

# Poets' Pride



May 20, 2013

## The Blackest Night

The night was as dark  
as an abyss  
and then boom  
the moon  
appeared  
and scared away the darkness.  
Micah 2<sup>nd</sup> grade

## Gray Footprints

The bright yellow moon  
and white stars  
look down  
as I trudge through the heavy  
snow  
behind me I leave  
gray footprints.  
DeJohn 2<sup>nd</sup> grade

## The Winds Hands

The angry hands of the wind  
slapped  
and flapped the flag.  
Then the angry hands  
of weather wrestled  
the red white and blue  
going side to side  
Dancing crazily.  
Elkin 3<sup>rd</sup> grade

## Rubber Band

Literacy fades away  
as the bending  
twisting maze of rubber band  
entwines my fingers  
as it pulls me  
from the real world.

I plummet deeper into my  
thoughts  
of candy cane forests and  
peppermint stepping stones  
of cotton candy and Hersey's  
kisses hail.

Kora  
my name echoes in meaningless  
reality,  
Kora  
I somehow float to the surface  
of the real world from the  
depths of  
my thoughts.

My eyes snap open  
I look around the empty  
classroom.  
Mary is standing in the doorway  
saying  
"Kora, everyone has gone to  
lunch!"  
Kora 4<sup>th</sup> grade