

As Loud as the Sun

*

An Anthology of Poetry
By the Third and Fourth-Grade Students
Of PS153

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Bronx, New York

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Teachers & Writers Collaborative

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INTRODUCTION

Week after week, the young poets of PS153 floored me with the generosity, wisdom, creativity, wildness, and beauty of their work. They were a great inspiration to me, not only as teacher but as a writer of poetry myself. It was a delight to see their passions and personalities reflected in their work and to watch them, week after week, find their footing in the sometimes rocky terrain of poetry.

Reading and writing poetry are always acts of empathy. Poetry not only invites us to occupy another perspective, it demands it. These poems are an opportunity to step into and explore the minds of some of the most talented students I've ever had the pleasure of working with. Their perspectives are rich and full of wonder. I hope that you will enjoy exploring them. ~ Matthew Brailas

MS. HANSEN'S CLASS

Acacia N.
Amara E.
Chelsea A.
Collin K.
Eden Y.
Grace S.
Ikenna C.
Ishraq S.
Janelle W.
Jonathan M.
Jordayne W.
Kamran A.
Kaylee L.
London B.
Loriana H.
Meerub C.
Mya P.
Myles W.
Nicholas L.
Oyinkansola A.
Priyanshu B.
Raiyaan A.
Saalik S.
Sanaii W.
Shahir S.
Shanai H.
Taslina H.
Toyaba T.
Uzair M.

ACACIA N.

Mom

Who loves but is sensitive like feathers?
Who respects like wise lions?
Whose hair is made of cotton,
when she laughs like the letter "M,"
says that I am unique?
I love her so,
she cares about my health and education,
cries when I get hurt.
Who loves her...
MEEEEEEEEEE!

Time for the ending part!
I love mom!
I love her so much
I would die without her!

Summer!

The school-normous sun is
hot-mendous

Tropical fun
in the water-park-mazing-
summer

Bloom-mendous flowers. Please take
me home!

the sun-normous sun is
burning me into a cool-pond. Or,
I can go to the beach-mazing ocean.

AMARA E.

I Believe I Am the Best

I am the best silver star
in the farthest sky.

I am better than the rest.
I'm a fish that escapes from the fry.

I am the beautiful part of nature.
I am the bloomed flowers
from the jungle below.

I am the whitest fox that blends
with the white snow.

I am the sweetness
from the sugar desserts.

I am the cleaner that cleans the dry dirt.

I am the smart monkey
that swings through the divine vines.

I am the greatest statue that never falls
during others' foolish time.
I believe I am the best,
so I am.

Poem

I never dreamed there were so many things
happening between the covers of books.

Millions of mysteries in a mansion.

Jokes and laughs, mythical creatures,
so many features.

Science explosion, bugs and shrubs,
weird animals.

Secrets to be solved. Sadness dissolves
when I read all these books!

CHELSEA A.

My Soul

My soul is small but fast as a cheetah.

Swish.

My soul is cold as ice cream.

My soul runs around trying and trying and trying
to catch its tail. *Swish.*

My soul is yellow with polka dots.

My soul is only calm when it goes
to sleep.

Swish

In the morning it wakes me up.

It always wants to play.

My soul is speedy as a cheetah.

SWISH, I'M GONE.

The Moon

The moon is a white cat that lights up
the night as it moves.

The moon is an eraser
that erased the whole galaxy.

The moon is a pair of shoes
that make footprints of light.

The moon is a piece of paper
that soars through the night.

The moon is a person
that loves to party in the night.

COLLIN K.

The Soccer Game

I am a ball, white and black
and used in a soccer game.

What am I?

A soccer ball.

I am an object with bars that you score into.

Who do you think I am?

A goal.

I am a creature who scores a goal.

Who am I?

A human.

I am a thing that cheers at the soccer game.

Who am I?

A fan.

I am the thing that soccer games happen on.

What am I?

The soccer field.

I am the thing the game happens in.

What am I?

The Stadium.

My Wonderful World

I see goals, players, and a ball.

I hear cheering, "Shoot! Shoot!" and, "Pass!"

I feel a breeze and rain.

I taste the yummy taste of skittles.

EDEN Y.

My Soul Is...

My soul is like a tiger roaring in the moonlight.
My soul is like fireworks booming in the sky.
My soul is like a heart of life.
My soul is like a piece of peace.
My soul is like a pond of light and a pond of darkness.
My soul is like a book of space.
My soul is like a star for my heart's sky.
My soul is like a half of a whole.
My soul is like a brain for my body.
My soul is like a moon for the sun.
My soul is like a wonder for the world.
My soul is like a tree for children to climb at night.
My soul is like a thought of mystery.
My soul is like a crystal that you can't change.

Spring

Spring is bloom-lucious.
It is wonderful and bright.
Spring is so nice.
It's a bright delight!
Spring is a good thing.
It's fun to enjoy the warm weather.
Even in spring, though,

you can't do whatever.
Spring is flower-mendous,
and rain-ful too!
Spring is nice,
no matter what you do!

The Moon

The moon is... a black cat in the sky.
The moon is... a wave of darkness in the sky.
The moon is... a perfect pie.
The moon is.... a ball of kindness.
The moon is... a light that shines on the water.
The moon is... a friend that guides you to sleep,
and a love that is deep.

GRACE S.

Joyful Gems

Glistening in the moon is a bright, big pearl.
Under the sea is a blue little girl
searching and searching for all of the loot.
She found one, two, and more to come,
but she can't find her beloved one.
But she looked on the moon and found it, too
under the depths of soothing snow.

Soul to Wolves

My soul is like a wolf
prowling through the woods,
standing on a tall flat rock,
and howling to the moon.
I go everywhere,
explore earth's dares.
The wolf stops to rest
through the snowy white depths.
I play with my friends
just like a wolf, howling together,
chatting forever,
and sitting on wool.
The day time comes
and the wolf runs away,

just like me
on nights and daybreaks.
I look to the sky, the wolf looks to the moon,
then we look down.
The wolf of me is now,
it seems so easy.
Like personalities saying,
“Pick me, pick me!”
Hanging down from the smallest trees.

IKENNA C.

Ode to a Butterfly

Your wings flying up and down to a leaf and flower,
color rounds you up
in purple, yellow, red, orange and green,
like a camouflaged lizard.

As the sun sets,
your night yellow glow
is transparent
like a shooting star.

To an ant, you are like a
yellow and green tower.

To a frog, you are like
a rebellious fly.

But to a person,
you are a gift of calmness
and peace,
a rare, flying, golden-like angel.

You go into fresh and flowing water
and adventure life.
From the forest of Calabar
to the trees of Georgia
and the rainforests of Hanoi

and Ho Chi Minh City in Vietnam,
no limits of risk for you, butterfly,
for you are like a great queen
in a monarchy.

Use Maps!

Use maps.

Because birds fly in imagination,
because you don't want them to drop.

Because you want to go to dream areas
like Singapore, Holland, or Paris,
and say: "Eu nunca deixarei"

Because if not, you step in trash,
because you're stuck in noiseless oceans,
because you're lost in Everest's crevasses.

Because swans will hit and ambush if not,
not feeling a little sorry.
Because bad luck will strike you like a dove,
fluttering feathers in your eyes.

Because speaking of eyes,
it will be like you're blind
nowhere to go, nowhere
for shelter.

ISHRAQ S.

Lake, I'm on the sun

I'm on a hard stone lying in the middle of a lake.
Not a normal rock, a peaceful rock.
I climb on, I lie down, I wait until the sun grows.
I'm high, I jumped, I ran until I saw the sun's face.
I stand still, I sit, I close my cold eyes.
I'm ready to be in the sky. It rises up
to my imagination. I run. I can never stop.
I feel relieved in my hope.
There, I feel my hard piece of stone.
Heat rising til I'm on fire.
"I'm ready to be steady,
but my stone needs to be ready.

Ode to the Snake

You're the long hard stripe of a tiger.
You're a long leaf of a tree.
You're the long cover of the smooth leaves.
You're the rise of darkness to many animals.
You're the green-y, hard, very-itchy-maker.
You're the poisonous bite for every living thing.
you're the very long red stripe, crunching slide.
You're the beneath-trunk of an evergreen tree.

You're the water fountain, spraying the itchy poison
everywhere.
You're the small, sneaky biter.
You're the two dragons put together, getting the flies that
help your blood.
You're the slithery twirler-master.
You're the master of catchers.
You're like a crocodile, a land creature.
You're the sound of my eyes.
I can remember from the bottom of my heart.
I can see with both eyes
and you can control me into four.
You're just like the swamp of my lungs,
So go finish your lunch.

JANELLE W.

Magical Candy Land

As I float on a fluffy, magical cotton candy cloud,
I have the feeling of eating a piece
of the cotton candy cloud.

All of a sudden, two of my cavities come out
and then two more come out
and then five magical toothbrushes
start brushing my teeth
and then I fall asleep
and then the Tooth Fairy comes.

My Sweet Soul

My soul is a unicorn fairy
who is very jolly,
who loves sweets
and has cavities.

A playful, energetic person
who loves coffee and loves to play with her friends.
Whose favorite colors are pink, purple, blue, and white
which are unicorn colors.

Sorry to brag,
but I know too much about unicorns,
and in my opinion,
I think they're real.

Just Open a Book (Excerpt)

I never dreamed there were so many things happening between the covers of books, like the adventures and what people find. Like something that completes your life. Like finally having what you wanted, ever since your whole entire life started. Like Dr. Seuss said, you steer yourself in any direction, left or right, or side to side forever. Love yourself from you.

JONATHAN M.

Don't Eat Too Much Candy

Don't eat candy!
Because you will get cavities.
Because you will get hyped.
Because you will have rainbow teeth.
Because your teeth will be rotten.
I don't want to live in a place
where there are no teeth.

Zelda Breath of the Wild

Fighting bats and bones
that come from the ground.
There are these bokoblins that go crazy.
Sleep tight, good night, you're gone in a second.
You can't fight me, you're not prepared.
Link and Zelda on our side,
we can beat you if you dare.
If you're a pro gamer, you can beat the game.
If you go to school, you might have fame.

JORDAYNE W.

Abuelita How

Abuelita, how you left
was strange but quiet.
You threw love like the wind.
I barely knew you, but hearing stories
warms my heart
like hot chocolate on my chest.
You could love just like my mom.
When you left, I was alone.
Hearing your voice inside my head
made me feel like going to bed.
Love was still in my heart.
In memory of you,
I fled to this land where I find another
but not like you.
Abuelita, how?

Moon

The moon is the peace flowing through us.
It's the fire that burns in our hearts.
It's the thing that stops the anger.
The moon is water, the moon is life
that runs out quick. The moon is
our hope. It's our friendship

and love. It's what keeps us together.
The moon is our friend.

Jamaica

Jamaica, my home, Jamaica,
go there because of the sweet coconut water,
the shiny beaches,
the great food,
the amazing hotels and the five-star restaurants.
is your mouth watering?
If it isn't,
it should be.

KAMRAN A.

Soaring through the Sky

I am a star reaching for the sun,
waiting to shine so bright.
I am the moon rising from the bottom
that is reaching to the top.
I am the planets circling the sun,
going in a circle one by one.
I am an astronaut landing on the moon,
jumping up and down. Here I go!
I am a rocket soaring through the galaxy,
looking for a place to land.
I am moon rocks on the moon floor,
soaring through the sky.

Ode to an Alligator

In the water, swimming slowly,
sneaking up on many fish
jumping up and eating them.

Blending in with the dark, dark bushes,
swimming around,
getting ready to eat.

Dark, dark skin

black eye
really frightening,
you should stay inside.

Really tough,
don't mess with him.
He'll bite you down
little by little.

KAYLEE L.

A Noiseless Patient Tiger

My soul is a tiger swimming in a pool of darkness.
It is life and death.
If you take it out of me, it's death,
if you put it back in me, it's life.
It shatters and sprinkles throughout my life.
It's small. It's large. It's unique in any way.

My soul is a trap in a frozen river.
I pause for a minute and bump my chest.
I thought I lost my soul.

But I am alive, so my soul is back.
If I ever lose my soul, I will be dead in heaven.
O, my soul.

