Imagine That

By: Teagan Kaase

IMAGINE THAT
2018
Lower School Academic Staff

FORM 2
Mrs. Read
Mrs. Scherrer
Mrs. Williams

FORM 3
Mrs. Hetrick
Mrs. Viccellio
Mrs. Webb

FORM 4
Mrs. Adam
Mrs. Alfonsin
Mrs. Queen

FORM 5
Mrs. Damarodas
Mrs. Smisek
Ms. Wagner
IMAGINE THAT

A COLLECTION
OF
POEMS

SAINT MARY’S HALL
LOWER SCHOOL
2017-2018
Mrs. Read’s Class


Middle Row: Calypso Fox, Michelle Cardenas, Ethan Shaw, Alex Manso, George Eades

Front Row: Claire Foley, Miguel Madero, William Kruger
**Gummy Bear King**
by Ethan Aguallo

Gummy Bear King,
Orders everybody around,
Wears his shiny crown.
Blue and VERY bossy!
Whatever you do…
DON’T EAT THE KING!

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**Platypuses**
by Andrew Bean

Splish! Splash!
Hey look!
I see a platypus!
Splash! Splash! Splash!
I see the platypus splashing!
Splish! Splish! Splash!
I jumped in the river with it.
Splish! Splash! Splish! Splash!
I love platypuses!
Splish! Splash! Splish!
Shooting Stars
by Michelle Cardenas

Shooting stars shining bright
Fling across the sky
Yellow, gold, lots of colors
Make a wish on a star!
Star dust sprinkling everywhere!
Fire following in the sky,
In space floating
Whoosh, whoosh!
There it goes!
Shooting stars shining bright!

Colors
by Sarah DuBois

So many colors!
Purple. Blue.
There are so many more!
Pink. Lilac.
Colors galore!
**Baseball**  
by George Eades

Sometimes before a game I am worried about how I will play.  
So when I go up to the plate  
I take a breath,  
I take my bat up,  
And swing!  
Strike one.  
I put the bat up again,  
And swing!  
Strike two.  
I look up into the crowd.  
Then, I put my bat up again and swing!  
WHAM!!

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**Sammy – A Cinquain**  
by Claire Foley

Sammy  
Cuddly, fluffy  
Sleeping, licking, snuffling  
Makes me feel safe  
Dog!
Sanitizer
by Calypso Fox

Sanitizer smells great!
Yum, yum, yum!
Sniff, sniff, sniff!
Burns your nose!
Stills smells great!
Sanitizer!

Space Invaders
by Andy Gorrzegz-Marten

Space Invaders
Bam-Bam-Boom!
Red, blue, green little creatures
All different shapes and sizes
Even changing to 8 bit setting,
Getting smaller and smaller
By every blaster shot!
Friends
by Presley Howeth

Friends play together
They share secrets, too!
They have sleepovers and eat lollipops
Yum! Yum! Yum!
They trade books and keychains
They go to parties too
They eat cake
Yum! Yum! Yum!
They do math together,
That adds up to two!
Drone – An Acrostic
by Aayan Junaidi

Driving on the ground
Revving its engine
On spy mode
Night driver
End of drive

Dogs
by Logan Krecek

Bark! Bark! Bark!
Barking dogs are fun!
Playing fetch and catch
Fast at running
You can teach them to run upstairs
Barking dogs are fun!
Chocolate
by William Kruger

Chocolate
Tasty and flavorful
All sorts of different kinds
Milton Hershey invented the Hershey Company.

Chocolate
All over the world
You can eat it anywhere
But it melts in the car in hot weather.

Chocolate
You can keep it in your mouth for a long time
You can sneak it in your house
Chocolate is DELICIOUS!

Fish
by Miguel Madero

Splish, splash, splosh!
I see a fishy coming by.
Splish, splash, splosh!
I see it jump out of the water.
Splish, splash, splosh!
Chomp!
Shark’s lunch.
Baseball
by Alex Manso

You practice,
You play,
For hours and hours!
You keep playing.
You keep practicing.
You play a tournament.
You play the best game of your life,
And you lose!

