



Poets' Pride

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

April 21, 2014

Winter Poem

By Charlotte Cabral, Grade 3

Drips of water fall
From where the icicles hang
And hit the white, sparkling snow.
Frost grows like a flower,
Sprouts on the cold windows.
Then the snowflakes start to fall
From the clear open sky
And melt as they land on me.

Swimming

By Renzo Pacheco

Swimming makes me feel
Like a scuba diver
Studying coral
Swimming is Paradise
When I swim
I am calm.

When a wave
Goes over my head
I feel fresh
Like a fish
I swim like a shark
Springing out of the water

I land in the water
Like a flattened cartoon character
SPLASH!
All I see is
Bubbles of transparent balls
Floating underwater

When I'm all done
I sit in the sun.
And then I dive back in.

The Rainforest

By Skye Nugent, Grade 2

Click beetles winging,
Howling monkeys swinging,
Anacondas hissing,
Shiny leaves glistening,
Hungry piranhas snapping,
More beetles clapping.
The prize for the best-est
Goes to the noisy rainforest

Oso Panda

Por Nylah

Me llamo Rosa
Mi pelo es tan suave
Como un peluche
Me gusta trepar los arboles
Yo como bambu y
Juego con mis juguetes.
Me encanta despertarme
Cuando crece el sol en el cielo
Yo oigo los chirridos de pajaros
Las flores florecen en
El aire fresco
Me encanta perseguir mariposas
Yo vivo con mis hermanas, mi mama, y mi papa
En el zoologico.
Soy Oso Panda.