



Essential Words: LTAB Online 2020

Lesson plans and writing prompts for teens



Community & Protection

by Christiana Castillo

DURATION: 1.5 hours

GRADE LEVEL: Middle & High School

WRITING LEVEL: All levels

FOCUS: What is community?

EXAMPLE TEXT

[If They Should Come for Us](#)

by Fatimah Asghar

Check in | 15 minutes

What traffic sign describes your mood today?

Resource Building | 15 minutes

DISCUSSION | **Who is part of your community?** How does someone become part of your community?

EXERCISE | **Make a list of 3-5 people and describe their personalities and physical attributes.**

Close Reading | 20 minutes

[If They Should Come for Us](#) by Fatimah Asghar

QUESTIONS TO CONSIDER

- What imagery sticks out to you in this poem?
- Who does Asghar claim as her own?

Writing Prompt | 20 minutes

Write about who you must protect at all costs. Use imagery like Fatimah Asghar.

OR Write about how you show up for your loved ones.

Share Out | 15 minutes



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If They Should Come for Us

by Fatimah Asghar

these are my people & I find
them on the street & shadow
through any wild all wild
my people my people
a dance of strangers in my blood
the old woman's sari dissolving to wind
bindi a new moon on her forehead
I claim her my kin & sew
the star of her to my breast
the toddler dangling from stroller
hair a fountain of dandelion seed
at the bakery I claim them too
the sikh uncle at the airport
who apologizes for the pat
down the muslim man who abandons
his car at the traffic light drops
to his knees at the call of the azan
& the muslim man who sips
good whiskey at the start of maghrib
the lone khala at the park
pairing her kurta with crocs
my people my people I can't be lost
when I see you my compass

is brown & gold & blood
my compass a muslim teenager
snapback & high-tops gracing
the subway platform
mashallah I claim them all
my country is made
in my people's image
if they come for you they
come for me too in the dead
of winter a flock of
aunties step out on the sand
their dupattas turn to ocean
a colony of uncles grind their palms
& a thousand jasmines bell the air
my people I follow you like constellations
we hear the glass smashing the street
& the nights opening their dark
our names this country's wood
for the fire my people my people
the long years we've survived the long
years yet to come I see you map
my sky the light your lantern long
ahead & I follow I follow

[If They Should Come for Us by Fatimah Asghar, Poetry Foundation](#)