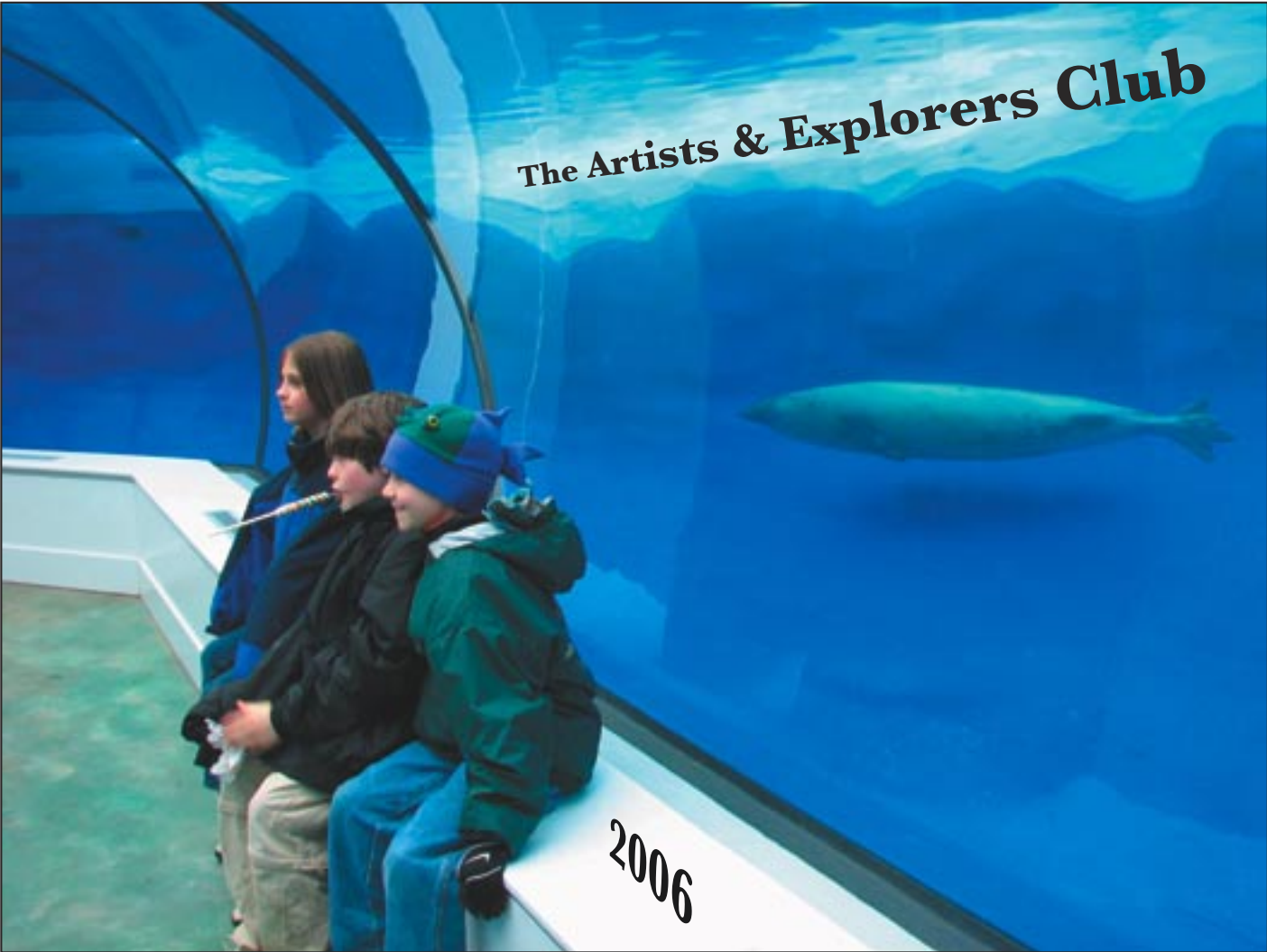


EDUCATING THE IMAGINATION: SCHOOL ROUTES TO PLAY

Matt Perry — The Artists & Explorers Club





Poetry

By Savannah Rodriguez

Poetry, poetry, pages
and pages of poetry.

There is poetry
about frogs, about
nature, and dogs.

