

I Must Go Down to the Beach Again

Poetry Writing Contest

Horns blew; knights ran and grabbed at swords, suited up. Men
Lined at the door, the archers positioned, and readied to fire. The
Men outside waited. The doors opened and stabbed slashed and the
Cracks of arrows soaring. Swords thrust into chests and bodies.
Blood shed, spirits left home to move on to a much better place.
Nothing was ever to be right again. Women and children cried as I
Loved ones were seen in their last moments. It was over for the fight,
but the rest will be forever changed.

The glory for these times was changed in some minds, but in the big
picture of life, what the men started, and tried to end was never done.
The mournful cries of sad ones
But deep down beneath the dark tear burned flesh and bone deep,
deep down there is faith, happiness, and a sense of proud ness.
Home again with the circle of glory and hope, is...

PRIDE

— By Dalton, grade 5

Space

By Evan, grade 5

...
Dark...
Timeless...
Space is a place
Where you can go
To be alone ...
To hide from fears...
To think...
Space is where you go
When you dream...
When you clear your mind,
You are in space.

Sports

By Marc, grade 5

Shooting a basket, scoring a goal
Hitting a homerun, home base you stole
Playing sports is a lot of fun
The crowd cheering for you, run, run, run!
Making a touchdown, your team wins the game
Whether you win or lose, it's pretty much the same
Sure, you're disappointed if your team loses
But trying again is something that your team chooses

The Beach

By Sarah, grade 5

The beach covered in shells
The seagulls shrieking yells
Dogs being walked along the shore
You can hear the waves roar
Ice cold waves tickles you're feet
Or you can eat a sandwich with meat
Taste the salty air
And remember the beach is here to share.

I Wonder

By Brooke, grade 5

I wonder if I could make myself shrink.
I wonder if I'd ever wear pink.
I wonder what kind of job I'll get.
I wonder if I'll break my sister's tea set.
I wonder if I would learn to cook.
I wonder if I will write a book.
I wonder if I'd eat eel.
I wonder if I'd ever steal.
I wonder if the world will ever end.
I wonder if I could make a spoon bend.
But now you know what I wonder.
And it is all true.
But enough about what I wonder.
How about you?

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Poetry Writing Contest

Thirsty Vampire

By Simon, grade 5

The vampire was thirsty,
But didn't know what to drink,
On this little problem,
He was going to have to think.
Water was too plain,
Lemonade was far too sweet,
What he was thinking up,
It would have to be a nice treat.
What could it be this pondering vampire thought?
Maybe it would be sour,
Or maybe it would be hot?
Would it be tangy?
Maybe it would be spicy?
One thing he didn't want
Was it to be licy.
He didn't want mud
But then he figured it out!
What he thirsted was BLOOD!

Baseball

By Ryan, grade 5

When I pitch
I strike lots of
People out until
I am tired and done
I play hard and
Win hard and I
Always have fun
And win none
But atilt I owns have
fun



The Woods

By Sean, grade 5

Silent...
So silent...
Deer grazing, eating, living peacefully without a fear
or doubt.
Bears sleeping in the spring, Playing in the summer,
Eating in the fall...
Leaves falling, floating, drifting...
The woods are alive, weather we know and care or
not.

Lavender

By Ashley, grade 5

The color of lilacs
The color of spring
The color of pansies
The color of things
The color of peace
The color of not the least
The color of love
The color of rings
The color of you
The color of things

These Things

By Nicole, grade 6

These are the things my teacher told me not to do
No smoking
No choking
No dirnking
And winking
No doodling
Or snoozing
No blinking
No thinking
No talking
Nor walking too.
My friend told me not to peak
Or sneak
Or I will go boo-hoo
So don't do these things too

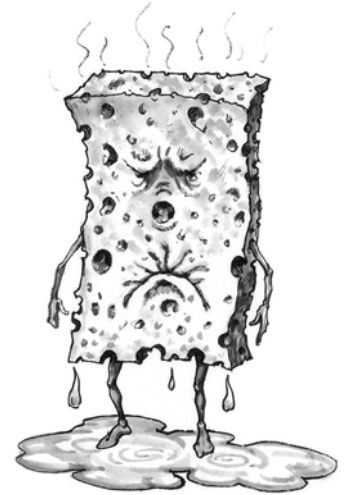
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Poetry Writing Contest

Bees

By Kiley, grade 5

Bumble Bees
Black Bumble Bees
Baby Black Bumble Bees
Bashful Baby Black Bumble Bees
Beautiful Bashful Baby Black Bumble Bees
Bunches of Beautiful Bashful Baby Black Bumble Bees
Buzzing Bunches of Beautiful Bashful Baby Black Bumble Bees
Bright Buzzing Bunches of Beautiful Bashful Baby Black Bumble Bees
Big Bright Buzzing Bunches of Beautiful Bashful baby Black Bumble Bees



Jade

By Codey, grade 5

Jade is a jewel
She is so cruel
She follows all the rules
But she is a mule
She is not cool
She always drools
She always wants to duel

Maggie

By Jennifer, grade 5

Maggie is so sweet
As in candy we all love to eat
She always is nice
Doesn't like to chase mice
Likes being fluffy
Is a cute little toughie
Loved her as a pet
As soon as we met

Love

By Jesse, grade 4

Love,
Love is a wonderful thing,
it can be a desire or a binding,
it can be delicate or strong,
Love is a necessity.

Mom

By Jennifer, grade 5

My mom is so cheep
She makes me go to sleep
She had my brother, who is a creep
She drives a cheep Jeep
She makes me want to leap
She has a bunch of sheep
My mom is so cheep

Potatoes

By Finn, grade 5

Potatoes can be cooked
Potatoes can be baked, or roasted
Potato chips are very good
They can be fried or toasted
Would you eat a barrel of potatoes I would
French Fries are quite delicious
When I eat them I feel ambitious
I like cheese potatoes shaken
Potatoes are good with a side of bacon

Roxy

By Alyssa

I go swimming with my dog Roxy
Roxy is fun to play with like catch.
She likes to walk on the beach
She is a good and nice dog
Roxy play in the cold snow
Roxy is a black Labrador
That is why I like my dog Roxy

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Poetry Writing Contest

Daisy

By Madison, grade 5

Daisy, Daisy you're so lazy
You just make me oh so crazy
Every time I turn around your always right beside me
Meow, Meow, Meow, Meow
You only get up for treats
Your meowing just repeats
Daisy, Daisy, I think your crazy

Monday mornings

By Emma, grade 5

School starts again tests, homework and more
I'm going to miss the bus got to rush out the door
I see all the other kids, tired and lumping around
I got to go to class before I turn around
I can't wait till lunch I'm getting pizza and fries
Hopefully it snows so I will go home and survive
Can't wait till next week
This is going to start all over again

Something

By Katrina, grade 5

Fluttering like they are dancing with joy,
Twittering like there is some new gossip to share.
Flapping like there is someplace to go,
sitting like they need a good rest.
Nibbling like they don't want to squish their food,
soaring like they need to leave a dangerous place.
Watching like they are trying to see if you notice their
beauty.
It's a cardinal, showing off itself.

My dog

By Ricky, grade 5

My dog is red so is my head.
My dog is blue so is my shoe.
My dog is yellow so is my cello.
My dog is gray so is my May.
My dog is black so is my sack.
My dog is pink so is my ink.
My dog is brown so is my frown.

Kokoa

By Savannah, grade 5

My dog is big,
My dog is sweet,
She loves to eat treats,
My dog is kind,
My dog loves me all the time,
She is play-full,
Hyper,
Energetic,
And that's why she's
MINE!!

OLD

By Dillon, grade 4

I'm getting old,
There's not much time left to go.
I'm getting old,
Aches everywhere inside.
I'm getting old,
Can barely walk.
I'm getting old,
Everything shaking.
I'm getting old,
OLD!
OLD!
OLD!

Blank page

By Rebecca, grade 4

Right now
I'm looking down
at a blank page
because I can't find
a poem.
I looked in the closet
I looked in the drawer
and now
I can't
think of any more
places to
look
So still,
I stare
at a blank page.

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Poetry Writing Contest

Cats Go Meow

By Robbie, grade 5

Cats, cats they sleep on mats
Although they're lazy and very fat
Meow, meow they go all day
Orange and blue black and white
When they get wet they smell real bad
Fast and quick they play and bite
Climb and climb they go real high
Even though you know them well
They can be painful and very annoying
But they love you and you love them more

Woodpeckers

By Sade

Knocking Woodpeckers,
Tap to construct their own nest,
And to collect fuel

Silver

by Arman, grade 4

Silver is a mirror,
silver is a sword.
Silver is an axe of steel
in a mighty dragon's hoard.
Silver is a lost coin,
silver is a bolt.
Silver is a buckle
on the bridle of a colt.
Silver is a knife blade
slicing razor thin.
Silver is the color
of a robot's shining skin.
Of all the colors that there are,
I truly have confessed,
that silver is the color
that I like the very best.

Samurai

By Robin, grade 6

Samurai strike hard
They have no fear of dying
They conceal all pain

Life

By Jesse, grade 4

Life is a wonderful thing, without life I could not be here right now writing this poem. Without life, I could not even be alive, and my pest of a brother wouldn't be here to annoy me, my parent's wouldn't be here to care for me because I wouldn't have been here! For that matter, NO ONE would be here on the planet Earth. We need and depend on life.

Abby's Room

By Emma, grade 4

There once was a girl named Abby,
Whose room was often quite shabby.
"It isn't that bad,"
She said to her dad,
Which made the old man all crabby.

The Sack, Pack and, The Crack

By Brandon, grade 5

The crack on the rack
made the pack fall in a sack
that was in a shack
which was smack against a track.
Sack and Pack went to the track
to meet their friend Backpack.
At the track they broke their back
and went to pick up mac.

The Pier

By Hannah, grade 6

The water in-circling it
Kids jumping from its great height
The fish hooks flying

The Sun

By Misbah, grade 5

The sun's
Light reflects on
The cool clear crystal pool
Makes the fish glimmer like flower
Petals.

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Poetry Writing Contest

Starlight

By Julia, grade 6

Out in the starlight
I was tonight
They have never been this bright
Before

Won't take me long
To tell right from wrong
With the memory I can't
Ignore

I want to write
A starlight song
Never written one
Before

Won't take me long
To write this song
With the memory I can't
Ignore

I will write
A starlight song
So let me tell you now
From the start
No matter what you do,
No matter what I say,
It will always come from
My heart

Memory of
My very first love
That seems so long
Ago

If only he could know
I shouldn't have let him go
Without him time goes by
So slow

I'm gonna write
A starlight song
So let me tell you now
From the start
No matter what you do,
No matter what I say,
It will always come from
My heart

Out in the starlight
I can see his eyes so bright
But in my heart
Wish we hadn't fallen apart

Out in
This
Starlight
Tonight

Thoughts

By Eric, grade 6

Thoughts are the things that make you try. They can succeed or make you cry. They can make you grow and make you try, or they can make you silent with no reply. They can make you shift like seasons. They can leave you not knowing the reasons. That is why I have to believe in someone like God who is true with no treason.

