

Poets' Pride



**A poet's pride is the final product
A pride of poets begins the production**

January 13, 2014

Freedom

One day
I saw a
bird
beautiful
dainty
but he flew away
before we could
snap a picture
capture
the moment
capture the bird
he flew away
fleeing
my trembling
hands
reaching for the camera
freedom was there
freedom swooped
in
and picked the bird
up
me
paralyzed, memorized
freedom rings everywhere
it is the stillness
the calmness
you face everyday
along with the
struggles
Freedom reigns always on top
to live without it you are insecure
you feel the dangers of life
who are you
to say
to decide
someone else's
freedom
but freedom

does not fight back
it stands
for balance
and with balance
freedom rules
freedom ruled
as it swept
my bird away
easing my mind
for now I know
freedom will forever
exist.

by Lili 5th grade

A Frame

A frame, a scene
frosted, shaded dead gray
a harbor grieved
like a tin can in a cracked forest
no hues in sight
instead blue-gray
a weight on my shoulder
a picture, I see

by Sam 5th grade

Ode to a Gecko

Short spotted gecko
slowly climbing upward
sticky toes
grasping a tree
head slowly moving
side to side
slippery skin
sharp eyes flickering about

by Katya, 5th grade