

Nurturing Nature, Navajo Style (Acrostic)

Nurturing the land, wide and free,
Arising with the sun, like a soaring eagle I see.
Vibrant colors of desert blooms,
And ancient rhythms in our looms.
Journey through canyons, deep and grand,
Over red rocks and golden sand.

Tales told by elders under starry skies,
Uplift our spirits, ancient ties.
Respecting the earth, our mother, so dear,
In harmony with all we hold near.
Navajo whispers in the breeze,
Guiding us gently, like cottonwood trees.

- By N. McClure



Can you find...

- Imagery
- Simile
- Rhyme
- Rhythm
- Stanza

Native American Life (Acrostic)

Nature was our home
Also the creatures of the woods
Together we worked as a family and as one
Inventing tools that we would need to live
Very aware of our traditions and paths
Every person knew their role in our tribe

Among us were braves and warriors
Mothers, fathers, sisters, and brothers
Each doing what needed to be to survive
Rich in culture and remembering our Elders
Into the night sings and laughing
Calling the spirits to join in with us
Answering the drums that the men hit
Never forgetting who we were

Life that was rich and beautiful
Inched in with each sunrise and sunset
Forever burned in our minds, hearts, and spirits
Each of us knew the peace of being a Native
American

[© Oct 2011, Peri Anne Breaux Gaspard](#)

Sun

shines bright,
a beacon in the sky.
Voices rise like rivers,
echoing through hills and valleys,
breaking chains of silence and fear.
Dreams take flight on wings of hope,
like birds soaring high, their songs
ringing clear in the morning air.
We march forward, footsteps drumming,
a rhythm of change resonating
through the land. Each voice,
a ripple in the ocean of justice,
each step a path toward
equality. Together we rise,
like trees rooted deep,
branches reaching for
the stars.

By N. McClure

Did you find....

Metaphor: "Voices rise like rivers."

Personification: "Dreams take flight on wings of hope."

Onomatopoeia: "Footsteps drumming."

Can you find...

Simile

Metaphor

Personification

Dreams

DREAMS BY LANGSTON HUGHES

Hold fast to dreams
For if dreams die
Life is a broken-winged bird
That cannot fly

Hold fast to dreams
For when dreams go
Life is a barren field
Frozen with snow

weareteachers.com



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Harmony's Haiku

Sunset paints the sky,
Friends weave tales by firelight,
Heartbeats blend as one.

By N. McClure



Aztec Sunrise (Haiku)

Golden maize whispers,
Hands of friendship stretch wide,
Ancient echoes bloom.

By N. McClure

Did you notice...

Alliteration: "Friends
weave tales"

Hyperbole: "Heartbeats
blend as one"

Symbolism: "Sunset paints
the sky"

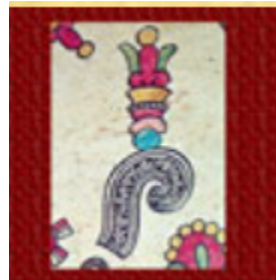
Can you find...

Alliteration:

Hyperbole:

Symbolism:

Imagery:



STAND UP, BEAT YOUR DRUM By Nezahualcoyotl

Stand up, beat your drum:
give of yourself, know friendship. -Aya!-
Let your hearts be taken
with many colours -Yehuaya!-
only here perhaps are lent to us
our tobacco pipes, our flowers,
Ohuaya Ohuaya.

Stand up, my friend,
elated take your flowers to the drum:
your bitterness flees.
Adorn yourself with them:
the flowers raise their heads,
cocoa flowers of precious gold -Aya!-
are being scattered,
Ohuaya Ohuaya.

Beautifully sing here
the turquoise bird, the quetzal, the trogon:
the macaw's song presides, and
all the jingling rattles and drums answer,
Ohuaya Ohuaya.

I drink cocoa:
with it I am glad -Aya!-
my heart takes pleasure, my heart is happy,
Ohuaya Ohuaya. Romances de los Señores, poem #55.

Family's Embrace (tanka)

Gentle sunrise hugs,
Hands weave love's tapestry bright,
Heartbeats drum as one.
In warmth of hearth, stories flow,
Echoes of joy, forever.

By N. McClure

Hopi Hearth (tanka)

Gentle firelight glows,
Family gathers close, love
echoes in the air.
In the circle's warmth, stories
of our ancestors live on.

