

PS188Q
Life Is a Beautiful Shampoo

Principal: Ms. Christina Figueroa

Teachers

Ms. Christine Garcia
Ms. Jessica Wingenfeld / Ms. Truong
Mr. Matthew Carneiro
Ms. Christine DiFilippi

Third and Fourth Grade
Gifted and Talented

Winter and Spring 2022

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Introduction

It is always a joy to spend time exploring poetry with the students and teachers from PS188Q. This year in particular marked a joyous return to in-person learning. It was very meaningful to me to be able to *lean in* again as students were working, listening to ideas and drafts, and offering suggestions. I was delighted to once again see hands shoot up in the air with excitement. I was delighted to once again listen to students talking and giggling. I was delighted to once again observe the scribbling of pencils on paper. After the challenges of online learning, this year was truly a blessing.

Our focus this year was on actively searching for and finding poetry in everything, from personal memories to paintings to letters. Our poetic investigation was broad and we listened to the poetic voices of as many as we could. We explored a wonderfully diverse range of writers this year such as Charles Bukowski, Ishle Yi Park, John Yau, Li-Young Lee, May Swenson, Jericho Brown, Liu Xia, Audre Lorde, Walt Whitman, Emma Lazarus, Terrance Hayes, and William Shakespeare.

We exercised our imaginations using a wide array of poetic tools – anaphora (repetition), syntax, alliteration, onomatopoeia, personification, rhyme, rhythm, synesthesia, imagery, sensory details, simile, and metaphor. At various times, we focused our attention on colors, verbs, and letters.

We learned about the Shakespearean sonnet, the Petrarchan sonnet, and the contemporary American sonnet, exploring different rhyme schemes. We also learned about the villanelle, the found poem, the persona poem, the list poem and the ekphrastic (art) poem. We explored revision as a tool as well. Lastly, we explored the performance of poetry, viewing spoken word performances and experimenting with creative ways to present our work.

Thank you to all of the teachers for welcoming me into your classrooms and offering such consistent support. Thank you, Dr. Caraisco for your constant support, both this year and during previous years. Thank you Principal Figueroa for so graciously taking the baton from Dr. Caraisco this year.

Thank you, Mr. D, for your hard work and dedication to making this residency a success. And of course, an enormous thank you to the Third and Fourth grade Gifted and Talented students of PS188Q for your exuberant work, your dedication, your joy, and most of all, your imagination this year. I'm so proud of all of you.

Warmly,
Amina Henry

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Ms. Garcia's Class

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**What is poetry?
(Class Poem)**

Writing poetry is like squishing clay.
Poetry is to spread happiness, joy and anger.
Poetry is the heart and soul of a person.
Poetry is freedom.
Poetry is the gate to our imagination.
Poetry is the love in everyone's heart.
Poetry is like an egg.
Poetry is a pencil mark.
Poetry is a raindrop falling onto a plant that sprouts into a maple tree.
Poetry is like an ice cream, sweet and delicious.
Poetry is a fast running cheetah.
Poetry is pouring ink onto the paper.
Poetry is a type of creative writing coming out of your mind.
Poetry is thirst for more words.
A poem is an army tank roaming through the forest.
Poetry is an expression of feeling.
Poetry is like your favorite foods mixed together.
Poetry is words that come straight from your heart.
Poetry is a balloon that is bursting.
Poetry is spilled paint on a canvas.
Poetry is a tiger.
Poetry is like a long endless noodle that forms yin and yang.
A poem is a beautiful day at the beach.

**Villanelle for a Good Life
(Class Poem)**

Don't stay on your couch all day
Life is too much fun
Go outside and play

Not dying is really the best way
Go outside for a run
Don't stay on your couch all day

Life offers you joy on a tray
Before you know it, your life will be done
Go outside and play

Especially in April and May
Dance in the sun
Don't stay on your couch all day

We've got to live, okay?
In all the games, make a home run
Go outside and play

The world is so nice today
Enjoy your life while you're young!
Don't stay on your couch all day
Go outside and play

Sonnet for America

Chloe C., Oliver N., Doris W., William Z.,
Grant H., and Aaron Y.

Red, white, and blue
The color that we know
These are not new
Freedom they show
Independence Day
Fireworks will light
You must stay
For the night
We go to school
To learn a lot
Some people think it's cool
Some do not
The bald eagle is our bird of power
Our people don't cower

Sonnet for America

Victoria W., Zunairah I., Ben L., Joshua W.

I love fast food
Five Guys with McDonalds fries
They put me in a splendid mood
I like Five Guys with McDonalds fries
with a side of apple pies
Red, white and blue
This is the flag
On this pole it flew
Don't put it in a bag
Joe Biden
He's the president
He's not hidin'
He's a White House resident
America is nice
Even though it has tons of lice

Sonnet for America

Lucia L., Danny T., Ben C. and Aimee W.

Fast food
Wendy's, Applebee's, Shake Shack
Puts me in good mood
I put it in a sack
The bald eagle flies high in the sky
Red, white, and blue
It comes by
See all the hue
Independence Day
Fireworks, parades, and BOOM!
And taxes you pay
Cars vroom, vroom, vroom
Behind the bars
Are fifty stars

Ms. Garcia
The Letter J

The handle of an umbrella
I hold it tight as can be
Pitter Patter Pitter Patter
The rain dances above me
I hold my upside down candy cane
And listen to the sound of the rain
Pitter Patter Pitter Patter
Nature's music keeps me sane

Christian Chan

In the winter, I never get a splinter
The winter is cold, not to me, but I'm always told it's very cold
I always wear a hat
But I can play with a bat
Because it's too hard

I Am 4

I am 4 years old
And I'm at laser tag
Pew, pew, pew...
I shoot and it's in the middle
That's extra points
Pew, pew, pew...
The man says the game
Is ending in one minute
Pew, pew...
We have more points
Than the other team
Pew, pew...
The game is ending in 3...2...1...zero
We win
Yay!

Christian is...

as tall as a giraffe
a big guy stomping like
an elephant
like a fast-running cheetah
a big wall moving
I'm a colorful sun at
sundown
I would be a doink
sound

Verbing

I command the commander to command the
shoes to run.
I fly in the air with my hair sticking up.
I jump up and down with my hands.
My shoes are running with my nose.

Blue

Blue is the color of the sky on a summer
day
Blue is like blue diamond sparkling in the
light
Blue is the waving ocean
Blue sounds like the rain

Cheetah Spell

Zumblumbbla
I want the cheetah to fly
Jump, fly
Zumblumbbla
Zumblumbbla

[I Wandered Lonely As A Cloud]

I fly in the cloud
Over the hills
I see a big crowd
In a garden of daffodils
The leaves on the trees
They blow in the breeze

I can see the sun shine
In a beautiful way
They wiggle in a line
Into the bay
I glance at the ants
Who wiggle and dance

Tristan Chan

A poem is an imaginative thought
That your brain made and caught
It lights up your heart
And makes you write your part

For the waves of your brain
It goes through your vessels with no pain
Going straight to your heart
Picking up the cart

Opening a crack in your mouth
There. The poem shoots out of the mouth
And there we are in the class
Writing as like it was

Tristan is...

A place
A random place
I don't know which
But I don't pick which
A thing
Any thing
Either big or small
Short or tall
A verb
Some verb
Writing, reading, calculating, planning
An adjective
Just some adjective
Like happy, sad, calm, and angry
A noun
Please, just one thing
I don't know if it is a building
Or a statue, but it's fine
What I am is
Really special
Anything you choose
I'll be fine
It is just because of you

I Am 5

I am 5
Turtles keep coming toward me
Fish swimming up and down
I am wondering
If the water is going to flood in the room
not everybody thought there would be flood
I stop thinking
A manta ray comes towards me

In the glass
The manta ray pokes the glass
Leave the glass
Away from the glass
Fish everywhere
Coral throughout the world of water
Stop a moment
A manta ray comes towards me

As big as two stingrays
Watching like the sea of people behind me
In the coral ocean
1,000 fish swimming around
A manta ray comes towards me

Green

Green is for nature
Green is the color for recycling
Green is the color of spring
Green is the color of berries
Green is the color of trees
Through the green nature winds
And swampy rivers with fishes
You can find grass and leaves and also bushes
In your plate you may see fruit like
Apples, pears, bananas
The decision is of fate
Green can be anywhere
In rainforests and jungles
But the greatest part of green
It is the color of life
There is green in rainbows
And in flowers, flowers too
The decisions of green things are INFINITE
There are green lollipops
And a green pen scribbling on the page
Wait, you can't see it

Sonnet for America

America, the land of the free
And the home of the brave
A place where you be what you want to be
And no one can be a slave
A place where there was so much war
But America won it all
The third biggest country so far
The warriors who never fall
The colors of red, white, and blue
Has made America brave and strong
America has a very big crew
And has the national anthem as a song
It has many symbols like the eagle and the seal
And is the owner of the best ideals

Ethan Chang

A poem is a bird flying to freedom
A poem is like America
A free country of imagination
Poetry is like a cheetah running to freedom
A poem is like an ocean being
In the wild
Which means freedom
A poem is music that is beautiful
With much creation

Ethan Chang is

a bear hibernating,
Ethan is a city blocked off,
Ethan is a wolf,
chillin in his pack,
I am a baby,
speeding past.
I am Diagon Alley.
I am Hogwarts.
I am a spell,
being cast with control.
I am Harry Potter,
I am Percy Jackson,
I am a sloth,
slacking in the jungle depths.
I am a pencil.
I am a storm.
I am disturbing.
I am a Harry Potter or
Percy Jackson
Book
trying to get out of
a cage
I am water drifting away.
I am a lion,
hungry.
I am like a race car.

Win

I was 8, 50% to 9
I won the 2 seasons
I won 10K air dollars
Ahh hhhh hhh

The boys were screaming
The girls were screaming
We won the season
Season 2 was winter break
Ahh hhhh hhh

The boys were running
on the ground

While the girls were laying air, rock, and tree
Ahh hhhh hhh

It was breezy
We had like 18 people
Less
Why
But we won
Ahh hhhh hhh

I am dead now
Ahh hhhh hhh
We are so rich
Reverse time!

Jaden Chang

Poetry is the paint splatter of imagination
Poetry is the heart of the expedition
It is like a bird flying high in the sky
Its wings flapping hard as it flies on by

In night or in day, poetry can be written
anytime
It can be sweet like sugar or sour like a lime
Pulled on the string of a violin
Maybe it will make you happy, or maybe want
to spin

So whatever you write, whenever you do,
Always make sure the poem is in you!

Before

When I was 2, I went to the zoo
4 and 2 years had passed
6, and I started to ski
7, then third grade was around the corner

When I started to ski
6,365 X 6 is how many days I had lived
I was cold, warm, happy, walking
Snow, sun, lift, friends, flakes, cocoa

Now I am 8

Jaden is...

Sometimes blah
Mostly white, and
mostly stormy.
I am a chili pepper, I scare away my enemies.
I am a phoenix, a fierce predator and riser
from
the ashes
I am heart of nowhere, and sometimes
I am home
I am a pizza, with lots of things on top
of me
I am black and purple, inside the soul
And I am a boom box, I am talkative
I am a scream of joy and sadness combined

Dumpling

I am a dumpling
Plump and white
And always filling
Wrinkles on the top of my head
I love getting heated up because it's my sauna
You can think of me as a round white ball

With a meaty inside and
Doughy on the outside
I like to play hopscotch with my friend, Bread
Crumbs
You can bring me to refrigerator where I was
born
Rolled and flattened and a newly made
dumpling
The next day you open your lunch box, take a
bite,
And the next moment, I am DEAD

Things You Don't See

E a table thumping its leg waiting for
something to be put on top of it
M a baby bird waiting to be fed a worm
O a mouth opening its mouth and lifting its
fork up
H a ladder to climb up to your roof and admire
the stars
S a snake constellation slithers and hisses up
in the sky
Q a ball being punctuated by a needle pshhh
Z a zebra with uneven stripes sigh

Turquoise

Turquoise is like the waves of the ocean
sparkling in the sun
Like the flowers you put on your windowsill
And like a pinch at your head that
makes the stars look turquoise
Turquoise is like winter
With snow falling in the air
Like the day when you wake up
Turquoise is like a bluebird flying high
Turquoise is like a peacock showing its
fanned out feathers

Orange

Orange like the sunrise that you see through
your windows!!!
Like the fruit you peel as your snack
Like the maple syrup that you use to flavor
your pancakes
Orange like the colored sugar that you put on
your cake
Or your cupcakes that you made for your
birthday
Orange like the sunset and the sleeping sun
Orange like the sun reflecting off the waves
that are angry at the shore

Chloe Chen

A poem is a balloon
A poem is best
A poem is the best thing
To read when you need some rest

A poem is bursting
And inside is lurking
Imagination and words
It is the best thing you've heard

Now you know
This will show
A poem is a balloon
And you reading it

Is like a needle
Popping the balloon

I am 6

I am 6
My foot in the water
A shell cut my foot!
Finally, mom! Ouch, ouch, ouch!

Ouch, ouch, ouch!
A shell cut my foot!
Ouch, ouch, ouch!
My food in the water, a shell in my foot, ouch,
ouch!

Dad! Mom! Sister!
My foot on the water
As he'll cut my foot!
My foot is now healed by a sand-colored band
aid!

Ouch, ouch, ouch!
Yelling, crying!
Ouch, ouch, ouch!
Ouch, ouch, ouch.

Chloe is...

a panda bear
I am a box with imagination inside
I am a springing chair
Waiting to write, jumping with glee
I am a piece of clay
You can shape it however you want
I am a fun playground
Waiting to be played
I am sunshine all around
Making kids happy

I am the sound of laughter
I am a yummy apple
Everyone wants to eat

Grain of Rice

I am a grain of rice
Inside the bowl of China
Duplicates of my fellow friends
Thousands there are
My brother Brown Rice Grain
Is stuck in the microwave
I start to roll and roll
The human is dumping us in the rice cooker
I start sizzling
I start steaming
And I fall flat on a solid plate

Tiptoe

It's 3 AM
I'm tiptoeing
Mom is tiptoeing
Dad is tiptoeing
Grandma is tiptoeing
Grandpa is tiptoeing
The closet monsters are tiptoeing
We're all tiptoeing
Where are we tiptoeing?
We're all tiptoeing...
To the kitchen

The Chair

When you're sad, do not sit in that red chair
That chair is not for you
Instead, eat a pretty pear

Don't sit in that chair, beware!
It will feel like glue
When you're sad, do not sit in that red chair

That chair is a scare
You must think it through
Instead, eat a pretty pear

Some people will stare
You can sit there without a clue
When you're sad, do not sit in that red chair

If you sit, your feelings will be hard to repair
It doesn't have a good view
Instead, eat a pretty pear

If you sit, you will want to tar
You will go crazy, too!
When you're sad, do not sit in that red chair
Instead, eat a pretty pear

Elena Cheng

Poetry is the pencil mark on a blank paper
A poem is like a pencil mark on a blank sheet
It doesn't matter whether it's a marker,
pencil,
Color pencil, or crayon.
It's all about your imagination!

The Screaming Coaster!

I am 6, the time I rode
A crazy roller coaster
Chatter, chatter

We spun in circles
Around and around my teeth keep
chattering
Chatter, chatter

We went faster and
Faster, up and down!
Chatter, chatter

It stopped...
It went up and up and up...
Wahhhh!

It fell down!
And it stopped
Phew!

Elena is...

a snake slithering in the wild
a wand making a powerful spell
Hogwarts letting in greetings
the howling wind roaring...
Butterbeer getting sipped up
a hibernating bear
a warrior that holds the legends of... Harry
Potter!
a match lighting the way

Mom

I am a mom
Trying to keep CALM!

I have 6 annoying kids
Bragging every day!

One wants toys, other wants video games,
And more and more...

I can't take it anymore!

I always wear rich clothes,
Going out every day

I buy a billion clothes and
Return them all

I always love yelling at my kids
24/7

Laughing Or Crying?

I'm laughing
I'm crying it
Feels like I'm dying

My dad makes a joke
I laugh
My mom gets mad at
Me I cry

I get called "too sensitive"
I'm LAUGHING but
CRYING still feels like
I'm DYING!

I like painting during my time
Paint splatters on my face
I laugh
I don't like my drawing
I CRY!

Blue

Blue, blue, blue!
Blue is not a color,
It's a shining in the sky
It reminds me of butterflies
I saw when my grandma died
It's not a color
It's the ringing of winter
It's the annual star that shines
Once a time in the sky
The ocean echoes every time

Celia Choroco

Poetry is the heart and soul of a person
Poetry is like someone's kind and sweet heart
The sweet, sweet heart
The soul of a person is sour, yet sweet
The poem of a heart is big and lovely
And gentle and kind

I Am 7

I am 7. My jacket is on, gloves, too, also a helmet.
Fwoosh! Skate, skate, skate. Thump.
Flat

down. Get back up. Fwoosh. The ice.
Skat skate skate. Thump. Flat down. Get back up.
Fwoosh. Shivering.

Cold. Fwoosh! Thump! Flat down, get back up. Skate skate skate. Shivering.
Cold. Fwoosh!

Celia is...

a cheetah
a windy day
a lockbox
a race car
a rainbow
a lion
an ocean
a star
a gray wolf

My Mom

I am kind. I talk loud.
I say, "Wake up! It is time to go to school!"
I am tall and smart.
I learned discipline.
I am positive when I am down.
I grew up in warm and sunny California.
I smell air.
I speak Korean, English, and French.
Most of the time I wear a fancy dress for client calls.

I love to watch Korean dramas.
I like kimchi.

Fly

In my dreams, I fly.
My friends fly. I fly.

He's a flyer. I'm a flyer.
Flyer. My mom flies.

In my dreams, I fly.
My friends fly. I fly.

He's a flyer. My father
Flies through thin air.

I fly. He flies. She flies.

In my dreams, I fly.
My friends fly. I
Fly.

He's a flyer.
I'm a flyer. My
Mom flies.

My father flies. I fly.
He flies. She flies.

[I Wandered Lonely As A Cloud]

In a valley I see a cloud
Floating away to the hill
I see a crowd
Filled with daffodils
The leaves are falling from the trees
I can feel the strong, strong breeze

The sun will shine all the way
The rays are in a line
I spot the shining bay
I take a short glance
Then I go dance and dance

Alexia Mei Feeser

Mask

I am seven
And I am going to the supermarket
My mom hands me a mask and I ask my
mom
Can I take my mask off?

Everywhere we go
you have to wear a mask
I ask my mom,
Can I take my mask off?

It used to be fun
Now I hate it
So I ask my mom
Can I take my mask off?

Alexia is...

A snowy owl
A sleepy sloth
A reader
wishing to read and sleep
A cupcake
A mask free person
A water bottle
A swimmer
A fighter
A walled castle (When I'm mad)
A notebook
A highlighter
A coder
A gamer
A happy purple

Dumpling

I am an unfamous dumpling
Cooking is like a warm shower
When I come out and open my eyes it's too
late
Someone ate me
Goodbye, cruel world

Fly, Jump, Climb

I fly on the bars
I jump on the trampolines
I climb the rock wall
Birds fly, I fly
Frogs jump, I jump
Monkeys climb, I climb like a monkey
I am a monkey
I am a frog
I am a bird, I fly

Purple

It's not a color
It is a violet flower
A grape
Or a coat
Left on a hanger
Alone
Streaks in a sunset
As the sun goes down
My favorite pen
That broke

Found Poem

April I see pigeons
And hot dogs
I see the torch on the statue
I take the ferry to the monument

Grant Henderson

Poetry is like a long endless noodle
That forms yin and yang.

Poetry is a warm fuzzy noodle
Swimming in broth.

Poetry is a phoenix flying
Through your endless imagination.

Poetry is a book with
Lots of knowledge.

I Am 7

I am 7 and I am on a speeding snowboard
Crash
I go into the air
AHHH
I am soaring through the sky
Crash
I go into the air

Grant is...

a dragon flying through the sky.
Grant is a blue dragon.
technology excelling.
a match lighting the way.

Flag

I am a red, white, and blue flag
I represent America
I sway in the sky like a flight ready to go
I like to feel the wind floating away
I lower my body for the people of America
I have a purpose
This is my country

Scribble

My pencil scribbles
When I draw I scribble
Crayons scribble
Shades of blue and white
Scribble
Different textures scribble
I scribble
You scribble
Everyone scribbles
Sometimes
Paper scribbles

Bugs scribble in the water
You scribble to fill things in
I scribble to make something with white spots

Red

Red, red, red, red
It's not red
It is red berries in my front yard
Red is summer
Red is light pouring out of the sun
Red is madness and hate
Red is a shade of purple
Red is lava flowing out of an eruption
Red is the sourness of oranges

The Cheese Adventure

Miggy the mouse mumbled on a mound.
While doing that he ate lo mein on a Monday.
He was so moody - in a good mood - with the lo mein because it was so good.
After, he did multiplication math homework.
Miggy was a happy mouse!
He lived with a moose.
They went on a cheesy adventure with cheese!
Miggy was the mousiest mouse in the world.

Found Poem

Be the nice kid
The world is your rainbow
Welcome
Word wall wonders
We are a rainbow of possibilities

Nora Ching Ho

Poetry is a thirst for more words

A poem is like a beautiful leaf
Blowing with the breeze

Poetry can be about anything
In this whole world

Poetry is like your favorite foods mixed together
It is like your love for another person

Poetry is like an artist drawing and painting their
feelings out

Nora is

faster than a cheetah.
I am annoyed at home.
I feel like a lonely island in the
middle of the ocean.
I sometimes feel like a dynamite
ready to explode.
I feel bluer than the color blue.
I feel stormier than a stormy day.
I sometimes feel like no one cares
about me.
I feel a mix of emotions I can't
express.

My Birthday Party

I am 5
And I am at my birthday party
Yay!

I am having so much fun
Playing with my friends
Yay!

I can pick the animals
To pet with my friends
Yay!

I think the animals are
So cute and fluffy to pet
Yay!

I love my birthday party
It is so fun
Yay!

I Am An Egg

I am an egg. I get out of the refrigerator to play
with my friend, Rice. We play Hide and Seek in
the kitchen. At dawn, I go back to the kitchen. In
the morning, I get cooked. I say, "Goodbye, my
dear friend, Rice and goodbye, cruel world!" One
second later -
CHOMP!
I am dead.
I am in heaven.
I am the guardian of eggs.
I look after my family.
One week later -
CHOMP!
They are dead
They are in heaven
But they live with me now!

Grandma

I am grandma. I live in Taiwan. I say, "Hello." I
say it in Chinese. I give my grandkids lots of
sweets. I live on planet Earth. I have short red
hair. My three sons either visit or FaceTime me
during the weekends.

Dancing

My friend is dancing
I dance
My Mom is dancing
I like to dance
Everyone is dancing
The leaves are dancing in the wind
The pig is dancing on its hind legs
The dog does the cha cha dance on its hind legs
The cow does break dancing
Everyone is dancing
Goodbye, I'm off to watch the cow break
dancing

Orange

Orange orange orange orange!
Orange is a sunny day. Fall contains the color
orange.
Oranges are the time when the sun sets.
The tiger contains the color orange.
Oranges and sunsets contain this color.
I remember a memory that contains this color;
It was the time I first tried oranges.
Orange is sometimes the color of anger.
Squeak, squeak, squeak!

Zunairah Islam

A poem is a raindrop falling onto a plant
That sprouts into a maple tree
The maple tree leaves are
As red as a ripe cherry
As orange as a fresh orange
As yellow as a banana in its prime

I Am Eight

I am eight
And I'm riding my bike
on the sidewalk around the
gazebo

First, slow, then fast, either way
it's fun to ride
on the sidewalk around the
gazebo

I start riding
fast then faster and FASTER
Suddenly CRASH
I fall off my bike
toppling to the ground by the
Gazebo

My scarf goes wild and
tears
pour down my eyes
I wail and my mother rushes to the sound
to me by the
gazebo

Zunairah is...

As focused as a lion chasing its prey
A unicorn prancing on a rainbow
A red-orange dragon with firescales
Studying like crazy
A strawberry in its prime
A grape in its sweetest
A calm evening with a colorful sky
A sun with lots of calcium to share
A turquoise sea-wing
I am a fierce dragon known through
the night

A Snowflake's Life

I am a clear snowflake
With six filigrees
Look through a microscope
And that's all you'll really see
I float through the air
With twists and twirls and twirls and whirls

Finally, I fall to the ground with my friends
But then I start to melt
I keep melting and wilting
Turning into water
Not feeling sad or somber

Why Is Everyone Whispering?!?!