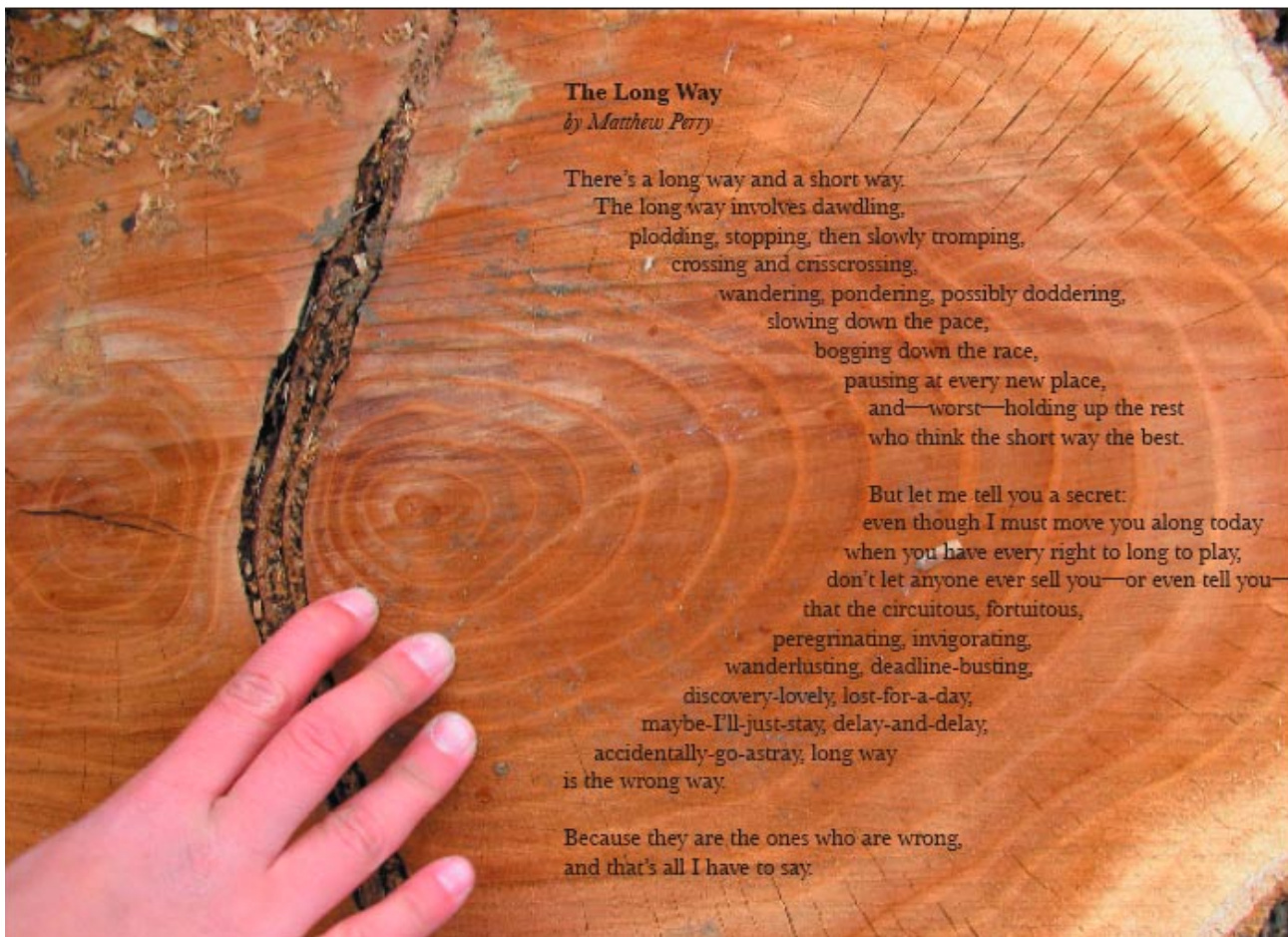
Poetry can be about
anything, as long as
it's about something.

You can write or
read poetry.

Anyone can do it;
try it and see ...

that you can write ...

poetry, poetry, pages
and pages of poetry!

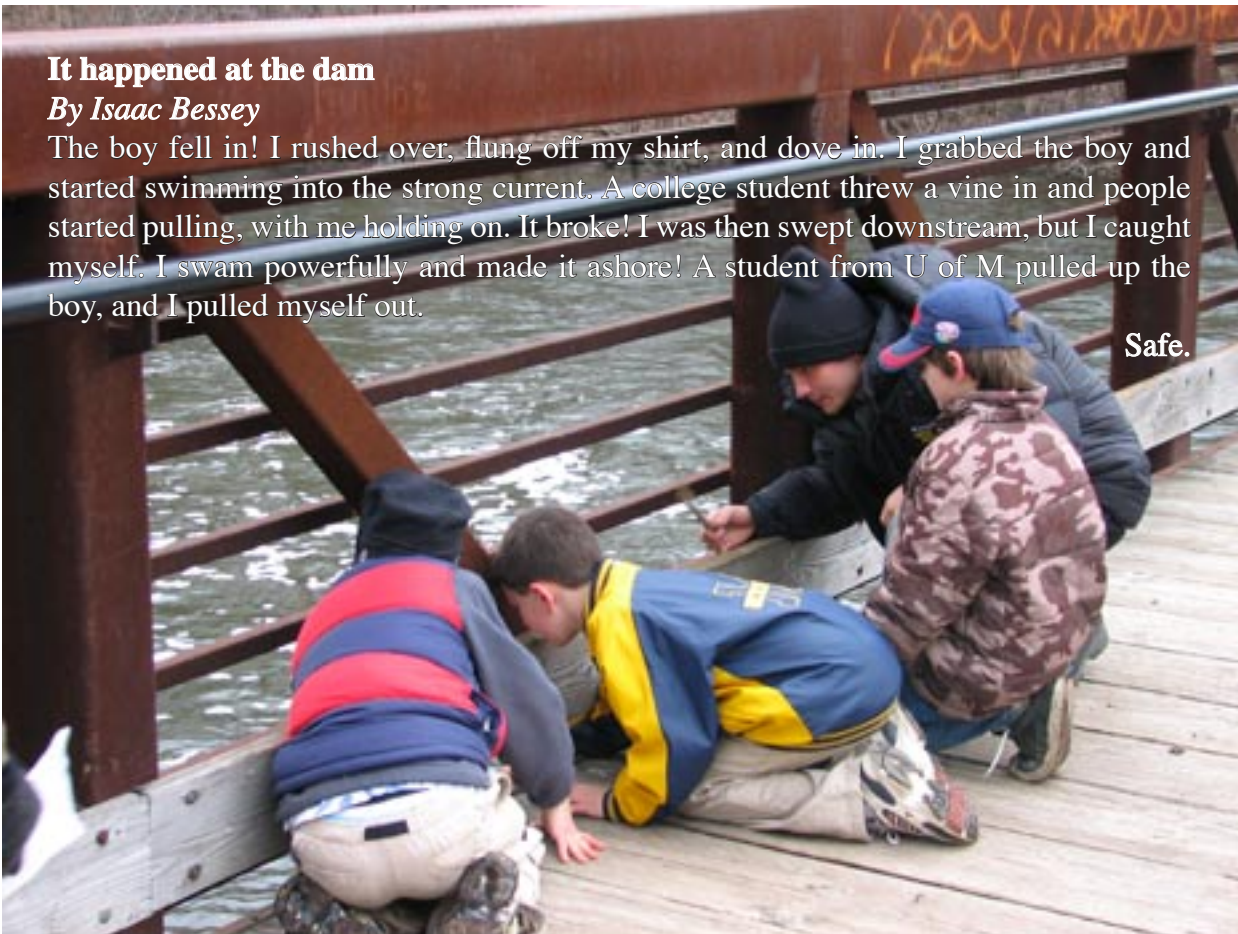


It happened at the dam

By Isaac Bessey

The boy fell in! I rushed over, flung off my shirt, and dove in. I grabbed the boy and started swimming into the strong current. A college student threw a vine in and people started pulling, with me holding on. It broke! I was then swept downstream, but I caught myself. I swam powerfully and made it ashore! A student from U of M pulled up the boy, and I pulled myself out.

