

WONDERLICIOUS

*

An Anthology of Poetry
by the Second-Grade Students
of PS 51 M

*

Manhattan, New York
Spring 2017

*

Ms. Nancy Sing-Bock, Principal

Ms. Erica Chiu
Ms. Suhna Pi
Ms. Lauren Miller

*

Matthew Burgess
Teachers & Writers Collaborative

TEACHERS & WRITERS COLLABORATIVE (T&W) partners with New York City schools and community-based organizations to offer dynamic creative writing programs led by professional writers. Since 1967, T&W has worked with more than 750,000 K-12 students and more than 25,000 teachers at schools throughout New York City; published more than 80 books and a magazine (www.teachersandwritersmagazine.org) about creative writing education; and provided free resources for students, teachers, and writers on our website (www.twc.org).

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

This residency was sponsored by New York City Department of Education, ING Financial Services, and T&W.

T&W programs are made possible in part by the National Endowment for the Arts, the New York State Council on the Arts with the support of Governor Andrew Cuomo and the New York State Legislature, and public funds from the New York City Department of Cultural Affairs in partnership with the City Council.

T&W is also grateful for support from the following:

Amazon.com, Aroha Philanthropies, Barnes & Noble, Bay and Paul Foundations, Bloomberg Philanthropies, Bydale Foundation, Captivate Network, Central New York Community Foundation, CEPP, Cerimon Fund, Charles Lawrence Keith and Clara Miller Foundation, Con Edison, E.H.A. Foundation, Hans and Ruth Cahnmann Family Fund, ING Financial Services, Jerome Foundation, Kenneth Koch Literary Estate, Leonore Gordon PD Arts and Wellness on the Go Fund at Stonewall Community Foundation, Lillian Goldman Charitable Trust, Lily Auchincloss Foundation, Mary Duke Biddle Foundation, New York Community Trust, Rizzoli, Rockefeller Brothers Fund, Simon and Eve Colin Foundation, Solon E. Summerfield Foundation, Staten Island Foundation, United Way of New York City, Wells Fargo, William Randolph Hearst Foundation, William T. Grant Foundation, and friends of T&W.

**A Teachers & Writers Collaborative Publication
Copyright © 2017**

Introduction

Welcome to *Wonderlicious*, an anthology of poetry by the amazing young poets of PS 51. You might want to turn on your imagination before you turn the page: you can flip the invisible switch on the side of your head, or you can ask one of the young poets for their own particular method of “imagination-activation.” The trick is to remember that anything is possible in a poem. As Cecilia Polanco-Morales demonstrates in “You Are,” there is no limit to where our creativity can carry us:

Poetry, you are a tree
blooming up to the moon
with soft, gentle petals
falling on the cold, hard ground
as you climb up
soundlessly,
you hug the big, white rock
floating in space
and with your long, green branches
you put it there—
keep climbing,
you'll soon get to the sun.

One of the benefits of teaching poetry to kids is that you get to witness these moments when their words appear on the page, one after the other, and suddenly a sparkling new poem is born. Where did it come from? We look at each other with surprise and delight, and we feel excited about the possibilities. Instead of worrying about “doing it right” or making mistakes, we experiment, play, dance our pencils across the page and discover what can happen when we allow our imaginations to take the wheel. Sometimes it happens very quickly, as in Ke’Mari Smalls-Rooks’ poem, “Poetry”:

Poetry, you drive at a threatening, unknown speed.
Poetry you are my promise I can never break.
With you, my friend, we can jump
on a trampoline of the mysterious words
not yet founded from a distant land,
secretly hidden happening.

You make the words of true stories
fantastic humping with horror
you scare me—creak, creak—you open
the door to my brain, help me,
help me light up the path of words.
Poetry, my friend, people
think you're ordinary.
Nope, you're extraordinary.
Poetry, my friend.
Poetry, my friend.

Nothing makes me happier than to see my students “make friends” with poetry. I have seen how the freedom and fun that we experience while writing poems can help us *to see ourselves as writers*. Poetry opens us up to the expressive possibilities of language. As Victoria Jamarino writes, “Poem, you make me write a thousand times easier.” Borneal Chakraborty asks, “Poetry, are you actually one of the best tools in writing?” We at Teachers & Writers Collaborative believe the answer is YES, but I’ll let these extraordinary poems speak for themselves.

We are very grateful to Elaine Clark and all the folks at ING for supporting the Teachers & Writers program and for making this poetry magic possible. Thank you to Ms. Sing-Bock, the awesome principal of PS 51, for fostering an atmosphere where creativity is celebrated and valued every day, and to Ms. Pi, Ms. Chiu, and Ms. Miller, for welcoming me into your classrooms and collaborating every step of the way. A special shout out to Jin Dassy who, inspired by E. E. Cummings’ example of “squishing words together,” coined our one-of-a-kind title: *Wonderlicious!* This anthology is dedicated to the imagination-fantastic, word-magnificent 2nd-grade poets of PS 51. Always remember: you are poets, and you know it, and you’ve got your whole lives to show it!

Matthew Burgess
April 2017

Ms. Chiu & Ms. Pi's Class

Aiden Alava
Douha Ali
Aimee Belalcazar
Lynette Calderon
Muaz Cecunjanin
Jozelynn Cedeno
Hyeon-Joo Cha
Sabriya Chowdhury
Jada Dale
Jin Dassy
Synthia Duque
Anthony Fuentes Jr.
Devin Harris
Anissa Herner
Choudhury Jahra
Victoria Jamarino
Kyaere Kinloch
Alexandra Luciano
Onelys Marte Vasquez
Gustavo Mendoza-Figueroa
Marguerite Penning
Kenia Raymond
Sophia Richardson
Joshua Robinson
Arianny Rosario
Rei Smalls
Ke'Mari Smalls-Rooks
Jaiceya Watson

Aiden Alava

My Soul

My soul is an unbreakable force.
My soul will never let go.
I love my soul and it loves me.
My soul is a cheetah who never
gives up to get prey for its cubs.
My soul is like a bird high in the sky.
My soul is the best thing that happened to me.
My soul is like a Sharkpedo
trying to get a Magikarp.

Ode to the Shark

Shark, you kill people
but I know it's not your fault.
Sometimes you think
the surfboard is a seal.
I know your old leader
was a Megalodon,
the biggest shark in the whole world.
Are they still out there?
And the new biggest shark is a whale shark.
Why are you a predator
to a lot of animals in the sea?
Do you have a predator?
How do you have so many teeth?
Well bye then, fish you later!



Douha Ali

Winter

It's winter when the world is
snow-wonderful
hot chocolate-joyful
and I say
ice skate-awesome!
I skate on the icy
and slippery snow.
I take a nice rest.



Ode to Cats

Hi cat, you smell fresh.
What do you like to do, cat?
Can you tell me what is your name?
Can you tell me why you scratch people?
What is your favorite food?
What do you like to play?
Cat, why are you noisy?
And you are mean to people
like you scratch and hurt them.
Is this the sound you make? Meow.
Why are you cute, cat?
How do you speak?
Do you like to eat chicken?
No, I don't. I hate chicken.
But I still love
you.

Aimee Belalcazar

My Soul

My soul is like a tree
that the flowers go down
in the shiny snow
when it is the sparkly winter.
My soul is like a bird
that flies in the sky
when winter is coming.
My soul is like a sky that cools
the bird down in the island.
My soul is like an island
that can touch the sky
when it is raining.
My soul is like a paper
in a box that can steal
flowers for the birds.

My Third Eye

With my third eye
I see when I was a baby
and from the time I was one year old
until I get to seven.
With my third eye
I see the past—the time
when my mom was born
with her crying, "I love her."
With my third eye I see
a bird getting outside in the winter



and little baby birds in their house.
With my third eye
I see far, far away to a house
that has a tree in it
and a lot of kids.



Lynette Calderon

I Am

I am a fish that lives deep in the ocean
where the sharks live.

I am a girl that speaks a different way in my life.

I am the star of hope and life that sees you.

I am a house where people love and care about us.

I am a newborn baby
that has a red eye on the left
and a blue eye on the right.

No matter, I'm not the same as you

I am still as you and alive.

I'm like you and you are like me.

Secret Hiding Place

My secret hiding place is a castle
with a candy maker and a room full of food
from around the world like: Russia, Japan,
London, Cuba, France, and America.

The secret code is: unicornql.

The 4th floor has a bedroom with:
pink, yellow, blue, green, white, and purple.

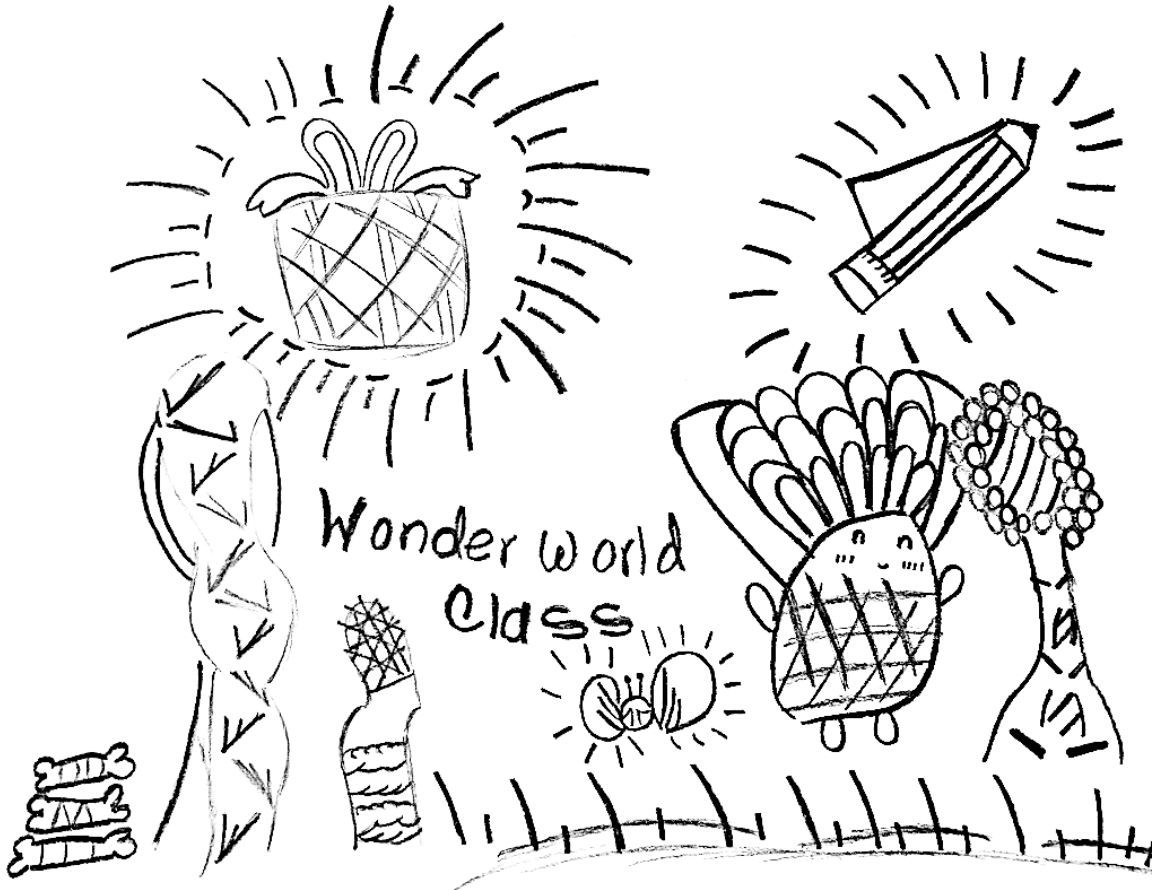
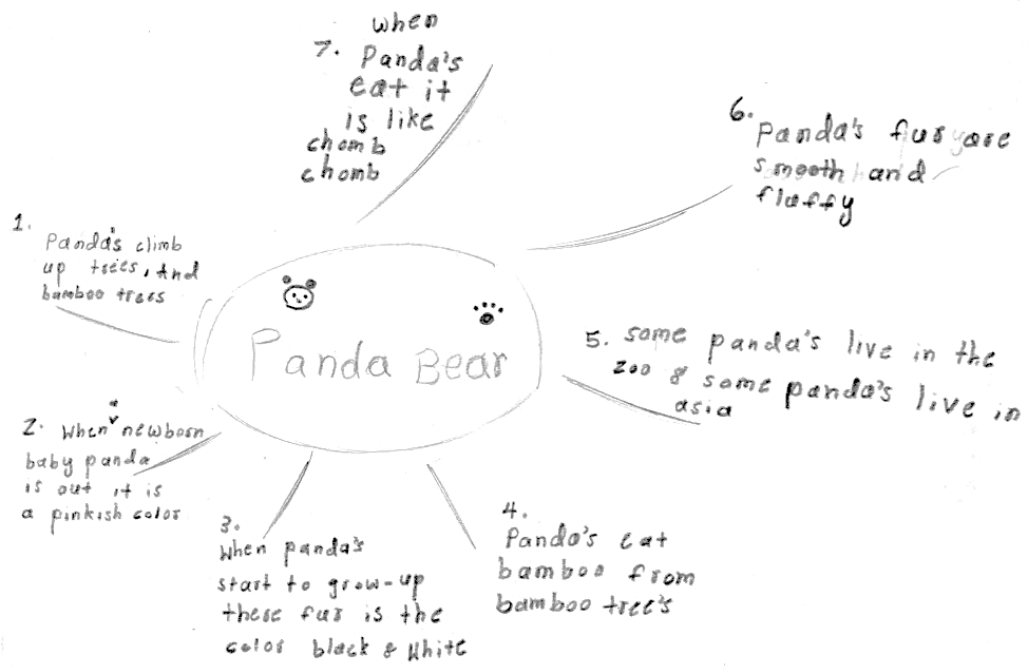
On the 5th floor there is a room full of clothes like: shorts,
dresses, t-shirts, long shirts, and long pants.

