



Page the Poet

Poetry to inspire your own poetry

Written by Ron Marasco

Illustrated by ISz

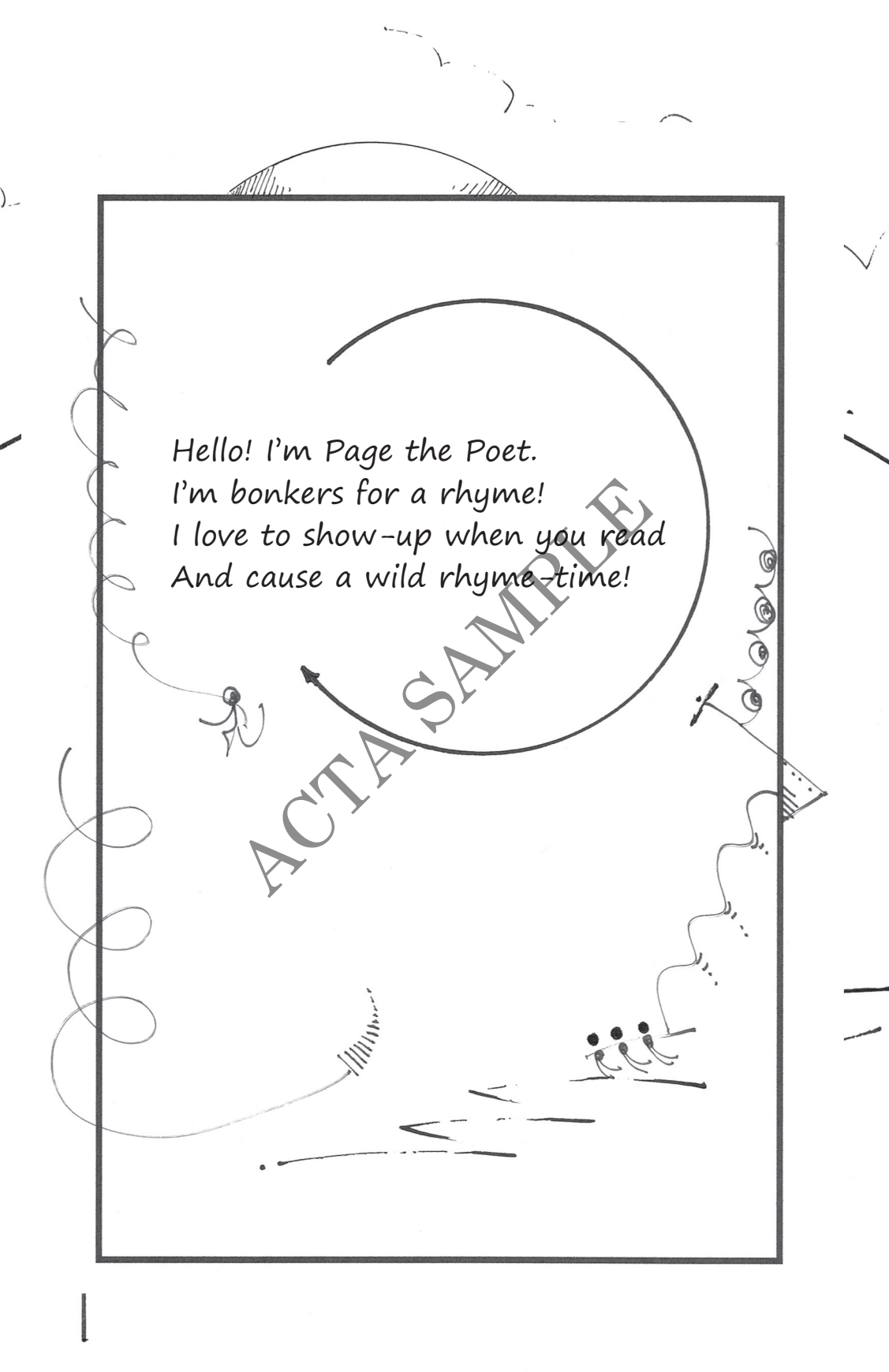
The author wrote this unique book to show what poets do...and to get you started writing your own poetry; and the artist drew some Scribbles™ on each page to illustrate the poems. We laid out the book so it goes two ways. If you read it the way you are now, just flip each page up and read poetry about poems and poets. Then you can turn the book over and upside down and it becomes a new book, where you can write your own poems. Just write your name on the back cover and start flipping the book the other way. You can add to the Scribbles™ or color them in or even invite an artist friend to help you illustrate your poems. When you are done, you can keep the book for yourself or give it as a gift to someone who will appreciate it.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Ron Marasco is the author of *Notes to an Actor*, *About Grief*, and *William Shakespeare, Illuminated by The Message*, a volume in the series *Literary Portals to Prayer*. His most recent book is a novel set in the time of Christ, *The Dog Who Was There*. Ron was for many years a professor and the chairman of the Theatre Department at Loyola Marymount University and has appeared as an actor on major network television programs including *Lost*, *The West Wing*, *Entourage*, *Freaks and Geeks*, and *Major Crimes*.