By N. McClure

Havasupai Harmony (tanka)

Campfire's gentle glow,
Families gather close, love
echoes in canyon.
Whispers of ancestors' tales,



Did you notice...

Alliteration: "Gentle
sunrise hugs"

What is...
The repeated theme?

Can you find any rhyme?

Do you see any repetition?

I Am Iktomi

I flew with the eagles
Until I fell from the nest
I ran with the wolves
Then got lost from the pack

We are children of Earth and Sky
DNA descendant now ancestor
Human being physical spirit
Bone flesh blood as spirit
Metal mineral water as spirit

We are in time and space
But we're from beyond time and space
The past is part of the present
The future is part of the present
Life and being are interwoven

We are a part of the memories of evolution
These memories carry knowledge
These memories carry our identity
Beneath race, gender, class, age
Beneath citizen, business, state, religion
We are human beings

John Trudell - Music/Poem Crazy Horse

in the river's song, timeless.

By N. McClure

Family's Song (lune)

Love's sweet melody,
Hearts beat as one in our home,
Laughter like jazz notes.

By N. McClure

Family's Embrace (lune)

Heartbeats drum in love,
Harmony like river's flow,
Joy sings in our home.

By N. McClure

Our Harmony

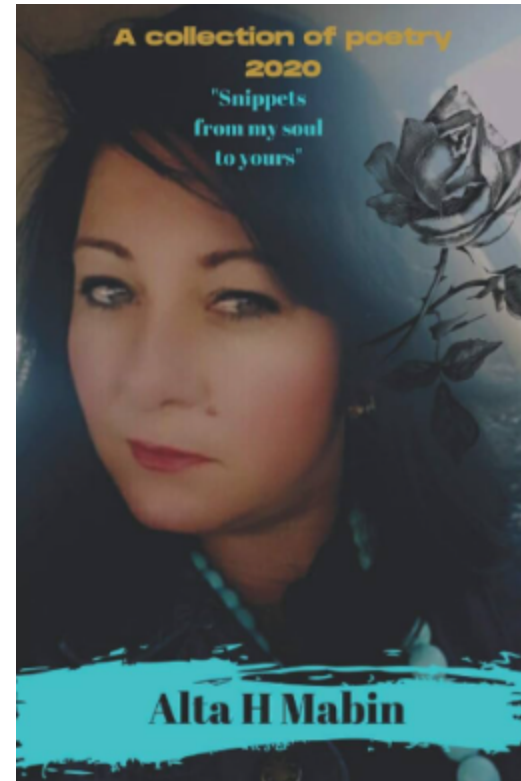
Heartbeats like drum beats,
Love's melody in our home,
Laughter sings like birds.

By N. McClure

Meter: The poem follows the syllable count of 5-3-5:
What are the stressed and unstressed syllables?

Metaphor: "Hearts beat as one" compares the unity and harmony of family to a single heartbeat.

Where can you find a Simile?



drowning in silence
take my hand
broke my heart again

By Alta H. Mabin

Spring (cinquain)

Raindrops
Whisper softly,
Painting flowers with life,
Birds sing joyous melodies,
Renewal.

By N. McClure

Summer (cinquain)

Sunshine
Radiant, bright,
Warming earth and soul,
Crickets chirp in golden fields,
Harmony.

By N. McClure

Autumn (cinquain)

Leaves
Flutter, colors
Painting trees with warmth,

What is the common theme?



Spring...
Did you notice?

Metaphor: "Painting flowers with life"

Alliteration: "Raindrops whisper softly" uses alliteration with the repeated "s" sound.

Can you find these in Summer or Autumn?

Metaphor:

Alliteration:

Chasing Dreams and Fading Stars

I am a traveler in this life,
Drifting through days and nights,
Chasing dreams and fading stars,
Hoping to find my place, my bars.

The world is vast, and I am small,
Yet I have a voice, a story to tell,
Of love and loss, joy and pain,
Of all that makes life worth the strain.

I've walked on mountains, sailed on seas,
I've danced in rain, and felt the breeze,
I've seen the wonders of this land,
And held the touch of a lover's hand.

But there's more to life than just the thrill,
For every joy, there's a sorrow still,
And every dream, a fear to face,
And every victory, a new race.

So, I'll keep on traveling, day by day,
Taking life as it comes my way,
Embracing all that's good and bad,
For this is the journey I have had.

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Squirrels scurry, gathering nuts,
Whisper.