On the 6th floor there is a dancing room for:
hip-hop, classic, royal, and a ballet.

There is a waterpark and a pool on the 7th and 8th floor.

On the 9th floor there is a room
full of beach things.

Lynette



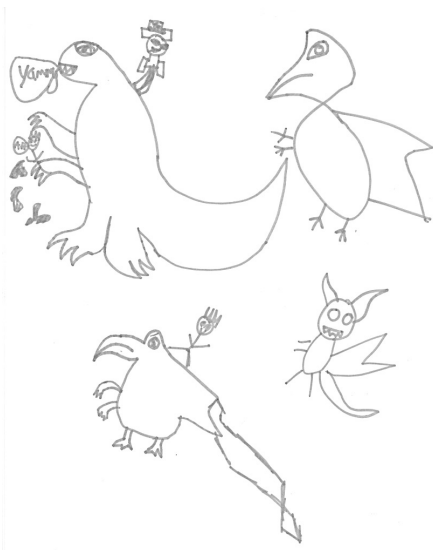
Muaz Cecunjanin

Winter

It's winter when
the world is
icicle-cool
snow-luscious
Christmas-awesome
and
I say wee
when I ski
down
the
ice sea
and
I
go home
saying
brrr
and then I drink
hot chocolate and say Ahh! That is delicious!
and then I went outside
to catch cold fish in an icicle pond
and when I got fish I would say
Yummy! Fish!

Ode to Wolves

Wolf, is it true that you are a dog
 with more teeth? Wolf, is your fur
 really hot? Are you the fastest dog
 in the world? Do you have really
 good hearing? Do you play tag?
 Do you howl loud like this: Awoww!
 Are you a meat eater?
 Are you white and black?
 Do you protect your cubs?
 Do you have a big pack?
 How big is your cave?
 Do you fight with other wolves?
 Is your favorite food meat?
 Do you like to eat yummy blueberries?
 How strong are you?



Mudz 3/24/17
 with
 my birds, my
 see
 can I thired
 eye thired eye I
 my with post can
 the see
 see a
 can fire dragon
 thired eye I with
 my my
 with sky thired
 the eye
 in I
 up can
 see
 Charzaried fly a flereon
 a see with
 can my
 I thired
 eye eye
 thired I
 my can see
 with 50/50 My
 math test

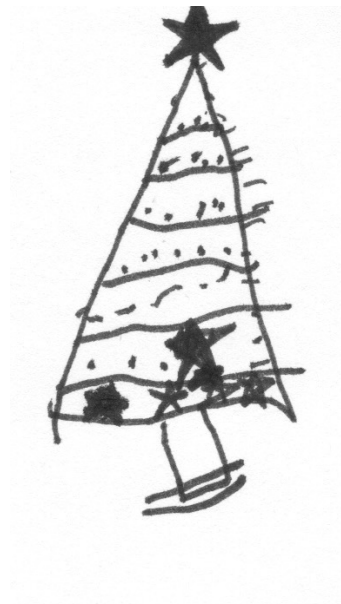
Jozelynn Cedenno

The Ode to Underwater Walker

Hi Underwater Walker,
how do you walk underwater
and how are you a super swimmer?
How can you go on land and water?
Underwater Walker, how do you
keep your eyes open?
How pretty is your fur?
It shades from black into a brown,
fades from a tan into a peach
and Underwater Walker,
your chin is like a polar bear's fur.
Also you can keep your breath
under water for three minutes.

Winter

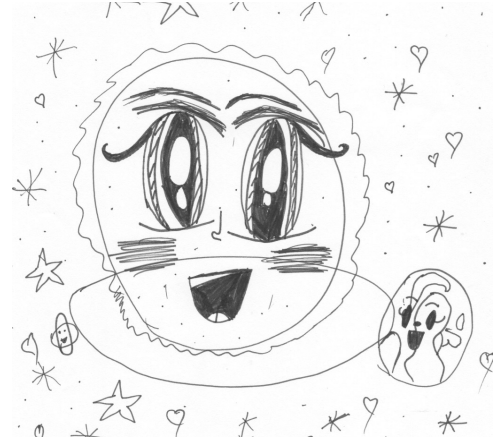
It is winter when the world is
snow-luscious, hot chocolate-cool
icicle-nice, slush-
rad,
Christmas-
wonderful,
snow angel
love-luscious,
ornament-
super,
ice-
delightful.



Hyeon-Joo Cha

I Am Anything

I am a hammer shark in the deep, deep ocean seas.
Upon the upper ocean, I see fish floating.
I am a cheetah who loves to run fast
and catch my prey in the wild.
I am a sand cat. I love the sandy wild.
I love my home in the sandy sand.
I am a newborn baby.
I saw the sun and thought it was a ball.
I love my life. I am a bright sun
and I shine in the bright sky.
I am the sun of the earth.
I see the sky and I brighten the world
in the whole universe out there.



My Secret Hideout

In my hideout there are flowers everywhere
in the breezing air of wind upon the sky.
I dream about 100,000 miles of roses
laying everywhere in my hideout.
The hideout is more beautiful
than anything you have ever seen
in your whole life—a hideout
in the flowers. There also are singing birds.
Also the sky is like a beautiful smell
of roses in the wild by 1 and by 2.
The grass is like a flowing animal
in the sky flying and flapping its wings.

Chirp, chirp sing the birds in my hideout.
 My secret hideout smells like Wonderland 5!

Hyun-Soo cha ♡ 4/3/17

Poetry is like wind in the sky flying high and higher above the sky.

Poetry, you are my dream come true.
 poetry is powerful than anything that can stand you
 poetry is strong.



poetry is special to all of us to write poems of anything you will never die.

poetry is that you then welcome to our amazing world in my head of poems.

Poetry is amazing!



poetry is like flowers plotting in a bubble bath in the tub.

Poetry is fun as a party full of big balloons floating in the sea.
 poetry is very very strong and powerful.



Poetry is playful and initial!

Sabriya Chowdhury

In My Wonderful World

I see a very, very tall tree.
I hear a bird sing its sweet song.
I taste a juicy, yummy, tasty fruit.
I touch a big, furry stuffed animal.
I smell a very big berry.
And I think to myself,
this is the best place.



Jada Dale

My Secret Place

If you want to go into my secret hideout
you have to find a map.

You will get tiny clues that will lead you
to my secret place.

Also, please do not touch anything
in my secret hideout

or there will be a peep sound
and it will keep going like
peep, peep.

Also there is a bunch of flowers
around my secret place.

Ode to a Puppy

You have sparkly gold eyes.

Puppy, you eat so cutely.

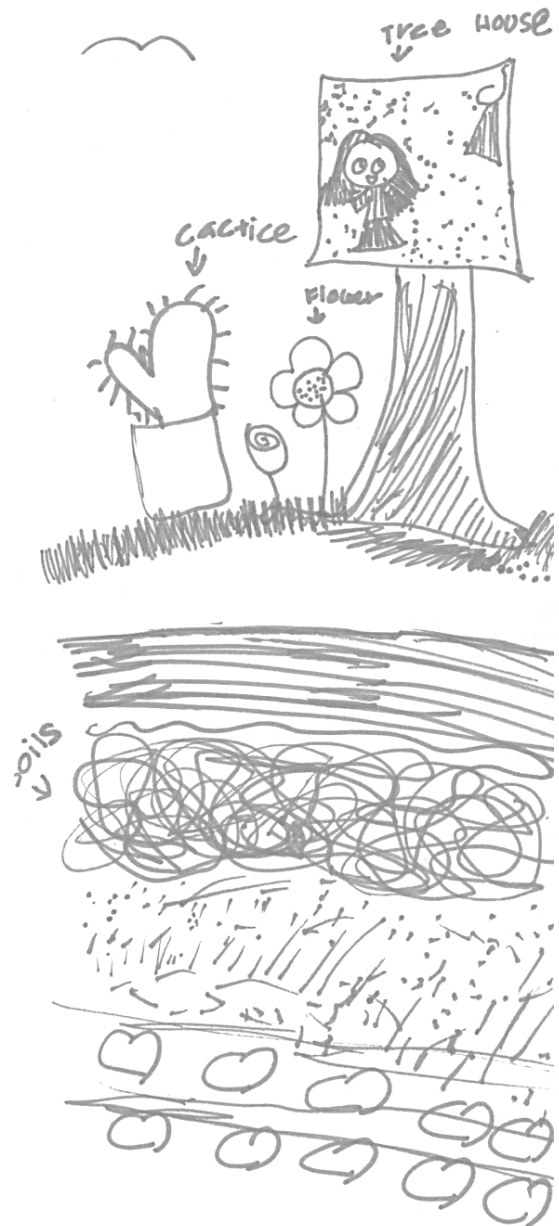
Puppy, why do you chew
on socks? You are nice
because you help people
that are blind. Puppy,

what is your name?

Puppy, you are so cute
and soft. Puppy, why
didn't you tell me
your name yet?

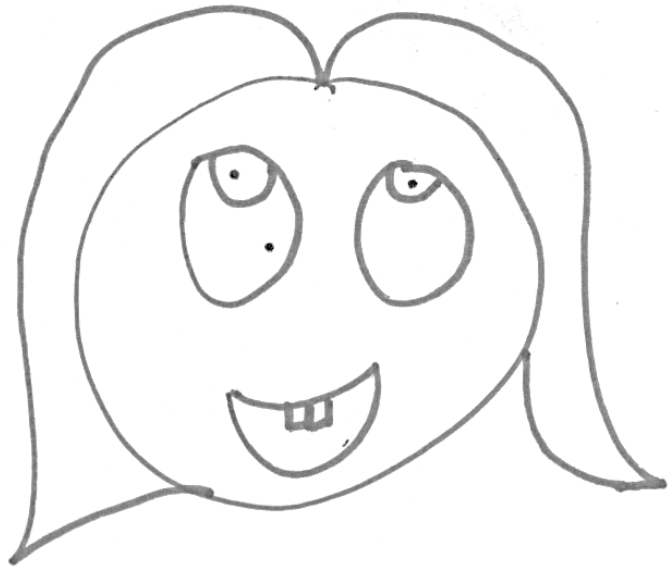
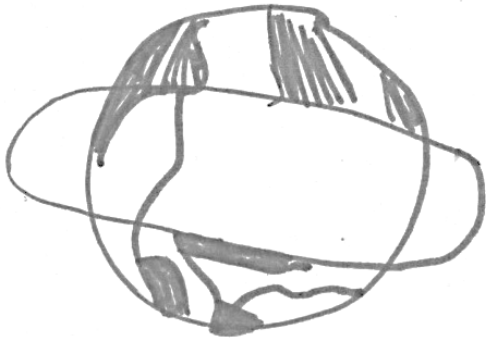
But with the space of God,
you don't have to.

Tootles, I can't talk now!



I have to go to work,
you know I'm 35.
I'll see you later.

Okay,
I'm back. Tell me your
name! Your name is Fluffy,
that's such a nice name.
That's why I said you were fluffy.
Bye, I won't be able to
come back though.



Jin Dassy

My Soul

My soul is emotions
that are very important glitters
which are good colors
for emotions. My
soul is

 a snake
 that eats
 stars.

 My soul
 is my
 heart
 beating
 like it was
 crazy.

My heart goes like this:
pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp.
My soul is a nice dog that glitters a lot
like I gave the bone back.

Winter

It is winter when
 it
 is
 super cold
 cozyfull
 snowluscious
 and

I say
weee. It is wondersnow.
It's
cold where I
am
and
I
say
weee. It is a
w o
n d
r o
u s world of wonders
and
I say weee.
It's very wonderlicious
with very hat-joyful
with super chocolate cake
and
I
say
weee.
I play with
my wondersled
and
I
say
weee. Now it is
time
to
go
home with joyiness
and I say weee.