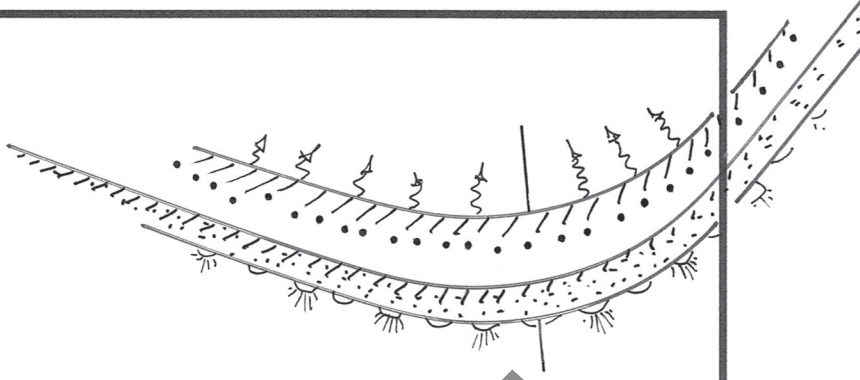
ABOUT THE ILLUSTRATOR

ISz is the name and identity of Chicago artist Richard Struben, illustrator of the books *We the (little) People* and *The Baby in Mommy's Tummy*. ISz's larger works, including paintings, prints, and sculpture, are in many private collections and on display in galleries and museums throughout the U.S. and internationally. The theme of his art is "that which simply is—our immediate and active life-state and timeless connection with all things," which he calls "oneness." His work can be viewed online at www.iszart.com.



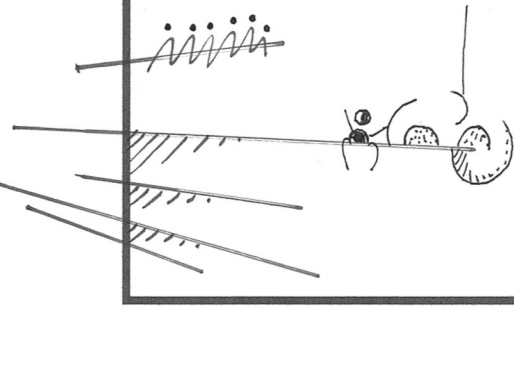
Hello! I'm Page the Poet.
I'm bonkers for a rhyme!
I love to show-up when you read
And cause a wild rhyme-time!

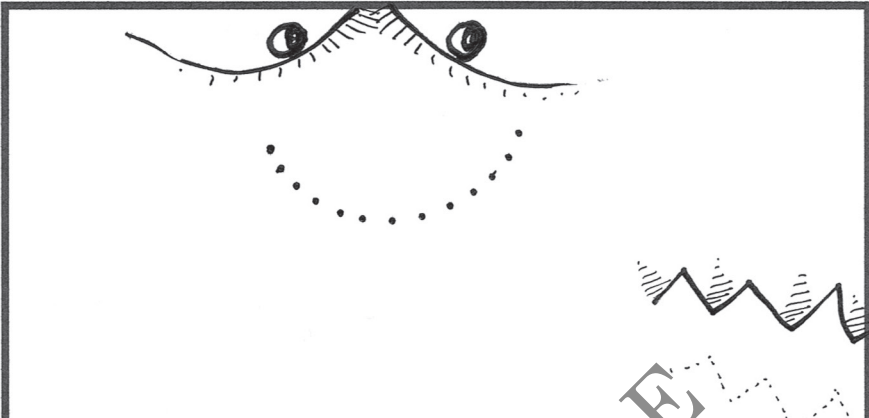
ACTA SAMPLE



I'm here to share my words with you.
 A Page like me's not much
 Until I get a work-out from
 A reader's turning touch.

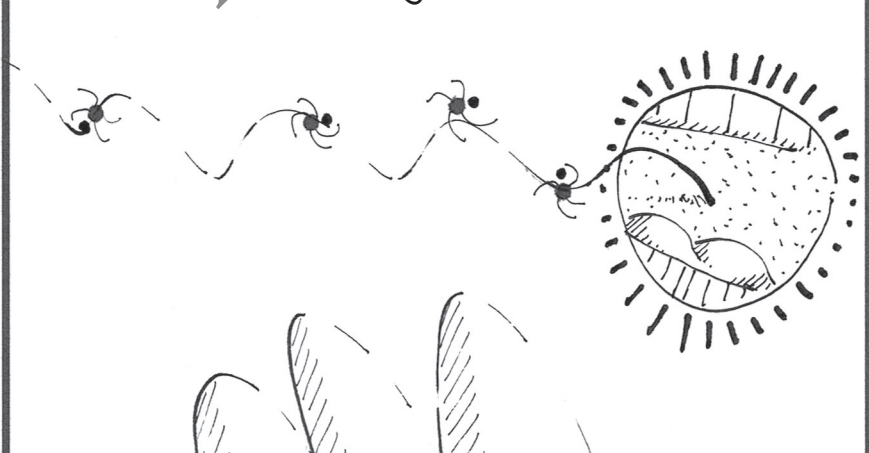
So, if you promise not to squirm,
 Or pick your nose, or flee,
 I'll open up (as Pages do!)
 And show my poetry.

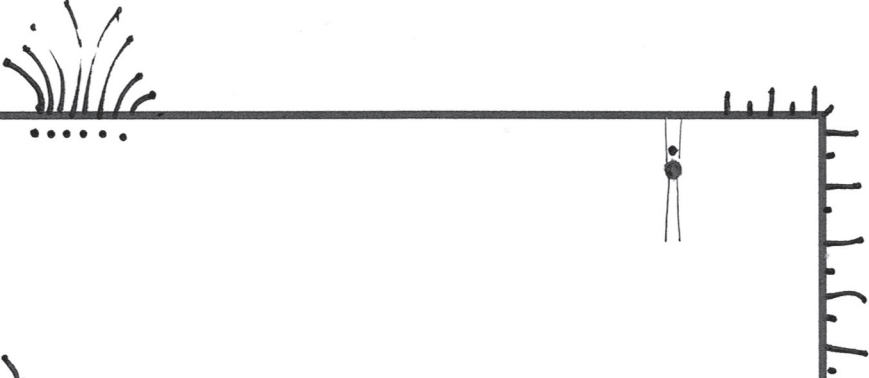




But, first, I have a question:
Who's reading me to you?
If it's a grown-up, holler:
"Do that funny voice you do!"

