

Allan Wolf

Author, Poet, Performer

Metaphors Be With You!



My name is Allan Wolf, and I write books. I write books for young kids, older kids, and adults too. I'm also a performance-poet, someone who recites poems from memory in a fun and active way. (You can find out more about me and my books by visiting <http://www.allanwolf.com> or by doing your own investigative search on the internet). During my presentation at your school you'll see me acting out poems using different voices, movements, and characters. You'll hear me saying all types of poems: silly, serious, sad, happy, long, and short. I'll perform poems by other authors and poems of my own. Here are a few of the poems you might hear me say in the show.

A Poet's Life

A poem can be a rocket—Zoom!—
that poets ride beyond the sky.

A poem can be a secret room
where poets watch the world walk by.

A poem can be loud fireworks—Boom!—
all whoosh and zing and sparkling fun.

A poem can be a quiet bloom
that turns its face to drink the sun.

A poem can be a bloom, a boom,
a room, a zoom, a zing!

But poems are only flightless words
'til poets grant them wings.

It's better to live a poet's life
than live the life of kings and queens.

Rough

My life had gone
completely to the dogs
until the day I discovered
(to my astonishment)
that I was a dog myself.
Life got better after that.



You might hear a music-o-poetic rendition or two.

TEACHERS

You can visit my website at
<http://www.allanwolf.com>
for info on all my books as well as
downloadable curriculum guides.



You may end up being part of the show!

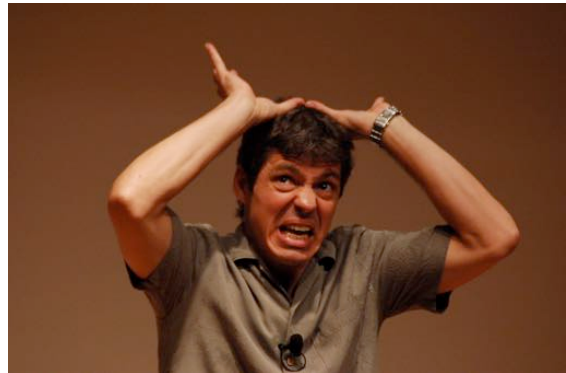
Poetry In Turbo-Drive

I want to ride
inside this poem
to sense the racing wheels
that steer me through
the twists and turns I feel
Blur the tree lines
skid and squeal
Spin a fish-tale
take the lead
Make me feel
like I'm alive
The verses cry
full-throttle speed
It's poetry
it's poetry
it's poetry

in turbo-drive!

How To Become Extinct

Here comes the king Tyrannosaur
with teeth, like daggers, in his head
out driving in his dented car,
in search of meat already dead.
He's lucky that he's still alive;
he's bound to break his neck.
'Cause every time he takes a drive
Tyrannosaurus wrecks.



I don't just read poems; I act them out!

Some Fun Stuff to Do:

- **POEMS CAN BE ABOUT ANYTHING.** Read (or listen to) all the poems in this guide. How are they alike or different? Who (or what) is each poem's main character(s)?
- **POEMS DON'T ALWAYS RHYME.** One of these poems does not rhyme. Can you tell which one?
- **POEMS ARE FUN TO PERFORM.** Act out these poems in different ways. Say the poem like a storyteller. Pretend to be the poem's main character. Divide the poem's lines into speaking parts and perform with your classmates.