Synthia Duque

My Soul

My soul is like
a sun shining in-
side of me.

My soul is like
a dog with shiny
blue eyes and very
shiny paws.

My soul is what
makes me turn
on my imagination.

My soul is as
beautiful as a
daisy flower.

My soul smells
like a daisy flower.



Winter

It's winter when
the world is Christmas-pumped
and Santa's reindeers
go "plop" when they get
on the little kids' houses.
It's winter when the world

is snow-awesome
because the little kids
are going weee in
the snow.

My Third Eye

With my third eye
I see stars at
the night.

With my third eye
I see the wind
blowing leaves.

With my third eye
I see the color
dark black like
a cave and a bat.



Anthony Fuentes Jr.

I Am

I am the sun of the dinosaurs.
I am the imagination that creates.
I am the earth that lives forever.
I am the rock of a feather.
I am a proud galaxy that is smooth
and beautiful and full of adventure.
I love the earth with adventure.
I love the blue sky that lives forever.
I can do anything I want to be
and anything is possible.
I want to be what I say.

In My Wonderful World

I see tall grass. It is smooth and beautiful.
I hear birds chirping in the distance.
I taste milk on the tip of my tongue.
I touch a cow as soft as silk
that gets magical milk.
I smell strawberries and apples
and trees that smell like flowers.
And I think to myself, this world
is never going to run out of ideas.
The world is a mystery.

Ode to a Velociraptor

You are a predator.
A fast one. You are like
light goes through
and punches the moon
and touches the sky.
You are the thing
that I value most
and you can run faster
than an ostrich
and I can hop on you
and we can join together
and when the light
hits you, I see
the beauty in you
so you should know
I love you. You can run
as fast as lightning.
We can team up
and join forces and we
will be unstoppable
and you are love to me.
Your heart is mine
and yours is beautiful.
We can beat John Cena.
You are me.



Devin Harris

My Soul

My soul makes me.
My soul helps me move.
My soul helps me to think.
My soul is my best friend.
My soul makes me happy.
My soul helps me to sleep in the night.
My soul helps me to wake up in the morning.
My soul helps me to have a better life.
My soul helps me to eat.
My soul makes me hungry.
My soul plays with me.
My soul makes me have new friends.
My soul helps me to learn.
My soul helps me to focus.
My soul helps me to draw.
My soul helps me to paint.
My soul helps me to write.
My soul helps me to do poetry.
My soul helps me to do math.



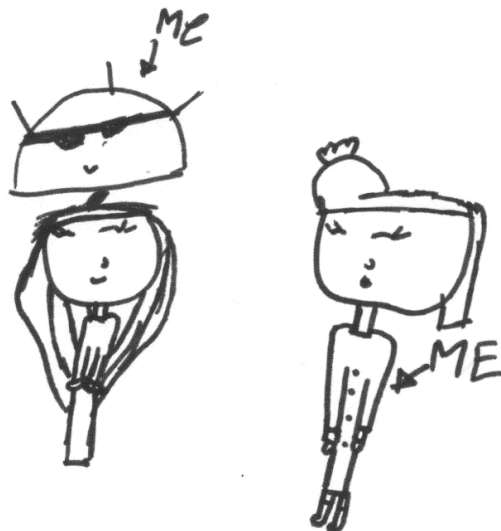
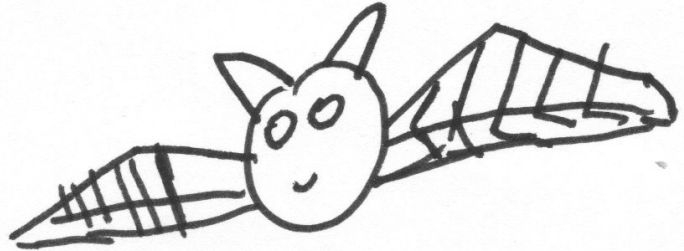
My Third Eye

With my third eye, I can see year 1.
With my third eye, I can see 2000.
With my third eye, I can see the iPhone 7+.
With my third eye, I can see the Samsung Galaxy S7 ESE.
With my third eye, I can see Pokémon.
With my third eye, I can see the Pacific Ocean.

Anissa Herner

Ode to Bats

Bats, you are here!
What took you so long?
Don't you have long
ears? Screech! Screech!
Is that a yes or no?
Were you eating flies
and fruit? You're creeping
me out with your glowing
eyes. Want to live with me?
I see that you have sticky feet
to hang out. You are warm
blooded, right? Want
to play tag or bat tag?
You hear me whisper, right?
You want to eat, right?
Look at your sharp teeth!
Bat, you are nocturnal.
Bat, you are a little
hairy creature. But you
are so black by your
bat wings. You are like
a vampire. If you are
my pet I would take
care of you. Bye, or
is it, Bye Batgator?
It is your night.
Time to hang up!



I Am

I am the sun that hangs above you in the sky.
I am a cat that is black and rides with a witch.
I am the reflection of you in the shiny water.
I am the dreams that go into your head.
I am the bat that flies
above your house and the moon.
I am the coat that you wear all the time.
I am inside of you.
Yes, I am inside of you.

Anissa Herner 3/22/17

My soul is like a best friend hugging me all the time. My soul is mom a dad making me try new things. My soul is as colorful as a ~~rain~~^{rainbow}. My soul is the rear inside me when I am mad.

My soul is the love that pumps to my hart. My soul is like the words inside of me. My soul is like the would inside of me My soul is a stom when I am mad it goes Bam, Boom, Boom. My soul is snow when I am cold. My soul is the sunset when I go to sleep.

My soul is a flower when it is spring. My soul is the sun when I am happy. My soul is the sun when I am happy. My soul is the sun when I am happy.

My soul is the sun when I am happy. My soul is the sun when I am happy. My soul is the sun when I am happy.

Choudhury Jahra

My Soul

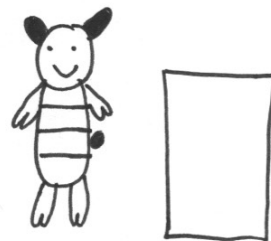
My soul is like a jasmine flower.
My soul is unique.
My soul is as fast as a cheetah.
My soul is shining in the sun.
My soul has emotions floating in the snow.
My soul is as beautiful as gems sparkling in the sun.
My soul is like the universe
and is never going to break.
My soul is like shining sparkles
floating through the birds.
My soul is like a boat
floating on the shining ocean.
My soul is as beautiful as the snow sparkling.
My soul is like my imagination
and I say to myself, "I am a poet."

In My Wonderful World

I see my imagination blooming in the air.
I hear my imagination in my head
trying to get creative.
I taste my imagination getting ready for a challenge.
I feel my imagination being alive.
I smell my imagination spreading in the air.
And I think to myself, I wish
I could be creative every single day.

Ode to a Panda

Panda, you are like my teddy bear
who is the color of you.
You have sharp claws.
Why do you have them?
I forgot. Hey, how are you doing?
You want to play hide-and-seek
or Panda-go-seek?
Your circle tail is as puffy as my blanket.
You eat bamboo, right?
Have you been in a fight
with another animal?
You are so soft that I can
never stop hugging you.
Is it true that you
climb trees to get bamboo?
If you were my pet
I will take care of you
like a baby. I would play
with you, anything,
and I will feed you anything
you want. You are so soft
as anything I could wish for.
Bye! See you later, alligator.
I meant, Pandagator.
Sorry, I know you're sad.
I didn't mean to say that.



Victoria Jamarino

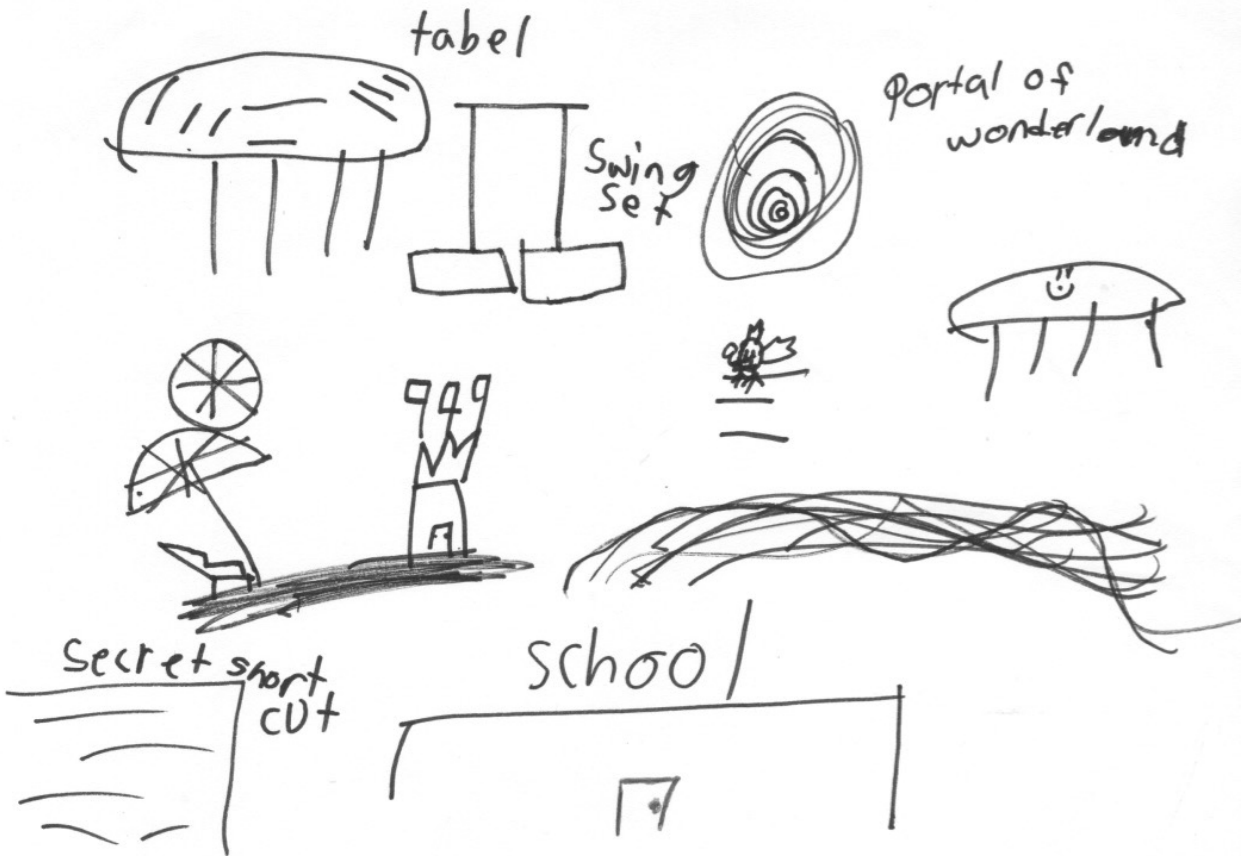
Awesomeness Poem

Poem, you are the wind to my eyes.
Poem, you are the smell to my bones.
Poem, you are the glitter to my poem—
you take the glitter over me.
Poem, you are the smell to my poem in life.
Poem, you make my life easier to live.
Poem, you are the power of my hands.
Hey Poem, how are you so intelligent?
Poem, you are my pet doggie
that has glitter in its eyes.
Poem, you make me write a thousand times easier.
You are my life to me.
Poem, you are my whole paper
to write poetry and you take me around
the world to write poems.
You are the adventurous paper Poem!

My Secret Hideout

In my secret hideout
I have a hot tub, deliciously hot.
I have a secret code.
I also have a park.
I have a giant Hershey's chocolate bar.
I have a swing set in my hideout.
I have a beach.
I have a beach ball.
Inside my secret hideout

I have a portal of wonderland.
I have a table of awesome.
I have a niceness table.
I have a secret shortcut to school.
In my secret hideout
I have a pool that has petals of daisies.
I have a poster of awesome and Princess Pretia.
I have a cake that's 10,000 kilograms.
I have a collection of awesomeness rocks.



Kyaere Kinloch

My Secret Hideout

In my secret hideout I have a door
and you have to knock on it before coming in
because I have a lot of clothes
in my hideout and a TV.
I have a secret tunnel
that can take you to different worlds.
You have to tap the worlds
you want to go to and you will go there.
You have to go through my test,
if you cannot get past that, you will die.
You will have to take a mummy body
and you have to go through spider webs
and if you step on the wrong stair
you will fall to the bottom
and you will get eaten by sharks
and I will feed the shark again
after they eat you because
you did not know how to get past my test.
It will be so funny.
You have to swim really fast!