Someone is whispering right now
Then my mom starts whispering
My dad starts whispering
My brother starts whispering
My clothes start whispering!
Everyone is whispering
Dahlia the dragonfly starts whispering
The pizza is whispering
Anson Jr. is whispering
Anson Jr. Jr. Jr. is whispering whispering
whispering
WHY IS EVERYONE WHISPERING?!?!

Blue

Blue is the color of aquamarine
Blue is the color of hydrangeas
Blue is the color of my favorite gemstone
The time of the year
The fresh dew
Blue is my water bottle and a tsunami
Blue is sapphire

Kyler Kui

A poem is a lollipop
It is the sweetness of imagination
And the sourness of creativity
It is like a snack for your brain

The color of all emotions
And the flavor of inspiring words
And tastes like the beauty of writing
And make you feel like fighting

For any age and culture
A poem could be the activity for you
It comes in different shapes and sizes

A poem is the happiness in our hearts

Kyler is...

a sun gaze of happiness
a full moon
a flower with red petals
and the bike of creativity
the light of color
and overload of space
with little star soldiers
and eyes that show optimism
in a crushed heart
a calm dolphin splashing quietly
with a magical hand
and the powers of legends

The Frightening Ride

I was 4 years old
My knees were shaking and shivering
The metal cart and rails
Zooming through the ride
I was screaming with fright

The feeling of terror
Rose up in my body
There was a giant line in front of me
I was screaming with fright

I almost passed out
The wind blowing against my face
The smell of pizza followed me
I was screaming with fright

Mother

I grew up in a harsh world
I am a caring person with dark brown eyes
That are like chocolate and represent how sweet
I am
I work hard, spending every piece of energy and
breath

Dance

I am a dancer
I dance to the music
I dance to my sister's song
I feel vibes dancing in my body
I dance all day
Does everybody dance?
The alive and the dead
All dance in their own way
The big and small
All dancing in the hall

Red

Red, red, red, red!!!
Sweet, sour, soft, and hard yummy apples all
around
red-dye, red lollipops
Oh, what do they have in common?
Fire, lava, burning anger erupting
Blood of strawberry juice
The sun shines bright
Red raspberries soak up the song
Of rage flowing like lava
Red is the summer of heat
And strawberries on the shore

Villanelle

Do not ever compare
Your life is a beautiful shampoo
You have gorgeous hair

Your beautiful face can never scare
Your life you go through
Do not ever compare

Beautiful people like you are rare
Always be you
You have gorgeous hair

You look like a millionaire
Always be true
Do not ever compare

Your beauty is too much to bare
Do not ever feel blue
You have gorgeous hair

The beautiful clothes you will wear
Nobody will mess with, if they dare
Do not ever compare
You have gorgeous hair

Benjamin Lee

A poem is like squishing clay
It does not matter what color it is
A poem is like children squishing and
Mushing the clay
It does not matter how big the clay is
it is like clay drifting down a river
Heading to the ocean
It is like clay being stepped on
It is like clay falling down the sky
It is like clay being shaped
Into a certain shape
A poem is like clay

Ben Lee is... an angry snow
storm that is blowing everything
and an angry dragon that is
blow fire everywhere. The
dragon is black and blue. I am
a volcano that destroys towns.
I am a spicy ghost pepper
dipped in hot sauce. I am a meteorite
falling down on the earth.
I am a loud sound. I
am a Harry Potter book.

The Time I Learned How to Write

I am 5
I am sitting in the classroom
I am sitting in a chair
Waiting quietly for the lesson
I am waiting for the teacher to come
The teacher comes
We start the lesson
My teacher is mean
But she is a good teacher
We learn how to write A and lowercase a

Letters

E a sideways fence
A an high mountain and the wind blows
whoosh
B two sideways ears
D a sideways hill

Harry Potter

I am Harry Potter
I wear red, orange and black pants.
I can talk and do talk.

Green

Green green green green
Moss on a rock
Over the rock a green dragon is soaring
over
Meanwhile a kid loses a copper coin in the
water
Over time the coin turns green like an
emerald

Anson Leong

Poetry is a tiger filled with
Adventurous imagination
It is a musical masterpiece

Anson is...

a hungry lion
an encyclopedia
an annoying siren
a speeding cheetah
an excited yellow

Chess Mania

I am 8 years old
And I am shaking with fear
Like there are a bunch of ice cubes in my
shirt
Thump thump thump

I slowly walk to
the room
My legs like lead
Thump thump thump

I start playing
Feeling like a
Tornado is coming
Thump thump thump

I win
my glory shines
As victory is mine
Thump thump thump

Screamer

I am a screamer
My sister is a screamer
My alarm clock is a screamer
My baby cousin screams as loud
as an elephant with a tuba
I scream like a thousand
Pianos played at once
When I get tickled
Oh right, I almost forgot
My mother is the loudest screamer
In the history of history

Kaboogy

Kaboogy kaboogy kaboogy
The monkey looks for food
Monkey brown, monkey black
Kaboogy kaboogy kaboogy
The monkey finds a banana
It sees the banana
It smells the banana
It eats the banana
CHOMP
Kaboogy kaboogy kaboogy

Red and Blue

Red, red, red, red
Like the blanket on my bed
It is the color of that crane
Or the thing that you think of when you're in
pain
Blue, blue, blue, blue
A feeling I would say
When you are blue
You're in a mood
Blue, blue, blue

Villanelle

When you're sad, don't sit in that red chair
That chair is not for you
If you try or if you dare

You will get a scare
Your dog will go, "Moo moo!"
When you're sad, don't sit in that red chair

That chair is very rare
You will become sad and blue
If you try or if you dare

Well, you should be aware
You'll have nothing to do
When you're sad, don't sit in that red chair

Instead, eat a pretty pear
Or your brain will go KABOOM!
If you try or if you dare

Then you can't even care
You will get bad luck, it's true
When you're sad, don't sit in that red chair
Don't try, don't dare

Benjamin Li

A poem is the gate to our imagination
Fun and funny
We use a poem to find the imagination
Of our head
A poem is like heaven's gate
To our minds
Once they die, they either go into
Someone else's mind or they retire
With no one

[I Wandered Lonely As A Cloud]

I look up to see a cloud
They look like hills
There is a crowd
They swish, the daffodils
There are big trees
It is a nice breeze

The leaves shine
There is a way
To find the line
We go to a bay
We will glance
Then we shall dance

Benjamin is

a panda, furious, and sleepy. Benjamin
is a wand, full of tricks and magic.
Benjamin is Hogsmede, cool and funny.
Benjamin
is a storm, loud and sometimes scary.
Benjamin is
an annoying siren, annoying and loud.
Benjamin is
ramen, amazing and good.

The N95

I am N95
You know me
The mask that protects you
Yes, I try to suffocate you
I am a white mask
Two straps
One on the bottom
One on the top
I have small holes
You can't open them
I try to kill you
But it never works
I am like a black mask
But more pain
I try to make people suffocate
On my free time
I do this for fun
My dream is to stop people calling me
"hell's mask"

Found Poem

Welcome to the Mood Meter.
We have lots of vocabulary and
germs.
We have four vats, but can't fit any water in
them.
My red part looks like the sorcerer's
stone color.
In my vision, I can see lots of social studies
projects and failed tests.
Previously, I had children, but they
got ripped off of desks.
My yellow looks like a nuclear power plant.
My blue is the feeling of students
when they have a substitute for five days.
My green looks like a garden

Lucia Liu

Poetry never is like writing
It has freedom
It doesn't matter if it rhymes
Or if it has repetition
Or alliteration

You can write whatever you want
Your feelings and emotions
It can be in your imagination
Just be creative

Lucia is...

a bright sun
a fast cheetah
Hawaii
a noisy siren
a ready-to-eat piece of pizza
sleeping owl
hard-working digging meerkat
an iPad
a cloudy day
an excited yellow

First Day of School

I am 6
Our hoods are on
Glitter is everywhere

Purple hair everywhere
Walking around the classroom
Putting backpack on my seat
Glitter is everywhere

Having a great day
Waiting to see my mom
Glitter is everywhere

The Bottom Of My Shoe

I am the bottom of a shoe
Every day I get stepped on
Every day I scream, "Ow!"
Every day, I get hurt
And I scream, "Ow!"

Sitting

I am sitting
Everyone in my class is sitting
They sit in their seat writing
Our president is sitting
Making decisions

Mom is sitting, doing work
We are sitting
And everything is sitting
Quietly

Blue

Blue, blue, blue
The cold ice
Tears from a child's eye
The rare diamonds
Blue fish
The yummy sweet blueberry
Blue cotton candy
A school t-shirt
The earth's sea water
A blue wall
And the wondrous blue sky

Yellow

Yellow, yellow, yellow
The sun
A birthstone
The happy child
the yellow fish
And last, the hot hot sun

Villanelle

Breathe the fresh air
Try something new
Always be fair

Try not to stare
And when you are blue
Breathe the fresh air

Don't always give a dare
Do go to the zoo
Always be fair

Don't compare
Do what you should do
Breathe the fresh air

Be prepared
Drink some stew
Always be fair

Eat a pear
Be you!
Breathe the fresh air
Always be fair

Ruby Lu

A poem is splattered paint on a canvas
For once that is done,
That is done
And as you sit
Waiting for it to dry
You realize it is alright
No painting is perfect
And it never will be the
Same as a poem
For a poem
Nothing is wrong
Everything is different
In every possible way

Ruby Lu is

a small snake,
slithering through
a rock.

Ruby is a fish,
jumping up into the air,
and splashing back down into the water.

I am
a baby bird,
hatching to her mother's song.

She is a stone,
dropping into a river.
Swept away by the current,
finding herself in a pond.

I am the
song once called
flora ma

Roller Coaster: Turbulence

I am 8
We sit in the cart
We go uphill
We drop
I whirl and spin
And spin and whirl

I see another cart
It's right next to us
I see buildings and swings and
the ferris wheel all around me
I whirl and spin
And spin and whirl

Water splashes me
I am wet and cold
I feel nauseous
I whirl and spin
And spin and whirl

This roller coaster
Is crazy
I don't scream
I rock back and forth
I feel nauseous and I am wet
I whirl and spin and spin and whirl

Sister

I have long brown hair
And dark brown eyes
Every day
I wear something black
Always
I feel annoyed
Mostly at school
Cause I need my beauty sleep
I wish school
Started later
And
I wish my bed was
More comfy
Many friends
Are annoying
They text me at 3-5 am
Mia hugs me too much
Hillary is my best friend
But she ships me with
Sean and that's just annoying
Anyway
I gotta go to sleep
Or Mom will shout at me
Goodnight, Diary
In a few days it is Ruby's birthday

Blue Bundles

Blue is the color of my favorite sweater
It is the beginning of my favorite anime
It is the taste of blueberries on my blue
raspberry ice cream
It is the feel of water in the sea lapping at my
feet
And my birthstone, aquamarine

Oliver Ng

A poem is a thought coming out of your mind onto a paper.

A poem is a thought

A poem is a piece

Of you

And

A

Living

Thing

A poem is

A part of your

Body

And

Your

Soul

A poem is music

To everyone's

Ear

This is a

POEM

Oliver is...

a sleeping mouse,

quiet wind, flying carpet,

slippery hot dog, universe, rolling pencil,

flying blue jay, raging tiger, Hogwarts,

sunny rain, happy yellow.

Aqua, Teal, Blue

Blue, blue, blue, blue!

Aqua, aqua, aqua, aqua!

Teal, teal, teal, teal!

Pitter patter, pitter patter

Wet, wet, wet

All around me is all rain

Why, why, why?

The sky is blue

And so am I

I am so sad

I seem so mad

Flowers grow in the rain, but I only can be blue

Blueberries are blue

And so are you!

Danny Tong

A poem is like a city
Oh, it's just a party
It's poem fun!
It has a good sun!

A poem is so cool
It's like being in a pool
A poem is a strawberry
Eaten like a cherry

I Am Seven

I am seven
I am drawing
I am dabbing
I am grabbing
I take third place
And make up my pace
Hooray!

I am seven
I am flossing crazy
Nothing like lazy
Hooray!

Danny is...

Danny is a calm day.
I have eyebrow clouds.
I have a blue shirt sky
They are so fluffy!
They are also puffy.
The sky shines like my
mouth which is mines!
Danny is a good book.

Red

Red, red, red!!!
It's dangerous and bad
It's blood
I like the blood on a snake
Hiss! Heerrreee isss a poemmm! Stupefy!
A red blast can make you stunned
A tooth with blood
A sea of blood
A tank of blood!

Aimee Wang

Poetry is an act of peace
Poetry is an act of liberty
Poetry is like fireworks in the dark blue sky
Poetry is like making a nation peacefully
Poetry is sweet, sour, or any kind
You want it to be
Poetry is creative, imaginative, blazing
In the blue night sky
Poetry is like an ice cream
It is sweet and delicious
Poetry is your favorite food

Aimee Wang is...

I am a unicorn dreaming
in the sunlight.

I am a book reading about
unicorns.

I am a unicorn in dreamland.
I am a unicorn in the sunlight
with a magical feeling.

I am a unicorn listening to pop
music.

I am a unicorn eating
cupcakes with unicorn sprinkles.

The Snowflake

I am a beautiful snowflake
People play with me and my brothers and
sisters
I sparkle in the sky
You make snowmen and snowballs with me
And my brothers and sisters
I am wearing coldness and
Shine and sparkle in the sky

Wishing

I wish to have a unicorn
My friend wishes secretly
My unicorn in my dreams wishes
The genie grants three wishes
What do I hear? Wishing?
I make a wish to the first star I see at night

Pink

Pink, pink, wonderful pink
Pink is not only a color
Pink is spring and flowers that bloom
Pink is sweet like cotton candy and lollipops
Pink is like fur and is a fluffy dog
Pink is love, a heart, stars that twinkle in the
sky
Pink sounds like a lullaby that makes you
fall asleep
Pink sounds like the waves swishing calmly
across the ocean

[I Wandered Lonely As A Cloud]

I look at the cotton candy cloud
Over the hills
There is no crowd
As I walk in this place full of daffodils
I walk in a peaceful place with the trees
I love the breeze

As the sun shines
I walk in a peaceful way
In a line
The ocean swishes as the breeze dances
on a bay
I glance
And see the ocean dance

Found Poem

Welcome
Be happy, be bright, be you
Don't decide that you can't before you
discover that you can
And the world is your rainbow
Be the nice kid
Be in the 100 colossal acts of kindness
HAPPY BIRTHDAY

Doris Wang

Poetry is a beautiful day at the beach
A poem is like a sundae
On a hot summer day

Doris is...

a happy monkey
a sunny rainbow
a bright book
friends cheering

The Bike

I am 6
I paddle and fall
I try, I try, I try

Then I do it again
I fall
I try, I try, I try

M and S

M mountains rising high in the sky
S a river twisting through town splish splash

Run

I am a runner.
The turtle runs.
My mom and dad are running.
My brother is a runner.
Joe Biden is running.
Everyone is running.

Blue

Blue, blue, blue, blue
It's not blue, it's a
Bird flying in the sky
A fish in the Arctic
Waters where ice is melting
A blue flower in a
Sea of grass
The color of sadness
When your heart bleeds
Blue, blue, blue, blue

Joshua Wi

A poem is words on paper
That come from your soul
A poem has stanzas
It sometimes rhymes
A poem might have similes
A poem might have metaphors
A poem is words from your soul

Joshua is...

a sleepy blue shake
ice cream
Hogwarts
hungry
tired
a shark
sushi
ice cream
a whale that likes to read
a blue Ferrari
Harry Potter books 1,2,3,4,5,6,7
a Bugatti Chiron
a wizard

Unicorn

I am 7
And I wake up
I walk out of my room
My eyes are glued to the cake
Topped with sprinkles and topped with a unicorn
It is beautiful!

Everyone shouts, Happy Birthday!
I eat the cake
So yummy
So dreamy
It takes me back to dreamland
Topped with sprinkles and topped with a unicorn
It is beautiful!

The Vaccine

I am 8 years old
I am getting my first dose
Ouch!

The white walls
Stare at me
Ouch!

The syringe pierces
My skin
Ouch!

The doctor gives me a lollipop
And we drive home
Ouch!

Money

I am a \$100 dollar bill
I hang out with my friends
Credit card and coin
I hide
Why? Because I don't want to
Move to another wallet

[I Wandered Lonely As a Cloud]

I see a cloud
It is shaped like hills
The cloud is being watched by a crowd
There are lots of daffodils
Hear the trees
Blowing in the breeze

The sun shines
Towards my way
The crowd is following the cloud in a line
They stop when the cloud goes over the bay
They give it one more glance
Then they dance

Victoria Wong

Poetry is like a bird, it ignores frontiers.
It flies around the forest and
Finds something to eat. It keeps
Flying until it finds food.

It finally saw some worms.

Victoria is

happy
She always likes to play
She also likes to eat apples
like an animal eating it.
She also likes snakes
that's green like grass!

My Birthday

I am five and I'm on a plane
to go celebrate
my birthday. Yay!

Then we arrived
and I was jumping
up and down. Yay!

Finally we were in
the house and I opened
all the presents. Yay!

The Rotten Egg

I am a rotten egg
You will know that I am stinky
I live in the fridge
I made the whole fridge really stinky
Also, no one wants to eat me

I Am a Baby

I am a baby, I always drink yummy milk.
I don't know how to walk so I crawl.
I don't know how to talk so I scream.
I don't talk English, but I talk baby language.
Sometimes I eat food, too. Yummm...

Yellow

Yellow yellow yellow
Yellow is like a sunflower
Yellow is a pencil
Yellow yellow yellow
I love yellow
Bees are yellow
Post-its are yellow
Yellow yellow yellow

Kyle Wu

A poem is a treat like ice cream.
A poem is a snack like goldfish.
A poem is some cereal for breakfast.
Yum. Yum! Slurp. Slurp! Crunch. Crunch.
CRUNCH! Yum, yum!
CRUNCH! Yum, yum, yum!

A poem is not homework.
A poem is not a race.
A poem is a game!
Let's play! Play, play!
Score points! Yes, yes!
But nobody will lose.
So fun!

It is like an egg
Waiting to write a love note
In your heart.

Kyle Wu is...

I'm Kyle Wu
A shade of blue at morning,
A book of facts at noon,
A fiction book at night,
With turtles too.

I'm some French fries
A blur of blue
A trickster, sometimes too.

First 2nd Place Chess Trophy

I'm 7
With a big game on
CLICK! BAM! YEAH!
I win the chess game and I'm
Winning, winning, winning a trophy now
With the hardest game next and
Oh

I'm 7
With the last round on
With a CLICK on the last one
BAM! The piece falls down
And I'm winning, winning, winning a trophy

I'm 2nd place - a big step up -
After 9th and 5th
Now 2nd
I'm getting better and better
With a big game on -
And I'm winning, winning, winning -
To a 1st place, the super, big, big, big
Trophy

A Splat in the Town

It's snowing! Let's go!
The eggs are in the snow!
Hopping up and down
Let the wind blow!

Run! Snowball fight!
And build an igloo, too!
Oh no! People! We don't want to be seen.
Run into the house!

Quickly in the fridge
A carrot blocks our home
Push it down — too heavy?
SPLAT! The eggs are down
All broken
In the garbage
PEW

It's Raining...

It's raining.
But not any kind of raining.
It's raining PIZZA in France!
It's raining JELLY BEANS in Mexico!
It's raining MONEY in the United States of
America! So?
So, it's raining everything.

Blue and Red

That is a blue egg.
This is a blue floor.
There is a blue bucket.
In there is blue paint.
That is a blue TV.
This is blue snow.
Blue blue blue!
A collection of blue paper!
Blue glue!
Everything is blue!
(except for my roof)

That is a red egg.
This is a red floor.
There is a red bucket.
In there is red paint.
Outside there's red rain.
Over there is red snow.
Red red red!
Red paper!
Red glue!
Everything is red!
(except for my roof)

Aaron Yu

A poem is a fast running cheetah
The cheetah is running in a safari
The tall grass blocks the runaway cheetah

A poem is a climbing jaguar
It climbs on trees and
Sneaks on other animals

I Am 7

I am 7.
It is 3 am.
It is Christmas day.

I am excited.
I see Santa outside my house
It is still Christmas day.

I am tired.
I saw one of my presents.
It is still Christmas day.

Aaron is a dragon dancing in the classroom.

a yellow dragon
a happy school day
a computer
a Minecraft character
a level 100 prodigy ultimate member
a calm dinosaur reading a book
a chocolate milk
a laughing sound
a colored pencil
a sunny sun
a diary of a wimpy kid book

William Zhai

Found Poem

War in Iraq
Is fire
Tanks marching
Through the
Tracks
Fighting
Is scary
Airplanes
Ahead
Bombing
through
the
Tracks
Tanks
Are shooting
The airplanes
But none of them fall

William is...

a tank marching
through the trucks. The turret is
a KVZ tank destroyer. Heavy
tank moving destroying everything
Boom, boom, boom

Red

red, red, red is deadly which is blood and
When you touch something hot
Red is a popsicle and a fireball in Minecraft
Also it looks like something in the sky and
It looks like raw hamburger meat
It's also like an ender dragon painted red

Ms. Wingenfeld's Class / Ms. Truong's Class

**Lucas Cao
Sarah Xuanyu Chen
Aaron Fan
Albert Feng
Kamea Hasan
Claire He
Eric Huang
Tyra Jiang
Taylene Kim
Julia Shelby Kong
Lucas Kwan
Isabella Lee
Elsa Lui
Carina Ng
Audrey Ngai
Christopher Ngan
Skylar Niu
Evan Paananen
Ryan Park
Tatiana Rodriguez
Alexandra Santora
Arisa Tsang
Faye Tsui
Ethan Wang
Hunter Wong
Kaylee Yan
Avery Yu
Kimberly Zheng**

**What Is Poetry?
(Class Poem)**

Poetry is a city.
Poetry is like a paragraph which is called a stanza!
Poetry is like candy.
Poetry is a piece of cake waiting to get eaten.
Poetry is planting a garden.
Poetry is a note where you can express your feelings.
Poetry is a note with words that make NO ACTUAL SENSE.
Poetry is the inside of a cracked egg spilling out with emotion.
Poetry is a diary kept by William Shakespeare.
Poetry is like fire without smoke and ash.
Poetry is a loud, but silent, expressive language, spoken from the heart.
Poetry is strong.
Poetry is just your shadow telling you what to do.
Poetry is a paragraph that is shorter and comes from the sea.
Poetry is a piece of paper where you can let out your feelings.
Poetry is me gobbling up a million apples.
Poetry is a warm sensation, like when you eat boiled mochi.
Poetry is like a herd of stamping animals.
Poetry is a tank that is shooting hams.
Poetry is like a little song.
Poetry is an owl's call.
Poetry is a sword slicing through evil quietly and healing.
Poetry is nonsense words with meaning.
Poetry is a car that is screaming.
Poetry is a bunch of feelings squished into one piece of paper.
Poetry is a scissor that can't cut ANYTHING, NOT EVEN PAPER.
The poet is a fire that is a liar that sings a true song.

**Villanelle for a Good Life
(Class Poem)**

Get a friend
Don't be rude
Try to mend

Try to blend
Don't get sued
Get a friend

Don't offend
Be nice, dude
Try to mend

There's a mountain you can ascend
Don't worry, you won't get booed
Get a friend

Try to bend
And eat a lot of food
Try to mend

Make a trend
Always be in a good mood
Get a friend
Try to mend

Villanelle
Avery Y., Sarah C. and Carina N.

When you're sad, do not sit in that red chair
That chair is not for you
Instead, eat a pretty pear

You and that fruit make a very good pair
The pear can make a very good stew
When you're sad, do not sit in that red chair

Pretty pears aren't that rare
So you know the right thing to do
Instead, eat a pretty pear

A pretty pear is easy to prepare
Just wash the pear with shampoo
When you are sad, do not sit in that red chair

You might not be a millionaire
But the pretty pear is good as new
Instead, eat a pretty pear

The pear must be handled with care
The pear is easy to chew
When you are sad, do not sit in that red chair
Instead, eat a pretty pear

Villanelle
Skylar N. and Hunter W.

