

Thank you

FOR YOUR  
INTEREST IN  
CORWIN

Please enjoy this complimentary excerpt from *Text Structures from Poetry, Grades 4-12*, by Gretchen Bernabei and Laura Van Prooyen. In this lesson, students read and dissect the poem "Love Waltz With Fireworks" and write their own poetry based on their text structure analysis.

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# 1

## TEACHING NOTES for "Love Waltz With Fireworks"

### READ.

Notice:

- time changes
- how conjunctions move the poem (and now, but)
- those italics!

### WRITE.

# 1

Freewrite for 3 minutes (then set aside).

Think of a place you like to go because it makes you feel good when you go there.  
Write for a few minutes about that place and all the things you might see and experience there.

\*Nobody starts with a blank page.

# 2

Read the poem. Aloud. Slowly.

Read it again, and this time everyone should underline parts they find striking. Discuss the parts they notice. Name the craft. Notice the parts.

### GET THE STRUCTURE.

# 3

Reveal the chunked poem. (Students copy the chunks.) Re-read the poem, watching the movement of the structure.

### Acting On Impulse

things I see that make me feel/think react

What I wish I could say

but how the world expects us to react

Instead, I decide to do/say

the reaction I get

### WRITE.

# 4

Invite students to write a poem.

- Right now you have
- A page of thoughts
  - Examples of craft you like
  - A text structure

See what you come up with!

Use any of those, change any, and see what you write in the next minutes.

## Love Waltz With Fireworks by Kelli Russell Agodon

Seventeen minutes ago, I was in love  
with the cashier and a cinnamon pull-apart,  
seven minutes before that, it was a gray-

haired man in argyle socks, a woman  
dancing outside the bakery holding  
a cigarette and broken umbrella. The rain,

I've fallen in love with it many times,  
the fog, the frost—how it covers the clovers  
—and by clovers I mean lovers.

And now I'm thinking how much I want to rush up  
to the stranger in the plaid wool hat  
and tell him how much I love his eyes,

all those fireworks, every seventeen minutes, exploding  
in my head—you the baker, you the novelist,  
you the reader, you the homeless man on the corner

with the strong hands—I've thought about you. But  
in this world we've been taught to keep  
our emotions tight, a rubberband ball we worry

if one band loosens, the others will begin shooting off  
in so many directions. So we quiet.  
I quiet. I eat my cinnamon bread

in the bakery watching the old man still sitting  
at his table, moving his napkin as he drinks  
his small cup of coffee, and I never say,

*I think you're beautiful*, except in my head,  
except I decide I can't  
live this way, and walk over to him and

place my hand on his shoulder, lean in close  
and whisper, *I love your argyle socks*,  
and he grabs my hand,

the way a memory holds tight in the smallest  
corner. He smiles and says,  
*I always hope someone will notice.*

# TEXT STRUCTURE

From "Love Waltz With Fireworks"

## Love Waltz With Fireworks by Kelli Russell Agodon

Seventeen minutes ago, I was in love with the cashier and a cinnamon pull-apart, seven minutes before that, it was a gray-haired man in argyle socks, a woman dancing outside the bakery holding a cigarette and broken umbrella. The rain, I've fallen in love with it many times, the fog, the frost—how it covers the clovers—and by clovers I mean lovers.

And now I'm thinking how much I want to rush up to the stranger in the plaid wool hat and tell him how much I love his eyes, all those fireworks, every seventeen minutes, exploding in my head—you the baker, you the novelist, you the reader, you the homeless man on the corner with the strong hands—I've thought about you. But in this world we've been taught to keep our emotions tight, a rubber band ball we worry if one band loosens, the others will begin shooting off in so many directions. So we quiet. I quiet. I eat my cinnamon bread in the bakery watching the old man still sitting at his table, moving his napkin as he drinks his small cup of coffee, and I never say, I think you're beautiful, except in my head, except I decide I can't live this way, and walk over to him and place my hand on his shoulder, lean in close and whisper, I love your argyle socks, and he grabs my hand, the way a memory holds tight in the smallest corner. He smiles and says, I always hope someone will notice.

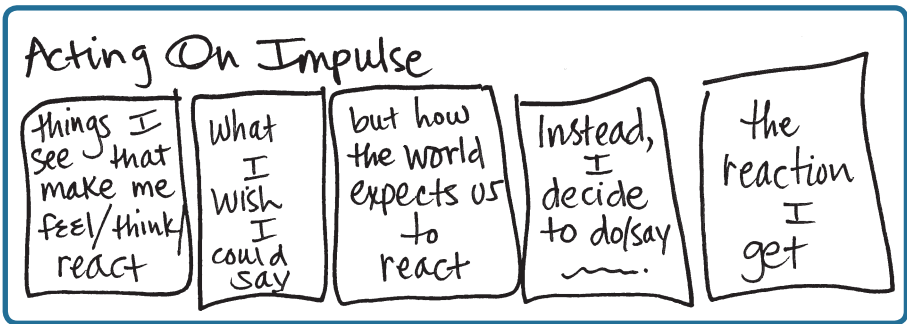
*things I see that I love (or feel)*

*what I wish I could say*

*...but how the world expects us to act*

*Instead, I decide to do*

*- his reaction*



# STUDENT POEMS

From “Love Waltz With Fireworks”

1

## A Walk

She loves walking  
all the way around a jungle length of her neighborhood.

She grabs a leash and collar, just perfect for her dog  
and heads out the door for a new adventure.

Now starting off,  
a sunny day  
before lunch and ready to eat.

She feels the wind blow through her hair,  
not a single honk from her siblings.

With a long way to go,  
a nice excited healthy dog to walk with,  
it gives her energy and excitement.

She runs then walks,  
catching her breath like her dog.  
They’re both hungry so they head back.

They’re eating, but do not have the same good vibes.

She thinks you can still be happy  
without the long walk.  
She would think of the tweeting of the birds  
and would be thankful for her dog.  
She will never forget the feeling.

**Audrie Soler**  
**Grade 7**