Poetry

We love poetry. It is fun to write.
Poetry, it fills you up with love
and poetry is not hard to write at all.
I can write poetry all day long.

You can too because it is fun to write.
Poetry, you can use your imagination
to write your poetry.
You can write about your story.
You came up with your life.
How did you come alive?



Alexandra Luciano

Peace

Peace is a girl and she wears
an adorable purple cloak
and Peace's birthday is in June
which is in three days
and Peace loves cookies.
She is a great person.

Ode to Cats

Oh little fur ball,
slow down!
You have dog radar?
You like dogs? Meow.
Well, I'll take that as a "no."
When are you going
to have kittens?
You have glittery eyes
like a tube of glitter.
I love to pet your fur,
so fluffy! Your nails
are sharp as a knife!

Onelys Marte Vasquez

Winter

It's winter when the world is
peace-awesome, snow-beautiful
slush-cool, snow-lovely
I say, "Ahhh!" when people throw snowballs.
When kids are snowboarding they say, "Wee!"
When people drink hot chocolate
they say, "Ahh! Too hot!"
When people play in the cold
they say, "Ahh! Too cold."

My Soul

My soul is something that helps me
think. My soul is like flowers
swirling in the sky. My soul
is like ants crawling around
me. My soul helps me get
my energy. My soul helps
my imagination so I can
write poems. My
soul is my
heart giving
me love.
My soul is
my mom
giving me
ideas.



Gustavo Mendoza-Figueroa

Happiness

Happiness is a boy
who has green eyes
and his hair is blue
and he loves to play
hide-and-go-seek
and he loves to go to the park
and he has a car.
The color of his car
is blue and green
and he loves food
and he has friends.
He loves going to the park
and he loves ice cream.

Ode to the Poem

Poetry, I'm all out of memories.
Poetry, can you help me?
I'm all out of poetry memories
and I need your help.
Then Poetry said, "Okay,
I'll help you. First, you need
to hypnotize your head.
Second, you need to spin three times.
Then you will get
your poetry memories back."
"Okay, Poetry. Thank you
for helping me." Then Poetry

said, "I'm all out of memories too."
"Don't worry, I will help you."
"Thank you." "You're welcome."
All you need is to drink water
and eat food. Then you'll get it back."
"Are you kidding? Your word
is power so you have time travel
and a portal power and
you can play and go dance."

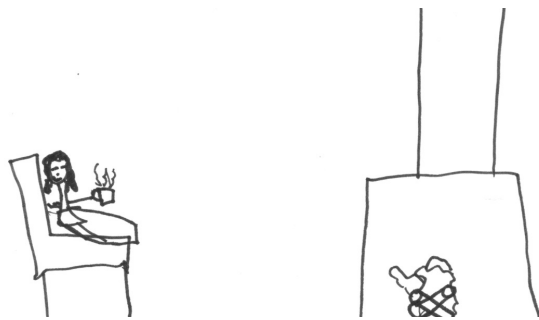


Marguerite Penning

Winter-Wonderful

It's
winter
when the world is
icicle-awesome
slush-luscious
snow-angel-amazing! I chase
the
snowflake
down the hill
SWISH!
goes the
snow!

When I enter the
house I say hooo
the
world
is hot chocolate-wonderful!
And I sit by the fire
and
fall
in
a deep sleep.



I Am

I am the flower below your feet above the grass.

I am the cloud in the sky over the sun.

I am the pencil in your hand writing.

I am the pie in the window of the bakery.

I am the star that shines in the sky

and watches you go to sleep every night.

I can see, I can feel

all with just my mind.

I am the laughter in you.

I am the hope in you.

I am the love in you.

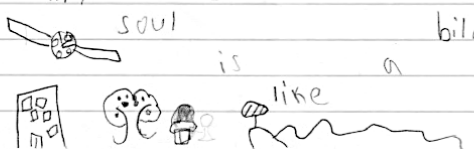
Marguerite

My soul is like a butterfly
fluttering in
the sky

my soul is
a cupcake
in my tummy

my soul is the oceans
waves going up
and
down my soul is like
a
watch ticking on my
wrist
my soul
are
oranges like
on a
soul city
tree my) the
my in
soul is a building

like



Kenia Raymond

My Soul

My soul is a nice ghost
that takes care of my body.
My soul is a light.
When it's night
my soul lights up
so my body is not scared.

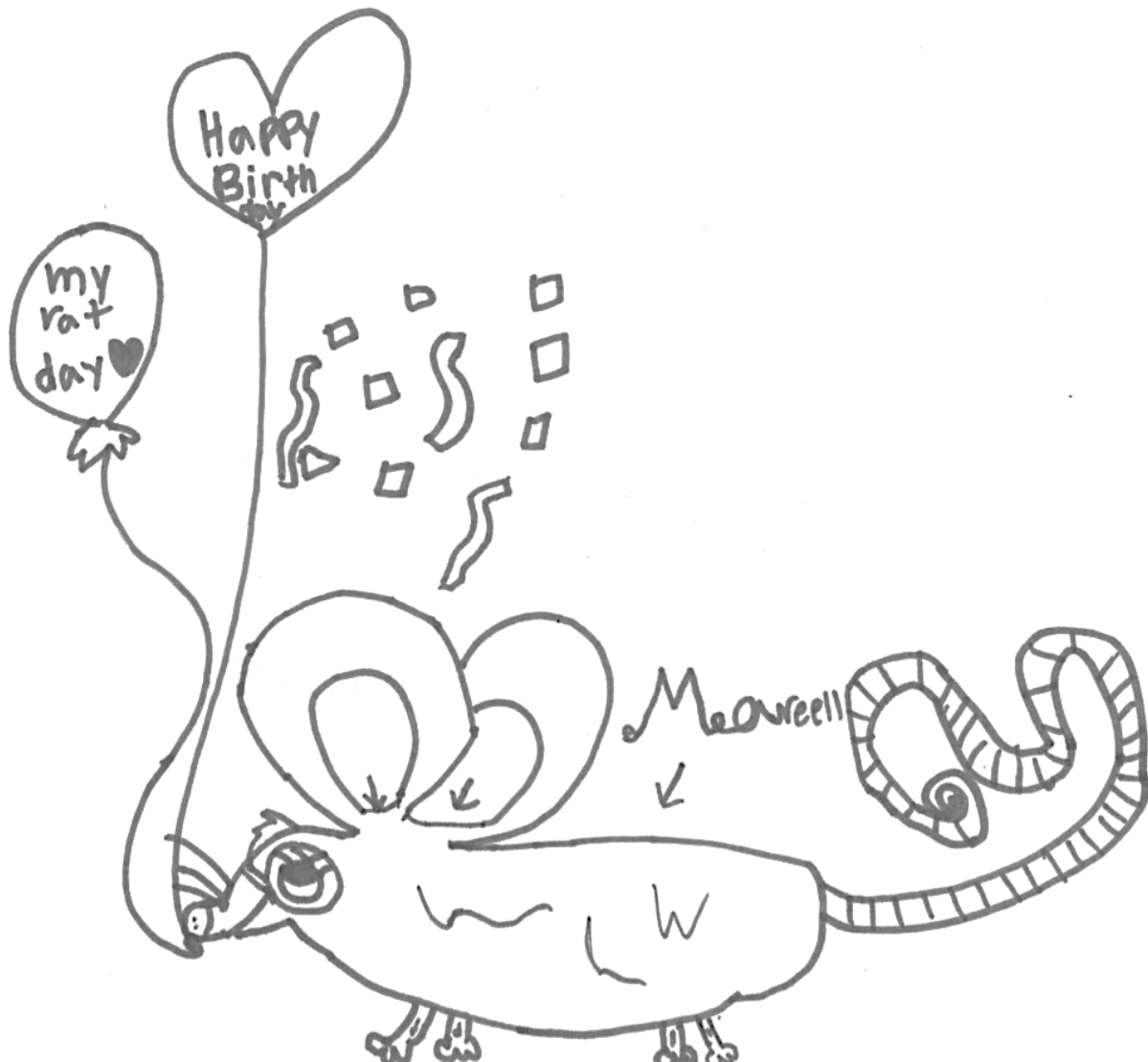
I Am

I am a color that everyone likes
and when kids see me,
they want to write with me.
I am a rainbow pencil
and every time I run out of red,
I change to orange.

Ode to the Rat

Rat, Rat, what is your name?
What color are you?
Are you soft? Do you like
cats or dogs? What do you eat?
Do you eat hot dogs?
Do you eat insects?
Are you faster than me?
Are you long or are you short?
Are you cute? Are you scary?
Do you like to sing or dance?

Where do you live?
Is a cup your home?
Are you clean or dirty?
Nice to meet you, Rat.
I learned so much
from you, Rat.
Now bye, Rat.
Byyyyyyyyye!!!



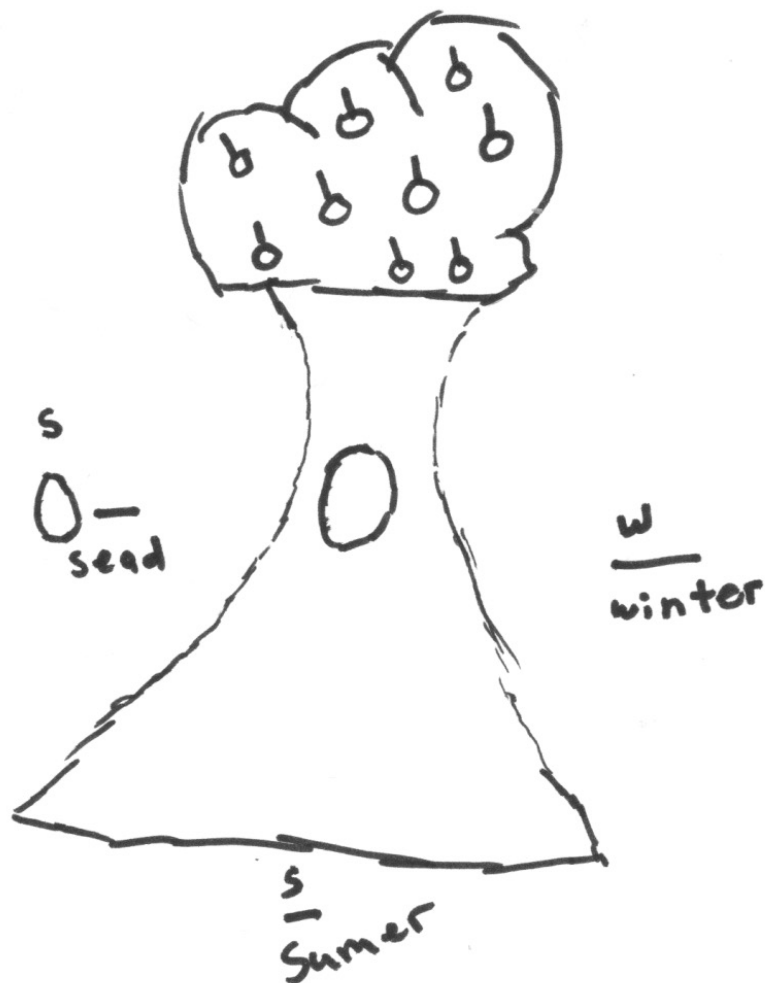
Sophia Richardson

My Secret Hideout Tree

My secret hideout is under my secret tree.
I color, read, look at the sky.
I see birds chirping and gliding.
And the wind blows the leaves,
the tree shivers. Swish, swish
went the tree. Then it starts
to drizzle... Plop, plop.
Then the rain stops.
The tree starts to grow
bigger and bigger.
From being a little seed
to being a full-grown tree,
healthy and strong.
Then the winter time comes—
now my full-grown healthy tree
is an old, sick tree.
I will take care of you forever.
And I will never forget you.
Now it turns to summer.
Leaves start to bloom
and flowers start to bloom
and red, sweet, juicy apples—
red, green, yellow, and gold apples
start to form. Then the little animals
take some of the apples
when they start to hibernate.

The Sad Fish

Sad is a fish
that lives in the ocean,
deep, deep down
in the quiet sea.
He had no fish friends.
He was a lonely fish.
He did not have any parents.
Nobody to talk to.
Sadness is a sad spirit
that leaves you crying
in the corner and lonely!



Joshua Robinson

Ode to a Turtle

You are so green
like a tree
but can you breathe
and can you see?
How do you eat?
Do you eat
little fish? They
are going
in your shell,
and then you eat.
Do you eat fish sticks?
How do you go to sleep?



Joy

Joy is a boy.
He looks like he's two years old.
He is very good at math
and he leads us in the right path.
We play Super DC Comics
versus Super Joshua.

Arianny Rosario

Love

Love is a boy who has black eyes
and Love is a boy who wants the world
to have a happy life with their family.
Love is a boy who comes outside
in winter and Love likes to look
in people's windows to see the kids
drinking hot chocolate with their family
and have some fun with their kids.
Also when the kids play, they feel joy and peace.
Love is a boy that is always happy.

