

LA8: Mosaic Sonnet
SUMMER

The big fat fish flies through the big blue lake.
He pauses. Then he makes his first mistake:
The fish can feel a hook inside his mouth.
He's writhing, squirming, spent: a drying trout.

Finn
Mr. C
LC
Jackson

The beach is very windy. Waves are cold.
He rises up, and he seems very bold,
a chest among trees, shining in the sun,
then gone. His struggle seems as if it's done.

Ben
Eli
Blake
Mr C

I wade through mud to find the fish alive.
I find him in the cold, cold mud, deprived
of water, gasping, golden eyes grown dim.
I take him to the pond and let him swim.

Emmett
Jack
Mr. C
Thomas

And so the fish flew through the big blue lake,
and so I learned to give a fool a break.

Griffin
Mr. C

The Mosaic Sonnet:

After brainstorming a variety of images having to do with summer, each of the ten members of the class used his list of images to contribute a randomly-assigned line of iambic pentameter, often one that had to rhyme with a previous line to form a heroic couplet. The other four lines were composed by Mr. Cashwell.