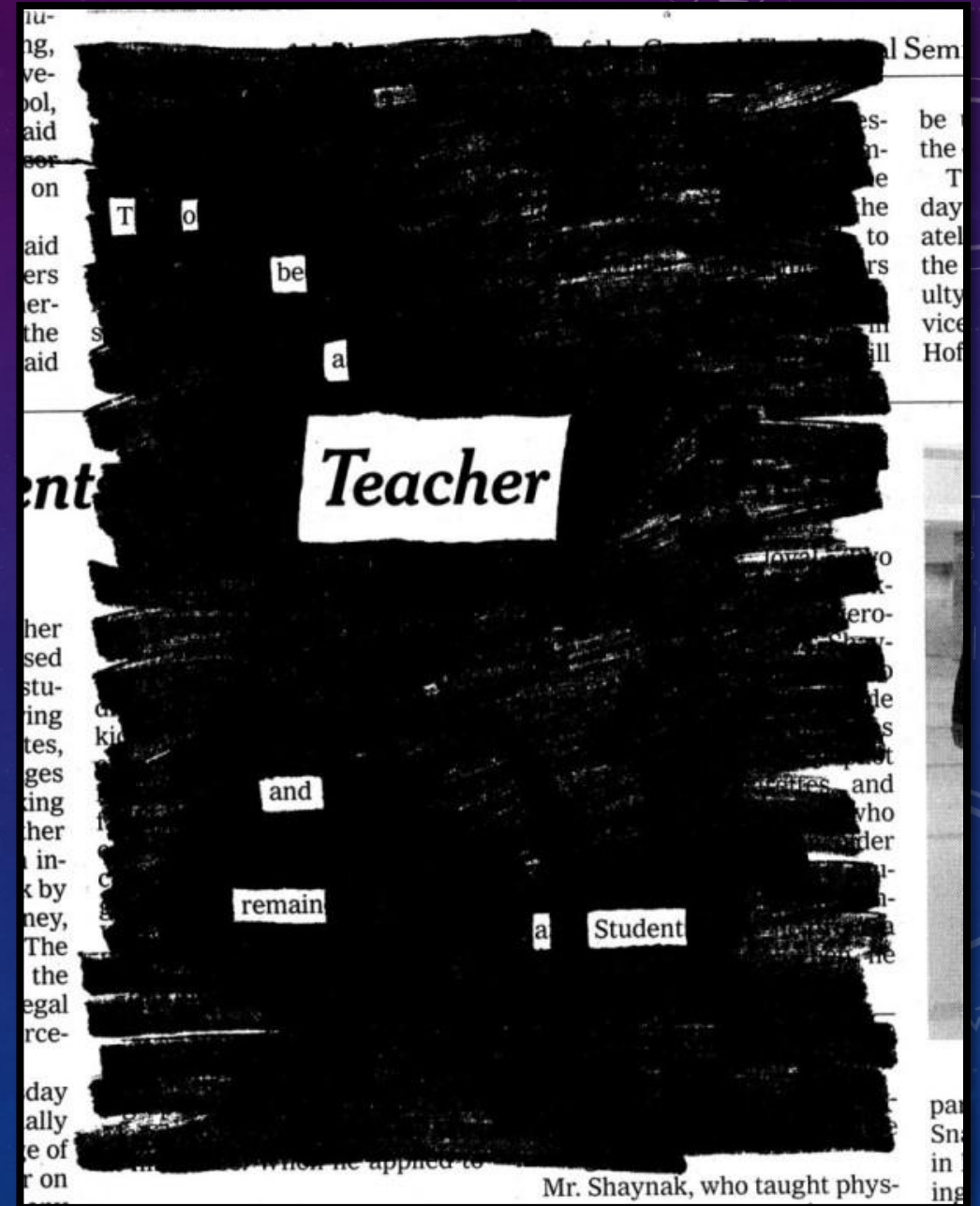


The background is a deep blue gradient with a subtle pattern of white dots, resembling a starry sky. Overlaid on this are several white geometric elements: concentric circles of varying sizes, some with dashed outlines, and circular arcs with tick marks and degree labels (140, 150, 160, 170, 180, 190, 200, 210, 220, 230, 240, 250, 260). Some of these arcs have small white arrows indicating a direction of movement or rotation.