Try to make money
So you can get whatever you want
Buy a cute bunny

Train him to do tricks that are funny
And then you can haunt
Try to make money

Then you can name him Sunny
And feed him a croissant
Buy a cute bunny

Cover the croissant with honey
And the croissant's ghost shall haunt
Try to make money

Then Sunny's nose will become runny
And you can write "stop running" in a big font
Buy a cute bunny

That can be funny
Get something you want
Try to make money
Buy a cute bunny

Villanelle
Alexandra S. and Kamea H.

You need to prepare
See the outside view
Feel the fresh air

You won't get a scare
Make sure you don't forget your shoes
You need to prepare

You need to always play fair
When you go outside you might see a zoo
Feel the fresh air

You might become a millionaire
You could see some pandas chewing
bamboo
You need to prepare

You could eat a fresh pear
You could make some stew
Feel the fresh air

Don't fall down the stairs
In the sky you might see blue
You need to prepare
Feel the fresh air

Villanelle
Eric H. and Lucas K.

To have fun, play a video game
Like Shindolife, Minecraft and Among Us
If you're good, you'll be in the Hall of Fame

You should be not ashamed
Don't make a fuss
To have fun, play a video game

In Shindolife, the futile you must tame
In Among Us, red is sus
If you're good, you'll be in the Hall of Fame

Minecraft is the most popular game
We got to discuss
To have fun, play a video game

You should be ashamed to play a lame
game
If you lose, don't cuss
If you're good, you'll be in the Hall of Fame

Deleting the game is lame
In Among Us, don't be treasonous
To have fun, play a video game
If you're good, you'll be in the Hall of Fame

Villanelle
Shelby K. and Isabella L.

When you're sad, do not sit in that red chair
That chair is not for you
Instead, eat a pretty pear

But beware that the pear is rare
Instead, eat stew
When you're sad, do not sit in that red chair

If you sit in that chair, it will be haunted by a
bear
Do not play with glue
Instead eat a pretty pear

Do not stare
Chew some bamboo
When you're sad, do not sit in that red chair

I care
Be careful with your new shampoo
Instead eat a pretty pear

Do not tear what you wear
Cows moo when people say boo
Do no sit in that red chair

Instead eat a pretty pear
Villanelle
Ethan W. and Christopher N.

Prepare to be a millionaire!
Do something new.
What do you wear?

Dye your hair.
I like blue.
Prepare to be a millionaire!

Life isn't always fair!
Be true.
What do you wear?

Breathe air.
Go boo!
Prepare to be a millionaire!

Don't get scared!
Think it through!
What do you wear?

Don't just stare.
Also do!
Prepare to be a millionaire!
What do you wear?

Sonnet for America
Isabella L., Shelby K., Ethan W., and
Kimberly Z.

Our bald eagle lives high in the sky
A symbol of liberty
This is no lie
In America we are free
We eat a lot of fast food
That makes us proud
It puts us in a good mood
We are a crowd
We live in the Big Apple
We are stronger together
We have the freedom to drink Snapple
We enjoy the nice weather
We are a nation
So we learn a lot of new information

Sonnet for America
Skylar N., Faye T., Hunter W., and Tyra J.

I played a role in a war
By holding the American flag with lots of
courage
Oh, it was against an infamous boar
And the flag was there to encourage
Oh, the flags have stars and like the stars
After a day of standing in blood that's red
I ride cars that come from Mars
I lay on my comfy bed
And eat some food from a drive-thru
That includes burgers and fries
That do not have the flu
And will not attract flies
I watch some tv which plays soccer
Which for some reason has a mocker

Lucas Cao

A poem is like summer and a big sun and lots of summer fun.

Lucas Cao is...

a pro player
a time machine
a scream of a tornado
a yell of victory
a big blue dragon
a big blue smile
a big strong mega Lucario
a pro tennis player
a roar of a lion
a scream of war
a big m4
a god
a crack of lightning

I am a computer
I look like a tv
I am bigger than a keyboard
I play video games with my friends, keyboard and mouse
I do this cause it's fun
I dream of being the best video game player in the world

Rolling

I roll, he rolls, she rolls
everyone rolls! Down the
hill, down, down, down
we go faster and faster
and faster and we get to
the bottom too fast to stop
covered with green stains,
dirt, and grass, fallen leaves
in our mouths, dandelion seeds all over
we go up, roll again and
roll, roll, roll

[I Wandered Lonely As A Cloud]

There are a lot of clouds
There are tall hills
There is no crowd
I hate daffodils
I get shade from trees
They sway in the breeze
The sun shines
All the way
One straight line
I stand on the bay
I glance in the sun
My mom wants to dance

Sarah Xuanyu Chen

Poetry is a letter always coming to you
Though you think it never arrives as for you
Don't see the poems all around you
You are making a poem every second you
speak
It may be as short as a dwarf and not have
a rhyme
But it counts as something every single time

Sarah Xuanyu Chen is...

the sound of rain topping on glass panes,
never to end.
trash, good and bad to the perspective of a
human and a raccoon.
buttered toast pieces grabbing watermelon.
the loud noise of a violin playing at 4:49 AM.
watermelon dipped in beef soup.
disgustingness not coming to a stop any
time soon.

I Am 8

I am 8
I am performing the violin on the stage of
town hall
Playing my first piece
I mess up, I mess up, I mess up

Getting ready for my next piece
Practicing with my orchestra and laughing
with them
Pianos, cellos, and violas accounted for
I am jumping to my spot and go on stage
I play
I mess up, I mess up, I mess up

Wishing

I wish I had
A Saint Bernard
I wish I lived
With my cousins
I wish my
Mom could
Stay with me
As long as
I will live
I wish life
Would never
End

[I Wandered Lonely As A Cloud]

I gaze at the clouds
At the top of the hills
To be seen, no crowd
Just a large field of daffodils
The scent of soil under the tree
And my hair is blown back by the breeze

The moon's bright shine
That never fades away
Bees flying in a line
I can see the edge of the bay
I give the lilacs a glance
And under the dusk I dance

Purple

Purple, but it's not purple
My water bottle's gradient slowly fades to
blue
My shoes, tinted with bits of green and
white
Part of my lunch bag has tie-dyed pink and
sky blue
Mommy
Rocking me to sleep
evening, just before
The sun sets
Winter, slowly
Changing into spring
A doe hiding her
Fawn from a hungry lion
And her cubs
Meeting my cousins
At my favorite
Water park
The sound of
Rain drumming
On the window
As I fall
asleep

Found Poem

Use your marvelous mathematician brain
Talk about it
Choose a flower and garden
So long as you learn and fix it
We can make a mini windmill with clay
And smell flowers as you wait for it to
harden

Aaron Fan

A poem is a sign that keeps whacking me on the face when I come into the room and its mom screams and whacks everything and then sighs. Poetry is a cheese burger and mustard and a banana.

I Am

I am a nuke exploding, I am a creeper exploding, I am a volcano exploding, I am a bomb exploding, I am a meteor exploding, I am a cookie exploding, I am a table exploding, I am a TV exploding, and while I write this poem Tyra just exploded, hooray.

I Am 7

I am 7
And I eat
Dumplings for lunch
Sweet vinegar

I am 7
I eat dumplings
They taste like
Sweet vinegar

I Am a Soup Dumpling

I am a soup dumpling. I am given at dinner in China. I am also eaten at lunch. I don't have a choice. It's my job. I live and die for food. I make food tasty. When you bite, I leak out soup. I am food. This is why I'm tasty.

Verbing

I hear birds singing
I taste pasta
I jump on a ball
I laugh like a clown
I yell with glee
I roll into mud
A bird flies by
I command the commander
I flip on a cloud
Someone dances in the bathroom
I giggle like heck
I fish a fish
I run over cars with a car
I walk on water
I swim in the classroom
I whisper to a car
I bounce a ball
I melt
I tiptoe
I wish for a diamond pick
I climb to heaven

Albert Feng

Poetry

Poetry is a paragraph that is shorter and comes from the sea and it is trying to get a McFlurry, but McDonald's is closed. It goes to an ice cream store to get ice cream and the ice cream store is closed.

Albert Feng is...

A snake running
Into the woods
I am a cake eating
Myself, I am the
Duck song singing to
Myself and I
Am a tornado
Eating houses

The First Time I Went to Tennis

I was 6
I was so amazing
Trembling in fear I would fail
But I didn't fail
I was so surprised
I actually won
Dad was not surprised
I did it again
The next time too
But Dad was not surprised
I did it the third time and
Dad was not surprised again

Moon

I am a moon
I am a round
Circle and gray
I'm as tall as
12,000,000 inches
I say hi to
Stars since
I have no
Choice and
I dream I
Don't get
touched

Shaking

My hands are shaking
my friends are shaking
I don't like shaking, but
I have to my body can't
stop shaking I don't like
not shaking either
It's so cold (shake)
I can't stop AHH!

Snake Spell

Silencio silencio silencio
The cyan snake jumps
In the bushes to catch
Its prey and comes
Out with a rat
Silencio silencio silencio

Found Poem

Deep in the ocean
Penguins dive down to eat
Up on the surface
There are dinosaurs
Also there are three-toed sloths
In the Arctic
There are polar bears
In the summer
There are monarch butterflies

Kamea Hasan

Poetry is plucking at the heartstrings and
Making music with them
It gives you the feeling of your favorite band

Kamea Hasan is...

a yellow and orange tabby cat curled in a
fuzzy ball
a pink rose that fights to the end

I Am Seven

I am seven
The summer I am going to LA
I am nervous while excited
When I am on the plane
the summer I went to LA

I am going to be a flower girl
At one of my dad's friend's weddings
the summer I went to LA

I went to Disneyland
The other day
I am going on most of the rides there
Everything is going well
My sister didn't go on the rides

A Pencil

I am a pencil
Banging against the paper
Angrily as I write

When I'm done with my job
Which I have no choice
To do or not
I sleep in a box or case
Until the next day

I hope that
I will never have to
Do this again
For a job

Tiptoe

My sister is trying to tiptoe across the room
My heart is trying to tiptoe away
I guess it's trying to get me to go
somewhere else
My mom tries to tiptoe away from the room
but then I start to tiptoe away from her
My dad starts to tiptoe away from my angry
sister
My mom whispers to my dad to walk back to
my sister and
do his job as a father
He does as my mom commands

[I Wandered Lonely As A Cloud]

I see lots of clouds
When I was up in the hills
Where there is no crowd,
starting to bloom up through the grass, are
the daffodils
There's lots of trees
Where it has a cool breeze

The bright sun shines
Positioned in the best way
I can see the skyline
And the bay
I give it a glance
And I see the crabs do a dance

Blue

Blue, blue, blue, blue
It's not blue, it's a cloudless sky
An ocean, a cluster of glaciers

It's the sweetness of a blueberry
It's the rain pattering on the window
Watering the blue roses

It's the blue folder sitting on my desk
Along with the blue pencil in the
Pencil case

Claire He

Poetry is frosted fire
in an icy frosted cave
with flames on the roof and dragon eggs inside that
will hatch into birds.

I Am a Cat

I am a cat that is playful, eating the Doritos on the desk, doing back flips with a twist, and using my mind to make the desk 100 km tall and 100 km long and I back flip 10 times.

Ice Skating

Scoot, scoot, scoot
I scoot on the shiny ice, slow at first
Then fast as I slide across the ice,
Then I slow then scoot before I hit the safety pad
Scoot, scoot, scoot
I return to the group with the other kids
There was a line
Each kid got to sit on a chair then get slid around
Scoot, scoot, scoot
After that we had to leave
I can't wait for next time

Daring

I dare you to fly a dragon.
I dare you to fly a phoenix.
I dare you to fly a desk.
I dare you to fly a chair.
I dare you to fly everything,
even the Milky Way.

Eric Huang

Poetry is just your shadow telling you what to do

A poem is a shadow that follows you every step everywhere you go. It follows your step, but when there is no light your shadow is gone. A poem is a shadow of your feelings, what's deep inside.

Eric is...

a sloth
a ground sloth
a Korean 4-toed sloth
and a 2-toed sloth
and a 3-toed sloth
and an African 3-toed sloth

Green

Green is turtles
Lily pads
Flowers
It's not just a color, it's the color of joy and happiness
Vines
Emeralds
Frogs and stems
A light to freedom
A light to the sky
Leaves
Grass
All of nature indeed

Tyra Jiang

Poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings. Poetry is a bird that loves poetry. Poetry is always the shine and the sweets.

Tyra Jiang is...

a swimming dog
a Christmas tree
a book
a pencil
a school
I'm a sunny day
I am raining water drops
I am a candy skittle
singing

Wishing and Dogs and Other Stuff

My mom wishes for a dog.
My dad wishes for a dog, too.
I also wish for a dog.
My cousin runs away from dogs, only if they are friendly, she won't.
My family loves dancing.
If I had a dog I would teach it to dance.
The fish are dancing in the tank with a bottle.
I also commanded an avocado from Mexico into the universal world.
The clown was singing like Billie Eilish in the shower.

Blue

Blue blue blue
Moving whales swish swish
A blue dog barks at a water bottle
Flying birds sing like rain
In the afternoon we put our jackets on
And rain boots
And jump through the puddles of water

[I Wandered Lonely As A Cloud]

I sat on a cloud
I sat on a hill
I sat in the daffodils
I sat on a tree
I flew with the breeze
I watched the sun shine
I walked the safe way
I sat while waiting in line
I sat at the bay while watching the waves flow
I went to a party, glanced, then danced

Found Poem

Believe dream and achieve
Believe in freedom
Ms. Wingenfeld is the best teacher
Use knowledge school pro
Believe hope
Teacher believe and hope in freedom
The bad guy don't know knowledge

Taylene Kim

Poetry is a note where you can express your feelings. A poem is peace. Just get a paper and write whatever you want. Poetry is the color sky blue for peace. Poetry is love. Poetry is something special to us all and it shines like the sun.

Taylene is...

I am a bird. I am a woodchuck pecking on trees. I am water bringing peace to the world. I am Korea. I am the sound of birds chirping. I am sky blue for calm and pink for love. I am a sunny day. I am happy. I have love. I have peace. I am the feeling of flying in the air.

The First Time I Saw Snow

I saw snow pouring down and down. I ran out, getting snow all over my body. I finally recognized the snow when I was 4 years old. The snow was pouring down, down, and down. I finally recognized and enjoyed the snow. The snow was white as paper, this lovely filigree, just look at my beauty. The snow was piled up. Just lay the snow on your finger and instantly it disappeared. Just look at my beauty from the sky to the ground with all the snow pouring down, down, and down.

The World Around Me

I see the butterfly around me. I hear the sound of the fish jumping into the pond and *splash* it swims away. As I walk past the pond and into the park I see people laughing, running, and yelling as I command world peace. I can feel the world, including world peace *oh how sweet the sound* and oh how I could have wished for love

Purple

Purple, purple, purple, purple
It's not purple, it is the number 9
It's a flower waiting for summer and beauty
Purple is a flower forming love, too
Purple is a flower
Purple, purple, purple
It is an amethyst waiting to glow and shine
Purple, purple, purple
I can't wait to see it again

Julia Shelby Kong

Poetry is inside of a cracked egg, spilling out with feeling. Poetry is birds chirping as they fly in the fall when all the trees die, when all the leaves are in the sky, falling and fluttering to the ground as you hear a cold wind sound.

Shelby is...

the sound of thunder
a jaguar
a monkey
loud
a chip eater
a happy orange
a fast bike
a rainbow
polka dots
a clock at 3:33
a red and orange flower
a cat lover
popcorn popping

Last Christmas

Age 7
Snow falling
Last Christmas
Ornaments shining
Opening presents
Jumping with joy
Snowman pancakes
Snow falling
Cold white snow
Sledding down a hill
Slippery ice
Hot cocoa
Candy canes sold in stores
Snow falling

Strawberry

I am a strawberry
I am red
I am full of seeds
I am chopped, mashed, and put in pancakes
I have a green stem
I grow on bushes, then I'm picked and sold
And I am eaten
I wake up, then I'm watered, and I grow
I live in a field with all my strawberry friends
I play hide and seek, hiding in the bushes
I am a strawberry
I grow

Noelle

I am Noelle
I am a Christmas song
I can call people, but I text
I am an older sister to a girl named Shelby
We play games, watch videos, and laugh together
Sisters

Wiggle

My tooth, it is wiggly
I wiggle
My mom wiggles
My sister wiggles
I wiggle all night
I wiggle all day
The tooth does not come out at breakfast
I wiggle one more time and pop!
The tooth comes out
No more wiggling!

Twirling

I twirl
I twirl in a circle
I twirl in a line
I twirl in a curvy line
I twirl in the day
I twirl in the night
My sister twirls
My mom twirls
My friends twirl

[I Wandered Lonely As A Cloud]

I ate a cloud
On a hill
There was a big crowd
Of daffodils
There were trees
Swaying in the breeze
The sun shines
And it leads the way
The path is a line
Going into a bay
It gives me a glance
And I dance

Found Poem

Never give up
Work carefully
Be the change that you wish
To see in the world
Care for the earth
Dinosaur poop
Find patterns
Use knowledge
Best teacher ever

Lucas Kwan

Poetry is a tank that is shooting hams.
The ham has ketchup and mustard.
A poem is a dragon firing hams.

Lucas

Lucas Kwan is a lion that is weak.
Lucas Kwan is the police.

Fly

I fly to the sky.
While I fly I see birds fly and a plane fly.
I fly down and up.
I see an eagle flying towards me to eat me.

Lion Spell

Lion eats a fish
Lion sleeps in a cave
Lion eats an ox and a turtle

Roar, roar, roar
Lion roars
Roar, roar, roar
Lion roars
Roar, roar, roar
Lion roars
Roar, roar, roar

Isabella Lee

Poetry is like a herd of stamping animals.
Poetry is like a dog barking and wagging his tail.
Poetry is like a book that you write.
Poetry is like a calm thing, like a beach.

Isabella Lee is...

an active puppy.
a flying spattering egg with a smile and eyes.
a long noodle.
a galaxy.
a very long book.
a tv.
a sleeping dog.
a crunchy chip.
a flaming dragon.
a simple beep.
a snowy day.

Bugs, Bugs, and Bugs

I am 7 and I got a praying mantis
A praying mantis with big eyes
We put it in the cage
Bugs, bugs, and more bugs

A cage with dirt and sticks
With some sun
The praying mantis was in the cage
Bugs, bugs, and more bugs

Puts some crickets in the cage
The praying mantis devoured it
It was so big
Bugs, bugs, and more bugs

Wish

I wish I had a puppy.
The lion wishes he had a piece of meat.
The ant wishes he won't get stepped on.
The poison dart frog wishes he would be left alone.
The fly wishes for some food.
The snake wishes for some friends.
The frog wishes for a fly.
The cat wishes he could fly.

Yellow

Yellow, yellow, yellow
A pencil
Kids playing in the sun
The wonderful smelling sunflower dancing in the sun
The sun shines brightly in the daytime
The delicious mango and banana
The delicious lemon in lemonade
Kids on the beach play in the sand

Elsa Lui

Donut Poem

A poem is a donut
With strawberry icing and sprinkles
I would love to eat a poem!

It would be yummy
With that yummy hole of donut
I would love to eat one

I really want a poem to eat
It sounds good
Eat one today!
A sweet donut poem

I want to eat the poem
Yummy little baby poem donut
Yummy yummy little baby donut poem
Yummy yummy

Elsa is...

a kitty
a donut
a sunny day
not a sparkly wedding dress
an amusement park with rides
an apartment
a busy street
a no-school day
a big face in a bottle of milk
a floating bottle cap
a huge hot air balloon
a lollipop with sprinkles
an Elsa
a falling stork
a new plant in space
a no-Lucas-leaning-peacefulness
a big rainbow space shuttle

The Building

I dream that I can fly
I dream I can shake all my windows
I wish no one would sleep on floors
I wish I wasn't a building

I want to walk on the city

I don't want to stand watching everyone
walk by
I don't like glass for windows
Why, oh, why, am I a building

People open my doors
Every day
They spill coffee on my floors
And don't care

I always wanted to be a cloud
Floating way up in the sky
Or a human
As small as an umbrella

I wish I was a boat
Imagine what I'd see
Imagine what I'd see
If I wasn't a building

Screaming

I scream!
Mommy screams!
Daddy screams!
Jackson screams!
The world screams! (and shakes)
The people scream!
My fish scream!
The gold sacred gem screams!
The richest person in the world screams!
The little boy who always loses his balloon
screams!
The windows shake and scream!
The stapler screams!
The skateboard screams!

Yellow

Yellow reminds me of mommy
It reminds me of flowers
It reminds me of the sun
It reminds me of rain
It reminds me of Santa
It reminds me of white snow
It reminds me of plants
It reminds me of the beach
It reminds me of nine hats
It reminds me of ten faces

Carina Ng

Poetry is a shooting star
That is going really far
It is in the night sky
While moonlight shines

While the shooting star goes by
Watch it go by you
But don't forget to make a wish!

It might come true
Wait
Don't be afraid
The world is a magical place

Carina is...

a cat thinking
a dragon's wings flapping
a book with words
a nice, cozy, quiet spot
a rainbow appearing
the sun shining
a rose blossoming
a piano playing
a shooting star

I Am 6

I am 6 making cookies
In Mrs. Radigan's cooking class
We crack the eggs
We mix and mix

Now we add the milk
We add the chips
We add flour
We add sugar
And mix and mix

Now we put the cookies in the oven and wait
When it's done
We munch
And crunch

Float

The plants float
in space

Why do the planets float?
I do not know

Why do the planets orbit?
I do not know

Dragon Spell

Mishanto the dragon
Shine, shine, shine on

Mishanto wakes up the sun
Mishanto gives the heat
Mishanto shines on

Shine, shine, shine on
Minshanto, mishanto

[I Wandered Lonely As A Cloud]

Slowly moving clouds
Big towering hills
A quiet flower crowd
Small yellow daffodils
Swaying willow trees
A small cool breeze

The sun brightly shines
Looking on top of the hill is the best way
Rocks in the lake line by line
Small crabs at the bay
Looking, I glance
Then at the lake I dance

Blue

Blue, nature's breeze
Flowing water and sea
Flying blue birds coming to me

Endless blue sky
Time passes by
Flowers and blueberries sweet as can be

Blue whales swimming under the sea
Blue coral surrounded by clownfish
Ice floating in the middle of the sea
Blue nature's breeze coming to me

Cherry Blossom Tree (Found Poem)

cherry blossom tree
in the breeze
cherry blossom leaves
so pretty
the bees
flew to the tree
and collected the pollen that is sweet

Audrey Ngai

Poetry is a flower blossoming in the winter.
The words make up the petals while the
meaning makes up the rest.

Audrey is...

a sleeping chipmunk
a sandwich
I'm a loud purple
I'm a chocolate bar
I'm your favorite song playing on loop
I'm a pen running out of ink
I'm a dancing panda
I'm an extra hand

Bottle

I am a bottle of hand sanitizer
I'm a bottle of liquid just waiting to be used
I clean many hands on a daily basis
I live on this shelf and different people
Of different sizes come and squirt liquid out
Of me on their hands
When I run out of liquid someone gives me
more
I come from this company called "Purell"
I have no choice of what I do
I just wait till someone uses me
I dream that someone will come and take
me away
From this place
I wish to come home with someone

Mom

I am Audrey's mom. I smell the scent of
work having to be done. The smell reminds
me of all the hours I spend working. I see a
dirty house with a lot of chores needing to
be done. The biggest thing I see is the piles
of chores that need to be done. The
smallest thing I see is the free time I have
without chores. I have two children, my

devils Avery and Audrey. I am Audrey's
mom.

