CLOSE READING POETRY



The Spider By Jane Taylor (1883)



We have been using these poems on a monthly basis for fluency practice. They are fun poems that students enjoy reading. They have also sparked a lot of conversation about word choice, language, vocabulary, etc.

"aly spider!" said Ann; "t away with her fan; "e as ever can be, "crawling on me."

> venture to say, out of your way, fall, and the pain, han you to complain.

e poor insect, my dear? ne excuse for your fear; urried away, ev went, I dare sav.

t grant to be just, in tread them to dust; se for alarm; ould do us no harm.

ome; do you see spun in the tree? is a lesson for you:

Come learn from this spider what patience can dol

"And when at your business you're tempted to play, Recollect what you see in this insect to-day, Or else, to your shame, it may seem to be true, That a poor little spider is wiser than you."

Close	Read	the	Poer

1st Read: Get the gist

What is this poem all about?

Ann had a spider land on her, and her mother is showing her there is nothing to worry about.

12	2nd	Read:	Analy	ze th	ne poem
----	-----	-------	-------	-------	---------

How	does	Ann's	mother	feel	about	spiders?	

3rd Read: Connect

Did this poem affect your feelings about spiders? Explain.





WHAT'S INCLUDED?

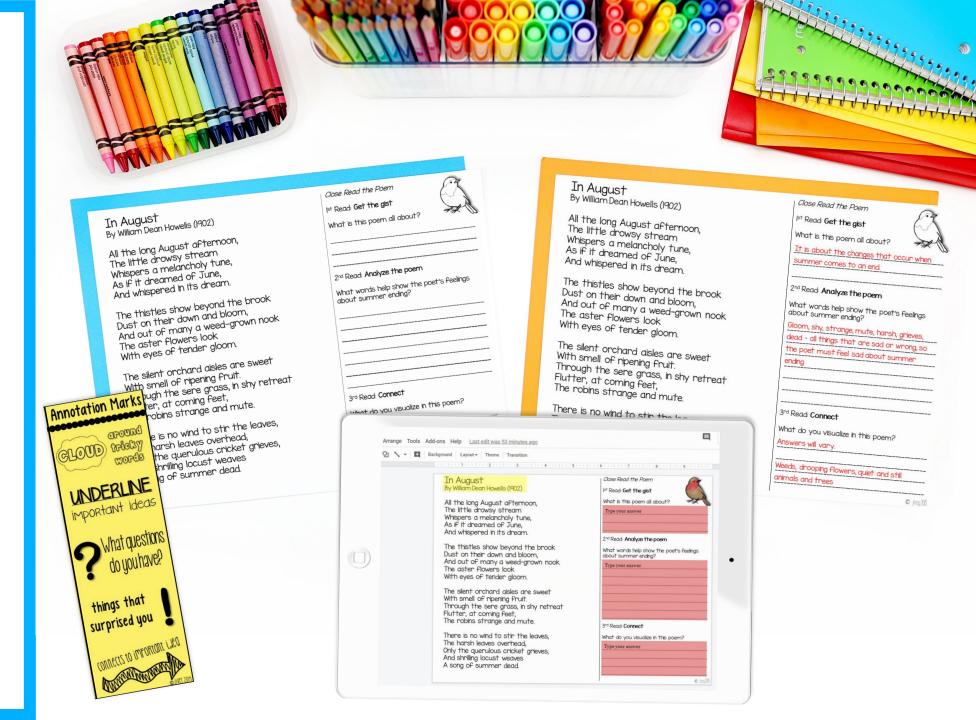
suggestions for use

annotation bookmarks

twelve classic poems with three questions to guide each read with a different purpose

digital and printable versions of each page

answer keys for the guiding questions



WAYS TO USE THIS RESOURCE:

whole group or small group modeling

read and annotate the poems together for the first read to get the gist, then allow students to complete the second and third read

completely independent practice for students reading above 4th-5th grade level





Such glorious faith as fills your limpid eyes, Dear little friend of mine, I never knew. All-innocent are you, and yet all-wise. (For heaven's sake, stop worrying that shoe!)

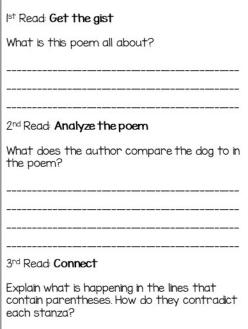
You look about, and all you see is fair; This mighty globe was made for you alone. Of all the thunderous ages, you're the heir. (Get off the pillow with that dirty bone!)

A skeptic world you face with steady gaze; High in young pride you hold your noble head; Gayly you meet the rush of roaring days. (*Must* you eat puppy biscuit on the bed?)

Lancelike your courage, gleaming swift and strong, Yours the white rapture of a wingèd soul, Yours is a spirit like a May-day song. (God help you, if you break the goldfish bowl!)

"Whatever is, is good," your gracious creed.
You wear your joy of living like a crown.
Love lights your simplest act, your every deed.
(Drop it, I tell you-put that kitten down!)

You are God's kindliest gift of all,—a friend. Your shining loyalty unflecked by doubt, You ask but leave to follow to the end. (Couldn't you wait until I took you out?)



Close Read the Poem



POEMS INCLUDED:

In August By William Dean Howells (1902)

Bed In Summer By Robert Louis Stevenson (1913)

The Spider By Jane Taylor (1883)

November By Alice Cary (1873)

Snow-Flakes By Fannie Isabelle Sherrick (1880)

Mr. Nobody By Anonymous

My Shadow By Robert Louis Stevenson (1885)

The Brook By Alfred, Lord Tennyson (1862)

Woodman, Spare That Tree! By George Pope Morris (1830)

A Riddle By Hannah More (1818)

Verse for a Certain Dog by Dorothy Parker (1926)

Mother to Son by Langston Hughes (1922)