Ode to the Dolphin

Hey Dolphin, you live
in the water and I love
you coming by me
when I go to the beach.
Hey Dolphin, it is true
that all dolphins can be
blue, grey, and white?
And then the dolphin said,
"Yes, it is true." Hey Dolphin,
do you have a fin?
"Yes, I do." Hey Dolphin,
you have a tail, that way
you can move, right?
"Yes, you are right."
Hey Dolphin, is it true

that you eat fish?
“Yes, I do. Well, sometimes
I eat fish because I do
not really like fish.”
And I said, But fish is healthy.
“I know, but I just don’t
like fish.” Oh well, just saying
I love fish. Hey Dolphin,
you have an air hole, right?
“Yes, I do. That way
the water can come out
of my air hole.” Thank you
for talking about yourself.



Rei Smalls

Poetry

Poetry is like birds
flying up in the greatest bluest sky
to find worms to feed their babies
and the poem never ever ends today—
not now & not every day.
And Poem, why are you flying
like the birds? Because you are blowing
away.



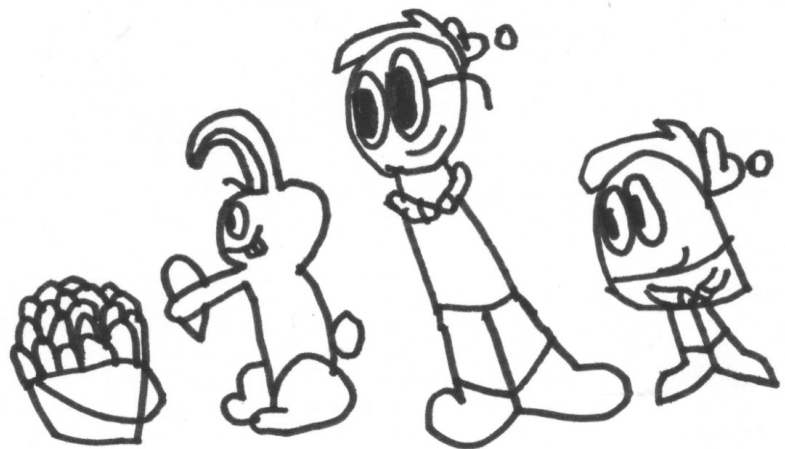
Joy

Joy is a boy
with blue eyes that calm people down
and make them happy.
He has a green shirt
that has a cat on it.
And he has purple shoes
that shoot lasers from his shoes.
Also he wears red pants as well.
And he shows everyone his things.



Ode to the Bunny

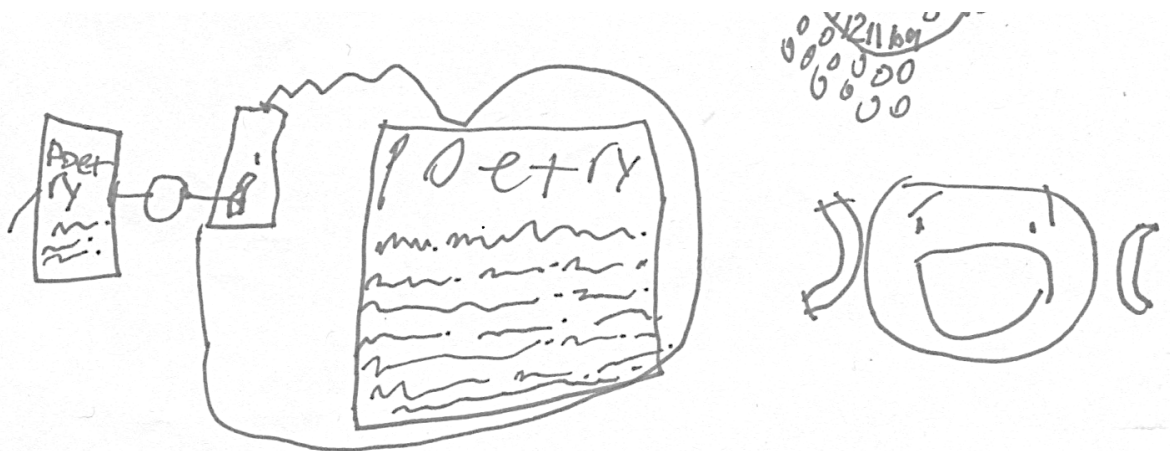
Bunny, your teeth
are long.
Bunny, your fur
feels so soft.
Bunny, you hop
up and down
to pick out carrots.
Bunny, you
always eat carrots
every day.
Bunny, you have
really long ears.
Bunny, your
fur is white as snow.
Bunny, your eyes
are really real
to see something.
Bunny, you
always get more
carrots to eat.
Bunny, you go
to spring and
give Easter eggs
to everyone
in the world.
And you
like to
put carrots
in the
best bucket.



Ke'Mari Smalls-Rooks

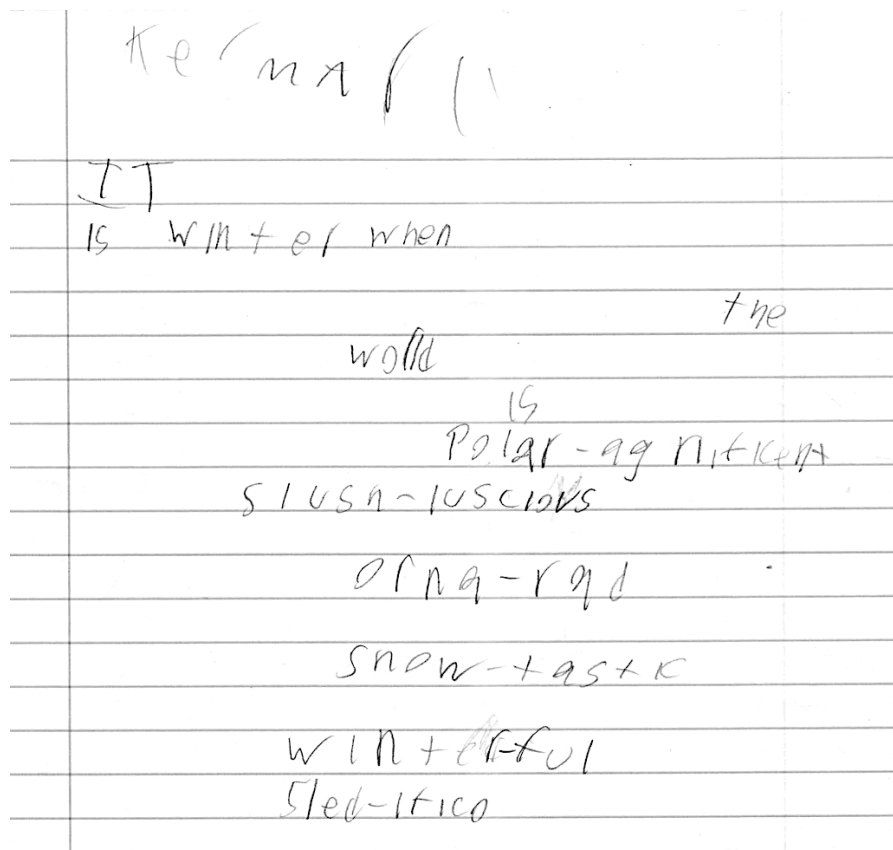
Poetry

Poetry, you drive at a threatening, unknown speed.
Poetry you are my promise I can never break.
With you, my friend, we can jump
on a trampoline of the mysterious words
not yet founded from a distant land,
secretly hidden happening.
You make the words of true stories
fantastic humping with horror
you scare me—creak, creak—you open
the door to my brain, help me,
help me light up the path of words.
Poetry, my friend, people
think you're ordinary.
Nope, you're extraordinary.
Poetry, my friend.
Poetry, my friend.



My Secret Hideout

My secret hideout is under the bed.
I swim, dance, run, relax, rest,
watch TV, think. Play on my iPad.
I drive my secret Maserati
and then fly my jet
to get to my bus
to drive to my train
then I'm there.
I have a secret password.
My trusted friends are allowed.
I have a driveway, an oven,
and wood just in case.
A trampoline just for fun!



Jaiceya Watson

The World of Happiness

Happiness is a girl
who has gold-magnificent eyes.
She likes to wear pink fuzzy coats
so when kids are angry
all she does is give them a hug
and they feel better.
All she wants to do
is make kids have happier lives.
She wants to make
kids graduate college.

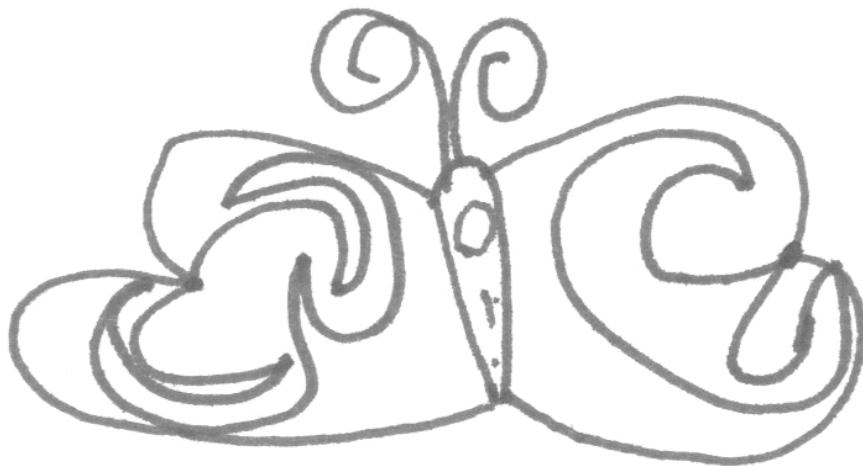


In My Wonderful World

I see a rainbow falling from the sky
down to the deep blue sea
where mermaids swim all around.
I hear a song coming from twins
outside a window. They look
so adorable my eyes can come out.
I taste the world with a tasty cupcake
falling from the sky.
I touch the sky. I feel a baby in my hands.
The baby is so chubby.
And I think to myself, the world
is never going to end in my imagination.

Ode to a Butterfly

Dear Precious, you are
my sweetheart with your
fluttering wings!
How do you fly?
How are you free?
How are you?
How come you were
born as a caterpillar?
Aren't you beautiful!
Why do you migrate?
I will name you Flutterwings.
You can be my pet, Flutterwings!



Ms. Pi

I Am

I am the big dinosaur that attacks its prey.
I am the fat, fluffy, and light white soft marshmallow
that floats on top of the foam
in my dark, rich hot chocolate.
I am the burning wood in a fireplace
that keeps you warm and toasty.
I am the keys on a piano
that likes to dance from note to note.
I am the freezing sharp icicle that hangs from your windows.
I am a winter snowman that melts in the sun.
I am the click click clicks on the tip of a pen.
I am alive like the star that twinkles bright in the night.

In My Wonderful World

I see blinding lights from the blazing sun resting in the sky.
I hear the waves crashing onto the sandy beach.
I taste the salt from the deep blue ocean.
I touch the cup of refreshing juice that numbs my fingers.
I smell the sizzling burgers and hot dogs on the BBQ grill.
And I think to myself, what a perfect world
to stay in forever and ever with no end!

Ms. Chiu

I Am

I am the cold wave crashing into the sand.
I am the gulp of ice water on a hot day.
I am the fine point of a freshly sharpened pencil.
I am the drop of your head on the pillow
after an exhausting day.
I am the feeling of freedom you get
when you take off uncomfortable shoes.
I am the satisfaction of folding a t-shirt.

In My Wonderful World

I see the sparkle of the untouched pool.
I hear the strong wind hitting the crispy palm trees.
I taste the sweet and icy piña colada
that passes through my mouth.
I touch the fine, soft sand that passes
between the cracks of my toes.
I smell the sticky sun tan lotion
as it sinks into my tan skin.
And I think to myself,
I need to move to this tropical place.

Ms. Miller's Class

Hope Bascombe
Mariska Braiman
Carlos Castillo
Borneal Chakraborty
Annisa Chowdhury
Nafisa Chowdhury
Jaydis Cordero
Archer Dow
Jariely Garvan
Asria Gotay
Emma Guante
Yasser Habhoub
Jacob Hailes
Rafiul Haque
Guadalupe Inamagua
Brooklynn James
Madison James
Harry Keating-Brown
Jaylee Levy
Fun Li
Melanie Lugo
Khloe Martin
Malak Ounnab
Cecilia Polanco-Morales
Chelsea Singh
Jahniya Watson
Shams-Ashmoas Alsayidi

Ode to Poetry

by the Poets of 2-403

Poetry, tell me how to start you...
Poetry, you are a tree
blooming up to the moon
with soft, gentle petals.
Poetry, don't fall!
Poetry is a dog digging down deep.
Poetry is a dolphin in the Pacific.
Poetry is like a chocolate fountain.
A line of poetry is like the little blue lake
launching into Lollipop City.
Poetry inspires me.
Poetry is popcorn popping
all over the page. Pop!
Poetry is like I am going
on a roller coaster. Whoosh!
Poetry, how old are you?
Are you invisible?
Poetry, how and where did you get
to make some people famous?
Poetry, who invented you?
Poetry, what makes you make us so related?
Poetry makes nature grow in my imagination.
I can't believe that I love poetry!
Poetry is as bright as the sun
and as dark as the night.
Sometimes we need a light.

