

Workshop Title: Pledge of Allegiance to the Self

Level: Novice Writers, <u>Developing Writers</u>, Experienced Writers

Duration: 1.5 hrs

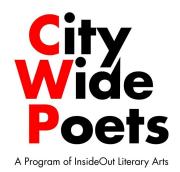
(15 mins) Check in: Share one fact about your name (who named you, what it means, etc...)

(15 mins) Resource Building:

- Design your own "logo", or an image that represents your name. Allow us to see something that is uniquely you. When designing, consider adding:
 - Words
 - Your name
 - A phrase you often use
 - Images that represent you
 - Color
- Share these out with the group!

(20 mins) Example poem:

- Watch all before discussion
 - Danez Smith, "Alternate names for black boys,"
 - Sandra Cisneros, "My Name,"
 - Zachary Caballero <u>"When You Say My Name"</u>
- Discussion
 - What is the power of a name? What is the power of YOUR name?
 - What did we learn about the authors OTHER than their names or the names they were discussing?
- Additional Reading
 - Poem by student Yumna Dagher, "Creation Myth Suite" (attached)



(15 mins) Prompt:

- Take your logo and write about it. Create your own pledge of allegiance to the self.

OR

- Build upon the logo you have already started. What pieces of you are missing? How can your name be visually represented?

Online Sharing Options

- (10 mins) allow 2 3 students to share their work
- (10 mins) create share-groups of 3 or 4 students. Students should share work among themselves privately (email, google drive, text, etc.)
- (10 mins) allow all students to share 1 3 lines from their writing. Speed is key!

EXAMPLE WORK

creation myth suite by: Yumna Dagher (CWP Student)

i.
 split from myself
 from gemini forms
 mirrors of the body
 from the ruddy clay
 the creation god dipped me
 swirling her spit and salt

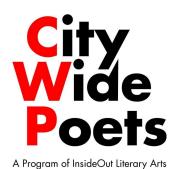


A Program of InsideOut Literary Arts

in the shallow pool slipped from the fallow of the womb/ unsown uncharted untouched/ from magma and crust/ from the crack of coal/ the dust and wind/ sprung from xylem, shot from pistil and petal as we clipped rosebuds with golden shears in teta's garden our feet muddied with pillowy earth from my mother lightly frying garlic on the polished metal hearth from the songs we used to sing that still ring in my ear. that she hums when she is alone.

ii.

you see, i always thought my mother was nothing short of divine in her eternal mercy she could turn a girl to water with ripples slipping through fingers so deftly (you would think of them to be plump drops of rain) the remnants of mischief the scraps of my sharp laughter in perfect celestial anger strange men to stone in the most pristine alchemy plates of turmeric spiced sfouf crystallized honey drizzled on dough no elixirs for immortality but concoctions for coughs no spinning gold from mercury it was all warbling lilts to tend to tender heads tender hands caress tender heads after nightmares and



the purr of her song lulls me in

closer and closer.

iii.

i have become tired
my body is weary
i can no longer command
the rain like i used to
the silk ribbons tied to my altar
have slowly disappeared
oh ocean, take me in
i have nothing to give
but my hands sewn together with string
but my wrists that smell of sandalwood
but my feet that leave trails of fire
but my simple shroud of muslin.