For knowing why you thought of it is a sweet sweet flavor. For this feeling you should savor. And that answer that you feel and is real, can only be given through the savior.

So to end this endless thought, I hope you remember what I have taught. Hopefully for God you will seek, and to you he can also speak.

Snowdrifts

By Jesse, grade 4

Snowdrifts are forming covered hills in the night, so old Jack frost can come tonight.

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Poetry Writing Contest

My Room

By James, grade 6

In my room
In my room I see things:
Shadows looming,
Flowers blooming,
Open space,
Perfect grace.
In my room I hear things:
Birds chirping,
Myself burping,
People jumping,
Myself thumping.
In my room I touch things:
Smooth wood,
Wet objects if I would,
Rough books,
Dusty nooks.
In my room I smell things:
Clean air,
Result of good care,
Old candy,
Aging toys that were dandy.
In my room I taste things:
Crunchy bread,
Something red,
Molding chocolate,
Ice cream from when I was late.
In my room I have fun!

My Family

By Rachyl, grade 6

Look out they're coming, boom, blam, crash, splash.
My family this may be,
Even if they are such a clash.
Everyone fits in, even me.
"Oops" you can hear from my little sis.
Things like, "I didn't mean to" also show up.
And then there's my dad with a point we often miss.
He also likes to spit in a cup.
And there's my mom who love to be boss.
She's awesome, take a look.
And there's me who can't stand a single loss.
Sometimes I think my head is stuck in a book.
And there's Dynamite, who sucks her thumb.
Oh my gosh, I think my leg just went numb.

Fire

By Julia, grade 6

Fire
Can cause destruction, flashes,
Singes hope, turns happiness to
Ashes.
Fire
Can cause the rebirth, the sensation
Of all living creatures
Creation
Fire, fire, fire,
Burning, burning, burning
To my desire
Fire
Is within us all
Humans, animals, beings big
And small
Fire
Rages inside of you
When you've committed treachery.
If it's something bad you do.
Fire, fire, fire,
Burning, burning, burning
To my desire
But when you have been good,
Fire
Creates
As it should

Clouds

by Sophie, grade 4

The clouds dance above.
Sometimes they yell at lightning
As white as a dove.

The Beach

By Sade

The itchy sand sleeps,
While the salt water ripples,
And the sun blazes

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Poetry Writing Contest

Stream

By Josie Benson

Rushing water moves swiftly past
The power moves the pebbles downstream
Fish and crustaceans populate the waters Darting in and out of small overhangs and zooming rocks behind
Majestic forests grow around it Humans fish on the banks, Admiring the natural beauty Some think they upset
the nature and disembark Leaving the beauty alone Even when cities and houses Are built around it, And the
water dries up, Some will stare at the small indentation of the earth And remember the wild rushing stream.

Candy

By James, grade 6

Resting in the woven basket,
hidden on the highest shelf,
So far out of sight a stool is needed
to grasp it,
sits a royal treasure
like gold doubloons in a rotting sea chest.

Inside that plain brown basket
nestle the long-sought prizes,
trophies so sweet,
and succulent,
and tooth-rottingly delicious,
I can at this moment see
the lavish mounds of delectable sugar
that I know this treasure contains.

Multicolored wonders
heaped upon each other in a swirling mass; chewy
fruity taffy that takes hours to gnaw through; creamy
chocolates that disappear in seconds in the mouth; but-
terscotch hard candies that coat your teeth; caramel
squares, that corrode them to their cores.

With only a solitary piece,
my heart flutters
due to bliss,
and surplus sugar.

On a cold winter night

By Jesse, grade 4

While the Indians huddle for warmth by the fire in the
cold winter night, there comes a deafening cry, of the
cold Indian baby just born the night before.

Sick

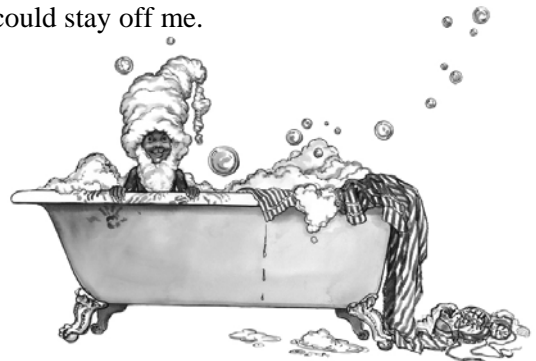
By Libby, grade 4

OH! Mother, Father I have the flu,
And measles, mumps, and bumps, too,
I have a headache, toothache, oh, no! oh, no!
I'm not even well enough to see Dr. Poe,
Just leave me, leave me, leave me to lay!
What? What's that you say? OH! Today's Saturday!
O.K. See ya! I'm going out to play!

Poison Ivy

by Chris, grade 6

Poison Ivy, Poison Ivy
Hiding in the fields.
Oh, how it irritates me wildly.
It does not appeal.
Lurking around outside
By the woodland's edge.
It I do much despise.
It's even on my head.
Itching blisters, sores, and scabs
Are some of the effects.
Having it is such a drag, just like being hexed.
Leaves of three, leave them be.
If only it could stay off me.



I Must Go Down to the Beach Again

Poetry Writing Contest

My Science Fair Project

By Frank

I'm not prepared,
For the science fair,
All of my frustration,
Is from here to there.

I don't have the research,
I don't know the deal,
I can't tell if this is a nightmare,
Or could it be real?

I don't have a purpose,
And what is there to learn?
It feels as if my brain,
Is as small as a germ.

I can't think of any experiments,
the number of days just one,
I'll tell you the truth,
This sure isn't fun.

What is a hypothesis?
Where to get the board?
Oh, man, I'm in trouble;
Oh, please, help me, LORD!

My hypothesis is
That I will fail,
The teacher should send
An F in the mail.

Baseball

by Chris, grade 6

I get my socks and grab my rock.
I put on my hat and grab my bat.
Then I'm out the door.
I go down to the area where I play ball,
But it's fall, so everyone is playing football.
It started to rain,
So I walk back home talking to myself.
I wish baseball was all year long.
I jump over a rock wall to go inside my house.
I can't wait til baseball starts.

I'll pretend I'm sick,
Sick with the flu,
Oh dang! The thought scares me-
I've got so much to do!

Its way over-used,
To do a volcano,
My mind is a whirl -
doing a tango!

I don't know how,
To make any glass;
I can't tell the difference,
Between force and mass!

Fine, I'll do a volcano,
I guess that's it for me,
I'm sure I won't get,
A clean victory...

Though if I was to get
a prize, just one,
It would probably be,
the experiment most done.

BUT! I do have a partner,
that likes to do work,
I did an evil laugh,
as on my face, was a smirk...

The Train

by Collin, grade 6

The loud whistle
Moving by the smooth bristle.
The wheels squealing
Like they have some feeling.
The long, big train
Chugging in the rain.
All the carts
Moving by like darts.

I Must Go Down to the Beach Again

Poetry Writing Contest

Hypnotized

by Elijah, grade 6

Every day I see her walk down the hall, Not too small, not too tall.
She smiles at me, I smile back.
Then "Smack."
I ran into a door; I don't know what happened.
Then I look up, she runs away laughing.
I think about what happened, about 50 tries.
Then I remember,
I got hypnotized by her eyes.
I will never forget that embarrassment, never.
She'll know me as the kid who ran into the door Forever.
But I can't change it.
It came,
It happened,
It went,
And it's gone.
I'm just glad that that moment is done.

Limerick

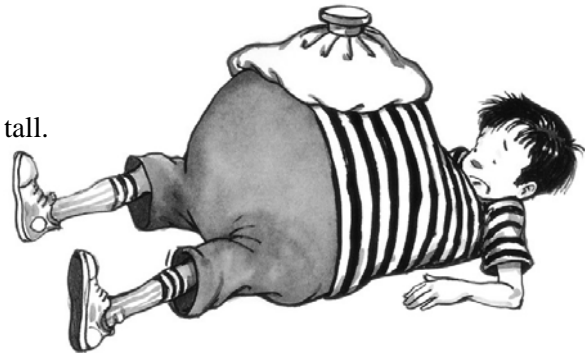
By Sade

There once was a boy named Gored
Who was always bored
One day he had nothing to do
So he ate some raw stew
Now he is sick and soared

Maybe I'm a Poet

by Chris, grade 6

I can't think of a poem,
It's due tomorrow, oh no!
I better get home.
When it comes to writing poetry, I'm slow.
How did Shakespeare do it?
I don't know.
Writing poetry makes me want to throw a fit.
How do I make my words flow,
Capture feelings
Along with my thoughts?
I'm drowning with words from the floor to the ceiling.
I must try to
remember what I was taught.
Maybe I'm a poet
But I just don't know it.



Teyla

by Abigail, grade 6

I ride a horse named Teyla-she is great.
I often feed her carrots and fresh hay.
Often she chooses to go on a date.
She sometimes gets thrush in the month of May.
She has strong legs to run on an acre.
She has the knowledge of a wise owl.
Teyla could be a great, old myth-maker.
She sometimes gets mad enough to prowl.
Teyla loves to jump in the riding ring.
Teyla loves to go out in the wet rain.
Teyla knows just when there are oats to bring.
When she cannot go outside, she has pain.
Teyla and her friends are the best ever.
I would say she's just awesome forever.

A New Me

by Emily, grade 6

I was at a new school, I was alone.
Nobody to talk to, not one person.
I was just an invisible cone.
It was not fun, and it was not easy.
The next day I had no one to be with.
I am in my classes alone right now.
One hour later I am bored to death,
Bored, bored, bored, that is all I am today.
The next day I found someone to be with.
I was so glad then, I felt myself jump.
She introduced me to her friends that day.
They said their full names, and I said my name.
I will never forget that very same day.
I have friends now and I have my life back.

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Poetry Writing Contest

Mr. Moosey and His Friend Lucy

By Katelyn, grade 4

There once was a moose
Whose name was Mr. Moosey
He had a friend goose,
That was named Lucy.

One day Mr. Moosey and Lucy,
Went out for a walk.
While they were walking,
All they did was talk.

They talked about all kinds of things,
Like cats and dogs and frogs and strings.
They talked about what they did yesterday
And what they really like to play.