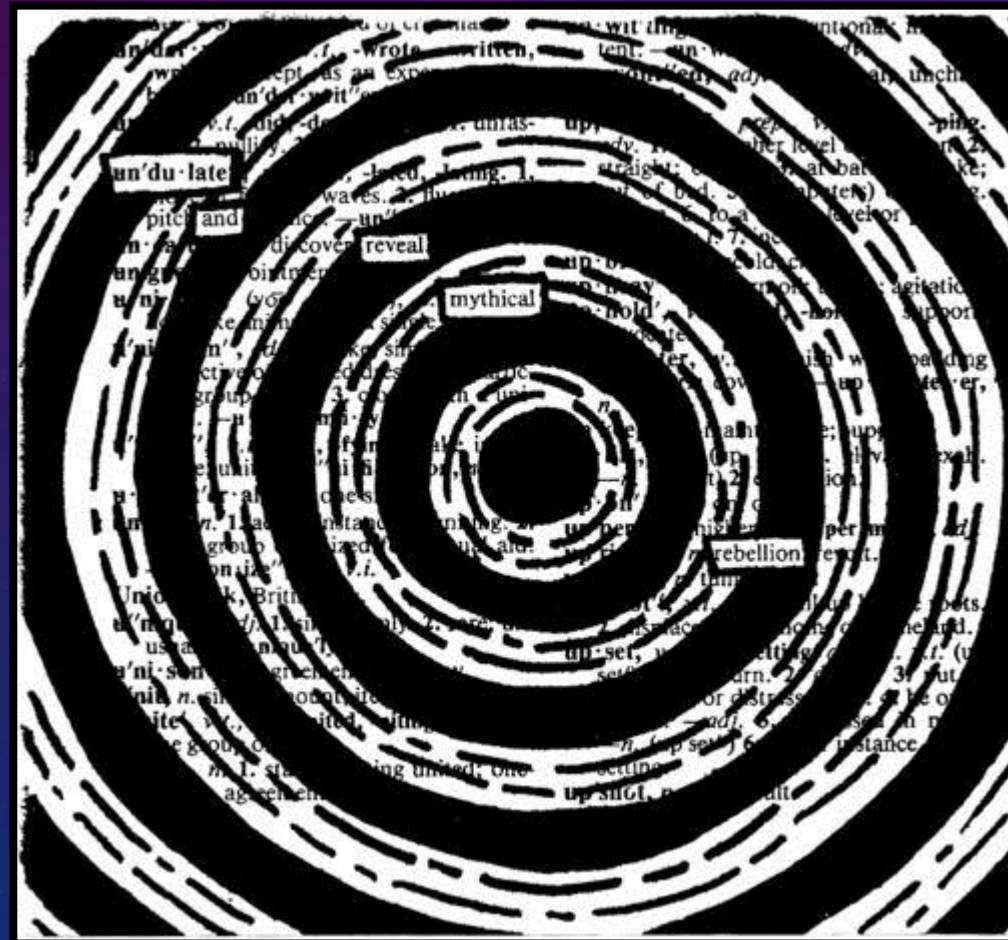
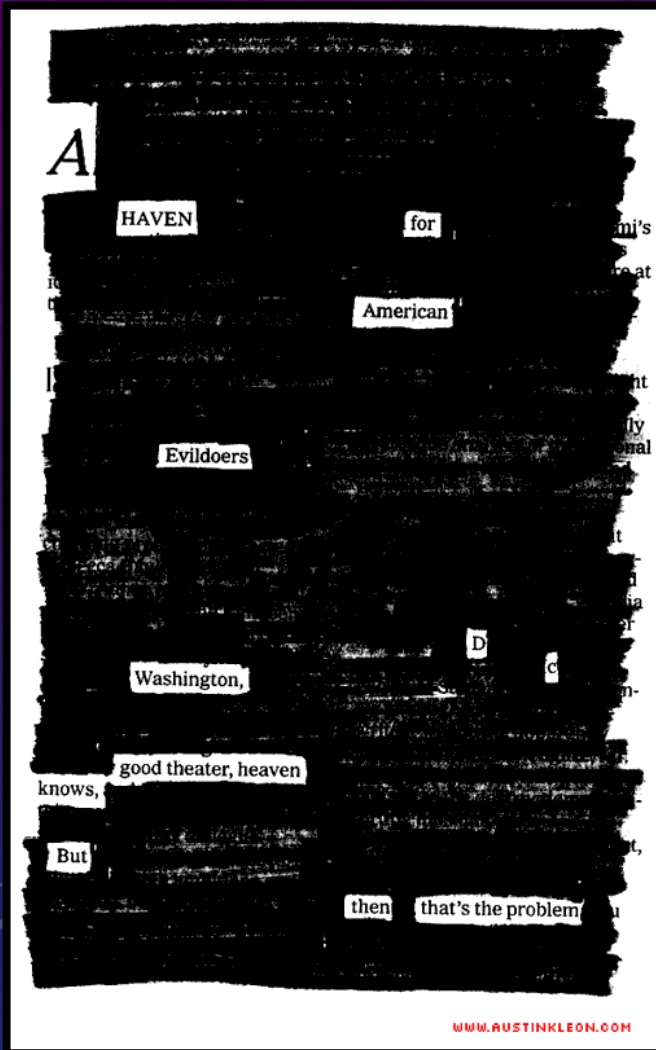
BLACKOUT POETRY

