

**Literature Month
School Year 2025 - 2026
MAKARIOS III LYCEUM LARNACA
Poetry in the Classroom**

Students were first immersed in a range of poems exploring themes of home, memory, and belonging. We closely studied how poets use imagery, metaphor, repetition, and sensory language to evoke emotion and create vivid impressions of place. Through guided analysis, students identified techniques such as personification and symbolic language, discussing how these devices deepen the reader's connection to the poet's experiences. This analytical stage helped build a shared understanding of how meaning is crafted in poetry, giving students a toolkit of techniques, they could later experiment with in their own poetry writing.

Following this, students worked collaboratively in small groups to brainstorm ideas about what they personally miss about home, drawing on memories, feelings, and sensory details. They shared stories and key words before drafting their group poems. Using the techniques studied earlier, each group incorporated poetic devices such as imagery, repetition, and metaphor to bring their ideas to life. The result was a series of thoughtful and expressive group poems that reflected their individual experiences as well as their poetic creativity.

Things I miss Today, I thought of the good old days. The sticky juice on the kitchen floor, The heavy weight of the creaking front yard door. Today, I remembered that scent of dust in the attic light, The hall lamp glowing through the night. It wasn't perfect, grand, or tall, But it was the place that held it all. Chris, Jack, Panayiotis, Theodoros	Things I miss Today I thought of my hometown, The sunny Sunday mornings, The smell of freshly baked bread, The cat crawling softly on my leg. Today I remembered The crowded family gatherings, The kids running around, laughing. Today I missed my bosom friends The late-night delicious walks, Sharing scary stories around the fireplace, The way I used to live. Linda, Nagia, Maria , Iliana
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Things I miss Recently, I remembered my old neighbourhood; My humble home standing tall, The refreshing smell of freshly cut grass, The charming song of the chirping birds. Today I thought of my old friends; The thrilling games we used to play, The countless sleepovers we had together, And the sticky sweets we shared with each other. Today, I missed my family; The delicious smell of mom's freshly baked cookies; The way our young mood brightened, The way I used to live. Andreas, Andreas, Marinos, Alex	Today I thought of my childhood home The smell of delicious tea brewing in the morning, I miss the way the sun warmed my skin With its soothing golden hues. Today I missed the way my faithful dog used to Wait eagerly at the door for me, His fluffy tail wagging, his big eyes searching for me. The old days still stand tall, Our young shadows still roam the walls, Faded photographs capture the time When we were all together, When we were all fine. Maya, Maria, Fotini, Andreani
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