

LESSON PLAN: "FIRST THING'S FIRST: NARRATIVE OF THE NEW"

*ADAPTED FROM THE YOUNG CHICAGO AUTHORS' CURRICULUM FOR SPILT THIS ROCK YOUTH PROGRAMS

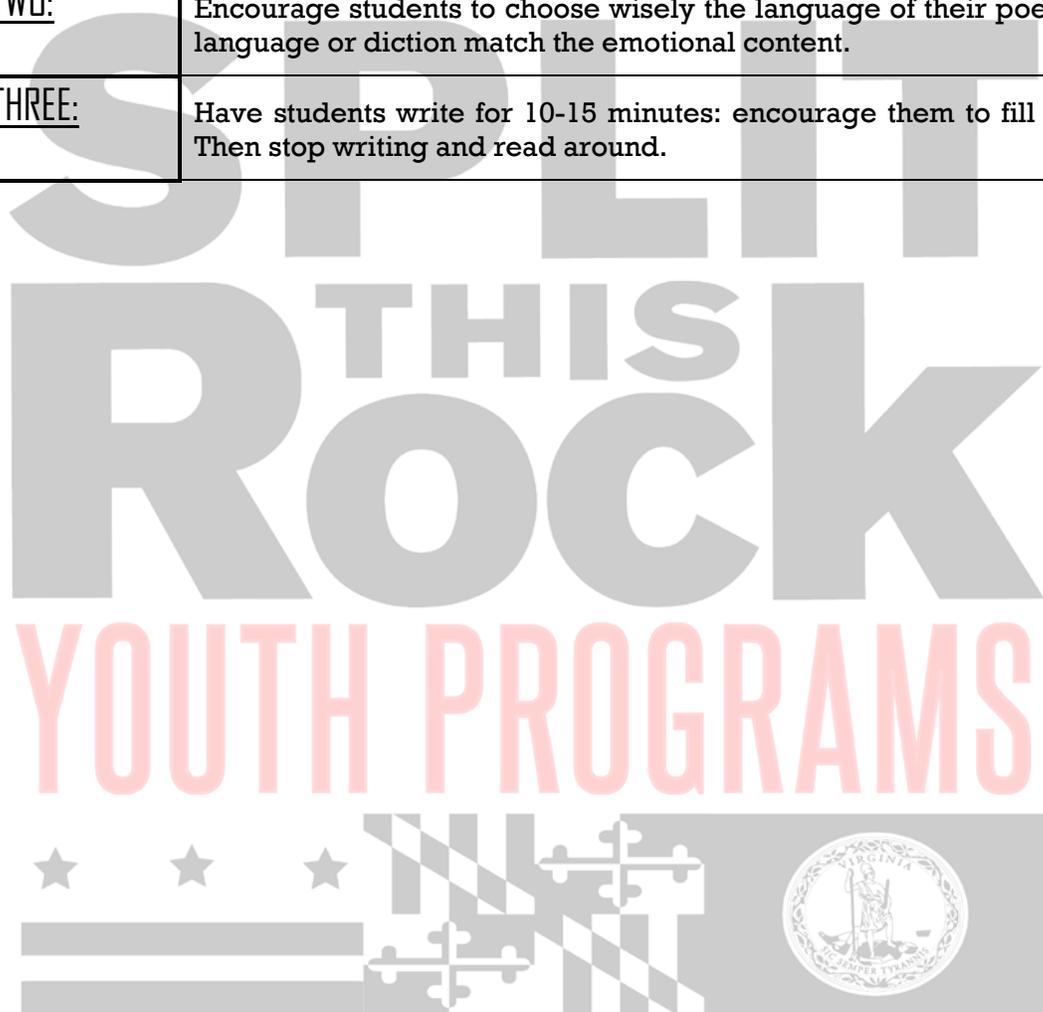
OBJECTIVE: To have students write a narrative poem about their first time doing something new.

KEY TERMS:	Diction – Choice and use of words in speech or writing. Mood – The atmosphere in a literary work that evokes a certain emotion or feeling from the audience. Imagery - Vivid descriptive language that appeals to the senses.	
STANDARDS:	Virginia 9.1, 10.1 I, 9.3 – 12.3 F, 9.4 A, C-M, 9.6 – 10.6 A E, 9.6 B, D, E, H, 10.6 C, F, 12.7 A	Common Core <i>Reading</i> Grades 6-8: 1, 2, 4, 6 Grades 9-12: 1, 2, 4 <i>Writing</i> Grades 6-8: 3.a-d, 4, 5 Grades 9-12: 3.a-d, 4, 5 <i>Language Standards</i> Grades 6-8: 3, 5 Grades 9-12: 3, 5

YOUTH PROGRAMS



<u>INTRODUCTION:</u>	<p>Read Patricia Smith's poem "First Kiss" and ask students what they like and remember about the poem.</p> <p>Note in the piece how the language of the kiss is violent, how her word choice or diction matches the emotional mood of the poem itself.</p>
<u>STEP ONE:</u>	<p>Have students select and write a story of the first time they did anything. Students should use imagery and information. Stress that the more specific the writing, the better.</p>
<u>STEP TWO:</u>	<p>Encourage students to choose wisely the language of their poem, to have the language or diction match the emotional content.</p>
<u>STEP THREE:</u>	<p>Have students write for 10-15 minutes: encourage them to fill a whole page. Then stop writing and read around.</p>



ADDITIONAL MATERIALS

“First Kiss” by Patricia Smith

All previous attempts had failed miserably,
so I'd only dreamed of the sizzle
until Lloyd Johnson, a swaggering boy who
breathed candy,
mashed me flat against the side of a Kedzie
Ave. storefront.

I tried to kiss the way I thought Diana
Ross would
(a dry, tight-lipped smack that hinted at so
much more),
but this was nothing like the smith, seamless
smooches I'd
dreamed of.

This was a runaway bashing of throats, tongues
and teeth,
this was a collision of misshapen mouths,
this was a feverish lip-tangling
that left my face feeling like the punchline to a
bad joke.

So of course I fell in love,
which is what Motown said you did after
someone kissed you.

Lloyd Johnson was having none of that,
however.
He spoke to me in snickers from that moment
on,
as if he'd ripped open a part of me
and didn't want to see what had spilled out.
He told everyone that I wouldn't let him touch
what was shaking beneath my shirt,
he wouldn't let me call him boyfriend,
he wouldn't even let him call me Lloyd
anymore.
Our faces would never collide again.

Then everyone told me why.
It drives a boy crazy when he finds out
he's kissed a girl
no one has bothered to kiss before.

When the romance between Lloyd and
Patricia began and

ended with that one sloppy kiss, it took my
daddy to slap a _____
on that heartbreak.

My daddy was a factory worker, worked at
the Leaf Candy
Company on the west side of Chicago all his
life, but nobody
could tell me he didn't know about romance.
He was short and
skinny and almost bald, but you couldn't beat
the ladies off him
with a stick.

So I thought I was lucky because daddies
teach little girls
about little boys, that's just the way it is. But
when daddy suddenly
isn't around, you start waiting again. You wait
for the
music to give you hope.

