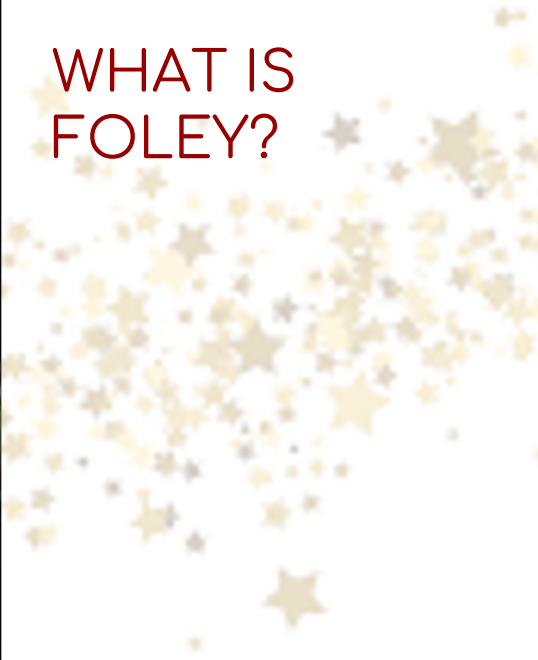


An open book is shown from a top-down perspective, with its pages fanned out. The book is overlaid with large, vibrant watercolor splashes in shades of purple, green, yellow, and orange. The splashes are most prominent on the left and right sides, with some smaller splatters scattered across the pages. The text 'Foley Poems' is centered in a black, cursive font. The background is a soft, light yellow, and the overall composition is artistic and creative.

Foley Poems



WHAT IS
FOLEY?



The art of

FOLEY

Is the creation of sound effects to establish a mood or setting in a film, radio play, or other work.



What You Will Need For This Lesson

Some space to move

Your imagination and attention

A few objects

Pencil and paper

What is a

poem?

Poems are often written with **rhythm, rhyme, metaphor,** and other literary devices to express an idea, feeling, or a story.

A poem by Matsuo Bashō, a Japanese poet from the 1600s:

spring rain, summer rain, autumn rain, winter rain
it's really all the same –
Wet



A photograph of a misty forest path. The path is a dirt trail winding through a dense forest of tall, thin trees. The ground is covered in green moss and ferns. The atmosphere is hazy and serene.

What is

mood?

Mood in a story or poem is created by means of describing a setting or attitude through the senses: sound, taste, touch, smell, sight.

The forest was silent except for
the gentle sounds of falling
leaves and our footsteps.





Crickets
by Valerie Worth

Crickets
talk
in the tall
grass
all
late summer
long.
When summer
is gone,
the dry
grass
whispers
alone.



April

by Lucille Clifton

Rain is good
for washing leaves
and stones and bricks and
even eyes,
and if you hold
your head just so
you can almost see
the tops of skies.

Days That the Wind Takes Over
by Karla Kuskin

Days that the wind takes over
Blowing through the gardens
Blowing birds out of the street trees
Blowing cats around corners
Blowing my hair out
Blowing my heart apart
Blowing high in my head
Like the sea sound caught in a shell.
One child put her thin arms around the wind
And they went off together.
Later the wind came back
Alone.



Cynthia in the Snow
by Gwendolyn Brooks

It SHUSHES.
It hushes
The loudness in the road.
It flitter-twitters,
And laughs away from me.
It laughs a lovely whiteness,
And whitely whirs away,
To be
Some otherwhere,
Still white as milk or shirts.
So beautiful it hurts.