Ode to a Cat

On the snow
a
cat
with a
shivery
tail
standing

on a
rock.
White fur
blending
in the
glittering
snow.

Poem

I am the sun
that shines so bright.
I give you light
to see every day.

LONDON B.

Everything Delight

I am a red and blue betta fish
about to eat some betta flakes.

I am a rose about to get watered.

I am stumped, simply, simply
stumped.

I am a beaming star
far away from all planets.

Dinosaurs

My soul is a dinosaur,
rawr!

I love dinosaurs,
rawr!

My teeth are sharp,
rawr!

My head is big and heavy
like a bowling ball,
rawr!

I am swimming in a pool of darkness,
rawr!

I love dinosaurs,

RAWR!

Don't Be a Smoke-Monster!

Please stop smoking!

Because it hurts your lungs
Because it stops you from breathing
Because you cough a lot
Because your eyes hurt
Because I can smell it on you
Because it's not good for you
Because it's dangerous.

LORIANA H.

After School

I go to "after school." After "after school,"
I go home, to my old home
with the rickety red roof that yells,
"Eek, eek, rain is dribbling down my chin!"
"Brroo," cries my gate as it shivers from my cold hands.
I run inside from the cold
into my dirty room with clothes on the floor,
wax from my Babybel cheese on the wall
with my footprint implanted in it
for future children to see.
My stomach grumbles, "I'm hungry, I'm hungry,
give me food!"
So I draw myself up from my bed
slouch to the kitchen
and stuff myself with Babybel cheese.
I warm up the wax, stick it on my wall,
implant my hand into it for future children to see.

Ode to My Wondrous Pet

My wondrous pet with amber
skin of red, purple and blue.
You are as lively and bright
as the sun-rise light.

But, yet, as tired and sleepy
as afternoon mist.
You are like the star of my life,
the one and only
that can soothe me
with your calming bubbles.
You are like the only one
when there were none.
You are like the snow of winter
with amber colors that soothe.
My wondrous pet guppy.

MEERUB C.

Behind the Waterfall

The warm breeze
hits my wet face,
where I am just chillin'
like a hotdog in a squid's belly.
The light from the other side
of the waterfall
just comes into the cave,
like how the sun shines in my eyes
in the morning.
The water just keeps on falling,
and the peaceful sound
picks me up and rocks me to sleep.
No one can even whisper to me.
I am in a place, a peaceful place,
where no one can bother me.

Ode to a Snail

On the wet grass, there is an old lady
with a hump on her back,
running as fast as she can.
The snail is just like an alien
with a gooey shell
on its little back.

Its hope of making it out of the scary grass
is low.

For the little ants, a snail is a gooey
and scary vacuum cleaner.

It is like a beautiful painting
just on its back.

A snail is a cheetah,
the most tired cheetah ever,
slowly walking to rest.

The snail is a scary alien
but still beautiful.

MYA P.

My Soul

My soul just wants a break.
Tired in the morning but fine at night,
it tries to get one minute of sleep,
but it can't because it sweeps.
My soul does backflips round and round
but at night it runs around.
It plays hopscotch with my heart.
In a beat, it can't sleep.
There is some crazy stuff in my body.
Do not ask for more unless you're ready.
I hear you ask.
There is *NO* turning back.
I am a robot,
you see.
I mean, a robot
controls me.

I Am

I am the shine of the sun.
I am the deep blue sea, red fish.
I am the top of the rainbow.
I am the fish at the top of the sea.
I am the trunk of the trees.

I am the person that makes
glittery water flow.
I am the flame of the fire.
You see, I am the dream.
I am the ashes of the flame.

MYLES W.

Abuelita

Abuelita, I love you so much.
Even though you're not here,
I will remember what you did
for my mother, brother, and sister.
You will always be in my heart
and by my side. Abuelita,
you are my Earth. I am the center.
I love you, Abuelita.

Ode to Whales

Under the water,
your heart so big,
your body as big as a school,
your mind so bright,
bright as the bright big sun.

I Am the Ocean

I am the mammal who glides through the sea.
I am the fish who cleans the sea floor.
I am the shelter of a hunted fish.

Water

The spectacular blooming sun
shines bright over the beach
like the water park.

The fabulous pond is where birds
land to find food.

NICHOLAS L.

Ecosystems

I am crystal-clear water frozen into slippery ice.
I am strong winds that blow trees to the side.
I am sunlight that streams through dark, strong trees.
I am the mighty howl of a majestic wolf.
I am the proud roar of the mighty bear.
I am the wet grass that sways in the winds.
I am the birds that soar high in the deep blue sky.
I am the deep green plants that sway
to the beat of the wind.
I am the shark that swims gracefully
in the sea.
I am a star that is separate from all.
I am candy, candy, candy, and CANDY
of all flavors.

The Candy Moon

The moon is white chocolate
carved in a wide circle.

It is a Lifesaver that shines
and taunts me.

A nice fruit roll-up,

becoming a raft.

Or a skittle with craters
and it's swimming in blue water.

It circles around me
like a white ring.

When Neil Armstrong saw the moon,
he said, "What a candy moon."
So he flew to the moon
and when he touched the moon
he jumped off the spacecraft,
and took a bite.

OYINKANSOLA A.

Solar Poets

The solar poets reflects on the sun
to spread electricity and smartness to the world.
If the solar poet gets touched by something,
that thing will turn into ashes.
If the solar poet gets touched by liquid water,
it will evaporate and teleport away
and never be seen again.

My Favorite Books

I never dreamt of something happening
between the covers of books,
dust storms of truth from the past,
myths from people's mouths,
fables in fiction, tall tales
that make me laugh,
like Italy, or Greedy Cat
who tells me truth and lessons.

Lion, Hyenas

A graceful lioness chases an ungrateful hyena
who is eating her prey,

like my graceful dog who chases an ungrateful mouse
who eats veggies.

My doom is here. Here comes a lion,
here to gobble me up.

While the lioness is with the cub, snoozing off,
while she finishes, she brings me over to her den.

While I'm in their stomach, dozing off,
I wait for them to wake, not digested.

Later on, my mom sees me in the stomach
and kisses and hugs me.

Now I will never forget
the day the lion passed away.

PRIYANSHU B.

Poem

I am a flying bird.
I am the one who is stuck in mud.
I am up and down. I am everywhere.
I am high, I am low. I am a three and a four.
I could soar or score.
I am the one that scores.
I am the one that stays peaceful.
I am the one who also is so cool.
I am on the tree. I am on the grass there.
I am a light that shines
on the night sky.

My Wonderful World

I see great soccer players
wearing 10 and 7 jerseys in the colosseum.
I hear the players playing, getting goals, celebrating,
people screaming.
I feel the world greats' soccer ball in the world cup.
I taste pizza.
It was like pizza dipped into Heaven.
I smell the grass, the smell of snacks.

Soccer Stadium

In my soccer stadium, I want to be in a peaceful place
where I can play, I can try and try
until I can try to beat the best player.

It will be so quiet.

I will invite my friends so they can try and try with me.

My feet will be strong and fit.

I may meet the best of the best,
or beat the best of the best.

I will sweat and sleep
all day long.

RAIYAAN A.

Spring

Sun is hot and amazing.

It brightens up the day.

Sun-tastic.

Pool-swimming in the cold water
on a hot day.

Pool-mazing.

Rainbow-galore. It looks
amazing, with all the colors.

Rainbow-rific.

Ice cream. The ice-tastic,
delicious wonders.

Nice is everywhere.

Kind, kinder, kindest.

Kind is amazing. Kind, not mean.

Galore, galore on the floor.

Spring is amazing.

The Animal, Fruit, and Insect Guide

I am the cheetah's wind when it runs.

I am the gorilla's beat when it hits its chest.

I am the wolverine's sharp claws when it digs.

I am the bat that flies around the darkest sky.

I am a rabbit that hops around the world.

I am a gazelle frolicking around the forest.
I am a banana getting peeled.
I am a penguin waddling around.
I am a butterfly that flutters around the ocean.
I am a carrot getting pulled out of dirt.
I am a lion roaring out fire.
I am a tiger leaping with red eyes.
I am a polar bear blending into the snow at night.
I am an alligator chomping the river.
I am a wolf that howls at the moon.
I am myself, my soul, and my body!

SAALIK S.

The Person

I am a person flying through the roaring, dark blue sky.
I am a follower who follows good people.
I am a hero who saves good people from badness.
I am a learner that flies to goodness.
I am a person who reaches for the stars in the middle of the
galaxy.
I am a thinker who soars through the galaxy.
I am a person who divides things to win.
This is me, an amazing mathematician.
This is me, an author.
This is me, a very crazy kid.
This is me, a poem writer.

The Moon

I think it is Pacman,
chasing other Pacmen around the universe.
Chocolate
that turns to dark chocolate in the night.
A soccer ball
that is about to be kicked in the gut.
A button
that turns black when you touch it.
A bell

that rings through the night.
An eye
that turns black.

Ocean

It's in water beneath us. Fish swim
through the coral reef.

Sharks surround me in a sharp circle
like eagles.

The super-sharks surround the super-circle
so no one gets in.

The super savior swimming sharks
swim through seas and oceans.

Fish don't get eaten by sharks or whales
no matter what they do.

Even though they fight like humans,
it will still be quiet.

People won't disturb me.
I am safe, relaxed, quiet, fed,
entertained.

SANAII W.

Under my Bed

A small room
in my house
calls my name.
It is like another
house but it is
smaller. It has
everything I like.
It is my happy
place I could sleep
under and over this
small place. It is
like a mini-lounge
but it is only
for me. I think
this is the place
where I belong
to be.

The Niagara Falls Poet

As the mist of water
touches your skin,
you feel like you are floating on water.

It feels so good as it touches you,
as it just flows to an end.
It looks so pretty.
You might feel as if
you don't want to leave.

Red Love

The red poet
looks like
a juicy tomato.
Red is like
blood, it is
ketchup being dispensed
on a burger, red paint
being painted
on my wall.

SHAHIR S.

Ode to a Snake

At the rainforest, a snake
with a watery face. Above the trees,
a long green S. An S-shaped animal
slithering under the tall green grass,
rattling its tail louder than a trumpet,
biting a mouse each time it attacks.
Fatter than an elephant
after it eats all the mice.
Fighting with other animals,
which can hurt the snake.
But, of course, the snake wins and eats his prey.
Glazing through the bright blue water
to go to its home.

Who Is My Teacher

Who is the person that teaches me in school?
Who helps me have more knowledge,
who stays in that school a lot,
who helps me do many things,
who dismisses me everyday,
who tells me how to read and write,
who helps us be safe in school,
who I see Monday through Friday,

who brings me around our school?
Everyday, it is my teacher
that does all these awesome things!

The Moon and the Sun

It is the sun that pushes the moon
away to spread sunlight to the world.
it is the moon who doesn't want
to move away from the sun.
It is the sun that burns the moon
to make sunlight for the world.

SHANAI H.

Diamonds

Sparkling diamonds,
clear as clear glue.
The way they shine
makes me feel good.
When I look at a diamond,
it shines in my eyes.
When I go outside,
it is like the big sun.
As for poets,
the diamond poets
write about sparkly things
like shining rocks and gems.

This Is Me

I am a flag
on the mountain top.

I am the bright light
of the great big sun.

I am the sun rising
and the moon setting.

I am a pretty rose
blooming in the green grass.

I am the green grass
moving left to right.

TASLIMA H.

Stars Wondering

I am a star in the night sky,
wondering where to go next.
I am a blue fish that swims in the deep blue ocean.
I am a flower in the deep rainforest.
I am a light blue bird
wondering what I should do in the earth.
I am a strong wind that blows trees away.
I am a little tree,
but I will grow everyday.

Ode to a Cat

On the
carpet a
baby kitty
is playing with
a yarn ball.

Beneath a
tree, getting
shade.

In the kitchen
drinking milk and

eating cat food.

At evening,
you go to
bed.

At midnight,
you wake
up.

You get your
milk all by
yourself.

You make a
big mess, then
you roll around in it.

You get very
dirty, so you jump
in the sink.

You try
to turn on the sink.

When you do, you can't
turn it off.

TOYABA T.

