



just like us

EMPOWERING LGBT+ YOUNG PEOPLE

The power of words

@JustLikeUsUK



Aims for this activity:



consider what makes language more or less powerful when it's used



make thoughtful vocabulary choices in creating a poem celebrating diversity

What do I need for this activity?

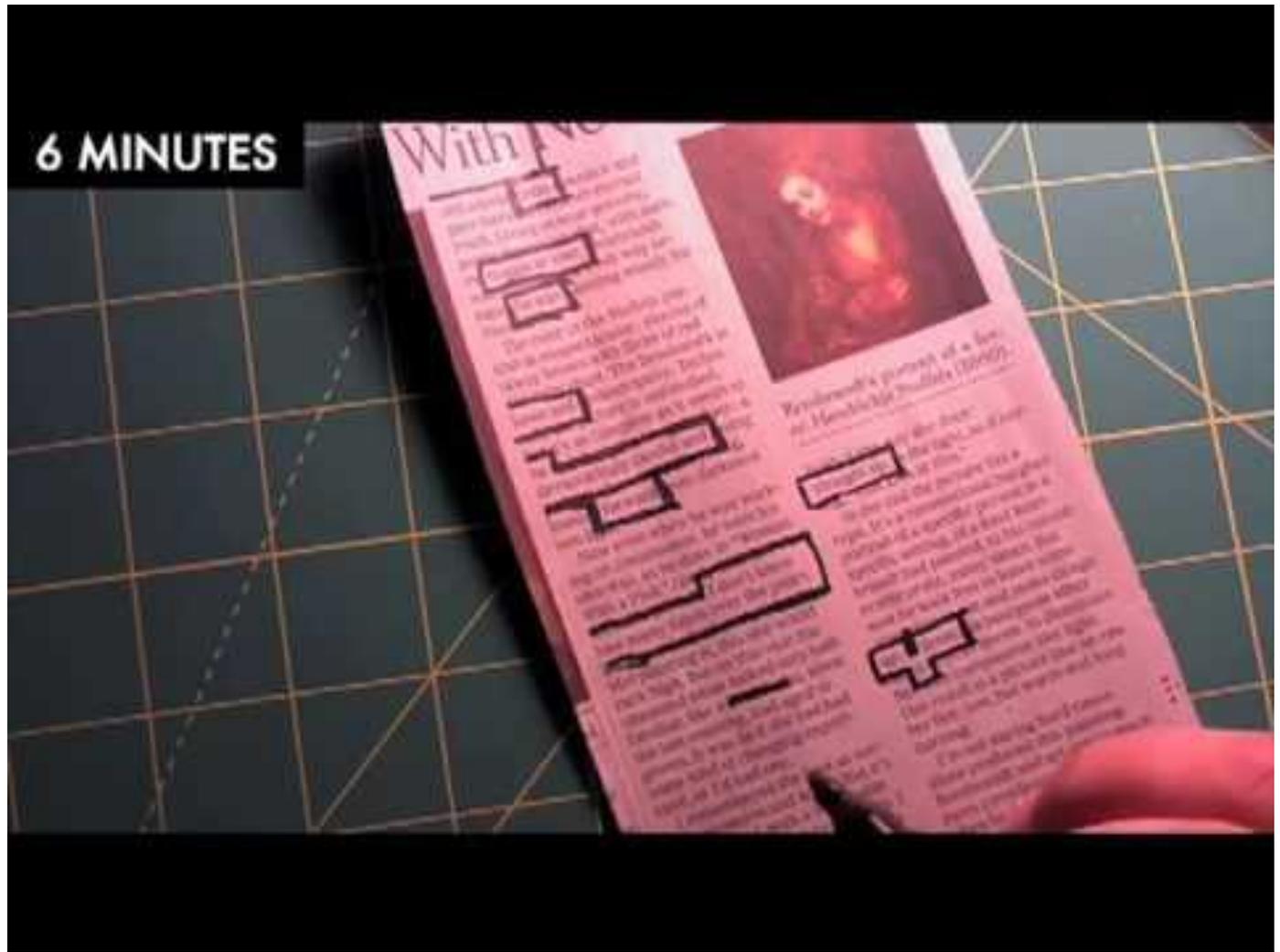
- A computer for the presentation
- A newspaper or old book pages which can be drawn on
- Felt tip pens or pencils for colouring in



blackout poetry -
what you'll be
creating



Watch [this video](#) to see an example of how to create blackout poetry



the power of
words



“Words used carelessly, as if they did not matter in any serious way, often allowed otherwise well-guarded truths to seep through.”

