

Poems and Poets to Consider

Cheek Cheek Chin and Nose	Colm Keegan
The Haunted Lift	James Kirkup
I Luv Me Mudder	Benjamin Zephaniah
Grangegorman	Hazel Hogan
Half-Caste	John Agard
My Father Thought it...	Simon Armitage
Parents' Sayings	Michael Rosen
A Case of Murder	Vernon Scannell
Homecoming	Carol Ann Duffy
Hitcher	Simon Armitage
Gust Becos I Cud Not Spel	Brian Patten
Your Dad did What?	Sophie Hannah
Hedgehog	Paul Muldoon
Wilderness	Carl Sandburg
Native	John Cummins
Cinderella	Sylvia Plath
Vinyl Sublime	Richard Brennan
Education for Leisure	Simon Armitage
Dublin	Kerrie O'Brien
To This Day	Shane Koyczan
Bog Fairies	Elaine Feeney

**Oral Communication Classroom Based Assessment:
 Template for the Student Reflection Note**

SCHOOL		STUDENT	
TITLE			
The part I played in communication and preparation, including material used/accessed			
Personal reflection on the Oral Communication			
One important thing I learned from doing the task:		Things I would change or try to improve on:	
<u>Student</u>		<u>Teacher</u>	<u>Date</u>

You Think I Wear This For You
By Raneem Saleh

You think I wear this for you?
As if Islam means submission
To your man-made conditions
Don't include us in this game
Where labels replace names
Where less means more
And more means we can't think for ourselves
Whoever said that potential was confined to a cloth on your head?
This is only half of what I represent
Let me show you the other that's not so apparent
Hear my words
Exchange my thoughts
Uncover what's been revealed through a cloth
Identify me by my headscarf
I am a Muslim woman
So listen to me speak
Don't paint me as a picture worth a thousand words
I have so much more to say
And do
And contribute
So let me choose
What to show you
You think I wear this for you?
As if this scarf equals religious
Apparent modesty sacrilegious
No
It is so much more than what it seems
Inner character and good deeds
Kind to parents, kind to neighbors
Give in charity from your labor
No one ever became poor by giving
You think I wear this for you?
As if I don't notice how I'm not part of current trends
Coming up with new ways for us to overspend
Don't exploit the reasons for our representation
Since when did hijab change from that to presentation
You think I wear this for you?
A commandment in my religion
I choose to listen and follow
To please the One that elevated women above others
Heaven lies beneath our feet
Children commanded to be gentle with us in speech
Love your mother, then your mother then your mother then your father
Can't you see
how beautiful we women are honoured
YouTube Link - <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=d2NtV4Bb-zM>

**High School Training Ground
by Malcolm London**

At 7:45 AM, I open the doors to a building dedicated to building yet only breaks me down.

I march down hallways cleaned up after me every day by regular janitors, but I never have the decency to honor their names.

Lockers left open like teenage boys' mouths when teenage girls wear clothes that covers their insecurities, but exposes everything else.

Masculinity mimicked by men who grew up with no fathers.

Camouflage worn by bullies who are dangerously armed, but need hugs.

Classrooms overpacked like book bags.

Teachers paid less than what it costs them to be here.

Oceans of adolescents come here to receive lessons, but never learn to swim.

Part like the Red Sea when the bell rings.

This is a training ground.

My high school is Chicago, diverse and segregated on purpose.

Social lines are barbed wire.

Hierarchy burned into our separated classrooms.

Free to sit anywhere, but reduced to divided lunch tables.

Labels like honors and regulars resonate.

This is a training ground.

Education misinforms.

We are uniformed.

Trained to capitalize letters at a young age.

Taught now that capitalism raises you, but you have to step on someone else to get there.

This is a training ground.

Sought to sort out the regulars from the honors.

A reoccurring cycle built to recycle the trash of this system.

I am in honors classes, but go home with regular students, who are soldiers in a war zone in territory they don't really own.

When did lives become expendable?

CPS is a training ground centered on personal success.

CPS is a training ground concentration on professional suits.

CPS is a training ground.

One generation is taught to lead.

The other is made to follow.

No wonder so many of my people spent bars, because the truth is hard to swallow.

The need for degrees has left so many of my people frozen.

The educated aren't necessarily the educated.

I have a 1.9 GPA.

Got drunk before my ACT and still received a 25.

Now, tell me how I'm supposed to act.

Homework is stressful, but when you go home every day and your home is work, you don't want to pick up any assignments.

Reading textbooks is stressful, but reading doesn't matter when you feel your story is already written, either dead or getting booked.

Taking tests is stressful, but bubbling in a Scantron doesn't stop bullets from bursting our direction, hasn't changed.

When our Board of Education is driven by lawyers and businessmen, only one teacher sits on that Board.

Now, tell me what does that teach you.

I hear the education systems are failing, but I believe they are succeeding in what they're built to do.

To train you, to keep you on track, to track down an American dream that fails so many of us all.

YouTube Link - <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=1l70mlj38o>

Grangegorman

by Hazel Hogan

YouTube Link - https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=aedOs_eD8WU

The Collection of the Student's Texts: Template for Student Reflection Note

SCHOOL		STUDENT
TITLE and GENRE		
I chose this genre because...		
My assessment of my work...		
What I learned from creating this text:	What I would do differently next time:	
<u>Student</u>	<u>Teacher</u>	<u>Date</u>

This is her First Publication

by **Conor O'Callaghan**

He's already opened it and left it on the table at her name
It's been so long she'd almost forgotten to expect it.
It's sevenish, warm and the shower upstairs is thrumming.

She jumps to the biogs at the back and reads aloud
the sentence of hers she didn't write, on the off-chance
that its sense might prove a little slice of history.

She tries her folks. Her mother's stab at excitement
makes her blush. Her dad will be thrilled to bits
and told to ring the minute he's back from the links.

They cook with only the kitchen's strip-lights glowing,
and have fun imagining all the people who'll see it.
He says the other seem very samey. Hers stands out.

He says he remembers the cliff-top walk it's about.
He remembers the ocean, the moored yachts, the bubbles
blown by kids across their path, like it was yesterday.

He talks as though the "you" in the second last line were
simply him. She changes into her sweatpants, her mules,
and chooses not to wreck the evening explaining.

The phone goes as they're serving. They let it cut out
onto the answering machine. Tomorrow she'll find her dad
asking about copies for his sister, her cousins, in Connecticut.

Then the lapse between dinner and bed, spent in a daze,
her head gone light, the ends of her fingers buzzing.
Even her words on the handful of pages she has

look strange. It's like a feeling of having run through glass
and emerged the other side in a clearing, or being stopped
at a level crossing when there's no sign of any train.

They toast the occasion with cider from champagne flutes,
sprawl on the patio, split a bag of pre-salted pretzels
and watch tonight come out all over in planets.

This is her first publication. She's wrapped in it,
its life happening without her which she'll catch up with.
Inside, the TV is chirping the long-range forecast on Sky.

If this were the city, she tells herself, there'd be sirens,
the dark turning up its volume. Instead there's the silence
they sit in, in a way that makes sitting feel like waiting.

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