# **Teacher:**

- Demonstrate how meaningful phrasing and expression guide the dramatic interpretation of a poem. Example: Read a poem of your choice in a monotone, expressionless voice; re-read the same poem using expression and fluency. Have the students compare and contrast the two readings.
- Read through the selected poems and discuss the importance of voice and understanding the poet's point of view.

## **Students:**

- Recognize that the way in which something is read (or spoken) changes the meaning.
- Students will practice reading poems aloud and recognize the improvement in fluency.
- Students will select one of the poems and memorize (or read) one of the poems interpretively.

**CCSS** 

RF.3.4, RF.3.4b & SL.3.5

### **Grandpa's Stories**

The pictures on the television Do not make me dream as well As the stories without pictures Grandpa knows how to tell

Even if he does not know What makes a Spaceman go, Grandpa says back in his time Hamburgers only cost a dime, Ice cream cones a nickel, And a penny for a pickle.

Langston Hughes





#### **Mother to Son**

Well, son, I'll tell you: Life for me ain't been no crystal stair. It's had tacks in it, And splinters, And boards torn up, And places with no carpet on the floor-Bare. But all the time I'se been a-climbin' on, And reachin' landin's, And turnin' corners, And sometimes goin' in the dark Where there ain't been no light. So, boy, don't you turn back. Don't you set down on the steps. 'Cause you finds it's kinder hard. Don't you fall now— For I'se still goin', honey, I'se still climbin', And life for me ain't been no crystal stair.

Langston Hughes

#### **Aunt Sue's Stories**

Aunt Sue has a head full of stories.
Aunt Sue has a whole heart full of stories.
Summer nights on the front porch
Aunt Sue cuddles a brown-faced child in her bosom
And tells him stories.

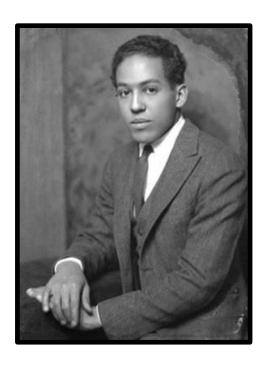
Black slaves
Working in the hot sun,
And black slaves
Walking in the dewy night,
And black slaves
Singing sorrow songs on the banks of a mighty river
Mingle themselves softly
In the flow of Aunt Sue's voice,
Mingle themselves softly
In the dark shadows that cross and recross
Aunt Sue's stories.

And the dark-faced child, listening, Knows that Aunt Sue's stories are real stories. He knows that Aunt Sue never got her stories Out of any book at all, But they came Right out of her own life.

The dark-faced child is quiet Of a summer night Listening to Aunt Sue's stories.

Langston Hughes





### By Myself

When I'm by myself
And I close my eyes
I'm a twin
I'm a dimple in a chin
I'm a room full of toys
I'm a squeaky noise
I'm a gospel song
I'm a gong
I'm a leaf turning red
I'm a loaf of brown bread
I'm a whatever I want to be
An anything I care to be
And when I open my eyes
What I care to be
Is me.

Eloise Greenfield