Soon it got late,
And they went to bed.
Then the next morning,
They went to the store instead.

They bought a few things,
Like eggs, milk, and meat.
It cost a lot of money,
But at least they would be able to eat.

Three hours passed,
It was time to say goodbye.
They would miss each other dearly,
But they both needed to fly.

Mr. Moosey was almost late,
For his favorite movie.
He didn't want to miss the part,
When the rooster yelled "groovy!"

Lucy was almost late,
For her cousin's birthday party.
The cousin was turning eight,
Her old cousin, Goosjo Garty.

They both made it in time,
So they were very happy.
At Twelve PM they jumped in bed,
And took a long, long nappy.

Why Did You Have To Go?

By Sade

Why did you have to go;
My life is not complete.
Why did you have to go;
I am at defeat.
Why did you have to go;
Without you I can't make it.
Why did you have to go;
I feel that I'm the blame for it.
Why did you have to go;
I need you back.
Why did you have to go;
I feel I'm in a sack.
Why did you have to go;
No one can take your place.
Why did you have to go;
I miss your smiling face.
Why did you have to go;
You were here to be my guide,
Why did you have to go;
You were to be by my side.
Why did you have to go;
I can't look at your grave Anymore.
Why did you have to go;
The sun does not shine.
Why did you have to go;
Grandma I'll always miss you.
I love you and I miss you.
Help me get through this.

Spring

by Anna, grade 6

In the springtime I will taste birthday cake.
This is because my birthday is in May.
I hope to celebrate it at the lake.
My birthday is my most important day!
It's so fun to watch the birds in the spring.
I like to see them searching for their food.
I enjoy listening to them sing,
They can put me in a very good mood.
I love it when the flowers start to bloom!
There are many different types of flowers,
I can even smell them from every room.
When the rain falls, it gives them a shower.
Springtime-please come and stay all year by my side,
Cold winter-you can stay away and hide!

I Must Go Down to the Beach Again

Poetry Writing Contest

The Cat and the Dog

By Audra, grade 6

I sat there sadly, begging and whining, for just one little bit to eat,
Though all this careless human said was, "Shhh, you don't get a treat!"
I begged some more and made that face, the one that people like,
But still that mean old human said, "No doggie, you can't get a bite!"

And while all this was going on, the cat was prancing by,
Yes, the very evil one, the one that's very sly,
He laughed at me, and joked around, and then began to say,
"Why little doggie, didn't you have *your* kibble today?"

I growled at him, to make sure he knew, that I had just said ciao,
So he ran out of the room as quick as he came, hoping he didn't say his last 'meow.'
I went back to business, begging for food, knowing I could at least get a scrap,
But that human still said no, and pulled the plate off her lap.

While I was plotting another plan, there was a tiny twist of fate,
The phone had rang, so this was my chance, when the girl put down her plate.
As soon as she left the quiet room, I leaped for that luxurious meal,
But thanks to my short attention span, my mind was drawn to a wheel.

It was fun to let it spin around, to let it roll about,
But as I turned my attention back I was just about ready to shout,
That stupid cat, the evil one, the one with the bad attitude,
Had crept up right behind me, and ate all my delicious food!

Obesity Kills

by Ted, grade 6

When the rain drips down through the leaky roof,
The drip, drip, dripping may drive me crazy.
But since I'm all tied up I cannot moof,
Ropes don't tie me, it's just that I'm lazy.
I might be able to move just an inch,
But that won't help, the drops are very big.
If this chair weren't here, it would be a cinch.
I can't get out of this thingamajig.
Man, this is starting to make me quite mad.
All the drizzling, dripping annoyance
Doesn't make me very happy and glad.
So I say, "I will spend 25 pence
To get this roof all nice and fixed up
So I can have an enjoyable sup."

The Abnormal Dream

By Ania, grade 5

Once upon a time,
a young girl ate a lime.
She started to laugh,
but all she saw was math!

She hopped outside and started to dance,
the girl was deep in a trance.
She fell into a pool,
it was quite cool.
She called her dog,
Tiny - tick - tog.

She woke up and called her team,
to tell them she had had an abnormal dream!

I Must Go Down to the Beach Again

Poetry Writing Contest

Winter Fun

By Victor, grade 6

On both sides of the fight
Children collecting
and Children throwing
Snowballs.

Building a white friend?
Put some buttons on for
Eyes
Some for the mouth
Some for
The Eyebrows
Stick A Carrot On
To make a
Pinocchio Nose
Stick a Hat on top
and
A Scarf around his
Neck
So he could be warm.

Moving your arms
Sliding your legs
While laying
on a soft, white
Blanket of Ice crystals

Make a Pattern
That

Resembles an Angel
A holy Symbol

To go inside
their warm
Houses
and drink
what they Love...
Hot Chocolate
and Marshmallows

They go into the living room
and look under the sharp Pine tree
To find gifts wrapped up in Special Paper
with colorful decorations

To find teddy bears and robots
and water guns and more...

To play with them
Until hours later when
their mothers call "Bedtime!"

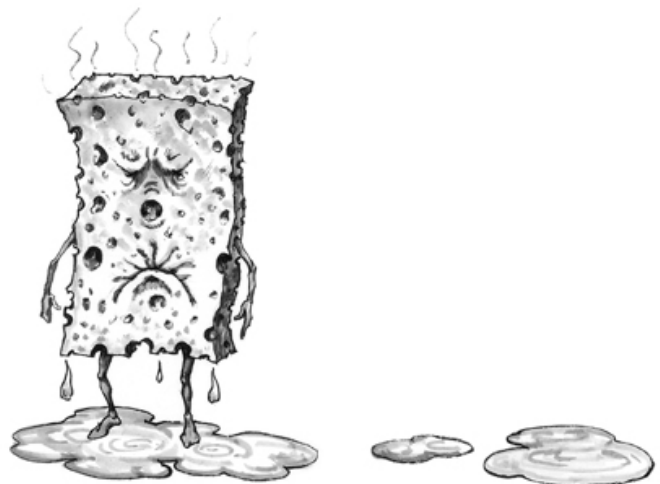
They snuggle into their
warm beds and be
tucked in...
Dreaming of Christmas next year...

Underwear

By Reid, grade 5

I used to have a pet bear,
Who tried on my underwear,
But he had a ton of but hair,
Which caused it to flair, then tare.
I wouldn't stare, would you dare?
Bill Snair took the dare,
but lets just say the bear didn't think it was fair.

But go ahead no one is stopping you just take a gasp of air, open your big curious eyes and,
GGGGGGGGRRRRRRRRROOOOOOOWWWWWLLLLLLLL!!!!!!
Oops!!! Maybe he does care??????



I Must Go Down to the Beach Again

Poetry Writing Contest

Afterlife

By Ben, grade 6

A car hit me that cold October day
My soul was thrust out of my body upwards
I floated....
And floated
Past the flocks of ducks
Past the misty, cool clouds
Past the spectacular cosmos
To a place of eternal happiness
It was a place of joy
No death
No pain
No worries
People weren't killing they were sharing
People weren't hating they were loving
People weren't grieving they were celebrating
I was happy here
Was it heaven?
It sure feels like it
But then I fell down past the cosmos
Past the clouds
Past the ducks
Back into my cold stiff body
Back into harsh reality

You're Idea Was Taken An Hour Ago By Broadway

By Shivani, grade 5

A witch with green skin who is actually nice!
A phantom that haunts the opera house?
A orphan with wild red hair who sings!
A story about lions!
Wouldn't these all make great plays! I'll mail in my
ideas to Broadway.
Wait all these ideas have been taken. By Broadway!

So Many Choices

By Megan, grade 5

Today I have
different pairs of socks.
Tomorrow I will
wear a shirt with spots.
The next day I will
put pants on with dots.
My what choices I've got!

Changes

By Zach, grade 6

Throughout our lives,
changes,
don't try to avoid them
because they will seek you out,
changes,
life, death,
everywhere,
some good some bad,
some permanent some not

some are your decision,
some aren't,
changes,
sometimes you make them,
seeking to make something better,
sometimes turning out different than you planned,
changes,
transforming your life,
unstoppable,
like a vine weaving through everything you do,
making impacts, shock waves,
but in the end it comes down to one thing...
Change.

The Little Guys

By Will, grade 6

They waddle down their icy ground
looking for a place to drown

Their little feet freezing down
all of them with a frown

Then they find it
a place to go

Plug their nose and go on in
with them two little fins

Off they go with a swish
trying to find some yummy fish

Then they find some
but it's not a ton

So they share it with their friends
then go back down to do again.

I Must Go Down to the Beach Again

Poetry Writing Contest

Test

By Lianne, grade 6

The swish of pages being turned,
The scratch of pencils,
Their owners racing the clock,
Everyone desperate to finish that last problem.

Addition, subtraction,
Multiplication, division,
Fractions, decimals,
Algebra, geometry.

Vocabulary, comprehension,
Fluency.

Reptiles, mammals,
Crustaceans, Insects.

Civil War, Revolutionary War,
Great Depression, Vietnam War,
Abraham Lincoln, Jefferson Davis.

Math, reading,
Science, history.

The soft call of five more minutes,
The scurrying of pencils growing faster,
And finally someone saying loudly,
“Pencils down please.”

Teeth

By Alexa

I hate my teeth!
They're as big as a Christmas wreath.
They stick out way to far,
I'm afraid they'll hit the car!
They poke my friends,
They touch the sky,
They stab straight through an apple pie!
I hate my teeth,
I really do,
But that's just my own point of view.

Do Your!

By Alex, grade 5

Do your ears hang low
Do they wobble to and fro
Can you tie them in a not
Can you tie them in a bow
Can you throw it over your shoulder
Like a continental soldier
Do your ears hang low

Do your gun fire high
At a bird up in the sky
It will go over there
But I'll get it anywhere
I will eat it for lunch
Then I'll get another bunch
Do your gun fire high

Do your chain hang high
Way way up in the sky
Does it hit the little birdies that are trying to fly
Does it wind blow the chain
And the sound drives you insane
Do your chain hang high
The end!

Zits

By Olivia, grade 5

I have zits.
They are big and red.
They plant themselves right on my forehead.
Every time I look in the mirror.
I wish the zits would disappear.
I try to cover them up
With my hair
But it does no good
They are everywhere!



I Must Go Down to the Beach Again

Poetry Writing Contest

Jane And Her Purple Origami Crane

By Hella, grade 6

There was a little girl named Jane who lived in Maine and wanted to make a purple origami crane. The purple crane went on a caboose train arriving in Spain, and the purple crane met a water droplet in the rain. the purple crane and the droplet of rain were in a lot of pain because an evil black origami crane attacked the droplet of rain and the purple crane, then the droplet of rain could hold her pain and died in beautiful Spain. The purple origami crane took the caboose train back to Maine, and found his creator Jane

Looking Up

By Nathan, grade 6

This one is going out to you Markhum, I've always looked up to you. I just wanted you to know that.