Childhood's Retreats

Graceful leaves tickle me
while I run through the flower garden.
No flower too big or small
as a blooming peony and tulip
that grows by the stream.
I plant a seed everyday
and let it grow everyday.
Oh! Look, a rose is getting ready
to spread its beautiful wing-like petals.
Every flower sings and dances under the full moon
until I drift off to sleep.

My Soul Is Unique

My soul is bright, it does not have fright.
My soul is light
and it is so bright, it guides me through
a cave carved especially for sadness
beneath the snowy mountain.
Sometimes when the sky is dark blue and gray,
my soul is too. When the sun is bright,
my soul leaps with excitement.
My soul can be as cold as an icicle,
or as warm as a cherry blossom that is blooming.

My soul is my life,
and without it, I might die.
But one thing is for sure:
it spreads love across the huge world.

Ode to a Butterfly

A beautiful butterfly, sipping honey
from a cup-shaped tulip. After some honey,
it rests on the leaf of a rose. Now,
it's winter time. "Go south," it will say,
a flutter of the next day. To me,
it's a flying rainbow
that will last in my heart forever.

UZAIR M.

Ode to the Dog

On the carpet barking,
a dog.

On the wet green grass
jumping and running
all around the place.

From what
did you come?

From the sky?

Or were you just created
in Earth?

You are my favorite animal.
And you will always be.
Woof!

I Am the One

I am the blazing giant star
you see almost every day
living far away.

I am a white, fluffy cloud
that soars the sky all day.

I am the water in the ocean
that flows faraway.

I am the wind
that explores the earth every day.

I am all!
I am the one!

Joy in Summer

Summer is the best, the best of all seasons.
Joy comes mostly in summer.
Ice cream, beach drinks,
fans and air conditions.
All go outside. It gives us joy.

MS. FAHEY'S CLASS

Adam J.
Aiden K.A.
Alisha B.
Ariella S.
DeShawna T.
Devyn B.
Drea S.
Dylan T.
Ella S.
Elyn T.
Intessar K.
Jair S.
Jazmine D.
Jonathan B.
Josh H.
Kelis C.
London T.
Margaret F.
Nailah W.
Naimah A.
Nengi E.
Rownak B.
Tahmid C.
Tahsin S.
Tasen N.
Tayib C.
Vincent R.
Zharana B.F.

ADAM J.

A Free Eagle

A free eagle
flying in the sky
no one stopping him

Is how my soul feels
Always with imaginative ideas
nothing in their way

At sundown, the eagle will rest
UNTIL...
the next day

OOF Spring

Spring is bird-gorgeous.

It is when the wonderful-baseball season begins.
And the merryrain is pouring.

It is when the animals come out in the butterflysun.
And the merryrain is pouring.

When sparrows fly in the OOF-sky.
and the merryrain is pouring.

Home

After school on ordinary days,
I walk home with my dad.

I say hi to my birds
as I walk in.

I plop onto the nice,
soft brown couch
with a book to read.

I check my bedroom,
which has a good feeling
of silence. It feels like
an office when I sit
in my chair.

AIDEN K.A.

Laughter

Laughter has blue eyes shimmering in the dark.
Laughter has blue hair with tips of red.
Laughter has shaggy electric hair
that can shock a criminal.
Laughter is so tall, he could hit the ceiling.
He is the guy you want to see.
Laughter is like the inside of science. He is a fascinating guy.
He loves to read about animals so much
he could turn into one.
He plays basketball and soccer all day long.
He plays games like NBA live and wins every game
and never gets tired.

Ode to the Black Panthers

When I write
about the
panther, I feel
like I'm in a
forest, forever
to be
gone.

But when I see
a picture, I think

I could run so
fast, I would
jump as high
as it.

This panther is
special. Others think
of the panther of
nothing-good-in-life.
I think that I could
turn into one fierce cat.

It inspired me
to always
draw superheroes. Now
that's my favorite cat!

ALISHA B.

Ode to Owls

On the pleasant
oak trees,
in the wonderful
night sky
there sit
beloved owls.

From where did you
get that
windy
brown
color
on your wing?
Where did you
come from?

Flying, saying "hoot." Flying
in the
dark
night
sky.

Every type, every
color. I love them
all.

Sitting in the
grassy, shady
forest,
watching wings
ruffle through
the misty
wind.

Flying through
the air with your
glorious, glossy
wings.

Oh, how I
love
owls.

My Soul

My soul is like a fairy
glittering, flapping my wings with joy
dancing with dragons,
floating across the sky.

ARIELLA S.

The Golden Room

In the green and blue room,
I just wish I could look into
the golden room,
the one room my grandma rested in
when she was young,
the one I desire and I know I will love.
She adores me very much.
When I look outside, I look at the snow below.
I will remember you always, Grandma.

Ode to the King Cobra

In the rainforest
you stand.
Your prey,
you look at them with your precious
ancient eyes.

The snakes honor you,
but you are still a wicked eye.

Your
eyes are like chicken
with a

black stripe.

When the moonlight hits you,
know it is your time to shine.

Poetry is Amazing

I could never have dreamed
there were such things happening
between the covers of books,
such inspirational quotes.
Poetry is so sweet
like honey from bees,
it has such hurricanes and sandstorms,
such special words.
It is as exciting
as a surprise birthday party.
all these words will be alive forever
with their own happiness and glory.

DESHAWNA T.

To the Moon

Oh moon, you look like a large
chocolate chip cookie
being eaten.
You are a big piece of cheese in the sky.

Your light is the light to the heart.

Your peace is my command
to the light as hard.

Your light shines on me like diamonds in the sky.

Your length is as tall as a mountain in the woods.
Your home is my home no matter what.

We're together, we stay together forever.

Your kingdom is the sky,
my stone in the sky.

Have fun up there.
I'm right here with you.

With My Third Eye

I see a wolf chasing a rabbit in the dark snow.

I imagine relaxing in the Bahamas.

I feel a beautiful chair waiting
for me to sit on it.

I see the little pigs in the water
swimming with me
in the Bahama water.

I see my friends trying to find me
wherever I am.

I get ready to go to every animal home
to take all the animals to live with me.

This is what I can see
with my third eye!

DEVYN B.

Spring!

Spring fling flowers POP!
Pollen falls into the air.
You get allergies, your eyes turn RED.
Then other people's eyes are RED.
So much bacteria!
It just makes me feel like, "Eww!
Do not touch me!"

Ode to Christmas

On Christmas,
it is my and your
dream. You get
everything you
want and everything you need.
Spend the best time
with friends and family.
Open each others
gifts at the same time,
see what
each other got.
In shock, start
bragging and asking

can I get this?
Can I get that?
You already know
what the word is...
“NO!”

DREA S.

Daddy

My dad is my everything.
Without him, I would melt away
like an ice cube on a hot summer day.
When there is a strong wind coming our way
he would make sure I don't blow away.
He treats me like a princess sitting in my throne.
He always takes the best photos
and he ALWAYS has the perfect style for everyday.
He gets me everything I want every time of the day.
He picks me up from school 4/5 days out of the week.
He always pushes me to do my best.
He walks with me from place to place.
He makes me feel happy.
I love his jokes,
because this girl only laughs at dad jokes.
This is why I have the best dad in the world!

Ode to the Dog

Oh dog,
your blue eyes
twinkle
like a diamond.

Your kisses are so wet.
Your smile is so calm.

Your paw prints are so friendly.
Your paw shakes are so nice.

When you jump, you're a bird
flying in the sky.

When I take you outside,
you're like an angry tiger
fighting to be free.

DYLAN T.

My Best Moon Friend

The moon is my friend
who follows me around wherever I go.
The moon left home into space
and said "goodbye" to me.
The moon ran and said "I'm crazy"
to the whole town.
The moon was my best friend
who never let me be in the dark.
The moon was also always shining
on the whole world.
The moon told me a joke.

Third Eye

I see with my third eye Santa Claus on his sleigh
in the sky so high up.
I can also see the elves
working on the beautiful toys
in the North Pole.
The next things I can see
are the beautiful stars in the sky.
I can see all the reindeer flying in the sky.
I can see my friends and I
in the sleigh in the sky screaming.

I can also see my dreams
in my head and in my brain.
Yay!

Dogs Are the Best

Dogs are the best animals on Earth,
and Earth is a huge planet.
You can play with them, feed them,
and you can also take them out for walks.
How amazing is that?
I think it is super amazing.
Do you like dogs?
Because I love dogs!
The best in the Milky Way!

ELLA S.

Mewl

In a box,
there is a cat
mewling like a kitten on a street,
it's eyes bursting with hope.
Fur like a town after a hurricane,
as cold as a shadow,
its pleas as soft as a feather.
What is this world,
This world that I live in?
These harsh colds
this cat can't take.
Why?

As for Deer

The deer
runs around with antlers
shiny and sharp,
no questions asked.

The moonlit deer
wouldn't hurt a fly.
She's too shy.
You wouldn't see her

prancing
in the moonlit dawn.

The speckled deer
with a pen and paper
sings a song
which is one like no other.

And a fawn
with its mama
finds a petal
of a rose
and never lets it go
until it blows.

On the grass
lay four deer,
each special.
They close their eyes
and dream
of clouds
leading to day.
And they're awake
to flip a new leaf.

ELYN T.

The Moon

The moon is a woman
in a navy blue dress with stars on it
watching over the sleeping people.

The moon is an angel
making sure everyone has good dreams.

The moon is an owl
staying awake all night
and going to sleep in the morning.

The moon is a bat
flying through the night sky.

The moon is a blue eye
watching over the sleepy-heads.

The Life of Poetry

Poetry is life.
Poetry is like people telling their stories.
Not any stories,
the vivid kind.
When people say the sky is the limit,

they are wrong, there is no limit.
Poetry is an artistic angel singing
its soft song.
Poetry is the door to imagination.

Poetry is as funny as a comedian,
as sad as a lonely person,
as angry as a raging dragon.

Poems are big blue waves that are never ending.

Poetry is a person.
Poetry is a person with feelings
and thoughts and life experiences.

This is the life of Poetry.

INTESSAR K.

My Soul

My soul is as brave as a tiger,
as fierce as a lion,
as fast as a cheetah,
as cute as a kitten,
as happy as a bunny,
as caring as a cat,
as proud as a phoenix,
as delicate as a butterfly.

But who, who does it make up?

Me!

Me!

It makes up ME!

It is my one and only soul
that makes up ME!!!

My Secret Place

The only place that saves me,
the only place I can be.

I can be there
in the night

thinking peacefully.

It is on top of the moon
and over the sun. Over the sky
and over the galaxy.

Not a person can afford it
except me.

Though I want to live there,
I will always be happy.

Ode to Fish

You are very beautiful.
You swim around at day.
You are just like a rainbow.
You shine so bright,
you are like a star.
You are emerald, diamond,
and gold to me.

JAIR S.

Dawn

I see the blistering hot sun
on a beautiful day. The cold and humid night,
wolves howling into the night,
the cats coming out looking for food
like a bird or a mouse.
The mouse squeaks, "Help," as the cat pounces.
The water moving in and out of the bay front.
The water turns enchanted when it sees the sun go up.
As the orange takes over the sky,
the water says hi to the city.
As the sun rises up,
cats, dogs, and humans wake up
at the break of dawn.

The Moon Is and Can

The moon is the blue light
enchancing the cold water.
The moon is a teenager
who sets his ways.
The moon is the freezing arctic
that keeps the world cool.
The moon is an umbrella
shielding the sun away from the skies.

The moon is the shine that starts
the wolves' reunion.
The moon can do more things that you can do
like making sleep.
The town without the moon
would feel like a wasteland.

Spring Bling

Delightful dandelions and fun.
Oh, the sun swarms beautifully.
What a great spring,
the delicious delightful dew
hanging on flowers.
Picture the dew regrowing forever.
The evergreen tree stays in its place
so far, the delightful summer.

JAZMINE D.

A Poem of My Soul

My soul is a panda,
calm and sleepy.
My soul is a fairy,
bright and magical.
My soul is a giraffe,
calm and quiet, tall-necked.
My soul is a turtle,
slow and steady,
as scared as an ant.
My soul is a seahorse,
cheerful as can be.
My soul is the water,
as cool as can be.
My soul is fire,
when angry, bursts with flames.
My soul is a song
singing all day.
My soul is dancing,
sleeping, mystically real.

