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Abuelito, who throws coins like rain and asks who loves it, who is the dough and feathers, who watches and a glass of water, whose hair is made of fur too sad to go down today, who tells me in Spanish you are my diamond, who tells me in English you are my sky, whose little eyes string can not go out to play asleep in his little room all night and day, which is used for laughter as the letter k sick doorknob tied to the sour stick tired to close the door does not live here anymore hiding under the bed, who speaks to me in my head blankets and spoons and big brown shoes who snores up and down and down again rain in the room, which falls like a rain in the room, which falls like a lot of rain, who loves it, who?  
Sandra Cisneros Sarah J. Donovan, Ph.D. January 18, 2020, Stacy Joy, inspiration from NBCT Today comes from Stacey Joy. Stacey is a National Board Certified Teacher, Google Certified Educator, Los Angeles County and LAUSD Teacher of the Year with 35 years of elementary class teaching experience. She currently teaches 4th grade at Baldwin Hills Pilot and Gifted Magnet School. Stacey served as a partner and leadership teacher for graduate students at the U.C.L.A. Teacher Training Program. Teaching her Joyteam students the power of knowledge, self-defense and fairness are the foundation of her practice. Stacey is a poet at heart with one self-published book and several poems published in Savant Poetry Anthology. Stacey is the mother of her adult son, daughter and Himalayan cat. Follow Stacey on Twitter @joyteamstars. Inspiration Today, we write Abuelito Who poems! Sandra Cisneros is the inspiration for today. Her quote spoke to me, and I have a feeling that it inspires more than just today's tip. She said: When you have a heart broken, you are also open to things of beauty as well as things of sadness. Once people are not here physically, spiritual remains, we still connect, we can communicate, we can give and receive love and forgiveness. There is love after someone dies. Process Divide the page into 5 sections or columns for your five senses. Make a touch chart of memories, descriptions, details and emotions as you think of a lost loved one, pet, or even no longer loving you loved one. Consider the smallest or least obvious details to bring to your poem. If figurative language, rhymes, or images enhance your poem, go for it. There is no required format, but try using Who where it fits and consider using only one punctuation at the beginning or end. You can name it \_\_\_\_Who... Or whatever you choose. Mentor Text: Abuelito Who Sandra Cisneros Abuelito who throws coins like rain and who loves it, who has dough and feathers, who watches and a glass of water whose hair is made of fur too sad to go down today, who tells me in Spanish you you diamond who tells me in English you are my sky, whose little eyes string can not go out to play asleep in his little room all night and day, who laughed like a letter to a sick door handle tied to a sour stick tired to close the door does not live here anymore hiding under the bed, who speaks to me in my head blankets and spoons and big brown shoes who snore and down up and down up and down again rain on the roof that falls like coins asking, who loves him, who loves him, who? My 4th Grade Student Poem Gran Who? By A. Harris (now a sophomore in high school) Gran, who gave me Graham crackers and let me go to her bed, which made me oatmeal, which wore a trendy coat full of warmth and love, who loves the garden never forgot to watch Ellen, who held a special place in my heart in heaven over the gran, which shops a lot is not going to give up until she gets that dress she wanted Gran I'll never forget Stacey Poem Exes Who Exes who poured love like butter and made us adore them Who were the plans and dreams that were the team of us and we whose smiles were diamonds and pearls and salaries were too stupid to think we didn't know when they said they were buying gifts for us When they said that they will never lie Whose promises were masked by deceptions that can't hide behind our bonds again played by victims who once seemed invincible and brave narcissistic asshole incapable of obligation locked out of our homes, where our love no longer breathes And memories hide in our cupboards who shuffle juicy songs in the playlists of our hearts and binds photos in albums and gold bands who have reformed us into steel warriors like nails, closing coffins Who will love them again, who? Not us. Write now, scroll in the comments section below to write your own poem. (It's a public space, so you can only use your name or initials depending on your privacy preferences.) Not ready? That is ok. Read the poems already posted for more inspiration. Ponder your own during the day. Come back later. And, if the hint doesn't work for you, that's fine. All letters are welcome. Just write something. Also, please be sure to answer at least three writers. Below are some suggestions for commenting with caution. Oh, and a note about composing: Since we write in short bursts, we all understand (and even welcome) typos and partial verses that remind us that we are human beings and that writing always becomes. If you want to invite other teachers to write with us, share this form of invitation. Form. abuelito who poem meaning. abuelito who poem examples. abuelito who poem theme. abuelito who poem answer key. abuelito who poem figurative language. abuelito who poem summary. abuelito who poem and frame. abuelito who poem tone

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