Safe.



A Trip to the Zoo

By Dean Young

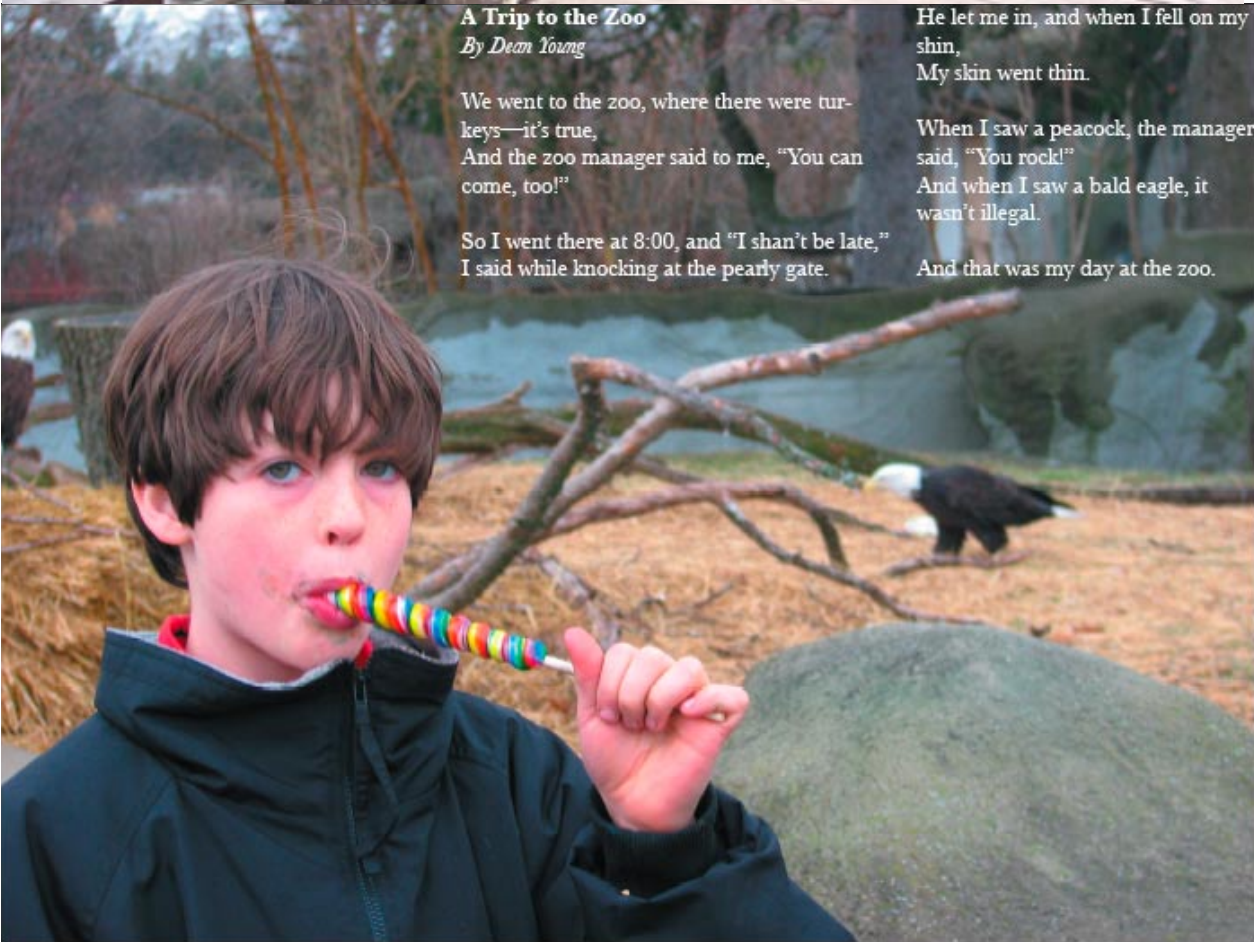
We went to the zoo, where there were turkeys—it's true,
And the zoo manager said to me, "You can come, too!"

