

**Agriculture Learning Outcome #2      Effective Communicator**  
**Agriculture Learning Outcome #3      Critical Thinker**

**English Learning Outcome #8      Use various forms of writing to explore, clarify and reflect on their thoughts, feelings and experiences; and to use their imaginations.**

**English Learning Outcome #9      Create texts for a specific audience and purpose.**

**English Learning Outcome #10      Demonstrate a range of strategies to develop effective writing.**

## Activity #1

**Assignment:** To develop a poetry anthology and critique of five (5) poems related to the theme of agriculture. Students demonstrate their knowledge of the poetic forms haiku, concrete poem, parody and limerick through ten (10) original poems which reflect students' personal interests.

**Preparation:** Prior knowledge and skills:  
elements of poetry, word processing

### Materials and Resources:

View several web sites pertaining to poetry and agriculture.

<http://www.discover.tased.edu.au/english/poetry.htm#collection>

<http://www.ibiblio.org/farming-connexion/ruralwri/home.htm>

<http://www.pbs.org/ktca/farmhouses/>

Toronto.      Kirkland and Davies. Inside Poetry Harcourt Brace & Company:  
1987.

Prentice      Cameron and Cameron. Prism of Poetry: Pathways to Writing.  
Hall Canada Inc.: Scarborough. 1995.

**Appendix I for attached poems of an agricultural or rural theme.**

**Appendix II for student evaluation form.**

## **Suggested Activity:**

- 1. Poetry Anthology**
  - A. Background**
    - 1. Introduce students to study and appreciation poetry.**
  - B. Create anthology**
    - 1. Under the general theme of agriculture, include a minimum of five (5) poems and present a critique of each.**
    - 2. Poetry analysis, or critique, is to include: form, rhyme and rhythm, imagery, tone and specific theme or message.**
    - 3. From your writing folder, include a collection of a minimum ten original (10) poems which demonstrate your understanding of the various poetic forms. Parody, including the parodied poem, haiku, concrete poetry and limerick forms are all to be included in your anthology. These poems are to reflect your personal interests and ideas.**
  - C. Anthology guidelines**
    - 8 ½ x 11 unlined paper**
    - original title**
    - word processing**
    - one poem per page**
    - introduce original poems with a foreword**
    - limit of two (2) poetry types per form**
    - use variety of poetic devices in personal poetry**
    - original poems on a variety of subjects**

## **Suggested Teaching Strategies:**

- Indirect Instruction (reading for meaning)**
- Interactive Instruction (small groups)**

## **Assessment/ Evaluation:**

- English project rubric**

## Appendix I

### Agriculture/Rural/Nature Poems

- Bruce, Charles. *The Back Road Farm Inside Poetry*. Glen Kirkland and Richard Davies. Toronto: Harcourt Brace & Company. 139
- Frost, Robert. *Mending Wall Inside Poetry*. Glen Kirkland and Richard Davies. Toronto: Harcourt Brace & Company. 263
- Houseman, A.E.. *Is My Team Ploughing Inside Poetry*. Glen Kirkland and Richard Davies. Toronto: Harcourt Brace & Company. 70
- Layton, Irving. *The Bull Calf Inside Poetry*. Glen Kirkland and Richard Davies. Toronto: Harcourt Brace & Company. 179
- Livesay, Dorothy. *Pioneer Inside Poetry*. Glen Kirkland and Richard Davies. Toronto: Harcourt Brace & Company. 141

### The Pond Pasture

It is purely fair and fragrant in its wide unbroken green,  
Where the water laps and murmurs on the margin thick with fern;  
All the slope is sweet and tangled with the clover's rose red screen,  
And the corners are a-flutter where the orange lilies burn.

There are countless shadows flying where the white-stemmed birches bend  
Over lisping wave and ripple on its hushed and dreamy shore.  
There are minstrel breezes blowing where the swaying grasses blend,  
And the buttercups are rhyming all their golden fairy lore.

Here is always balm and healing for a world-worn, weary heart,  
Nature's hieroglyphic message that the centuries have conned;  
Not a hint is here of striving or the turmoil of the mart -  
Just a world of rest and beauty in the pasture by the pond!

L.M. Montgomery

### In Twilight Fields

O'er dewy meadows, dim and gray,  
There comes a breath of balm,  
And wilding slopes of far away  
Are wrapped in pensive calm;  
Afar the lustrous skies are deep,  
And crystal planets shine,  
Where roaming winds have dropped asleep  
Among the hills of pine.

