

Poets' Pride



October 14, 2013

Morning

Rising up
another morning
to the scent of apple crisp.
Looking out my window
Morning mist and dew
lining bushes.
I glimpse a blue bird
Flying overhead.
What a glorious morning
by Ella 4th grade

Dawn

At the break of dawn
dew shimmers and shakes on
the emerald green grass.

Birds call out warning
calls as a fiery colored fox
slinks out of a bristly bush
silent on it's quick light paws.

Squirrels scuttle cautiously
through the underbrush
scavenging
For food.

A small dappled fawn
steps slowly over a log and
bounds off.

Dew shimmers and shakes
On the emerald green grass
At the break of dawn.
by Katya 4th grade

I Don't Know

*(inspired from William Carlos
Williams Red Wheelbarrow)*

So much depends
upon
"I don't know."
Not thinking.
Sitting without a
thought
next to my work.
by Joey (4th grade last year)

Shooting A Basket

The shooting, whooshing,
swooshing ball
arching into the basket
rolls round and round the rim
teasing teammates
then
d
r
o
p
s
neatly through the net.
YES!
by Yaxel (3rd grade last year)