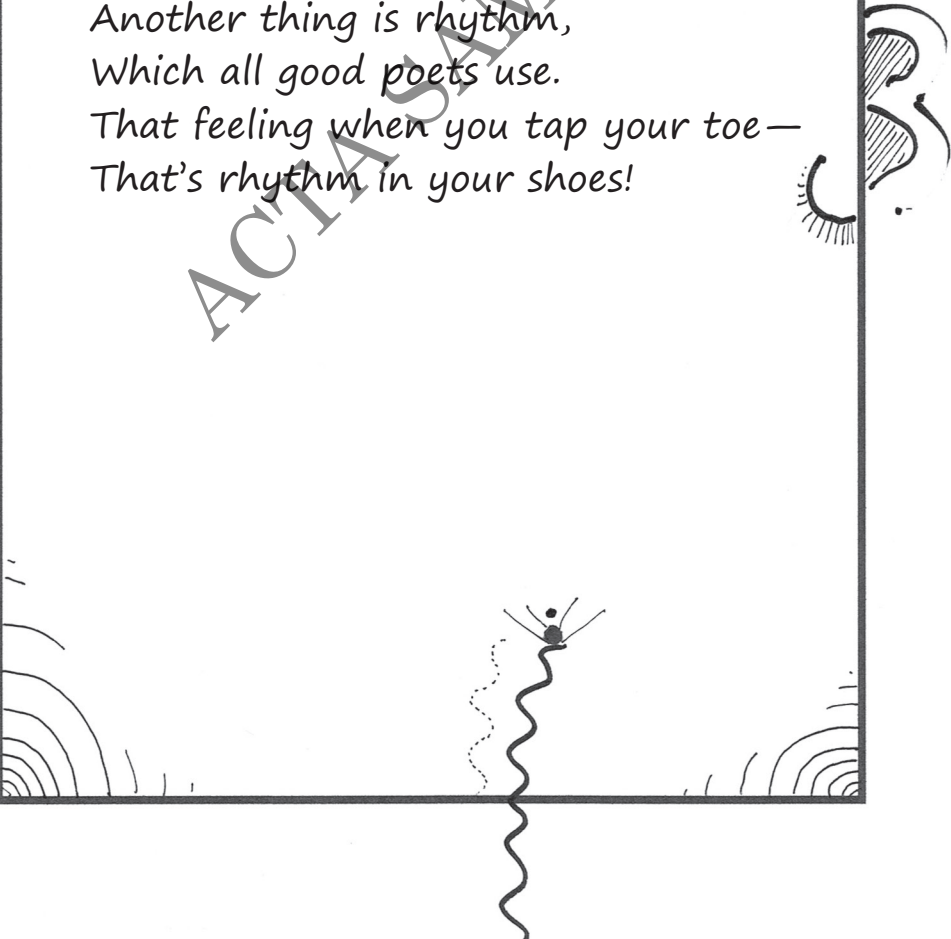
HA-HA! That sounds ridiculous!
Don't mention what I said.
I can't have grown-ups mad at me.
That's how books go unread!