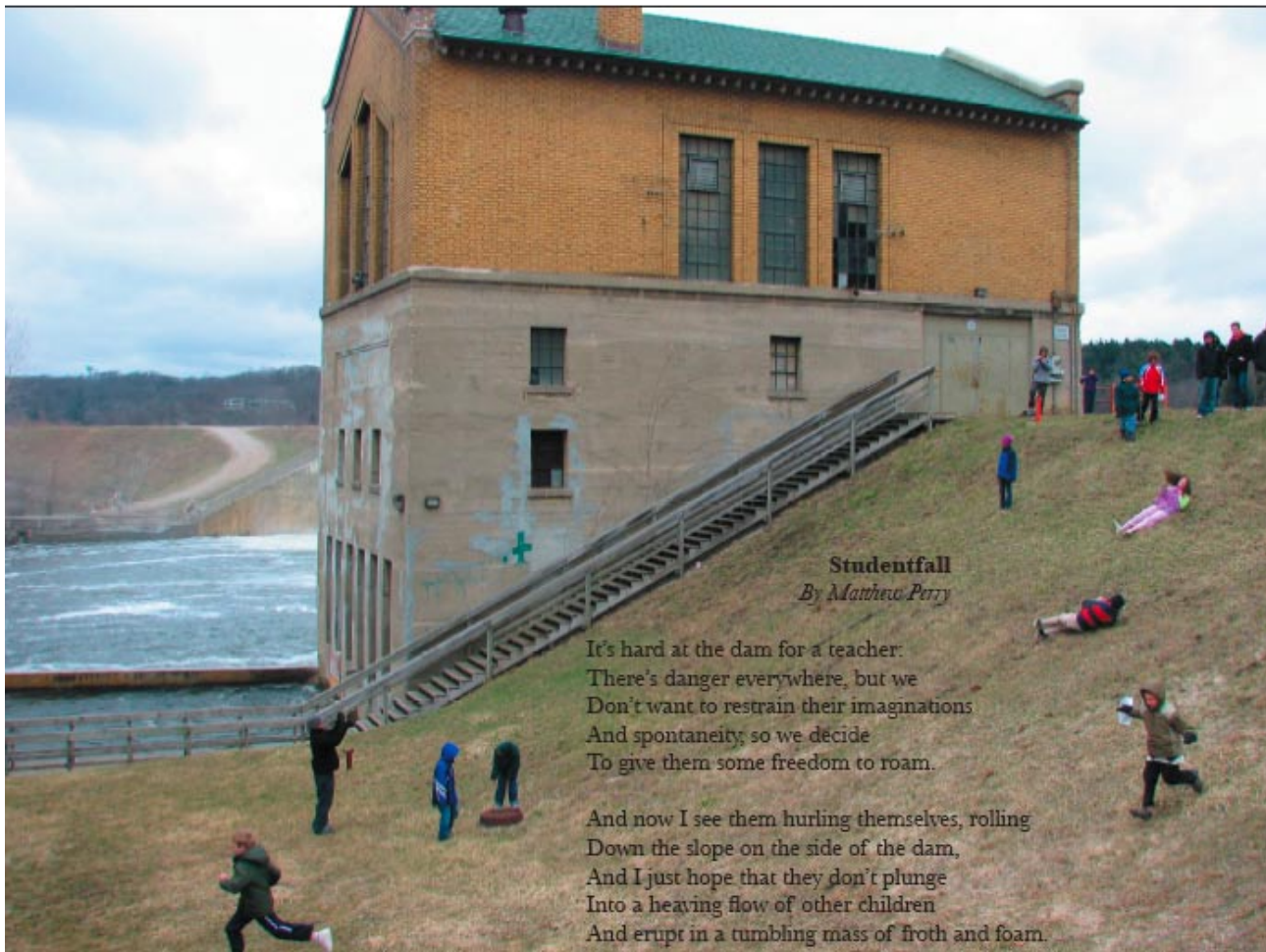
So I went there at 8:00, and "I shan't be late,"
I said while knocking at the pearly gate.

He let me in, and when I fell on my shin,
My skin went thin.

When I saw a peacock, the manager said, "You rock!"
And when I saw a bald eagle, it wasn't illegal.

And that was my day at the zoo.





Studentfall
By Matthew Perry

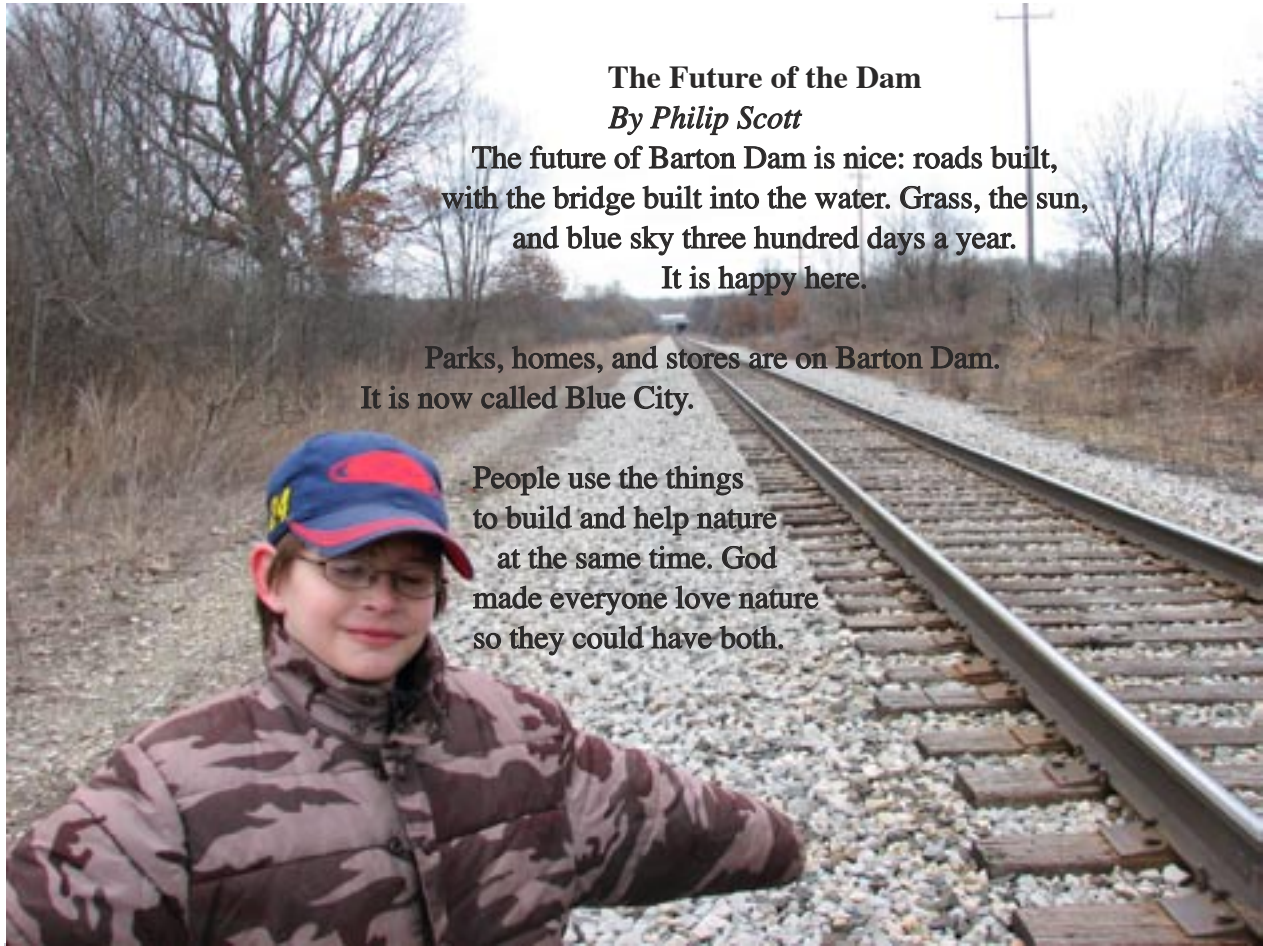
It's hard at the dam for a teacher:
There's danger everywhere, but we
Don't want to restrain their imaginations
And spontaneity, so we decide
To give them some freedom to roam.