By N. McClure

Freedom's Journey (diamante)

Harriet
Brave, determined
Leading, guiding, inspiring
Stars twinkle, night whispers
Quiet, dark
Underground Railroad
Hiding, seeking, escaping
Chains break, hope rises
Sunlight
Freedom

By N. McClure

Equality (diamante)

Dreamer
Bold, visionary
Inspiring, leading, uniting
Wings like a dove, soaring high
Peace, justice
Marches, speeches
Rising, echoing, changing

The Civil Rights Act

Legislation

Race, Religion

Arguing, Discriminating,
Outlawing

Civil Rights

Questioning, Discussing,
Debating

Accommodations, Employment

Desegregation

MLK Jr.

[Historic Poem](#)

Martin Luther King Jr.

Black, Heroic

Willing, Caring, Loving

Civil Rights Activist

Dreaming, Empowering, Fighting

Arrested, Killed

Equal Rights

[Historic Poem](#)

Symbols bloom, chains shatter
Hope

By N. McClure

Roy Wilkins' Call (ballad stanza)

In the darkest night,
Roy's voice, bold and bright,
Like a beacon's guiding light,
Guided hearts toward rights.

Symbols in his hand,
Freedom's flag unfurled grand,
Hope's song spread 'cross the land,
Justice his steadfast stand.

By N. McClure

W.E.B. Du Bois (ballad stanza)

In the history's scroll,
Du Bois' words, strong and bold,
Like rivers, they flow,
Truths that never grow old.

Symbols in his pen,
Justice, like a lion's den,
Rights for women and men,

"I speak not mockingly
but I fought for freedom,
I'm fighting now for our
unity.

We are women all,
and what wrongs you
murders me
and eventually marks
your grave

so we share a mutual
death at the hand of
tyranny."

[By Beah Richards](#)



"What will you do?
Will you fight with me?
White supremacy is your enemy and mine,
So be careful when you talk with me.
Remind me not of my slavery, I know it well
but rather tell me of your own,
Remember, you have never known me."

[By Beah Richards](#)

Freedom's song, he did defend.

By N. McClure

Sitting Bull (Clerihew)

Sitting Bull, brave and tall,
Buffalo herds heed his call.
With thunderous hooves, they obey,
Prairie whispers his name each day.

By N. McClure

Hiawatha (Clerihew)

Hiawatha, wise and tall,
Held council by the waterfall.
Trees bowed in reverence, they say,
As he spoke, the river danced his way.

By N. McClure

Sequoyah (Clerihew)

Sequoyah, skilled and wise,

Can you locate:

Hyperbole:

Personification:



Bear Song

I am the Black Bear. Around me
You see the clouds swirling.
I am the Black Bear. Around me
You see the dew fall.

[Pima song Native American Songs and Poems:
An Anthology \(1996\), edited by Brian Swann](#)



Reading leaves under starry skies.
The forest whispered secrets his way,
As he taught words to the trees each day.

By N. McClure

Wilma (autobiography)

In the hills where the rivers flow, Where the
wildflowers bloom and grow, I grew up strong, like
a mighty tree, In the heart of my tribe, where
friends were key.

Wilma Mankiller, a name so grand, A leader true in
Cherokee land. With courage bold, like a soaring
bird, I spoke for justice, my voice was heard.

Through valleys deep, through mountains high,
With friends beside me, reaching the sky. Hand in
hand, we faced every trial, With smiles as bright as
the sun's warm smile.

Like rivers winding, our laughter flowed, Through
meadows green, where dreams bestowed. With
each heartbeat, our bond grew strong, A harmony
sweet, like nature's song.

In the fire's glow, stories we'd share, Of dreams we
chased, of moments rare. Together we stood,



[Wilma Mankiller](#)

The Wildflower of Vunxarak *for Kiaunna*

Pray for us little wildflower as we pass by
on our way to the dance grounds
just above the place where the
Salmon River flows long
and without bend.

Sing a blessed flower dance song,
let it make its way from camp to ridge
as we give name to the girl who
is arriving, who opens her petals
to the rising sun of life.

Wildflower, your roots plunge deep
and fix you sturdy to the earth, your
grace in the whirl of spring winds
reminds us to live and love
always in balance.

[poem from Red Indian Road West by contemporary Yurok poet
Shaunna Oteka McCovey](#)

through thick and thin, In our Cherokee world,
where love begins.