Hope Bascombe

My Hideout

My hideout is under my mom's bed.
It is quiet—no noise.
Inside is a lamp. I bring my iPad.
There are biscuits and rainbow pillows.
I have fourteen pillows.
There are blue and pink fish.
My hideout is under my mom's bed.
That's where I play.
My secret password is 12420100.
There is some chocolate to eat.
That is why I love my hideout.

Ode to a Tortoise

Why do you run for food?
Do you want to play
hide and seek? When you
walk you look like
you are slow.
Do you try to eat socks?
When you walk you
are graceful and nice.
When I read a story to you,
you fall asleep. You
are asleep when I'm awake.
How old are you? Why
do you have a tail, Tortoise?
Why can't you talk?

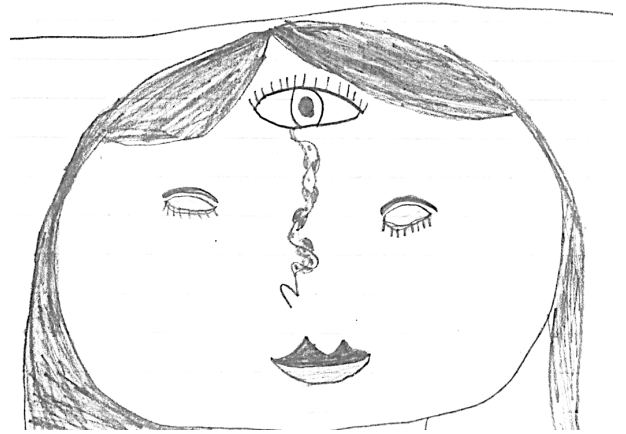
Are you afraid of all
the other tortoises?
Do you love your name?
Do you like your home?
Why do you like to chomp
leaves? Why do you love
to be lazy? Am I going crazy?
Bye bye bye bye bye.



Mariska Braiman

My Third Eye

I can see 10,005,692,095
books at the same time.
I can see rainbow dolphins
in rainbow water in the Pacific.
I can see the whole world at once!
I can shapeshift.
I have 10,000,000,000 dollars
and I can buy one thing.
Out of all the wonderful things
I can see with my third eye,
I can see love the best.



In My Wonderful World

I see a beach with a beautiful sea
with a swing with my mom.
I hear the sea with its beautiful waves
smashing against the rocks.
I taste honey and delicious cupcakes.
I touch a swing and then I start to swing on it.
I smell roses and black-eyed Susans and love.
And I think to myself, I love my life.



Carlos Castillo

I Am

I am a robot crunching on wrenches.
I am a unicorn leaping through rainbows.
I am the wind crashing through the stars.
I am a cat who shoots lasers out of his eyes.
I am a robot riding on a unicorn
flying through the air with a cat on my back.
I am a pug who walks on water.
I am a dinosaur who acts like a train.
You see me, I am a person,
I am a living person.
I love the earth and wind.
I am a person,
I am a living person.

Borneal Chakraborty

Ode to a Pig

Pig, you are like the dirtiest, muddiest animal in the farm. Am I right? You're like the slimiest animal, right? Pig, don't you have pointy ears? Pig, don't you have a squiggly tail? Pig, aren't you furry with a hard body? Pig, don't you live in a barn? Pig, you don't like baths, do you? Pig, are you pink? Pig, do you live with more and more animals? Pig, you do roll in mud. Bye!

Anger

Anger is a boy with black hair and a ripped-up white shirt and a black tie. Anger has bloody red skin color with short blue pants. For fun, Anger would get a bow and arrow and shoot it to destroy buildings and then he cackles like a devil. When Anger gets mad, he has red eyes that burn people.



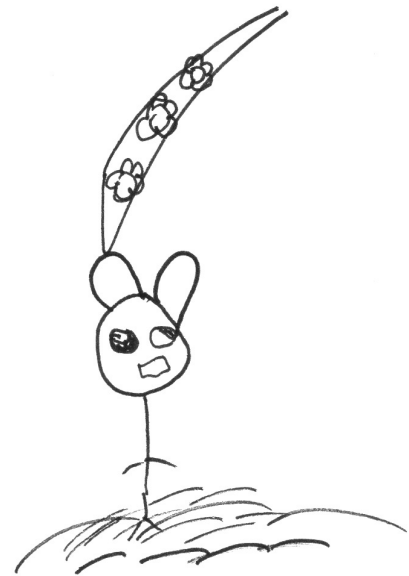
Annisa Chowdhury

My Third Eye

With my third eye, I can see
a rainbow jumping in the air.
With my third eye, I can see Bangladesh.
With my third eye, I can see
all the way to California.
With my third eye, I can see the president.
With my third eye, I can see New Zealand.
With my third eye, I can see a building moving.
With my third eye, I can see words moving apart.
With my third eye, I can see the sky
falling in the blue ocean.

Winter

It's winter when the world is
scarf-wonderful
snow-tastic
slush-wonderful
snow-bunny-pretty
ice-excellent
boot-amazing
snowflake-beautiful
plop-wonderful
sled-magical
snowman-perfecto
blizzard-cool!



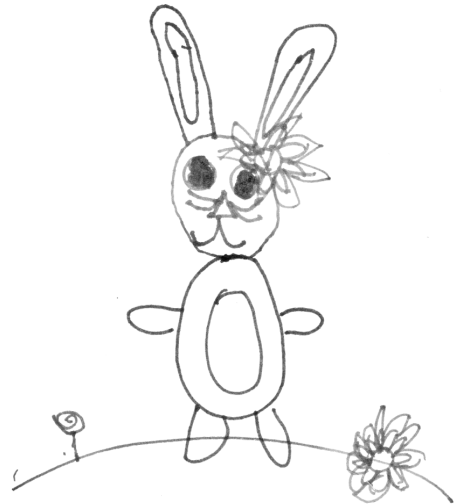
Nafisa Chowdhury

Ode to a Bunny

You are so cute and cuddly sweet
and kind. Also, fluffy! You have
a twitching nose. You like to run
in grass for your exercise.
You are small. You love nature.
You have white fur. You have pink
on the bottom of your feet
and on your ears in the middle.
You have a cute white cotton tail.
Also, you have cute eyes.
You love running, skipping,
and jumping too! Bye, Bunny!

Winter

It's winter when the world is
sled-magnificent
doing snowball fights
it was
snow-tastic
making snow angels
working together
as a team to
make a snowman-wonderful
going ice skating like
ice-skate-magical
it makes the sound
whoosh!



Jaydis Cordero

Ode to a Puppy

Puppy, you are a cheetah
going one thousand miles an hour.
Puppy, you're like a golden
cookie. Puppy, you like
to play hide and seek.
Puppy, you are 14 pounds
and I'm 70 something
but that's what makes
you special. Puppy, you
are black and white.
You love people,
and you also love teachers...

Arf! Arf!

What's that, Puppy?
You got stuff to do?
Okay, bye small fluffy beast!
Bye small adorable!
Bye smiley!
Bye Mr. Arf Arf!
Bye-bye...
Chips ahoy!

I Am

I am a coyote howling in the stars.
I am a lion roaring in the universe.
I am a frog leaping so high
I could reach the moon.

I am a cat sprinting in the parks.
I am a tornado playing in the sky
by having fun on the moon,
enjoying the universe.
I am a monster cat
leaping in the universe.
I am a deer leaping in the dust.
I am a feather in the universe.
You see, I am alive, I am alive.



Archer Dow

My Soul

My soul makes me happy.
My soul is making me do stuff that I like.
My soul is a ghost cuddling the world.
My soul is my home.
My soul is everything to me.
My soul makes me think.
When I walk, my soul “boings” in my body.
My soul is my LIFE.

Ode to a Lion

Lion, how do you sleep
when it's so noisy?
How strong are you?
How wild can you be?
How soft and furry
can you be? How sharp
are your claws and teeth?
How much can you
eat in one day?
How do your eyes glitter?
You are like the wildest
animal ever. If anyone
would battle you,
they would be eaten
by you. That's you,
Lion. That's you.



Archer

MY SOUL

MY SOUL MAKES ME HAPPY
MY SOUL IS MAKING ME DO STUFF
THAT I LIKE. MY SOUL IS A GHOST
TRAVELING THE WORLD. MY SOUL IS MY
HOME. MY SOUL IS EVERYTHING TO ME.
MY SOUL MAKES ME THINK WHEN I
WALK. MY SOUL IS GOING IN MY BODY.
MY SOUL IS MY

Life



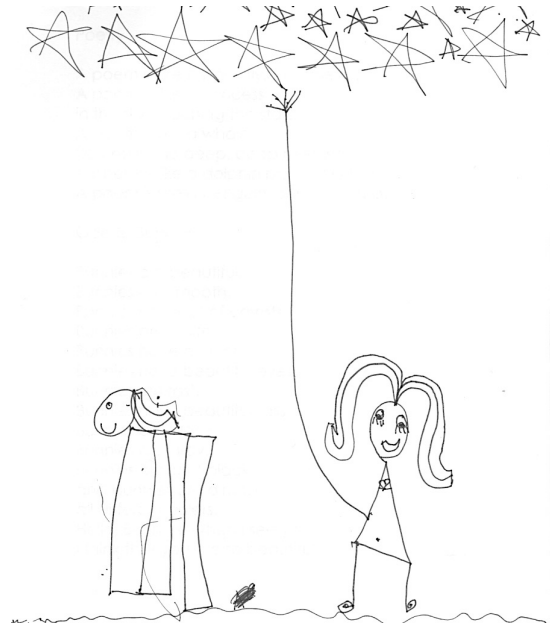
Jariely Garvan

Poetry

A poem is like a pony flying in the sky.
A poem is like a princess
in the sky, touching the stars.
A poem is like a whale
floating in the deep, deep blue water.
A poem is like a dolphin playing with a ball.
A poem is like a penguin looking for food.

Ode to Bunnies

Bunnies are beautiful.
Bunnies are smooth.
Bunnies eat a lot of carrots.
Bunnies are white.
Bunnies have a lot of fur.
Bunnies have beautiful eyes.
Bunnies run fast.
Bunnies have beautiful tails.
Bunnies are black.
Bunnies are gray.
Bunnies are light black
and bunnies are almost all different colors.
Hello, Bunnies! When I see you
I think that you are so beautiful
and when I touch you,
you have a lot of fur
and you are so, so soft.
And I see you eating carrots.



Asria Gotay

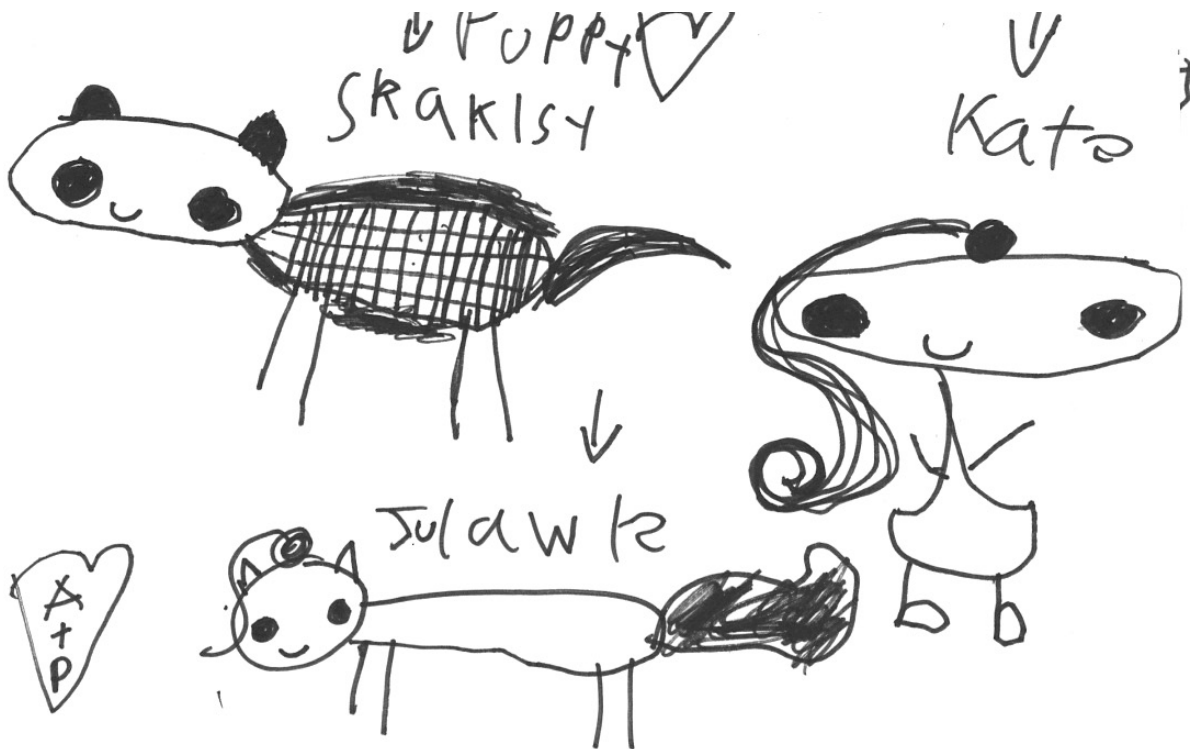
In My Wonderful World

I see pom-poms shaking.
I hear hip-hop music
making the pom-poms dance.
I taste cupcakes baking.
I touch a chocolate fort
floating in the sky.
I smell cupcakes baking in my house.
And I think to myself,
I love my world with care.

