

Revision Without Tears

Sometimes our writing is pretty good, and sometimes it is just done. In either of these instances, it sometimes pains us to think about changing it, even if the changes would make it ever-so-much-better. Please take a moment to consider this time-honored truth about writing: REVISION IS WRITING.

The first-draft stuff lets the ideas flow and lets us experiment and have fun like a kid on the playground in July and brings us all kinds of ideas we might not ever get otherwise. However, it is rarely very, very good in its current form. Even if it is—it could still be great if we just worked on it a little—or a lot.

Maybe your writing would be different if you thought about it as a poem—maybe a pantoum like this?
(Hand out pantoum poems)

Directions: search the two journal writes you did today working on verb tense in stories for amazing stuff that you can use for a revised style/version of your story.

- 1- Underline pieces of the text that seem intriguing in the following way:

- a. Find EIGHT pieces (phrases cut right from your writing) of six or eight words each (approximately 10 syllables or so).
- b. Number them 1-8
- c. Arrange them into a **Pantoum** style poem: as 4 line stanzas of poetry in the following way (the second and fourth lines of the first stanza slide up to be the first and third lines of the next stanza—repeat—then let lines 1 and 3 tuck into the last stanza):

1

2

3

4

2

5

4

6

5

7

6

8

7

1 (or 3)

8

3 (or 1)

Go back to your original work and find some more great pieces! This time find chunks with the following number of syllables:

1 phrase of 8 syllables

1 phrase of 6 syllables

1 phrase of 4 syllables

Two phrases of 2 syllables each

Arrange them into a **Cinquain** poem like this:
(hand out cinquain poems)

One stanza with five lines of the following SYLLABLE length

2

4

6

8

2

OH, you knew it was coming! That loved and dreaded poem from elementary school that we all know and love: The Haiku! Seventeen syllables of joy! Find the pieces for a new haiku in your writing from today and arrange them in the following way:

5

7

5

If you really want to do haiku: be sure you have these things in there:

Some nature

A season

A reference/allusion to another work

Examples Poems for each style:

Pantoum:

[How to Save Your Soul \(a pantoum\)](#)

By eileenbb

(posted on allpoetry.com 2/3/2016)

Follow this ritual--

Drink from a green cup

Clap your hands twelve times

Let out a blood-curdling scream

Drink from a green cup

Take a bite of bitter melon

Let out a blood-curdling scream
on the night of the full moon

Take a bite of bitter melon

eat nothing else until dawn

On the night of the full moon
sleep and dream of redemption

Eat nothing else until dawn

after feasting on bat wings

Sleep and dream of redemption
wake refreshed and carefree

Into the heart of a blossom (Pantoum)

By Palas Kumar Ray

(posted on allpoetry.com 2/3/2016)

Into the heart of a blossom I looked.
I looked at the pale face of that girl.
That girl who spends her day almost.
Almost everyday in the street rubbish.

I looked at the pale face of that girl.
That girl who has surely not seen a school.
Almost everyday in the street rubbish.
Rubbish is something she collects in a bag.

That girl who has surely not seen a school.
A school where every other girl goes everyday.
Rubbish is something she collects in a bag.
In a bag collecting rubbishes thirstily she looks at them.

A school where every other girl goes everyday.
That girl who spends her day almost.
In a bag collecting rubbishes thirstily she looks at them.
Into the heart of a blossom I looked.

CINQUAIN

NOVEMBER NIGHT

By Adelaide Crapsey

Listen...

With faint dry sound,

Like steps of passing ghosts,

The leaves, frost-crisp'd, break from the trees

And fall.

Professional Crime – Cinquain

By George Aul

(posted on poetrysoup.com 2/3/2016)

Lawyer,

slippery snake,

white collar criminal,

mirror image of thievery,

serpent.

HAIKU!

Over the wintry

forest, winds howl in rage

with no leaves to blow.

--Soseki (1275-1351)

Winter seclusion -
Listening, that evening,
To the rain in the mountain.
- Kobayashi Issa

I kill an ant
and realize my three children
have been watching.
- Kato Shuson

Consider me
As one who loved poetry
And persimmons.
- Masaoaka Shiki