WHAT IS BLACKOUT POETRY?

- When a **poet** takes a marker (usually black marker) to already established text—like in a newspaper—and starts redacting words until a **poem** is formed.

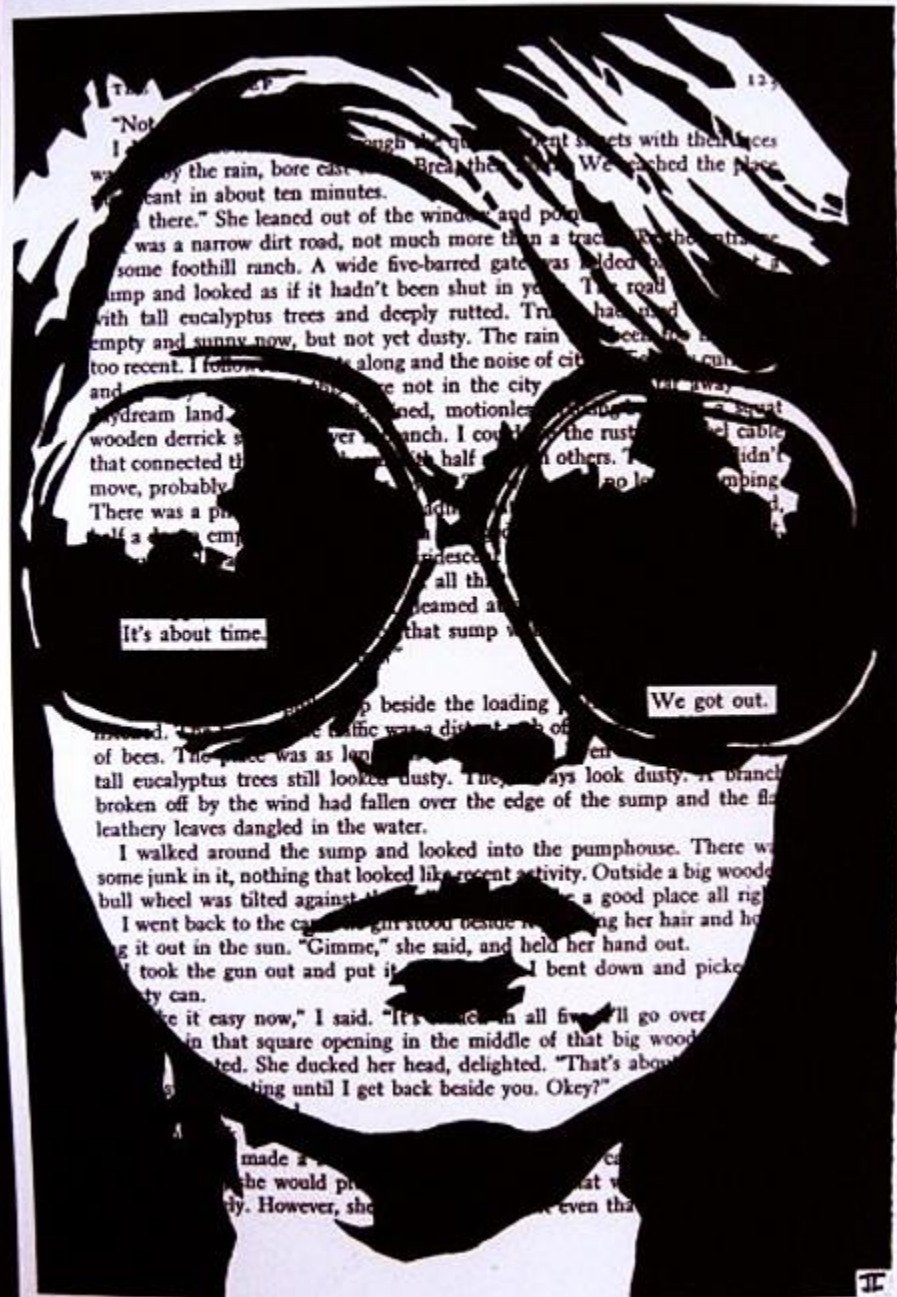


WHAT DOES BLACKOUT POETRY LOOK LIKE?