The daisies float above the grass,  
Like spirits of the dew,  
And low sweet voices faintly pass  
The lush green thickets through.  
Slow fades the mellow sunset light;  
The dusker shadows creep;  
Beneath the soothing touch of night  
The world has found its sleep.

No echoes of the troubled day  
Can stir this wondrous hour;  
Noon's feverish breath is far away,  
And care has lost its power.  
Lulled on her broad maternal breast,  
Our kind earth mother yields  
A deep untainted peace and rest  
In tranquil twilight fields.

L. M. Montgomery

## Moofer

I remember skin the color of tea  
wrapped his large-boned body. He wore  
one of those short-brimmed flat hats  
you see on old men or golfers, his trousers  
always dark and baggy, his shoes  
shapeless and wrinkled as his skin. He had a wart  
on one cheek with a short gray whisker sticking  
out. His name was John Magnuson  
but I never knew that till years after his death.  
He was simply "Moofer" to everyone. He didn't  
talk much; Grandma and Grandpa both spoke Swede  
and doubtless talked to him,  
and there were other immigrants around.  
He'd brought his bride to the new land  
which, let's say, loomed large in mind  
but when he got here found, let's say,  
as hard a life as he left,  
and so much emptiness,  
so much room on the northern prairie, without  
the family that stayed behind,  
which none of us knows any better than we know  
ourselves. I never thought  
of his foreignness or his loneliness  
for his first soil. He was calm  
in the silence surrounding him,  
a wide man with a wide smile  
wading through his great-grandchildren  
who, if they spoke to him, did not understand  
when he spoke back. He lived  
in a side room, once the master bedroom in a house  
where ten children had been raised. Why  
did I never speak  
to this man I unknowingly named  
my first son after? Let's say  
I did speak to him, said  
"Hi Moofer," cute little me.  
Let's say he answered back, perhaps  
even my name, the names  
of all the little chicks pecking  
about his worn shoes, called me  
by name, even picked me up  
in his huge hands, and thought  
something, I have no idea what. What  
a waste we make of people,  
such self-satisfied  
little universes,  
such lost children,  
such Americans.

Orval Lund

Heath, David. Death of the Dream: Farmhouses in the Heartland. 12 January, 2001  
<http://www.pbs.org/ktca/farmhouses/>

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## Rain In The Country

Here in the country the cool sweet rain  
Falls on the daisies and growing grain,  
Shadows the pond with widening rings,  
Kisses the lips of the lowland springs,  
Plays with the pines on the hill-top dim  
And fills the valley with mist abrim.

It splashes in shadowy forest nooks,  
Dimples the faces of woodland brooks, Whispers the  
distance in sober grays,  
Dances o'er meadows of lushest green  
And scatters the petals where roses lean.

L. M. Montgomery

## Just Before Fall

If I were a painter  
I'd brush in a prairie  
of tall grasses, waving  
pale green-yellow across the frame,  
add a light blue sky about halfway down  
with clouds puffy enough  
to ride the wind molding the pasture  
into ocean swells. The sun  
would be off somewhere else,  
behind my back. Two hawks would circle above  
two trees, their roots exposed in the bank  
of a stream rattling east. Under one, I'd sit  
filling my chest with clean air, rubbing  
my back against rough willow bark, naming  
sky, tree, hawk, stream, cloud, wind  
and you, eating an apple beside me, stretched  
out on the sinuous grass.

Orval Lund

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**In Lilac Time**

When the hills in the distance are misty  
With hazes of shimmering blue,  
When the birds sing with rapture at dawning  
And the pastures are silver with dew,  
When the skies are of sapphire radiance  
And the apple tree boughs are ablow,  
Then the lilacs hang out in the garden  
Their clusters of purple and snow.

When a new moon shines after the sunset  
In the heart of the mellow southwest,  
And the winds astray in the meadows  
Are bent on their summertime quest,  
When the cherry trees down in the orchard  
Are white as the robe of a bride,  
The lilac trees here at my window  
Are decked in their splendor and pride.

In the odorous hush of the twilight  
The evening breeze steals their perfume,  
Till the rain-freshened nooks of the garden  
Are sweet with the breath of their bloom,  
And at morning a bluebird a-tilting  
On the tip of a tremulous spray  
Pipes out in their thicket of sweetness  
A madrigal buoyant and gay.