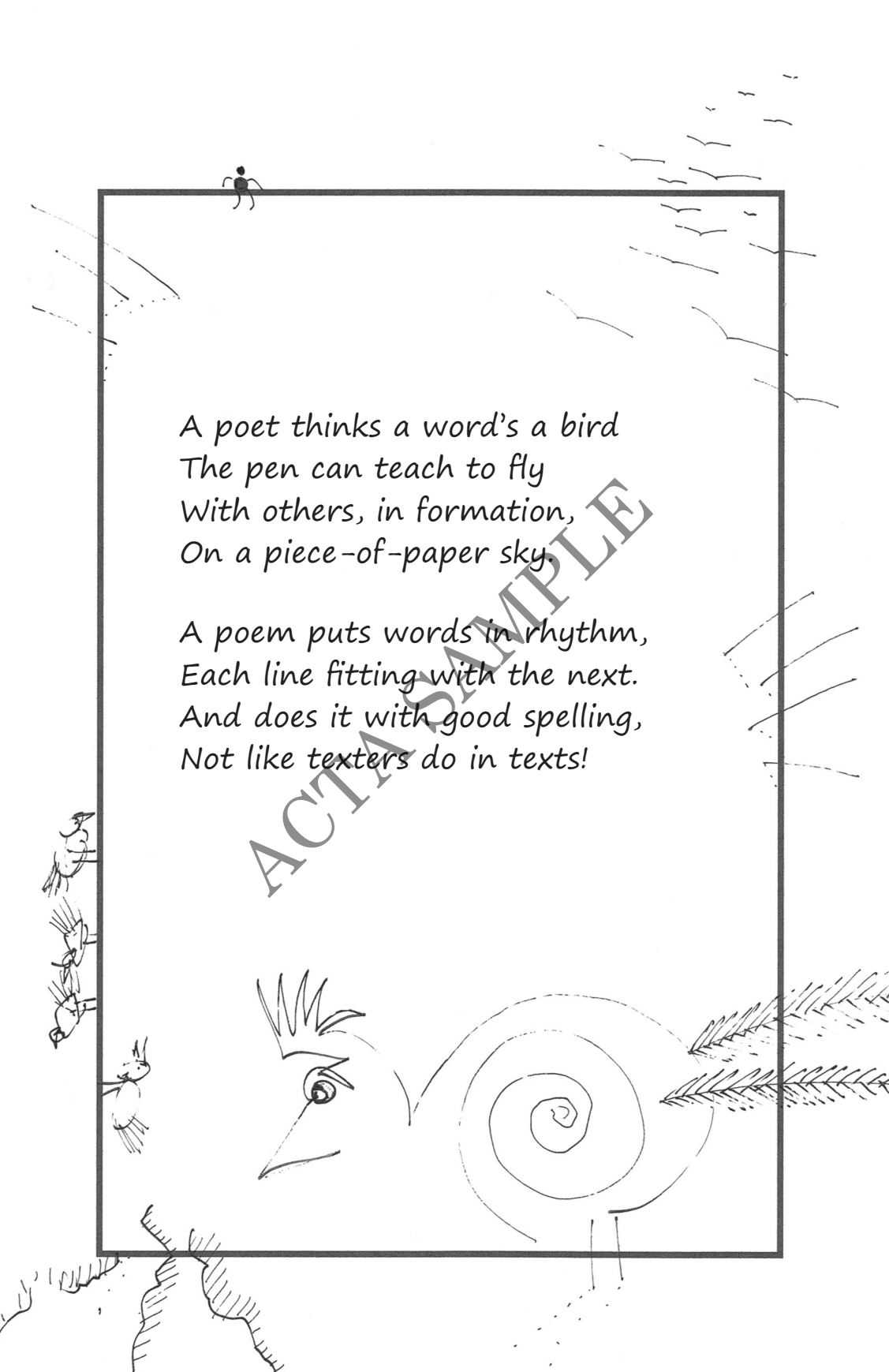




To hear a voice, like we just did,
You listen, not just look.
And that's a skill of poetry
We'll do throughout this book.

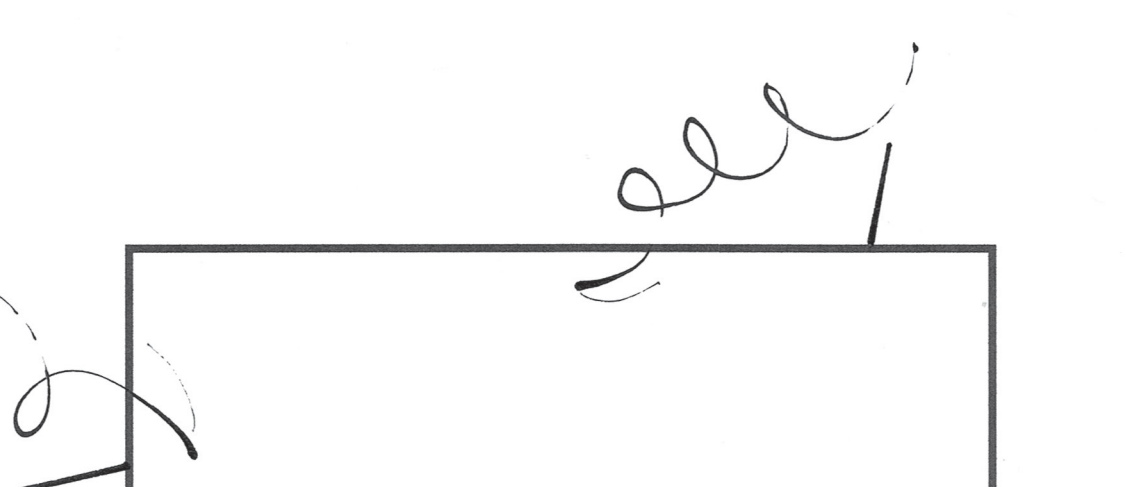
Another thing is rhythm,
Which all good poets use.
That feeling when you tap your toe—
That's rhythm in your shoes!





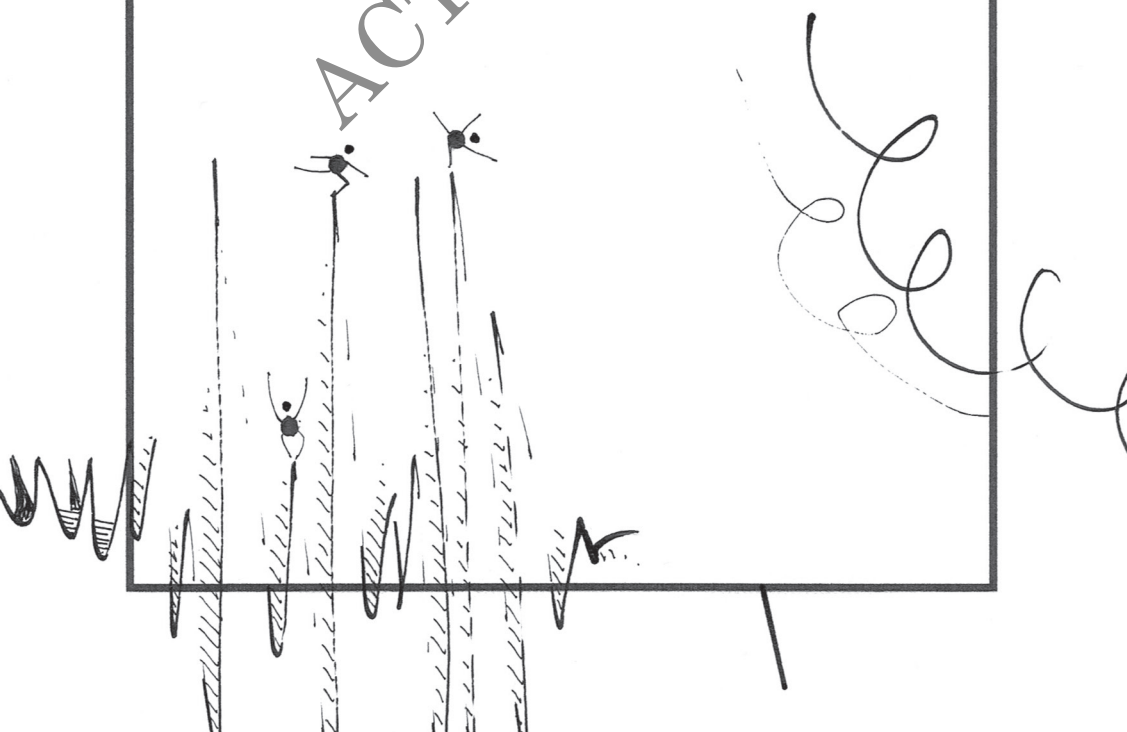
A poet thinks a word's a bird
The pen can teach to fly
With others, in formation,
On a piece-of-paper sky.

