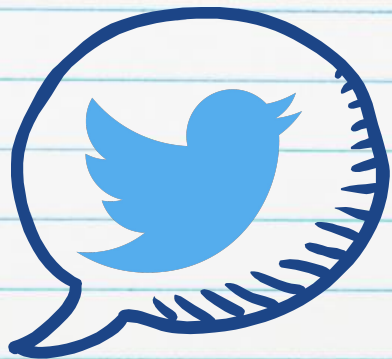




POETRY FRAMES

BY JOSEPH FASANO



*@Joseph\_Fasano\_*

*All of these prompts were shared by Joseph Fasano via Twitter (X). His upcoming book can be found here.*

*Use the prompts as written or as inspiration for your own poetic creativity.*

# MY POEM (TITLE)

My name is (name).

Today I feel like a/an (adjective) (noun)  
(verb)ing in the (noun).

Sometimes I am a/an (noun).

Sometimes I am a/an (noun).

But always I am (adjective).

I ask the world, "(question?)"

And the answer is

a/an (repeat your words from line 2)

# Sea stingray

My name is Zahed

Today I feel like a Happy  
Stingray.

Swimming.

In the sea.

Sometimes I am an owl.

Sometimes I am a praying mantis.

But I am always I am Happy.

I ask the world why is there sand at the bottom of  
the sea.

AND the answer is a Happy stingray swimming in  
the sea.



Mad at my brother  
Gavin

My name is Paisley.  
Today I feel like a kind person  
jumping in the school.

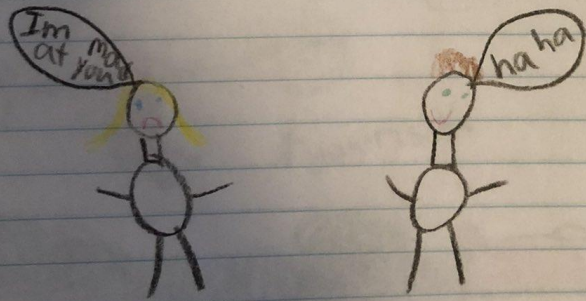
Sometimes I am crazy.

Sometimes I am tired.

But I am always furious at  
my brother Gavin.

I ask the world "Why are things  
expensive"?

And the answer is a kind person  
jumping in the school.



# WHAT IS LIFE?

My name is Marisa.

Today I Feel Like A Wealthy Lioness Prancing  
In The Fields.

Some Times I Am A Fox

Some Times I Am A Wolf.

But Always I Am A Owl.

I Ask The World, "What is Life?"

And The Answer is:

A Wealthy Lioness Prancing in The Fields.

## POEM FOR PEACE (TITLE)

*They say we should be enemies.*

*But your heart is as (adjective) as my heart.*

*Your hands are as (adjective) as my hands.*

*Your eyes are as (adjective) as my eyes.*

*We are the stories we hear.*

*They try to tell us stories of hatred.*

*But I know a better one:*

*Once, I dreamed I carried (noun) and (noun)  
alone through the (noun) toward your (noun).*

*(Ask a question)?*

## Poem for Peace

*by Caleb D., 4th grade*

They say we should be enemies.

But your heart is as funny fast as my heart.  
Your hands are as sweaty as my hands.  
Your eyes are as crossed as my eyes.

We are the stories we hear.  
They try to tell us stories of hatred.  
But I know a better one:

Once, I dreamed I carried candy  
alone through the trees toward you.  
Want to share a drink?

(TITLE)

There are days when I am (my name)  
and days when I am not.

My heart is a/an (adjective) (verb)ing (noun) in the morning  
and a/an (adjective) (verb)ing (noun) at night.

If only I could be (adjective).

If only I could let go of (noun),

I would be the (verb)ing noun.

(Someone's name), this poem is for you.

To love you is to be the (repeat blue words).

## The Singing Bird

There are days when I am myself  
and days when I am not.

My heart is a peaceful twittering song in the morning  
and an unbearable living noise at night.

If only I could fly in the sky,  
I would be reborn.

If only I could let go of pain,  
I would be the singing bird.

My love, this poem is for you.  
To love you is to be the singing bird.

— *isabel lameirão*

# GRIEF POEM

*I miss your smell of (noun).*

*I miss your voice like (adjective) (noun).*

*I miss your hands like (adjective) (noun) (verb)ing in the (noun).*

*But I know that living means (verb)ing.*

*And I want to live. I want to (verb).*

*And you, (name), I want you to be the (adjective) (noun).*

*Go, be the (repeat noun and adjective from the previous line).*

## GRIEF POEM

I miss your smell of pinecones.

