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 1We as indigenous women have so much to loseTo exist in silence while our people drown themselves in boozeTrying to erase the memories of a damaged generation 5But it’s easier to stay quiet than to heal an entire nation so we sufferI will not be quietOur families were forced to keep our mouths closedAnd until we choose to speak 10The outside world cannot begin to know how deeply and how badly We still feel the painHow the patterns strain my brain Leave me feeling insane 15Cause I carry a world of hurt on my shouldersAnd the heaviness only increases as I get olderSo I will not be quietOr try to hide the cycles of repetition 20That our families and our communities have been perpetually living inI refuse to carry the guilt or the shame from being sexually abusedBy the system in place that was created 25with the intention of keeping us safeNo,I will not shut upAnd I will not sit down That he felt the need to take his own life?until our 1200 missing sisters are foundAnd instead of the knowledgeOur children will seek to erase 80the history of our dear grandparents deceasedWho died in rage at the people we would turn out to beCause without our knowledge, stories and our traditionWe have become the ones who caged us in this hell 85We are living inSo no, I will not be quiet.Walking through words poem by Shane KoyczanIt’s just the ocean 1Until you’re pulling your dinner out of itUntil you see firsthand everything that lives in itUntil you feel the push and pull of a thing so vast It is untameable 5It’s just a tree until you see you see someone release the art trapped inside itUntil you need shade from the sun or reprieve from the rain 10Until the night steals the warmth in your bloodAnd a cedar sacrifices its own flesh to give you fireIt’s just a mountainUntil you’re standing at the bottom of itFace to face with it 15Until you take your first step to the top of itUntil you reach the summit and stand eye level with the setting sunIt’s just the skyUntil the stars poke holes in the darkness 20Until the wind pushes its howl through the open air with a wildness so blatantIt sounds like a song you must dance toAnd it all looks so tameUntil you’re there 25Surrounded by no-oneUntil water, earth, fire and air rewind you to a time you once knewUntil the world feels massive againUntil it’s just you 30<http://www.wildwithin.ca/artist-stories/walking-through-words> | I will scream 30I will scream and I will yell because they have been silencedI will fight the silent battle with our women against violenceAnd the most violent and benevolent being 35could not keep me from speaking the true meaning of freeI will not be quietAs the system steals our babies and keeps us living with less 40The genocide isn’t over it just has a new nameCFS No, When they told us they’d keep us safe they liedIf this was the case why are there so many suicidesWhy did my best friend suffer so deeply inside 45When 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 50did 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 explanationTheir bodies to become used and abusedJust another violation on an indigenous woman 55Why 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 60To keep the blood-stained hands of the guilty cleanAnd keep the death on the hands of our children and our babiesAnd as long as we are idle and silent Our children will keep dying 65Because they are surrounded by violenceViolence and addictionsConfused by the abuse and how badly they must hurtTo want to tie a noose around their neck or stick a gun to their head 70While at the same time some pale-faced children lie peacefully in their bedsWhile our babies are dyingWhile our children are cryingUntil we speak and stand up as a family 75We are going to keep losing our girls to the streetsAnd our lives will be conquered by the blood that we see**Hunting**A raven flies, wings with long blue-black feathers drifting on the windCurrents under body and hovers in the airRaven dives into the creek below that brims with sockeye.A salmon leaps out of the water, with reds and silver arcsBack fins wag and build a momentum, ascending further upstreamBears with pigeon-pawed trot over with a swaying, heavy head, climb on top of rocksWhere the water flows and falls with mouth wide openThey bite the springing salmon, canine teeth pierce into the silver bellyEagles swoop, massive wings slow the body down with talons wide openPreying in the creek, rising with salmon in its golden gripYet the salmon move, push, and endure, through broken skin and hanging entrailsThis gathering place is encoded in memory, bringing salmon homeThis long journey that nothing can stop, not even eagles, ravens or bears**Vera Wabegijig** |

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| Love you some Indians By Rowie ShebalaEverybody 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 IndiansHonor 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 thiswas just fun and games.Now shake my hand and ignore how your fingerslasso around my wrist, tying us to our ancestors.Yet we still survive.Now tell me how you loved you an Indian. |