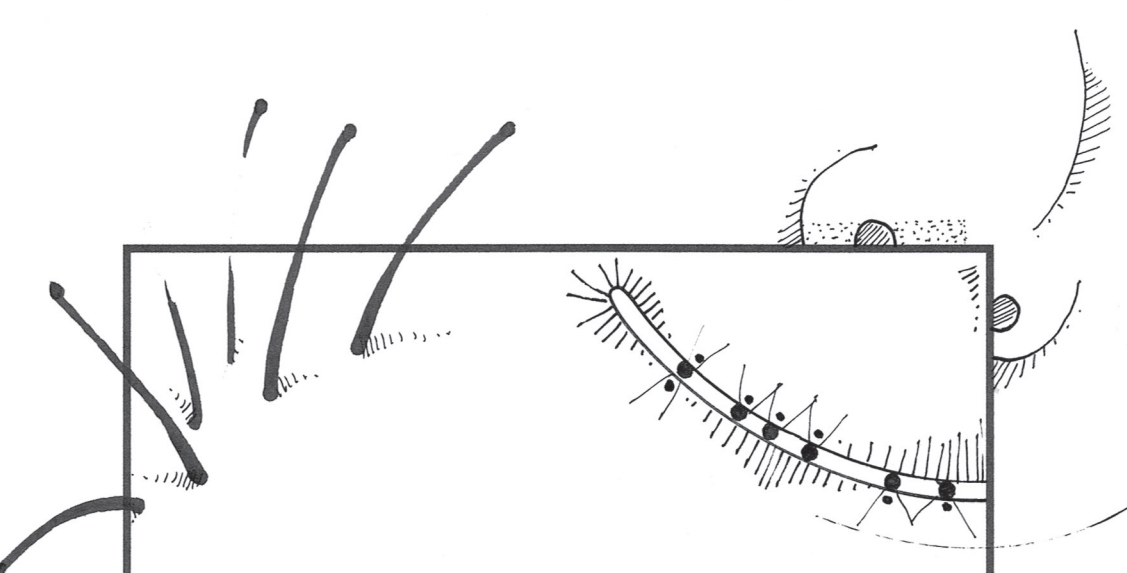
A poem puts words in rhythm,
Each line fitting with the next.
And does it with good spelling,
Not like texters do in texts!



Poets' days are busy,
They're never, ever bored.
They get so focused finding rhyme
Their boredom gets ignored.

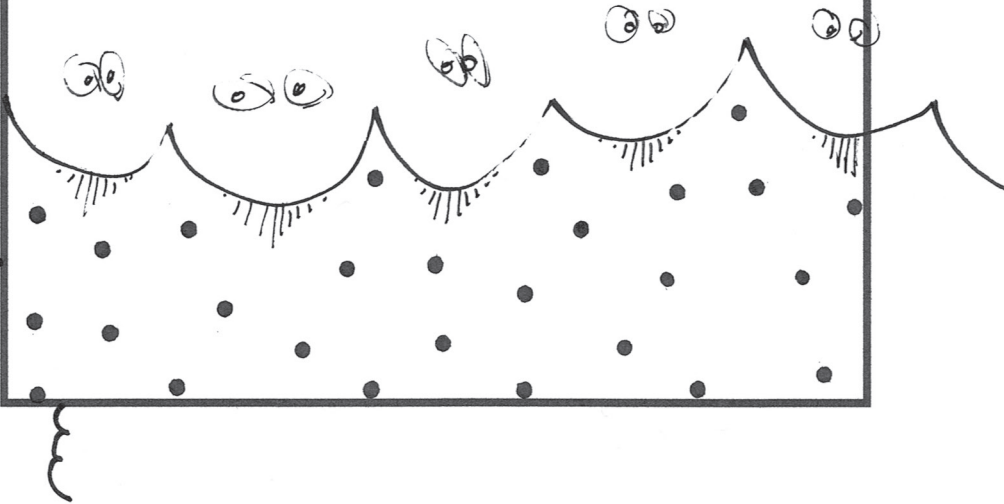
Poets minds are buzzy,
Alive with funky noise,
And rhythms going Bop-Dee-Bop
Their inner-ear enjoys.

