

I Am Poem Resource

Figuring out who we are and where we are from (Catherine Cook-Cottone)

For a long time, I thought that people, meaning everyone but me, grew up in families in which they knew just what to do and everyone was happy (most of the time). I believed this to be true because of something that I did for as long as I can remember. I would feel the unsteadiness and anxiety inside of me and compare that to what I saw on the outside of everyone else. This was a comparison I was never going "win," if there is such a thing as "winning." That is, there was no way that all the feelings, nervousness, and uneasiness I was feeling on the inside would ever look as good to me as other people's outsides. You see, there is good reason for this. Because I was comparing my insides to their outsides and *those two things are very different*I'll explain.

Everyday when we wake up, must of us, get ready, fix ourselves up, put on a smile, and head out the door. We present ourselves for public. The self that everyone else sees certainly does not represent our every worry and concern. Especially in our culture, it seems very important for everyone to look good, *for things to look like they are going well*, to be happy. So, as a little girl I *saw* everyone being happy and at the same time I would *feel* my mother's stress about my father being away as she was trying to raise four children alone. I would become anxious and worried about the future, dad, if I would do okay in school; and try really hard not to worry my mother any more than she already was—my insides were a mess....and I doubted the accuracy of what I saw and what I felt.

The conclusion, *I must not be okay*. Well, lots of girls and boys in my class were going through things too: divorce, their daddies being away, illness etc.... but I compared my insides to their outside and.I thought, *"Something was not okay with me and/or my experience because they all looked fine*."

So how do we fix this? First you must follow this rule:

Do not compare your insides to other people's outsides!

Secondly, we take time to honor and respect who you are inside and out. It takes time and a lot of loving which can be uncomfortable at first—especially if you are used to hating, not liking, or doubting yourself. But it can be done.

I think back to that little girl now and *I love her so much*. At the time, she did not appreciate herself at all. Nor, did she understand how beautiful her sensitivity to others was. What that little girl (me) saw as confusing and a fault (feeling that things were wrong—when they really were) turned about to be very important to me as a mother, life partner, friend, psychologist and researcher. Now, that little girl (me) has the older me loving her forever.

Loving Yourself through Poetry

Portrait poems are great ways to get used to loving yourself. Some people call them "I am from poems."

We found a great place that explains them online at http://www.tnellen.com/cybereng/portrait.htm

Here is mine

I AM Catherine (8/2/06)

I am my future and my past I wonder if ghosts and angels tell tales I hear songs in wind chimes I see wishes in eyes I want there to be answers I am my future and my past

I pretend I am selfless I feel nothing I touch dreams I worry there are places where no one can feel I cry for little girls who are sent there I am my future and my past

I understand that self destruction is a revolt against falseness I say that healing rescues integrity I dream of shamans and healers I try to understand the wishes in my eyes I hope to know the me that they see I am my future and my past

from Art Belliveau

Poetry deals with the emotions, just as music. An autobiographical poem is personal—it reveals something about the person writing the poem. It does not have to rhyme. Below is a simple plan to write your own autobiographical poem. Just follow the steps and—before you know it—it's done.

I am (first name)

Son/Daughter of (I've also used brother/sister of...) Who needs , , Who loves , , Who sees , , Who hates , , Who hates , , Who fears , , Who dreams of , , Who has found poems of Resident of (I've seen people list here everything from their address to "the small blue green planet third from the sun") (last name)

Portrait Poem #1 Example

I am Art Son of Barbara Who needs time, sleep, exercise Who loves his wife, his job, his family Who sees sunsets, both sides, poetry everywhere Who hates ignorance, apathy, hatred Who fears failure, success, mediocrity Who dreams of successful students, published poems, time enough Who has found poems of anger Resident of Alabama Belliveau

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I AM Poem

FIRST STANZA

I am (two special characteristics you have) I wonder (something you are actually curious about) I hear (an imaginary sound) I see (an imaginary sight) I want (an actual desire) I am (the first line of the poem repeated)

SECOND STANZA

I pretend (something you actually pretend to do) I feel (a feeling about something imaginary) I touch (an imaginary touch) I worry (something that really bothers you) I cry (something that makes you very sad) I am (the first line of the poem repeated)

THIRD STANZA

I understand (something you know is true) I say (something you believe in) I dream (something you actually dream about) I try (something you really make an effort about) I hope (something you actually hope for) I am (the first line of the poem repeated)

Portrait Poem #2 Example

I AM

I am a nutty guy who likes dolphins. I wonder what I, and the world, will be like in the year 2000. I hear silence pulsing in the middle of the night. I see a dolphin flying up to the sky. I want the adventure of life before it passes me by. I am a nutty guy who likes dolphins.

