

## Mountains and Volcanoes Shape Poetry Examples

A

volcano.

A huge rock,

shooting lava up into

the air! Everyone runs for

cover. Lots of thick, black smoke

pours out of the top, giving you a warning

before the explosions start. Nothing can stand in its

way. Sometimes they don't blow up for hundreds of years.

Still thousands in the world but they don't all work, some are even underwater.

### JOY

*The*

*summit*

*of the peak*

*is not journey's*

*end. There is still*

*the long, slow descent.*

*No creature lives its whole*

*life on the radiant, wind-swept*

*pinnacle. The climb is made to share*

*the glory of the eagle's vision, and to know*

*the exaltation of the Westwind. And knowing these,*

*to carry them, deep in the heart, back to the plain below*

*where they will give color and **sustenance** to all remaining days.*

— Helen Sperber

### The Inner Core of a Poem (in the shape of a volcano)

A poem

can explode

right out of the

brain like a red

hot volcano erupting

into the big blue

sky and colliding with

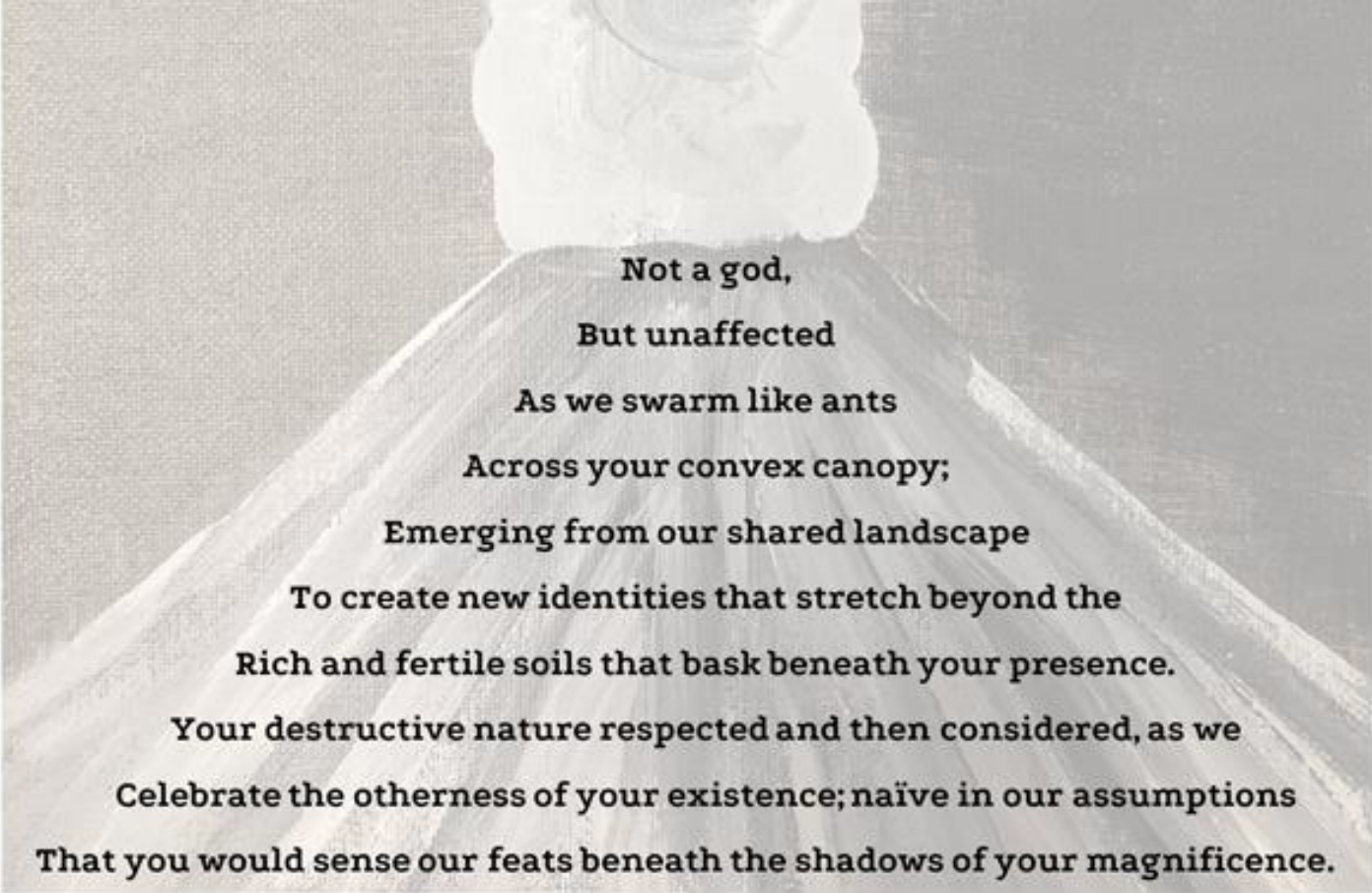
the yellow shards of

the lightning of the

inner core of the amazing

mind making the perfect

poem to create and display.



**Not a god,  
But unaffected  
As we swarm like ants  
Across your convex canopy;  
Emerging from our shared landscape  
To create new identities that stretch beyond the  
Rich and fertile soils that bask beneath your presence.  
Your destructive nature respected and then considered, as we  
Celebrate the otherness of your existence; naïve in our assumptions  
That you would sense our feats beneath the shadows of your magnificence.**

The  
Mountain  
stood so vast and tall,  
looking down upon us all.  
His snowy peaks glistened like diamonds  
in the light, making the beautiful valley shine so bright.  
The Mountain wished to be small and green, the tiny hills were  
cruel and mean. Until one sunny day, a group of villagers came to stay.  
They made their homes from rocks and wood, they planted seeds within the mud.  
The village children loved their new home, among the trees where the snow leopards  
roam. The nasty hills were jealous and mad, and the big old Mountain was no longer sad. For he  
realised he would no longer be alone because he was the welcoming Mountain, made from stone.