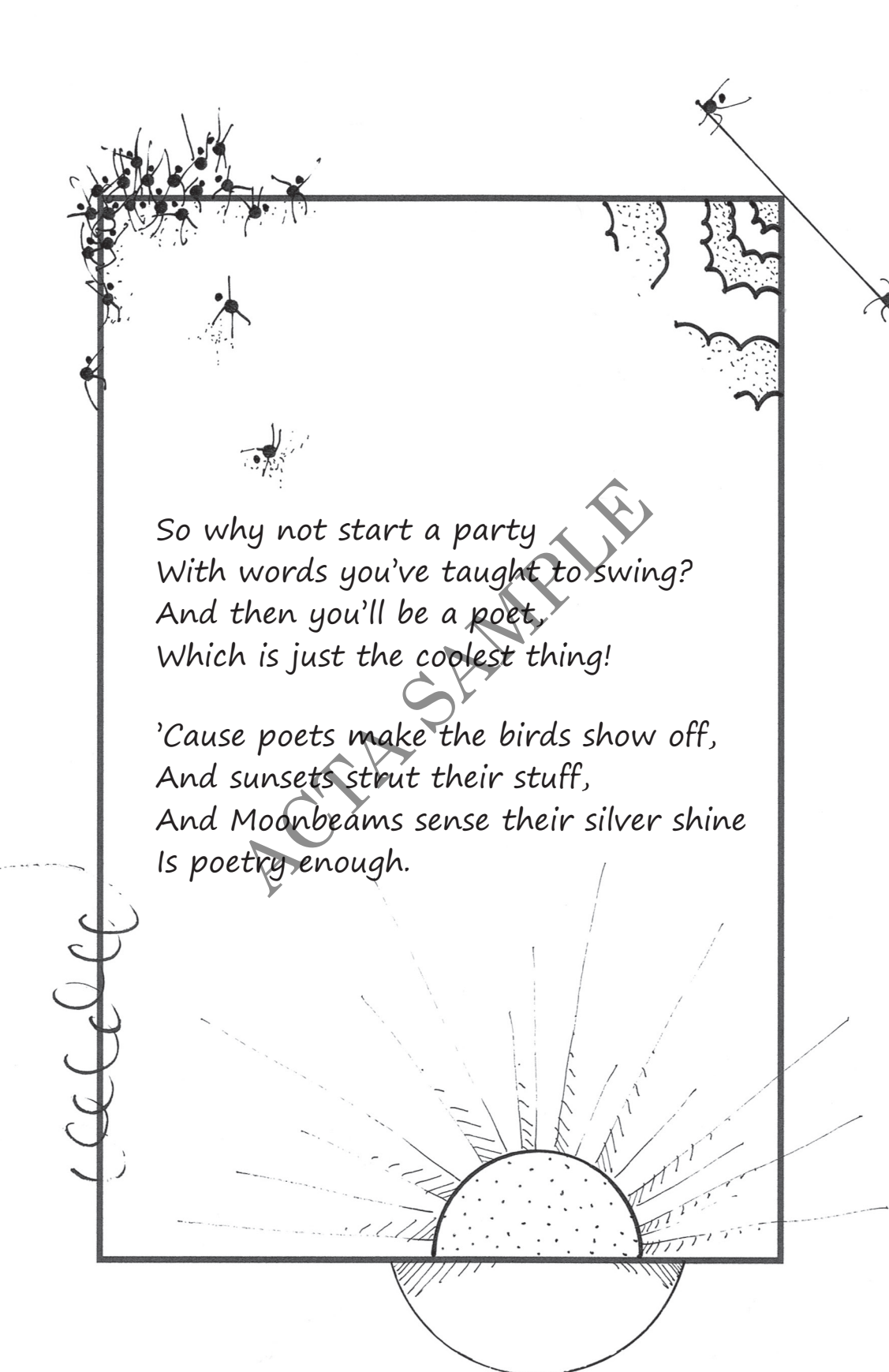




When poets write, they're happy,
Not in a snotty mood.
'Cause when you're running after rhyme,
Who's got the time to brood?

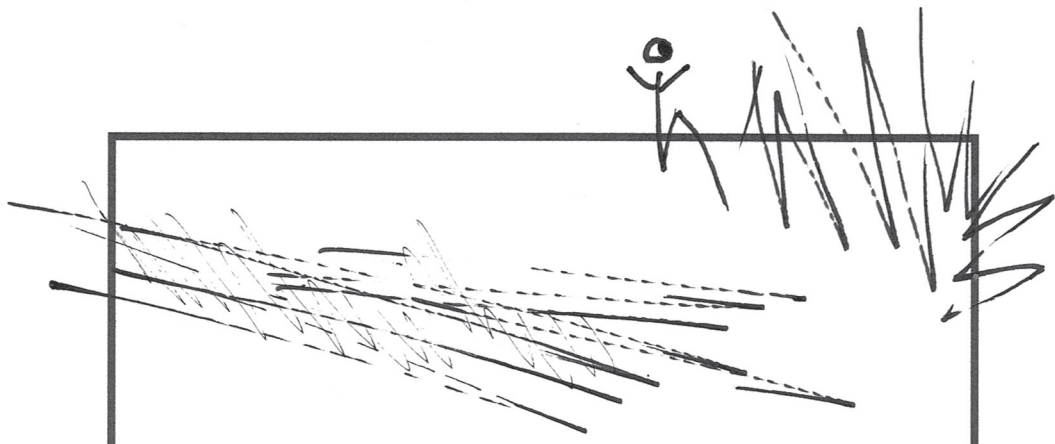
And even when a poet's woes
Try turning glad to glum,
A rhythm slaps 'em silly
With a bouncy Bum-Dee-Bum!





