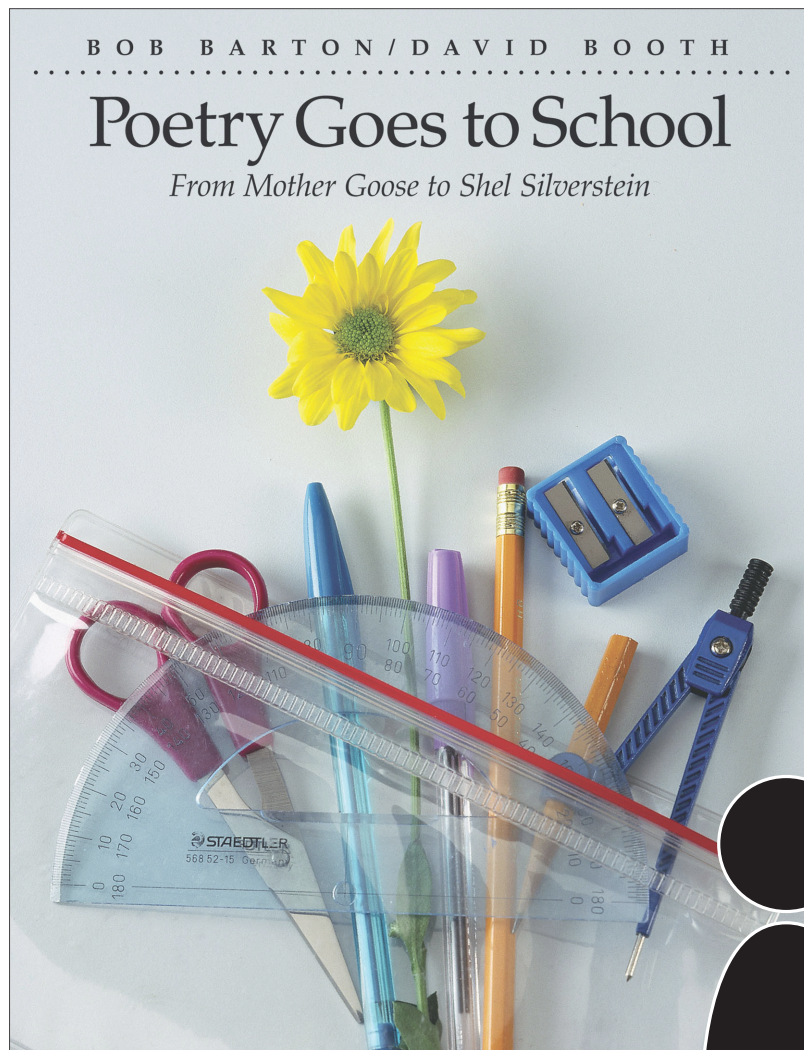


**A Poetic Documentary**

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# A Poetic Documentary

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## A Demonstration

With the help of their teacher, Angela Rokne, Grades 3–4 students at Calgary’s Hawkwood Elementary School marked events in their city’s history through responses to photographs taken through the years. They shared their work through a book of poetry they created together. Sample poems by students appear below.

<p><b>Sandstone Buildings</b></p> <p>Standing still          Looking at          Three white cloth covered wagons          Pulled by strong work horses          There on Stephen Avenue’s wet dirt road          The settlers in wagons, with sore muscles          Aching bones hoping          To find homes in the          Small new city called Calgary</p> <p><i>Shawna</i></p>	<p><b>Going Home</b></p> <p>I’m traveling along a dirt road          I see the back of a wagon          And beyond          I see the enormous prairies          Smell the fresh cut wood          For our new house          I stick my head out of the wagon          And hear my father’s strong voice.</p> <p><i>Erin</i></p>
<p><b>Crowfoot 1830–1890</b></p> <p>A dream maker is born          A peace maker has come          To his people the blackfoot          United the tribes Peigan and Blood          Signed Treaty Seven          Helped his people change          From nomad to farmer          Did he dream          That his name would          Appear on Calgary maps?</p> <p><i>Dylan</i></p>	<p><b>Buffalo</b></p> <p>I gaze into the golden wheat fields watching          The settlers destroy everything I love          Taking away our homes          Forcing us into land we don’t want          The iron road slices across our sacred hunting          Ground          Travelers take shots at buffalo leaving them lie.</p> <p>Giant piles of bones lie by the tracks          We have broken our promises.</p> <p><i>Kasim and Brody</i></p>

- Choose an important event from the history of your community.
- Begin your research to learn all you can about the topic.
- Select a picture, photograph, or document that attracts your interest.
- Create a poem about the image or document to express your thoughts and feelings.

### Capturing Historical Moments

#### On Having Tea with the Famous Five

I sit in Emily's chair  
 She tells me all her troubles and her dreams  
 Her open hand waits willingly for someone  
 To come and sit in her chair as I have  
 I wonder of Emily's adventure  
 What does it mean to not be a person  
 What did Emily feel?  
 I can see anger in her eyes  
 I smell the light layer of dust on her bronze  
 skirt  
 I look across the mall at the blowing dust  
 Still, I sit down to tea with Henrietta and  
 Louise  
 Louise has a warm smile  
 She begins to tell me about  
 Voting against liquor and beer  
 She tells me that some men spend all their  
 money on beer

While their women and children go without  
 Henrietta agrees with Louise and says  
 That's why we drink tea  
 She offers me a cup of tea  
 It has the sweet smell of ginger  
 The touch of her metal hand so smooth and  
 tender  
 I walk over to Nellie and Irene  
 Nellie holds up the news  
 Women are persons  
 Irene has a twinkle in her eye  
 This is the most exciting moment in their  
 lives  
 We are persons  
 Nelly is happy and proud  
 They do not feel the cold wind and the  
 snow  
 Blowing against them

*Dayna*

#### Dear Diary

Last night I slept on the  
 Cold, damn muddy ground of  
 The Canadian Prairies.  
 In the morning  
 When the sun rises  
 We will pack up again  
 And ride toward the horizon.  
  
 We struggle to survive  
 There are no trees for miles  
 The few we do see  
 Seem so close  
 That we could reach out and touch them  
 As they shimmer into the green distance  
  
 We will never give up as long as the river  
 flows

*Lindsay and Shannon*

#### Council Meeting

I sit at a council meeting waiting for  
 MY dad who wants to open a store  
 downtown  
 I am the little boy in the corner  
 The people look at me  
 Are they thinking  
 Who is he?  
 What is he doing here?  
 I feel scared with all the  
 Important people staring at me in my stiff  
 new  
 Clothes  
 I've never been in such a big room  
 With its tall skinny windows  
 And its six oil lamps

*Tyler*