– **Douglas Adams**

Words, like nature, half reveal and half conceal the soul within.

– **Alfred Lord Tennyson**

“When you're drowning you don't think, *I would be incredibly pleased if someone would notice I'm drowning and come and rescue me.* You just scream.”

– **John Lennon**

In the End, we will remember not the words of our enemies, but the silence of our friends.

– **Martin Luther King**

“Without knowing the force of words, it is impossible to know more.”

– **Confucius**

What is the power of the language we use?
Who do you agree with?

“A drop of ink may make a million think.”

– **George Gordon Byron**

“Don't use words too big for the subject. Don't say infinitely when you mean very; otherwise you'll have no word left when you want to talk about something really infinite.”

– **C.S. Lewis**

“The limits of my language means the limits of my world.”

– **Ludwig Wittgenstein**

“You can feel the anarchy and wilderness through words, and the peace and heavens as well.”

– **Yash Thakur**



Why does language matter?



people feel accepted as it shows support



encourages people to be more honest and open up



demonstrates your understanding



it's a sad fact that in today's society when it comes to being LGBT+, people might still need reassurance to know that others are accepting



blackout poetry creation - some examples



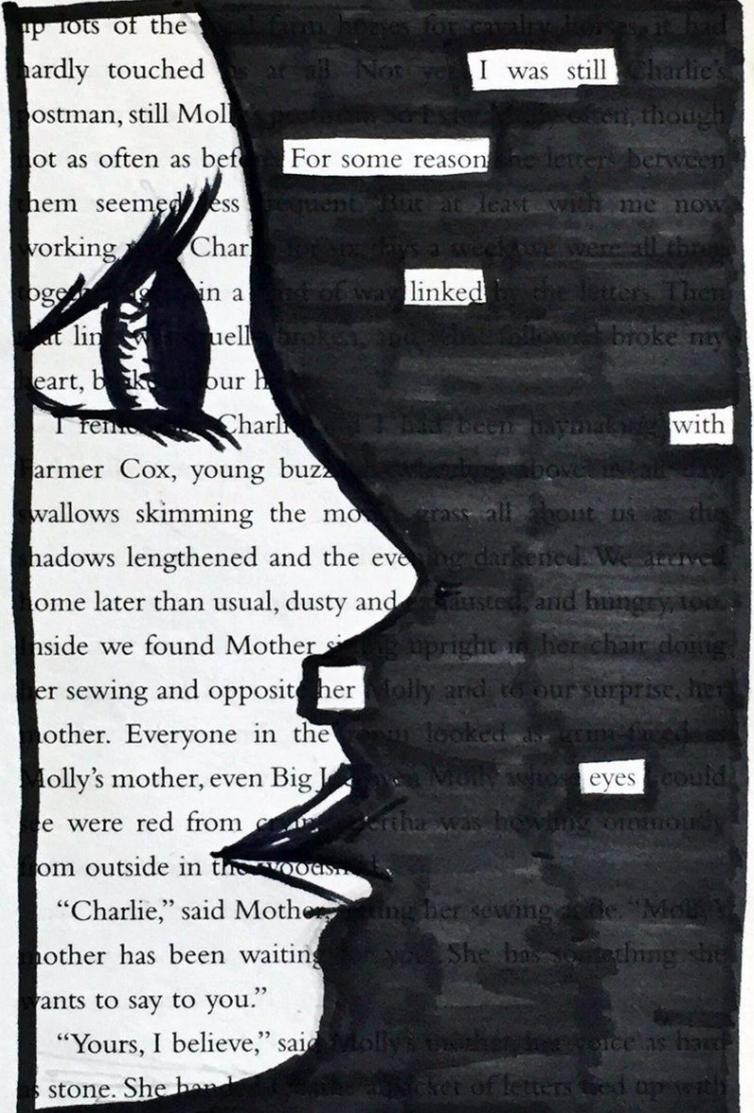
■ Even in Failure, Positives

... there are snippets of hope.