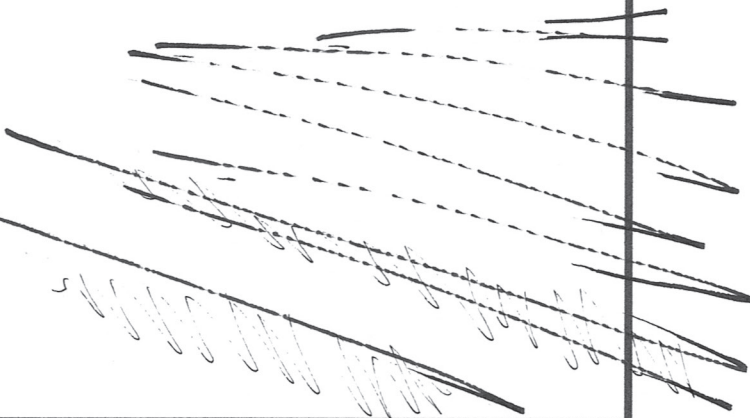

So why not start a party
With words you've taught to swing?
And then you'll be a poet,
Which is just the coolest thing!

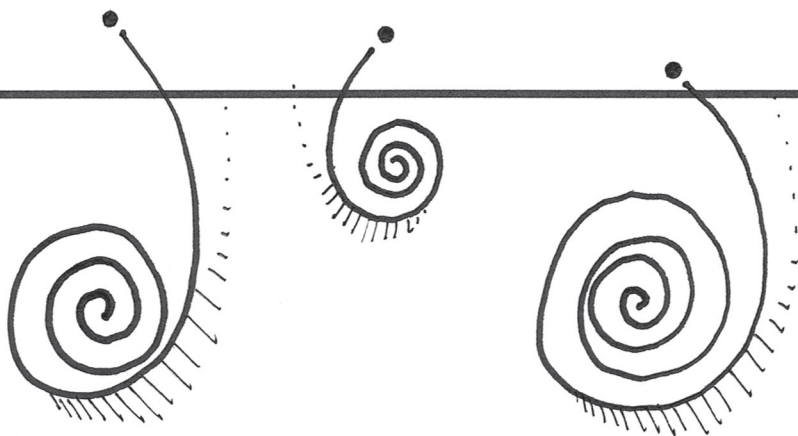
'Cause poets make the birds show off,
And sunsets strut their stuff,
And Moonbeams sense their silver shine
Is poetry enough.



You scratch your head,
and scratch out words,
And poets who get tense'll
Drum their fingers on their desk.
And even bite their pencil.

But when, at last, you see the seeds
Of work become a tree,
And what was once a small idea
Is now your poetry...