The Life Time

I am the tall neck of an Australian giraffe reaching for the
leaves.

I am a comic book writers writing up a storm.
I am the muddyness of the dirty, ice snow on the roads.
I am the eye of the night-time snow owl playing with the
moon.
I am a friendly monster playing under your bed, making a
mess.
I am your little sister running around you annoying you.
I am your mom singing gospel music with you at church.
I am alive, you see, for I am all these wonderful lifetimes.

JONATHAN B.

Ode to Robots

The mechanical gears turning,
the circuits controlling them.
This is the inside of a robot.

As a jolt of plasma goes through a cannon,
many megabits flow through a circuit.
These are the mechanics of a robot.

Life, play, work, death. The cycle
must go on.

The metal, wires, plasma and mind
must go together to make one.

These are robots.

The Void

I see a black universe. Purple stars float by,
and occasionally someone will whoosh around.

I hear silence. Once in a while, words emerge
from a separate dimension.

I feel helium balloons lifting me.
They act as an invisible shield, protecting me
from infinite nothingness.

I feel jolts of startledness
when someone comes
frozen but moving.

This is the void.

JOSH H.

As for Poets

As for poets,
the dark poet
who writes big poems
needs help from no light.

The Fortnite poets
run around taking cover
with no wood, metal, or brick.

But the ice poet
has been writing
for 9,999,999 centuries.

The bomb poet goes
click, click,
BOOM!
"I love poems," he says!

The Leaf

The leaf hanging onto the tree.
The leaf fell off the tree.
The leaf got stuck on the truck.
The leaf got stuck on a plane.

The leaf
GLIDES down
the air
like a skydiver.

Vol-Childhood

It's
in the
door, not
a regular door
a magical door to
an underlayer where no
commotion happens under
a volcano where peace happens and
with everybody else saying, "AHHHHHHHHH!"

KELIS C.

Stop Bullying!

Stop bullying!

Because you're going to get in trouble.

Because you wouldn't want someone to bully you.

Because you have to show kindness, so
stop bullying!

Stop bullying!

Stop bullying!

We don't want to hide in the shadows.

Ode to the Hamster

Your eyes are as bright as the sky.

You remind me of myself,
running wildly.

Moon, Sun, Stars

Moon dark

Sun bright

Stars guide me

Through the night

Library

I think the library
has over a million books.

I think the library
is very busy.

I think almost everybody
has at least one book at home.

I go to the library
almost every day.

LONDON T.

My World

I see different colors of the rainbow
leading into the spring pond
with all the ducks.
There the sun is,
shining so bright in my eyes.
Flowers everywhere like it's spring time.
The grass is perfect,
some strips too tall.
Puddles of previously fallen rain,
shining in the light,
oh so bright.

Ode to Elephants

Oh elephant,
you are tall
but irresistibly cute.
You can do tricks
and flips,
but you're
very
heavy.
You are innocent
but

strong enough to cause harm.
I wish,
oh, I wish
I could hold you in my arms.
Every time I go to the zoo,
I then want to visit you.
Gray and tall,
big
or small,
no matter what
I'll still like you.
Circus, zoo, barn, wherever,
I will love you
forever.

MARGARET F.

Fantasizing Should Let Your Daydreams Out

Let your daydreams out and start fantasizing.

Let your daydreams and fantasy lift our minds. Let your heart soar thinking about anything: witches, wizards, and magic galore. Do this to let your inner child out. Do this so you can open your mouth.

You can get the mood set to dream because we can land. We will, so let your focus become sharp and distant like a tooth. Let it happen because everyone and anyone deserves to be happy.

Our dreams are strong and like open geese in the fall flying away with our stress and books and out like small clothes that don't fit. Do it so your mood can call the geese back, bringing your child self and all the happy times with your family.

How the Glistening Ice Can Be Connected to the Garden of Wisdom

How, how the glorious glistening giant ice can be connected to the greatest garden of wishes and wisdom.

How, how the glass glistening ice can dance
and sway with the garden
of how you think
you can read the garden of wisdom, oh,
but how foolish of a man you are,
it reads you as if a book.

Oh, how the glorious glistening ice,
like the great garden of wisdom and wishes,
reads you.

Oh how the glorious glistening ice can bring you
the greatest of wishes from luck
like how the garden of wishes and wisdom
lets you get your gift from knowledge.

NAILAH W.

Ode to Unicorns

On a rainbow
with a rainbow horn,
Unicorn, you
are my dream. Unicorn
you're like a flower,
smelling sweet like my favorite candy.
Unicorn, your eyes
are shiny as a diamond.
Unicorn, I love you because
you make me dream,
dream about life and how
it all will be. Unicorn, you make me smile a mile.
Unicorn, you are as bright
as the moon. Unicorn
at night in the dark blue sky
I love you.

The Shining Moon

The moon is a donut ready to be eaten.
The moon is someone watching you.
The moon is your mom saying goodnight.
The moon is a rooster jumping in a pond.
The moon is an eye watching you.

The moon is a big nightlight
making your room shine.
The moon is a friend of mine.

The Pool

The pool is the spot where I sleep
The pool is where I get away from drama
The pool, my home sweet home
The water bubbles rainbow colored
The pool is like a bowl of milk: warm, sweet
The pool, my hideout where I dream

NAIMAH A.

Ode to the Snake

Oh, the scales ringing loud
as green as green emerald
and the gold midnight eyes
as delicate as pezzottaite.
The corn ruby red snakes
rattle louder than the owls.
Your hiss is stronger than steel and copper
and the silent start of birds chirping.

My Morning

I wake up to a fairy and soon more.
They surround me, glittering with a hazy halo of light.
Soon starts a gray blur in the sky beyond the treetops.
Then over a trio of fairies, a long purple warm mist.
Nothing pattered against the hood of my windbreaker,
but it was wet, as were the leafy branches
on either side of the driveway.
This was the murkiest morning of summer,
the power of earth.

Our Moon

The moon is a mother taking care of the stars.

The moon is a flower blooming into the sun.

The moon is waking and talking to the deer.

The moon is blinding all people into falling asleep.

The moon is replying to the sound of owls looking for food.

The moon is a miracle driving in the fresh night clouds.

The moon is a favor, babysitting all.

The moon is the third eye watching its pride.

The moon is the savior of all delightful dreams.

NENGI E.

Ode to Cheetah

On plains
you run
as fast as
Olympic players.
But on
hills you leap
as graceful as ballerinas.

From what station
do you get
your leadership spots on your back,
the yellow paint as fur?
The sun? The space?

I am sleeping
in the stars, dreaming
that you won't run far.

Dear Animal Hunters

Save the animals!
They're a part of nature.
Because they can save the world.
Because there are animal lovers out there.

Because the world will be so gloomy.
Because you might make them your friends.
Because they have feelings, too.
Because they're a part of life.
Because they are also living.
Don't kill the animals. Don't kill the animals,
they're our friends, too!
Save them!

ROWNAK B.

Spring

In just
Spring when the world is sun-
 bright, the huge place
 is really sun-shining.

Sunshine whistles
 far and wide
flyin' down to the ground,

making everything in sight
really bright.

Poem

I am hunting with wolves.
I have a friendship with animals.
I am as friendly as a lot of birds singing.
I am as peaceful as the summer wind.
Pets, wild animals, animals, and animals,
I am as gentle as trained animals.
I am happy to be me.

Family Members

Family members are so bright in sight.
They help me with problems and solutions
and teach me things
like not to make pollution.
They give so much knowledge,
as if I was in college.
They would do anything for me,
like I am as valuable as diamonds, you see.

TAHMID C.

My Life

My soul is my ancestor,
holding me in my great big memory tree.
My ancestor wont let me go.
The evil spirits are real and dull.
I come back to sleep. My soul is shut,
but it still shines
because it is time.
Tigers and wolves battle it out,
but we all know that the wolf is crowned.
The tiger is drowned.
My soul is buried. Open the book.
My soul is told.
In centuries, you won't be finished,
but it is me whose soul will rise.
Time, space, dark holes
do not leave a trace.
The wolf in me will still shine.
A chomp, a legendary CHOMP.
A legendary shine.

Poem

I see the mountain outside space.
The black hole makes an avalanche

around the whole world.
With our godly eyes, we look at the solar eclipse.
We all stopped a moment
when we saw the explosion.
With my third eye, we all become true,
we all seek you.
With the third eye, we all say that
when we see all your traits.
The screams when we close all two of the eyes,
it was all a dream.

TAHSIN S.

Ode to the Tiger

Orange and black is your fur color.

Running

and

running

to find

food.

People fear you

and want to kill you.

People run

from your sight.

But I don't.

Because

I think you're

cool.

Spring

As the sunflower flies with the wind,

the cold wind,

as the delightful animals dance with the wind,

the rabbit songful is singing.
Bear-perfect is always perfect.
Sometimes the rain hits the ground.
The windy and warm season is spring.
The amazing butterfly is always amazing
in this really good season, whoo!

TASEN N.

What a Wonderful Moon

A chainsaw chomping chunks of wood
is actually the moon.

A flashlight, bright as the sun,
shining nice and bright
up in the clouds
is the moon.

A yellow beam of fire
blazing and heating the sky
is the moon.

A big block of gold
lying in the water
is actually the moon.

A silky yellow feather
shining and floating in the open sky
is the moon.

A big yellow bird
flying through the midnight sky
is actually the moon.

A big and bright yellow race car

zoomed away from me as I chased it for a ride,
but it was the moon.

A big cheetah that chased a gazelle
is a big yellow moon
chasing a bright yellow bird.

The moon is a balloon
that flew away as I chased it
for fun.

Love

Love is a hero who once brought love back to my life.
Love is a person waking me up with love for the world.
Love is the center of peace that melts my heart
as if it is a heater in my body that I use if I am sad.
It calms me down with love.
Love is the world of peace bringing love to me.

TAYIB C.

Summer Time Perfect

The moment summer comes
is the time the wonderful butterflies
come out, fabulous flowers
come, gorgeous birds AKA:
not trapped in a cage. Perfect
birthdays and all in summer.
You will always have a good delightful
summer break.

The Caves of Childhood

I've been always in this cave,
thinking about how to escape.
I tried looking up in my cave.
No way to go, just stay in my cave.
Trying to find places to escape and leave,
but I cannot find any place.
Now I see that someone found me.
Now I have a place to be.

My Grandpa Who

My grandpa was a love of mine

even though I never saw him,
but I always wanted to see
but couldn't.
Right when I came to the world,
he was gone.
My dad said he was like a tree.
My grandpa I am thinking of
whose face I never saw
who, my grandpa, who?

VINCENT R.

Wolf Life

I am a wolf hunting his prey.
I am a wolf hunting in May.
I am a wolf up against a lion.
I am a wolf that will never stop fighting.
I am a wolf bringing home food.
I am a wolf that is going to get lion number 2.
I am a wolf covered in red.
I am a wolf going to bed.
I am a wolf, for me and cubs too.
I am a wolf getting more food.
I am a wolf howling at the moon.

Watch Story

Here is the story of my black broken watch. One morning I could not find my watch. "I put him on my dresser, Where did he go?" I did not find him. I went down the stairs for some breakfast.

"Meow...

Meeeeooowww

RAAAWWWR!"

"Oh, that's right, I have to feed my cat."

Suddenly, I heard moaning from my watch.

He told me how he went on my piano.

“I was being chased by the red, roaring lion.”

“You mean my cat?”

“Yeah, sure. If you’re taking me to school tomorrow, please don’t drop me!”

But... I dropped him by accident, and he shattered.

ZHARANA B.F.

Unicorn Soul

My soul is like a unicorn
shining so bright.
My soul is like a unicorn
with a lot of might.
My soul is so sweet
and so glittery.
My soul is so magical
like a diamond in the sky.
Sometimes darkness comes
and I can see danger hit me.
I try to run away
and get to shelter.
And I will be named Cupcake
because I'm sweet like sugar
and sometimes spice.
By my soul is sweet
and it's like me.