I pretend that I'm the ruler of the world. I feel the weight of the world on my shoulders. I touch the sky, the stars, the moon, and all the planets as representatives of mankind. I worry about the devastation of a nuclear holocaust. I cry for all the death and poverty in the world I am a nutty guy who likes dolphins.

I understand the frustration of not being able to do something easily. I say that we are all equal. I dream of traveling to other points on the earth. I try to reach out to poor and starving children. I hope that mankind will be at peace and not die out. I am a nutty guy who likes dolphins.

--SANDY MAAS

Portrait Poem #2 Example

I AM

I am a hard working teacher who loves to laugh I wonder how my students will do this year I hear their brains clicking I see the light in their eyes I want them to want to succeed I am a hard working teacher who loves to laugh

I pretend I am always in control I feel like I'm swimming in quicksand sometimes I touch the hearts and minds of others I worry that I am not good enough I cry when one of my family is in pain II am a hard working teacher who loves to laugh

I understand I cannot save everyone ignorance and apathy I say I still need to try I dream of being the best teacher I can be I try to make my classes interesting I hope I never stop caring I am a hard working teacher who loves to laugh --Art Belliveau

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Follow these steps: Remember to end the first and last lines with a period (.). End all other lines with a comma (,). All first letters of each line are capitalized.

Line 1 Write your first name.

Line 2 Write four (4) words about you,

Line 3 Write Brother or Sister of and then list your brother or sister's name, (If you don't have brothers or sisters, write no one.)

Line 4 Write Lover of and then three (3) things you love,

Line 5 Write Who feels and then three (3) things and how you feel about them,

Line 6 Write Who needs and then three (3) things you need,

Line 7 Write Who gives and then three (3) things you give others,

Line 8 Write Who fears and then three (3) things that scare you,

Line 9 Write Who would like to see and three (3) things you want to see,

Line 10 Write Resident of and then the city you live in, then your street name,

Line 11 Write your last name.

That's it! You've created your own poem. Congratulations!

Portrait Poem #3 Examples

Carol. Busy, tired, mother and teacher, Sister of Bill, Lover of children, animals, and a happy classroom, Who feels joy when reading, power when riding, and sore muscles at day's end, Who needs laughter, pets, and flowers, Who gives help, love, and praise, Who fears dragons, big bugs, and gaining weight, Who would like to see everyone succeed, wars end forever, and a cure for AIDS, Resident of Deerfield, Aspen, Krimm.

Art. Husband, teacher, poet, friend, Brother of Bob, Lover of knowledge, reading, and seventh graders, Who feels rushed, out of breath, and like he'll never catch up, Who needs a cure for allergies, beagles, and being married, Who gives help, encouragement, laughter, Who fears failure, success, mediocrity, Who would like to see successful students, better attitudes, and global sanity, Resident of Phoenix City Belliveau

Portrait Poem #4

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The piece should be ten lines long, and should begin and end:

I am.

In between, write four truthful statements about yourself and four lies. The idea is to mix them up so that telling truth from fiction may be difficult. Make the lies believable: we know you aren't ten feet tall and that you don't have an NBA contract. Also don't directly contradict yourself. If you say you are twelve in one line and that you are fourteen in another line, we will know that one of these is a lie.

Portrait Poem #4 Examples

I am Paula Jones.

I am sixteen years old. I ride wild stallions. I collect foreign coins. My sister has six fingers on her left hand. My mother and I always get along. Time has stood still for me. An arsonist destroyed my home. My father is a mole in the CIA.

I am Paula Jones.

I am Art Belliveau.

