

Peer = Mark

Alex Broegger

GREAT POETRY RUBRIC

Directions: Circle the rating for each aspect of the poem.

	Exceeding Expectation	Meeting Expectation	Approaching Expectation
Extent to which poetry reflects personal voice	Personal voice is clear; poem is understandable and flows, making for enjoyable reading Self Peer Teacher (circle one)	Personal voice is choppy but clear; poem flows well and is understandable, but needs some editing Self Peer Teacher (circle one)	Personal voice is unclear; poem doesn't flow and needs editing Self Peer Teacher (circle one)
Extent to which poetry reflects individual interpretation	Student's individual interpretation reflects full understanding of the poem Self Peer Teacher (circle one)	Student's individual interpretation reflects some understanding of the poem Self Peer Teacher (circle one)	Student's individual interpretation reflects no understanding of the poem; the student's poem is unclear and difficult to understand Self Peer Teacher (circle one)
Extent to which poetry reflects connection to and understanding of class writing prompt	Student creates a poem which connects deeply to the writing prompt Self Peer Teacher (circle one)	Student creates a poem which has some connection to the writing prompt Self Peer Teacher (circle one)	Student uses very little of the writing prompt to create a poem Self Peer Teacher (circle one)
Extent to which poetry reflects a unique voice, tone, or style	Poem reflects a tone, voice, and style unique to the writer Self Peer Teacher (circle one)	Poem reflects some voice, tone, and style unique to the writer, but continues to need development Self Peer Teacher (circle one)	Poem reflects no voice, style, or tone unique to the writer Self Peer Teacher (circle one)
Extent to which poetry reflects a sense of mood and tone as assigned	Poem reflects a full sense of mood and tone as assigned Self Peer Teacher (circle one)	Poem reflects a partial sense of mood and tone as assigned Self Peer Teacher (circle one)	Poem reflects no sense of mood and tone as assigned Self Peer Teacher (circle one)

MEH

A Memory



Cold,
New Jersey rain,
Tickles my bare skin.

Tears,
Rich with joy,
Sprinkle
Like snow flakes
Out of my eyes.

Shutterbugs,
Swarm like bees
In *flowerful* dream.

Streaks of lightning,
From camera's,
Illuminate the night.

Chants of
"PELE! PELE"
Echo within me
Like a song,
Stuck on replay.

Two flags
American and Brazilian,
Soar high like gulls,
Gliding faraway.

My body,
A worn out shoe,
Perched
On my teammates shoulder,
Like a sack of potatoes.

A footstep,
Engraved into my heart
Saves this memory,
Unable to remove.

Alex Broegger

A Pilot Dream

I want,
To be a bird.
To fly away.
To become a pilot.

One night
Outside,
Lies,
Dead,
A pilot.
Soaked in blood.
Next,
To a wreckage.

No more,
Pilot for me.
I whisper
As if talking,
To a waiter.

Tossing the dream,
Into the bin.
I pull,
The covers.
Goodnight.

I want,
To be a bird.
To fly away.
To be a pilot?
No.

Alex Broegger

A Dream Come true

Buckets of tears,
Leak
From my eyes.

My head,
Rested on a teammates shoulder.

Were these tears of sadness?
No.
Tears of Joy.

Just 17,
I already conquered
The World Cup.

My mouth,
Super glued together
Without words.

A dream,
Come true.

toem about the

"A moment to remember"

The cold

New Jersey rain
gave me an early shower.
The water trickled down
my bare skin,
but I didn't
care.

I had just ended,
the most glorious
sports career
of all time.

I had once
been a small
boy,
in the town
of Baum.
Now I played,
in the biggest
stage
on the earth.

Can you eliminate
words? What about
I?
Stronger images?
Metaphor?
Similes?

~~Tears~~ Tears ~~fell~~
fell out of my eyes
like waterfalls.

These weren't tears of sadness,
but rather tears of
pride and joy.

I sat,

carried on my teammates shoulder

Brainstorming

Alex Broegger

Pele last match



Descriptions:

- Being ^{lead} ~~my~~ ~~ing~~ (above everyone)
- Tears in my eyes
- In big Stadium
- Photographers Swarming around me
- Holding two flags (us / brazil)
- end of career (one of the best ever)
- raining in New Jersey
- Shirtless
- a moment to remember
- Played for Cosmos and Santos
- extremely happy and sad at same time
- feels very proud
- was once just a small kid from Bauru.
- the feeling was undiscibeable

Metaphors/Similes =

- tears formed in my eyes like a waterfall ✓
- felt like a king, with pride pouring out of me
- the cold rainwater gave me a shower
- I felt like a bird, soaring over everyone on the pitch

Ms. Bevear 

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Alex Broegger

in the football stadium.

Photographers

swarmed like bees,
to get the best shots.

I held two flags,
one the United States flag,
the other
the Brazilian.

These two countries
played a huge role
in my
astounding ~~career~~ career.

The feeling was
undiscribable.

It was,
a moment to
remember.

Ms. Bevear
比維亞 

Poem about Pele =

"A dream, come true"

I stood crying, ^{no verb?}
in the biggest spotlight on the planet.
My tears poured out
as I ~~leaned~~ leaned on my teammates shoulder.

These weren't tears,
of sadness,
but rather
tears of joy.

Tears of sadness?
No.
Joy.

Could you write this?

more information?
Maslo?

At the age of 17,
I had already
ruled the world.
I helped Brazil win its first
world cup.

I had no words,
to describe this
moment,
like my mouth
was glued together.
This

was a dream,
come true.

Ms. Bevear
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Brainstorming

Alex Brøgger

Winning the world cup



Descriptions:

- tears in pelé's eyes
- a dream come true
- in the biggest spotlight in the world
- at the age of 17
- Brazil win World cup (1st)
- it was his dream as a small boy
- it was an unforgettable moment

Metaphor/Simile:

- at the age of 17, I was the King of the world.
- I had no ~~words~~ words, like my mouth was glued together.

Ms. Bevear

"Pele" 比維亞 January 22nd.

Alex Brøgger

Pele is Thankful for:

- Spending long dreadful nights in Santos
- Seeing a dead pilots body * — Adjectives
- His parents
- His farm
- His fame
- Waldemar de Brito

Poem:

"Pele"

I want,
to be as free as a bird.
I want,
to fly to faraway places with my family.
I want to become a pilot.

~~Now I don't want~~

I look out my window,
a bloody pilot,
he lies dead on the ground.
Goose bumps swarm my arms,
as I stare out my,
dirty window
into the dark,
night sky.

Now, I don't want to be a
pilot, but
a soccer player.
I abandon my dream of
being a pilot.

Now, I am a famous soccer player

- Destroyed his thoughts of being a pilot.
- Evening time
- Seeing body
- Frightened / Scared
- Don't want to fly
- If this didn't happen he wouldn't be the person he is today.
- He could still be in poverty.
- Blood.
- Bad weather.
- Outside window
- Life Changing
- with the freedom of a bird.
- loved planes
- a abandoned dream
- Outside his house
- age of seven

Maybe more about this incident?

I am world renowned.

I am the best soccer player //
of all time.

I want, ~~to~~
to be as free as a bird.

I want ~~to~~
to fly to faraway places with my family.
But I don't want,
to become a pilot. ✓