Poem

The moon is a merry-go-round
going round and round.

The moon is a flashlight

guiding my path.

The moon is my friend
playing "catch the ball."

The moon is a dog
barking out loud and making scary noises.

The moon is a crying baby
non-stop crying.

The moon is a monster
scaring me.

The moon is my teacher.

MS. BELLIZZI'S CLASS

Ajani W.
Albatina R.
Ali Z.
Anand K.
Angelique B.
Arora S.
Ayden G.
Dara A.
Fahim A.
Godwin D.
John M.
Jonathan E.
Kamani J.
Katherine N.
Khandker H.
Mailey A.
Nour E.
Rayyan M.
Richna A.Y.
Sabiq S.
Samiyah M.
Savannah M.
Sergio L.
Sheyna T.S.
Sifat H.
Yale X.

AJANI W.

Don't Mess with Me

I have a soul
A giant soul
A soul like a lion
A soul like a scorpion
A soul like a snake
A soul that is used to attack in danger or when I get mad
Because if you get me mad
You will have consequences
So don't mess with me!

The Moon

The moon is a glowing star that comes out at night
A rock stuck in space
Our night light
A type of light that guards the night
A million-year-old planet that orbits around us
A sphere floating around the universe
A giant crater painted silk-white

Stop Harming Land

Stop harming land.

Because it's wrong.

Because it harms animals.

Because it destroys

Because it's sad to see a wasteland
of destroyed life.

Because I cannot live in a world
that does not have life.

Because how will people invent new things
when they cannot find what they need?

Because I say so!

ALBATINA R.

Army of the Bangtan World

Won't you celebrate with me
The kindness in my heart
The strength in my veins
The power in my voice
The warrior of words in me
Because every day I admire others
Every other day I inspire others

I am proud of me
A BangTan warrior
An ARMY
A poet
A Muslim
Without a doubt
I know when I am beaten
Nobody will stand in my way
Because those who used to
Accompany me on my way

I will not fight
But I won't give in
Obstacles are friends,
Not things to be beat
They have feelings, not made to be hurt

I am proud to be me,
To have blood in my veins
Let's all be happy!

We Question

We question all the things
That bring darkness to the light
That we can't see
We question everything
But most importantly
Despite the sense in me
I am curious
Curious as can be
To see the We in me
To find out what I'm meant to be

ALI Z.

Myself

O, my soul is a happy soul
trying to find solid ground
where it will not fall.
All I'm aware of is...
that I will not fall,
I will not fall
into... the deep, deep, pitch black
dark space below, trying
to swallow me whole.
Trying to swallow me
whole.

My Wonderful World

I see a large snowy mountain where a cabin is
and a large beach where the whales are.

I hear birds chirping in the forest
and crickets chirping at night.

I feel the nice warm sand
and the nice cool water.

I taste wonderful strawberries

growing on the bushes.

I smell the fruits growing
and the morning dew.

Childhood's Retreat

Somewhere
in the woods
I see
one ragged
tree filled
with fruits.

I'd climb
the tree
with some
difficulty.

Seeing the
wide world on
the tree,

And then
my mom
calling
back
to me.

ANAND K.

In Just Winter

Winter, the old man in his winter coat, goes down the street calling all the children home from the park. He shouts incredibly loud at the children while he is slushing in the snow making tracks. The old man falls like a boulder as kids pelt him with snowballs that have rocks in the center. The children now joyfully run like a bird away from the old man. They are cornered and stuck like in a spider's web while their parents come, and they flee to a corner. The kids go home by midnight, shivering cold, scared of what the old man and the other people in town will do to them. They toss and turn until they come back to the snowfield tomorrow, armed with armor and swords and snow-slingers made of weak material... Ready for another day.

Ode to the Snake

On land, a deadly giant rope takes place with two fangs.
In the water, the snake is strangling a buffalo.
In the air, it is gliding like a kite. On a rock it is curled up.
In a tree, it waits patiently for something to come.
A snake slowly slithering left to right.
Just a hunter, doing what it needs to do.
From what dimension do you come?

It has zero arms and zero legs, one long body, two sharp fangs.

It has a poison that at any time can inject into an animal. A drop in the veins is all it needs.

A reptile basking in the sun like a tired person.

A snake that can fit in your hand, while others are 15 meters or 45 feet.

My birth animal.

Strong, smart, cool, fast, strong bite and attack, plus length and armor skin. *Snakes.*

ANGELIQUE B.

Sissy

Sissy, my sis,
my favorite of them all,
my candy. Afraid
of the ghosts
who gallop and neigh,
but like sweet innocent unicorns.
I love her. I'm Ms. Hollywood around her,
dramatically eye-rolling and laughing.
But most times
I'm a human pond.
Why? Why is there
a reply? She is a shadow,
a miserable particle leaving me
to see her in my head.
Is she around? Jack-in-a-box?
Surprise surprise.
She is not there
so, no, my soul dies. Kinda.
I call her, "Where are you?"

Ode to the Slug

In the tree
with

green pointy leaves,
a slug lays
fast asleep.

You are a rock:
never moving,
still as
a statue. A pose
for the runway
at the red carpet, or
maybe even a fashion show.

You remind me of myself:
lazy, never ever wanting to move
from the couch.
I don't want to move.
The only thing I want
is sleep.
On a bed or in a tree,
slug so slow,
take it easy.
Time doesn't wait,
but our lazy lives do.

ARORA S.

Moji Nanu

Moji Nanu, who has a laugh like crystals.
Looking for me, finding me when I can never find her.
Who is made of pure sugar
and a taste of memory
I could never have forgotten.
Who is working hard to help me,
leading me to the way,
making a path for me to follow
with a heart of broken hollow.
Not able to meet one another again.
Moji Nanu, who brought joy and tears like rain.
She was my only heart of sugar.
Who was like a bird who used to fly,
calling me her dear sugar.
Moji Nanu, bringing me my smile
but leaving with sorrow.
Begging her again to come back
and in the sweet taste of honey
and milk, my heart shall feel
only bitterness.
Moji Nanu was once the one,
once a soul
now a spirit,
and finally gone.

Freedom-Taker

Take me to the life
of a Freedom-Taker. Make me a girl
with a life of liberty.

make me a girl with life
so I can live, so I can laugh
and so I can love.

Take me to the life
of a Freedom-Taker. Make me
free of the chains in my head.

Take me away, leaving only spots of black
to freshen my memory of being locked away,
for I know I will never be free from my mind,
I will never be free to think what I want.

Take me to the life of a Freedom-taker.

AYDEN G.

Winter

The dark, cold abyss I hate
that freezes brains to frozen mush.

I'm talking about winter! WHY
couldn't it have been spring, summer
or fall for all I care? But not winter.
About 100 people die each year.
Because of what? Winter!

The winter snow is not what I'm talking about.
It's the freezing temperature
below 0 degrees!

P-p-p-please j-j-just s-s-s-send
a w-w-warm c-c-c-coat.

Super Tomatoes

Tomatoes. Red, ripe, juicy
tomatoes. Each tomato
tells a story. One
tells about a perilous
journey through winter,

while another talks
about a smooth
process through
the summer.
Tomatoes can save
the world from
lack of veggies,
so plant us, so
we can reproduce!

Grandma

Grandma, who brings color
into the world with laughter.

Grandma, who can turn a bad day
into an ocean of happiness.

Grandma, who can make time go so fast
when you're with her.

Grandma who...
is grandma!

DARA A.

[In Just Spring]

In just-
Spring when the world is
filled
with
hopeful
joy,
And Clarie and Nick come
running from running man.
When the world is astonished
And Narice and Joy run from
glowing marbles up to the
running ice cream truck,
running
far
to
reach
their
delicious
hopes
and
dreams.

The running man tries to
grab the next season.
A nature girl shouts, "No!"
She brings flowers, sun, rain, soil,

worm
 meadow
 shine
 honey
 magical,
Mist
 sweetness
 freshness
 joyful
 hope
 fantabulous,
and best of all, spring...
Spring!

I Will Be an Artist

I will be an artist.
Won't you come with me?
We can accept ourselves for who we want to be!
There's no material too small,
there's no material too big!
You can come draw with me however you want to be!
The art celebrates our feelings,
makes us feel successful, proud, and relaxed.
We dip paint into the sink, but don't waste it. Use it!
It will give you happiness wherever you go!
So come with me and you will see...
our colorful future!

FAHIM A.

Ode to Fireflies

Bright angel in the air.
Feeling blind in the morning,
but the queen of beauty in the night.
But the question is,
from where did you get your...
magic light?
And how did you get your...
magic light?
Being the only angel to be seen
with the naked eye.
When I die, I will still never say goodbye,
my best friend sitting with me
outside in the dark.
So now we bow to the queen of the night.
She makes the night look like day.
I want to come out and start to play.
But it's night. The day has ended.
I'm a sleepy prince,
so turn off your light and go away.

Breeze and Freeze

The breeze calmly stops your breath.
Your mind stops.

A sleepy king am I.
The loudest drop of cement
still can't wake me up by one percent.
It's now my flight,
but will I fight? No, my dreams
can't leave to the calming breeze...
and freeze.
I made my decision—I won't leave.
My throne stands strong
but not for long. It breaks down.
I lost my crown.
The gold is shredded—but my thoughts
are defended
by the calming breeze and freeze.

GODWIN D.

Spring

The time when the yellow warriors prepare.
The time when the winged creature zooms and knocks on
my door.
This is the time when the sticky creature comes,
the time when the brand new beast comes along
with the big brown thing called a tail.
It wags its tail, it bites away,
and now, the war begins.

Me

I am a sky-watcher, ready to sit.
When I look to the sky, words get thrown at me.
Everything is quiet there.
Something that I sense,
everything that I hear sends me to space.
It's like I feel a desktop waiting for me
to discover words I never heard.

Ode to the Shark

Ode to the shark with a great white belly
Ode to the shark who feasts like a king

Ode to the wild shark who roams the sea
Ode to the ferocious king of the sea
Ode to the shark who keeps the population of fish
down with me

JOHN M.

In Just-

spring when the world is
rain-stical, the ginormous
icecream man yells
“GET YOUR ICE CREAM”
far and loud
and MikeandBob come
spinning from tag

when the world is
 sun-scrumptious

All Poets for One Poet

The mythical poets write poems
lying down on clouds.

The animal poets run wild
across the horizon.

The happy poets never stop smiling
so their jaws hurt.

The iron poets have unbreakable concentration
and actually can't break.

Poem

My spirit is like a dog: loyal, kind
and caring. Always energetic and always
wanting to play. I can always make new friends,
like a dog meeting a new dog.

JONATHAN E.

The Thing Around

I am the sparkling water of the ocean.
I am the shining hot sun in the sky.
I am the tangling vines in the forest.
I am the freezing ice cold on the north pole.
I am the cooking bacon getting ready to be eaten.
I am a solid table that can hold over 1000 pounds.
I am a 500 page math book to help kids do their math.
I am the singing bird singing to you.

The Beach

I see everyone having fun swimming
and people resting and relaxing in the sand.

I hear the ocean splashing with the sand,
coming in and out
from the water to its land.

I feel the soft sand, the wetness of the ocean
and the sun when I relax in the sand.

I taste the fish people cook
and the other sea creatures
they went fishing to cook.

I smell the cooked food by the place where you get food,
the Ocean Cafe.

Stop Polluting Water (Excerpt)

Stop polluting water
because fish could die in trash,
because the ocean will turn green,
because all animals will die if the water is polluted
because dolphins will die, stranded from the trash
because if you were a sea animal,
you wouldn't want to die in trash.

KAMANI J.

The Curtains of Fantasy

Deep into the dark, all you can see are curtains
where you can be alone,
where you can't be judged
for being yourself,
where all you have are your favorite plushies,
where you can see any mystical creature
galloping or swimming by,
where you can only see yourself,
where you can be yourself.

Deep in the darkest, scariest corner
with blankets and pillows for late-night solitude,

the curtains of fantasy,
they are open for anyone.