Well, every day I look up to someone and that someone is you, because I always knew I could count on you, I can tell by the many accomplishments you've done , writing a poem book, it was hard but you probably had fun. You can say you achieved something in life , publishing a book and getting your Bachelor's degree in Washington D.C. , and now playing in a movie .That us why I look up to you ,thinking I can also do something groovy. You inspired me since I was 10 years old thinking. It was hard but then I used your motto "die trying" because it was satisfying.

An Achiever

By Nathan, grade 6

There are many kinds of achievers in this world that we live in today, from being a scientist and making the fibers that we have today, to being a good diver that breaks the record, and puts on a really great show, however and achiever shouldn't care about money, instead they could be really funny, but under the conditions there are many regulations that you must follow, if you don't people will start getting the impression your head is hollow. If you want to know the regulations I could name a few, no stealing, no selling drugs, no killing people, or being thugs. If you don't agree with these rules and me go ahead, run and shoot a gun, do you think I care what you become. I'm just trying to help out giving meaningful statements, to people that want to be achievers, how old you are I'm only 12 and I am telling you the right things to do.

Boring Tests

by Raj, grade 5

Eating
Rotten
Bananas

Cauliflowers
Torturing
People

Sushi
Attacks
Towns

Attacking
Cauliflowers wearing
Tutus

Countries

by Raj, grade 5

Umbrellas
Seek
Attack

Underwater
Keeps

Basketball Teams

by Raj, grade 5

Underground
Noses
Coughing

Dukes
Underestimating
Killing
Elves

Vultures
Conquering

I Must Go Down to the Beach Again

Poetry Writing Contest

What happens to Lighth Adder

By Max and Zac, grade 5

Lighth Adder
Smells like a tadder
And said latter to his uncle Wadder
As he left
He smelled his breathe
And Fell
To
His
Death

THE Snake!

By Michael and Tyler, grade 5

I take a snake
I make him shake
I threw him in a lake
He just got madder and badder
I then ran up a tree
But he still found me
He bite me on the thigh
And we scurried right to the sky

Warts

By Cathleen, grade 5

Warts are big and purple
They look like a giraffe using a snorkel
Warts pop up over night
When i wake up they give me a fright
I only wish that one day the ugly zits would go away

Big Blue Balloon

By Kit, grade 5

Oh, how I love my big blue balloon,
That floats me straight up,
To the white disk-like moon,
Then it pops,
Now it drops,
To float on the ocean blue.

Life of Lighth Ader

By Zac and Max, grade 5

Lighth Ader
Smells like a tater, and said later
To his Uncle Wader
After he left
He smelled his breath
And
Fell
To
His
Death!!!

People Who Talk To Much

By Ann

Bla, Bla, Bla
People who talk to much
Ha, Ha, Ha
Why do they talk so much?
Blab, Blab, Blab
I don't know
Gab, Gab, Gab
Do I talk to much?
Yada, Yada, Yada
Yes!

Baloney Sandwiches

By Katerine, grade 5

Baloney sandwiches.
Baloney sandwiches.
How I love you so.
I would eat you everyday.
Every way.
If I could do so.
But.
Today.
Just.
Isn't.
One.
Of.
Those.
Days.

I Must Go Down to the Beach Again

Poetry Writing Contest

Poetry

By Zax, grade 5

Poems are like pastries.
On top of jelly.
Each one is like a meatball.
Terrific and squishy.
Right and left you look for them.
Yikes! You had too much, go to the T.V.

The Profit

With apologies to Charlotte Zlatow's "*The River*"
By Reid, grade 5

Wonder thunder
Golden plunder
How money comes to me.
Gold sold,
Cash comes
The profit is made by me.

The Toddler

With apologies to Jack Prelutsky's "*The Kraken*"
By Chris, grade 5

Deep beneath the dark white sheets
Something scared my sis
As a creature crawls from under
Trying to give my sis a kiss,
As a scream fills the room,
All the adults come to help
For the toddler just looked clueless
As he gave a mighty yelp.

My Kind of Bear

By Josiah, grade 4

I would like to have a bear
That could cut its hair
That could peel a pear
That could mend a tear
That could take care
Of its underwear
That could fly in the air
That would be willing to share
Anything...anywhere

Jane

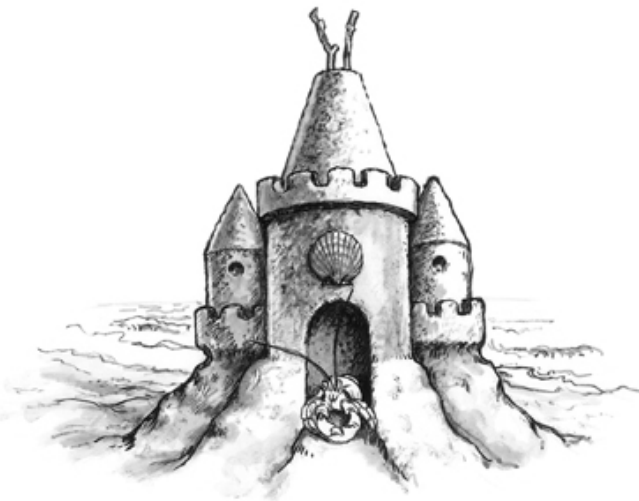
With apologies to Gwendolyn Brooks's "*Jim*"
By Brittany, grade 5

There never was a nicer girl
Than the greatest little Jane.
She is the sweetest little girl
With a cane.

If somebody she knows is sick
She fixes them some food.
She brings the meal and brings the tea
That put them in a nice mood.

And sweeping, mopping all the floors
And would not stop to see
She missed the game of soccer
Horribly.

With a gathering strength she gallops
Like the fury of a coming storm
My fingers clasped in her flowing mane
Like all thoughts safe and warm
A moving freedom, as nothing that I can tell
Almost too noble for words to describe
What makes my heart fill and swell
As the sweetest dreams you could ever confide
Like the deepest emotion, you can't ever hide
Like all of the good that you carry inside
My constant companion, My passion, my pride
All this and more when I go for a ride
— By Erin, grade 6



I Must Go Down to the Beach Again

Poetry Writing Contest

The Cow

With apologies to Harry Behn's "*The Gnome*"
By Elizabeth, grade 5

I saw a cow
As tired as tired
Sitting on top
Of a black tire.

She was dressed in a bow
With yellow polka dots,
And there sat waiting
All sweaty and hot.

Hello my Summer Shorts

With apologies to N.M. Bodecker's "*Goodbye my Winter suit*"
By JaQuan, grade 5

Hello my summer shorts
Hello my cap and skorts
Hello my chest protecting tops
And sun that shines by the seaport.

Reading

With apologies to John Updike's "*January*"
By Kelly, grade 5

Pick up the book,
then you're there.
No matter what,
Without a glare.

Myth's, fantasies - they're clever.
Read it so clear,
make it so well .
You'll have no fear.

Buddy for Me

With apologies to Emily Dickinson's "*The Sea*"
By Michaela, grade 5

I have a sweet, cute puppy
Her name is Buddy
She loves to chase cute kittens
But she gets muddy.

The Burning Flame

By Kolton, grade 5
With apologies to Jack Prelutsky's "*The Towering Giant*"

On a tree covered mountain
Rocky and steep
Sits a red hot burning flame
Never asleep.
It eats like a monster,
And growls like a dog,
And all in its way
will burn like a log!

Dancing on Stars

By Megan, grade 5
With apologies to, Myra Chon Livingston's "*Stars*"

Can you
Guess why I love
To dance upon the stars?
It feels as if I'm flying high,
Oh yeah.

Will you
Look out at me
Through your bedroom window
Wishing you were flying with me
Sometimes

Why can't
I see over
My flying feet up here
It makes tears of joy come out yeah
Burning

On The Table

By Aron Wiles, grade 5
With apologies to Kate Greenway's "*On The Bridge*"

If I could see a big o'le dish
That is what I just now wish
I want to see great big long fries
That would be tasty - hold the eyes.

That is ketchup that I have spied
Piled on the other side
Some giant banana splits
On my yellow plate it sits.

I Must Go Down to the Beach Again

Poetry Writing Contest

The Wizard

With apologies to Harry Behn's "Thunder Dragon"
By Savannah Chaney, grade 5

A wise old wizard
Real fat,
A funny old wizard
He was that.

He left for the mountains
There he came,
Up he flew with a wave
Of his cane.

Under a bridge
The sky long and black,
The potions he messed up
Boom, bang, splat.

He picked up his hat
With a sigh,
It was like a woeful cry
In the blue sky.

The Colors

By Patrick

Red as the blood of the strong and free
Orange as the orange on the orange tree
Yellow as the sun on a shining sea
These are the colors which you will see
Green as the grass in the early dawn
Blue as the sky that will go on
Black as the spots on a dear young fawn
Three more colors, one by one
Purple as the grapes on a slender vine
White as a cloud so big and fine
Gray as the soul of a traffic line
All these colors are as one
Some are here and some are there
But all are always everywhere.



The Right Size

By Nathan, grade 6

This one is for you,
You were 1 of the 3 teachers that believed
I had a feel for writing poems
I was all alone, only 11 years old
Writing at home trying to make a book
Full of poems, get it published
Make you proud because
I know you were right beside of me
For every step of the way
Which it took to make it happen
You probably thought I could get a dime
For every rhyme that was mine.
You gave me a lot of support,
That's 1 thing that I know
Not to mention you teach 5th period P.E.
Trying to help us stay in the right size
And not aids
You never noticed, but you're helping us
In a very special way
I know you're smart
And I know that you have a great big heart
From knowing you getting you're degree
At a great university,
At that smile you had
And also how you would always give me a pat on
the back
I am happy for accomplishing many things,
Not many people can do the same thing,
Teaching 1st period science and health
For the education but not the wealth
But the best part you're trying to make sure
That I end up something just like you
Are you a mom because I'm just a student
And I already know
You would have a great son.
You have many great qualities
Such as making class fun
You were the great Ms. Hoft
Helping me and making me a little more soft
I remember you were looking at me
Asking can you please write one for me
Saying they sound so lovely
Same with the way you taught
It was just like eating a fresh peach
I will always remember you, so can you do a favor
By looking at this piece of history
That includes you and me.

I Must Go Down to the Beach Again

Poetry Writing Contest

“1 of 3 or 3 of 1?”