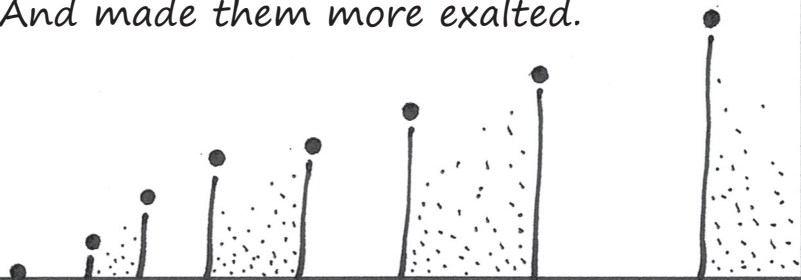


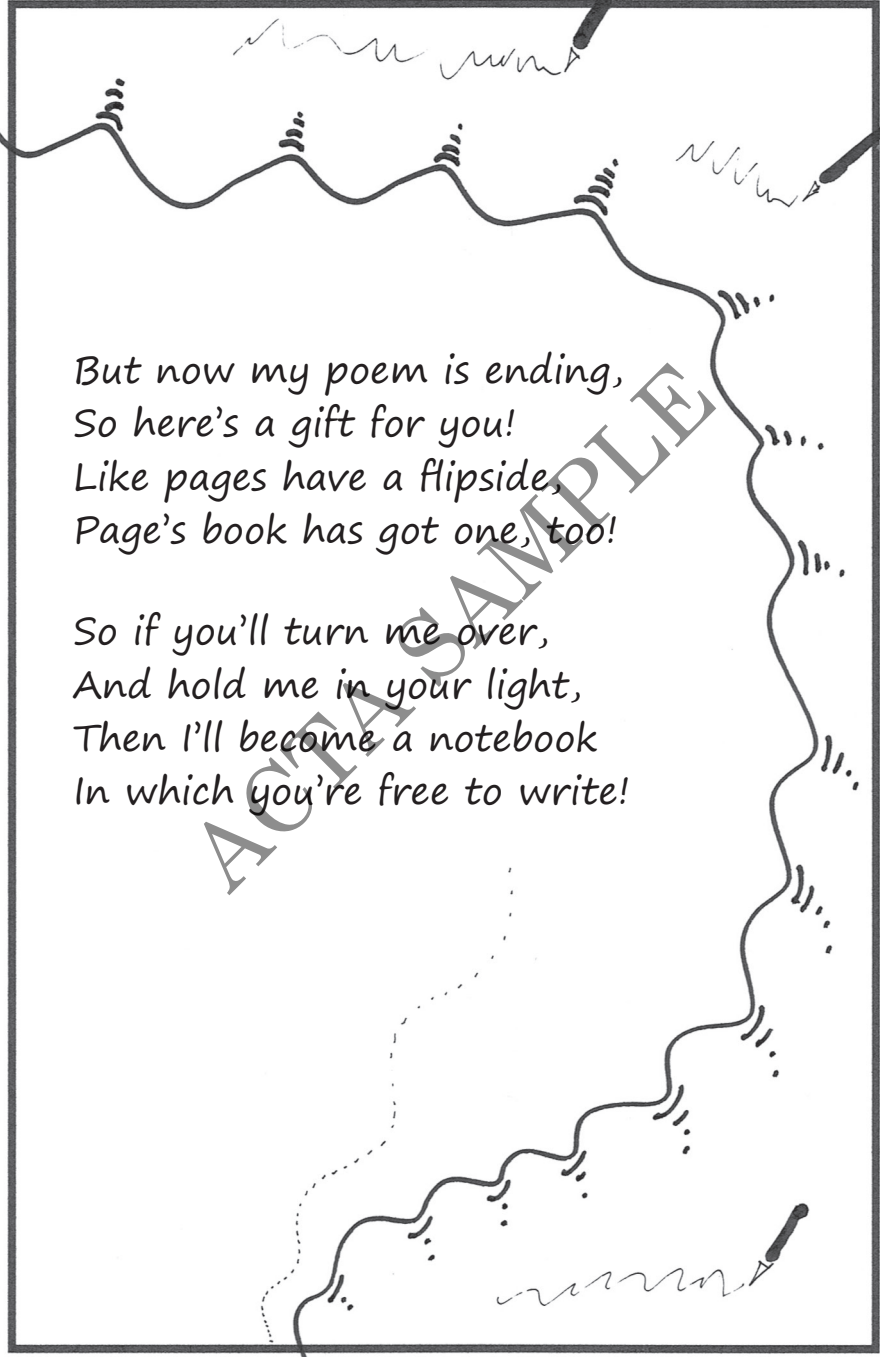


You'll understand hard work pays off,
Imagination rules.
And maybe, someday, kids will read
Your poem in all the schools.

But even if it's just a rhyme
To sing yourself to sleep,
A poem you once assembled
Is always yours to keep.

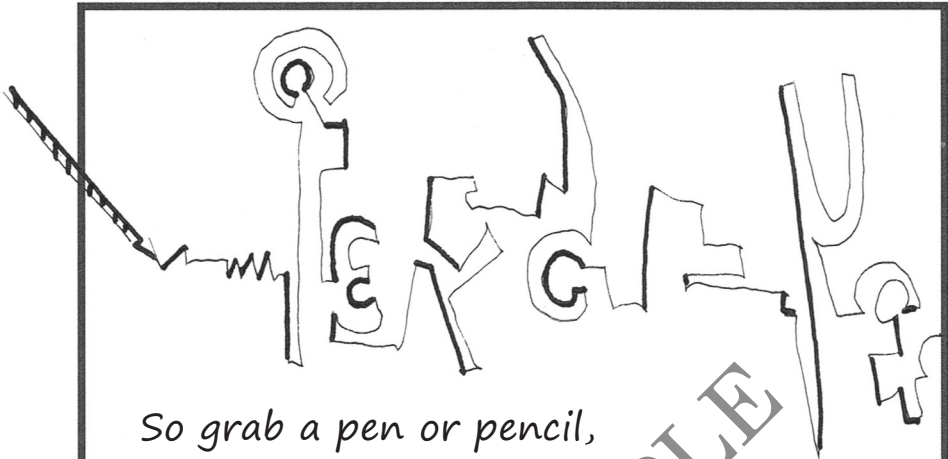
'Cause just like Emma, Dylan, Maya,
Emily and Walt did...
You took a handful of plain words,
And made them more exalted.





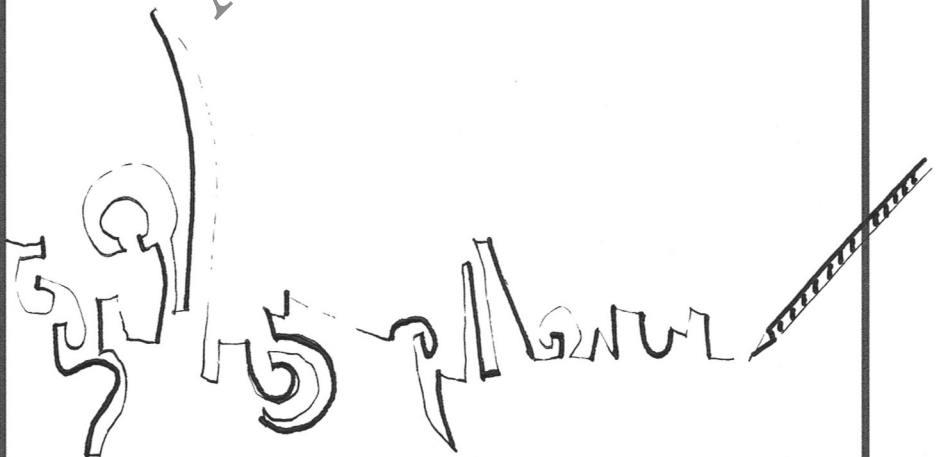
But now my poem is ending,
So here's a gift for you!
Like pages have a flipside,
Page's book has got one, too!

So if you'll turn me over,
And hold me in your light,
Then I'll become a notebook
In which you're free to write!



So grab a pen or pencil,
And fluff your favorite chair,
And once you've made your writing spot,
Then park your fanny there.

Just think about your feelings,
And special things you see,
Then touch your talent to your Page
And write a poem on me!





My Poet Pages

Poems inspired by Page the Poet

Written by _____

(your name)

Illustrated by ISz

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