L.M. Montgomery

**Plowing**

Crawling steady at a slight slant,  
smooth waves of sliced and shiny earth spiralling  
behind, the engine droning, the floor-hum tickling  
your feet, the big yellow Moline fenders  
defining your cabin, you're much alone  
on flat fields, not a tree in sight, seagulls,  
a punctuation in the sky, hovering  
for worms sliced and tossed atop.

At field's end, you jerk the frayed rope to raise  
the plow. The shiny, scoured blades climb  
out, the tractor takes its little step  
up to sod, sighing from its upright pipe, and you turn  
and steer your right wheel toward  
the clean square trough, then jerk the cord to drop  
the plow; the tractor grunts, hunkers  
down, squares its shoulders, snorts and starts again.

Again, the engine's drone, the scrape  
of stone on steel. You can feel  
your back relax, the tingle in your feet, can smell  
dark earth and remember a day  
you prepared the field for growth,  
the rolling sod streaming back and scouring  
shares to a shine, the poetry  
of straight black lines across a flat field.

Orval Lund

Heath, David. [Death of the Dream: Farmhouses in the Heartland](#). 12 January, 2001.  
<http://www.pbs.org/ktca/farmhouses/>

## The Deserted Pasture

I love the stony pasture  
That no one else will have.  
The old grey rocks so friendly seem,  
So durable and brave.

In tranquil contemplation  
It watches through the year,  
Seeing the frosty stars arise,  
The slender moons appear.

Its music is the rain-wind,  
Its choristers the birds,  
And there are secrets in its heart  
Too wonderful for words.

It keeps the bright-eyed creatures  
That play about its walls,  
Though long ago its milking herds  
Were banished from their stalls.

Only the children come there,  
For buttercups in May,  
Or nuts in autumn, where it lies  
Dreaming the hours away.

Long since its strength was given  
To making good increase,  
And now its soul is turned again  
To beauty and to peace.

There in the early springtime  
The violets are blue,  
And adder-tongues in coats of gold  
Are garmented anew.

There bayberry and aster  
Are crowded on its floors,  
When marching summer halts to praise  
The Lord of Out-of-doors.

And there October passes  
In gorgeous livery-  
In purple ash, and crimson oak,  
And golden tulip tree.

And when the winds of winter  
Their bugle blasts begin,  
The snowy hosts of heaven arrive  
To pitch their tents therein.

Bliss Carmen

## Late Nineties Agriculture

The lilac hedge was the last to go.  
They were gonna leave it,  
But it looked so melancholy there  
In the middle of corn.

Wrapped a chain around half of it  
The old tractor ripped it open.  
Roots everywhere, soil flinging wide  
There, in its core, a tiny nest of sorts.  
And something shiny.

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The young driver,  
His eye caught by the glinting,  
Got down off the rumbling tractor,  
To get a closer look.

Inside the little cubby,  
A shred of old blue rug,  
A three-inch aluminum tea pot  
And tiny upturned cup, its saucer jutting out of the  
soil  
Reflected spring sunlight.

A child's secret place,  
Abandoned mid tea-party  
Like her grandparent's homestead  
A loose stack of memories  
At the edge of the corn.

The next April  
Near the roots of that old hedge  
A twisted hunk of swing set sprang up.  
One pole,  
One hook,  
One sprig of purple lilac,  
Rising toward the morning rain.

Beth Waterhouse

Heath, David. Death of the Dream: Farmhouses in the Heartland. 12 January, 2001  
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Their bugle blasts begin,  
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To pitch their tents therein.

Bliss Carmen

### Drought

So long it is since kindly rain  
Fell on the thirsty meadow lands;  
The birds forget their old refrain;  
The trees uplift their pleading hands  
To hard bright skies that do not heed,  
But arch above the valley dim,  
And touch the far hill's burning rim,  
And care not for our mighty need.

Athwart the dusty highway's glare  
The wan white daisies, drooping, lean;  
The roses faint in their despair  
On pasture slopes no longer green;  
The plaintive brooks have ceased to pray,  
Unfed by springs whose lips are dry !  
And the dull evening in the sky  
Shuts out the brazen edge of day.