By Shay, grade 6

Life is like a jigsaw puzzle
Slowly, you must piece everything together
Along the way, you may discover some pieces don't fit
You must pick up the pieces, and try moving them around
When it fits just right, it may be an unsolved mystery
Or a story of confusion that could take years of knowledge and experience to understand
Life is like a cut
If you don't treat it carefully, it could scar or get infected
If it gets infected, it will bleed
The only thing left will be a big red mess
Even though you have made a mistake, Neosporin and a band-Aid will do the trick
Life is like rain
You bottle everything up
Until one day
It gets too heavy
And it falls
Just like tears do when you don't tell someone something
For a long time
And it may occur many times in life
Life is a lot of things
Even though imperfection may stand in the way
Like a puzzle piece that doesn't fit
Or a cut that gets infected
Or rain
There is nothing stronger than the meaning of life

My Cat Misty

By Amberly, grade 5

My cat Misty is cute.
She is friendly too.
Did you know that Misty's furry?
Well that is nothing new.

She likes to be herself and play
Even when the skies are gray.
Misty is also an outdoor cat
And catches lizards and other things like that.

Misty is striped orange and white,
Mostly on her tail.
And usually doesn't fight
And never ever wails.

Sometimes Misty can be mad
And sometimes she can be smart.

She can also be very sad
But most of all Misty's always glad.

She hates going to the vet
It's the worst thing Misty can get.
She cries and cries in the car
At least the vet is not that far.

Misty loves to sleep in,
On her cozy little bed.
She sleeps very quietly
And doesn't raise her head.

I think Misty is a great cat
But you might not think so
She is so nice and kind to me
And that I will always know.

I Must Go Down to the Beach Again

Poetry Writing Contest

Little Lady

By Amy

Little Lady was a dog,
But she looked like a frog,
Little Lady was so small,
That she could fit into a tennis ball,
Little Lady loved to talk,
But only when she would take a walk,
Little Lady was quite fat,
That her belly would jiggle whenever she sat,
And when Little Lady's owner would come,
Little Lady would act so dumb,
Her owner would say,
Little Lady, don't you want to play?
And the game Little Lady would play was to lay.

POP

By Marisa, grade 6

Slappy the Clown twisted a balloon
Into an animal shape
"That's mine!" yelled the crowd to the poor tired clown
Everyone wanted the ape.

Slappy handed it to me
To be fair
For everyone knew
My hands were bare.

Over time I must have neglected him
Because he ran away
When I sat down to think where he was...
POP
And stuck to me is where he will stay.

I am Black

By Michelle, grade 5

I am the sudden calls of a crow, a bat, or an owl at night,
I am the sky at twelve, with no stars, no moon, no light.
I am the silence of death, and the echoing of screams,
I am the secrets you keep, and the mysteries in your dreams.
I am the menacing smoke, as it rises higher and higher,
I am all that remains after a devastating fire.
I am the feeling of being lost, and not knowing where to go,
I am your worries, your troubles, your fears. Can you face me? Do you know?

Purple

By Mary, grade 4

Purple is a color, royal, and deep,
Anything purple is something you should
keep.
Purple is eggplant,
Also beets,
It is cool and relieving,
Unlike heat.
It sings like a lark,
It dances like a deer,
Sometimes it will whisper,
And you will hear,
Purple.

Jer Falcon

By Perry Levitch, grade 4

A majestic white figure,
Screeching as free as the wind,
Soaring and swooping like earth has no
limit,
Until it hears the calling of its mate back
on the icy floor.

The Office

By Michelle, grade 5

I touched that kid,
I'm sure I did!
At first he cried,
But then, he lied!
He told on me,
And I could see,
That I'd be sent to Dr. G.
As I stared down at the floor,
And walked up to the office door,
My arms and legs were tightening,
And it was very frightening.

I Must Go Down to the Beach Again

Poetry Writing Contest

Passing Through Life

By Nathan, grade 6

This one is for you mom
I just wanted to make you proud
Well, everyday I'm passing through life
Even though it's hard
I still want to pass
What I mean is I want to go
Reach out to the sky and say
I did something in life, I became someone in life
Not just passing through high school
Getting my AA
But going to Georgetown University
In Washington D.C.
Getting my Bachelors or Masters Degree
That's the path to becoming happy
I'm not rich, but I'm not poor
My parents provide food on the table
They said you can be anything you want to be
You just have to make it happen
If you think I'm really crazy, I'm really not
I'm just trying to pass through life
And not get caught
If you are talking about getting caught
You can talk to my mom
Only 10 when she got caught in Iran
Then she moved
The banks were getting frozen
They didn't want to get shot
So they moved to the Holy Land
Where dreams come true

Boiling water

By Kimberly, grade 5

I drank a cup of boiling water
Didn't want to go to school
I thought it was a clever trick
I thought it would be cool

One thing I didn't realize is
That boiling water is real hot
So now my throat is pretty sore
And home from school I'm not.

But it doesn't mean you have to be a Jew
That's my reason and I think you should believe it
If you don't then what's your reason
She and her family were sayin'
"God, please help us!"
Then the Holy Land where dreams come true
Didn't work so she moved to L.A.
Didn't know nothin' because it was a new country
And went to Uni High
Where she took ESL classes
Wanted to start
Like a fresh or new beginning
It was hard for mom and her parents
At the transition, at the same time
She was working full time
To save every penny in her bank
To go to college
Now look at my life
Think it's easy
Compared to my mom
It's really easy
I can do something else
I can make her proud
And go to D.C.
Like she said
You can be anything
You want to be
You just have to make it happen
Love you mom

The Old Man

by Lily, grade 6

There once was a very old man,
Who only ate bread from a can,
It fell on his head,
Now he doesn't eat bread,
He just eats eggs from a pan.



I Must Go Down to the Beach Again

Poetry Writing Contest

Special Flowers

By Sarah, grade 5

Imagerainims bloom when someone imagines.
And Readaisies sprout when someone reads.
Laughodils are planted when someone hears a laugh.
And Crysthanimums wilt when someone cries.

Mathaigolds show up when math is being taught.
And Writerfly bushes grow when someone learns to write.

Peogonias sprout when someone becomes a poet.
And Artulips bloom when someone new likes art.

All of these flowers are very special.
And I see them everyday.
But they're all unique and special
All in their very own way!

Magic Potion

By Sarah, grade 5

I made a magic potion,
It makes you fall in love.
I made a magic potion,
It could turn a frog into a dove.

I made a magic potion,
It makes you freaky mad.
I made a magic potion
It could make you hate your dad.

I made a magic potion,
It makes you really smart.
I made a magic potion,
It could make you great at art.

I made a magic potion,
It makes you fairly numb.
I made a magic potion,
And, I'm sorry to say,
It leaves you fairly dumb.

Creative

By Sarah, grade 5

To stand out, to be different
To be unique is creative.
Not to be perfect, not to be normal,
Not to copy, that's being creative.
To be strange, to wear what you want to,
To be judged, to be cool
To be relaxed, that's creative.
To imagine, to dream, to soar is to be creative.
Everyone is creative for each person
Is different, unique, strange, and none are perfect.
Everyone is judged and they imagine,
Everyone dreams and soars. Everyone is creative.

Spring has Sprung

By Liam, grade 5

Spring has sprung with butterflies flying and
Trees dancing with new leaves!
Kids are jumping in and out of the sprinkler spout!
The river is full of life with fish swimming like lions
On the prowl and mosquitoes buzzing around.
When I look around, I see canoes are docked and
sprinklers are off.
I must have been dreaming
I guess I will have to wait until next year for spring to
come.

Get a Cat

By Anastasia, grade 5

I love the way they purr
They have such soft fur.
Their eyes have so much color,
So vibrant and bright
Their ears are so pointy,
And their noses so cool.
Their tongues feel like sandpaper,
Rough and warm
Have I convinced you to get a cat?

I Must Go Down to the Beach Again

Poetry Writing Contest

Winter Is Here

By Denise, grade 4

Why is winter so cold? Why is there sometimes snow?
It is cold because there is frozen rainwater called snow
Snow is made of all the sadness in the world that is saved for
nine months
After those nine months it is released for three months

In those three months all the sadness that was saved in the
earth is released
As it is slowly going away, the people on earth feel happier
inside of them
Then once all that sadness is gone, spring comes and love
starts.

This happens every year and keeps on going over and over
again.
I think it is similar to the circle of life.

The Tropical Rainforest

By Morgan, grade 4

Welcome to the tropical rainforest,
Where there are monkeys swinging from branch to branch,
Beautiful orchids are growing
Hummingbirds are sucking the nectar out of the Heliconia
flowers,
Sloths are sleeping in the canopy of the trees near the tops of
the tropical rainforest
Toucans are eating juicy fruit
Make sure to come back to the tropical rainforest.

Chunnel

By Tristan, grade 4

Company that owns the tunnel in the English Chunnel
Has a big cost to build it
Underground tunnel
Not a wimpy place
Now a great tunnel and company
Excellent in the world of high finance
Lands that the Chunnel is in are the United Kingdom and
France

When I was one

By Meg

When I was one, I can't remember,
But I'm sure my mommy said,
That I was just as cute as a button,
When she lay be down to bed.

When I was two,
I was just tall enough to reach the 'fridgeator,
I'd grab a hold of the butter stick,
But it had a nasty flavor.

When I was three, I was a pretty princess,
As pretty as pretty can be,
I'd go outside in my birthday suit,
Just so anyone could see.

When I was four, I was a kitty cat,
With pointy ears and nose,
I caught my prey with my daggers of peril,
On the very tips of my toes.

When I was five, I didn't know it,
But it would happen without a doubt,
That soon my white and pearly teeth,
Would just start falling out.

When I was six (and a half actually,)
It wasn't about taking turns,
We were entertained by potty jokes,
And slippery, slimy worms.

When I was seven, I was a secret agent,
And flit from wall-to-wall,
My partner would distracts the bad guy team,
While a dart across the hall.

When I was eight, I was a Curious George,
Or I guess I should say Georgina,
And most of my questions would go like this,
Is this pronounced Lima or Lema?

When I was nine, I was a smarty pants,
And made sure everything was correct,
But all of this changed when I heard the saying,
That nobody's perfect.

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I Must Go Down to the Beach Again

Poetry Writing Contest

Why?

By Dane

Why do I continue to live?
My heart has gone numb

I had a chance.

Everyone has given up hope.
And yet, I want to die another day.

