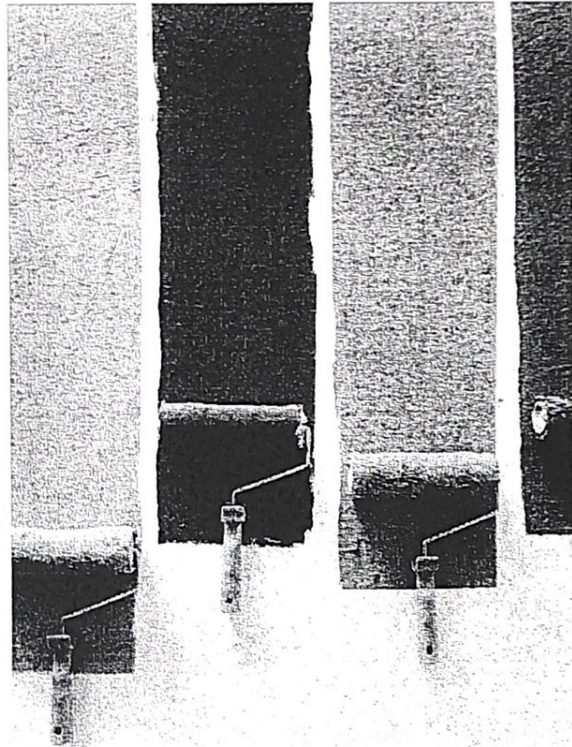


POW (Poem of the Week):

The Color Poem

1. Think of a color you could personify. (It doesn't have to be a color you especially like.)
2. Give your chosen color a personality. Use some pronouns to make the color either masculine or feminine.
3. Think about:
 - How does it interact with or relate to other colors?
 - What other colors does it get along with? Why?
 - What colors does it despise? Why?
 - Is there any history you could relate/include?
4. Be creative.
5. Your poem doesn't have to rhyme.
6. Punctuate, capitalize, and arrange it as you see fit.
7. Use the examples on the back for ideas and as guides.
8. Length: 15-25 lines
9. I'll grade these holistically, i.e. I'll assign one grade based on originality, thought-provoking ideas, creativity, effort, and neatness.



Yellow*Kay Ryan*

Yellow is the most primary of the colors, owing nothing to any of the others. Many descendants come back repentant and sullied to celebrate yellow's anniversary, but yellow is unapproachable, not antisocial but not interested in sitting at the table with tainted yolks or nouveaux chartreuses or any of the other abuses of the palette. Yellow's indifferent to blue's inducements and despises orange, red's bastard coinage. He's selfish, yes you could say he's selfish: but it is Spring's wish just at this brief first note before her fantasia to soft petal every shade but acacia.

Rust*Mrs. Yung*

Rust is the unreliable color of weakness and evasion, an erratic acquaintance. He's the embarrassing residue oxidizing at the edge of iron's brawn. A popular environmentalist, he was a favorite at the very first Earth Day in 1970. Unlike his obstinate cousin, Orange, Rust also goes by Clay, Cinnamon, Squash, Yam, Copper Mountain. Crayons know him as Burnt Sienna. Redheads call him Ginger. The tint of McRib, he imitates the machine-formed pork hero: in and out of our lives -- back for a limited time -- and then gone for months (or years) on end.