

Poets' Pride



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

January 20, 2014

Morning Dog

Every day you wake up
to see a smiling face
looking straight at you.
You stroke its soft fur
to make it calm.
You feel its cold, wet nose
and remember the times together.

You put the foul-smelling food
in a small bowl
he runs to get it and gobbles it
like a hungry lion.
His eyes glimmer and shine
and he is grateful.
You take him outside and he jumps
and plays in the dirt
and becomes brown.
In the winter his paws become wet
from the snow.
You take him in and give him
a giant hug.
and remember the times together.

by Mary, 4th grade

Ode to a Pearl

Creak, creak
to open
an oyster
slams shut
pry it open
with pinched fingers
a shine inside, glistening
creak
it's open
stained white
cold and wet.
It falls like
rain

into my hands
and I give it
up
like that oyster
I had to pry
open.

by Ryder, 4th grade

Mirror

An empty face
alone
and lonely
quiet and silent
never seeing a friend
very alone.

But now
a friendly face
beaming
I beam back
we share the same thoughts
say the same things
feel the same feelings.
A friend.

I know you
hello, you say
I say it back
a friendly face
to you and me

but when you leave
I am empty
again

I am your mirror
by Teagen, 5th grade