Sara S

By Sara, grade 4

Successful
And
Respected
Accurate

Student

April

By Hayden, grade 4

Awesome poetry month
Prancing through the flowers
Running in the field
I like spring
Laying in the grass

The Ups and Downs of a Garden

By Lisa, grade 4

Why a garden is so bad-
First of all, it makes me mad.
Second of all, it's such backbreaking work,
And it makes me want to lurk.
The weeds- they're bad,
And what comes out of it makes me sad.
If I could I'd banish the ickiness,
And so the veggies wouldn't have stickiness.

Why a garden is so good-
It's perky and cheerful, and you really should
Look more carefully sometimes and look-
You might find something you want to cook!

The Wind

By Lisa, grade 4

The wind whistles through the trees,
Into the air, into the breeze.
Whispers softly, all night long,
Into something like a song.

Singing, thinking, wishing too-
All the time, something new.
People never ever know,
Whether the wind is thinking, or making a show.

Is the wind happy or sad?
Good or bad?
Speckled or plaid?
And you won't know unless
You control the wind- make progress.
But if you might, there is a chance
That you will someday (without a lance)

Make the wind whistle through the trees,
Into the air, into the breeze.
Whisper softly, all night long,
Into something like a song.

Spring Blooms

By Dane

With everything
going on around me
I hardly noticed spring

It just slipped in

I stepped outside
Some little red dots on trees
Cherries
Bursting with spring bloom!

Candy

By Matt, grade 4

Chocolate
And
Nugget
Delight
Yummy

I Must Go Down to the Beach Again

Poetry Writing Contest

Wind

By Josie, grade 5

The wind whips trees from their land
Roofs from their houses
And birds from their perches.
It sometimes caresses green leaves
Or lifts the same birds into the sky
It raises the fallen leaves from the ground
And forms gentle ripples on the water
Everyone has felt the wind
The eternal force
That sweeps the world.

Fire

By Josie, grade 5

Cinders and ashes glowing
Flames leap high devouring light
Casting shadows and heat
Drawing animals closer
Elegance and ferocity
Never to be tamed
All things living shrink from its touch
For fire is like a king.

Life on a Cloud

By Hannah, grade 5

There is a secret place no one can see,
Because it is all inside of me.
People might say it's a fantasy from a book,
Well, no it's not. Just take a look.

It's a world of harmony and peace.
A whole family of aunts, uncles, nephews, and niece,
Cousins, brothers, sisters, parents and friends galore
Go on, I say, go on and see what's in store!

Another adventure besides this one is waiting for you
So go on, and I'll tell you what to do.
Find a dream and help it grow,
All will become clear, then you will know.

My world isn't from a book, but it may be as if it seems
And it only starts with wishes and dreams.

That's my life on a cloud.

Airplanes

By Liam, grade 5

Airplanes are flying,
Airplanes are diving,
Airplanes are turning,
Airplanes are churning.
People rush on and off these giant planes
From Kansas and Newark and New York and Maine
I see people everywhere
What? Suddenly the announcement comes
A storm has struck
I realize with sorrow
My flight has been cancelled until tomorrow!

Opening Day

By Preston, grade 5

Opening day
What a wonderful day
The jerseys are white
And the caps are brand new.

The bats are ready to go,
Gloves have been broken in
And cleats are laced.

The stadiums are sparkling and
The Grass is greener than you've ever seen.
The dirt is as smooth as silk
Baseball, wonderful baseball.
The coaches are anxious
The fans are excited
But there's only one word to describe it all
And that is WONDERFUL
Baseball, wonderful baseball.

Poetry Hides

By Maria, grade 5

Poetry hides in our pencils
Ready to be written
At our doors sweetly meowing like a kitten
In our questions, answers, comments, concerns
In the forest among the sweet smelling ferns
In our sorrows and our friendships
In our noses and our lips
In the wondrous caverns of our brains
And, most of all, inside our dear hearts.

I Must Go Down to the Beach Again

Poetry Writing Contest

The Worst Sundae (Ever!)

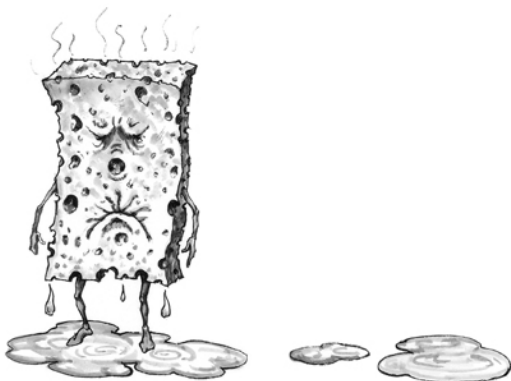
By Hannah, grade 5

One night after all my homework was done
I thought I might as well have some fun.
When I went to pull out the ice cream
I had just one glimpse and then I screamed.
There was absolutely no ice cream left.
My rascal of a sister ate it all, I bet.
New bananas would cost \$2 when I have 2 nickels,
So I improvised and settled for pickles.
I would hat it with no ice cream and bananas that
were rotten
So I threw in the pickles and potatoes (some old for-
gotten).
There was no fudge or chocolate sauce
And I could not buy more, it's too high a cost.
So I settled with olive oil,
And for fudge I threw in some soil.
My lips quivered and drooled at that wonderful sight.
My mind was screaming, "Go on, take a bite!"
When I took the bite, then I knew anything would
have tasted better
Oh my gosh! I had made the worst sundae ever!

Seasons

By Hannah, grade 5

I am the blossoms blooming new.
I am the tree through and through.
I am the sea swaying to and fro.
I am the seasons, don't you know?
I am the leaves falling everywhere.
I am the wind blowing through your hair.
I am the chill that brings the snow.
I am the seasons, don't you know?



Kermit the Sailor

By Orion, grade 6

There once was a sailor named Kermit,
Who didn't have a boat permit.
But he still bought a boat,
But it wouldn't float,
And he didn't know how to turn it!

He crashed into an island,
With trees and lots of sand.
Eventually it got boring,
Kermit resorted to snoring,
'Cause the island was really quite bland.

He ended up making a smoke signal,
Which was answered by old Kris Kringle.
He got flown home by reindeer,
Had a very merry cheer,
And the day ended with a jingle.

Spring Time

by Abigail

Lie down on the grass so moist,
Birds Chirping; a new fresh day to look forward to.
Just run across a meadow freshly cut;
Smell the goodness of the O' so wonderful air.
Run with the light breeze creeping across your face.
Say to yourself spring is here.

Spring

by Maureen

Spring is a season when the snow melts and the
animals come out.

The grass is itchy and moist.

The clouds pass over the sun while the ducks swim in
the pond.

The birds chirp and flap their wings very crisply.

All the trees are turning bright green,

This is why I love spring!

I Must Go Down to the Beach Again

Poetry Writing Contest

Spring

By Taylor

Spring is here; yes we know,
There are a lot of signs of Spring to show.
I can tell by how my nose itches, and I am afraid to
breathe,
And how all the buds on the trees are turning into
bright green leaves.
I can feel the pollen and see it too,
And how every morning there is more and more dew.
The lime green grass and the sky a true blue;
I know Spring will last through and through.
I am happy to say that Spring is here,
and hopefully it will stay!

Spring's Colors

By Lindsay

In Spring there are many colors
Raspberry red and
Sunflower brown
To
Dandelion yellow and
dull blue
The colors in Spring
All vary
Differently
Sun Yellow and
Red
To
Light Purple and
Black
All the colors in Spring
so pretty
make spring awesome

One Spring Morning....

By Jeffrey

There was warmth.
There was green grass.
There was fungus on the trees.
There were bugs.
There was a blue sky.
There were plants.
There were flowers.
There was...
Spring.

Every time I look at the sky,
I think, and think, and wonder why.
Why the sky is blue and the clouds are white.
Why there is a day and why there is a night.
I look down and see some green.
All bright and so keen.
I see some yellow and feel a little mellow.
I look up and down and see some brown.
I feel a tickle upon my neck while I hear the birds
peck, peck, peck.
I look up and down and all around.
And I just wonder.
— by Taylor

Spring

by Lindsay

It is so blooming
And hot
Your head gleams in the hot sun
The cold puddles of rain
Makes Winter just seem to disappear
Into the Past
When the winter disappears
The air feels so much
cleaner
cooler
After the long winter
It feels good
To hear a lawn mower
And birds
In the light breeze
Winter might seem good to some
In November
but in April or May
The snow just gets so old

Spring Colors in Nature

by Logan

Red shouts from the robin's breast
Orange heats the fire
Yellow is a vibrant color that comes from the sun
Green is nature's desire
Blue is the sky's life
Purple whispers in the sunrise painting
Pink tickles through the garden
What spring color can you find?

I Must Go Down to the Beach Again

Poetry Writing Contest

Spring Spirals

By Caroline

In the Spring,
Birds sing as spirals fill the air.
Seeing things bloom,
Will brighten the room with spirals everywhere.
Then in the night,
There is nothing but light as you watch the spirals go.
And the next morning,
Without a warning, the spirals come back with more
blooms.
This will keep happening,
Again and again 'till the spirals run out of Spring
tunes.

MY FRIENDS

By Jessica, grade 4

I have a friend named Jackie
She is kind of wacky
We have a ball
As we call
Our friend Mackie

Imagination

By Jenny, grade 4

Images floating around
Making you think harder and harder
Acting like a trance
Getting you not to pay attention
Inside your mind is racing
Never stopping
And always making your thoughts greater and greater
Thinking of millions of new ideas
Ingenious creativity
On the brink of explosion with thoughts
Never stopping

Sid

By Matt, grade 4

There once was a kid named Sid.
He wanted to sit on a lid.
But when he sat there was a cat.
Then Sid never sat on a lid, poor kid.

CONFUSED CAT

By Melissa, grade 4

There once was a cat named dog.
He went to jump on a log.
He met a smart cat
Who had a fancy hat
Who thought he was a fancy frog!

Flowers

By Kylie, grade 4

Fun with friends and family
Loving and caring for each other
Ouch! That bee stung me
Wow, flowers are beautiful
Eager flowers ready to bloom
Roses are red and pretty
Spring showers bring May flowers

There once was a boy who was nerdy
Then he got quiet dirty
He felt sad
And then became mad
Because his poem wasn't really wordy
— by Justin, grade 4

My Parrot

By Steven, grade 4

I once had a bird,
And his vision was blurred,
Because he was sad,
About his dad,
Who couldn't say a word.