HOW TO LOOK AT TREES

...ing anything whatsoever, the first ob-
 ject of his choice was a man in a
 dividuality. The man's face and
 There was a certain quality about the
 ...ion of the tree, a per-
 ... of trees, a per-
 ... and a recognizable
 ... with a variety of
 ...; each bearing its own
 ... radically, from some of its
 ... tree characters, and
 ... through the countryside we occasionally
 ... have to stop to admire
 ... something beautiful
 ... neighbors
 ... that is it. The
 ... formation of
 ... an ordered beauty
 ... the structure of
 ... as to catch the eye of the artist and, if he is deserving
 ... and
 ... discover the secret of
 ... pages 16, 17 and 18 I have
 ... essential ones. Fir-
 ... stand erect or down-
 ... important. The do-
 ... masses as you see them. The
 ... the tree has been in refi-
 ... each
 ... I mean to make
 ... quite many, and
 ... other, a way to fail in portray-
 ... dignity or
 ... the draw-
 ... against the sky
 ... and
 ... the maple on page
 ... and-shade effects than by silhouette.
 ... concerned with the over-all shape
 ... do not have sufficiently
 ... treatment which
 ... on page 26. The broken
 ... silhouette
 ... in the scene
 ... because of the



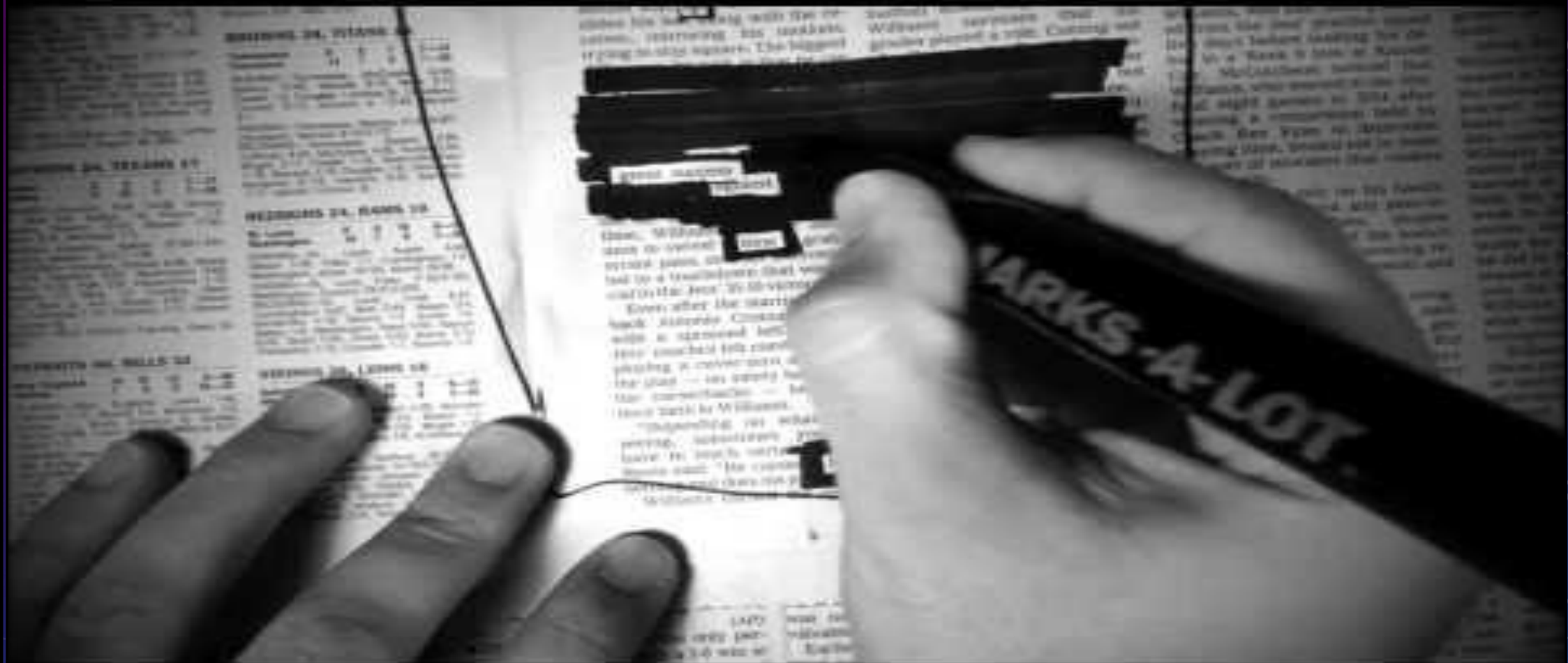
123

"Not
 I
 enough the quiet street with their faces
 was by the rain, bore east. Break the rain. We reached the place
 in about ten minutes.
 there." She leaned out of the window and pointed
 was a narrow dirt road, not much more than a track, to the entrance
 some foothill ranch. A wide five-barred gate was closed by a
 sump and looked as if it hadn't been shut in years. The road
 with tall eucalyptus trees and deeply rutted. Trucks had
 empty and sunny now, but not yet dusty. The rain had been too
 too recent. I followed the gate along and the noise of city traffic
 and
 daydream land. I saw a motionless, rusted, great
 wooden derrick standing over a sump. I could see the rusted cable
 that connected the derrick to the half of the sump. I didn't
 move, probably
 There was a pile of
 half a dozen empty
 It's about time.
 We got out.
 I walked around the sump and looked into the pumphouse. There was
 some junk in it, nothing that looked like recent activity. Outside a big wooden
 bull wheel was tilted against the wall. It was a good place all right.
 I went back to the car. The gun stood beside me. I held her hair and held
 it out in the sun. "Gimme," she said, and held her hand out.
 I took the gun out and put it in her hand. I bent down and picked
 it up.
 "It's easy now," I said. "It's all in all five. I'll go over
 in that square opening in the middle of that big wood