Squishies – An Acrostic
by Brynn Peterson

So much fun
Quiet and cool
Unique and perfect
In my hand all the time
Super at getting rid of stress
Heavenly
Balls
by Levi Pulis

I like balls.
I like squishy balls.
I like round balls, stretchy balls and bouncy balls.
I don’t like hard balls or rock balls.
I like flying balls, lumpy balls, striped balls and dotted balls.
I like balls!

Trees
by Ethan Shaw

Tall trees, healthy trees.
Chop, chop, chop.
Cut down.
Turn into paper.
Scribble, scribble, scribble.
Galileo – An Acrostic
by Lela Tabatabai

Great teacher
Astronomer
Leader of science
Inventor of things
Lived 1609-1642
European
Observer
Mrs. Scherrer’s Class

Fourth Row: Sawyer Daetwyler, Christian Albrecht, Colt Kleberg, Luke Efimov, Guillermo Kypuros, Lorenzo Ramirez

Third Row: Alex Coviello, Mac Berridge, Charlie Viccellio, Karan Gyani, Veeraj Bajaj

Second Row: Laura Vargas, Lucy Muhlig, Lillia Mosser, McKinley Golden

First Row: Pearl Moore, Brittany Girling, Maddie Trader, Meggie Blecher
Basketball
(An Acrostic)
by Christian Albrecht

Basketball players
Always make baskets
Spurs rock
Kawhi Leonard
Earn points
Tony Parker
Basketball
All basketball players
Low on players
Low on points

Sister
(A Couple)
by Veeraj Bajaj

Sisters can be smart but sometimes rude,
but that’s only when they’re in a bad mood.
Scout
(A Haiku)
by Mac Berridge

Scout is very cute
Scout likes to play with her toys
Scout is one year old

Claire
(A Haiku)
by Meggie Blecher

Sisters are helpful
They can help you with homework
Alexander and the House of Amber
(A Limerick)
by Alex Coviello

There once was a boy named Alexander,
Who built a house of amber.
But when the house fell down,
Alex bought a night gown.
Then slept in his camper till dawn.

November
(An Acrostic)
by Sawyer Daetwyler

November is a time of thanks
Orange leaves during autumn
Victorious turkey is tasty
Every hot coco is cold or hot
Mayflower the Pilgrim’s ship
Breathing fresh air is good for you
Every turkey has stuffing
Red is for leaves
(A limerick)
by Luke Efimov

There once was a boy named Luke,
who wished he was a Duke.
He got a boot,
which gave him some loot.
And then he was an Archduke.

Disney
(A Haiku)
by Brittany Girling

Disney is the best
It is the happiest place
I love Disney World
Bailey
(A Couplet)
by McKinley Golden

Bailey, Bailey all over the place,
in my hair and in my suitcase.

(A Limerick)
by Karan V. Gyani

There once was a boy named Vince,
who always needed some hints.
He looked for some clues,
then came down with the flu.
And that was the end of poor Vince.
What Is Blue?
by Colt Kleberg

Blue is the color of the sky that holds the clouds.
Blue is a marker making drawings.
Blue is cold.
Blue is the lines on a paper.
Blue is the color of water.
Blue is the color of a house.
Blues is the color of a water bottle.
Blue is the color of balloons.
Blue is the color of a pencil sharpener.