Love

By Ariana, grade 4

Live life together
Outstanding devotion will never fall apart
Voracious passionate families
Everybody should bond

I Must Go Down to the Beach Again

Poetry Writing Contest

There once was a boy name Lou
Who got his big noise stuck in a shoe
He went to Sunday school
He didn't fallow a rule
And ended up in the run!
— by Donovan, grade 4

I know I'm not a poet,
but I can show it.
I know I'm not the best,
but I can beat the rest.
— by Mikayal, grade 4

There once was a guy from Norway
He hit his head in the doorway
He fell on the ground
And broke his crown and now he's dreaming of
Snorway
— Mark, grade 4

A girl liked to drink juice
Who kissed a big moose
And turned into a goose.
— by Tommy, grade 4

Poems

By Olivia, grade 4

Perfect for peace and quiet
Outstanding way to have fun
Expressing yourself
Magnificent
Sweet and happy

Red Ned and Feather Heather

By Jackie, grade 4

There once a man named Ned
Who sat on a very big bed.
He saw a feather
On his wife Heather,
And then he turned very red.

The Bad Luck Duck

By Jonathan, grade 4

There once was duck
Who had very bad luck
He flew through the park
Hit some tree bark
Now he is stuck in amuck

Cats and Dogs

By Meghan, grade 4

Cats
Cute, cuddly, furry
Meowing, purring
Barking, growling
Mean, danger, bad pet
Dogs

Spring

By Nitesh, grade 4

Flowers in bloom throughout the season,
People singing for no reason,
The warming sun shines in the sky,
And the baby birds are ready to fly,
In the playgrounds children play,
Until the end of each spring day,
Life is abundant throughout the earth,
And God blesses each new birth,
Before this beautiful season ends,
Everyone's made some brand-new friends.

BEE STING

By Victor, grade 4

Hey look at the bee
It's soaring at me
Ouch it stung my knee

White Sox rule
Red Sox drool
We are cool
— by Michael, grade 4

I Must Go Down to the Beach Again

Poetry Writing Contest

The Calling Mist of Death

By Pramuka, grade 4

I ascended through the thick thorny bushes all green and fresh
Into a ghostly mist thick and wet
I quickly ran through this ghostly mist until it was no more
As I ascended to the icy top the mist crept behind me like a
loyal pet
As I walked on it clung to me with it's merciless fingers of
death.
Suddenly, it started snowing, flakes of ice fell to the ground
I kept on moving through the cold and ghostly snow until it
looked like I could never be found
I spotted a cave nice and cozy which I desired
As I got warm in the cave that ghostly mist rushed in inviting
me to leave my damaged body and into a land above
As I did, I felt the cold leave me, all my hopes and goals and
cares leave me as I followed the mist to a land above.

My Trip to School

By Davis, grade 4

"Mom, I don't want to go to school," I said, lazily in my bed
"Then young man," she argued back, "you'll get no knowledge
in your head"
"Get up, you're not a donkey in a stable,
"Go into the kitchen, you'll find breakfast on the table"
I ate my breakfast, brushed my teeth and combed by bushy hair,
I ran outside to only see the school bus waiting there
As I walked nearer, the bus doors parted
I knew then, my bad luck started
We all grumbled and complained since it seemed the ride
would never end
We soon found ourselves wrong when the school was right
around the bend
I walked into Room 21
We started learning interesting facts, and I as having fun
I did reading, writing, math and history
And of course, what was a class without geometry
The school bell rang, that meant it was time for school to end
I went outside and hopped aboard the school bus again
I went inside my house and my mom asked me, "how was
school today?"
I answered back, "it was more than just okay"

Cheese

By Jacob, grade 4

Cheese is very good
Has a very good taste
Everyone should like it
Exciting when seen
Super delicious when eaten
Everyone who doesn't like cheese frowns

Shannon

By Shannon, grade 4

Skillful
Hardworking
Awesome
Nice
Neat
Outstanding
Noisy

Spring Break

By Kelsey, grade 4

School gives you a break
People celebrate Easter on Sunday
Rabbits hide Easter eggs
Incredibly delicious candy
No school or homework
Grab your swimsuits and go to the beach
Be happy it's Spring Break
Read, play, or swim
Eat snow cones at the pool
At the beach, you can swim, surf, or relax
Know that it ends next Monday

James

By James, grade 4

Jumping joy barrage!
Appreciation for teachers!
Mother's Day, ok!
Easter is sweat-ster!
Sweat-o-mondo!

I Must Go Down to the Beach Again

Poetry Writing Contest

Spring

By Lia

Spring is like a dream, a dream that never, ever ends.
It is a wish of happiness, which comes true every year.
Spring is like an unfinished poem, it just keeps on.
Spring is like an ostinato.
It follows the same season every year, but keeps on fading
away.
Spring is a freedom like season.
It turns sadness into happiness, but the sadness never goes
away completely, it just stays there, captured in the deep,
hypnotizing blue sky.
The bright colors make spring feel happy again.
Spring has wonderful colors.
In spring the soft peach, light pink, & lavender purple
flowers make the world look beautiful, with the dark green
grass making fields lush with life.
The water is a murky brown but still beautiful.
The dirt is a pale, crisp brown making cracking noises with
every step.
Everything is so calm.
All that is felt is Happiness.
Happiness,
Happiness,
Happiness.....

Moonlight

By Samantha, grade 4

Is the moonlight really there?
It is shining in the water like a diamond ring
It is so soft while you are swimming
It feels like you're laying on a big, smooth, soft blanket
While you're swimming you feel so refreshed and clean....

Learning

By Laura, grade 5

Learning
new stuff is fun
especially to me
at summertime it is so fun
to learn.

My Sister Jade

By Justine, grade 5

I have a loving sister, Jade
Who helps me with homework
She gets real good grades.

I sometimes fight with her
She sometimes fights with me
But I always remember
We are one big happy family.

My sister loves to shop
She never really stops
Through all the shops she goes
When will her shopping ever come to end?
I wonder if anyone knows.

She really hates the orthodontist
And the dentist too.
She doesn't like her braces.
I wouldn't, would you?

Here are many good things about my sister
Funny and nice, incredibly smart
She has many friends
A warm and kind heart.

Now if I need a friend
On her I can depend
Because when I am down
Right there she will be
She's always around.

Jade is my big sister
A friendly one too.
You might think I'm lying
But I'm not, it is all true.

Flowers

By Senna, grade 4

Flowers are red
They make me want to go to bed
Some flowers are yellow
They smell like Jell-O
Flowers aren't mean,
But they are very lean
And don't wear jeans

I Must Go Down to the Beach Again

Poetry Writing Contest

Bed

By Joel, grade 4

I'm jumping on my bed
I'm landing on my head
Everything is blurry
And my bed feels furry
I'm getting shot by a Nerf gun
I'm having so much fun
I'm jumping up and down
Making faces like a clown
And when my mom comes in,
She'll get hit by some tin!

You (to the tune of "Roses are Red, Violets are Blue")

By Evan, grade 4

On your doorstep,
I came to see you
You can see me,
I can't see you

I came to you,
You come to me
Then we will see,
Who can ride a donkey

Roses are red,
Violets are blue
All people are pretty,
Except for you

Dogs and Pie

By Hayden, grade 4

Three dogs ate pie
And tried to fly
And then fell down



Auamadough (Avocado, Madhav, Dough)

By Madhav, grade 4

Madhav, the famous dough
Avocado likes dough
So he ate Madhav
He did not like dough
When he said he liked dough
So he ate himself (avocado)

PI

By Neal, grade 4

I wanted to have a piece of pie
But, on my
I had PI

Family

By Caoimh, grade 4

I have dozens of cousins
That is many
But not one is called Leny

Apples

By Martin, grade 4

Apples are green
Lemons are sweet
The smell of roses
Can't be beat

You see the apples hanging high
As with sweet, sweet lemons
Before you grab a rose, say good-bye
For your hand will hurt soon after that

This is the end
So I must say,
Pure lemonade
Is the end

Bears

By Jessica, grade 4

There was a little teddy bear,
And its arm got a tear,
So the bear got tender loving care!

I Must Go Down to the Beach Again

Poetry Writing Contest

The sky is dark,
the trees are bare,
even though it's spring.

I think it is the school bell
that kills with every ring.

When summer comes
the flowers bloom,
and all the world is bright.

But when learning starts again,
the land is filled with fright.
— by Natasha, grade 4

The Hidden Side of a Leaf by Chloe

Sapping away the life of a tree,
Slowly gnawing
At the leaf's own green greed.
A parasite
The tree will abandon
At winter's first deathly breath.

Fluttering, flickering, flee
Flashes of color
A sea of red, gold, and green.
Good-natured and reeling
A certain dottiness
Among the treelings.

Not knowing a thing,
The tree all wise,
Was thwarted by the treeling.
For in a haste,
To save its race
A glimmer of greenlife
Now glides on the breeze.

New
By Christian, grade 4

Roses are red,
Violets are blue
I'm just gonna make something,
Completely new

The Unicorn By Jerry, grade 4

The unicorn is on the rainbow
Unlike the bug who is slow
Unicorns are majestic when it snows
The tails are wool
And they're not cold
And feels like coal
Which leaves a hole

Friends By Alicia, grade 4

Friends are great
Friends are fun
Friends come over and eat your lunch
Share their cookie
Share their snack
Have hay
And play
Laugh with your
Not at you
Smile and cry with you
At home and school
Tell secrets with who?
YOU!

A Man By Martin, grade 4

There once was a little man
Who never, ever ran
He was the kind of sort
That was kindo' short
And he could never open a can

There once was a cat named Herman
Who had a brother named Sherman
They were both very cute
But you couldn't put them on mute
— Jessica, grade 5

I Must Go Down to the Beach Again

Poetry Writing Contest

A Day at the Beach

By Yannan, grade 5

I went to the beach one day
It was terrible,
Well, that's what you and I would say.
The thing is. . .
The water was too cold,
Then I stepped on a pail and shovel.
I was just about to eat
But a seagull took my cookie
My brother threw a rock at my head
I felt like I might as well be dead.
My brother says he loves the beach,
I told him I would rather eat a rotten peach.
Here's when things took a turn.
My brother sat
On an angry hermit crab.
I think I saw the hermit crab smile and wink at me.
My brother just glared and said, "Ha ha, ha, hee,
hee!"
I can now say,
I want to go to the beach another day.

My Pencil

By Zoe, grade 5

I have a pencil for only me
But it is not just a pencil for you should see
It makes words say what they need to say
So let me tell more, if I may.
When you put it to the paper, what it would do, you
don't know
But when you put it to the paper, all it does is Go,
Go, Go!
And in almost no time, all your poem is done!
Even a poem hater would have a lot of fun.
So find your own pencil, that's just like mine
And any writing assignment will be done in no time.

Eggs

By Megan, grade 4

Eggs are good
Good, not gummy!
Great and delicious!
Super yolk is icky!