And now I see them hurling themselves, rolling
Down the slope on the side of the dam,
And I just hope that they don't plunge
Into a heaving flow of other children
And erupt in a tumbling mass of froth and foam.



Waves
By David Storey

Waves
Waves pumping like pistons
Slamming against the cold,
Sandy shore tickling my toes,
Like tiny bristles
Waves



The Future of the Dam

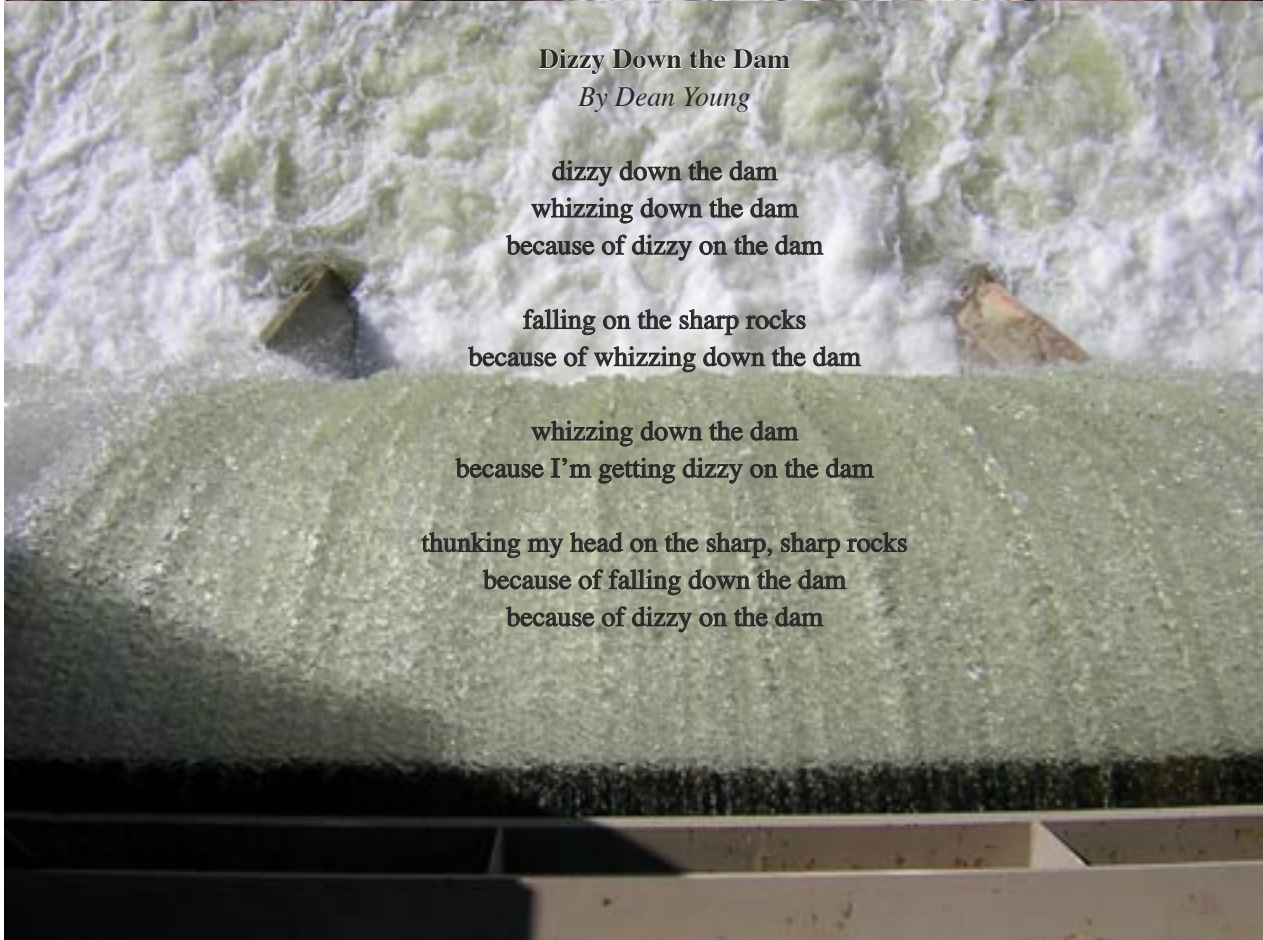
By Philip Scott

The future of Barton Dam is nice: roads built,
with the bridge built into the water. Grass, the sun,
and blue sky three hundred days a year.

It is happy here.

Parks, homes, and stores are on Barton Dam.
It is now called Blue City.

People use the things
to build and help nature
at the same time. God
made everyone love nature
so they could have both.



