

EXTENDED METAPHOR POEM EXAMPLES

POETRY GENRE STUDY, PRYZBYLKOWSKI D-6

Picking Up the Pieces: the Mosaic Vase

You are an intricate mosaic vase,
With so many glass pieces to your being.
All labeled by various colors and shapes.
Reds, blues, oranges, gigantic, small, sharp.
Your colors represent who and what you will always be—
A difference, a sister, a teacher, a daughter, a venturer, a
writer, a
Hodgepodge of unique.
You are a fascinatingly beautiful mosaic vase,
A vase that lights up a dull room, boring and lifeless.
I wonder and admire how you put yourself together--
Even through the hardest of times--
In order to create a stunning
Work of art.
Even though you are quite rare and fragile with
all your misshaped and broken glass pieces,
You are shaped to perfection.
You are a mosaic vase.
--Jaclyn Pryzbylowski

(Extended Metaphor Poem on Basketball)

My Life is Basketball
My eyes are big before the game starts
My body covered in hope
18 years of practice
My mind is focused
I have only one purpose
I visualize everything I want to do
My home the court
The crowd surrounding with their big eyes watching
Attracted to the bright lights
My team behind me
Weaving in and out of expectant fans
Making our way to the court
Endless cameras
Each other's families
Still sensing the sudden thrill of anticipation
We circle up, hands together, chanting
A team together
All focused on glory
Where we will Live forever

By: Zachary K., Chester Springs, PA

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Hope

Hope is the thing with feathers
That perches in the soul,
And sings the tune--without the words,
And never stops at all,

And sweetest in the gale is heard;
And sore must be the storm
That could abash the little bird
That kept so many warm.

"I've heard it in the chillest land,
And on the strangest sea;
Yet, never, in extremity,
It asked a crumb of me."

--Emily Dickinson

By: Megan Sutter, Laura Young, and Sarah Peterson

Michael Jordan

Michael Jordan is an eagle.

Soaring higher than the highest seagull.
Looks so great in the air
Aggressive like a bear
Soars high and so free
Not anything like you and me
His home is Chicago, but not as of late.
A new home is D.C.
isn't that great?

By: Dexter Enge, Aaron Wenger, Kirk Kohlbeck, and
Nate King

The Shadow Cat

The cat is the shadow
dancing on the wall.
Deep and dark and silent
slinking down the hall.
Reveal him to the night
and he disappears;
Lead him to the morning,
There's nothing left to fear.
The cat is the shadow
dancing on the wall,
but let him find the darkness
and he is hidden from us all.

By: Alyssa Leystra

The Cafeteria

The cafeteria is a jungle.
Wild animals scrambling for food.
Grunting
like wild boars
Stampeding
to the line
Devouring
their prey
Cleaning
their paws
and then returning to their dens.

By: Alex Foster, Maura Grasshoff, Bridget Bradley, and
Christa Michel

Painting

Painting is an untamed bird.
You're free to show how you feel
without consequence.
There's nothing holding you back.
Your emotions fly wildly.

My Brother

My brother is a snapping turtle.
He is extremely slow.
He sleeps 3/4 of the day.
If he was going any slower, he would be going
backwards.

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He snaps at whatever comes at him.
And swims across the lake to waste a year of time.
Whenever someone threatens him, he crawls into
his shell.
When he wants something, he just snaps at it and holds

it tight,
But will never let go until he gets it.

By: Jacob Hicks, Alex Slotty, and Jason Kasemodel

Snowboarding

Snow is butter, smooth but rough.
As I come down hills, I am a
bullet.
As I travel up, I'm a flowing
stream.
My board is my legs, as walking comes
natural.
Ready to go, I am
free.

By: Marisa Cook and Rachel Covert

My Room

My room is heaven
with its clouds on the walls
that are lit with a luminous glow from
the gentle morning sun.
That light is the key that opens my
eyes.
The pillows on my bed are as fluffy as clouds
and as soft as a baby's bottom.
The birds' chirping is like angels singing in my
ears.
I am a God in my room and nothing else matters.

By: Michelle Krebs, Eve Elsing, Sarah Duckert, and Maria Simental

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Football

Football is war.
Two armies dig in on the frontlines.
Facing individuals they have never seen before.
Each army with their own systems and styles.
Some prefer to attack from the air and some from the ground.
But still sticking to their strategies
coming down from their commanders,
only as good as the men on the front line.
They have all been working, training for this day.
"Set"
"Hut"
and the ball's put into play
Boys turn into men on this battle day.

By: Aaron Henn

Chess

Chess is the war of past ages.
Kings are at their throne.
Pawns are on the frontline.
Peasants dying first while
Knights jump around looking for a
fight.
Bishops using their magic,
up and down the field.
and Rooks, the castler, defending walls of stone
The queen
all power and beauty
the one most other kings want

By: Matt Liegel

My Room

My room is a natural disaster.
As you walk in, you can tell that there were

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high speed and non-controllable winds.
The first thing you notice is the unfinished bed,
with sheets tossed around like a salad.
Then, your eyes gaze at the floor.
Dangerous,
sharp,
and deadly objects engulf the carpet
as you fumble about the room.
Raise your head and turn toward the closet.
You are amazed at what you see because it is the
opposite of before.
Clothes are neatly hung or folded,
books are placed in their proper shelves,
and baskets are full of proper material.
Instead of the destruction site of the room,
my closet is the reconstruction of a prospering
economy.

By: Rory Bolton

Football Game

A football game is war.
It's like going against your enemy.
You don't want to go down.
It's like you are protecting your base.
You want to take them back.
Your quarterback is a General.
It's your choice to win or lose.
You don't give up until it is over.
At the end the winner is who is
standing.
You make peace with the enemy
then you go back home until another
game.

By: Richie Pelanek

Children

Children are flowers.

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Always growing
Bright, Cheery
Making people happy
They are all different.
Blooming at their own time when
they are ready to show
Eventually they will die.
They need nurturing to thrive.
Helpless
Waiting for approval.

By: Ali Ballweg

Poetry

Poetry is music to your mind.
It rhymes and flows.
It settles you and comforts you.
Poetry triggers thought.
It flies through your mind.
Poetry had a pattern to it.
Poetry is music.

By: Meghan Frey

Spiders in the Sky

Fireworks are spiders in the sky.
They creep up the black wall
and catch you by surprise.
They come in different colors and designs.
You look up at their woven webs and sigh.
Always changing, always growing,
they never cease to amaze you.

By: Sarah Vanover, Katie Stonger, Amanda Grossman, and Cathy Jo Luck