Purple

Purple, purple, purple
It's not just a color
It's many things like
The beautiful smell of lavender
Or a mystical and mysterious feeling
Or maybe just a mix between red and blue
But whatever you think purple is
I think it's amazing
Purple isn't just a color, it's an emotion

Red Panda Spell

Kaboosh kaboosh
Boom boom boom
Oh red panda, move
Move to me, move through the
Sky, move through the sky and take
Me with you, go around the
Earth and end up where we started
Kaboosh kaboosh
Boom boom boom
Oh red panda
Move through the
Sea oh red panda
Take me with you
Kaboosh kaboosh
Boom boom boom

Found Poem

It's ok to make a mistake
Be sure never to give up
Those that don't believe in themselves
Will give up
Be somebody that makes everyone feel
good
Be the good thing you wish to see in the
world

Christopher Ngan

Poetry is nonsense words with meaning that scream loud on paper
It sounds like a song
Poetry is a bomb that explodes
with imagination words shoot out of someone's heart to the paper

Cricket

Christopher is a cricket
A chirping cricket
A brown cricket
A cricket eating a leaf
A camouflaged cricket
A flying cricket
A cricket-pooing cricket

Book

I am a very popular book
People look at me
I have no idea what they are doing
They pull me off the shelf
They shove me in desks
But before that my friend pencil
Rubbed on me all day
To this day I thrive on a shelf

Eat

The monster eats people
eats planes
eats lots of apples
eats trees
eats pizza
eats the pizza box
eats the pizza table
eats the pizza floor
eats the whole pizza shop

Salmon Spell

Spish
Sploosh
Salmon
Tame the salmon
Shame to the bears!
Feed the salmon
Love the salmon
Happy the salmon
Spish splosh

Skylar Niu

Poetry is a short or long sword slicing through evil and healing words quietly.
Poetry is soft iron coated with tungsten, short or long.
Poetry is a living being that cannot be seen or touched, but whose powers can be felt,
healing poems and killing evil. That is poetry, reviving words.

Skylar Niu is...

A pineapple flavored pizza containing two, only two, types of germs
One is good, the other is a plague
There is a 99% change to get the plague, 1% to get the other
A snail oozing 10kg of slime every millisecond
A sound that happened at the Big Bang
The amount of heat that happened at the Big Bang

I Am 8

I am 8
Going to recess
Doing what was planned
Tati is tagger, takes 5 minutes
Next is me, takes 10 minutes
Evan is first
Hunter is last
Hiding and seeking, running
No one gets caught in the last 3 minutes
We have to line up
Go back to class
If only we had that last round
I would win

Building

I am a building
Every day I lie down and go up again
I live in NYC
I am able to scream and cause 100 buildings to fall
I dream of tickling the moon
I wait to turn into a mansion and be worth 2 billion dollars

Command And Smash

I smashed a table
The table fell on the snacks
I commanded the table to not smash the snack
And commanded the snack to smash the table
And then go on my mouth
Yum
All I have now is a table
I command it to smash and create new snacks
And looped until the table got angry about getting smashed
And commanded me to eat the snack
I did and smashed the house
And commanded the table to self-destruct

Evan Paananen

Poetry is the opening and closing of a door, leaving those who look through to guess about what is seen during the moment. It does not matter what color the door is. Black, brown, gold, or white.

A poem is ice melting with never ending water.

Evan Paananen is...

a Nintendo switch
buzz from Brawl Stars
Greninja from Pokemon Unite
a snowfall
a black and white named Gibby

I Am 8

I am 8
My Pokemon castle is killing and scoring everybody
With my stealth rocks, I am scoring with my buddy...
unite, move, and score shield...
I win!
The points are 793 to 246

Verbing

I snatched the snacks and I snatched the commander's laugh.
Then I danced and giggled and I fiddled and wiggled my fingers.
I also commanded the commanders
to tell the commander of every world
to make me the god of time and space.
I made lava spill and fall
and melt EVERYONE.

Blue

Blue, blue, blue, blue
It's not blue
It's nighttime, it's rain
It's the winter snow
It's the sea
It's the blue violets I see on my blue deck
It's the coldness of the world
It's December

Ryan Park

Poetry is like a soothing song, but like a fire without smoke and ash. Poetry is like war and battle. Poetry is like ninjas and jiu-jitsu being created. Poetry is like dragons and fantasy. Poetry is like a game, but stuffed with brains. Poetry is like a falcon soaring in the sky after its prey and saying, "Time to eat."

Ryan

I am a peregrine falcon soaring after prey.
I am like a war in Korea, competing with Japan.
I am like a tsunami rising over its victim.
I am like a floor.
I am a past avatar mastering its power and protecting the nations.
I am Ryan.

Mask

I am a mask
I am white, blue, or any color
My job is to protect you
I am like a force field to protect your nose and face
I wish not to be worn because I get germs on me

Tatiana Rodriguez

Poetry is play. I'd even rather have you think of it as football.

Poetry

Poetry is time
It's patience and rhyme
The way it chimes
Like a dime

Poetry clinks and rattles
Like a chain
Poetry can be about anything
Even rain!

Tatiana is...

a lilac flower
a bird chirping
a dog barking
wind rustling
a graceful wave
an ax chopping
a cyan candle
a cloudless day
a kazoo echo
nature speaking

My Verb Poem

I climbed the couch with leftover popcorn
from movie night.
I climbed the hill with damp soil.
I climb every day up to the local bus.
I climb Mount Everest in a second every
day.
I climb, climb, climb with the climbers of
climbers.
You climb in climbing lessons.
We all climb, climb, climb!
Climb everyone to the great building!
Climb to Mount Everest,
Climb, climb, climb!

I Sing

I sing every day in the rain and the sun
I sing in the morning, damp and cool
Night time breezes, I sing many songs
I sing the sad and the dark
I sing the happy and the bright
I sing every night!

Purple

Purple, purple, purple
Purple is a lilac
In the spring as summer comes
I take out my purple cropped sweater
No need for the purple jacket
As I run in the lavender field
I read my purple books in the purple sky
Purple is an amethyst glowing

The Bird Cure

Boolahum-hum boolahum-hum
The bird, the blue bird, in rain
The bird, the blue bird, in flight
BOOM goes lightning
BOOM goes the bird as it tumbles down
It fuels up with morning sun
And the bird, the blue bird, is in rain no
more
The bird, the blue bird, takes flight again

The Tornado Cure

Swish, swoosh, swish, swoosh go trees in
the breeze
Woosh, moosh, boosh, kaloosh
Tree branches fly off
The wind is powerful
Swish, swoosh, swish, swoosh suddenly
becomes hard
Woosh, moosh, boosh, kaloosh
A tornado snaps houses
A person climbs a car
Swish, waa? The tornado calms again
The houses fly back together
The damage is cured

Alexandra Santora

Poetry is a piece of paper where you can let out feelings. If you are happy, mad, or sad. It's like if you have fun and you are happy in the hot sun. If you are sad in the rain you can let out that feeling. Grab a pencil or a pen to write down that feeling to make a great poem. That would be the end.

Alexandra

Alexandra is a cheetah
That has a book of its eyes
Coffee to stay awake and glide
It's singing to sleep to come awake
Worrying and wondering what to think
It has yellow orange dots on its skin
To have a happy feeling

I Am 6

I am 6
I have a board to break
I am trembling a little loud
One step closer
I am trembling
I have the board to break, but I am
trembling
What if it hurts

I am trembling
Waiting to be done
I am trembling
Not lots of fun
I can't go because I am trembling
One step closer
I am trembling

Older Sister

I am an older sister
I have a sister named Alex
Yes, I DO finish my dinner quickly until I'm ill
I have a bed that's dark
Smell the mint, that's me
As ill as I am I have a destiny
I wish to stay awake
Writing all day
Sleeping off into a wave
I hate butterflies

In a big house
Now the day is over
Ouch
I get mad easily
So goodbye

Verbing

I whisper to myself
Would I dance?
Can I sing and scream?
No, I am rolling into the city
I melt into the snow
Goodbye for all I know

Colors

Colors are coming
Colors are here
Colors are fun
Colors can hear
Colors say hi
The colors are now saying goodbye

[I Wandered Lonely As A Cloud]

I sleep in a cloud
Staring at hills
There is no crowd
So many daffodils
Animals climb the trees
Then you feel a breeze

There is no sunshine
So you say there is no way
You puff up and you see a line
Now you are by the bay
You can glance
But you can also dance

Found Poem

You need medicine
Find laughter
Shine like a cherry blossom
Either make a world
Or add on to it
Make a swirl
We don't need to fit in
Lots of choices to make today

Arissa Tsang

Poetry is a note with words that make no ACTUAL SENSE such as, "A poem is a flame of fire."

A poem is a French fry.
It is like when your pencil is yellow and you have a red eraser like ketchup.
It tastes so good without ketchup.

Arissa T is...

a puppy sleeping
a good unicorn flying
a potato chip eater sitting and watching
a live iPad at 2:00 AM in the morning
a thunderstorm coming
a donut eating a chocolate donut

I Am a Dad

I look like a stick figure, with hair
I lived in Hong Kong, but I live in Heaven now
I speak English and Chinese
I played games on the PC for a time
She never saw me again
After she was 7

Jump

I jump onto my sister
I jump onto my cousin
I jump onto the couch
I jump into my mom
But do I jump on my dad?

Giggle

My sister giggles
My mom giggles
My cousin giggles
My friends giggle
But do I giggle?

Turtle Spell

expovio, expovio
The turtle swims
the turtle dies
the turtle comes back alive
Expovio expovio
The turtle dies
The turtle is alive
But how
The turtle is
expovio
The turtle is dead still
Expovio
Oh look the turtle is alive in his tank

Faye Tsui

A poem is like a cute little baby turtle crawling across the sand. The baby turtle will walk across the sea and land.

Faye is...

a turtle
a chair
a table
the universe
a strong tornado
a sound of war
eating too much
flying
sleeping
drinking

I Am 8

I am 8
And so scared
My eyes are closed
I drool in my mask
The ride is rotating
While swinging from side to side
The wind pushes against my face
My eyes are closed
And when I open them
I see the ground very far
And when I look up
I feel like it will go over the top
And keep swinging forever
My eyes are closed
Wishing and regretting
I have gone on the ride

[I Wandered Lonely As a Cloud]

Ourwa looks at a cloud
Then eats a hill
In this place, there is no crowd
Just fun, comfortable little daffodils
Ourwa starts eating trees
He closes his eyes and drinks the breeze
It is nice to look at ourwa's scale shine
(but it is the worst way)
Oh look! Clones of ourwa walking in a line
And little ourwas whine at the bay
The ourwa runs away because they look at our glance
Then the little ourwa danced

Ethan Wang

The poet is a liar who always speaks the truth.
The poet is a fire that is a liar that sings a true song.
A poem is a backpack that keeps your song, but has a hole.
A poem is a car without gas that still drives.

Ethan Wang Is...

a phoenix that shoots a heart shattering explosion, a meat-stealing robber, a shining supernova, a
pro at parkour, a humming bird chirping

Four

Four years old
Crying at the school
There was just
Too much time
When you only
Had 100 years to live
Four years old
Whining at school
There are only 100 years to live

Heart

I am a heart
I'm very sensitive and strong
I'm shaped like a fist
I'm important
I'm the boss of my body
I dream of being bigger
I am red

Command

I am a good commander
I command Joe Biden
I command everything
I command the commander
which is ME!

Blue

Blue, blue, blue
Blue is the sky
Blue is the ocean
Blue is everywhere
Blue is a diamond
Blue is my friends
Blue is Whiskers, my stuffed animal
Blue feels like fur
Blue sounds like peace
Blue is my family and me
Blue is tears of joy
Blue is a globe

Hunter Wong

Poetry

Poetry is writing a personal narrative and
Planting a garden while looking at your weird sibling
Poetry is the blazing hot sun
Poetry is all of the kids in my class
Poetry is my teachers
Blasting in your face
Big, big blasting sun...

Hunter is...

a big fat cucumber exploding!
an enormous stove burning
and exploding other people apart
a pikachou zapping people and tearing them
zing, zing, zing, bam!
an earthquake!
the supersonic sneeze!
the Burmese python swallowing
I am the pacific ring of fire

I am a dollar bill
A big rectangle that says one
Yes, only one number
I'm waiting to be used
I hope to be used by everybody in the world

I am a samurai
I have weapons made from metal and
Armor made from iron
I'm born in Japan
I live in a hard world

Smash

I smashed books down.
Joe Biden smashed my sister's hair apart.
My sister smashed.
My mom smashed.
My dad smashed.
My dog smashed his bones to pieces.

Kaylee Yan

Poetry is like a tree
 Poetry can be long and skinny like a tree
 Trees are tall and skinny
 Poetry comes out fresh
 Like how trees make the air fresh

Kaylee

Kaylee is a playful dog
 a bright yellow
 a piano
 a book
 sunshine

Feeding a Puppy

I am 7
 Dog food is tiny
 Dog is coming closer
 Dog is cute and furry
 Dog comes running to me
 Dog food is tiny
 Dog is tiny, too
 Dog is white
 Dog food is tiny

Paper

I am thin. I am white. I am as thin as water. I spend my time laying down. I spend my time getting written on. I don't have a choice. I dream of not getting written on.

Rice

I am tiny. I am white. I am as tiny as a seed. I get cooked. I get eaten. I have no choice

but to get eaten. I dream of turning into another thing.

Mountain

I am big. I am green. I am blue. I am a lot bigger than a swimming pool. I get things built on me. I get hunters standing on me. I dream of no people on me.

Command

She commands for some tea
 He commands for his pencil
 I command for my book
 Jordan... is she commanding?
 Her baby commands for a toy
 A teenager commands for a book
 Calvin commands for things all day long

[I Wandered Lonely As A Cloud]

Look at those puffy white clouds
 Floating on top of a hill
 The giant crowds sitting on top of the hill
 I see daffodils dancing in the wind
 Leaves are singing with the trees
 Twigs are moving with the breeze

It's fun to have the sun
 Shine on my face
 Leaves find their way to the ground
 Ants march in a line
 Kids take a dip in the bay
 I glance at them
 They dance their way to the shore

Avery Yu

Poetry is a diary
kept by William Shakespeare
with ketchup and donuts,
eaten by a sea creature
from Mexico.

Avery is...

a dinosaur chomping hundreds of wombats, bears, and cheetahs.
Lonely as the island of Tristan da Cahna.
The last slice of cake.

Kimberly Zheng

Poetry is strong, but editing makes it stronger and bolder. Love is longer, but poetry is stronger.
I can feel the windy breeze, I can see how winter will feel, how I will breathe. I can feel the wind
of victory.

Kimberly is...

As small as a hat, as big as a mouse, as sweet as a candy bar, as important as the shelter of
thousands of pets waiting for a bus to... come... so what are you waiting for? Come to freedom.

Clock

I am a clock
Tick tick tick
Time and time I go
I fly tip to tip
I come swinging to the tip
Tip by tip I go
I never stop flying in the air
I go swing, swing, SHOO
Tick, tick, tick, tick, iringg
I fall down on the floor

The Letter A

A mountain snow falling
Shish shh snowflakes
Look at my smile
Coming down flying down sh sh sh sh
I swing my way down
When I'm down my face turns into a frown
Look as I melt and
Turn invisible

Verbing

I taste a pump of joy
I tiptoe on the silent of happy
I flip to the space of joy
I yell to the top of my lungs
I jump to the joy of the world

Found Poem

April is a dream
Do it to believe
Ocean music
Extras who will dream

Mr. Carneiro's Class

**Kelandria Alba
Benjamin Cecil
Elizabeth Chen
Ethan Chen
Salina Chen
Terry Chen
Amber Cheng
Kayda Chiang
Madison Chiang
Eloise Gilbert
Scarlett Hoy
Kimberlee Hu
Marcus Huang
Tiberius Lee
Kailey Lin
Damon Liu
Jeremy Liu
Arsal Malik
Srikar Pillai
Mathea Ren
Chloe Ting
Alice Tu
Sanai Witherspoon
Jet Wong
Lucas Xu
Joseph Yoo
Alex Zha
Sophia Zhao
Gavin Zheng**

**What Is Poetry?
(Class Poem)**

Poetry is poetry.
A poem is a blank piece of paper waiting for you
Poetry is where I sit.
Poetry is an egg.
Poetry is sweet as a biscuit.
Poems are like a giraffe's long neck; they are soft and slide down well.
Poetry is a convincing, sweet, and pleasant topic.
Poetry is the happiness of the children right here.
Poetry is like a bird; it flies free without any rules.
Poetry can swim like a dolphin.
Poetry is a tiger running through the wild.
Poetry is like using a sharp knife to stab at reality.
Poetry is a ripe berry tanned with a ray of sunshine and striped with a pale rainbow.
Poetry is a chocolate lollipop.
Poetry is children playing in the meadow.
Poetry is like playing in the snow.
Poetry is the warmth of comfort.
Poetry is like warm pizza in your mouth.
Poetry is an alternate reality and is only found when it wants to be found.
Poetry is a word, a song, a rose, a friend, and joy.
Poetry is a tree.
Poetry is yellow like sunshine.
Poetry is sunshine peeking through the curtains.
Poetry is like a plane going in every direction.
Poetry is the color in life.
Poetry is a swirl of words that form a rainbow, a sun, and a beautiful starry sky.
Poetry is your mom telling you what to write, but all sense is destroyed.
Poetry is the smile when you open a Christmas gift.
Poetry is a rainbow with cloudy, dark clouds.
Poetry is a clump of words that show you and that make sense.
Poetry is concentrated happiness.
Poetry is anything you want it to be.
Poetry is everything.

**Villanelle for a Good Life
(Class Poem)**

Breathe fresh air
Sleep, eat and play all day
Remember to care

Don't go to a carnival fair
Play in the month of May
Breathe fresh air

Don't get eaten by a bear
On money you owe, always pay
Remember to care

Don't go into a scary mare's lair
Don't stay up late on a week day
Breathe fresh air

When you're in public, don't stare
Don't hurt the fishies in the bay
Remember to care

Every day, eat an apple or a pear
Also, remember to pray
Breathe fresh air
Remember to care

Villanelle
Alex Z. and Damon L.

Ace your tests
Don't disappoint your dad
Always try your best

Beware of the holy bird's nest
Don't be sad
Ace your tests

Win all the contests
Don't be bad
Always try your best

Become the best
Don't disappoint your dad
Ace your tests

Don't be a pest
Make sure you have a good lad
Always try your best

Venture to the west
And don't be sad
Ace your tests
Always try your best

Villanelle
Kelandria A. and Kimberlee H.

Always care
Get good grades
And remember to share

During tests try to prepare
Have fun watching parades
And always care

Don't take risky dares
Don't end up with AIDS
And remember to share

Don't go in a bear's lair

Just chill in the shade
So always care

Try not to stare
Don't join a raid
Please remember to share

Your car's broken? Get it repaired!
Make sure owners get paid
Just please, care
And remember to share!

Villanelle
Amber C. and Sophia Z.

Don't fall down the stairs
Beware scary bears
Don't do a lot of dares

Avoid people who stare
Don't shed a lot of tears
Don't fall down the stairs

Have a lot of friends that care
Try to be a millionaire
Eat some fruit

Don't ride a wild mare
When you see a cliff, beware
Don't fall down the stairs

See a 4-leaf clover that's rare
Always remember to prepare
Don't do a lot of dares

Be careful about what you wear
Always be fair
Don't fall down the stairs
Don't do a lot of dares

Sonnet for America
Kelandria A., Madison C. and Lucas X.

We have a great flag
Our animal is the bald eagle
We do not mean to brag
Most things we do are legal
Our flower is the red rose
Our tree is the mighty oak
We water our gardens with a hose
All give it a little soak
We have Yellowstone National Park
We also have Mount Rushmore
Our wolves will all bark
And howl behind our door
We have fifty states
We also have some awesome traits

Sonnet for America
Eloise G. and Kayda C.

I stare at the flames of liberty
It is surrounded by the waves of the sea
A child slides down a slide - wheee!
In America, we are free
Around me there is a large crowd
I bite into a juicy hot dog
The people are shouting and it is loud
I sit on a fat log
Our flag is blue, red, and white
Our national flower is a rose
Roses are a lovely sight
You can water them with a hose
And children play
While roses sway

Sonnet for America
Mathea R., Gavin Z., Benjamin L., and Sophia Z.

Here we are free
We have fifty states
We have liberty, finally
America has the highest rates
Our flag is very old
The flag is red
But it never had mold
American's strong say Ted
Look, a blooming rose
And there goes the Target truck
The UPS truck always goes
And there's a clover that brings good luck
Everybody goes to Times Square at least
once or twice
America has mice

Sonnet for America
Amber C., Kailey L. and Terry C.

Here under our imperfect flag
We are all free
We love our red, white, and blue rag
Everyone here has liberty
The eagle flies in the sky and looks down at
the fifty states
Down below there is a single bush with a
single rose
The eagle says, "Wake up, or you'll be late"
As the flower wakes from its doze
There stands the mighty oak
Children cry, "Let's play ball"
The tree drinks some mighty Coke
And the children run in the halls
Then the kids play
And stay awake all day

Sonnet for America**Alex Z., Damon L., Jeremy L. and Scarlett H.**

All hail the cheeseburgers and French fries
Everybody salute the dirty rag
The actually bald eagle flies
We all worship the silver stag
Strength is in eagles
But we are all bagels
Full of beagles
And eating bagels, our own kind, is illegal
Everyone is free
Yet we don't have all freedom
But we do have glee
And juicy plums
However, we have evil mosquitos
And we all eat Doritos

Sonnet for America**Kimberlee H., Marcus H, Arsal M, and Elizabeth C.**

Our bald eagle flies
High in the sky
When we eat yummy French fries
From the sky the land looks dry
We all eat crackers with American cheese
Our flag looks like a beautiful rag
The cheese attracts the bees
Around the flag, we play tag
Everyone loves the pretty blue crabs
When we want to go for a swim, we go to
the harbor
People go to the crabs to grab them
To cut our hair we go to the barber
In the field we are playing with the soccer
ball
In the United States, we have it all!

Sonnet for America**Chloe T., Alice T., and Sanai W.**

We all have justice in the land today
Young and old, strong and weak, poor and
wealthy
But know that it was not always that way
Before we were stealthy,
not as healthy
A pretty flower; it is called the rose
And the mighty oak for all those brave
Like the great statue's magnificent pose
Mount Rushmore was carved from a single
rock cave
We have the famous hamburger and those
yummy foods
The great bald eagle flies high and broad
And the British revolution intrudes
Over here we don't like a single fraud
America is immigrant fond
From blue to red to white and all beyond

Sonnet for America**Ethan C. and Joseph Y.**

We were given liberty
Us, the United States
We became free
1776 is the date
Our national animal is the eagle
We give our great war cry
Our favorite rock band is the Beatles
We love to eat hamburgers and fries
Our favorite sport is football
We love the computer
One of our seven wonders is Niagara Falls
Some of us need a tutor
Our statue lights the torch
With a bright bright bright holy scorch

Kelandria Alba

A poem is a bird. It flies free without any rules.

It flies over the wall that binds others in.
Not this bird.

This bird flies free, singing its wonderful song.

This bird flies free, just like a poem.
No rules to care about, it just does what it wants.

It travels to the seas where the thunder storm
rages.

Oh no! The bird is caught by the wind.

I Am 9

I am 9

And my hamster has died
My mom turns on sad, dramatic music
I try to cry, but I'm too shocked
We get a small box for his grave
My sister pours in his yugies
Then in go the Cheerios
I draw a gravestone on a post-it
Death is in the air

It is raining
We put him in his grave
My sister chews on popcorn
We put the lid on the top
I stick the post-it on the lid
Death is in the air

My dad goes out
He buries the gave
And covers it up
I think about my hamster
He died all alone
Death is in the air

Kelandria is...

the tiny sprout of a daffodil
a sunny day
the only dragon that can't roar
a yelp of fear
the weak but clever mouse
the reddest cherry of the harvest
a splash of colors on the wall

A Mask

I am a mask
Humans are gross
I HATE the cold days
The humans go out

And slobber boogers all over me
Humans are SO gross
"Achoo!"
Ew
A human sneezed on me
Cough, cough
A human coughed on me
Humans are so, so, SO gross
I think of being free
Free, free, undirty
One day, my friend wind will help me
And I will escape to the real world

Mommy

Kids.
Kids.
KIDS!
So annoying!
I love them, but
STILL. SO ANNOYING!
Whining and arguing
BEGGING ME FOR WENDY'S!
I try to listen to the relaxing music
MOMMY! booms a monster
She runs up and hugs me
WENDY'S! WENDY'S! the monsters chant
SO ANNOYING!
I love them but
"GO ANNOY YOUR DAAAD!" I boom
And they walk off in silence

Daddy

Ah
I love my kids
Though one doesn't love me
The other, she loves me
But not a lot
So lonely
WENDYS! WENDYS!
I have an idea
"Only if you hug and kiss me"
They do it
It's dinner time
I tell corny jokes
And insult my daughters in a funny way
One stays calm
Not the other
OW
My older daughter
Uses me as a kicking bag
I finished all my hard work
the younger one asks me to play BDO
"Fine," I sigh. "Work first."

Benjamin Cecil

A poem is the warmth of comfort.
A poem is a leaping koi that is owned by a young boy who is me.
A poem is the joy when you get a hundred on your test.
Poetry is when you watch a good movie.