Dizzy Down the Dam

By Dean Young

dizzy down the dam
whizzing down the dam
because of dizzy on the dam

falling on the sharp rocks
because of whizzing down the dam

whizzing down the dam
because I'm getting dizzy on the dam

thunking my head on the sharp, sharp rocks
because of falling down the dam
because of dizzy on the dam

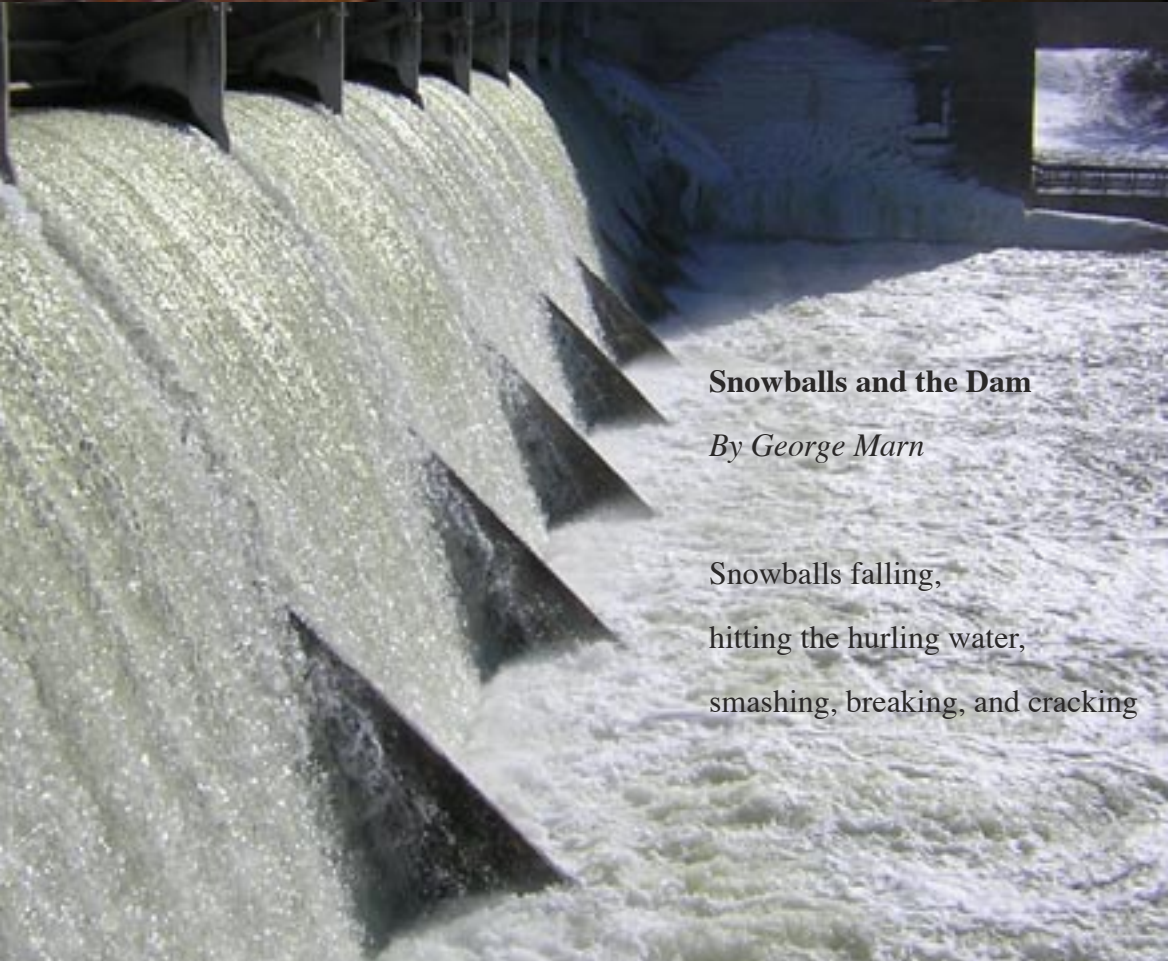


T-Rex

By Spencer van Keuren

The T-rex was mean, its skin was blackish-green,
and it was an eating machine

Today if one were seen, everyone would scream!



