Directions: *Read and annotate the poem. You could annotate what you like, great literary devices, etc…*

**That Was Summer**

*By Marci Ridlon*

Have you ever smelled summer?

Sure you have.

Remember that time

when you were tired of running

or doing nothing much

and you were hot

and you flopped right down on the ground?

Remember how the warm soil smelled and the grass?

That was summer.

Remember that time

when the storm blew up quick

and you stood under a ledge

and watched the rain till it stopped

and when it stopped

you walked out again to the sidewalk,

the quiet sidewalk?

Remember how the pavement smelled-

All steamy warm and wet?

That was summer.

Remember that time

when you were trying to climb

higher in the tree

and you didn’t know how

and your foot was hurting in the fork

but you were holding tight

to the branch?

Remember how the bark smelled then

all dusty dry, but nice?

That was summer.

If you try very hard,

Can you remember that time

When you played outside all day

And you came home for dinner

And had to take a bath right away

Right away?

It took you a long time to pull

your shirt over your head.

Do you remember smelling the sunshine?

That was summer.

Directions: In your writer’s notebook, use some of the format and ideas from the poem by Ridlon and make your own! Try to be creative and use literary devices…

*My mimic poem:*

**THAT WAS AUTUMN**

Have you ever smelled autumn?

Sure you have.

Remember that time when the fresh cool air

envelopes you and the vapors float off your breath

in a thrilling puff of white?

You breath it in again, you know, and find

it fills your lungs with

a tingling contrast of cold and heavy.

Remember how the air smells crisp and dense?

But a wonderful dense

so unlike the weight of summer’s humid grasp.

Remember the time when the damp air expands

with the earthly soil and sticky, crunchy, crackling leaves;

The colors dance.

Do you remember all the vibrant bursts of yellowy gold and orangey rust?

How they fight and win against the greens of summer?

With a new deep breath you can taste hot biting cider,

and feel the vibrations of a crowded high school football game.

Do you remember?

That is autumn.