

Poets' Pride



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

March 17, 2014

So Much Depends Upon A Burger

Juicy, delicious
Washes away
Hunger

by Simone, 4th grade

So Much Depends Upon a Moon Sitting in the Night Sky

Glistening in the deep midnight sky
with shimmering stars.

by Marsala, 4th grade

So Much Depends Upon a Red Gummy Bear

The sweet, sour taste
sliding down my throat.

by Wesley 4th grade

So Much Depends Upon Air

I'm walking and I say to myself I love
to breathe the nice air. All of a sudden
it got harder for me to breathe and,
other people I saw say, "What's
happening to the air?" I fall to the
ground and shut my eyes.

I can't breathe anymore.

by Natalyah, 4th grade

So Much Depends Upon a Stream

Gleaming in the sun light
It flows slim with great length
Leading to the pond that awaits.

by Elijah, 4th grade

So Much Depends Upon My Bed

soft comfortable mattress
fluffy pillow like a marshmallow
warm heat giving blankets
holding me like hands.

by Ethan, 4th grade

So Much Depends Upon Gummies

The sweet
Chewy taste of
The red and green
Gummies
In my mouth
Slowly dissolving
Into nothing

by Eli, 4th grade