Slam poetry questions-For each of the following slam poems answer the questions given and explain your answers.

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| What is the theme of the poem?   1. What are the elements that made this poem effective? Memorable? 2. What techniques did the poets use that helped us understand the poem?    * + 1. How did they make us feel emotions?        2. How did they make us live in the experience?        3. What imagery did they use?        4. How did they use the 5 senses and description?        5. Other techniques? 3. What types of poetic devices did they use? 4. How did using these poetic devices help them get across their message? 5. What is the message of the poem? 6. Was the poem effective? Why or why not?   Mary Black- I will not be quiet  <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=mckR6TYKaVc>  I will not be quiet 1  We as indigenous women have so much to lose  To exist in silence while our people drown themselves  in booze  Trying to erase the memories of a damaged generation 5  But it’s easier to stay quiet than to heal an entire nation  so we suffer  I will not be quiet  Our families were forced to keep our mouths closed  And until we choose to speak 10  The outside world cannot begin to know  how deeply and how badly  We still feel the pain  How the patterns strain my brain  Leave me feeling insane 15  Cause I carry a world of hurt on my shoulders  And the heaviness only increases as I get older  So I will not be quiet  Or try to hide the cycles of repetition 20  That our families and our communities  have been perpetually living in  I refuse to carry the guilt or the shame  from being sexually abused  By the system in place that was created 25  with the intention of keeping us safe  No,I will not shut up  And I will not sit down  That he felt the need to take his own life?  until our 1200 missing sisters are found  And instead of the knowledge  Our children will seek to erase 80  the history of our dear grandparents deceased  Who died in rage at the people we would turn out to be  Cause without our knowledge, stories and our tradition  We have become the ones who caged us  in this hell 85  We are living in  So no,  I will not be quiet.  Walking through words poem by Shane Koyczan  It’s just the ocean 1  Until you’re pulling your dinner out of it  Until you see firsthand everything that lives in it  Until you feel the push and pull of a thing so vast  It is untameable 5  It’s just a tree  until you see you see someone release the art trapped inside it  Until you need shade from the sun  or reprieve from the rain 10  Until the night steals the warmth in your blood  And a cedar sacrifices its own flesh to give you fire  It’s just a mountain  Until you’re standing at the bottom of it  Face to face with it 15  Until you take your first step to the top of it  Until you reach the summit and stand eye level with the setting sun  It’s just the sky  Until the stars poke holes in the darkness 20  Until the wind pushes its howl through the open air with a wildness so blatant  It sounds like a song you must dance to  And it all looks so tame  Until you’re there 25  Surrounded by no-one  Until water, earth, fire and air rewind you to a time you once knew  Until the world feels massive again  Until it’s just you 30  <http://www.wildwithin.ca/artist-stories/walking-through-words> | I will scream 30  I will scream and I will yell  because they have been silenced  I will fight the silent battle  with our women against violence  And the most violent and benevolent being 35  could not keep me  from speaking the true meaning of free  I will not be quiet  As the system steals our babies  and keeps us living with less 40  The genocide isn’t over it just has a new name  CFS  No, When they told us they’d keep us safe they lied  If this was the case why are there so many suicides  Why did my best friend suffer so deeply inside 45  When he hadn’t even lived yet?  Why do our parents carry so much regret?  Why has so much damage come to our women?  Why at the age of 12 50  did I become a victim of sexual assault?  And not just me but so many of my friends and my family?  Women and girls who are beautiful beyond explanation  Their bodies to become used and abused  Just another violation on an indigenous woman 55  Why are 75% of us raped?  Why are our houses  constantly surrounded by yellow tape?  See, the system was designed  to have us take our own lives 60  To keep the blood-stained hands of the guilty clean  And keep the death  on the hands of our children and our babies  And as long as we are idle and silent  Our children will keep dying 65  Because they are surrounded by violence  Violence and addictions  Confused by the abuse and how badly they must hurt  To want to tie a noose around their neck  or stick a gun to their head 70  While at the same time  some pale-faced children lie peacefully in their beds  While our babies are dying  While our children are crying  Until we speak and stand up as a family 75  We are going to keep losing our girls to the streets  And our lives will be conquered  by the blood that we see  **Hunting**  A raven flies, wings with long blue-black feathers drifting on the wind  Currents under body and hovers in the air  Raven dives into the creek below that brims with sockeye.  A salmon leaps out of the water, with reds and silver arcs  Back fins wag and build a momentum, ascending further upstream  Bears with pigeon-pawed trot over with a swaying, heavy head, climb on top of rocks  Where the water flows and falls with mouth wide open  They bite the springing salmon, canine teeth pierce into the silver belly  Eagles swoop, massive wings slow the body down with talons wide open  Preying in the creek, rising with salmon in its golden grip  Yet the salmon move, push, and endure, through broken skin and hanging entrails  This gathering place is encoded in memory, bringing salmon home  This long journey that nothing can stop, not even eagles, ravens or bears  **Vera Wabegijig** |

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| Love you some Indians By Rowie Shebala  Everybody in Cleveland loves the Indians.  Everybody loves them some Indians.  Love you some Indians.  Be the Indian and not the cowboy.  Throw on a war bonnet.  Tell me it’s fashion.  Tell me how imitation is the sincerest form of flattery.  Go to your local truckstop.  Buy some dream catchers made from China.  Hang them onto your rearview mirrors  of your Jeep Grand Cherokees,  your Pontiacs, your Winnebagos.  And as you drive down I-40  your vehicle will catch the dream’s roadkill  by manifest destiny and this whole time  where your radio chimes  “This land is your land. This land is my land,”  Love you some Indians  Honor them by making them mascots.  Turn them into cartoon characters.  Costume yourselves in crimson paint.  Use the blood off of redskin smeared all over.  Cover every inch.  You are Indian with big black eyes, big smile,  and white, white teeth.  Don’t forget the fake feathers.  Cover your skin.  Don’t tell me it doesn’t come with privilege.  Cover it.  Hide like you’re ashamed of pigment,  like it separates you from the norm.  Tan that hide.  Work beneath suns.  Make it so scarlet it becomes purple in the shade.  Add feathers.  Add bows and arrows.  You are Indian.  Now dance.  This stadium is your bonfire.  You are Indian.  Practice your tomahawk chop.  You are Indian.  Welcome the braves  that have a higher enlisted rate in our armed forces.  Welcome the Kansas City Chiefs  as they make their way to the field  for the halftime spectacular. | Welcome the Seminoles  as the ghost of Osceola haunts the end fields.  Washington Redskins,  don’t change your title.  Instead, hashtag Redskins pride.  Make social media our battleground.  We all know that Indians  don’t haveTwitter accounts.  We still use smoke signals.  Applaud the Chief Wahoo’s bright white chompers  as it casts your reflection  on how to love you some Indians.  Go paint the down.  Double-coat over history.  Whitewash the red bricks of the reservation.  Let’s have Indian days in our school.  Use November to teach our students the  turkey dance  with colored construction paper,  headdresses, and tepees.  Now go home.  Wash off the paint.  Go back to your thinking  that you honored your team,  back to thinking  that you honored the Indian.  We are only costumes.  back to thinking  that you only find us in western and Disney films.  Go back to thinking  that we only exist in history books.  Go back to thinking  that all of this  was just fun and games.  Now shake my hand  and ignore how your fingers  lasso around my wrist,  tying us to our ancestors.  Yet we still survive.  Now tell me how you loved you an Indian. |