

Poets' Pride

May 13, 2013



When I Walk Through the Wood

When I walk through the wood
In my grandma's backyard,
I think about you so very hard.

As I sit on an old stone well,
I think about you as I smell
the pine's smell.

When a pricker pricks me, I cry
for you
Over the old stone well ...

For my dogs and pets,
Who will dwell in heaven,
Until I find you and have
happiness,
I will.

by Ryder 3rd grade

The Watched Clock

Tick, tock
Watching the clock
5
10
15
seconds into
the lesson
waiting
waiting
for the
day
to be dead.
Oh Monday
when
will you end.
tick, tock

by Lily 5th grade

Spring

Clothing
grass in
color
transforming
winter gray
into
rainbow spring.

by Josh 5th grade

Where Is Poetry

I open my eyes and
what do I see
poetry spinning all around
me.

I see it in my baby cousin
when he runs up to me
I hug him tight
admiring his big smile.

I see it in Mom
when she kisses me good
night
Her soft lips make my
heart feel better
when I am having a bad
day.

I see it in my beta fish
when he swims around
the tank a blur and a
blend of colors.

by Zakar 2nd grade