

Racial Inequality Ten Bob in Winter (1964)

Lesson 4

Learning Objectives

- To explore the problem of racial inequality and the fight against it.
- To use poetry as a way of understanding and empathising with this inequality.

Resources

- 'Still I Rise' by Maya Angelou Poetry from *Poems from Different Cultures* Anthology (AQA) (included below)
- Post-it notes
- Martin Luther King Honorary Degree Ceremony at Newcastle University Film, available on BFI Player:
<http://player.bfi.org.uk/film/watch-martin-luther-king-honorary-degree-ceremony-at-newcastle-university-1967/>
- Pens
- Paper

Starter

Show students a picture of Martin Luther King. Pose the following questions:

- Who is this man?
- Why is he famous?

Feedback as a class.

Discuss Martin Luther King's role and give examples about the kind of inequality and racism that he was fighting against in America. Watch Martin Luther King Honorary Degree Ceremony at Newcastle University Film. Why was he receiving the award?

Main 1

Read Maya Angelou's poem as a class. Students have thirty seconds reflection time, then, without talking to classmates, they must write one emotion that they think the poet is expressing in the poem on a post-it and stick it to the board.

They must collect another pupil's post-it, return to their desk, and explain to their partner why the poet might be experiencing the emotion on their new post-it note. Feedback to teacher – three emotions or so.

Main 2

In pairs, ask students to generate as many connotations for the word 'dust' as possible in two minutes.
Feedback as a class – who has the most?

Focus in on the negative connotations of the word. Key Question:

- Why might Maya Angelou be comparing herself to dust?
- Is it a positive or negative comparison?
- What effect does it have?

Plenary

What are the similarities between Maya Angelou – the poet who wrote 'Still I Rise' – and Martin Luther King? What are the differences? Class discussion.

Resource created by Emily O'Hara, Teach First

Still I Rise (1978)**Maya Angelou, 1928 - 2014**

You may write me down in
history
With your bitter, twisted lies,
You may trod me in the very dirt
But still, like dust, I'll rise.

Does my sassiness upset you?
Why are you beset with gloom?
'Cause I walk like I've got oil
wells
Pumping in my living room.

Just like moons and like suns,
With the certainty of tides,
Just like hopes springing high,
Still I'll rise.

Did you want to see me broken?
Bowed head and lowered eyes?
Shoulders falling down like
teardrops,
Weakened by my soulful cries?

Does my haughtiness offend
you?
Don't you take it awful hard
'Cause I laugh like I've got gold
mines
Diggin' in my own backyard.

You may shoot me with your
words,

You may cut me with your eyes,
You may kill me with your
hatefulness,
But still, like air, I'll rise.

Does my sexiness upset you?
Does it come as a surprise
That I dance like I've got
diamonds
At the meeting of my thighs?

Out of the huts of history's
shame
I rise
Up from a past that's rooted in
pain
I rise
I'm a black ocean, leaping and
wide,
Welling and swelling I bear in the
tide.

Leaving behind nights of terror
and fear
I rise
Into a daybreak that's
wondrously clear
I rise
Bringing the gifts that my
ancestors gave,
I am the dream and the hope of
the slave.
I rise
I rise
I rise.