... this

... can have great meaning





up lots of the ...
hardly touched ... at all. Not yet. I was still Charlie's
postman, still Molly ...
not as often as before. For some reason the letters between
them seemed less ... But at least with me now
working ... Charlie ... a week ... were all things
together ... in a ... of was linked by the letters. Then
at last ... well ... broke my
heart, broke ...
I remember Charlie ... I had been ... with
farmer Cox, young buzz ... above us as the
swallows skimming the ... grass all about us as the
shadows lengthened and the evening darkened. We arrived
some later than usual, dusty and ... and hungry, too.
Inside we found Mother sitting upright in her chair doing
her sewing and opposite her Molly and to our surprise, her
mother. Everyone in the ... looked as grim-faced as
Molly's mother, even Big J ... Molly who ... eyes ...
... were red from ... Mother was heaving ...
from outside in the ...
"Charlie," said Mother ... her sewing ... "Molly's
mother has been waiting ... She has something she
wants to say to you."
"Yours, I believe," said Molly's mother ... voice as hard
as stone. She had ... a packet of letters tied up with



...I could depend upon this bit of information. I'll come
you back there and then come back to find out what's going on
with your friend. Ralph, use that thing to tell them to stop *sh-*
ing things.

I don't need an extra... I said, but Koenig walked with
me anyway, leaving Ralph **the hunter**... into his walkie-
talkie. **The** **air** **was** **beginning** **to** **get** **cold**... and visible on my
cheek, the evening **get** **im** **cold**... **the** **sun**... disappeared.
I felt as frozen on the inside... it was by the inside I could still
see the entrained red falling over my eyes and hear the **crack-**
ing... building.

I was about to say that my... had been there...
At **the** **edge** **of** **the** **woods**... stopped, looking at the dark
hole of the back door on the deck. The entire house looked
dead and **unoccupied**, and Koenig sounded dubious as he said,
Do you need me to...

I can make it back from here. Thanks.
He hesitated until I stepped into our yard, and then I
heard him go crashing back the way we'd come. **For** **a** **long**
moment... **I** **stood** **in** **the** **silent** **twilight**... evening, the air
was **the** **woods** **and** **the** **wind** **rattling**... the air waves in the
trees above.

I stood there in what I had thought was silence. I
started **to** **hear** **sounds** **that** **I** **had** **never** **heard** **before**... The **rustling** **of** **ani-**
mals... in the woods, turning over crisp leaves with their paws.
The distant roar of trucks on the highway.
The **sound** **of** **fast**... ragged breathing.
I **froze**... held my breath.



~~mindful of you~~ the sodden earth ~~that~~
and all the flowers ~~that in the~~ ~~springtime grow,~~
~~the~~ dusty roads, ~~and thistles,~~ and ~~the slow~~
~~rising of~~ the round moon; ~~all the efts that bring~~
The summer through, ~~and each departing wing,~~
And all the nests that ~~the~~ bared ~~branches show;~~
And ~~all~~ birds that in any weather blow,
And all the storms ~~that~~ the four seasons bring.

~~You gave me more on your exultant feet~~
Up paths that only mist ~~and morning dew;~~
Or watch the wind, or listen to the beat
Of a bird's wings too high in air to view,
But you were something more ~~than young and sweet~~
And fair, and the long ~~years~~ ~~remember you~~





no

one

is
going

to

Rescue

us

but

us

McClellan

long throw down the middle from But the improving Hoosiers



What do you want your key message to be? tip: stick to one so it comes across clearly in the poem



be proud of who you are



show respect by being accepting



we will make a stand for these rights together



we are stronger together as a diverse community



your own message...?



Time to get
creating!

