Name:

Hour:

Mimic Poetry

In a mimic poem, the writer is purposely influenced by an established poet. Writing this type of poem is an exercise in copying the rhythm, language, style or subject of another poem. The purpose of creating a mimic poem is to consider all the elements that combine to create a memorable work. Done often enough, a poet might be able to incorporate a specific trait admired in an established work.

Author’s Comments:

“Isn't it so sad when you see an old friend and their whole personality and outlook on life has changed...and not for the good.”

Brainstorm a list of people who have changed physically, emotionally, spiritually, or personally somehow in the following categories:

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| Friends who have changed | Adults who have changed | Something that has changed |
|  |  |  |

Circle the one that you are most connected to emotionally. Write a journal entry below about how that person/thing was before and how the person/thing is now. Describe the day you realized they were different. Include how you felt and what you did as a result of their change. Make sure to use all the space provided.

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Name:

Hour:

Teenink.com is a website and magazine of poetry, fiction, non-fiction, and art submitted by teenagers. Below is a poem entitled *You-Me* created by bluemagnet22 from Dearborn Heights, MI.

Based off the previous journal entry, write a mimic poem about your changed person/thing.

You-Me \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

I saw you today, \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_
But you're not as I remember. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_
Your eyes no longer sparkle, \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_
You've changed since last September. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

You were so full of life, \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_
Yet now you are so cold. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_
Your personality has tarnished, \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_
When you once had a heart of gold. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

You fell out of my life, \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_
Just like leaves in the fall. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_
We were so very close, \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_
Now you're not here at all. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

You saw me today, \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_
I'm the same as you remember. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_
My eyes still sparkle, \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_
I've not changed since last September. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

http://www.teenink.com/poetry/sonnet/article/138519/You-Me/

Two Faces

Saw you a while back;
You're not as I remember.
Your hair so White. Gray. Thick.
To me, you’re a pretender.

A great man to all,
All but your own.

You’re a man of two faces,

Only to us it is known.

You fell out of my life,
Like a great waterfall.
Were we so close?
‘Cause you're not here at all.

Haven’t seen you today,
Do you even remember?
Should I give you a call?
No, you’re a pretender.