I miss your voice like a simple lullaby.

I miss your hands like little pearls dancing in the lamplight.

But I know that living means remembering.

And I want to live, I want to sweat.

And you, Erin, I want you to be the biting wind.

Go, be the biting wind.

livia karlstrom

# FRIENDSHIP POEM

You and I are (noun) and (noun).

You and I are (verb)ing and (verb)ing.

When I am deep in (noun),

you come to me like a (verb)ing noun.

When you are lost in (noun),

I go to you like a (verb)ing noun.

Let the world say everything is (adjective).

I would bring you (noun) if you were (adjective).

You and I are forest and sky.  
You and I are breathing and wondering.  
When I am deep in Ohio,  
you come to me like a whispering firefly.  
When you are lost in Vermont,  
I go to you like a tiptoeing child.  
Let the world say everything is hellbound.  
I would bring you Aloe if you were burnt.

## CHANGE POEM (TITLE)

I am done with being (adjective).

I am done with (verb)ing the (noun).

I am done with not (verb)ing (adverb).

Life, help me to (verb).

All I want to do is (verb), like a/an (noun) in the (noun)

the way I did when I was not (adjective).

(Your name), (adjective) (repeat green noun), say it:

I am not (repeat yellow adjective)

## POEM TO MYSELF

No one knows the (animal) that (verbs) in me.

No one knows my heart is a/an (adjective) (noun)

I carry through the (noun) toward the (noun).

No one knows the (noun) I softly (verb).

But I do. I do.

I will wake today and (verb) my (noun).

I will walk today and (verb) the (noun).

I will (verb) until I (verb) the (noun).

(Repeat pink animal), (repeat blue verb three times)

No one knows the dragon that  
lives in me.

No one knows my heart is a flying  
whirlwind I carry through the  
universe toward the unknown.

No one knows the passion I softly  
contain.

But I do. I do.

I will wake today + share my experience

I will walk today + enjoy the earth.

I will run until I escape the boundaries  
Dragon, LIVE, LIVE, LIVE.

30 April 2023 at 21:11

18

## POEM TO MYSELF

No one knows the tiger that stirs in me.  
No one knows my heart is a silent jungle  
    I carry through the night toward the drinking  
pool.  
No one knows the times I softly roar.  
But I do. I do.  
I will wake today and taste my existence.  
I will walk today and prowl the edges.  
I will hunt until I sate the hunger.  
Tiger, stir, stir, stir.

## Poem to myself

No one knows the wolf that cries in me.  
No one knows my heart is a bleeding  
offering

I carry through the world toward the  
stars.

No one knows the acceptance I softly  
crave.

But I do. I do.

I will wake today and carry my heart.

I will walk today and honor the blood.

I will walk until I reach the stars.

Wolf, crying crying crying.

FMR

## SELF-ACCEPTANCE POEM (TITLE)

The (animal) cannot help being (adjective).

The (plant) cannot help being (adjective).

The (celestial body) cannot help being (adjective).

And I cannot help being (your name).

Even in my sleep, I dream of (something you like).

Even in my sadness, I love my (noun).

I swim in the rivers of my (emotion).

I climb through the mountains of my (emotion).

I travel for years and years.

And on the other side

is (your name), beautiful (your name),

his/her/their (adjective) (noun) (verb)ing in the (noun).

## Myself

The seagull cannot help being hungry.

The grass cannot help being green.

The sun cannot help being round, like a ball.

And I cannot help being Jonathan.

Even in my sleep, I dream of garbage trucks.

Even in my sadness, I love my comfortable bed.

I swim in the river of my autism.

I climb through the mountains of my joy.

I travel for years and years.

And on the other side

is Jonathan, beautiful Jonathan,

his cheerful voice calling in the neighbourhood.

The cat cannot help being independent.  
The sunflower cannot help being radiant.  
The galaxies cannot help being immense.  
And I cannot help being me.  
Even in my sleep, I dream of wandering.  
Even in my sadness, I love my resilience.  
I swim in the rivers of my calmness.  
I climb through the mountains of my passion.  
I travel for years and years.  
And on the other side  
Is me, beautiful, wonderful me,  
My resilient spirit wandering in the universe.

— *isabel lameirão*



## Free templates for all your presentation needs



For PowerPoint and  
Google Slides



100% free for personal  
or commercial use



Ready to use,  
professional and  
customizable



Blow your audience  
away with attractive  
visuals