When Clouds Climb Camel Cliff

When clouds climb Camel Cliff,
they are unstoppable.
When clouds climb Camel Cliff,
they are human.
When clouds climb Camel Cliff,
the camels climb Cloud Cliff

for camels and clouds like each other's cliffs better.
When camels climb Cloud Cliff and Clouds climb Camel
Cliff,
the cliffs turn into one cliff—the Camel-Cloud Cliff.
But camels and clouds don't like each other,
so that's why they separated Camel-Cloud Cliff
into Camel Cliff and Cloud Cliff,
and that's why you never see camels,
but you always see clouds.

KATHERINE N.

Papa Who

Papa who flips a coin
for luck
and wishes upon a
star.

Who is a whale looking
for a shark to eat.

Who always
has a mean grin.

Who is a clock
waiting for his time.

Who is the king
locked in a cell.

Who can't come
out to play.

Whose garden is
dead.

Whose last
petal fell off.

Who's now a spirit
watching over me.

Raining Words

I could never have dreamt

that there were such goings-on
in the world between the covers of books.
Hurricanes and avalanches of words,
words and on-going words...
such tornado-laughter and
the saddest rainstorms
dumped onto the pages
raining words
in millions of bits and pieces.
The words alive as can be,
dancing upon the pages,
It's raining words.

KHANDKER H.

Savage

Rage starts from losing a game
Rising up to a sky that's red
Crushing cars
Rage spreads its wings underground
Fire turning left and right
Anger gets out of control and gets out of the sewer
Taking over the ocean that starts to flame
Sleeping on fire
Like a savage dragon
Until it explodes into fireworks

Ode to Space

On a planet everyday
almost nobody
notices space!
We are here because of
space. The crashing
and hitting.
We, everyone,
would not be here
without space.
We should watch
space and notice.

Who are you
without
the universe?

That's a question
to find out
about you.

Untitled

In just
winter, when the world ice-
rains, when the world is sliding
slush, when the lives on snow-
fights come together
and weave the fun out all around you

MAILEY A.

Celebrate My Blood

Celebrate my Mexican blood because it is a part of me
and you can't take that away from me.

Celebrate my Italian blood because it comes from that
man,

that one man who is now my sky.

Celebrate my Dominican blood because those women are
important to me,

My mexican, my Italian and Dominican blood are all
important.

You celebrate you, and I celebrate me!!!

The Moon

A schoolgirl sheds her color
into the white color of a moon.

The horse rides away into
the sky, visiting the moon.

The tree sees the moon shining down on it
and the land around it.

A teacher yells at her students,
then turns into a solid white color

because of her frustration.

Too many people are bullied in the world,
so they turn white
like the moon.

My Journey

My journey, it goes way too far and sometimes you just
can't stop.

My journey is my road to freedom.

My journey will bring me wonders.

My journey has no end until I end my journey.

It is me, my journey is me in the making.

My journey, it has my melody.

My journey has me and only me

because it is my journey, not hers, not his,

but my journey. It shows what is now to come

and what I have left behind me

as I walked down this colorful road.

NOUR E.

Survive, Survive, and Strive

Life has thrown me on the ground,
but shed no tears,
I am a survivor.

I went on a rollercoaster. It never stopped.
Did not yell, not a single pout.
I am a survivor.

Gone through the hate,
gone through the love,
gone through the people
that made my spirits go high above.

Falling off a mountain when I find a parachute,
and it lets me down with kindness.

I survive, I survive, I strive.

With all the weight on my shoulders,
my friend carries half.

Give me all you got,
I'll survive, I'll strive.

Childhood Dreams

Run, I run away
from a bundle of people
By myself
in a special place,
I climb the ladder
to my safety.

I lay down, close my eyes.
Thinking...
dreaming...
about here.
my place of
solitude.

With my bestie
by my side,
I take a sigh
of relief.
Away from the chaos, the storm
the breeze blows
on my face
as graceful
as birds.

RAYYAN M.

Many Poets

There are many poets
in the world.

The lightning poets get ideas fast
and write as fast as lightning.

The mythical poets write things
that cannot be seen with the human eye.

The sky poets have their heads in the clouds,
getting random ideas,
but you can understand the poems
with your heart.

The sleepy poets write poems
that put you to sleep
like a two minute bedtime story.

The infinity poets write poems
that are *beyond the universe*.

Ode to Spiders

A spider is a hairy hand
crawling all over you.

A spider that poisons
you with every bite.

An eight-legged web-making
insect that is a crawling hazard.

it creeps around homes
looking for its next victim.

As you walk, a spider creeps
behind you and delivers
a poisonous bite.

RICHNA A.Y.

Ode to the worm

On the soil, you are
squiggling away into the bushes,
getting away from your predator,
for you are the PREY!

Getting away from the children who
always want to do harm
by chopping you in half.

There goes your life...
unless...
It's true that you grow back
to normal when chopped in half.

Are you the alien? Are you here to capture
all my people?
To take me away from my friends and family?

I remember when
one of you pink-beige-ish people
climbed on my sneakers.
I was frightened
along with my friends.

You are lumpy slime

squiggling away
until...

This Is Me!

Celebrate with me that I am a girl
that was in this up and down world
for nine years, with sugar and salt.

What do I want
my life to shape into?
A stealer,
join a gang,
or be caring
and hardworking? I
know it is my choice.

African-American,
not a slave
and proud of that,
loving the fact that I
have a family to hold me
in the hard times.

I get down,
they put me back up.

I am strong!!!!

SABIQ S.

Echo (excerpt)

The clock stopped ticking forever-ago.
How long have I been up? I don't know.
I can't get a grip, but I can't let go...
There wasn't anything to hold onto, though.
Why can't I see?
Why can't I see?
All the colors that you see?
Please can I be?
Please can I be?
Colorful and free.
What's going on?
Can someone tell me please--
Why I'm switching faster than the channels on T.V.
I'm black then I'm white,
No! Something isn't right!
My enemy's invisible,
I don't know how to fight.
The trembling fear, the trembling fear,
is more than I can take,
when I'm up against
the ECHO in the mirror...
ECHO...

Me

My soul is a spirit.

My spirit is a soul.

My world is reality.

My reality is a world.

My school is a house of magic,
it fills you with knowledge.

My soul is lost.

My spirit guides it,
and guides it.

To where, you ask?

Home, my home.

SAMIYAH M.

In Just

In just
spring
When the world is planting-
fresh and when
plants are just blooming,
and some are just fuming.
To the pollen in the air,
allergies adjust.
Inhalers are a must
in just
spring,
when fresh cut flowers
swim in water
in just spring.

The Moonlight Dance

I am the deepest crater on the moon.
I am the northern lights in the night sky of the North Pole.
I am the lowest star in the universe.
I am the closest glow you have in the dark.

As for Poets

As for poets,
there are Magic Poets.
Unreal sparks of imagination
circle around her as she writes.

The Imagination Poet
thinks peacefully
as unicorns and rainbows prance and dance around
on the rainiest days.

The Love Poet
writes about that time
when you found
your true love.

The Wonder Poet
wonders about how to someday
change the world,
the future, everything.

The Happy Poet
dances and prances
as she writes about
butterflies and ponies.

SAVANNAH M.

Soul

Soul is on a roller coaster ride,
up and down every day.
Today we are on a merry-go-round.

Deep down at the bottom is dark waiting
for light,
for love,
for me to call.
Hidden in a cave,
St. Savannah.

Up north is love.
Joy, light up, so that the whole East Coast can see
The joy I see in me.
The love in me
is me.

This is My Life

Come, come
celebrate with me
through good times and bad,
fun and boring

me and my life.
my life is full
of ups and downs,
lefts and rights.
There always will be
a ball thrown at me.
It is up to me
to hit it.
Fast-ball, curveball,
I don't know. All I know is
THIS IS MY LIFE,
Come celebrate with me.

SERGIO L.

The Raging Flame!

My
Soul
is
a
raging
flame.
Burnt,
on fire,
it doesn't matter!
I'll
burn
burn
burn
everything
in
my
way!
Rain?!
You think
that'll stop me?
No, you fool!
I'll just burn it to the ground!

The Waiting Raindrop

After the flames,
the sad and
waiting raindrop
is there to clean up the mess.

TTSSSS!

The flames go out,
slowly.

Frowns turn
into smiles,
but the rain drop's face
never changes.

SHEYNA T.S.

Come Back Spring

Come back, Spring.
Because it's getting too cold outside
Because we need some flowers to blossom tonight
Because we need some light
to shine through the window
Because you're never too hot or cold
Because I'm real sick, I got a nasty cold.
Because we need some trees to cover those branches
Because I was born then and need to be ten
Because fall ain't good enough
So come back, Spring, I'm pleading
for your weather

Spiders

So we've learned,
those icky-bicky things climb up the wall
they have six legs
and hundreds of eggs.

Why in the world did they have to come?
Because they run up and down
and cause a fuss.
The hairy ones, the small ones, big ones

and freaky ones,
it's like they drop from space.
Each day, it's another race
to find the Raid.
"I thought I killed you," you say the next day.

I can't leave my coat lying, my bag,
or worse, I put it on.
I'm going to run for a rag
and scrub myself down head to toe
then run so far and never stop
until I get to the place that is very safe!
"I may rest," I can finally say.

SIFAT H.

Ode to Leo

Roaring on the rock,
laying down
on a cliff.

It is a strong, positive
astrologic figure.

It's combination of bravery
floating through space.

Just like me,
floating in a
deep darkness,
never to find
a way to
light until
you see the
face of a
brave Lion
named Leo.

The Days at Home and Existence

In my blue-painted room,

sitting on the orange bedsheet,
staring out the window at the sunset,
thinking. I walk to the orange-painted living room.
I sit on the black leather couch
and stare at a blank, black TV screen,
thinking. I go to the golden-painted kitchen
and get a snack.
I sit on the seat near the glass dining table,
THINKING. I go to the porch, stare
into space, thinking of existence.
I sit on the swing
and fly my way to existence.

YALE X.

Ode to Ox

Oxen,
my birth animal,
strong as a truck,
gentle as an ant,
tough as a lion,
ready to do anything.

Where have you gotten your mighty strength?
From the river you've swam,
or from the training you've had?
On the fields you've plowed,
or from the horrid, weird, cratered,
challenging places you've had to climb?
Or is it just your nature?

Keep being as you are,
strong and tough,
ready to do anything!

The Moon

The moon loses a part of its glow
before a snake sheds its skin.
The moon always leaves without me

at the time I least expect it to.
The moon is lonely,
it has no friends.
The moon just goes around us.
It just won't try to escape from the invisible jail.
The moon is a bandit
hiding wherever and whenever it can.
The moon swims about
in the milky river of stars.

MS. DENARDO'S CLASS

Adib R.
Ahijah S.
Aleem R.
Alexander D.
Alyssa R.
Anjolaoluwa A.
Anshuman U.
Anushka B.
Araf I.
Arisha K.
Christopher M.
Curtherine M.
Daniel C.
Heaven S.
Jordan B.
Kalani N.
Lauren M.
Liannie R.
Maisha A.
Maliyah H.
Muhammad A.
Mutahamid C.
Nicholas C.
Nicole A.
Ohee S.
Olivia R.
Zuha T.

ADIB R.

Art on the Hills

I don't know how the colors flow
down the rivers, spinning around my head
like a drizzly tornado.
Feeling the twinkling cold, feeling the hard heat.
The colors will give you a slanted frown.
Rainbow lightning strikes down,
which is like a meteor.
I have always dreamt of being magnetic to art.
The color is bashing, dashing in my body,
way better than everybody.
Whenever you smell sunflowers,
the beauty of the pollen is a warning.

My Wonderful World

I see golden stars lighting mysteriously.
I hear Siri saying the wrong thing to me.
I feel my brother bothering me.
I taste a lot of bitter spit I swallow.
I smell the earth keeping me alive.

Racing Dreams

I am a cloud with water and air in it.

I am the horse who races down the stream.

I am the football field where people win and lose.

I am a taxi that drives you down the road.

I am the greedy fox full of hunger.

I am the bald eagle flying on top of the hill.

I am the extraordinary sunset and sunrise.

I am a dream of the earth.

AHIJAH S.

My Feeling for My Favorite Books

I would never in a million years have dreamt that
there were so many things taking place
in the world between the covers of books,

so many cannon shots of humor,
so many tsunamis of adventures,
and so many meteor showers of suspense.

