Japan Lesson Plan
Haiku Poetry
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7th Grade Language Arts

Title: Japanese Haiku
Materials: Examples of Haiku from literature books, handouts, and the Internet
Objectives: 1. Students will be able to identify the elements of haiku: 5, 7, 5 syllables, season word, cutting word.
2. Students will be able to write their own haiku and share them with the class.
3. Students will provide a picture or illustration to go along with one of their poems.
Timeline: This is a two-day lesson for 45 minute class periods.

Day One: 1. Teacher will start with examples of haiku for the students on a handout (this was the handout from EDUC 671).
2. Read poems aloud and ask students to identify elements that these poems share.
3. After discussion, tell students elements of haiku: 5, 7, 5 syllables with 3 lines, must be about nature, and include a cutting word. Haiku also go from broad vastness down to detail.
4. Students can be shown a picture on the overhead and asked to write a haiku. This is where it can be explained that a haiku is simply a snapshot of a moment in time.
5. Students can share their haiku with each other and see how each of them interpret the same “snapshot” or picture in different ways.
6. Students will then begin assignment of writing three more haiku poems, one of which there must be a picture or illustration in addition to the haiku. Students will be given a second class day to complete assignment.

Day Two: 1. Students will work on and finish haiku poetry.
2. Students will read their haiku aloud.

Resources: Handout from EDUC 671
Japanese Haiku Poetry

A mountain village
Deep in snow...under the drifts
A sound of water.

With the echoes the summer moon
Begins to dawn.

The aged dog
Seems impressed with the song
Of the earthworms.

White blossoms of the pear
And a woman in moonlight
Reading a letter.

Full moon
My ramshackle hut
Is what it is.

Tea flowers—
Are they white?
Yellow?

What voice,
What song, spider,
In the Autumn wind?

Dawn—
Fish the cormorants haven’t caught
Swimming in the shallows.

A crow
Has settled on a bare branch—
Autumn evening.

White dew—
One drop
On each thorn.

Misty rain,
Can’t see Fugi
—Interesting!

The mountain cuckoo—
A fine voice,
And proud of it!

The old pond—
A frog jumps in,
Sound of water.

Cuckoo singing:
I have nothing special to do,
Neither does the burweed.

Moonlight slanting
Through the bamboo grove;
A cuckoo crying.

A great city stood here—
Now the roads lead to the past,
There are flowers blooming.

Not this human sadness,
Cuckoo,
But your solitary cry.

This autumn—
Why am I growing old?
Bird disappearing among clouds.

Cuckoo’s cry—
Moonlight seeps
Through the thicket of bamboo.

Clapping my hands—