to be late  
'Cause the school bus won't wait  
But my button is falling  
Oooops! Mom is calling.

Safety pin, safety pin  
Oh, there you are!  
Locked up tightly in the baby-food jar  
With pennies and buttons and clips for my hair  
It was very hard to see you in there  
You've made my skirt fit quite nicely  
My shirt is also now closed very tightly  
Thank you my handy safety pin  
Now my day can begin.

## *Learning Or Schooling?*

A Teacher's Contemplation

I know they need to learn at any rate  
To read, write, listen and calculate  
But don't they also need to practice before it's too late  
Loving, living—learning to create?  
Being joyful, kind, generous and just?  
Thinking clearly—making right decisions—a must?

How can they  
When what they do all day in school  
Is listen to one voice, one view point—boring drool?  
Shouldn't we stop to think—and ask ourselves a pivotal...  
“What If?”

There was enough time in schools provided  
For lessons focused on collaboration and research—open  
minded  
For kids to assume a more active role—authentic learning  
Participating—making them want to keep right on yearning  
For knowledge—seeing clearly the purpose of each lesson  
Contemplating on how to make better choices with each session  
Ensuring that their lives will surely become better  
Once they have learned every numeral, theory and letter.

Most teachers work hard--planning and teaching all day  
But are the kids listening to a word we have to say?  
Sometimes when I look into their eyes I see doubt  
And wonder if I am doing the right thing with every bout  
'Cause most of our lessons focus on what HAS BEEN  
Rarely on what is or what could be—can we now begin...  
Wondering in which world will they be prepared to live?  
Our world? Their world? A world yet to exist?

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PAST PRESENT FUTURE—what have we missed?  
If what they practice most, they will surely keep—milestone  
reached  
Yet, what they need most we are not allowed to teach...  
Have we missed the mark altogether?  
Are we brave enough to step out and make things better?

This is one teacher's concerns while sitting in  
contemplation  
Of how my every action shapes the future generation.

*Sweet Dreams*

When Momma tucked me in last night  
She said...

    Please don't let the bedbugs bite  
    Let my baby dream sweetly tonight  
    And let no monsters appear in sight  
    Sweet dreams----baby

Then she turned out the light  
and said... Sweet Dreams baby...Mmmwaaaaah...  
sweet dreams!!

*Gem Among the Rubble*

A Tribute to Those Who Experience Disasters

Among the rubble  
Was found a gem  
Small, frail—broken  
Could barely cry  
Stared up at the sky  
With wonder anew  
Taking very shallow breaths—two

Beholding them I am reminded  
To show compassion for those who have less  
For tomorrow is not promised  
But an advent not happened yet  
And fortune smiles upon me  
Each day I awaken  
For that could have been me  
Whose life was--BROKEN

Now that small gem  
Is brilliant—doing well  
Having survived a horror  
Too painful to tell  
But is healing—feeling better every day  
Because of good folks around  
To help along the way

What a Blessing—SURVIVAL!  
'Cause with each day's arrival  
I can give thanks and Praise  
In millions of ways

The Littlest Poets and Me

For the privilege of living  
And the chance to be giving  
To that small gem found  
Among the rubble—underground.