I am blinded by the delight of graphic novels,
and I am strengthened by the information
of non-fiction books.

Trees sway and swing
from one side to the other
and dance in my imagination,
and books seem like they are the sun
and they are like vividness and glistening lights in the sky.

I see letters forming words forming sentences
forming paragraphs forming chapters forming books,
and the overwhelming-ness and happiness of books
are way stronger than a mighty steel shiny sword,
defeating enemies.

If it wasn't for books, then I would have been
just another lost cause.

The Clouds

It's in the fluffy white clouds of the sky.
It flows around me in my dreams.
It is like cotton candy in the blue sky.
The clouds are my hiding spot.

I go there in the night, but as a dream in the daytime.
I go there to stay away,
away from everything,
just to be calm and to be alone.

When I'm there, I jump, play, and run.
It feels amazing, like I'm in paradise.
I feel safe and protected because a warm cloud is
wrapped around me.

It doesn't feel dangerous. I know I won't fall.
The clouds are carrying me through the sky,
like I have a forcefield around me.
The clouds are my favorite hiding place.

ALEEM R.

My Soul Is Not One (Excerpt)

My soul is a noob.

I try to be peaceful
but always people make me angry every millisecond.

A noob is peaceful but
lets his rage out when needed.
A noob knows how to control
or let his sensitive side out.

My soul is a cow.

I'm sometimes chill
and I am never afraid to stand up for my reasons.

A cow is meh,
but defends his life.

My soul is a Zeroara

I make mistakes
but I show that I am superior
by shocking the courage out of my enemies
as I guard my turf.

Zeroara never shows he is losing
as he guards his power.

My soul is charizard.
I blaze with fury
as nobody dares to challenge me.
I heat up in the speed of light
to destroy.

Charizard mega evolves
and destroys his enemies with a tap.

My soul is a cat with massive claws.
I slice my fury as I chill to relax.
A cat is angry when disturbed when he was chilling.

My soul is a basic bee. I work hard to get to the top.
A basic bee tries harder to get to the top of the mountain
and tries to become the best of the best.

(To be continued...)

ALEXANDER D.

Ode to the Worm

In the ground,
purifying our earth,
helping plants grow.

Only comes out
on the most legendary day
of rain.

Keeps plants healthy,
so they are edible.

They are the serpents
of the ground.

The Clouds

The clouds are
strangers you see everyday.
Friends that you can't keep.

One day, a puffy white cloud.
The next, it causes a storm.

Do not trust clouds.

Poets

As for poets, the Skyscraper Poets,
they have long poems,
but they glimmer and shine in the night.
As they drift to sleep,
a bolt strikes,
and makes them jolt up.

ALYSSA R.

The Moon

It is a munchkin

with too much powdered sugar.

A blank piece of
paper ready to
be written on.

An ice cream roll
of vanilla

the big head of
an ALIEN.

a cloud in disguise
as a stone.

Pearly-white teeth
in a person's
mouth.

A flying ball of
swiss cheese...

disrupted by the
smiling sun.

Defy

Dare to defy,
because you will stand out

because you are unique

because there is only one you

because you should show off your natural you

because you are pretty either way!

Hogwarts

Oh the wondrous world!
Flying on broomsticks,
playing quidditch,
learning spells.

Lumos! Bring light
to the world.

Leviosa!
Fly high and
soar with your goals.

Hufflepuff, Ravenclaw,
Slytherin, Gryffindor,

what a wondrous wizarding world!

ANJOLAOLUWA A.

I Am Nigerian

I am Nigerian:
hair wrapped in
a colorful scarf on my head,
my house filled
with the scent
of Jollof, pepper, tomato, onion,
going to church
every Sunday
with Aso Oke.

Notes on California

I have never dreamt there were so many bad things
in the world of my dreams,
such wildfires and blasts of rain,
so many lives torn apart,
laughter as deep as
the deepest ocean in
the world,
as burning as a hot fire,
the trees running in the wind,
and each one of these
horrors will live forever.

Laughter

I am the thing that brings people together.

I bring happiness to sadness.

I shut out sadness.

I travel to different places

to find jokes.

I start a conversation.

I am the happiness in people.

ANSHUMAN U.

Ode to Science (Excerpt)

You are the dark color like dark matter,
but clear as clear diamond forming.
You are big as the universe,
but you are also as small as an atom.
You are the boss of everything.
You are the core of the cosmos
but the crust of the cause.
You determine my future,
but you can also destroy my dreams.
You have the power to cure
but also to poison.
Science, you fool everyone
but make us smart as well.
Science, you are the reason we are here.
You are silent, like deep space,
but loud as the sun.
You are the one who defeats
the purpose of not learning.
Science, with the power to create
but to destroy.

Space of Horribleness

I see things I hate,

it's as bad as going through Hades' gate.
It's so strong, it's pulling me, making me ill.
I have to fight against my will.
It's so dark and black,
it's worse than being hacked.
It's full of things that are weird
you would rather not be near.
The place is a big mystery.
It's worse than classes of history.
The place is so dull.
It's worse than finding a skull.
The place is so lame.
You would rather be caught in flame.
If you get lost, you will never arrive.
There is no chance for you to survive.
There is so much radiation,
you would rather drink contamination.

ANUSHKA B.

Seoul

On the busy streets of Seoul, millions of
people roam. They eat street foods like mochi.
Loud BTS music plays.
People celebrate the arrival of Spring.
Screens, modern buildings, old temples or palaces,
a mix of old and new,
and busy cars driving around.
The streets are filled with chatter.
A hotspot for tourists,
a place of education,
rice fields to robots,
and one of the most advanced cities
in the world.

The Top of My Closet That's 10 Ft. Tall

The perilous top... I climb there
with my supplies,
my laptop,
my stuffies, my Chimmy and Kooky,
and food.
It's dark. I sit there for hours
watching different things
and eating snacks.

Ode to Chimchim

Lying on a fluffy turquoise blanket,

yellow as a golden retriever,
shiny like the sun.

Sitting, staring into
your soul.

Doing absolutely nothing.

Smells like the pink Febreze
and watches your every single move.

ARAF I.

Polluting

Stop polluting!

Because children are going to die.

Because the earth will be crowded with pollution.

Because it will travel to new places.

Because I don't want to live in smoke.

Because I don't want to drink polluted water
and smell polluted air.

Because I will have a bad life.

Because the ocean will be green.

Because I cannot survive.

The Moon

The moon is a
cold, thick ball of a ice.

The moon is a
holed asteroid heading for earth.

The moon is even
whiter than thin snow.

The moon is a
spotted ball turning around.

The moon is a
sun shining in the dark.

Beauty of Spring

I see colors of flowers waving in the wind.
I collect pollen to help pollinate flowers.
I am a tree trying hard to reach the sky.
I am a squirrel trying to get my food.
I am a beauty of light.

ARISHA K.

The Light Above You

The moon is a basketball going
down the hoop.

The moon is an annoying orange
talking too much.

The moon is a white bowl full of
warm soothing milk.

The moon is an apple waiting
to be eaten.

the moon is a bowl of soup.

The moon is the light above you.

The moon is me talking to you.

I am the light
above you.

Secret Eye

I can see with my third eye open

a black cloud of smoke wavering over me.

I see pages all around with hard covers,
bright blinding LED lights, and a lot of people doing work.

I see Jordan drawing a picture of Groot.

I see my friends and I on a cloud,
laughing and telling jokes.

I see the colored presents all around
in the sunlight of Christmas.

I see a bunny with a bright orange third eye.

I see pictures all over the wall.

CHRISTOPHER M.

My Grandfather

He was a proud immigrant from Ireland.

His spirits washed over me when I was born.

He worked at NASA.

There are so many dots on his face, I could play Connect
The Dots with his face.

The ONLY trait I didn't inherit from him is red hair (my
mother).

When I get another 100% on my math test, I have to thank
him.

He was the reason I got the math award in kindergarten.

He passed away only a few years ago, somewhere near
2015-2016.

Since he passed away, I will follow in his footsteps and carry
it along for more generations of my family.

I Love Cats

Be-cats they are cute as pie
with a cherry on top.

Be-cats I have one.

Be-cats I despise dogs.

Be-cats they don't drool.

Be-cats cats love me.

Be-cats I have lived with one for 6 years.
Be-cats I'm used to them.
Be-cats they soothe me.
Be-cats they have youtube channels.
Be-cats we compare to each other.
Be-cats I'm a kitty cat! And I dance dance dance dance
dance dance dance dance!
Be-cats they make a soothing sound.
Be-cats I have a cat hat
and a purse with cats on it.
Be-cats they're hilarious.
Be-cats they have a theme song.
Be-cats we miss each other.
Be-cats they are so cute!!!
Be-cats we both get annoyed.
Be-cats we both DANCE!
Be-cats we both cost money!
Be-cats kitties are awesome!
Be-cats we hate apples!
Be-cats we drive people crazy!
Be-cats I... love... CATS!!!!

CURTHERINE M.

My Soul...

My soul is a baby spider
trying to get out its web.

My soul is an ant
trying to beat a cheetah.

My soul is a baby bird
learning how to fly.

My soul is a little girl in the candy shop
waiting for a lollipop.

My soul is a popstar
waiting to perform.

My soul is a me
waiting to become me.

Just an Average Black Girl

I'm just an average black girl living in the Bronx.

I'm just an average black girl living with her family.

I'm just an average black girl going to P.S.153.

I'm just an average black girl living in the U.S.A.

I'm just an average black girl being myself.

I'm just an average black girl with many friends.

I'm just an average black girl living like a Christian.

I'm just an average black girl with three sisters.

I'm just an average black girl, proud to be myself.

Spring

Oh Spring, oh Spring,
how your flowers bloom.

Oh spring, oh Spring,
how your butterflies fly.

Oh Spring, oh Spring,
how you bring me allergies.

Oh Spring, oh Spring,
how your rain washes my heart.

Oh Spring, oh Spring,
how you make the flowers glow.

Oh Spring, oh Spring,
how you make blooming-balloons.

Oh Spring, oh Spring,
how you make sprouting flowers.

Oh Spring, Oh Spring,
how you buzz with bees.

Oh Spring, oh Spring,
how your light color blooms my heart.

DANIEL C.

Shadows of the Bright Night (excerpt)

I am a panther with sharp silver claws
howling through the darkness of night.
I am a shiny copper penny
rolling on the marble floor.
I am a red and black spotted ladybug
on a green moist leaf.
I am a polished orange and white soccer ball
swishing in the goal net.
I am a fire-breathing red and black dragon
that rules the gigantic world.
I am the loud crunch sound
when you bite into a hot cheese pizza.
I am an active volcano,
bursting burning flaming lava into the gray sky.
I am the yummy red ketchup
on your fries and burgers.
I am the rough harsh waves
of the salty blue sea.
I am the cool primary colors of the color wheel
that mix into each other.

The “Fake Moon”

I think it is a giant snowball

that is going to hit someone.
The glimmering red and white pokeball
that caught a pikachu.
A ball of hair
from someone's old nanny.
A scoop of vanilla ice cream
that is going to freeze someone's brain.
A black rook to d8
capturing the white queen.
A white cap
exploding when landing a bottle.
The little white square
in the Roblox sign.
The metal tip of an arrow
shot from a bow.
The medusa
that repels the sun.
The white skinned Jeff
that says, "why?"
Morning comes,
and the moon dies.

HEAVEN S.

Writing About Air

Air,
the one thing you
can't see. It
sounds like a
whistling train, don't
you see?
The soft
clear thing
that helps
us breathe.
5, 4, 3, 2, 1,
times up,
but air's
still there.

Ellie the Elephant

I had never dreamt there were so many things
happening between the covers of books.
When I first met Ellie,
she opened my heart and made me feel good.
She helped me when I was sad
or going through hard times.
She is the only one there for me.

Ellie is a glowing angel.

Ellie might be a toy, but she is more than that to me.

She is everything to me.

She's my best friend.

JORDAN B.