Snowballs and the Dam

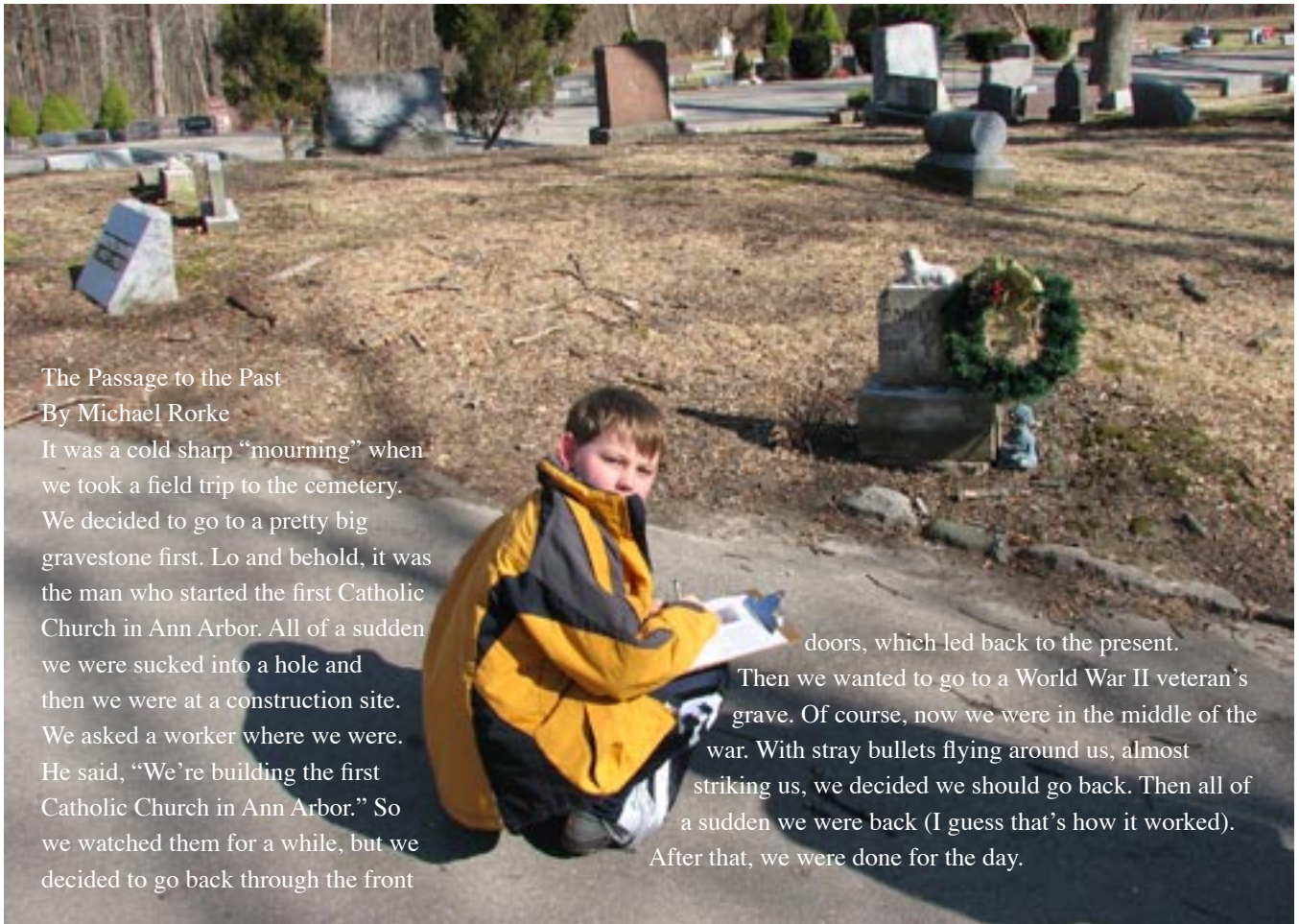
By George Marn

Snowballs falling,
hitting the hurling water,
smashing, breaking, and cracking



Cemetery A to Z

A cemetery
 Being scared is normal
 Cemeteries are cool
 Don't step on gravestones
 Every gravestone has a name
 First time for some
 Great trip
 Hope you had a good time
 I definitely like it
 Jump on the bus to go to the cemetery
 Kids and college kids seeing cemeteries together
 Let the cemetery be free (we don't have to pay)
 Mallory was there
 No being disrespectful in the cemetery
 Oh no—a trash bag next to a gravestone
 Playing hide and seek at the cemetery
 Quiet, peaceful day
 Respect the people that are no longer here
 Savannah was there, too
 Tell stories about the graves
 Up and down the paths
 Very interesting symbols on the graves
 Wander around the cemetery
 X-ray the ground to find bodies
 Yelling? Never!
 Zzzz ... when I get home I can go back to sleep
 By Savannah Rodriguez & Mallory Jennings



The Passage to the Past

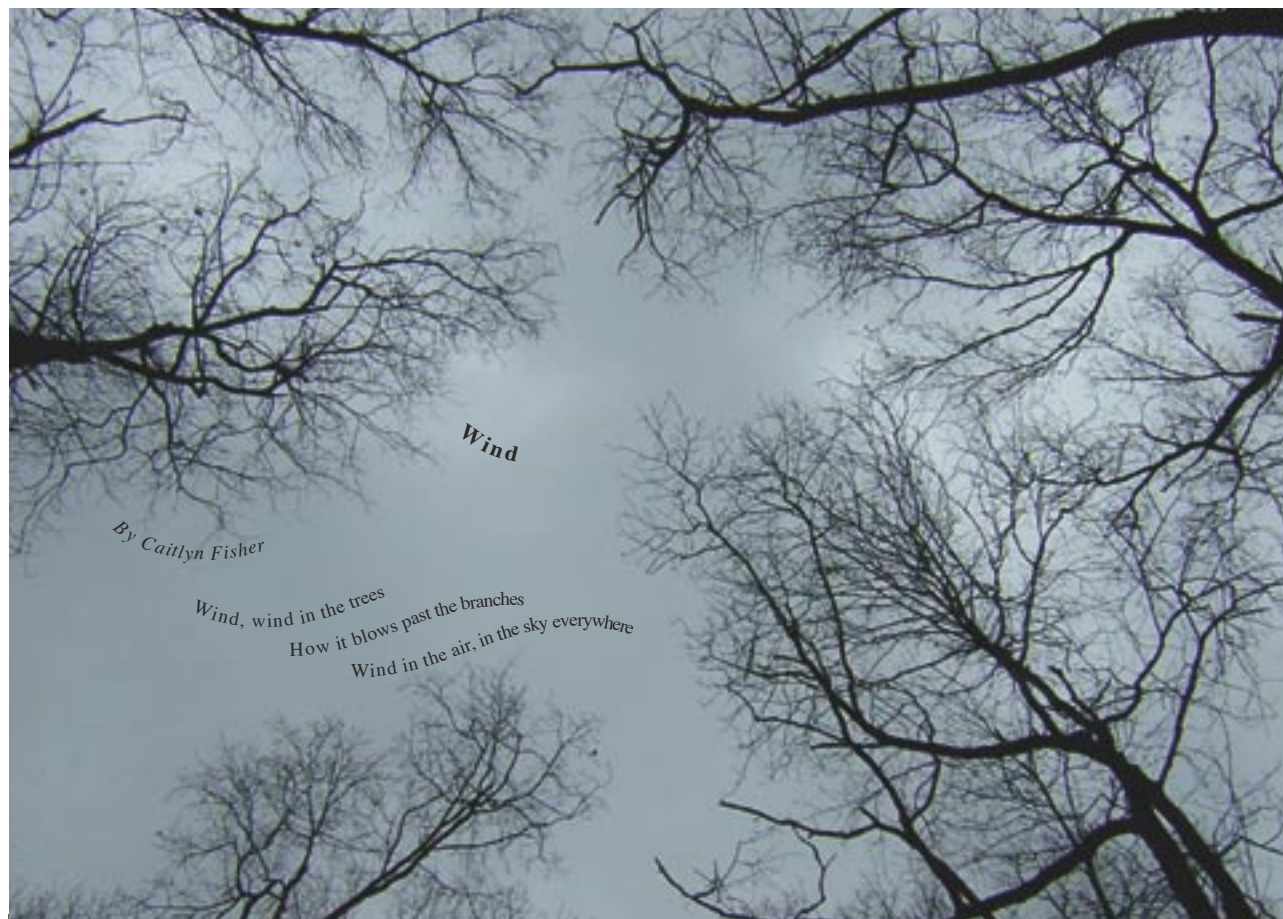
By Michael Rorke

It was a cold sharp “mourning” when we took a field trip to the cemetery. We decided to go to a pretty big gravestone first. Lo and behold, it was the man who started the first Catholic Church in Ann Arbor. All of a sudden we were sucked into a hole and then we were at a construction site. We asked a worker where we were. He said, “We’re building the first Catholic Church in Ann Arbor.” So we watched them for a while, but we decided to go back through the front