I was 8

I was age 8, my legs were trembling; the crowd was cheering. I ran up to my coach; the crowd was cheering. I looked at the bottom of the trophy; the crowd was cheering. I saw THE CHAMPIONS in big bold letters; the crowd was cheering. My heart was racing to tell my mom and dad; the crowd was cheering!

Ben is...

Peppa Pig's snort,
a piece of rotten stuff
a ghost racking the life out
of people
a piece of COVID in the air,
a weak little ant,
I am crazy like a banana
on the floor,
an amazing koi jumping a waterfall,

I am a creeper blowing anything
in my path.
this is what I am

Tales of the Immortal Pig

Climb to the top
It is climbing the
Pig is climbing to the
End-portal, the pig climbs and
falls and loses two of his hearts and
He gains because he climbs to boom mountain
And loses three and a half hearts because
He tries to climb, but flies for a climbing day
And falls on the climbed mountain
This is the immortal climbing pig

I Love Dad

Ben, time to go outside!
Stop that! (Minecraft)
We should practice juggling
Watch the soccer game
Clean your fish tank!
Want to play UNO?
All my answers are OK or YAY!

Elizabeth Chen

Poetry is like an egg.
There was a poem.
I don't know what rhymes with egg so
This whole thing does not rhyme
But a poem says,
"Today there are 8 eggs on the table."

Elizabeth is...

I am air.

silence.

I am air.
I am air.
I am air.
I am air.
I am air.
I am air.
I am air.
I am air.
I am air.
I am air.
I am air.
I am air.
I am air.
I am air.

Letters

Letter A looks like candy corn
Letter H looks like a ladder
V looks like the homescreen sometimes
seen on a desktop
F is like a sideways stick animal with no
head or front legs
O looks like a bun
S looks like a rope
C looks like the moon
B looks like sideways fencing

My Art Poem

Bobby is next to an ocean while the sun
sets.
He smells fish and dirty clothes.
Turtles fly like birds.
A bucket made of fish floats up to the shore.
Bobby starts a company to wash dirty
clothes,
With buckets made of fish as employees.
Bobby Jr. is begging for pizza.
Flying turtles drop buckets made of fish.
The fish inhales cheese.

[insert cool epic title here]

Look at what is to the right of the meta-
moment thing
Now look to the right of the mood-meter
thingy
You cannot see it
The door blocks the way (if the door is
open)
What color is the door?
The color of mud, bears, a tree trunk,
monkeys, I'm out of ideas
APHID (very odd color choice I know)
But most importantly...
RATS

Ethan Chen

What Is Poetry?

Poetry is speedy like a cheetah.
Poetry is slow like a turtle.
Poetry can fly like a bird.
Poetry can swim like a dolphin.
Poetry is good like heaven.
Poetry is pretty like a flower.
Poetry is as big as the world.
Poetry is small as an ant.
Poetry has so much potential.
Poetry has so many possibilities.

I Am 9

I am 9

My birthday is here!
I play and play
Yay! Yay! Yay!

I eat lunch
I eat dinner
Now there is cake!
The cake candles are
Warm with fire
We blow, we blow the fire away
The cake is sliced!
Yay! Yay! Yay!

We eat it! The cake
I am a Lego of green, yellow and white
Yay! Yay! Yay!

Ethan Chen is...

1. The great wall
2. Smart like a chimpanzee
3. rushing like a wave
4. running like the gusty wind
5. A walled city
6. A bird flying over the mountain
7. Imaginative like a dreamer

Salina Chen

Salina is a...

lamp hanging upside down,
a letter zywx and so on,
1,2,3 pounds of poo poo,
shaking 5 tortoise eggs,
and a radish, fried.
(ps, a layer of new skin)

Who the Letters Are

A a sad mouth moans in despair
B a bucked-tooth letter that looks like
SpongeBob
C a galloping moon singing la la la
D a tongue saying ooo and aaa to a
fudgesicle
E a stinky sock puppet "beep beep, coming
through!"
F whoosh, whoosh goes the flag
G eww! a drooling guy!
H step step step the ladder gets dirty
I ow! the anvil hurts a man
J ssss... a snake!
K grab and snatch, the person steals
L ooo, look at those legs!
M why is he frowning? the whooshing wind
is here!
N wow! a camel!
O the octopus bangs the drums!
P ding, ding! she is late for school!
Q aww, a baby bird!
R the evil, pretty bully kicks someone
S sss... the snake strikes!
T SMACK goes the hammer
U a wowing grin!
V ummm, a smile?
W AWW, a cute face!
X blegh, I'm dead
Y sip, the cup has yummy tea!
Z zzz zzz

Villanelle

Don't explode
Be nice to Pete
Go to nice mode

Do nice codes
Eat veggies and meat
Don't explode

At a supermarket, make sure your basket
loads
Please eat
Go to nice mode

To feel calm, go to your abode
Go buy some gold keets
Don't explode

When the light's green, please go
Look at treasures; don't keep
Go to nice mode

When the grass is long, please mow
Go fix the leak
Don't explode
Go to nice mode

Terry Chen

Poetry is sunshine
Poetry is the rain
Poetry is a hail storm on a summer day
Poetry is a plane
Poetry is a bird flying anywhere
Poetry is like a beach on a hot summer day
Poetry is the wind
Poetry is the sky
Poetry is like a dark closet opened to the sun
Poetry is all around us
And I am sure you'll find it if you look around

I Am Six

I am six
We are moving
Crazy things are everywhere
And my excitement has taken over me

Worried I go into the strange brick house
No walls down here
My excitement has taken over me

Walking up stairs
Unpacking everything
My excitement has taken over me

Getting comfortable
No sleep
Crazy things
My excitement has taken over me

Dad

I am dad
I have a boring and happy life
Sleep
Wake up
Eat
Work
Play
Sleep
My son is very annoying (maybe not in his opinion)
But he is still annoying

Mom

I am Mom
I have to work all day
Sleeping at 3 o'clock
Being annoyed at 8 in the morning
Help!
Cooking almost every day

Help!
Having the same schedule
Wake up
Cook
Take a break
Cook
Sleep
The same boring schedule on all weekdays
Weekends?
Even worse!

White

White white white
Paper as blank as space
But not space
It is a cloud floating free
White is a whiteboard, flowers,
A trash bag all in one word
White equals sight
White snow
Slowly coming down
No sound
Just whiteness
Blindness
An old TV
White white white
White is everything

Villanelle

Don't stay up late
Don't do dangerous things
Or you will meet your fate

Don't wait
Eat lots of chicken wings
Don't stay up late

Don't open a suspicious crate
Don't eat bed springs
Or you will meet your fate

Never go fishing without bait
Avoid bee stings
Don't stay up late

Eat food in a good state
Don't cover your ears when the fire drill rings
Or you will meet your fate

Eat lots of dates
Don't wait too long if the oven dings
Don't stay up late
Or you will meet your fate

Kayda Chiang

A poem is a dragon soaring
High above the clouds
With mountains chasing its tail
Then swooping down to another adventure

I Am 8ish

I am 8ish
And our turtle died
Me sad

We bury him
Near a small blueberry bush
Me sad

We take his tank
And just leave it outside
Me sad

No more turtle
To look at when I'm bored
Me sad

We don't have
A pet anymore
Me sad

Oh wait!
My uncle has two little ones!
Me not sad!

Kayda is...

I am...
A lone wolf,
an abandoned turtle egg,
covered in stuffed animals
and blankets
with the longest book in the world
which consisted of a page.

Fish Spell

Meeeeeeeeep - oooooof
Meeeeeeeeep - oooooof
Meep, meep
A small fish is getting filled with air
Very pressurized
Meep, meep, meeeeeep!
BOOM!
Fish is dead
Fish floating in pieces
Yaaeee
Yaaayyy

Madison Chiang

A poem is the happiness of the child right here.
Poetry is the sadness of the dogs who sit in fear.
A poem is anyone who can break the rules
No laws can bind the emotion in the poem here
They are the grapes that run in the sun

I Am Six

I am six years old
I wake up in the hotel
I shiver in the cold blanket
I brush my teeth and go
My family eats breakfasts and goes

We go to the pool and it's cold
There is food there and we eat
I go back to the hotel
My family goes back, too
I shiver in the cold blanket

I walk along with my family
We go in a taxi
We then walk in a theme park
It's hot and sweaty
Now I can't say
I shiver in the cold blanket

It is fun, we go on rides
We go up and down
I eat and go back to the hotel
It is a fun day and after a restaurant at the hotel
I shiver in the cold blanket
After I brush my teeth

Madison Chiang is...

I am the sleet and strong hail that ruins a Saturday
I'm the forgotten lime second to lemon
Madison Chiang is the over extreme onion that causes tears
Madison is the sugar spilled all over an ice cream

I am the sour grape that pleases only one
I'm the overheated pumpkin in a pie
The fast snail that runs out of breath
I am the misplaced monkey longing to play
I'm the tricking garlic breadstick sneaking unsuccessfully
Madison is the sound of a raisin filling to a grape
The green grape golden as a raisin
The snowball being rolled to a snowman

The Bottle Sanitizer

I am the liquid of cleansing
The many colors I am
I love the peppermint smell I can be
Humans rub me into their skin to be clean

Bacteria is my worst enemy
I work hard to eliminate them
My bestie is clean, caring Clorox
Together we are a team when water is here

We are the three that thrive
We stop germs of COVID
I must always crush them in battle
They are my little microscopic enemies
I live in a box with my sanitizer siblings

Blue Dog

Sprak sprak sprak
In a trance of blue
Big blue booper bumps
Paw marks objects

Blue man strolls around
Blue bird peek
Finds a white bird
Blue print on white bird

Bird feeder with blue print
Kitchen wall with blue print
Blue dog eat bird food
Blue dog is named Jason
Jason always survives

Eloise Gilbert

Poetry is the beauty found in ugliness
It is the words that can put a smile on anyone's face
Poetry is the sunshine peeking in the window at the crack of dawn
It is the sound of a calming waterfall rushing into a river
Poetry is the beauty found in ugliness
It is the sweet smell of an apple pie
Poetry is a rusty sword that just has to be shined
Poetry is the beauty found in ugliness
Poetry is the inspiration for a young poet like me

E.G.G.

Eloise is...
dreaming of a perfect world
an eagle soaring in the sky above
a milk carton that has one drop left in it
silence, looking at itself
newly stocked shelves of a supermarket
snow, falling gently from the clouds
the sound of ripping paper but a rippling lake
a basketball bouncing on the floor of a gym
glass shattering and
 falling,
 falling,
 falling,
until it reaches the bottom of an endless pit
wishing for a perfect world

Bucky, Cute Bucky

I am 8, almost 9
And a fuzzy, furry baby is lowered into my arms
A puppy! Bucky, trembling in my arms,
shaking, missing his siblings, the meat in a
breakfast burrito
with a blanket as the tortilla,
and a fuzzy, furry baby is lowered into my arms

The Left Paw, a pet store, his siblings
still with their paws against the glass box,
still there until this very day
a blue, silky bowtie wrapped carefully around his
neck

The sound of him trotting across my floors
and a fuzzy, furry baby is lowered into my arms

I am thrilled,
Of course, a new member of my family
My mom, me, my sister, petting my dog
Cries pierce my ears
My puppy misses his family
His soft wiry hair is rubbing against my cheek
We bond, we are friends

I love Bucky and he loves me
and a fuzzy, furry baby is lowered into my arms

Verbing

I am sprinting
I am bouncing, bouncing with excitement
Gallop across the backyard
Chasing Eloise
But I'm still bouncing, bouncing
With happiness!
Slithering
Singing
Soothing
Scribbling
Suffering
With feelings
SO MANY FEELINGS
Happiness, sadness
It doesn't make sense
It isn't supposed to, is it?
Bouncing
Like a ball who needs to bounce
Too much urge to bounce

Galloping

I'm galloping in the sand
My toes sinking, wiggling in the sand
Having fun at the beach
Gallop, gallop, gallop
I gallop across the world
My feet touching every ocean in the world
(Don't ask questions)
I am wishing that I could gallop faster, faster,
faster
I am a galloper
I am a galloper, galloping across the universe
I want to see everything in the universe
I need to gallop, gallop faster like a horse,
another galloper
Swishing, swaying, floating, galloping
Gallop faster, faster, faster
I am a galloper
I am a galloper, galloping across the universe
I'm galloping back in the sands of my home
(Don't, please don't ask questions)
I like to gallop, gallop in the sand
I am having fun at the beach
The beach near my house
Splashing, galloping in the waters
Gazing, gazing at the sky
Galloping
Galloper
Gallop

Scarlett Hoy

Poetry is like winter
beautiful snow falling from the sky
Christmas is almost coming
Skiing and gliding on a hill of snow
After we drink hot cocoa
Going home to the snow
Poetry is like a beautiful winter
Going near the fireplace
Eating warm food at dinner time
Making snow angels in the deep snow
Waving a snowball fight

I Was 9

I was sweating, playing golf all for my bird
I finished golf, sweating still
We go get lunch
I finish my lunch
We go to the pet store
I was 9
I see birds
QUACK QUACK! the bird chirps
I get a purple bird
QUACK QUACK! she chirps
I get a small cage
It is yellow, small, and round
We talk to the owner
QUACK QUACK! she chirps
The owner grabs her out
I pet a dog
It looks like a poodle
We bag the cage
We go back in the car
The purple bird is going home
QUACK QUACK! she chirps

Scarlett is...

Scarlett is a bird
a budgie, flying high through the sky
I am a ball, rolling around
everywhere I go
Scarlett is snowy day
Fluffy snow, cold weather and
hot chocolate
Making snow angels in the
deep snow
Scarlett is a screeching sound of screeching
Loud, high pitched and long
I am a lemon
I make lemonade, I am sour,

yellow, and seedy
I am a Holiday, fun but bad
that I'm over
Scarlett is a flower, lots of
colors nice, and beautiful

Molly

I do not have a driver's license
I am a 16 year old and go to high school
I used to tutor
I am Chinese and Cantonese
My sister sniffs me for fun
I yell at her because I get sooo mad
I have pimples
My sister tells me this every day
Sometimes I wonder why I am 16
All I smell in this place is birds
I make fun of her birds
I never like anyone to touch my stuff
I honestly never liked movies
I like Netflix
When I go home
The whole place is crazy

Purple

Lavender is purple
Purple is purple
Purple is a dye
Or a pie
A beautiful crystal
Shining a window
Amethyst
A notebook

Bird Spell

Flap! Flap! Flap!
Soar through the sky
Your beautiful wings flap through the sky
Flap! Flap! Flap!
Why won't you fly?
Are you scared?
But why?
Flap! Flap! Flap!
Go! Soar through the sky
Enjoy the wind
Be like everyone else
Flap! Flap! Flap!
Be the beautiful bird you are
Fly through everywhere
Make every bird proud

Kimberlee Hu

Poetry is a rainbow. That's how leprechauns are made. Poetry is sweet as a biscuit and cake. Poetry is also a bird chirping in the sky in a city. Poetry is a phantom script telling how rainbows are made and why they go away.

Poetry is the world.
That's how families are made.
Friends. Poetry is friends, family and the world to us.

Memories

I was 2 years old
I went on a trip
To Hawaii it was
Very hot and
Sunny

Then I was 4 years old
I went on
A trip to
China

Kimberlee is...

I am a block of metal
I am a thunderstorm
I am a
dog that
just ran out of the
house because
it was too loud
I am a moldy
block of
cheese

I am air
that was trapped in a
box 2 seconds ago
I am a dragon that just
broke out of its cage
I am a plane that
is flying over the
beach
I am a banana that
just got eaten

Carrot

I am a carrot
I look like a rocket ship
I am going to
space in my
rocket ship self
I look like an oval
With oval leaves
And a weird face
I live in
Dirt and now
Live in a refrigerator
Then I get eaten and die
Some people eat
Me raw, some
People cook me
Before they eat me
I hate hoomans because
They eat me!

Marcus Huang

I Am Five

I am five
Blackish gray on the floor
Cars parked around me
I walk beside my dad
The sun shining
The wind blows

I get on and go down
I fall and crash
It hurts

I go up and down countless times
My whole body hurts from falling on the
hard asphalt
It hurts

I am tired by the time I go home
I have mastered the bike
Every step I take hurts
It hurts
Everything hurts

Marcus Huang is...

I am a fox in the snow
trotting, walking, running, hunting prey
then returning to the den with fresh food
feeding the family with fresh food

I am the dark black sky in the universe
the bright stars, the endless amount of black
I am the void in a blackhole
consuming anything around me

I am the morning chirp of the birds
the hoot of the night owls
the howl of a pack of wolves
the chittering of a raccoon

I am the pelting snow in a blizzard
the mist in a misty day
I am the angry rushing water of
a waterfall and the unstoppable
tsunami

I am a nice bowl of soup
warming my eater's belly
I am the stinky cheese
that drifts in the breeze

Sun

I am the sun
My best friend is moon
Well, not really
My real friend is summer

I shine in the morning
Till the moon steals my glory to star the
night
Oh, how I despise the moon
His glow is faint white while mine is blinding
yellow

I am the sun
My friend is summer
Which is a bummer
I wish I was the moon so I could moo

I am the sun
My best friend is moon
I chuck my heat waves down to Earth
I made summer, molded her out of clay

I am the sun
Oh, how lonely I am!

Tiberius Lee

Poetry is something that brings the dead back to life.
Poetry is something called a bed.
Poetry is a man smiling
for the first time in years.

I Am Age 9

I am age 9.
I feel very fine.
I go to the soccer game.
I beat Ben. Yay, yay, yay!

The score is 8-10
You might be asking when
It is 6:10
My team celebrates. Yay, yay, yay!

We are rated 5 stars.
My team is very happy.
Yay, yay, yay!
Ben's team says, "Nay, nay, nay!"
Yay, yay, yay!

Tiberius is...

Not Tiberius today.
He ate his brother's sock.
He has foot cheese fungus.
He jumped in the pool backwards.
He slammed his head on this bed which is red.
He reached into Peppa Pig's nose, and pulled
out her brain.
He made it rain when he was gaining
knowledge
He is a walking dummy.
He thinks he is funny
He songs "MAYA HEE, MAYA HOO, MAYA
HAW, MAYA HA HA."

Crawling

I crawl
I crawl off a skyscraper
I cross the bridge by crawling
I fall off the cliff
My bones break and they crawl away
My brain crawls to the lemonade stand
My heart crawls to cocomelon
My skull crawls to Steven He
We eat Beijing corn by crawling
Sonic EXE crawls on me
He sucks my soul by crawling

Kailey Lin

Poetry is like children laughing playing in the meadow. Poetry is in one child to another. Dancing in their minds. When children laugh, poetry comes and hums a secret song.

Poetry is like children laughing playing in the meadow. When poetry comes, you hum. Poetry is fun.

Kailey Lin is...

a brain thinking hard
a snowy day
a glass cup
a sound of brain being squish
a pencil sharpener
an emoji looking happy
a warm jacket
a owl hooting
a broken heart
an airplane flying to Hawaii
a splash of color to a painting
a great golden gate
a pizza with olive
and a heart of love

Riding on a Roller Coaster

I was going down the stairs at age 9
going to sit with my cousins
watching YouTube shouting

Watching YouTube
I was on a roller coaster
my cousins tried after a ride

Forcing them off again, watching YouTube
yelling so my parents can hear me, watching
YouTube
sitting next to Lauren

Watching YouTube, my cousins driving me
everywhere watching YouTube
laughing

I'm A Cloud

I'm a fluffy cotton
I have fluff like a shirt
I feel like cotton candy being savored
I am slow
And alone
I wish I could drown
I get attacked by birds and airplanes

And I feel like a CLOUD

Kitten, Kitten, Kitten

Kitten, kitten, kitten
flew on a kite.
On the kite kitten,
kitten, kitten saw
a kangaroo and a
Koala. Kitten, kitten,
kitten holds the
kite while holding the
kitten, kitten, kitten knit
a scarf along with a key.

Pink Beauty

Pink, pink, pink
Smell the flower
Pink, pink, pink
Ohh that's such a pretty bow
Pink, pink, pink
Butterflies it is time to fly
Pink, pink, pink
Cut the cake
Pink, pink, pink
The sunset sky

Villanelle

If you have a sister have care
Be polite and say things like thank you
Don't go in rooms that say beware

Always be fair
Always tell what is true
If you have a sister have care

Don't steal things that are rare
Do what you need to do
Don't go in rooms that say beware

Don't brag if you're a millionaire
Something good at winter is stew
If you have a sister have care

Don't dare to stare
Don't ever play with glue
Don't go in rooms that say beware

It is important to breathe air
Enjoy the sky view
If you have a sister have care
Don't go in rooms that say beware

Damon Liu

A poem is a reality where things can be perfect or horrible.
A poem is feeling in writing, a splash of color on a white canvas.
A poem is a place where dreams come true.
A poem is a special voice that wants to be heard over all.
A poem is a quiet place that can be a calming wish.

I Am 7

I am 7
Roblox has a new update
I look, then I click
Can't turn back, no returning
I step into a new world
More games to try
Many worlds to play in and win
I start with Bee Swarm
A bright loading screen
Then it's tops
I have been banned
I rage and then destroy my iPad
I buy a new one
Regular Roblox play
I restart everything and start over
I try to buy Robux, no luck
I glitch the world
Free Robux
Regular Roblox Play through

Damon is...

depressing.
a spirit of pure hate everyday
hates his life
would like to destroy everything that he hates
which includes everything
emotionally needs help
an emotional trigger that is easy to pull
a nuclear bomb of rage going to blow

The Lily Pad

My gentle pink flower on my green flat surface
My friend the lotus is rooted in place
Unlike me drifting drifting
drifting
Anywhere the water wants to go
Slowly drifting
Gently down the stream

Melting

My mom melted the snow
And also melted my cheese
I melted my friend's little sister's barbie doll
With a hair dryer
I melted my water bottle
And then melted my mom's antique lamp
I melted my block of ice with a flamethrower
In Minecraft, I melted my friend
And his house, with lava
And melted the forest with
flint and steel

Clementine

The orange light deep in the sea
The corals spreading everywhere
And starburst of flowers in the shade
Oh, great willow
The sun setting brings memories
Some simple as a glue stick
The tiger and the basketball
The fall leaves changing through seasons

Angry Monkey Spell

Golden monkey swings in the vines
Cheeeeeeeeeese doodles!
He eats all da bananas in da forest
Then he hides in da bushes
Hooman comes up and take da many bananas
Monkey sad
Monkey steal hooman's car
Monkey gets revenge!
(Insert Happy Monkey Sounds X 5)
Cheeeeeeeeeese doodles!

Jeremy Liu

Poems are like a giraffe's loong neck.
Soft and slides down well.
Can be hard and rough, too.
But it doesn't matter about you.
Poems can stand up.
ANGRY
Poems can curl up.
Sad.
Can blend in
Or
Stand out.
Either is its choice.
Now it's time to find your voice.

Jeremy Liu is...

I am big Beluga whale
And skinny giraffe
I come with peace and anger in my mind
I was born blind and grew up squinting
With fire in my eyes that could not be seen
I am a slow computer
that barely works
I am a fast friend
that passes by quick.
Stinky socks are my best friend
Moldy grapes are what I am.
I was thrown out but grew back again
And now, I wait for my long lost friend
Chicken toes and foot fungus, all
corrupt my brain
Every day I strain all day
I am a boy that always
zooms by.
Waiting for someone to say "Hi"
I grew up sad but now happy
Found peace and now am free

Bird, Fish, Star

I am a bird
I want to fly and explore
But what will I do after?

I will be a fish
Living in the river
I cannot picture the ocean
I only know it's big
That the raging river
Empties into a calm place

If I ever reach the ocean
What will I do after?

I can only be a star
Shining bright
Walking on the void
There will be peace
But nothing to do

So what will I be?
We shall see

Up And Down

The sun is slowly gliding down
The playground's laughter is slowly dying
down
The ocean of voices quiets down
All the streets calm down
All the parties are quieting down
Peace fills the air
Silence, calming, quietness
The moon climbs up
The lanterns light up
All the beds are filled up
Peace fills the air
Silence, calming, quietness
The sun rises up
Then a whole new day starts

Andrew

I am Andrew
I miss my friends
I miss them calling me to play
I wish I could see them again
I miss their voices
I remember the great times
Even the ones when they called me
PLUMP! Or BIG!
My old blue jacket
It is the strongest link I have
To my friends and home
I want to return
I want to belong
I want to go back into the past
With my friends
I am Andrew
And this is my past

Arsal Malik

A poem is a tiger running through
the wild with thought.
It runs free through summer
light with shining fur.

