

Here, seven fifth graders—inspired by Douglas Wood’s picture book, [A Quiet Place](#), and an online [poetry lesson](#) found at WritingFix—wrote the following poems. Each poet focused on his/her **word choice** and **idea development skills** as they wrote and revised the published poems you see here.

Read all seven poems quietly, then work with a partner to discover each poet’s best example of word choice and idea development. Be prepared to share your discoveries with the whole class. Think about a quiet place you might write about in the form of a poem.

### **My Quiet Place**

by Sarah, fifth grader



My quiet place could be in the  
countryside,  
Where never-ending land goes on  
forever,  
And the soft shiny grass is a sea of green.  
There is almost no noise as I walk through the  
lonely countryside.  
All I hear is the wind whispering to the sky,  
But when the sun's soft rays go down,  
Thousands of winking stars fill up the night sky  
And the moon sings the world to sleep with its  
pale soft light,

But if it's a little too lonely, try...

### **...My Quiet Place**

by Marcus, fifth grader



A quiet place for me is my room,  
Where the pillows on my bed are  
clouds.  
The light through the window is the  
greeting sun.  
The ceiling fan blows a gentle breeze.  
It is dark and quiet.  
Gracie, my dog, comes to comfort me,  
In my room, my quiet place.

But if this is too quiet for you, you could try...

### **...My Quiet Place**

by Margaret, fifth grader



The wind whispers soft lullabies in  
my ear  
Birdsong, a sweet symphony  
Earthen ground under my feet  
Squishing between my toes.  
I am here, world,  
Here to live,  
Here to love.  
The forest is my sanctuary,  
And it's all mine  
Mine. . .  
The trees seem to whisper it to me.

A stream is flowing by  
In sweet, soft ripples,  
Calling me  
To my quiet place,  
The place where I abide  
Away from my troubles.  
The squirrels,  
The birds,  
The bees,  
And me,  
All in my quiet place.

**Find four more poems on the backside of this piece of paper!**

### **My Quiet Place**

by Patrick, fifth grader



My quiet place would be outer space  
Where I could float around  
And see planets the size of Pluto,  
Some as big as the sun.  
I would gape with wonder,  
Seeing all the stars,  
Even some with smiley faces.  
I could visit planets with aliens,  
Some so red with scarlet skin,  
Or some with funny languages.  
“Shnip ti ba go blook,” the Martians would say  
    With greetings.  
“Goop gle ga goa gok,” the Pluto people would say  
    With curiosity.  
Outer space could be your quiet place.  
  
But if you would like to stay on the ground, try. . .

### **...My Quiet Place**

by Hillary, fifth grade writer



A quiet place for me is the laundry room.  
When I'm in there,  
I hear the washer and dryer  
Murmuring to each other.  
I see the dirty clothes  
Climbing all the way to the sky.  
To me, it seems like a quiet place,  
In the middle of nowhere,  
With no one wanting to come near.  
  
But if the dirty clothes are too stinky,  
You could try. . .

### **...My Quiet Place**

by Megan, fifth grader



A quiet place for me is the ocean.  
It's a calm and cool place to be.  
The ocean flows like a flying kite  
On a spring day.  
When the ocean makes a “Sh sh” noise,  
That's when you know  
It's a cool and calm place.  
Swirling water hitting your hand,  
Water that feels like silk,  
Flows and never stops.  
  
The revolving, rafting ocean is  
Snapping pictures of me.  
  
But if the ocean doesn't work, try. . .

### **...My Quiet Place**

by Anderson, fifth grader



There is no quiet place,  
But the next best thing for me  
Is on top of a tree.  
You might find a groove as a bed,  
Or a pile of leaves as a pillow.  
But it's never really quiet.  
There are squirrels beating drums,  
Birds practicing in their choir.  
But you are a monkey looking for bananas  
In your almost quiet place.