Dawn in Dartmouth
The sun’s rim rises, promising forever.
The sky – a dreamy, brittle, infinite pink,
That floats and dances with the lapping river
And races up, spilling like blazing ink
Across the still, slumbering, silent homes.
I am the only one awake – alive,
Watch the clouds race and the rising waves foam.
Witnessing nature’s last exultant dance,
Before the town stirs, and the world returns
To steady circumstance.

Imogen Catsaras
Commended Foyle Young Poet of the Year 2017
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Activity: Are you ever the last one to go to bed at home? Are you ever the first one to wake up? What about being the first person to arrive in the classroom? Or the last, perhaps slightly rowdy, student to tumble into class after lunch when everyone else is already quietly working on something?

This poem, written by a 14 year old Foyle Young Poet, is about witnessing a subtle, expected, change – the sun coming up and the world waking up with it. Read it aloud in class and then do the following activities.

Think: On your own, make a mindmap of all the different moments in your day when you witness change. E.g. Do you live with a baby that changes from silent sleeping cherub to a hungry squealing alarm when they realise it is breakfast time? Does your hair change dramatically while you sleep?

Talk: Share your ideas with a partner or small group and decide which scenario would make a good topic for the poem you are going to write.

Read: On your own, read Imogen’s poem again. This time annotate it to highlight some techniques you notice. There are some interesting adjectives and verbs. How does she create the feeling of being alone, observing?

Write: Now have a go at writing your own poem about the scenario of change you’ve decided on. It doesn’t have to be very long. Try and include some of the same techniques that make ‘Dawn in Dartmouth’ such an evocative poem.

Find even more information and inspiration www.nationalpoetryday.org