The tiger is fearless and
has a brave heart.
It stays strong through all seasons.

He keeps his promises,
never gives up, and
he always stays strong and brave.

I Am 6

I am 6
I am filled with fear as I walk to the roller
coaster
I almost faint because of the fear
I sit in the seat and hold the bar
In seconds I am in the air
And when it's done
I love them
I have less fear and more love
I like coasters from now on

Arsal is...

I am a snake, I am a bottle. I am the void. I
am a typhoon spinning and becoming dizzy.
I am a machine clanging metal. I am an
eraser thrown in the air with a catapult. I am
a moldy banana with fungus as my friend. I
am an ice block that crushes magma
cheese. I drink water and vinegar
explosions. I am paint swimming on a
canvas.

Green, Green, Green

A slow turtle
A fat cucumber
A mask fit for me and me only
My bottle full of water
The grass growing tall
Giant leaves falling over
A chameleon, rainbows in an animal
Backpacks overflowing and green explodes
out
Scissors cut up
The green again and again
Mossy moss covers the tree and warms it in
a breeze

[I Wandered Lonely As A Cloud]

I fly in a cloud
I run over the hills
This place has a giant crowd
I pick my daffodils
The grass covers the trees
I jump away in a breeze

The moon shines
I don't know the way
I see a giant line
The light finds the bay
I never stop to glance
I always tried to dance

Srikar Pillai

A poem is a chess game
You must focus
But have fun...
A poem is joy
A poem is fun
A poem is the sun
A poem is a city filled with dogs...

I Am 5

Wasted
I am 5
Wasted wasted wasted
I am 5
Struggling struggling struggling
Playing video games
When I could be
Studying studying studying

Who is Srikar

Srikar is a cow
a dirty sock
a moldy stinky cheese
a egg
a tornado
a tsunami
he is spider man
Steve
a king
a peer
a very very very very very very
very very very very very very
very very old person
a very very very very very very
very very very very very very
very very old stinky sock and shoe

Panda

I am a panda, quiet and calm
not an adventurer, bold and strong
Try to steal a diamond steel
and watch super panda hamster
here
AKA that is me

Cow, Cow, Cow

The cow moos and mouths
He commands and climbs
He boos and bounces
He likes to dance
He flames, flies, and fishes
He jumps and laughs and giggles
He plays and runs
He sings and stomps and swims
He tastes and he tiptoes
He walks, whispers and wishes
I scream, "What's wrong with this cow?!"

Villanelle

Don't play with glue
Bears are a pair
Listen to the cow say moo

The cow wants stew
The fresh air
Don't play with glue

The cow wants bamboo
It's a scare
Listen to the cow say moo

It's a nice view
Like a lair
Don't play with glue

The cow says boo
While it tears
Listen to the cow say moo

It wears shoes
And wears shampoo
Don't play with glue
Listen to the cow say moo

Mathea Ren

Poem Berry

Poetry is a ripe berry
It's very merry
Sunshine tans it
and a rainbow
It's sugar sweet
like perfumed feet
No, a chocolate lollipop
shaped like a mop
Shining by an aqua sea,
a teal crystal

poem berry

I Am 7

I am 7
Cake on my face
Dribbling like a lake
It is buttery
No one mutters
It's oily
Like wet soil
Cake on my face
Icing smeared on my eyebrow

My dad sneers
Yellow cake chunks
That are supposed to be munched
It's foggy
And soggy
Cake on my face
Icing smeared on my eyebrow

Mathea Xi Ren is...

a ray of sunshine
defeating the demons
a drop of lemonade
squeezed with berry juice
a colorful flower dribbling
with a rainbow liquid
a pot of spaghetti and baskets of
crispy garlic bread with bowls
of mashed potatoes and jars of
peanut butter
a rollercoaster of emotions
a bright cupcake with a
cherry sitting on the frosting
the cake, mild and sweet
with chocolate pudding
stirred in.
vanilla ice cream
a powerful dragon queen
dressed in the bright colors of a dragon

flying through the sky
floating around cloud castles
with the rustle of silk
and a soft piano melody singing and playing...

Wiggling, Giggling Me

I wiggle and giggle and wiggle
I shake and shake and fly
My mouth is wiggling and taste cotton candy
Giggle, giggle, giggle
I dive into the purple pond
I swim in the wiggling swamp, wiggle, wiggle
I giggle and wiggle
Coconuts bounce and the swamp sings
I giggle, giggle, wiggle
Run, run, run
Up, up the stair
Tiptoe, tiptoe through wiggling worms
Giggle, giggle, giggle
The wind is whispering
And the coconuts are melting
Giggle, giggle, wiggle

Aching Pain

I am traveling in the mountains
My bones ache and my backpack is light
Once it was full of food, so it was heavy
I dumped it out
I sleep in a cold cave
Sneaking around at day and night
Policeman walking around SPLASH
I slip and fall
A friend helps me up before I am caught
No food and water, I'm starving
And we are tired
Finally, we arrive in forbidden America
Why am I here?
To earn money
I work in a hotel and my little sister phones me
I still don't have time to sleep

Red, Red, Red

Red, red, red
It's not red; it's a valentine.
It's a bleeding broken heart, shattered
In pieces. Red, red, red. It's a sunset.
Red, red, red. It's the hot sun in summer.
The day is burning. March 15th.
It's a burning volcano. Hello, dragon.
Red is bumpy; it's screaming at you.
Red will burn your tongue; it's a little ball of fire.
Red, red, red.
Bye bye, dragon.

Chloe Ting

What is a poem?

A poem is your smile when you open a Christmas gift
Which makes your heavy heart lift
A poem is as wacky as your pants on your head
A poem is the thankfulness in between your teachers
Who are all unique and special
Poetry is the voice of laughter
Which warms you up like a cuddle after
Poetry is like rainbows that spread across the world
Poetry is where dreams can truly happen

I Am 3

I am 3
and slip, slip, slip
and fell
 down

Ow! Ow!
Blood. Blood. Blood
splattered all around.
Rush. Rush. Rush.
Momma pushing me around.
Push. Push. Push.
Blood. Blood. Blood.
Nurse is here
in her big, blue mask.
Needle going in.
Stitches going in and out.
Pain. Pain. Pain
searing through my eye.
Blood. Blood. Blood.

Chole Ting is...

I am a ghost in a graveyard
I am a tornado, knocking down everything in my path
I am a pencil sharpener
Sharpening everyone
I am a water can, letting flowers grow
I am a sneaky fox, sly, sly, sly
I am the sound of water rushing, freely
I am a balloon, flowing high, free
I am a merry Christmas holiday
I AM BUBBLEGUM THAT NEVER POPS

Rice and Steam, the Enemies

I am a bowl of rice
I am so lonely
Nobody joins me
But meat and other scraps
I am as white as a cloud
And as yummy as all the yummiest foods combined
I get cooked in the rice steamer
I HATE STEAM!
Steam can always escape
But I cannot
I only can
GET EATEN
And perish
Steam will pay

Mom

"Hi, sweetie," I say once Chloe comes home
I pour her some snacks
For her to eat
I have black hair
And use my glasses
To see everything
O go take a nap
Like a lazy pig
Annoying Chloe jumps on top of me
And I start yelling,
"RAGING BALL OF FIYAAA!"

[I Wandered Lonely As a Cloud]

I am a cloud
Floating on the verdant hills
There are blooming flowers, but no crowd
I see one of the daffodils
Waving with the trees
From the breeze

The sun comes besides me and he shines
In his own glowing way
All of a sudden, the daffodils march into lines
And face the bay
It wasn't a little glance
But it is a party and they dance and dance
and dance

Alice Tu

The question is, what is poetry?
If this is a poem, then poetry is poems.
Poems are like unknown animals.
Sometimes they are ferocious.
Sometimes they are sagacious.
Sometimes they are egregious.
Or maybe they are nice
And sometimes fun
Like a room filled with nothing but
Ms. Amina and crazy children.

I Am 4

I am 4
Pain is searing
My left foot has betrayed me
And I am only 4
I cannot live
without a Band-Aid

I slip and fall
Wooden planks are my doom
One after another after another
and I cannot live
without a Band-Aid

School is weird
People look at me
like I am the devil
but I cannot live
without a Band-Aid

Alice Tu is...

A tired leopard coming home at night,
after trying to catch a foe of prey
A pile of dirt waiting to be scooped up
An empty jug of water
waiting to be filled
A smart lion not knowing what to use its talent
on
An impatient torch waiting to
flicker on and fill the world
with unknown light
A shy king, unable to use its power
A scrawny stray cat, looking for
a master
A ticking clock, 10 hours and 2
minutes from midnight.

Drink

I drink stuff
Because I drink stuff
I drink water
I drink milk
I drink juice
I drink the thing that says, "Do not drink"
I do not drink the thing that says, "Drink"
I drank pepper spray, but it tasted like bad
feelings
So I drank my dad's coffee
I drank the dog's water
I drank the stuff in the witch's cauldron
I drink tap water
I drank the raw eggs
I drank hand sanitizer
I drank ink
Finally, I heard my head go "clunk" on the
ground

Santa

Boo hoo hoo
I am dead inside
I ate too many cookies
I can no longer fit in my bed
My wife is mad at me
She keeps yelling at me,
"GET ON A DIET!"
She spans me with my own belt
She is mad because she asked me to paint
the kitchen and
I gave her a paint roller for Christmas
And she is still mad because I only work
One day per year
Even though it is a 24-hour work day

[I Wandered Lonely As A Cloud]

I am floating on the cloud
Below me there are hills
And the daffodil crowd
The yellow daffodils
That scattered trees
Blow in the breeze

Bending towards the sunshine
Floating the right way
Twisting in a line
Dancing in the bay
At themselves they glance
And they start to dance

Sanai Witherspoon

Poetry is a convincing, sweet, and pleasant topic.

Poetry is soothing and pleasing.

Poetry is a puppy who is as big as a car.

Poetry is coveted by most.

Poetry is a topic for all.

Poetry is a loving hug.

Poetry is a warm bath.

Poetry is a peaceful night.

Poetry is delicious apple pie.

Poetry is a lesson of truth.

Poetry is a staircase.

Poetry has many meanings.

Poetry teaches warm lessons.

If I were poetry,

I would think I was a bird that flies to the nearest cloud,

Ignoring any planes or distractions heading my way.

Poetry is like a puffy cloud that covers the rain.

Poetry is an act of peace.

Poetry is an ice cream sundae.

Poetry is life.

Poetry is everything.

Sanai Witherspoon

I am...

a big puppy

I am...

a warm hug

I am...

Warm clothes

I am...

bacon and eggs.

I am...

a soft litter of kittens.

I am...

A bird on flight

I am...

an explorative flamingo

I am...

a beach

I am...

an ocean

I am...

a big cloud

I am...

the white snow

I am...

A relaxed pin

I am...

a smiling grin

I am...

the Big star

I am...

The solar sun

Cloud

I am a cloud

I live in the sky with other clouds

I'm best friends with sun, but at night with moon

I appear in the sky

Day and night

As I drift with other clouds

To other places

Sometimes, I'm invisible

Sometimes, I rain

Sometimes, I flurry

Sometimes, I hail

Sometimes, I fall to the ground

Every time I'm outside

I always see dear wind pass by

Wind makes my puffy coat

Drift to the other side

Every 12 hours of day

I chat with sun

Every 12 hours of night

I chat with moon

A Day In a Dog's Life

I snuggle up in my cozy bed

Twisting and turning

My owner calls, Sweetie! Sweetie!

My ears perk up

Breakfast is ready

The smell of bacon fills my nose

I run to the kitchen and snatch a piece

My human goes to work for HOURS!

I zoom for two hours

Sleep for three hours

Chew the couch post

And my human comes home

What took YOU so long?!

Next time take a day off!

It is night and I sleep

And it goes all over again.

Jet Wong

Jet Wong is...

Everywhere I smell food and hear games
Honestly, I would be a
BLT sandwich if I could.
I walk down a sidewalk and
feel the breeze and it's just nice to
go to the park.
I have great teachers at
P.S.188Q while my sister has
a great teacher at PS.67.

Is Everywhere Giggling?

I'm a smelly giggler
I hear my mom giggling
I just realized that my dad is giggling
The heart is a red giggler
The sky is a blue giggler
Wait a minute, is my house giggling?
The cars are giggling
Pig is not giggling
That's why he's not the giggling, giggling chicken
The books are giggling
Hey, I'm running out of giggles!
The school is giggling
Water is giggling
Dancing is giggling
Jokers are giggling
Man, no one else is giggling?

[I Wandered Lonely As A Cloud]

Jets are in a cloud
They go above hills
When you're in a jet there's no crowd
Why do people like daffodils?
Don't chop the trees!
They are alive; they need the breeze

When the jets near the sun, they shine
Jets go to the destination in one way
Jets look like a long line
Jets pass the animals on the bay
The animals on the bay glance
And the crabs do the crab rave dance

Lucas Xu

What is a poem?

Poetry is a clump of words that
make sense and that
show you. Poetry is
everything, just
revised and
Edited. Poetry is a
Clump of words that
make sense and that
show you. Poetry is
everything,
sweet as vanilla ice cream,
relaxing like falling rain, and
calms you down and makes you
happy, like video games. Poetry is
everything, a clump of words that
make sense and
show you

I Am Six

I am six, first grade
My arm is broken
OW!!!
I run and
fall
All I feel is PAIN

Going into the car
Into the hospital
Laying down
All I feel is PAIN

You are a Metaphor

I am moldy cheese
foot cheese fungus
I am an egg dipped in milk; egg milk
I am the fat Peppa Pig
I am the toes of a chicken
chicken toes
I am the longest and thickest book of all
I am the best videogames merged into one
I am the glass of water; still and calm
I am a glass of soda; fizzy
I am a banana; the sound of snow falling to the ground

Joseph Yoo

Poetry is a bird! A tree! A dog! A cat!
Poetry is anything!!!

A blue bird flies.
DOF!
A tree!
Ruff! A dog sees a cat!
Run, cat, run!
The cat climbs the tree!
Meow! The cat sees the bird.
Skawk! The bird flies away.
The bird comes back.
Oh no! The cat can't get down!

I Am 8

I am 8
I see a cage
A wonderful feeling
Meow!
Hi-iii!
Meow!
A cat... a cat!
Roar! Meow! Grr screech!
We're home
Kitten sees new house!

Joseph is a...

I am a giant dog, thought to be mean.
I whack owner with my tail.
I eat part of trash can.
yummy, yummy, in my tummy.
owner give me dog food.
yack!
I body slam it.
yum.
Scent of meat overflows my nose.
I follow the scent

Dog and Human

I am doggy. Doggy cute. I want to be
hooman.
Hooman lucky.
I love doggy chews.
I want to bark at raccoons.
It's my habit. We have to sniff other dogs'
butt.
Don't ask me why.
I want to win the yearly doggy race to get
infinite supply
of doggy chews.
My pet hooman feeds me.
Doggy is superior.

My dog is a mess.
He rips the yearly doggy poster.
He sniffs other dogs' butts. Why?
If he sees a doggy chew he goes crazy.
When he sees a raccoon he barks so loud
I think people on the next block hear him.
This dog is crazy.

Bounce

Bounce, bounce, bounce
I like to bounce
My mom says I bounce too much
But I think it's just revenge for
Stepping on her foot yesterday
Bounce
I try to bounce glue
I try to bounce a computer
I break it
I try to bounce a 50 pound weight
Throw! Swish!
Huge in the air, a weight
And will it bounce? Bonk?
Well technically it did bounce on my head
I'm never going to bounce again

Alex Zha

A poem is a swan, its shining feathers
glittering.
It's better than the beach, a peach, a dog, a
frog, the sun, fun, dabs and crabs,
A poem is the rainbow, full of color and
beauty.
Oh, can you imagine?
Poetry sucks you in Roblox, dressing up as
a box.
Now I have chicken pox!
I see a guy with one thousand dots!
I play a game!
I earn some fame!
Poetry is like your mom telling you what to
write,
but with no sense
like an upside down fence!

I'm Nine

I'm nine starting 4th grade,
Blonde, black, and curly hair
Everywhere!
The wind gently pushes me
and I'm flying like a bee
I feel so free!
I'm 5 thinking about the time I have left to
complete my "project"
Still gotta long way to go
I can still start to glow
Car keys
The cool fresh breeze
We're off!
I'm 1, I get to have fun
I'm 3, I feel so free!
I'm 4, I get kicked out the door!
I'm 5, taking a deep dive
I'm 6, I eat my first Twix
I'm 7, on my way to heaven!
I'm 8, trying to compensate
Now I'm 9, and my parents allow me to
drink wine

Alex Zha is...

an everlasting tree...
in the cold summer breeze

the supernova destroying everything,
a tornado, never relenting,
a block of stinky cheese,
its smell, overpowering the breeze,
someone's nose,
able to touch his toes,
spaghetti,
a gun baby!
A rich star, shining,
oh, maya ee, oh maya
oh, oh, oh!
I am a robber.
Stealing your money,
just so funny,
fast like a bunny,
relaxing on the beach,
sucking on the peach,
drinking bleach!
The ring in the burn,
lost and forgotten...

Egg and Milk and Human

Human POV

I am a human
I hate birds
I eat their eggs every day
When eggs become rotten,
They should end up in the dumpster.

Egg POV

I am an egg
Humans serve their greed
Eggs serve birds
Eggs will eat the humans one day!
Eggs will take over the world!

Milk POV

I am milk
Humans swallow and drink my kind
They will pay when they least expect it
We serve cows and humans serve their
mouth
One day, milk will rule the world! Cow tax
frauds!

Sophia Zhao

A poem is a message in a bottle to be cast up
onto unknown shores. A poem is information
whispered by the waves. A poem is a sea shell
echoing. A poem is a blank piece of paper
waiting for you to write on it. A poem is a
creature waiting to be born.

Age 5

At age 5 I met my best friends
We kept talking, talking, and talking
Kindergarten
 Brown curly hair from our
 teacher
 Other people in my
 class
My friends are nice
We kept on talking, talking, and talking
Pencils penspaper
Books while drawing
We kept on talking, talking, and talking
 Lunch
I was hungry but the food
Tastes like the smell of a dirty sock
But
We still kept on talking, talking, and talking

Sophia Zhao is

 a leaf in a thunderstorm
 a splash of paint on the
moon
 I am a snowman waiting to be
 melted by the sun
 A plant sitting still watching
 everything around me.
 A puppy waiting silently
 for Christmas to come
 a clock

Rice

I am rice
I am pale white
I dream of being other colors maybe
Purple or blue
I am tasteless
I live in a cabinet before I'm cooked
I'm alone except the annoying grain to keep me
company
I dream of becoming something with taste
Like dumplings with whatever people like

Even an egg after it's cooked has flavor
I like to mess with grains for free time
I dream of being friends with beans who are less
annoying
One day I will escape to find
The recipe to make new friends and have taste

Wish

My friends are wishing
She's wishing, he's wishing
Even I am wishing
I wish that in my dreams
I dream of someone wishing
My wish is wishing
It's shining like a star in the middle
Of a wishing well
Wishing and wishing and wishing
Everybody in the world wishes at the same time
11:11 perfect time
People wish for their wish to come true
Wishing on the first star they see and wishing
At the same time
Wishing, wishing, and why

Ms. Alexiou

I feel like purple and blue
Bursting out of my hair.
 Music is my world
 Every morning!
My students love to hear music
While they eat breakfast.
 You can never get enough of fun.
Rainbows and sunshine are what
I feel like every morning.
 I LOVE THE SOUND OF
 My students saying hello to me.
I miss my students when they leave for second
grade
But I know I'll see them again

Purple Feelings

Purple, purple, purple, purple!
It's a beautiful color
A color in the rainbow
It's a lavender full of feelings
It's a sunset mixed with colors
It's a purple butterfly, showing off its wings
Purple is a burst of feelings
Purple is not cold or hot, it's warm
Though it's not perfect
It's purple

Gavin Zheng
Poem Is Pizza

Poetry is like warm pizza in my mouth like a mammoth eating pizza in the South.
Oh, mammoths like pizza more than you.
I like pizza as much as mammoths do.

Happy New Year

I am 8
And it's New Year's Eve
Balloons everywhere
Variety so many
Happy New Year!

Almost there
It's 11:50
Let's go, clock!
Spin faster
Happy New Year!

Gavin Zheng is:

an elephant spraying water at someone
an iceberg crashing the titanic
a the wind giving air
the big thunderstorm that blows down trees
a piece of chicken-nugget from the fryer
the sound of Among Us theme song
a kite flying in the sky

Minecraft

I am playing Minecraft
I am playing with a computer
I like to play Minecrafty in Minecraft!
Minecraft playing Minecraft... ahh...
Oh no! My PC I play on is smoking!
Nah! I will play Minecraft in Minecraft in itself
Boom! The PC I'm playing on explodes

Villanelle

Hey you, never eat bamboo
Even if you are a millionaire
Bear, you too

Instead, go to the zoo
Look at the hare, start to stare
Hey you, never eat bamboo

Take the advice, it's true
Also, don't eat air
Bear, you too

Or maybe, buy a new shoe
Or even buy a pair
Hey you, never eat bamboo

Maybe eat some stew
Or comb your hair
Bear, you too

Bamboo, you won't chew
Or else I won't care
Hey, you never eat bamboo
Bear, you too

Mrs. DiFilippi's Class

**Nisansa Abeyweera
Greyson Chan
Vivien Chan
Capri Chang
Alan Chen
Memphis Chen
Melanie Cheng
Elizabeth Cheung
Riley Cheung
Kyle Deen
Nicholas Eng
Matthew Fuster
Siyona Kadam
Cody Kim
Michelle Lam
Neo Lew
Isabella Liu
Vivian Liu
Taha Ozmen
Peter Pan
Ryan Pan
Shiven Pillai
Adam Ryga
Alice Wang
Lucas Wang
Leah Zheng
Jessica Zheng**

**Poetry is...
(Class Poem)**

Poetry is something that is happy.
Poetry is writing full of expression and joy.
Poetry is a short song.
Poetry is when your pen touches the paper and your heart pours out in words.
Poetry is a cross between creativity and good writing.
Poetry is feelings and imaginary thoughts on paper.
Poetry is the joy of writing while your mind goes blank.
Poetry is a home with a million video games.
Poetry is like cooking, adding ingredients.
Poetry is like sitting in a quiet meadow.
Poetry is pizza in my face.
Poetry is like writing about your feelings or what you're looking at.
Poetry is a white blank room with words.
Poetry is full of emotions and flavors.
Poetry is an ice cream covered in edible gold on a hot sunny day.
Poetry is the cheese on my pizza and the pepperoni and the sauce!
Poetry is like the ice creaming melting in my mouth.
Poetry is as creative as a 6-year old's mind.
Poetry is an angel blowing on a dead flower to make it blossom with joy!
Poetry is an angry man in prison.
Poetry is a man made of lava jumping into a pool.
Poetry is a soup.
Poetry sounds like heaven; it is as beautiful as flowers.
Poetry is a yellow golden sunflower among the short plain daisies.
Poetry is a bunch of words made into art.
A poem is a thing.

**Villanelle for a Good Life
(Class Poem)**

Stay healthy and eat
vegetables, potatoes, and rice
Don't forget to eat meat

Don't eat unhealthy treats
Don't get head lice
Stay healthy and eat

Fold your sheets
Listen to this advice
Don't forget to eat meat

Get out of your seat
and chase, then trap, mice
Stay healthy and eat

Wash your stinky feet
Wash your rice then sprinkle some spice
Don't forget to eat meat

There are lots of people to meet
At school, be precise
Stay healthy and eat
Don't forget to eat meat

Villanelle
Michelle L. and Siyona K.

When you're sad, don't cry
Don't weep, stay strong
When outside, view the sky

Don't let life just pass by
Life is a joyous song
When you're sad, don't cry

When feeling lost, try
Let your life be happy and long
When outside, view the sky

With bold wings lift off and fly
Don't stay still like a prong
When you're sad, don't cry

Stand up and don't be shy
Don't be tossed around like balls in pong
When outside, view the sky

Be polite and say goodbye
Don't slam doors shut - DONG!
When you're sad, don't cry
When outside, view the sky

Villanelle
Vivien L., Leah Z., and Jessica Z.