Winter Wonderland

A time of fun,
a time of snow,
maybe some foam
may come and go.
Christmas and fun
for everyone.
Ho, ho, ho,
the chosen one.
He comes once a year,
but have no tears.
Time of year,
elves are back,
and stacks of stacks
of some giving.
Maybe some coal,
or some goodies,
or my favorite:
tons of hoodies.
So let it snow,
may my mom sew,
less using cellphones
snow of tons,
tons of puns,
and punny ones.
So go outside,

find DD's like
Dunkin Donuts.
Make a poem,
write your name,
and you may get
tons of fame. Do
not worry,
there's no shame.
Light the flames,
and play snow
games! Fall has
fallen, all leaves repel,
all leaves under
my Winter Wonderland
Spell.

Just a Crazy Weird Jordan

I am celebrating my nine years
of living with this poem.
Ca-razy thing doing crazy things.
Crazy thing eating 'mazing things
Crazy thing loving "da moon"
Weird thing writing a po-wam.
Weird thing playin' some Minecraft.
Weird thing with a sweet tooth.
I am a crazy, weird, gaming...
Jordan!

KALANI N.

Peaceful Paris

With the Eiffel Tower gazing above,
I can see the beauty and love
reaching new heights
with different sights
in the warm morning light.

The Louvre Pyramid lights up the night,
as if it were a golden and blue candle light.
With it above or below, I will forever
love it so.

Paris, the capital of France
will forever live on until my last
and final glance.

A Controlling Nature

When I reach some plants
that are blooming so bright
I feel like leaving
with those so light.
Whenever nature controls me,
I just want to live and be free.

I go out to hunt,
I go out to swim,
this is what I feel like doing
through the years.
But when I'm gone,
I will let nature live forever long.
But we will forever live
in our dreams, souls, and imaginations.

LAUREN M.

Ode to Apple

The shiny tart apple,
glimmering in the summer sun.
I want to eat the sour-patch-like apple,
but first I must praise it.
I will lift it as high as possible
then sing the apple theme song:

“Oi, apple, apple, apple,
I have an apple, I have a pen,
it’s raining apples from out of the sky.
Apples,
no need to ask why.
Just open your mouth
and close your eyes.
It’s raining apples!
Then call the apple,
with my ringtone.
I’m a crazy weirdo
and I’m calling you.
I’ve really got nothing better to do.
I dial up your number
and I let the phone ring.
And two minutes later, I’ll be doing it again.
You might think that I’m moving along
but you would be wrong!

I have no life at all,
and so I continue to call,
I'm a crazy weirdo, and I'm calling
you!"

Out of Fifteen

You, out of fifteen, coming,
the great fishbowl in the sky...
You, out of fifteen, swimming around
in your glass bowl...
You, out of fifteen, murdered!
You, out of fifteen, backyard funeral...
You, out of fifteen, Red,
I miss my fish...

LIANNIE R.

Spring

Cherry blossom.
Majestic wind
blows in my face.
Everything in my mind
clears out.
The pastel-colored birds
chirping forever
while I see the bees
making honey.
The ladybugs on my arm
crawling.
Mischievous bears hiding
in the shadows
while all the kids are laughing in the park.
The bright-colored butterflies
in the flowers.
Cherry blossom.
Majestic wind
blows in my face.
Everything in my mind
clears out.

My Grandma

My grandma, the sweetest woman,
the nicest.

She was always there for me,
but she's gone now,
but I always know that she is always
with me
in my heart.

The door to her room is
shut,
no ones goes in there.

We have a big picture frame
of all the memories about her.
Makes us always think she is there.
I know that my grandma is
with me right now,
and that makes me happy.
I know that she would be
happy
too.

MAISHA A.

My Soul

My soul is like Suga's nice and caring soul.
It's calm and dark but also bright and positive.
It's peaceful and my soul wants to bring joy to everyone.
It pours out a happiness potion,
and if you drink it, your life will always be happy.
my soul wants to help the poor
and donate to the people that need it.
My soul wants to put a smile on every person I see.
My soul seems dark and bland
but is great and kind.
Even though it's not the biggest fan of color,
it doesn't mind trying new colors.
But my soul can be too soft
and doesn't really like saying, "NO."
My soul also has a huge obsession with BTS.
This is my soul. It's different but also very kind
and wants to help people that really need it.
But it's only a soul. How can it do all this?!

The Moon's Energy

The moon is falling in your hands
when the basketball got caught
by your enemy.

The moon glimmers
when the stars
shimmer.

The moon is a bright
light to lead your way
in the dark.

The moon is as round and
shiny as a bowling bowl.

MALIYAH H.

Yo Spring

Dig-e dig-e dig-e dig-e dig-e,
Yo, Spring, gimme some of yo weather
I'm kin'a feelin' hot so gimme some breeze.

Yo, Spring, I was born in yo time,
my birthday is May 23, 2009.

Yo, Spring, gimme some of your flowers.
Yo, bring some rain so some flowers can sprout.

Yo, Spring, it's time for crops.
Yo, bring some drops
so people can shop.

Yo, Spring, you're just in time
it was just kinda cold
so make the weather alright.

Yo, Spring, you're like my best friend.
You're never too hot
and never too cold.

Yo, Spring, you enemies with Summer, Winter, or Fall?
because if you are, I can feel yo thought.

Sometimes they can be too hot or sometimes even too cold
Fall in the middle, but just a little too cold!

Yo, Spring, you leaving soon?
Cause I'm kin'a feeling sad because it's almost June.

Yo, Spring, it's summer's eve
oh please don't leave me
I beg you, please.

It's summer time. You know what that means.
Bummer. I ask, "Don't kill my pleasure, please."

The next death you see is 1 Eternity-2019,
The death of summer. Oh just wait and see.

MUHAMMAD A.

Celebration

My soul is the light to the world.
Wherever it goes, it will help people.
My soul could be the sun shining down on you.
Nothing can stop my soul from doing good.
My soul is like fire being happy.
If I got locked in the darkness,
my soul and I would fight for the LIGHT!

With My Third Eye Open

I can see

raging fire surrounding me.

When I am exploring the moon,
I see the moon is made out of cheese.
Also, meteors are coming
and I am trying to dodge them.

When I am trying to run away from a creature,
I am running faster than lightning.

The Technology Song

I am the tab you open everyday from your computer.
I am the electricity that you use to open your tablet.
I am the charger you use to charge your tablet.
I am the light bulb you flick on everyday.
I am the air conditioner you use to make yourself cool.
I am the air conditioner you use to make yourself warm.
I am the console that turns on everyday so you can play.
I am the technology that turns off every night.

MUTAHAMMID C.

Ode to the Lion

You are the king of the kingdom,
the vicious animal finishing its prey.
The roar I hear strikes my heart,
the growling sounds
like a rough water stream.
You hide like a chameleon, perfectly camouflaged.
You strike your prey
with a vicious slash.
If you challenge the lion,
you will go down every time.
Nobody can take its crown.
I can see the animals bowing
to you for your strength.
You stand on top of a mountain,
roaring, showing you are the king of all animals.
When an animal faces you, with just one slice
blood drips from its body.
When people see you, they don't dare strike at you.
I am telling you,
you should take down your worst enemies.
Just strike and go for the victory.

Poem

My soul is a universe. Spread of pitch black space.
The planets are my memories:
the chunks of space are the small ones.
The other parts of space are my thoughts and wonders.
The planets that are far away stored somewhere deep
are the memories that have been forgotten.
The mistakes I've made haunt my memories.
Some of the thoughts have been answered.
Some have not, and I try to find the answer.
I try to remember the forgotten,
so I can bring the planets closer.
The lifeforms are the people I can remember.

NICHOLAS C.

My Soul Is...

Sleep

Somewhat

Lazy

Energetic

Eater

Puns

My soul is...

Water

Wishing

Apples

Treats

End

Reality

My soul is...

Magic

Many

Anchors

Get

Inked

Carefully

My soul is...

Fire

Fierce

Intelligent

Real

Entity

My soul is...

Air

Anger

Imagination

Revenge

My soul is

Art

Arrogance

Rewinding

Teaching

My soul is...

mixed

I have mixed souls. I am mixed.

I am fused. It's fine.

NICOLE A.

The Mind

The mind is
as wide as the universe,
full of thoughts.

The mind is as tall
as a skyscraper.

The mind is
quiet as a room
full of air.

The mind is as
full as an elevator
stuffed with adults.

I Am Me!

I am the icicles that hang upon your house.
I am the happiness that you feel most of the day.
I am the one who makes your dreams come true.

I am the crystal snow that lays on top of your roof.
I am the angel that protects you from harm.
I am the sun that glows on your face.

I am the darkness that scares you at night.
I am the cat that scars and bites.

I am the monster right in your closet.

I am the hat that covers your head.

I am the shooting star you wish upon.

I am the tree you see outside the window.

I am me, I am me.

I stand tall and will never fall.

I am the girl in my own world.

This is me!

OHEE S.

The Art of Art

I could never dream a beautiful picture
of splashes of paint that
reach up to a glorious height,
so big it reaches my roof.
Seeing a splash of color is
like seeing a new constellation
on a canvas. Making bright
white drops of paint look
like stars in the midnight
sky. An accident of a gigantic
blob will be enough to see
the moons. You can draw
planets slowly circling around
the great star, wishing
to run away from the
strong heat. It's leaving
the burning star
with a miraculous burn.
More than enough to burn metal.
It creates burning meteorites
tumbling towards Mars, creating
artistic craters.
Back on Earth,
millions of people share feelings
by drawing the Art of Art.

Soul

My soul is a Gemini. It controls me,
my feelings, and my thoughts.
My soul is a universe, a gigantic universe
to explore. It is a quest to finish.
The puzzle pieces lead to a finish line
where badness needs to rest, and good takes over.
Lightning-quick feelings run
through a dark forest full of jaguars.
The jaguars glide through my mind.
The sea makes waves, making a ferocious hurricane.
I'm crying with great fusion.
Steam fills up and the anger acts up.
Everything is being dumped in a volcano.
Dynamically, this is my SOUL.
I am a Gemini!

OLIVIA R.

Grandmother Who?

With the soft, gentle water touch,
her admiration to the world on a passenger pigeon.
Regret is a tornado
in New York.

The passing of one

is one to store away,
for that thought isn't one that
should pass.

Her spirit young
with a life ahead.

Dropping all regret.
When she drops coins
she only drops the important
ones,
picks them up and walks away.

Grandmother
who?

Grandmother
who?

Past decisions made her gold,
her wrinkles prove her old,
but she's young in soul.

In the Distance

In the distance,
shining ever so faintly
is a light.

With my head hanging down
and guilt flashing over my head,
I go near it.

The light is a fluorescent orange,
considering it was a light.

I slowly hobbled over, my heart pounding in my chest.
It's a door.

I slowly open it and walk in when
I hear a loud BANG.

I look back.

It's pain and regret.

I just walked into my soul.

My head lifts up and my smile is
from ear to ear.

There's loud banging on the door, pain and regret.

No matter how hard they try, they can't get in.

I walk forward to see the Broadway stage.

The audience packed like sardines.

I slowly step on the stage, but get pushed off...
by myself?

I look up, brushing myself off, to see an older
(but still young) version of me?

In my dream, I slowly take in what my eyeballs are looking
at. My soul.

ZUHA T.

Spring Time!

Spring is full of butterflies.
You'll be so happy, you won't mutter lies.
With fabulous flowers and tremendous trees,
spring is so wonderful, you would say, "weee!"
Better than winter, better than fall,
better than summer, it's the best of them all!
But after a while,
more and more grow. Tons of sun flowers
and beautiful pink powers.
Adroit animals, inspired insects,
and so many fun days
like St. Patrick's day
and Crazy Hat Day, you'll say "yay!"
Roses are red
and violets are blue,
spring is so wonderful,
you'll say "Woohoo!"

Shining Star Poets

The writing she makes
shines in a black
ocean. Nothing
can prevent it

from shining high up
in the space. The poems she makes are
so beautiful and creative, they're like faces
filled with meaningful writing.
Nobody else's writing can shine
so high, so bright,
like the sun, and it's totally not a bum.
From the whole black ocean, from the whole galaxy,
that's the thing everyone wants to see.
And you can be a star poet
if you just
 believe (in yourself).