Shape Poems

A shape poem is a type of poetry that describes an object and is shaped the same as the object the poem is describing.
Air Guitar Star

I play the loudest air guitar

Rocking super power chord

Jam it up!
Make it strum!
Watch me solo!
Hear it hum!

Turn it up!

Turn it down!

YOUR PARENTS
my hand reaches for you
my hand takes your hand my hand is yours
slowly you dig
you climb then:
I'll say goodbye to the you and the people
below my hand waves goodbye
Tornado spins round and round. Powerful and scary if they touch the ground.
Dark skies in the afternoon make me want to hide in my room. Covers over my head as I hide in fear and dread.

by Kristina
THE KITE

I fly so high in the sky.
Brightly dyed I soar and glide.
The wind is my guide.
As I flutter and slide,
I entertain and enthrall.
When I face a squall,
Although I'm small
I'm visible to all.
Ecstatically everybody can see me!

I scan the beautiful skyline.
I dance in the warm sunshine.
Yet, freedom can never be mine.
It's restricted by a mere twine.

By:
Anuradha Rao
India
Age: 16 years
I LOVE YOU MORE THAN DR WHO AND THE CYBERMEN MORE THAN A SQUIRT-YOU IN-THE-FACE FUNNY FOUNTAIN PEN. I LOVE YOU MORE THAN HOT CHOCOLATE TOPPED WITH MARSHMALLOWS. I LOVE YOU MORE THAN PLAYING COWBOYS AND INDIANS WITH REAL ARROWS. I LOVE YOU MORE THAN WATCHING SPORT ON TELEVISION. MORE THAN PICKING THE FLUFF OUT OF MY TUMMY BUTTON. I LOVE YOU MORE THAN MY iPOD. MY xBOX MY Wii. IN FACT I LOVE YOU ALMOST AS MUCH AS I LOVE ME. ❤️
“Raindrop”

A drop of rain is like a sudden knock at the door. Unexpected, yet often welcomed with a smile. It can brighten your day or ruin your plans. It can make you laugh or make you sad. Whether the raindrop is moving fast or slow, or is big or small, it always gets everyone’s attention. A raindrop contains many secrets. It is a bubble of anticipation and surprise. It cleanses the earth, it feeds the flowers, and fills the holes. The raindrop is never silent. It bangs on the roof, spatters on the window, or splashes into a puddle.

A raindrop.
I'M THE MAN
OF 100 HATS,
THE BLACK TOP HAT FOR DAYS AT ASCOT,
THE GREY TOP HAT FOR WHEN FRIENDS TIE THE
KNOT, THE BOWLER HAT FOR THE JOB IN THE CITY,
THE BOATER FOR A REGATTA AT HENLEY, THE HARE
COURSING HAT FOR (OF COURSE) COURSING HARE,
THE DEERSTALKER HAT FOR (OH DEAR) STALKING DEER,
THE BUSBY, THE FEZ AND THE PITH HELMET, BUT I HAVE TO
ADMIT TO ONE BIG REGRET, I'D ADORE A FEDORA BUT I DON'T HAVE ONE YET

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OR

DO


THE MAN IN THE HAT
by Patrick Winstanley
It stares at me
Covered in white, why is it still there? It's just gone midnight? Just standing there, buttons but no shirt, looks so
cold but doesn't look hurt

Standing there
With a carrot shaped nose
Standing in white, with no clothes
A round shaped body, a round shaped head, not able to be watered, not able
to be fed. Not moving but still growing
Getting taller as it was snowing

Decreasing in height, still looking
So white, still standing there, through
Day and night Arms but no knees, their body
Looking like it's about to freeze, now looking into the distance, not one I see, but a few
Feeling so hopeless since there is nothing
That I can I can do, as the cold passes, The warmth, I can feel, the way
The speed is melting it doesn't Feel real, after a month
He disappeared oh dear
No worry, it'll be back
Next year
Dusk to dawn, shining from Silver Light, so pretty,
Stars are so bright, shining above us all. Millions and Billions shining from...
I
Live
In a house
And have always
Lived in a house. But a
House is different to a home
A home is the place where you have
Lived for a while and it is special to you a
House is just some where you live but
Don’t really appreciate it. My home is sp-
cial to me because it is the place I am gr-
owing up. It is the place I bring my friends
home and the place I rest my head at night
my home is special and the walls are full of
memories. When we moved here 2 years
ago I wasn’t happy since I had lived in my
last house for a decade. I will not move
again until I move out into my own house.
A
volcano.
A huge rock,
shooting lava up into
the air! Everyone runs for
cover. Lots of thick, black smoke
pours out of the top, giving you a warning
before the explosions start. Nothing can stand in its
way. Sometimes they don't blow up for hundreds of years.
Still thousands in the world but they don't all work, some are even underwater.
Dancing Leaves

Your juicy, textured, heart of green makes a pretty nature scene. Dancing all around the trees in the soft wind's whispering breeze.
FOOTBALL by Becky

tackle, kick, win, game, touchdown, field goal, throw, cheerleaders, referee, fans, hot dogs, goals.
BIRD by Carol

dig, swoop, pretty, yellow, orange, small, big
downy, feathery

hop, worms, sing, robin, nest, eggs, fly, babies
After the rain your colors appear violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange, and red.

signaling new life and beauty for all around us. We gaze upon their splendor.

If you please,
It’s cold outside.
I don’t want to go outdoors and play.
But mum says I have to anyway.

It’s starting to snow
and I’m going to freeze -
I hate playing outside on days like these.

But wait a sec, I’ve had the most amazing, brilliant idea!

I’ll cover myself up with snow and I’ll hide in here!
Your turn!

1. Decide who or what you are going to write your shape poem about.

2. Brainstorm some phrases that describe the person or thing.

Person:
- What character traits does this person have?
- What does this person like to do – sports, hobbies, work?
- What does this person do with you and for you?

Thing:
- What does this thing mean to you and your family?
- Describe it using your 5 senses.
- What does this thing make you think about?