In life you should always be fair
Be grateful the grass is green and the sky is blue
Don't eat rotten pears

Always remember to care
Clean your hair with shampoo
In life you should always be fair

When something big happens, always prepare
Don't be afraid to try something new
Don't eat rotten pears

To the dangers in life, beware
Be grateful for the nice view
In life you should always be fair

The poem will help you
Remember to brush your teeth, too!
Don't eat rotten pears

Breathe fresh air
Listen to our advice, it's very true
In life you should always be fair
Don't eat rotten pears

Sonnet for America
Greyson C., Nisansa A., Neo L., and Ryan P.

In this place, we are free
A brave, bald eagle takes flight
In this country we feel glee
The towering buildings ahead, oh what a sight
This flag is a sea
Of red, white, and blue
We can do anything you and me
In the wind this beautiful flag blew
Hand in hand, we stand strong and proud
The mother of our land, the Statue of Liberty
The city is bursting with chatter and crowds
Everywhere we look we see diversity
Peace in America is the key
For everyone, including you and me

Sonnet for America
Riley C., Melanie C., Jessica Z. and Vivian L.

Look up at the stars
We all have freedom
Time to go to Mars
Let's leave this kingdom
A red, white, and blue flag
Right after let's get some fries
The dog wags his tail
Now we should get pies
We have many diverse cultures
Let's go to the United States
Once we get there let's go to the museum to see sculptures
At the park you can see a girl on skates
The symbol is a bald eagle
Robbing the museum is illegal

Sonnet for America
Kyle D., Elizabeth C., Siyona K. and Capri C.

In America, every kid goes to school
America symbolizes freedom
America's wealth is very cool
Her justice is like a very big drum
The USA is overflowing with money
America is made up of states
America is sweet like honey
In America, we put boldness on our plate
New York is our greatest city
America stands tall with liberty
We look upon other countries with pity
America is as grand as a big oak tree
Our country is very great
Being free is America's best trait

Sonnet for America
Cody K., Nicholas E., and Peter P.

We love to see our flag
And the great bald eagle
We have fun playing tag
And immigrants are legal
We have great cars
Look at our statue
And our food quality is to the stars
If you fall, we will catch you
Look at the faces on the money
It's all very green
Save it with honey
It's as green as a green bean
Eat our food
It's all really good

Nisani Abeyweera

A poem is when your pen touches the paper
and your heart pours out words.
Whether your letters are curved or straight,
whether they're scribbled so tiny,
or take up an entire page,
as your pen moves, you make magic.

Whether you're writing your poem.
in the comfort of the big oak tree's shade,
or your lying outstretched on your bed,
when your pen moves, you create beauty.

Nisansa is...

A book full of knowledge with pages curling at their tips
A brave, bold eagle, perched upon a tree
Facing its broad chest to the world proudly
A playful puppy, greeting their owner with many licks
Soft, pastel blue, calm and peaceful
A bustling city, bursting with the sound of cars honking
And overwhelming chatter

My Trip to Hawaii

I am four
I stare at the busy streets around me
With wide, open eyes and a flower garland around my neck
Soon, I get tired,
And I trudge along,
Behind my family under the blazing sun,
Sweat streaming down my face
Oh, the beauty of Hawaii

The pitch black night sky
Is lit up by stars
And an erupting volcano
The bright red, hot lava,
Pouring out,
We are standing under a towering palm tree
Oh, the beauty of Hawaii

The big round, white
Mangosteen I bite into
The juice slowly dribbles
Down my chin
And I smile
A big, broad smile
Oh, the beauty of Hawaii

Sun

I am the sun
Some people
With aching feet from working the previous day
Feel that my arrival is unfortunate
Since they long for night to continue
And for them to stay put in bed

Some, however, feel happy
And bleed by my light
I beam down on them, waving hello
And they smile back joyfully
I am the sun

Living

The calm, crystal blue ocean
Whispers to the children that giggle on the shore
The freshly sharpened pencil dances across the page
As words that are lurking at the tip
Suddenly pour out
The breeze of the wind sings to me
While the trees dance to its rhythm
Thump
The cold, metal baseball bat
Hits the ball
And it soars across the air
Whoosh
The breeze blows my hair back
And it trails behind me
As I run, barefoot, across the freshly cut grass

Villanelle

Erase your tears
Cherish every single day
Be brave enough to face your fears

Happily spend each and every one of your years
Filled with fun, joy, and play
Erase your tears

For others success, shout your cheers
In your mind, may your happy memories stay
Be brave enough to face your fears

Feel proud every day as nighttime nears
New experiences, do not delay
Erase your tears

Embrace nature, from birds to deers
To the flowers that bloom in May
Be brave enough to face your fears

To family, friends, and peers
Your opinions and beliefs, don't be afraid to say
Erase your tears
Be brave enough to face your fears

Found Poem

(from *When You Reach Me* by Rebecca Stead)
April
Roses bloom
Rain trickles
I pick the rose
The rose was perfect -
Just opening like a picture in a
Magazine with big curly letters
Snow is invisible
Nature's beauty

Greyson Chan

A poem is infinite imagination
It is a pure soul
A thing, a person, a poem

A poem is love, cheerfulness, a story to tell
It is a thing to share, a beloved memory
A story, a book, a poem

A poem is a world of emotions
It is death, hate, happy
A comedy, a depression, a poem

A poem is a life and it is the speech of living
It is a thing to be said and to support
A statement, a right thing, a poem

A thing, a person, a story, a book, a
comedy, a poem
The poem, The poem, The poem

Greyson is...

a rock slowly getting destroyed by the sun
I am a seesaw going back and forth
I am a flavorless candy
A hurricane sweeping up things in its ay
I am a shade of black that is gloomy
I am a laugh to laugh at
A lion chasing a deer
I am the taste of a burger
I am a piece of rubble drifting in space going
wherever I go
The sound of a horn
I am the mind of nothingness
I am myself
I am who I was born to be
I am only myself
I am someone waving its arms going crazy
I am tape sticking to things but releasing
when needed
I am the thing that I was meant to be
A person living his life

I Am 6

I am 6 years old
I bite my brother on his back
Screaming and crying with scratches
Punching, punching, punching

I am 6 years old
I bit my brother on his back
My brother is crying with the fight ending
Endless screaming
Punching, punching, punching

I am 6
M back aching while I bite my brother's back
Fists flying everywhere
Filled with endless furry
Punching, punching, punching

Flower Bud

I am a flower bud
The youngling in the spring
And the baby of the family

I will bloom in the sun
And spread my petals out
While in the forest of nature

I will grow into purple and blue
When I thrive in the sunshine
And soak up water

I am not a flower
But a child
Who is the delicate form of a beautiful piece
of furniture

White

White is not white
It is the blank pages of a story
A fog in your mind
A winter before spring
The tundra that is always blank
The delicate snowflake that is a painting
A pale man on a pale moon
A wind not so windy
A frozen tree standing up to the white
snowstorm
Your blank mind in the cold season of winter
A hazy day in your hazy life
White is belief in snow
That will melt

Vivien Chan

Poetry is as sweet as a mother's milk, as soft but strong as a spider's silk. Poetry is as fun as a child at play, it is a hero saving the day. But at the end, all it's trying to send is happy faces and tied shoe laces.

Vivien Is...

Vivien is a piano that hates to play. A dog howling to the moon. Not a fork, not a spoon but a spork. My hair is as basic as a yellow school bus, same schedule, every day. A guitar that smiles though the music is terrible. In denial that it's too much. A monkey clutching fried ice cream. Wears long funky t-shirts and mismatched socks. Has a pet rock while the clock goes tick-tock.

I Am 6

I am 6
Going to Disney Land
Getting into the spinning tea cups
My mom, she wanted to throw up
Inside of the cup
"Spin it to win it!"

I am 6
Spinning the wheel
Faster than all the other tea cups
My brother, he is spinning the cup
"Spin it to win it!"

Bowl of Rice

I am a bowl of rice
Someone stuck chopsticks in my brain
It's bad luck and disrespectful
Tell them no more Mr. Nice Rice
Shame on them
I'm gonna live up to fame
A bowl of rice in a limo
But someone stole me and is going to eat me
I see, then drink, the liquids of Mr. Tea
I sit on the table, steam coming from my head,
And wake up in bed
I look from side to side
Finally, back in the fridge
That is where I live

Letters

V a mouth, eternally hungry and the joy of a sharpened pencil
I a "shhh!" with three fingers and a cup to hold
no drinks

N the darkness trapped deep inside Z, never to come out

O "rattle, rattle, rum" goes the hamster wheel and look, a kid with no face

B a butterfly, the other half burned

P "gulp, plop," a lollipop drops half-eaten; a kid chokes

R just "r"

T one eye closed, crying

Q a bugs body with only one leg

Blue

Blue, blue, blue!

It is not but a color

It is the ocean waves jumping up and back down

It is the freedom of America

It is the blue tint of the moon

It is the tears of a child feeling blue

It is the lines on loose leaf

Heading left and right

It is the humongous shadow of a beached whale

It is the blue of the earth from a view of space

IT IS BLUE

Villanelle

Fill your life with joy

Make some friends

You are not a toy

Girls are equal like boys

Don't make a person depend

Fill your life with joy

Eat vegetables like choy

Be happy it won't end

You are not a toy

Treats like fresh soy

Are a very healthy trend

Fill your life with joy

Don't be annoyed

Scents of kindness someone will send

You are not a toy

Pirates yell, "Ahoy!"

Be healthy and your life won't bend

Fill your life with joy

You are not a toy

Capri Chang

Poetry is full of emotions and flavors, smiling in joy strawberry,
crying in sadness almonds!

Capri Is...

Capri is a koala, a pillow, a storm of confusion, a bee wandering around, a sour lemon, a question, the sound of a crying kid, a stale noodle, a tired bear looking for fish, a worried rock, a heavy thinker

Aging

I am 5 and get a puppy. Ok!
I am still 5 December morning the 15th!
Sneaking into the presents like a spy...
The lights turn on. *Ahhh!* I shout.
My parents look at me weird. Ok!
I am 6 and I see a live fox with snow on its
head. Ok!
I am 7 watching my dog eat my chicken
nugget. Ok!
I am 8 and in the 3rd grade. Ok!
Now I am 9.

Lightbulb

I am a lightbulb
I am a bright sun
I'm a famous movie star
I appear in movies and cartoons
I am a hard-working man
I turn on and off
I like bragging to dust, the dust who sits on
top of me, how annoying
I dream of being a light switch
I have a fear of heights
Who put me here?!

Random Poem (Villanelle)

Your troubles you must repair
Be nice, eat rice
Danger, beware

Breathe fresh air
Don't eat mice
Your troubles you must repair

You look like a bear
You have lice
Danger, beware

You're not rare
That's a high price
Your troubles you must repair

That's a hare!
Your carrots, you must slice
Danger, beware!

In life, you should share
And four mushrooms, you must dice
Your troubles you must repair
Danger, beware

Alan Chen

Poem Pizza

A poem is like eating pizza on a Friday Night.
You can still eat it whether you are blind of sight.
It fills me up with sauce and cheese
It warms me up during the winter's breeze

A poem is I.

Alan is a bunny about to become dinner,
A burned toy,
Trash and garbage,
A jail cell,
385967 tornados, 896 hurricanes, 1 storm and a shriek
Granola bar covered in BQ sauce

Villanelle

When you're sad, do not sit in that red chair
That chair is not for you
Instead, eat a pretty pear

And be a millionaire
Or go to the zoo
When you're sad, do not sit in that red chair

Or any other chair
Throw a paper plane (flew)
Instead, eat a pretty pear

Comb your hair
Don't eat bamboo
When you're sad, do not sit in that red chair

And always prepare
You don't want to lose your shoes
Instead, eat a pretty pear

Trim your hair
Don't eat suspicious stew
When you're sad, don't sit in that red chair
Instead, eat a pretty pear

Memphis Chen

Poetry is feelings and thoughts on paper.
It is filled with many emotions and different
people. And many feelings and thoughts in every
person. There are different minds and different
ideas in every writer with a different
but also the same purpose in life.

Memphis is...

Memphis is a hail storm hailing for almost an eternity. Tired about doing math. And yawning every day at school. I'm a cup of noodles waiting to be slurped.

I Am 8

I am 8
and walking around
the humid hot day
walking to the big
tall castle on
the humid hot day
day quickly turned
night is a colorful
splash of colors
in the sky on
the humid hot day

Red

Red red red, the color of a big wildfire blazing through the forest
Burning anything it touches
Red can also be a rose growing tall, blowing in the wind
With small green thorns on the side
As the rose withers through the winter
A kid wearing red plays in the snow
After the freezing winter, the fire comes back, and
the roses on the hill also come back
The sun slowly goes down as the sky turns light red

Found Poem

The great stock market crash has rippled across the country
The polar bears have ruled the Northern kingdoms
The first civilizations
The foreigners are completely strange
Analyze the descriptive universe
A fictional comet tumbles from the sky with the support of your mindset

Melanie Cheng

Poetry is like cooking, adding ingredients like adding words onto your paper.

Poetry is a variety as of everything.
Tons of options.

ANYTHING...

With heart and emotion, you create something amazing.
Effort and patience will never stop you.

Cooking soup. Adding spices.
Writing poetry. Adding words.

With heart & emotion you create something Amazing.

Melanie is...

a unicorn wandering around the magical land
a warm day
a small whisper floating in the air
a noodle
playing and having fun in the water
every 3 months a crumpled paper
a painting expressing my mind
a playground full of happy kids playing
a piece of glitter

spreading joy to all
a cozy pillow fluffy
and warm
a sweet dessert
filled with
happy sprinkles... and sweet caramel
smiling
every day
This is me

I Am Seven

I am seven
I am walking up to him
Sent by the teacher with purple hair
Leaving leaving leaving a trail
Plop the glitter falls UH OH!

We meet him
HAPPY BIRTHDAY

We throw the glitter!
He is happy and thanks us
UH OH!

We see the janitor
With smoke coming out of his ears
We quickly run back to the classroom
The janitor follows STOMP STOMP
My teacher is in trouble
The janitor angrily talks to my teacher
UH OH!

Younger Sister

I am a first grader
Skipping to school
I need my two bows to put in my hair
Mommy! I shout
I always play
My older sister is annoying
I like to watch TV
I always watch YouTube
My older sister is always doing homework
My older brother Gavin always ignores me
I want to go to school
I made a new friend because I colored with her
My teacher is always fun and full of sunshine
Finally!
My older sister is finally done with her homework
We play and play until her friend calls her
We all talk together
Yippee!!!

Villanelle

Nobody can do you better than you
Life is all about using the whole box of crayons
Stay honest and be true

Look at that beautiful view
Make sure to mow your lawn
Nobody can do you better than you

Don't forget to have fun too!
Look at that pretty swan
Stay honest and be true

Have a great time at the zoo
I have to wake up at dawn
Nobody can do you better than you

Don't scare people and be nice - boo!
I am so tired - yawn!
Stay honest and be true

Have some stew
Use the coupon
Nobody can do you better than you
Stay honest and be true

Elizabeth Cheung

Poetry is language at its most distilled
and most powerful.
Poetry is a short song that's
very colorful

Elizabeth Cheung is...

A breeze
A person playing a piano
A cupcake
A cup of coca cola
A bright dot

The First Time at Disney

I am 6
Going to a roller coaster
Drops
Screams

Going to my favorite roller coaster
Suddenly bursting up
A bag flying
Screams

Dropping
I look down
I'm levitating
Screams

Eraser

I am an eraser
Getting smaller and smaller
Saying bye to the writing of a pencil
Ink marks all over me
Hopefully I don't disappear
Pieces of me falling off

Letters

E a broken comb
I a piece of pasta
I a weight
Z lightning
A the tip of a pencil
Crack, slurp grunt, boom

Pink

Pink, pink, pink
It's not pink
It's an eraser
It's bubble gum
It's a sunset
It's an afternoon

Kangaroo Spell

Hasrattel hasrattel
The kangaroo is floating
The kangaroo's neck is blue
The kangaroo's body is purple

Bonral bonral bonral

The kangaroo is above the moon

Villanelle

Eat a pear
Try something new
Breathe fresh air

In life, beware
When sick, drink stew
Eat a pear

Be a millionaire
The sky has a good view
Breathe fresh air

Don't have tangled hair
Life is funny, that's true
Eat a pear

Be fair
Don't get a flu
Breathe fresh air

Don't be scared
Wow, time flew
Eat a pear
Breathe fresh air

Riley Cheung

Poem is news that stays beautiful
Poem is like the “cherry on top”
poem is like soup to ramen

Riley Is...

My name is Riley. I am like a rainy day, very cloudy and gray. I am like pasta, very fancy and decorative. I am like the sun, very very bright and outgoing.

I Was 8

I got 1st place metal. Yay. I broke the wooden board with my foot. I got 1st place. I practiced with my brother on the playground. I was 8. I got 1st place.

Eating

At school I eat
At home I eat
My friends eat
My parents eat
I love eating
I eat while I play
I eat every day
I eat in my dreams
The mailman eats
My idol eats
My ice cream is dripping while I'm eating

The Panda Spell

Avocado avocado
The tiny panda turns blue
Chicken nuggets chicken nuggets
The blue panda turns 8 feet tall
French fries french fries
The 8 feet panda turns into McDonald's fries
Lemonade lemonade
The 8 feet tall McDonald's fries turns into liquid

[I Wandered Lonely As A Cloud]

No clouds
Many mountains on hills
Huge crowds
Covered in daffodils
Green trees
Soft breeze
Big shine
Unique way
Sit down by the bay
Tiny glance
Huge dance

Villanelle

Don't try to be cool
Try to eat a lot of pears
Stay in school

Don't be a fool
Try to be a millionaire
To fix your sink use a tool

Don't wear sheep's wool
Take care of a bear
Never go into a duel

Always sit on a stool
Always be fair
Always follow the rules

Pay attention in school
Don't play Truth Or Dare
Sometimes take a fresh swim in a pool

Don't stand on a stool
Don't declare war
Don't make your own rules
Always go out in weather that's cool

Kyle Deen

Poetry is a joy of
writing while your mind
goes blank, Poetry makes
your mind pop while you
write away. Poetry bakes
your hand without an oven.
Poetry makes your mouth
get watery while not even
thinking about it.

Kyle Deen is...

a rare baseball card.
I am a beast at the diamond, frightening the other team
And getting them penalized.
I'm the math equation 7X1.
I'm a Yankee fan booing the Mets.
I am Italy, slurping the pasta at "Viva La Vendras."
I am the tiger killing the noodle giraffe.

I'm 9

I get my first iPad for Christmas
I wake up my parents!
Disney
I'm 9
My parents say we are going to Disney
Wow!
My mom gives me three types of evidence until I believe her
Wow! We are going to Disney
Wow!
Our hotel is a villa - Wow!
It's got a hot tub - Wow!
Quack, I say - Wow! Wow! Wow! Wow! Wow!

KYLE

K a pelican's beak on a wall. a broken toothpick. half a diamond. a smiling mouth.
Y a football score post. an upside-down headless human.
L a broken door. a bent staple.
E the end of a rake.

[I Wandered Lonely As A Cloud]

What do I see? A bright white cloud
Floating above the hills
Over the hills, the villages crowd
All crowd the bright yellow daffodils
The three mills over the hills are tall like trees
The trees dance in the breeze
Just like the sunshine
And I walk along way; I walk in a line
By the soft sandy bay
Far away at the sun, I glance
And although I don't want to, I dance

Nicholas Eng

poetry is something happy
poetry is turning the frown upside down
a poem is something that stops anything
poets can be anything, do anything.

Nicholas Is...

Nicholas is a violin machine
Nicholas is a hailstorm with a "tier" 5
hurricane
Nicholas is a McDonald's meal
Nicholas is a video game
Nicholas is a thing

I Am 8

I am 8
I play lots of video games
The sound of my heat from the fireplace
The crackle of the fire
Click, clack, click go my video games

I play, play, play
Bloop, bleep. Pow.
AHH! I drink the hot chocolate
Click, clack, click go my video games

Pencil

I am a pencil
I live in a pencil case
My best friend, Mr. Eraser, is out on the
desk with me
My greatest fear is the doom pencil
destroyer!
I am the only pencil he uses the most eraser

I am often stabbing a weird blue-lined paper
He makes my black mark thing make weird
scribbles

Shark Spell

Kapakai kapakai kapakai
Eat up the fish
Let the fish at the center of the sea be eaten

Kapakai kapakai kapakai
Swim up to land, catch all the fish
Dive to the bottom of the mariana trench!
Become the king of the coral reed!

Kapakai kapakai kapakai
Kapakai kapakai kapakai
Spell complete!

[I Wandered Lonely As A Cloud]

I watch clouds
I see the hill
I watch the crowd
Just small daffodils
In the horizon I see trees
Being blown by the breeze

The sun brightly shines
Nothing in its way
Shining in a line
And going in the bay
I take a glance at the light
And watch the daffodil crowd dance

Matthew Fuster

Pizza Poem, Poem Pizza

a poem is the cheese on my pizza
a poem is the nice smell in my car when
the pizza makes the air different,
pizza is the pepperoni in my mouth

a poem is the crunchy crust and the oil
spilling into my mouth, a poem is the
sign I am still hungry for more

a poem is all the pepperoni and the cheese,
the sauce
and the crust, pizza is the watering in my
mouth, and pizza is the poem of my taste
buds.

Matthew Fuster is...

A computer at math
An elephant at eating a pb and j
A rusted terminator
lettuce
A slice of pepperoni on my pizza
A spoon in my yogurt
A thin chicken finger
The color red
After eating the bacon
I was supposed to eat Saturday

Uneven as a boulder
A man who can climb like an acrobat
A man astronomer
Then a tiger
A man slower than the laziest combination
Of a panda and a cub

I Am 8

I am 8 years old
And it is the 24th of December
Waiting for tomorrow
Tick... tick

I have to wait for Christmas
To happen, waiting in my bed
Trying to sleep
Tick... tick

Waiting for tomorrow
I am still half asleep
I have fallen asleep
Tick... tick

Asteroid

I am an asteroid
I am 10 times smaller than Pluto
I sometimes crash into my friend Adam every
million years
I spend my time spinning, looking at the sun
and Jupiter, sometimes Mars
I like to compare myself to the moon - it's a
thousand times smaller
My dream is to crash into the outer belt
I want to go to see Earth at least 10,000 times
I like to watch the glow of spots in the Earth
At the time when it's falling away from the sun

Yank

My sister yanks my hair
I yank hers!
The mailman gets yanked by an army of boys
She spansks my sister
Because she yanks me
The bee yanks its stinger in a tree
I yanked my eyes closed
Because it's weird
I yanked the controller from the other sister
Because the dog yanked the controller from
her
And she yanked it back

Villanelle

Are you a millionaire?
That's a pretty big clue
Hopefully you'll be fair

Or do I look like a millionaire?
Wit is very true
Are you a millionaire?

You must not stare
Or you'll look blue
Hopefully you'll be fair

Or they'll say you're a millionaire
Don't use shampoo
Are you a millionaire?

Definitely be a pair
And you'll scare a few
Hopefully you'll be fair

And that's a chair!
It looks like a cue
Are you a millionaire?
Hopefully, you'll be fair

Siyona Kadam

My name is Siyona
Not Fiona
I am free
Joyful with glee
I am a half-eaten chocolate bar waiting to
be finished
Not knowing it's about to be diminished
I am a cautious fish, staying away from
there,
Everything planned and already set
I am a lion with different tactics to capture
the deer
A lion with no fear
I am a soaring bird with brave, bold wings
I am a really fast shed
Being led
I am fresh snow
Following you wherever you go
I am a great city
That dislikes the term "self pity"

Artificial Chocolate Frosting

I am an artificially-flavored type of chocolate
frosting
Even though it says "naturally flavored" on
my tin
I am a constant reminder that things are not
what they seem
I am disappointingly sweet because
whoever made me
Accidentally poured two cartons of sugar
in the process of making me
Adults and even kids call me, "too sweet,"
making me feel ashamed
I am a constant reminder things are not
what they seem
Even in the refrigerator, the hot chocolate
and coffee tease me for being so sweet
I am a constant reminder things are not
what they seem

Letters

O a roller coaster swirls around a loop de
loop SWOOSH!
U up and down the canyon's bend! (several
are injured)
S a slithering snake sneaks up to Sally!
H an unsuspecting person crosses a bridge.
a fish jumps out of nowhere.