Sugar Rush

By Zoe, grade 5

Yes, Yes I had this sudden urge
Then think I'm crazy, but I'm only on the verge
Rolling on the ground
Jumping all around
Mom said I had too much candy
I said, "Well, that's just dandy!"
I guess you just have to live with it!
I am too wild to even sit.
CRASH, CLINK, What's that sound I hear?
SPLOTCH, SPLINK, I think it's getting near.
Oh Dear!
It's my feet I fear
The urge to jump around
Is pulling me way down
I, I'm, I'm . . .
Starting to feel. . .
SLEEPY!

Alone

By Nicole, grade 5

I'm all alone in this great big world
No one to care for me
I hide in the corners or just in a box
So will someone save me?
Spider webs gross and icky
They make me oh so sticky
I'm nearly starved so please who will feed me
Death round the corner
It's breathing on my shoulder
I'm just a little orphan
Will someone save me?

PLEASE?

Mother

By Alyssa, grade 4

My mother's always there for me
On rainy days, she makes it sunny
Today, it's like moms are super heroes
Her smile lights my day
Even when I'm in tears, she makes me laugh
Really, every day should be Mother's Day!

I Must Go Down to the Beach Again

Poetry Writing Contest

The Amaranthine Sea

by Chloe

Jutting out like the prow of a ship,
Decorated by figureheads of old,
I reach tentacles of uncoiled glory to the heavens
To warm those lying in watery graves.
Wave after wave I send reeling to shore
Like ripples of life sustaining skin flooding to the temple.

When dinosaurs trampled the earth,
Great lizards with extreme girth,
Astride taloned, thrashing nadirs
And fanged, terrible maws,
They themselves fell prey
To a simple fireball,
Whose skirts and seas of
Red, white and gold
Bearing death on gold hued wings
Was engulfed by my tranquil garb.
But still I thrive.

When kin of this meteor
Pummeled star strewn and inky depths
Mirroring calamity above
And writhing serpents
Knocked trembling coils
On death's door
Below
I did sing
A song of great sadness
For the demise of thee,

Common folk with patched rags,
Nobles cloaked in gold tasseled purple,
Even the bare and scarred backs
of those who had yet to rise,
Rebuke and terrorize.
But still I thrive.

Or beaten by many hued entities
Metal hewn hulls and wings of gulls
Flapping like scarves on the breeze.
Fenced by rails, structures, and hills
Buildings steepled, spired, or blocked.
Battered by smog and waste, and to think
That in a year, two, or a few,
I will break my banks,
and rise,
For no choice I am offered
I will flood and drown and buffet
Before the world is freed.
Then the taunts, tears, and tragedies
Will die.
Like a stifled scream,
Before the truth is revealed.
When the world is at peace
I shall sinuously slink
And majestically soar
And war, gore, enigma, and woes will be no more.
And still I thrive.

THE CLOWN

By Abby, grade 4

Clowns are never funny.
They don't make the world sunny.
Except for one day,
Listen to what I have to say.
His identity was revealed,
'cause his pants weren't sealed.
OOPS! His pants fell down!
That's what I said! Right to the ground!
It was the funniest scene.
P.S. I think his underwear was GREEN!
(I hope they were clean.)

The Relaxing Day on the Beach

By Katie, grade 4

The sand runs through your feet.
The sun shines in your hair.
Your hair flows in the wind.
You watch a beautiful sunset at the end of the day.
When you are in the water you feel like you are in
a trance.
When you lie on the sand you feel like you are in
a cloud.

I Must Go Down to the Beach Again

Poetry Writing Contest

Bob

By Gwen, grade 4

There once was an apple named Bob
He got chased by an angry mob
They had torches with fire
And they had the desire
To steal his corn on the cob

Spring

by Matthew

The breezes of spring blow by,
The freshly mowed grass tries to follow,
But finds that it is stuck to the earth and cannot.
The flowers begin to bloom: violent reds and bright
yellows;
As if they had been splattered on canvas.
The streams begin to flow,
Freed from their icy imprisonment.

Goodnight

By Lisa, grade 4

Goodnight
Sleepy
Time now
Restnight
Bestnight
Dreams
Soon-wow
Sunnynight
Funnynight
Loud, loud
Snore
Ka-night
Pow-night
Night no
MORE!

PEEP

BY TYLER, GRADE 4

PICK
EATABLE
EATING
PIES

Bob

By Cheska, grade 4

There once was a bunny named Bob,
Who can never finish his job
When he tries to make money,
This little brained bunny,
He ends up with corn on the cob!

My Dog Ate My Homework

By Claire, grade 4

My dog ate my homework,
but he wouldn't confess.
Oh, he's so mischievous,
and also a pest.

The cat tore up my art project.
Sorry I can't turn it in.
Trust me, she can trick anyone
with her innocent little grin.

Mom's fish jumped out of its bowl last night,
and got my reading book wet.
It's ruined now and I can't give it back.
I really do hate that pet.

What? Pardon me, what's that you say?
You want to come over to my house today?
Sure, fine, but just one thing,
all my pets recently ran away.

Diamonte

By Jessica, grade 4

Kittens
sweet, cute
playing, loving, napping
balls, mice, bed food
sleeping
eating, sunbathing
beautiful, sleepy
cats

I Must Go Down to the Beach Again

Poetry Writing Contest

The Thanksgiving Table

by Chloe

A muttered thanks,
Clasped hands in prayer.
All diversity embraced
With the whole human race.

I step over a reflecting pool
Brown murky depths
Reach over for the finest grapes, vines
Greece and laurel wreaths
Crowns of nations
Melt into rich rivers
Of elvish celebrations,
of gathering,
of wine,
of cheer,
of liquid joy.

Round, bright reddened berries
sagging on a branch.
Clunking in a pail,
Bent wooden planks
Form an usher's generous pallet
A gathering plate,
A pot of family.
Give thanks,
give thanks,
give thanks.

A flying soul
fluttering feebly,
flapping joyously,
Freely skimming velvet clouds.
A generous fowl,
Young, ripe, and ready.
A sharpened wooden arrow
Lodged firmly in its crest,
Generous to the last breath,
Every soul remembered.

All these gifts,
Stretching over a hand fashioned table.
Hands clasped,
Heads turned to heavens:
Feathers, top hats
Buckles, bows
Buckskin and rough hewn
Tools and house
Pow-wow and Puritan.

Each at the Thanksgiving table.
A path.

Polluted/Lost Treasures

by Chloe

The river crawled, sluggish
its damp, murky depths
now brown.
Smog billowed and boiled
off its dark surface.
The leaves were muddy, wet, and moldy
the rocks dull and depressed.

And I, myself, wondered aloud,
"Who and what caused this this mess?"
Then in an undertone,
"Do they think, do they care, do they fear?"
Is it in fear, rage, and hatred
that they simply leave it here?"

Two seasons later
the river babbled and squirmed delightedly
like a tickled child.
But the leaves were still moist
and succumbed to winter's wrath
and the rocks sagging and forlorn.
I had yet to get to them.

But they now had a singing river
at their feet.
Delightedly raised in a high soprano,
and filling the forest with its song.

I Must Go Down to the Beach Again

Poetry Writing Contest

Lola

By Casi , grade 5

Lola is my dog
My dad says she's a big fat hog
Since my dad said that
We went on a walk
Then I gave her a treat
And we sat on a rock.

We walked inside
And she started to be licky
And so I gave her some food
Then she began to be picky.

I sat on the couch
Then Lola came up
And chewed up my pouch
I pushed her off
So she climbed to the loft.

Lola chewed up an ipod cord
So I scared her away
The she ran to the door.

Lola my dog
Gets lost in the fog.

When we go camping
She comes with us
When she gets sick
We all begin to fuss.

We go in the trailer
We latch on her leash
I put on my bathing suit
And we go down to the beach.
She tries to chase crows
The population of birds grow.

I pull her away
She cries, she cries
I pull her away
She tries, she tries.

That's who she is
Lola my dog
The one my dad says
Is a big fat hog.

Forgiveness

by Chloe

It lies in the veins
Of all kingdom creatures,
Deep in the depths,
Where it should be unearthed with toil.
It is a fruit, the fruit
Of the tree bearing wisdom,
It is the fruit of sin
And heart
Welded and bonded firmly together.
Forming something that is neither of its makers.
It is like the river in the heart of the forest
That never runs dry,
But it is affected by the drought
Brought in by misuse
Or unuse.
It is to be plucked, ripe
From another's word.

Forgiveness is truth,
Light,
A path.

Swim Lover

By Laura, grade 5

Izzy
loves to swim in
the ocean he always
looks forward going to the beach
loves to.

Relaxing Time

By Laura, grade 5

The beach
Is a relaxing place to visit
during spring vacation I love the
island.

I Must Go Down to the Beach Again

Poetry Writing Contest

Global Warming By Anisha, grade 5

Glaciers are melting, what'll you do?
Sea levels raising, coastal areas flooding.
Salt inland, causes trouble.
Bays need help, on the double

Dying trees, from changing weather,
Animal species wiped out altogether.
Humans have to be careful,
Destroyed habitats would be awful.

Burning fuel adds CO₂,
Increase green house gases they do
CO₂ is what trees breathe,
So more trees we need.

SUVs and hummers too,
Burn way too much fossil fuel.
Driving less could do the job,
Bike, walk, bus or jog.

Reuse, Recycle, and Reduce,
Put your resources to use.
Compost scraps, use your brain!
We don't want no more methane.

Use less electricity!
We use too much, a pity!
Is solar energy enough?
Stop Global Warming...its tough!

Global Warming is a problem; so let's find a solution,
That greenhouse gas blanket warming our earth needs attention.
Lets reduce carbon dioxide and methane gases,
Before our habitat is destroyed by climate changes masses.

Sleeping

By Laura, grade 5

Sleeping
Is good to do
It is also healthy
Lots of people must do it now
Healthy.

Learning New Stuff By Laura, grade 5

Grandmoms
teach you lots of
new things in history
or of old things in history
great things.

The Soaring Sydney By Samantha, grade 6

I'm going to ride the Soaring Sydney,
I'll plop on her feathers and sing a song,
Wail Soaring Sydney sings along.
I'll make a sandwich, and grab a prune,
And we will be leaving at half past noon.
I'm going to soar with the Soaring Sydney...
Just as soon as Soaring Sydney learns how to
soar.

The Little Girl With The Big Things By Samhita

My little sister is a little girl
But she has a lot of big things
She has a big top that can swirl
In the backyard she has two big swings
I am the big girl in the house
But I get the small stuff
As a pet, I have a small mouse
I get the small pillows that are rough and
tough
IT'S JUST NOT FAIR!
Don't you agree with me?
It's like saying that she gets a big, kind bear
And I get a small, angry bee
Anyway, I have to go
My sister is calling
She needs some money
I think you know how it goes