Ode to a Puppy

Puppy, why are you
so cute? You're like
vanilla ice cream that's
about to be dipped
in strawberry sauce
and you're also a double.
Puppy, why do you have
white fur like a strawberry
milkshake in chocolate syrup?
Puppy, why do you have
white soft furry paws?
Your fur is sparkly like
the colors of the rainbow.
Puppy, why do you
have claws? Because
you are cute and fluffy too.

Like a big fluffy panda
in the forest looking
for bamboo. Puppy,
why do you have ears
like a cat that has
pink fur? I love puppies!
Yay! Hey, come back here!



Emma Guante

My Third Eye

I see with my third eye, my imagination.
In my imagination, I created a whole new world
where there are ponies that I can ride on.
And there's no president, but if there were,
I would be president for the rest of my life
and I have all the candy
and meet new friends
and there's all kinds of candy
and there is school
in the nighttime.



My Soul

My soul is a racing butterfly
going through the wood.
My soul is the wind blowing side to side.
My soul is like a smoothie blending and blending.
My soul is all of my emotions
flying through the air.
My soul is a book that I learn from.
My soul is like a sun, so shiny and pretty.
My soul is a world.
My soul is alive.

Yasser Habhoub

My Soul

My soul is like a heart beating fastly.
My soul is a lion roaring loudly.
My soul are emotions going from face to face.
My soul gives me lots and lots of energy!
My soul goes from place to place.
My soul makes me lucky.
My soul is making me who I am.
My soul is giving me my intelligence.
My soul makes my life my life.
My soul helps me relax.
My soul makes my brain work.
My soul does work for my body.

Ode to a Cheetah

How do you run so fast?
How are you the fastest?
Why are you so yellow
and why are you spotted?
You are like a tiger
but you only have spots.
You are a tiger running
for his life. Why are you
running through
the Atlantic Ocean?
Are you speeding?
That is against the law!
You are a robber

stealing money from
the bank. Where do
you live and why are
there police behind you?
Run! Run! Run!
Whew! Why are we
in France? Oh, now
how am I going to get
home? Actually,
I don't want to go
to school. Let's just
stay here.



Jacob Hailes

My Soul

My soul is powerful.
My soul is so strong, it can take down bad guys.
My soul can touch 500 stars.
My soul can fly so high
that when it comes down,
it will have control of everybody.
My soul is my friend.
My soul is the best.
My soul is like a skateboard
doing so many tricks
that it will get famous.
My soul is like a ghost.
My soul is like a bodyguard
and my soul can take down
a whole army.
My soul is a biker.
My soul is a nice guy
that makes friends.
My soul can move everything.
My soul can read books for 24 hours.
My soul will be with me until I'm in college.
My soul can build a house in ten seconds.



My Third Eye

With my third eye, I can see
a rocket ship flying to the stars
to stop a big monster from destroying the earth.
My eye can see a big giant
eating a big cheeseburger.
My eye can see a famous man
in Hollywood with gold clothes
and a gold paint job on his car.
My eye can see a man picking up
a 25-pound weight in the gym.
My eye can see a kid playing in the park.
My eye can see a super hero
fighting a fire-breathing dragon.
My eye can hear a meteor
flying down to explode everything.
My eye can see a nice man
helping up his friend.
My eye can know when it's going to rain or not.
My eye sees Hulk fighting three firemen
and Hulk won.

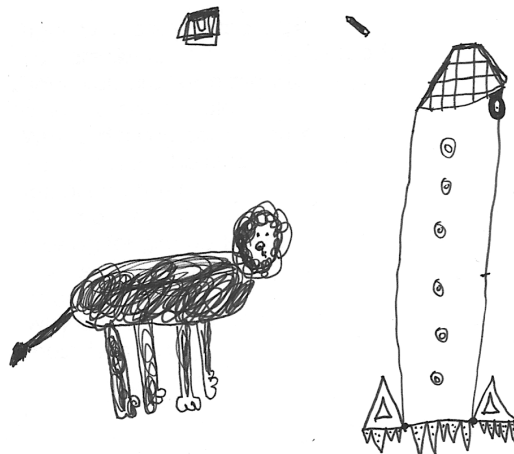
Rafiul Haque

My Third Eye

With my third eye, I can see
the rocket going to the moon.
With my third eye, I can see all the presidents
going to own their own planet.
With my third eye, I can see Bangladesh.
With my third eye, I can see a flying book.
With my third eye, I can see
buildings turn into rockets.
With my third eye, I can see a pencil flying to Spain.

Ode to a Tiger

Tiger, why are you roaring?
You are like a wolf hunting for food.
Tiger, you are like a monster
going to eat people.
Where did you come from?
You are like a horrible, terrible monster.
You are a beast looking for giraffes to eat.
You are a fast runner. You are warm.
Why do you live in Africa
more than NYC?
NYC is better than Africa.
Did you know that?
Well, I did. You are
roaring so much.



Guadalupe Inamagua

My Secret Hideout

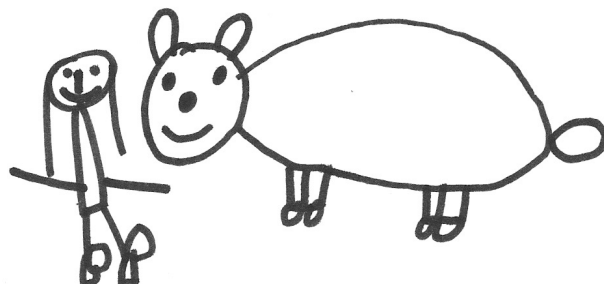
In my secret hideout
I have a friend.
It is a polar bear.
He lives in the Arctic.
I fly in the sky to the Arctic with him.
We play in the snow. We swim in the water.
We have so much fun, and then we eat.
My friend the polar bear is white like the clouds.

Excitement

Excitement is a girl with yellow eyes
having fun jumping the green grass.
She likes to wear a blue dress
with a yellow scarf and pink shoes,
dancing and having fun.

My Soul

My soul is a ghost flying in the sky
looking for people to make laugh.
My soul is your life running to play.



Brooklynn James

Ode to Chameleons

Oh Chameleons, why do you have
the top layers of chromophores,
red or yellow pigment?
You are a sneaky, spotty spy
that can change color.
Why do females measure 8 to 12 inches long?
Why do you live in a warm habitat?
I love that you camouflage.
You are so amazing, I cannot believe
there are so many of you!
You are so cool. Why do you hide
and blend in so much?
I hope you never get extinct
so I just want to tell you something...
Bye, creature. Bye, cuckoo head.
Bye, guy. Bye, chameleon.

My Secret Hideout

Inside my secret hideout
I have 10,000 dollars
and how do you get there?
You have to find out
and enter the password to get in.
I have diamonds and weapons just in case.
We have an arcade and it is
in the middle of nowhere in space.



Madison James

My Secret Hideout

I like my secret hideout
because it is like a shining sun
with lovely branches.
I like my secret hideout
because it is comfy and soft.
I get to watch movies
and drink hot cocoa with marshmallows.
I have a code and I am not telling you.
My secret hideout is a treehouse.
I love treehouses because
I like the way it is wintery and hilly.

Poetry Is

Poetry is a city that loves popcorn.
Poetry is an exercise in your brain.
Poetry makes you think about imagination.
Poetry is popcorn popping all over the page.
Poetry is a page that sings Happy Birthday.
Poetry is a dog that loves toys.
Poetry is a quiet place that helps you think.
Poetry is no rules and it is fun and exciting.



Harry Keating-Brown

My Soul

My soul is a lion hiding in the grass.
My soul is as tired as a grizzly bear.
My soul is a snowball freezing in the air.
My soul is red like a fox.
My soul is a strong gorilla.
My soul is striped like a tiger.
My soul is rain dropping from dark clouds.
My soul is dark like a thunderstorm.
My soul is a train charging down the track.
My soul is a car racing on the rough, rocky road.

My Secret Hideout

My secret hideout is where
I keep everything I like including
seven iPads and six cars
(1 Lotus, 2 Corvettes, 2 Porches, and 1 Lamborghini).
I have so much money.
It's \$8,000,000,735,664.
My secret hideout looks
striped red and black.
I keep three tigers in there
to stop people from coming in
and also arrows are shooting
out from the walls and
a crossbow at the top.
I keep myself in there, too.

Jaylee Levy

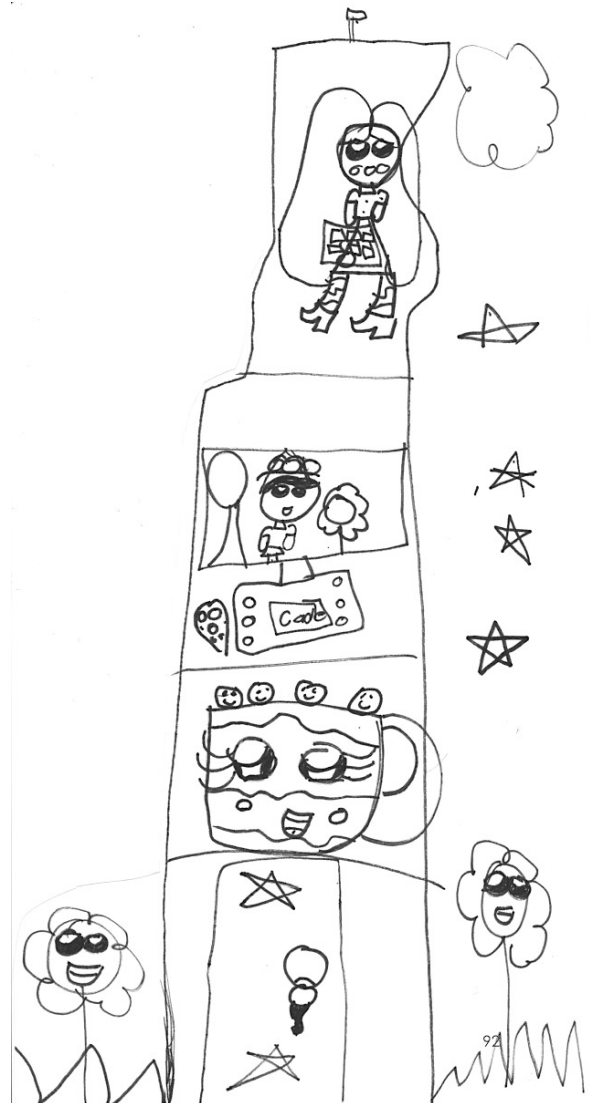
My Secret Hideout

My secret hideout is a place where
me and my BFFs go to relax

if
we
have a sugar
rush.

It is
a
big
world
of
what
we
want.

Inside we sleep and watch
DreamWorks movies
and have hot cocoa
with marshmallows
and a straw.
Me and my BFFs
told my mom
to build a fort.
My BFFs go
inside the
magical land.

