

## POETRY NOW!

### “Lullaby” Poem

Now that the sun has set,  
I sit and rest, and think of you.  
Give my weary body peace.  
Let my legs and arms stop aching,  
let my nose stop sneezing,  
let my head stop thinking.  
Let me sleep in your arms.

Dinka Tribe

*This is a poem from the Dinka, a tribe of southern Sudan, Africa. I found it in Every Tiny Grain of Sand, edited by Reeve Lindbergh (Candlewick, 2000).*

### Poetry Idea

Write yourself—or someone else—a lullaby.

1. Set the stage: include some brief description that lets the reader know it is nighttime, time to sleep (“Now that the moon hangs in the oak tree’s branches, I lie under my old red quilt . . .”).
2. Jot down a list of things that relax you. Then—using those images—give a series of orders to yourself, willing your body to relax. (“Let my tired brain float in dreams of creamy chocolate . . .”)
3. End with your strongest image, perhaps one that involves someone dear to you (“Let my cat yawn and stretch and settle in the curve of my back”).

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