

## English 24.2.21

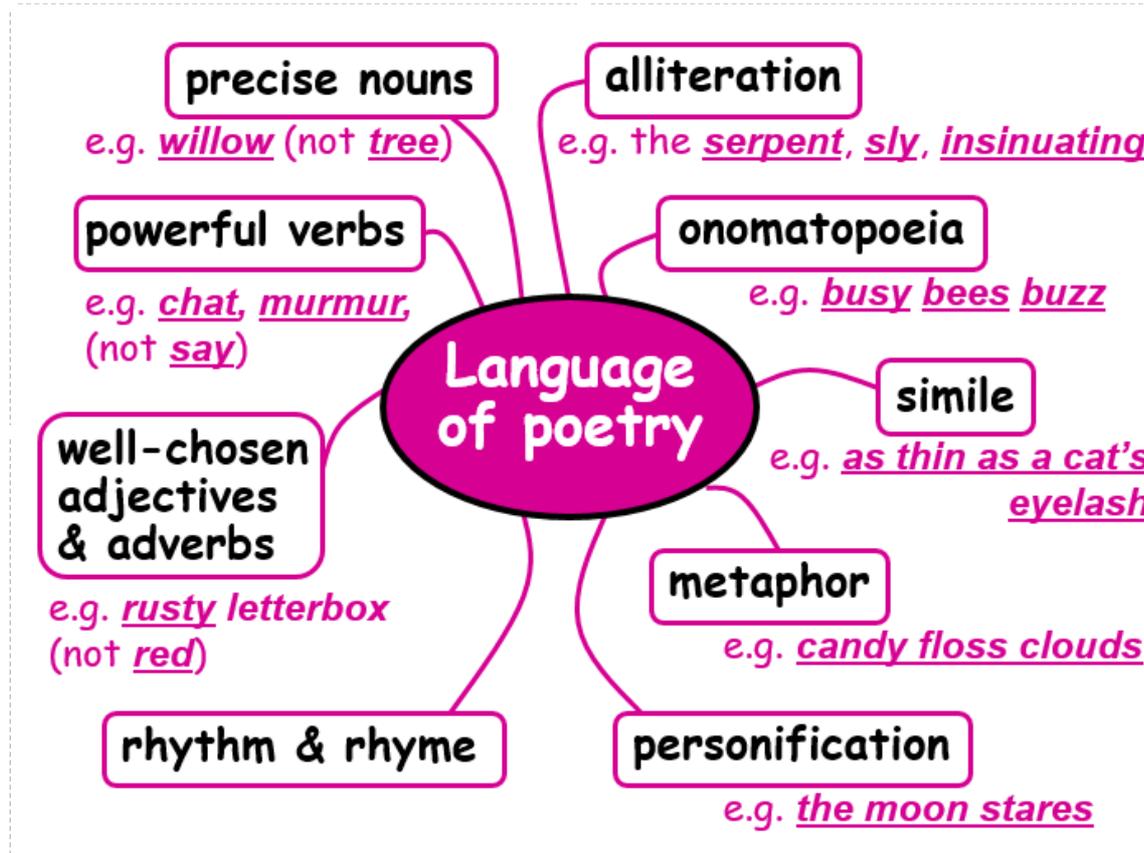
Wednesday, February 10, 2021 7:45 PM

### TBQ: Can I identify the features and structure of a slam poem?

Today we are going to explore the **features of slam poems**.

Here are the features of poems.

If you can't remember what any of them are look at the examples next to each one.



Look at/listen (the audio link is at the bottom) to the poem **What do you want to be?** again.

We will consider the **structure** and the **features** of the poem.

The poem is written in second person unusually. It's as if poet is talking to you the reader.

Would the poem work if written in the 1<sup>st</sup> or 3<sup>rd</sup> person?

How would it change the meaning of the poem?

If written in the **first person** it would be a poem about what the poet would like to do in the future. If written in the **third person** it would be telling the reader about the plans/hopes/ ambitions of someone else.

**Task 1:**

Let's think about the poem's structure.

1. Is there a rhyme structure?
2. Are all the lines the same length?
3. Are the verses the same length?
4. Is there a rhythm to it?