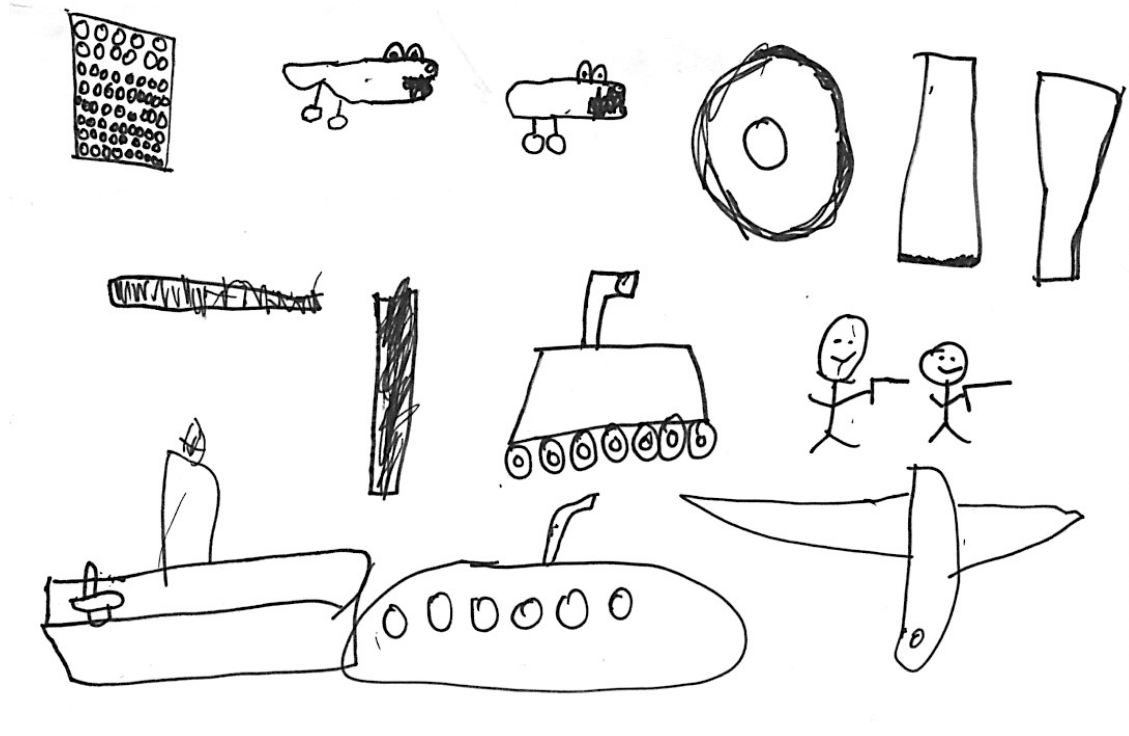


My Third Eye

My third eye can see a red
shark swimming in the peaceful pink water.
My third eye can shapeshift.
My third eye can see all the way to SPACE.
My third eye can teleport
to the future
and the past.



to go past all kind of bombs.
Then you have to go past some blocks
metal smashing together.
Then you
have
to go past fire and dinosaurs and dragons.
Then you have to go past cactus. Then
you have to go past
wild cats, wolves, meat-eating animals,
and guns. Then you have to enter
a password and then a code.
Then you are in
my secret hideout.
There is anything you would want and wish for—
you could do anything.



Melanie Lugo

Winter

It's winter
when the world
is slippery-slide-awesome plop!
And
 when it
 is
 snow-angel-gorgeous
 and it is
 ice-skate-super-whoosh.
Snow-bunny-pretty
 brrr-blizzard-awesome
 snow-leopard-cool
and snowball-brave.

Poetry

Poetry is Pepsi and pepperoni pizza.
Poetry is a beautiful butterfly
flying high in the blue sky.
Poetry is a rainbow bunny
running in space on the stars.
Poetry, do you like Miami?
"Yes, I love Miami."
Poetry, do you have siblings?
"No, I don't." Poetry, do
you like your life as a poem?
"A little, but I do not like
being in pencil. I prefer ink."



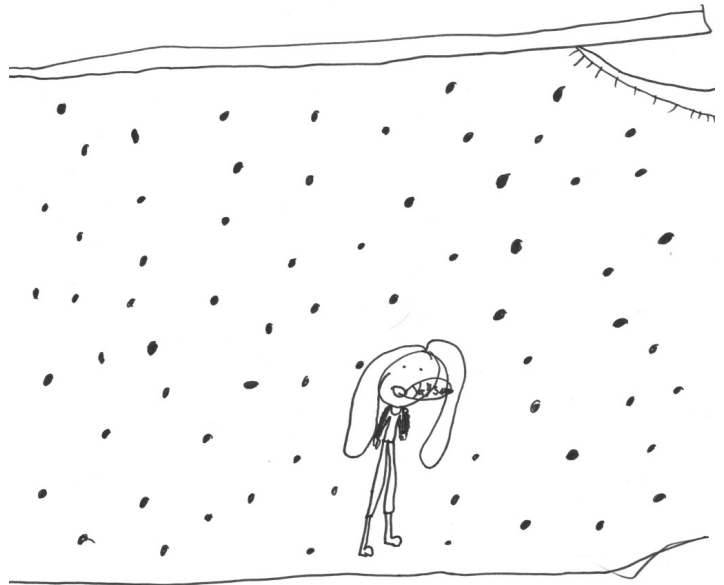
Khloe Martin

My Soul

My soul is like the sun rising in the sky.
My soul is like a butterfly flying in the sky.
My soul is like a girl dancing in the light.
My soul is like a girl being brave.
My soul is like a bird chirping.
My soul is like a flower blooming in the sun.
My soul is like a cat playing with ...
My soul is like a dog going out to play.
My soul is like a fish swimming in the water.

Winter

It's winter
when the world
is
 blizzard-great
boot-cool
 ice-skate-wonderful
 snow-gorgeous
ice-pretty-whoosh
 icicle-majestic
snow-bunny-magical
 snowboard-brave
 snow-angel-cool
 sled-awesome
 frozen-lake-pretty
 slush-amazing-plop.
I like snow falling in the sky.



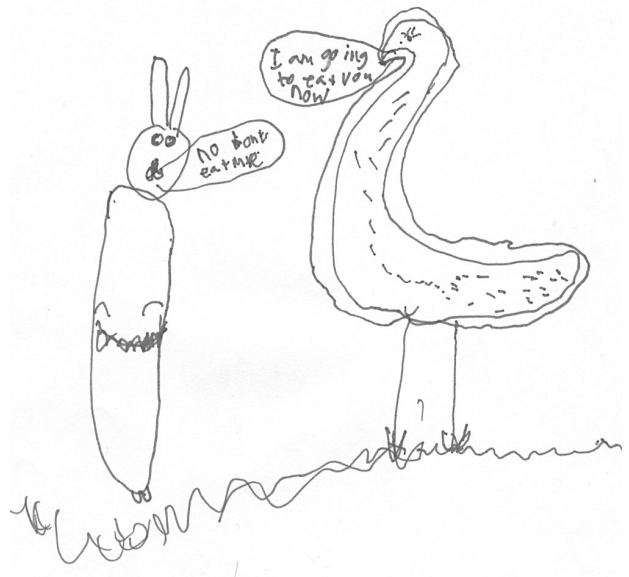
Malak Ounnab

My Soul

My soul is a big boy dreaming dreams.
My soul is a pretty dress having fun at the party.
My soul is a cloudy cloud.
My soul is in my body.
My soul is an emotion.
My soul is a friendly cat having fun. Meow.
My soul is a girl having a lot of fun.
My soul is your soul.

Ode to a Bunny

Oh Bunny, you hop like a kangaroo.
Oh Bunny, you have little white ears.
Oh Bunny, you have the littlest nose ever.
Oh Bunny, you are
the most cutest bunny ever.
Oh Bunny, you have
the most white fur.
Oh Bunny, are you having
a good day?
By the way, you are going
to be attacked.
Bye, cute bunny!
Bye, white fur!
Bye, ears that are pointy!



Cecilia Polanco-Morales

You Are

Poetry, you are a tree
blooming up to the moon
with soft, gentle petals
falling on the cold, hard ground
as you climb up
soundlessly,
you hug the big, white rock
floating in space
and with your long, green branches
you put it there—
keep climbing,
you'll soon get to the sun.



Freedom

Freedom is a girl with golden hope
and promise in her eyes.
She wears a headdress of shining gold
for that makes the stars twinkle.
She wears a dress of white silk
made from the middle of the Milky Way.
She wants to travel around the world
and spread her kindness.
For fun, she puts freedom in people's hearts.

My Secret Hideout

In my secret hideout
is where the rainbow fish dwells.
You can only see it
with imagination, creative spells.
She lights up the ocean
and flows with the current,
soft and smooth.
She is my best friend—
I love her to the moon.
And if you hurt her,
you will surely regret it!

Cecilia	3/22/17
My Soul, raining off of my feelings out of place	
I	
am	
all	
different	
colors.	
red,	
orange,	
green, yellow,	
all	
the	
colors	
go	
through	
my	
head and I think, who am	
I?	

Chelsea Singh

My Soul

My soul is brave
as a dragon. My soul
is a diamond in the sky. My soul is
magical in the world. My soul
is majestic like a

u

n

icorn.

My soul is deep as the

s

e

a.

My soul is a gift of me.

My soul is the snow floating
in the air and waiting to fall on
the ground and having

F U N. My

soul is the

fire of

a hot breathing dragon.

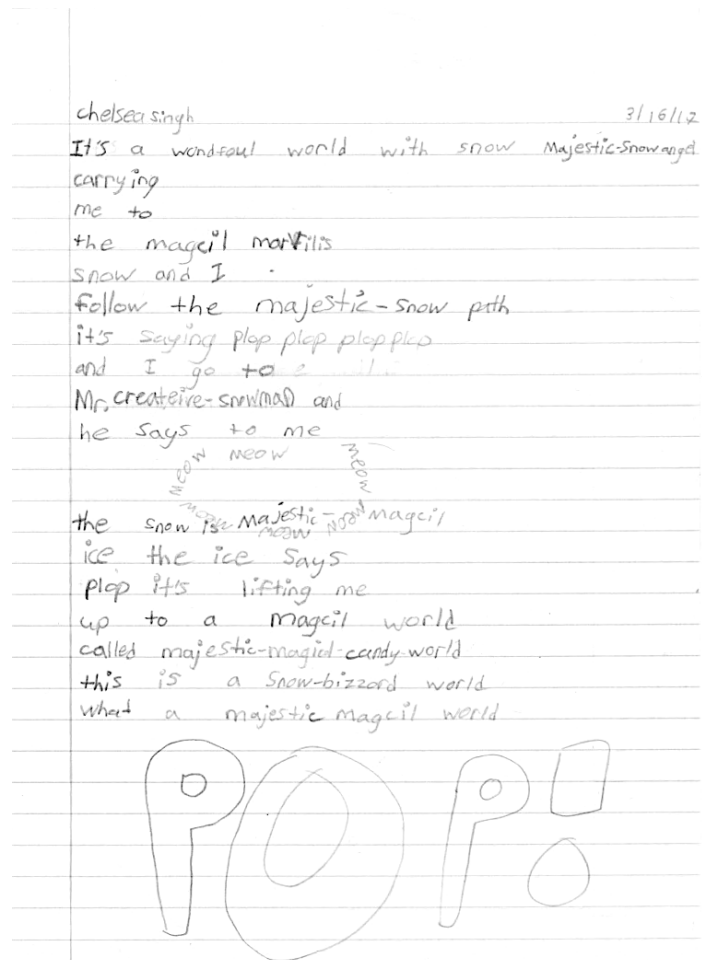
My soul is the season of
summer having fun!

My soul is the work of
ART. My soul is

a friend of mine

Poetry

Poetry is a dolphin waving its tail to us.
Poetry is a volcano exploding poetry words.
Poetry, why are you a diamond in the sky?
Poetry is a magical fairy tale
that floats
 on
 a
 rainbow
 in
the sky. Poetry, why
are you a summer breeze
in the sky? Poetry is
a magical portal of poetry
like wonderland. Poetry is
a wish in a sky.



Jahniya Watson

Ode to the Lion

Lion, why are you so mean?
Lion, why do you eat animals instead of grass?
Lion, why are you running to hide?
Lion, why do you have a mane?
Lion, why do you have to live in Africa?
Lion, why do you not have a home?
Lion, why do you have to protect
your family like people?
Lion, why do you not have
any place to stay for three years?
Lion, why haven't you found a mate?
Lion, why do you like to eat deer?
Lion, why and how do you get food?
Lion, why do you live near lakes?
Lion, why do you change color?
Lion, why do you have babies?
Lion, why are you so bad?
Lion, why do you not live in New York City?
Lion, why do you steal from the bank?
Lion, why can't you go to the moon?
Lion, why can't you go to space?
Lion, why can't you go to the sun?
Lion, why can you run 1,000 miles per hour?
Lion, why can't you run 2,000 miles per hour?

In My Wonderful World

I see dolphins and the deer dancing.
I hear unicorns playing the ukulele.
I taste pizza by making my taste buds like it.
I touch my chips and cookies.
I smell cookies from the oven.
And I think to myself, that I am funny.



Shams-Ashmoas Alsayidi



I like cats

Author Autographs