

Thanks Mom

A boy was taught
to believe

then was distraught
to learn

there was no Santa Claus.

Until he learned
to believe

in who Saint Nicholas was
and what he stood for.

This was a gift the boy's mother gave to him.

Splendor in the Grass

There is splendor

In the grass

Here

On this side

Where it is

Greener

Than over there

Where swamp grass conceals

Danger lurking

Beneath

The surface tension

Yin & Yang Playing Golf in Scotland

Yin was a game lass.

Yang was more precocious
than truly competitive.

They loved to play games,
especially when they would switch roles.

Today we split into breakout rooms of two to three poets each and did the following collaborative writing exercise:

1. Start with this prompt: **My mother told me a story...**
2. Write for ten minutes.
3. Read your poem out loud to your partner/group.
4. Listen to your partner/group members read their poems out loud.
5. Now start a new poem using their writing as inspiration. In other words, your partner's writing becomes your new prompt.
6. Write for ten minutes.
7. Repeat.