

Poets' Pride



December 2, 2013

Dream World

I am dreaming my own imaginary
world

resting

for the next day to come.

Thought creeps through my brain
like a spider

attacking a fly.

My eyes close like a door
to a secret room.

My mind black

like the charcoal eyes of an Arctic
Wolf.

Restless

moving like a cheetah

fighting for its prey.

Breathing in the air
as quiet as a flower

I am dreaming

dreaming

dreaming

in my own imaginary world.

by Mary 4th grade

Bike cinquain

Two wheels

two handle bars

pedals, chain reaction

the bike is a giant puzzle

it taunts

by Elijah 4th grade

SO much Depends Upon

So much depends upon my high
tops

their pale soles

squeak against the pavement

jogging down the street

1,2,3, laps

around my block

basked in summer sunset.

by Simone 4th grade

Car Lights

In the front it's dark and light
with two streaks

of lines

and in the back

it's just the light enough

to see the spooky black

silhouettes of the trees.

by Ryder 4th grade

Everything Depends Upon

The sun gives us light and warmth
as it glistens over

the land

it wakes

in the morning

it leaves at dusk

this is my sun

this is my sun

by Tyana 4th grade