 She ducked her head, delighted. "That's about
 until I get back beside you. Okay?"
 She made a
 she would pick
 ty. However, she

removed from the scene. I know
 my life would never be the same
 was standing there with the
 other medals turned toward
 the flag. At the national
 they stood playing. The
 State was a hard road was
 stupid. Sun being the
 not the
 the them
 we train
 we didn't he
 er
 had
 him a
 "Ea
 not
 eade
 we
 session
 to
 m
 elat
 spent 30 years as a high school
 teacher and vice principal in San
 Francisco. He was a member of a
 Special Olympic executive. At
 the time he was a member of the
 team. They stood playing. The
 State was a hard road was
 stupid. Sun being the
 not the
 the them
 we train
 we didn't he
 er
 had
 him a
 "Ea
 not
 eade
 we
 session
 to
 m
 elat
 Now the
 Pirates
 After
 his
 organiz
 How
 Br
 the
 the
 town
 all-black starting lineup in a Sent
 the Pirates' PNC Park along with

These symbols are symbols of full-blown powers held in hand.

The suggestion made here is that the text books of the first years for the negroes should be very different from those of the white children. It is here that the suggestion will merit serious consideration not to this end, but to a broader one is given. No outline of the negro's books will be given here but the general aim may be indicated. Next text books are possible for negro children in three groups. First, books for the negroes who are especially intelligent, the interest of which is to develop the child's own child's sum of knowledge. The second may be stated more fully. Text books are needed which are especially adapted to the negro mind, texts based on the most accurate and systematic knowledge of the characteristics of the Negro, which comprehend the needs for negro children, which are carefully planned, and grades to catch the things fundamental to their proper education. It is essential that details be taught from the very beginning, and be constant drill the habit of doing



STEP 1

Relax!

This is art. It's subjective. You can't mess it up.

STEP 2

- Do NOT read
 - SCAN for an anchor word that JUMPS out at you. Circle it.
- This will guide your poem.

STEP 3

- Read the text
- Circle words, phrases, and letters that connect to you anchor word

STEP 4

- Cross out and scribble over any text that is not part of your poem.
- See if you can redact any further. Consider the essence of the message.
- Feel free to doodle around or create a picture.

REMEMBER

Your poem will be read:

Left to right

Top to bottom

Don't confuse your reader

NOW IT'S YOUR TURN

- Grab a paper
- Grab a marker
- Get inspired

