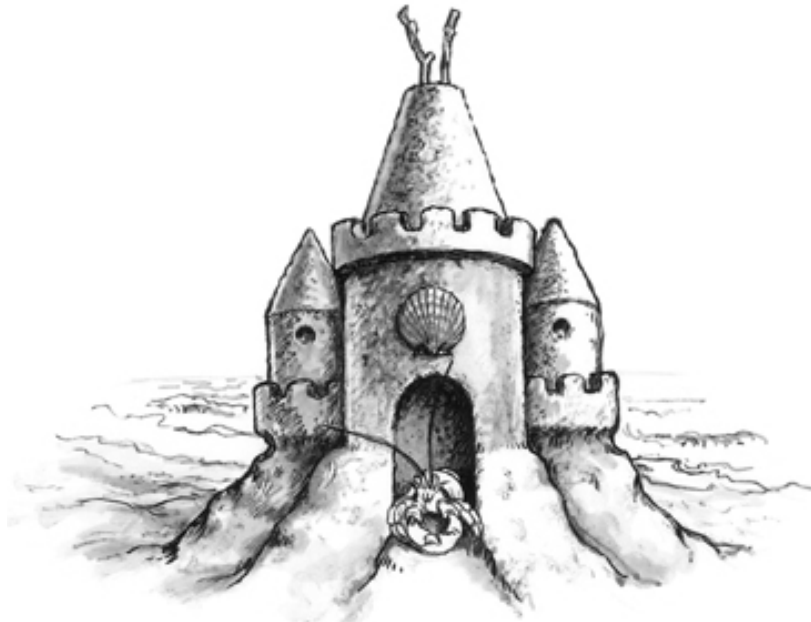


I MUST GO DOWN TO THE BEACH AGAIN POETRY CONTEST
3RD PLACE POEM

Boy

By Cece, grade 5

There's a boy
a boy that lays in my garden
A garden much more grand than yours,
filled with colors
filled with sweet fragrance.
The boy enjoys it so much.
His eyes close,
he's so tired.
He lays where
The sun rays shine down on him.
I show the boy to my friends.
I tell them to touch his tired eyes.
I tell them to cradle him like a baby.
I tell them to kiss his soft forehead.
I ask them who he belongs to,
Each one of them says,
"This is my boy."



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