

Poets' Pride



A poet's pride is the final product
A pride of poets begins the production

February 3, 2014

Fox

Through the acorns and the leaves
white bushy tail among the forest greens
black little paws
on the crackly leaves
orange face
ears and
body in the
afternoon breeze.

Ryder, 4th grade

Ode to a Snake

Snake
smooth
scaly line
twisting
sliding
unseen.
Narrowed eyes
burning holes through the air.
Slipping silently
through the crunchy leaves.
Forked tongue flicking
in and out
a mouse scuttles past.
Head snapping forward
Striking.
Slinking forward
in a long scaly line.

Katya, 4th grade

Smiling

Smiling is a peaceful motion
a way to show
happiness and fight the world.
She curves her ruby red lips
up
and shows her snow white teeth.

Soft velvety cheeks lift
Deeply –colored eyes stare
And her breath
a quiet dainty sound.
Smiling is a peaceful motion.
Mary, 4th grade

Ode to Backpacks

Torn out, frayed, but still faithful
clinging to my back
worn high with pride
my companion
patterns faded
my only friend
that is willing to be
my pack mule.
ode to you
staying strong
I am sorry
for not giving you
the proper amount of respect.
Shame on me for overloading you
I am your companion
after all.

Sabrina, 5th grade

Ode to a Pig

Pig
your pink, oink noise
when you run
through the grass fields
your pink pale skin
with your curly noodle tail
your circle nose with little holes.
your crisp bacon
that I adore.

Zoe, 4th grade