doors, which led back to the present.

Then we wanted to go to a World War II veteran’s grave. Of course, now we were in the middle of the war. With stray bullets flying around us, almost striking us, we decided we should go back. Then all of a sudden we were back (I guess that’s how it worked).

After that, we were done for the day.



Wind

By Caitlyn Fisher

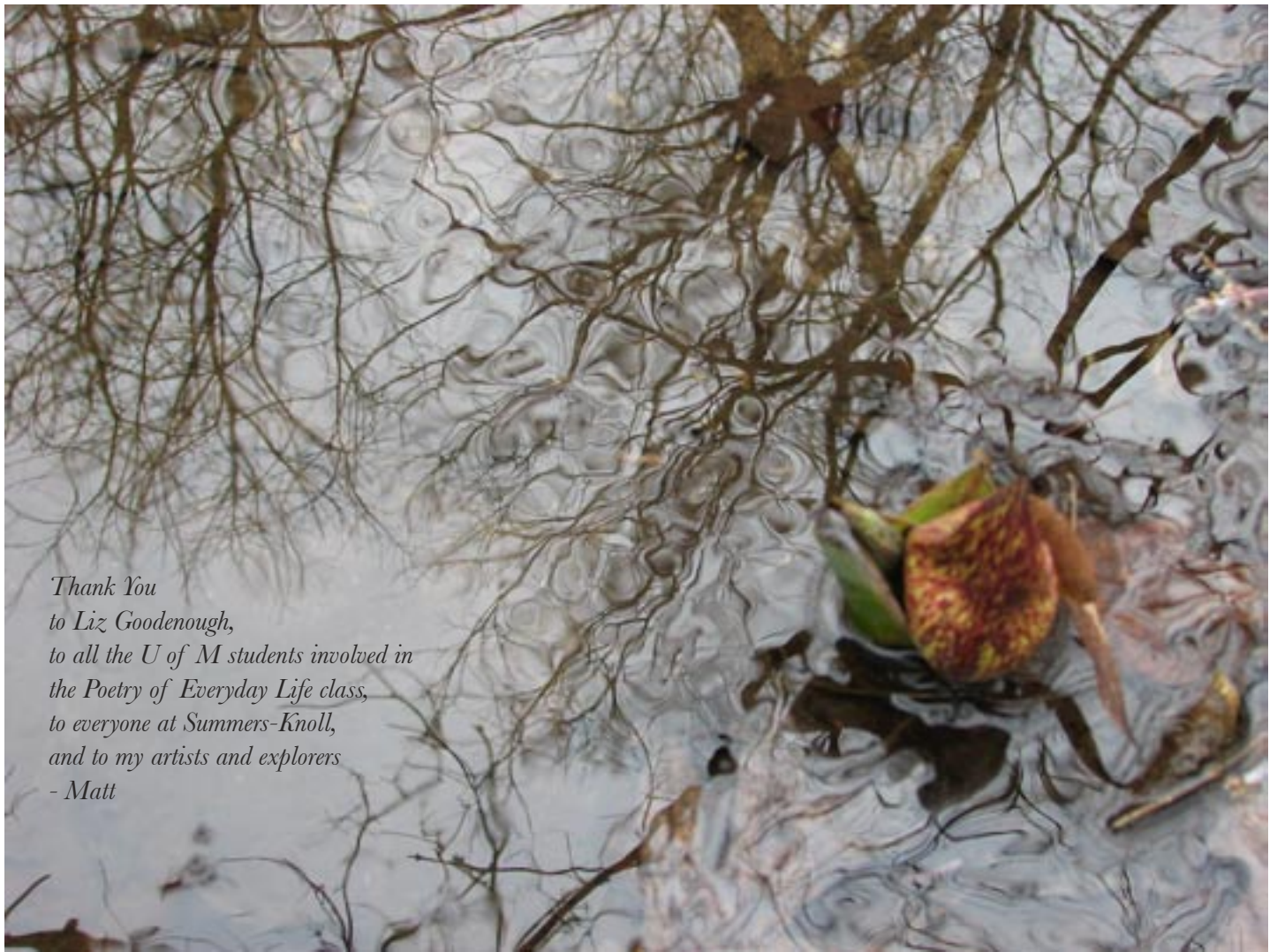
*Wind, wind in the trees
How it blows past the branches
Wind in the air, in the sky everywhere*



The Cemetery

By Eli Tell

Consider a cemetery cool,
Eerie,
Morbid, and mortal,
Eye-charming,
Tombstones,
Everybody who dies goes there,
Roomy,
You too will end up there (or be
dying to go there like us)



*Thank You
to Liz Goodenough,
to all the U of M students involved in
the Poetry of Everyday Life class,
to everyone at Summers-Knoll,
and to my artists and explorers
- Matt*

CONTRIBUTOR'S NOTE

Matthew Perry has been called a “freelance educator,” which seems to fit as well as any description. He tutors, mentors, teaches in the classroom, leads educational adventures around the country, designs smart games and toys, and records family stories for generations to share together. He loves to photograph kids at play. He and his wife enjoy their five cats, and are currently pursuing their dream of living in San Francisco.