

Creative Writing in the Language Classroom: 8 Collected Poems

Writing creatively

the need to express yourself
nature, stories, quotes encourage the writing

...but I want to learn
invent stories or story endings
play with words
invent poems, rhymes...

it's true they mostly write for us - teachers
we should motivate our students
to write not for us
free out their imagination,
zombie stories

inventing worlds is what we do
different children - different ways to express emotions

Our sounds

Before the rain
many birds near my window
mosquitos here in wet hot weather

I love cicadas
Cicadas are insects
we call them August insects
the cicada and the ant in a fable of Lafontaine
Cigarra in Portuguese
cicadas stop you from sleeping
Cicala in Italian

Annoying sometimes.... the sound... too common in Brazil....

Mankind world (after Andy Brown)

It's a mankind world
It's a maniac world
It's an unmanageable world
It's a main world
It's a managed world
It's a manifold world
It's a manuscript world

It's a maniacal world
It's a manipulative world
It's a manure world
It's a manufacturing world
It's a materialistic, mechanical world
It's a magnifying world
It's a manicured world
It's a man-made world
It's a memorable world
It's a man and woman world
It's a masquerade world
It's a manic world
It's a majestic world

Rose red

Red is passion
Red is sex
Red is love
Red is Valentine

Red is fire
Red is fear
Red is blood
Red is anger

Red is political
Red is left wing
Red is Chinese good
Red is energy

Red is dawn
Red is dusk
Red is hibiscus tea
Red is rose

Rose is love
Rose is thorn
Thorn is pain
Rose is red

Spring is coming in my place; let us taste its colours - red!

My mother is like a flower

My teacher is like a river
always flowing with new ideas

My mother is the rock in the stormy sea of life
mother's love is immense like the sea

My husband is like a lake
full of unpredictable depth in feelings

My friend is like a shell
with treasure inside

My son is like an angel
he helps me flow peacefully through life

My boyfriend is like the moon
never the same

Learning a language is like...

Learning a language is like
climbing a mountain

the higher the mountain the more you know
the harder the climb, the more splendid the view
when you get there you can see long ahead
developing, climbing,
step by step, higher and higher
it is endless and you have still much to discover
step by step with effort, sweet at the end
you never see the top

Learning a language is like
collecting sea shells

You pick up things, collect surprises
like minds inside shells, opening these

the more you collect, the more fluent will be English
the more we study the more we know
the more we know the more we forget
there is always something more to learn

Learning a language is like
sitting in a white room
a white space where you can think write and learn
you learn to spin with the language
you become free at the end
day by day you fill the room with images and objects
little by little all the tools of language

I remember schooldays

I remember my mother's hand
I remember my tears
I remember the queues to get into the classrooms
 waiting for the teacher
I remember my stress, unhappiness

I remember the stick of my teacher
I remember my teacher's smile

I remember the candy shop
I remember my first kiss
I remember the mango tree in our backyard
I remember learning to ride my bike...
I remember the scent of lily-of-the-valley

I remember summer holidays
I remember my grandpa, all the flowers,
 the great sunny days

If I were, I would

If I were London, I'd make people surprised.
If I were the sea, I'd flow into my students' mind.

If I were a flower, I'd spread fragrance.
If I were spring, I wouldn't let people down.

If I were a mango, I'd be the sweetest.
If I were a lily of the valley, I would know the meaning of perfection.

If I were fire, I'd burn the world.
If I were ice, I'd melt away.

If I were yeast I'd produce beer.
If I were fruit, I'd be a bowl of cherries

If I were a Goddess, I'd harmonize a world.
If I were love, I would live in all people's hearts.

If I were a man, I'd hunt deer.
If I were a cat, I'd sleep all day long.

If I were music, I'd play for you.
If I were the sun, I'd warm you.

If I were a butterfly, I'd fly and fly up to you.