I love to teach seventh grade. My wedding was at the Renaissance Festival in Atlanta. I collect refrigerator magnets. I wrestled in high school. I have had two poems published. I have seen the Northern Lights. Summertime throws me completely off schedule. I want to be a famous piano player. I am Art Belliveau

Portrait Poem #5

Poetry deals with the emotions, just as music. An autobiographical poem is personal—it reveals something about the person writing the poem. It does not have to rhyme. Below is a simple plan to write your own autobiographical poem. Just follow the steps and—before you know it—it's done.

This is one developed at Sun Belt Writing Project by Art Belliveau. It's called the "Who Am I?" Poem.

The first line is "Who am I?"

Then skip a line and write "I am..."

On the next five lines write down family relationships (see example).

Then skip a line and write "I am..."

On the next four lines write down "job titles" that describe you (see example).

Then skip a line and write "I am..."

On the next three lines write a word that physically describes you.

Then skip a line and write "I am..."

On the next two lines write down a characteristic of yours (see example).

Then skip a line and write "I am..."

And finally the word "me."

Portrait Poem #5 Examples

Who Am I?

I am... Kimberli's beau Dixie's son Ruth's grandson Cyndi's brother CoreyAnn's uncle I am... a teacher a poet a writer a reader I am... overweight fuzzy balding I am... eccentric determined I am... me

Ryk Stanton Who Am I? I am... Sarah's husband Barbara's son Margie's grandson Bob's brother Sean-Micheal's uncle I am... a teacher a reader a writer a net surfer I am... tall heavy hairy I am... humorous curious I am... me --Art Belliveau Portrait Poem #6

Poetry deals with the emotions, just as music. An autobiographical poem is personal—it reveals something about the person writing the poem. It does not have to rhyme. Below is a simple plan to write your own autobiographical poem. Just follow the steps and—before you know it—it's done.

This poem has definite structure and must be followed carefully.

L1- first name

L2 - four adjectives that describe you

L3 - tells where you are in your family and gives your parents' names

L4 - names three things you like

L5 - tells how you feel L6 - tells what you are afraid of L7 - tells what you would like to see L8 - last name

Portrait Poem #6 Examples

Ryk-intelligent, curious, witty, poetic, firstborn son of Richard Sr. and Dixie, likes comic books, green Kool-Aid, and The Monkees, feels happy almost all of the time, afraid of growing old and dying alone in the dark, would like to see daybreak from Saturn--Stanton

Art--

rushed, fun-loving, laid back, intelligent, firstborn son of Barbara, likes reading, surfing the net, and old movies, feels under pressure right now, afraid of not being a good enough teacher, would like to see his book get published--Belliveau

Portrait Poem #7

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Just Because...

Just because I'm Doesn't mean Doesn't mean And doesn't mean Just because Doesn't mean Doesn't mean Just because Doesn't mean Doesn't mean Doesn't mean Doesn't mean Just because (Question) (Question) (Question) (Statement)

Portrait Poem #7 Examples

Just because I'm half Japanese I'm not a California roll I'm not a Sony TV or radio I'm not a Toyota or a Nissan Just because I'm half Japanese I don't like being considered one race I do like being considered a Jew I'm not a "mixed up person" Just because I'm half Japanese I do like things that you do like to do I do like and play basketball Just because I'm half Japanese What is race? Is there a thing called race? Can't you just like me because I'm me? I think so.

Just because I'm Indian, Doesn't mean I work at seven-eleven, Doesn't mean I have an accent, And doesn't mean I wear a dot on my forehead. Just because I'm Indian, Doesn't mean I'm poor, Doesn't mean there are cows roaming down my street, And beggars in front of my door. Just because I'm Indian, Doesn't mean I'm unsanitary, Doesn't mean I'm anorexic, And looking for a cure. Just because I'm Indian, Why should anyone care? What is the difference? What is life without variety? Just because I'm Indian.

I was... (a series follows describing yourself as a younger child)

I am... (here the series describes you as you are now)

Example:

I was... different lost confused awkward scared alone & lonely alienated hurting volcanic seething beneath the surface searching for answers, without knowing the questions

-Art Belliveau

I am...

iconoclastic curious questioning less unsure of myself not lonely or alone calmer more introspective less scared still awkward reluctant to define myself searching for valid questions, believing there are no firm answers