**Task 2:**

Now using the features listed above to help you, **annotate** (highlight and label) the poem to find as many different features as you can.

Rhyme is done for you.

**Mild:** can complete the features and examples in a table.

Feature	Example
Alliteration	None
Rhyme	Be/me
Second Person	
Informal Language	

**What d'ya want to be? By Wilf**

What d'ya want to be?

Hey listen kid you don't have to tell me **Rhyme**

I'm just here to read some poetry.

You can leave now if you want

you are completely free you see,

but before you go let me tell you

that today I don't want to talk

about birds and bees and trees

and things,

this poem's a question

and

I want to see what you dream and feel  
and things.

You see maybe

you wanna be famous.

Maybe you wanna be an astronaut and  
explore Uranus.

Maybe you wanna be the craziest

stunt man Hollywood's ever seen.

Maybe you wanna buy some flashy  
mansion, spend all your time keeping it clean.

Maybe you're a dancer and Bollywood's  
more your scene.

Maybe you're a natural.

Maybe you're gonna have to work hard  
at it.

Maybe you're a punk singer and you're gonna  
smash it

up.

Maybe you like nice stuff.

Maybe to get it

you're gonna act all tough,

maybe you're gonna be sweet

maybe you're gonna meet

and greet.

Maybe you wanna help people.

Maybe you just want success

or you wanna prove that you're the best.

Maybe you want to meet celebrities

and all the important politicians

shake the hand of the mayor

then maybe you don't care

maybe you want to be there

just for the money -  
now that's a sweet honey,  
people don't find anything funny  
when they are racing to be rich.  
Maybe you want to be surrounded  
by iPods and quick fixes.  
Maybe your heart tremors and twitches  
round diamond rings and bling.  
Maybe you wanna collect  
every precious thing  
that eBay can bring  
buy so many jewels that you look  
like a king.  
Maybe you just wanna sing  
when you're naked in the shower  
and that's what  
makes you feel free.  
Maybe all you need is a field and tree  
to feel happy.

Maybe you're a natural.

A doctor, a tinker, a tailor

► or an architect of bad behaviour.

You could be a soldier or a spy.

Maybe you're the kind of guy  
who wonders why

the plane can stay in the sky.

Maybe you're an expert  
at stopping a baby crying.

Maybe you'll be found frying  
a rich man's breakfast  
in a gourmet restaurant.

Maybe you're a killer chef  
or an amazing painter.

You don't have to know now  
you can find out later  
what it is you really want to be.

Maybe you want to see the world  
and live out of your  
backpack.

Maybe you wanna be a goth  
wearing nothing but black.

Maybe blue  
just ain't you.

Maybe you just have  
to find out what's true  
and what's a lie  
in the newspaper  
then maybe you reckon  
that can wait till later.

Maybe you'd be a kick-ass  
journalist.

Maybe all that writing  
would make you a  
mentalist.

Maybe you want to make your  
own zombie movie  
spray ketchup  
on your mate's face  
for fake blood.

Maybe you want  
to be a dirt biker covered in mud.  
A rescue woman saving the people  
in a flood,  
a boxer landing punches with a thud.

Maybe you wanna be a rapper  
"Do you get me blood?"

Maybe you wanna do very little  
live life chilled on a beach some place  
or stay up all night staring into space.

Maybe you just wanna  
raise a family.  
Maybe you want to devote your life  
to a god.  
Maybe you want work  
in a caravan on the sea  
serving cod  
and chips.  
Then maybe you're ok  
if you can just kiss  
a sweet pair of lips.

Whatever your dream  
I just wanna remind you that you're  
free to be whatever you want to be  
and you can have anything you see  
and if you're like me you're gonna want it  
all for free  
but like me  
and like lots of other people like me  
in the end you are going to see  
that to be what you want to be  
you will have to be-  
lieve and work real hard  
unless you just want to be a nobody  
which is real easy.

But don't worry!  
Because this crazy game is not a race  
and it's not up to me  
or school  
or teevee  
to tell you your place.

We don't know your dream  
or even what you really mean  
when you say what you want to be.

You gotta decide for yourself  
you see?

Now  
tell me  
what do you really want to be?

Listen to the poem, if you wish.

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