Great Father, listen to our prayer ,  
And send on us Thy gracious rain  
To hush the moan of our despair  
And drown the memory of our pain;  
Then all the hills to Thee will raise  
A psalm of utter thankfulness;  
Thy name each thirsty blossom bless,  
And every meadow hymn Thy praise .

L. M. Montgomery

## Rural Writings

**English 521**

### The Lonely Farmer

Poor hill farmer astray in the grass:  
There came a movement and he looked up, but  
All that he saw was the wind pass.  
There was a sound of voices on the air,  
But where, where? It was only the glib stream talking  
Softly to itself, and once when he was deceived  
By a shrill whistle coming through the leaves:  
Wait a minute, wait a minute -- four swift notes;  
He turned, and it was nothing, only a thrush  
In the thorn bushes easing its throat.  
He swore at himself for paying heed,  
The poor hill farmer, so often again  
Stopping, staring, listening, in vain,  
His ear betrayed by the heart's need.

R.S. Thomas

Donohue and Lougheed. Paths to Poetry Book 2.  
Longmans Canada Ltd.: Toronto. 1966.

### In Haying Time

Wide meadows under lucent skies  
Lie open, free to sun and breeze,  
Where bird and bee and rustling leaf  
Blend all their air-born melodies  
In one sweet symphony of sound.  
The lush green grasses bend and sway,  
And fleet wind steal from new-mown slopes  
The fragrance of the clover hay.

Each passing hour of night and day  
Some new and rare enchantment brings,  
In flowers that bloom and winds that blow,  
And joy of shy, blithe, living things  
That hide within the meadows green,  
Or murmur in the drowsy fields;  
And all the golden air is sweet  
With incense rose-red clover yields.

Faint whispers wander to and fro,  
On idle wind, from east to west.  
The dainty blossoms lift their cups  
Of perfume o'er the bluebird's nest;  
The meadowlarks their raptures trill  
To drown the brooklet's murmuring chime,  
When ripened summer ushers in  
The witcheries of the haying time.

L. M. Montgomery

### Just Before Planting

There's a smell to newly plowed earth  
That's not unlike mushrooms.

Walking the corduroy field,  
Almost ready for planting,  
There are memories of spring times long ago  
When life, like the soil beneath my feet  
Was ready for planting,

And the bounty of harvest time  
Was a golden glow at summer's end.

David Heath

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## Rural Writin English 521

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### Written Report Rubric

#### Ideas and Content

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clear message

**holds reader's attention**  
**fresh and original ideas**  
**follows content guidelines**

**Organization** \_\_\_\_\_

**interesting introduction**  
**supporting details placed in logical order**  
**reader moves easily through text**

**Voice** \_\_\_\_\_

**writer speaking directly to reader**  
**writer sensitive to needs of audience**  
**reader senses the person behind the words**

**Word Choice** \_\_\_\_\_

**words specific and accurate**  
**use of lively verbs to energize the writing**  
**text free of jargon and cliches**

**Fluency** \_\_\_\_\_

**cadence and easy flow**  
**sentence structure that invites expressive oral reading**  
**sentences vary in length and structure**

**Final Mark** \_\_\_\_\_  
**100**

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**Rural Writings**

**English 521**

**Poetry Anthology Rubric**

**Presentation (15)**

- **uses word processing**

\_\_\_\_\_  
**15**

- uses unlined paper
- includes one (1) poem per page
- grasps standard conventions of grammar, spelling and punctuation
- uses illustrations

**Content (25)**

- incorporates five (5) poems related to one (1) of these themes: 25  
agriculture, travel & tourism, family issues, work & leisure or global issues
- includes a critique of each of the five (5) poems: title/author/form/rhyme/rhythm/message or theme/imagery and tone
- includes an original, effective and appropriate title for the anthology
- introduces original poems with a forward
- includes ten (10) original poems including at least one (1) of each of the following: haiku, concrete, parody (including the original) and limerick
- limits examples of each of the required types of poetry to two (2)
- shows originality
- conveys a clear message
- holds readers' attention
- dedicates anthology or particular poems to someone

**Word Choice (10)**

- includes poems on a variety of subjects
- writes poems that reflect personality and interests
- uses figures of speech and imagery to create pictures or sensory impressions and sound devices
- shows awareness of poetic form: haiku, concrete, parody and limerick
- chooses specific and accurate words

**Final Mark**

50