V an upside down pencil point symbolizing
the mutiny of the world!
X I look down at the map and see
TREASURE
B a lumpy potato shows the differences in
the world

Music

The jelly beans wiggle on my tongue
They dance on their own
The frog hops into my pound
I jump in his
Fingers are flying
Toes are dancing
Needles are knitting
But I keep jumping
Gifts are wrapping themselves
Backpacks are attaching
Pianos are playing
Ghosts stop haunting
To hear music
Ice creams are melting
Bodies stop sleeping
Yellers stop yelling
And screamers stop screaming
Raindrops stop falling
Rainbows start peeking
Dancers start dancing
And I keep stopping, starting and
WHIRLING!

Blue

Blue, blue, blue, blue
It's not blue, it's flaunting waves washing
over
A flawless beach
It's acrylic glass, modeled after the sky
Though it is broken, no shards
It's a tall, strong iceberg standing high
Through storms and winds
It's a white wall, full of blue scribbles made
by
Creative, not messy, children
Blue is sadness
It is tears drenched in sorrow
It's a blue robin shooting through the sky
Its wings spread slow and brave
Its ice-frosted leaves which look magical
But crunch under your feet

Cody Kim

Poetry is truth in its Sunday clothes.
When he chooses his clothes, he picks carefully.
He has multiple different styles he can have.
He has clothes that look the same,
And clothes that zig zag and swirl.
He can pick bright, cheery clothes,
or clothes that are sad and gloomy.
He can also be wild and funny.

Cody Kim

Cody Kim is lost.
Cody Kim is foggy.

My Brother, Dylan

My brother Cody is fun to play with, but is also annoying. My younger sister Ellie is also annoying because she gets in my way. They keep asking to play with my plushies, but I keep telling them no. My plushies only like me, and my plushies are way too good for them to have. I barely have any plushies, so I keep asking for them to have. I keep asking for money from my family, but they always say no. I want to act like animals to get their attention, but everyone just says I'm annoying. When I'm not trying to get money I watch YouTube. I watch people showing off their plushie collections. I also look for more plushies online. I also play video games like Roblox. I hope to have a YouTube channel so I practice making videos with my plushies. This is my life.

Villanelle

With life, have care
But enjoy it, too
Of death, beware

Be kind and be fair
Be nice and be true
With life, have care

Go outside and breathe fresh air
And enjoy the view
Of death, beware

Eat fruit, like a pear
Eat things with veggies, like carrot stew
With life, have care

When things are tough, friends can help them
Don't be shy when meeting someone new
Of death, beware

Life can be short, but don't be scared
For life was long for those who knew
With life, have care
Of death, beware

Michelle Lam

Poetry is a white blank room with words of expression
Hiding in holes
Cracks
Doorways
Poetry is a slide of words
Words spilling out like a summer breeze
Poetry is an ocean
Blue majestic waves,
powerful words as small as pins
floating around, finding
the right poem to fit in.
Poetry is a falling leaf
twirling and twirling
until it knows it will fit
Poetry is teamwork
Words together
scrambling to make
a poem.

Michelle Lam is...

An eagle
Talons dashing in the midnight
A quiet kitten
The sound of an eagle
Catching prey
Swooping down silently
A blue flower
As dark as midnight
A red rose
Layers falling
Petals being stripped
A sad twitter
Of a bird
Singing its song
Pitch black
In the air
The sound of silence

I Am Seven

I am seven
I am next to a Christmas tree
I am walking around it
Adding glowing lights to the leaves
Circling, circling, circling

I am walking around it
Adding ornaments
Drifting left and right
Covered with color
Circling, circling, circling

Finally all the lights are complete
All the ornaments
Wrung to the tree
SWISH!
The candle goes out
I plug the lights in
The tree is glowing

The only light
In the room
Illuminating the room
Christmas is near
Christmas is near

Yellow Daffodil

I am a daffodil
The silver specks of rain
Hitting my yellow body
The sun shining on me
The teary raindrops
Drop to the floor
I think those drops are from me
A bee buzzes in my center
Hello, I say
But the bee doesn't hear me and flies away
So I talk to no one but the darkness
As I hang down

Snowflake

I am a glass snowflake
Falling down from clouds
I decide to land on a scarf
It is furry and cuddly
I sneak beneath and tuck myself
Under the cotton front

Blue, Blue, Blue

Blue, blue, blue
It's not blue, it's the waves breaking on the shore
It's a mockingbird
A gentle breeze
The anger pouring down from the sky
Drizzling on the rooftops
The frigidness and coldness of winter
A memory frozen and far
Far

Far

Far away

Cracked like ice
A moment away from being erased
A robin's feathery feel
A river's tricked on the rocks
A waterfall downpouring
Blue, but
Not quite blue

Can raise you

Or push you

Down, down, down

The petals of a blue orchid

Falling to the ground

Like raindrops

Can fall to the ground
Icicles hanging from the ceiling

Neo Lew

Poetry is a phantom script
that everyone has in mind and it
fills your brain with wonderful ideas that
I wish I had right now.
Poetry is a phantom script that everyone can
write once
you can write the script with all your
Sight

New Lew is...

Neo Lew is a hurricane
I'm tired of going to school for six hours
I'm tired of doing everything
I'm tired of eating and learning
I want to take a break
But I can't get away
I'm trying to get away but life doesn't let me go
Even if I want to go somewhere
I can't
I'm feeling like a gloomy block
Like a furnace burning rage
And I'm tired so I go to sleep
I wake up like the sun shine
Feeling refreshed and upright
I can go outside to get some fresh air
And go play with my friends
Over there I go out to play and I say
Bye I can't go play more
Because it's already night again
Tomorrow yesterday said so I go
Again tomorrow yesterday said so I go
Again tomorrow to see a lot of noodles
And they always get eaten because everyone
likes it
And I can't play just now but
Just eat my noodles

I Am 8

I am 8
I got a Nintendo and was very confused
I got very excited

I am 8 and I went on the Nintendo switch
I was very happy
I got very excited

I am 8 and I played Pokemon on my Nintendo

It was fun
I got very excited

Snowflakes

I am a snowflake
I fall and fall
Melting when I fall
Turning into water and landing on my friend
I keep freezing up in the clouds
And falling on your tongue
And if I'm lucky I go in your car

Rice

I am rice
I get eaten every day
And get in a bowl with meat on top
People eat me every second
I go in bags with my friends
And people cook me
And bite my body until I go pop

Neo Lew

N a zigzag that goes up and - boom - now
goes down, but never goes sideways
E a shelf that has no side to it. It screams, "I
need a side!, but it never gets a side
O a black hole that sucks in and out and says
it hurts! (I can't get out.)

L a loop that has a corner, but shouldn't have
one

E a table with three legs when it should have
four. It always asks people to put one more
but they scream no

W an M that is upside down and wants to go
up, but stays flipped over

Emo

I'm on my black tablet
I see an emo girl
She hacks the game and turns us emo
And we get the black plague
We do TikTok
We go to school wearing emo
Black black black
Now we are all black

Isabella Liu

Poetry is an angel blowing
on a dead flower to make
it blossom with JOY! The
magic air appears one great
sight different to all. For
me, it's potatoes. It's an
angel sitting on a cloud on the moon.
The colorful petals shine in
sun. Bling! Bling! Poetry will
always be full of life.

Horrible Christmas

I am 7
No tree, 1 gift
No, 15 gifts YAY
All 15 are books
1 gift, Hot Wheels... bruh...
All these tracks and NO CAR
It came with NO CARS
I'm trying the books
They are not fictional
No snow
My! Just calm down
Breathe...

Isabella is...

a song
a dog grrr
a towel laying in the sun
cheers to the Eiffel Tower
one mouth-watering Idaho potato
drip drip echo echo
this song is lyrical
just like Lyn Paid is singing
Isabella is a song

Water

I am water
I am the word, water
I don't always taste dull
Only if I'm sparkling
The small ripples
Drip drip
Trapped in a bottle
Waiting

Villanelle

Oh dear, I thought you knew
There's only a few ways to be air
You must stick to stew

Nothing else can be true
Eat some pears
Oh dear, I thought you knew

Learn your manners and make do
Please don't stare
You must stick to stew

Ew, use some shampoo
That's what I declare
Oh dear, I thought you knew

Don't wear blue
Wash your hair
You must stick to stew

You have no clue
Don't listen to dares
Oh dear, I thought you knew
You must stick to stew

Vivian Liu

Poetry is an ice cream
Eating it under the hot sun
Licking it until you found a peach,
And a delicious rice bun

Poetry is like beauty,
Rhythmical and pretty.
Light being in war with cruelty.
And a person, oh, so witty!

Poetry is like a book,
Very interesting and cool,
New books keep being took,
Reading on a cool stool.

Poetry is writing.
Quickly and blank,
Barely any citing,
and the Titanic being sank.

Vivian Liu is...

A hurricane, splashing the ocean
Quickly gathering and spinning with motion
A book laying there to be read
A fresh pizza baked with angry bread
A robot following the program
Buzzing at the whole big clan
A crow flying towards prey
Catching it and killing being made
One lone bottle with no liquid
It's only friends, being some crickets
A feeling wheel spinning quickly
Always feeling a little bit sicky
A jewel shining in a chest
Always shining and never getting rest
Stars, being proud, barely any
The moon

Flight to Hawaii

I am 9
Running and sitting
I am flying
Watching videos
For 10 hours

Making rubber bracelets
With my friends
Goofing around
Eating snacks
For 10 hours

Sleeping peacefully
Playing in my iPad
Drawing

With my friends
For 10 hours

The C

Yes, I look like parenthesis, serving grammar
Yes, I look like a snake slithering
Yes, I look like an open mouth, talking
Yes, I look like half a circle, broken
Yes, I look like a moon curving
Yes, I look like a hammock swishing
Yes, I am many things

Sparkles

Purple. Purple, purple, glitter, messy
NO! Not messy
It's stars, twinkling
Purple royalty
You in an amethyst crown
Purple pencil case, stretched
Calming you down
Purple grapes, enjoy!
Purple shirt, a sign of royalty
Are you feeling purple yet?
Purple light blinding you
Purple auroras
Purple tastes like royalty and mystery
Sparkle, sparkle, purple, purple, purple

[I Wandered Lonely As A Cloud]

The soft, small, puffy clouds
Are above the fresh, big hills
Surrounded with no noisy crowds
Only butter yellow daffodils
Beautiful oak and pine trees
Sway in the ocean breeze
The dew drops twinkle and shine
The leaves move in only one way
There are no straight lines
The waves are moving towards the bay
Little bees have a happy glance
And the flowers dance and dance

Be Bright (Found Poem)

Be bright
Like the ocean and the sky
You're a star
Imagine, love, and create
Be bright
Like moonlight
Mistakes will help you
Sit, stay, and explore
Be bright
And you're filled
With liberty
For all
Of history

Taha Ozmen

Taha is...

nothingness
My object is air
I am black
I am the quantum realm
I am a black hole

Uncle

I saw my uncle
On my birthday
Yay

He was tall
But I didn't care
Yay

Kangaroo Spell

Kangaroo lenape lenape lenape
The kangaroo is 100 feet tall
He is blue
His neck is blue
He jumps to the sun

Monkey Supervillain Spell

Blam blam blam blam
He runs on water
He flies in the sky
He breaks through
He kills black holes
He crushes the sun with his big stomach

Villanelle

Be a try hard millionaire
Try and live a good life to become
The best billionaire

Go to the try hard trillionaire
So you can become
A try hard millionaire

Be a millionaire to become the best
trillionaire
The best millionaire to be a billionaire
Be the best billionaire

Be the best billionaire
The best trillionaire
The best millionaire

Be the best quadrillionaire
Be a quadrillionaire
Be the best billionaire

Be a trillionaire
Be a quadrillionaire
Be a millionaire
Be a billionaire

Ryan Pan

Poetry is like sitting in a
quiet meadow.

A poem is the mute
button you press on zoom.
A poem is the crashing of
a waterfall.

A poem is the press of
a pop-it.
A poem is glass that it
that is tapped by rain.

A poem is like a story full of adventures.

That adventure is your own.
That adventure is when
the adventure, is the pattering
on stone and the scraping
of pencils.

A poem is a story that
you fall in.
A poem is you.

Ryan is...

I am creative.
I am blue and teal and cyan
Snow and flurries
I am artsy, fun, and a Minecraft architect
I am a panda and a husky and a pug
I am potatoes, pizza, iced tea and more
I am tired of learning

I Am 9

I am 9
The car is tight and squished
I feel very nauseous
I look at the school
In the classroom, I take a seat

The noise of people talking
My backpack on my seat
The sun is flooding into the room
I sit in my seat

Waiting through several minutes
Notebooks every period
Noise is loud, everyone is talking
I sit in my seat

Lunch through the sunny hot day
Lunch and recess end
I sit in my seat

People pack up leaving for the bus
People pack up leaving for parents
I wait, sitting in my seat

We all leave
Through the halls, the sound of talking, too
I stop sitting in my seat

Blue

Blue skies drown in clouds, not water.
Only half of it is revealed.
A garden of blue flies as the wind blows, turns
and twists.
A hibiscus dances on shores, prickly roses on
the bushes,
and forget-me-nots stand still in the center.
Blueberries sit at the shore near the hibiscus.
In the water,
a coral shines, bright and blue.
A deep cave with diamonds glows blue.
Everything isn't blue; it's every color. Color,
color color.
The world is color everywhere.

Villanelle

This is a good day
This is a cue
Say hello, say hey

When you're at a store, always pay
See that panda in the zoo?
This is a good day

Spring is wonderful in May
That panda's eating bamboo
Say hello, say hey

Okay, okay, okay
Look at this view!
This is a good day

I want to play
You know that shoe flew without a clue
Say hello, say hey

Let's go play
Let's eat some stew, too
This is a good day
Say hello, say hey

Peter Pan

Poetry is a home with plenty
video games
Poems are homes with lots
of love
Poetry is a home with yummy
food
Poetry is a home in a
beautiful city of flowers
Poetry is a house with your
loving parents and a pet
Poetry is house made of
flowers and trees
Poems are houses in trees
with lemonade in the air
Poems are homes in cities
stacked with people
Poetry is a house with clothes and warmth
Poems are houses starting to be built without a
design
Poems are houses with butterflies and beauty

Peter Pan is...

I'm a snoring monkey waiting for a big juicy
banana
I'm an angry tornado throwing mansions
I'm a garbage truck trying not to be filled
I'm a sofa in front of a tv but with no one to sit
I'm a clock waiting to tick
I'm a never-ending noodle being slurped up and
down
I'm a nest full of angry bees
I'm a piece of paper getting ready to give
someone a papercut
I'm a question waiting for an answer

The Bean

I am a bean
A very green bean
A rejected green dot
My friends thrown in a napkin
My brothers, rotting
A disgusting lonely veggie
Never to be eaten
Thrown out of a window
The opposite of my bro Jack's beanstalk
No friends or family, a bean sobbing
A slimy bean
Never thrown in dirt
So very sad
Dreaming of being eaten
Wanting to stretch
I am an ugly, slimy, disgusting, ill-tasting
Green bean in a lonely pod

Letters

A a pencil point scratching at paper
B a bumpy butt cheek
C boom a cave caves in
D chomp yummy half pizza
E a cracking book
F the signpost swishing around him
G a tick tock clock with a hole and a missing
hand
H a flopping I

[I Wandered Lonely As A Cloud]

I see a white milky cloud
Like touching the green grassy hill
More and more clouds, a cloud crowd
Scaling the hills is a lonely daffodil
Sitting, waiting on the ground, are many trees
Swaying in the gentle breeze

Look at the small stars shine!
They're dancing in their special way
A little worm, a little line
Squirms on the ocean bay
Giving the sky a funny glance
Look at the stars, watch them dance

Villanelle

When in public don't stare
And don't use too much glue
When you're young, better prepare

For when you're old you can be a millionaire
So you won't feel so blue
When in public, don't stare

Don't be a crook or go make a secret lair
Don't drink veggie stew
When you're young, better prepare

Don't enrage a momma bear
Even at the Bronx Zoo
When in public don't stare

Don't ride a baby mare
Or a cow that says moo
When you're young, better prepare

Wash your messy hair
Don't forget to use shampoo
When in public, don't stare
When you're young, better prepare

Shiven Pillai

a poem is like a tap
a poem is like a snap
a poem is like summer
that makes winter a bummer

a poem has alliteration personification
and more
a poem can be cake
that you had made
a poem is like the sun
in your summer fun

Shiven is...

A meteor shower stuffed in a rock
A storm waiting to be released
The opposite of bad
Has books in his head
A giant king cobra with venom

Official Poem of the Century

As a nine year old
It is hard
To try maintaining homework
But no one is complaining
So in my head I think
What would it be like to not be responsible?

I'm stuck in school
Now in a chair
Listening to the most boring math lesson ever
So I think
What would it be like to not be responsible?

The Pencil in the Desk

My name is Pencil
My tip is stubby
My head is destroyed, then sharpened
If I am too short, I am dead
I stay in silence
Not daring to ever speak
My name is Pencil
My tip is stubby

Haunt

I haunt my brother
I haunt the cat
I make the mailman haunt cats
The cats haunt the mailman
Fire haunts ice
Water haunts fire

Adam Ryga

Adam is...

Adam is a pizza with French fries
He is a morning groaning kid waking up on
a Monday
He is a tiger hunting for food
He is a soccer ball being kicked by a kid
A sandstorm swinging everywhere
He is a sleeping kid flying in a cool breeze
A laughing eating kid who only eats pizza
He is a 25-year old kid reading and studying
To know what to eat

The Cute Dog!

I am 8 picking up the cute dog yo
Petting it while being happy yo
Jumping up and down yo
Giving her a blueberry yo
Naming her Ginger yo
Taking her home yo

I Am

I am an asteroid going to Earth
Splattering everywhere to the Earth
Crashing into the Earth's crust
Looking like a dumpling-covered with
pudding
I feel like the sun
I dream of not crashing
I want to find friends who can play with me

Giggle

Jeff Bezos is a giggler
Elon Musk is a giggler
I am a giggler
We giggle all day
While on a field trip
We see a man sitting down

He steals Elon Musk's money
While saying, "Ha ha ha!"
Giggle, giggle, giggle, we giggle at him
Stealing all our money!

[I Wandered Lonely As A Cloud]

I am a cloud
Who runs toward the hills
In the warm and cozy place there is no
crowd
Just daffodils, big daffodils
I am in the biggest tree
And when I fall asleep I feel the breeze
I shine
While I'm fading a different way
I'm in a line
Seeing crabs on the bay
While away I glance
Dance dance dance, we clouds always
dance

Sonnet

They howl in the night
Next to the big train
While having a little fright
Walking with a red, white, and blue cane
I see a fence
I hear a bark
When I come closer to the fence I see a
dent
When I come home it is very dark
When I open my eyes I see a dog
And when I come closer
The dog has created fog
And behind the dog is the Joker
When my time has come
I am done

Alice Wang

Poetry is like the ice cream
melting in my mouth. It is
like the best thing in the world.
If it's mango, strawberry or grape.
Poetry is like mango with a cherry
on top. Like a happy face dancing
around. And a grape with a smile
starts making you happy.

Alice Wang is...

A piano player
A sunny day
A good friend
A flag swaying in the wind
A butterfly flying around

Halloween

I am 9
I go trick or treating on Halloween
And the candy is good

I see my friends
They are in costumes
And the candy is good

Snowflake

I am a snowflake
A frozen raindrop
That has many patterns
I am better than rain
Kids play with me
I dream of going around the world

Letters

A a mountain with a peak
B one side of a butterfly
C half a cookie
D a wrong-sided smile
E a brush without many spikes
F a toothbrush
G a C with a line

Bounce

There is a bouncy ball
It bounced there
It bounced here
Bounce! Bounce!
The bouncy ball

[I Wandered Lonely As A Cloud]

The sky is full of a lot of clouds
They are everywhere, even around the hills
There are too many clouds, they crowd
Some shaped like daffodils
Mostly above trees
Where clouds fly in the breeze

Hello sunshine!
All the clouds know the way
In a very straight line
The best place is at the bay
Take a little glance
The crabs always dance and dance

Lucas Wang

Lucas Is...

An orange paintball doing 0.9X0.9 and
figuring the value of i since he knows $i^2 = -1$
A shark slurping noodles
A martian reading English

I Am Eight

I am eight
I'm evil like a villain
Stealing all the orange
Shooting orange lasers
Eating orange jelly

I watch performances
Yelling out, "Orange!"
I start looking at orange banners
Watching a big orange moon rise
I'm like a villain

Strava

I am a strava
Not the sun
My size dwarfs the sun
I am white ball of light
I shine as bright as five suns
The star sees its system
The star is losing itself to a deadly object

Villanelle

Don't sit in hay
Get good care
Absorb the sun's rays

Enjoy the bay
Eat a pear
Don't sit in hay

Rest at the end of the day
Save if you need a repair
Absorb the sun's rays

Don't get cray cray
Ask for money from a billionaire (or a trillionaire)
Don't sit in hay

Play with clay
Ask for food from a hare
Absorb the sun's rays

Play outside on a sunny day
Just don't go cray cray
Don't sit in hay
Absorb the sun's rays

Leah Zhang

Poetry is a man made of
lava jumping into a pool.
It hisses away.
Poetry is drinking poison and waiting
for someone else to die.
Poetry is jumping off a cliff and not
being scared.
Going

down and
down

Poetry is using one balloon to
float up into the sky.
Poetry is sledding down a volcano.
It hisses away.
Ow

...Poetry is burning hot

Leah is...

A dragon waiting to be tamed
Velcro shoes, squeaking all day
A brimming water bottle, getting sipped every
two hours or so
A bird perching up, watching all the drama
An old piano being played by a ghost
An arrow cracking the night
A human bean in a can of beans
A forgotten video game

Leaf

I am a leaf
Withered away in the snow
Drops trickle over me as it rains
I am so fragile
I sit on a branch all day
Waiting for something interesting to happen
I dream of flying away
Carried away by the wind
Landing somewhere I won't be disturbed
But instead I wait and sit
Until a kid picks and throws me away

LEAH

L the corner of a room
E a three-legged table
A a dome for a house and a cracked egg
H the broken piece of a ladder

My Little Sister

I am Olivia
I'm the best

I want to be first
You are so unreasonable
If my cuteness doesn't get what I want
I have a Plan B
It's called, SCREAM
I don't want to take a bath!
I don't want to sleep with dad!
I only like mom
But not when she's mad
Then I like dad

Making Chopped Soup

I chop the corn on the chopping board
Scrape the chopped corn in the pot
Next I chop melted butter
I should chop I melt
But I don't care
I just chop chop chop
Scrape in the butter
Time to chop tomatoes
I chop the tomato and the chopped juice
splashes everywhere
Chopping all day
I chop lettuce, broccoli, eggplant, potato,
lamb chop, cabbage, carrots, celery
Alas! My chopped soup is finally done!

How To Turn a Rat Into A 7 Foot Frame

Put the rats along your back
Sand sand sand
Call its name 3 times
Fade its fur into black
Cave cave cave
See its dreams
Feast on his dreams
Wow! The rat is a 7 foot frame

Yellow

Yellow, yellow, yellow
A dried banana peel
Burning in the sun
A pencil
Sketching on some aging paper
A busy bee
Settling on a sunflower
Lightning strikes a sandy beach
Time to go home
Let's make corn muffins
Let's mix butter
Let's mix egg yolk
Uh oh! I spilled some oil

Jessica Zheng

Poetry is a writing full of expressions and joy
It doesn't require any thinking time
Just pick up your pencil and you'll start writing with joy

Jessica Zhang is...

a butterfly in the garden of flowers
a rabbit hopping around in the forest
a bird singing on the tree
a flower dancing in the wind
a star shining down to the earth
a sound of laughter
a princess spinning like a ballerina

I Am Seven

I am seven
And I am on a stage
The stage is big
I start shivering with fear
I go next in my group
I start laughing
And there I am on a stage
still shivering with fear
But smiling on my face
Almost about to cry
I start dancing
Still shivering with fear

Verbing

My fingers are dancing on the keyboard
It's typing so fast that it's about to fly
I want to slow down, but it starts jumping
I start giggling and so do my fingers
Next they start singing

Found Poem

April
Flowers are blooming
Jolly kids are playing and eating ice cream
Imagining playing in a garden full of flowers
Using creativity to decorate their drawings
Feeling freedom
Catching butterflies
Delighted to go on a vacation
Feeling safe with the love of their parents