

Poets' Pride



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

March 31, 2014

Little Peach

Little peach
on the counter top.
Hot red orange
sun colors.
It glows
soft
with tender juiciness.
Soon
little drops
of juice
drip
down my chin
and a
soft
sun
glows inside.

by Mary, 4th grade

The Ball

Sitting in the park
Sprinting towards
the ball
I kick it,
Flying
And soaring like a bird
Crashes on the ground.
Fluffy
my dog

bumps into it
My ball.

by Natasha, 4th grade

The Pencil

My pencil
with the lead tip
sprouts a new
world of ideas.
Swirls
and animals
and shapes
come up out of
blank paper.
The little pencil
glides
on top of the page
making
new creations
from the world of
imagination.

by Mary, 4th grade

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Ode to Snow

Oh snow
you turn the
image of
naked trees
and gloomy grass
into an enchanted
forest
of white heaven
of different
snowflakes
to make
something the same
by Sam, 5th grade

The day we'll seize!

by Anna, 4th grade

Ode to Spring

Spring is here!
The snow is gone!
What's that green stuff?

It's our lawn!
Our coats and hats
we've tossed aside!
Let's grab our bikes
and take a ride!

We'll play some catch!
We'll go crazy!
We'll swing some bats!