So here ends my tale, of Wilma so true, In
Cherokee lands, skies so blue. With every breath,
with every rhyme, I honor our friendship, through
space and time. By N. McClure

(Color Poem)

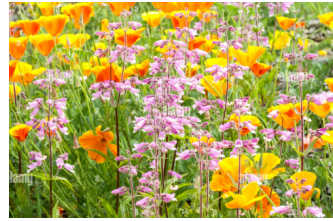
In the quiet dawn, the coyote calls, Echoes through
the canyons, over rugged walls. Orange sunrise
paints the sky, As feathers rustle, whispers fly.

Drums beat like thunder, boom and pound, Feet
stomp the earth, rhythmic sound. Sage smoke
swirls, a silver mist, Cleansing spirits with each
twist.

Turquoise rivers shimmer and flow, Underneath
the desert's warm glow. Buffalo roam, their hooves
drumming, Across the plains, forever strumming.

Cornstalks rustle in the breeze, Whispering secrets
among the trees. A howl breaks the stillness of the
night, Moonlit shadows dance in flight.

In the fire's crackle, stories ignite, Stars above,
shining bright. Colors of our tribe, rich and deep, In
every heartbeat, our spirits leap.



Questions

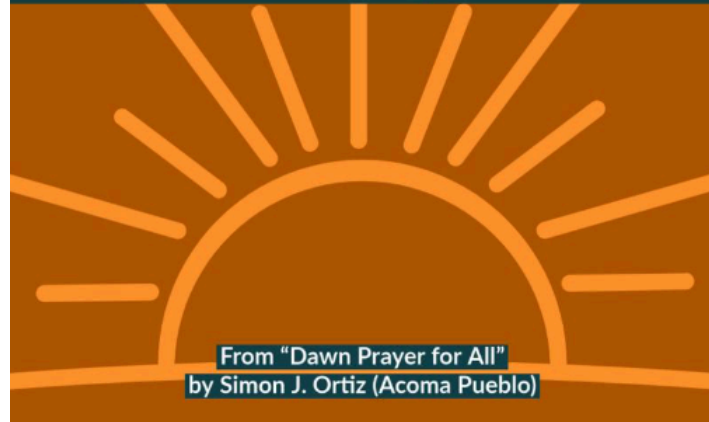
Where is the rhyme?

What is the imagery?

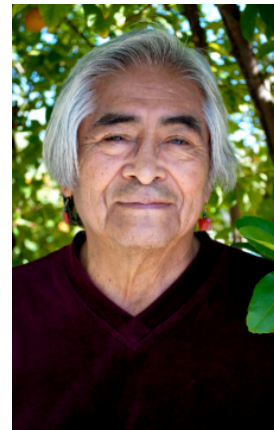
What is the theme?

Describe a stanza!

For that I am grateful to my mind, the memory
ancient, not lonely or unreasonable. Pray then
for the blue light of morning that draws me
toward the day. Pray then for the horses,
for the presence of all things, for the pain.



[Simon J. Ortiz](#)



[Simon J. Ortiz](#)

This land of beauty, strong and free, In every hue,
our history we see. With each breath, we honor
our name, In this Native world, forever the same.

(Alliteration Poem)

Lois Mailou Jones, painter profound, Bold
brushstrokes on canvas, colors unbound. Caribbean
colors cascade and collide, Creating masterpieces,
her talent undenied.

Harlem's heartbeat, a home she found, Inspiration
in every street's sound. Meticulous strokes,
meticulously made, Each canvas a story, each
shade a cascade.

Parisian passion, where her dreams took flight,
Palette pulsating with Parisian light. Bold
brushwork, brave and bright, Innovation ignites,
ignites the night.

Lois Mailou Jones, a legacy told, Through vibrant
visions, bold and bold. Her art, an anthem, an
enduring acclaim, In every stroke, in every name.

By N. McClure

Poetry, a powerful potion of passion,

Verses vibrating with vibrant
vibration.

Words weaving wonders, whispering
woes,

Metaphors melding, meaningful
throes.

Rhymes rising, rhythmically rolling,

Syllables soaring, sensationnally
strolling.

Alliteration's allure, artfully arrayed,



[Lois Mailou Jones](#)



[The Art of Perseverance](#)

	<p>Emotions evolving, elegantly conveyed.</p> <p>Poesy's panorama, profound and pure,</p> <p>Imagination's ink, an infinite lure.</p> <p>Similes singing, like stars in the sky,</p> <p>Each stanza a story, soaring high.</p> <p>By N. McClure</p>	