What Is Red?
by Guillermo Kypuros

Red is strawberry sauce dripping down from a red cake.
Red smells like roses in the air.
Red is a room with red paint.
Red is the smell of roses that are popping.
Red is a sunset for the sun.
Red is strawberries to pick.
Red is part of the flag of Texas.
Red is searching for the cool red bonnet.
Red is my favorite color.
Hudson
(An Acrostic)
by Pearl Moore

Hunting is what he likes to do
Up in the sky looking for new ideas
Does not like me tickling him
Sweet to me
Often drawing all day
Not ever giving me a turn on Minecraft

Puppies
(An Acrostic)
by Lillia Mosser

Puppies cute and cuddly
Usually nice and pretty
Puppies of all types
Pomeranians are so fluffy
I love puppies like pugs
Everyone likes puppies
Speedy Sparks  
(A Haiku)  
by Lucy Muhlig

Speedy is a fish  
Speedy likes to blow bubbles  
Speedy swims a lot

What Is Orange?  
by Lorenzo Ramirez

Orange is an orange that wants to be eaten.  
Orange is a field full of flowers.  
Orange is a toy that wants to be played with.  
Orange is a lot of stuff.  
Orange is a color that everybody likes.
(A Limerick)  
by Maddie Trader

There once was a girl named Maddie.  
Who had a very nice Daddy  
He got her ice cream  
Then she had a daydream  
Then for dinner they had dad’s favorite patties.

Bunny  
(An Acrostic)  
by Laura Vargas

Bunnies are cute  
Unbelievably adorable  
Never had one  
Nice and fuzzy  
You always want one
(A Limerick)
by Charlie Viccellio

There once was a boy named Charlie,
Who really liked to eat berries.
He liked a new girl,
Who had a little curl.
Then changed his mind for a Ferrari.
Mrs. Williams’ Class

Front Row: Camille Hurd, Claudia David, Ava Riojas, Sloane Phipps, Malik Malcolm

Middle Row: Kolton Knetig, Alton Behrend, Raj Isiguzo, Maximilian von Durckheim


Not Pictured: Emmersyn Diaz
What Is Navy Blue?
by Myrka Alvarez

Navy blue looks like the beauty of water through a sunrise.
Navy blue looks like the ink of a pen, writing on paper.
Navy blue feels like the dripping of rain from the sky.
Navy blue feels like the touch of an orchid.
Navy blue sounds like thunder roaring.

What Is Yellow?
by Alton Behrend

Yellow is the bright sun.
Yellow is the smell of bananas and cheese.
A long time ago, I learned that yellow is the son of gold.
Yellow is the taste of great lemonade.
Yellow is the sound of hot grease, bubbling on the stove.
Baseball
by Luke Bowley

Baseball bat, just hit that
Beyond the second base
Beyond the field
Beyond the gate
Just bat

Only Pants
by Truman Chambers

There was a boy named Lance,
and he loved to wear pants.
But he never wore a shirt,
so he always got hurt.
And then he survived a year without getting hurt, so he did a victory dance!
Antarctica
by Claudia David

Imagine if a girl was in summer clothes in the middle of Antarctica! The weather there is...-97°, she isn’t wearing shoes!

King’s Ring
by Emmersyn Diaz

There once was a king, who sat on a ring! That pretty old thing! Why did he sit on that ring?
Fly Ball
by Mateo Estevez-Breton

Once somebody hit a fly ball with wings,
It was very mean.
It even stole a ring,
Then it saw a very mean fence.
And before he knew it, he hit some dents.

The Panda Who Said Llama
by Camille Hurd

There once was a panda
who said llama.
He turned on the light,
and pulled up his tights.
Then looked like a grandma!
**Brothers**
by Raj Isiguzo

Brothers
How they annoy
They do too much to you
They fight you, they take your toys
Too much!

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**Mrs. Williams**
by Coco Kleberg

There once was a teacher so kind and sweet,
That in the summer, I was waiting to meet.
Brother
by Kolton Knetig

A crazy brother
The most crazy brother on Earth
What am I to do?

What Is Red?
by Malik Malcolm

Red is the color of anger flowing through your head.
Read is the candy you eat called M&Ms.
Red can be fire. It can be your favorite color.
Red is the color of stones, markers, or a book.
Red can be the color of flags.
**What Is Marigold?**
by Sloane Phipps

Marigold smells like blossoms in the morning during spring. She sounds like birds that just learned how to sing. She tastes like crisp apples that are drizzled in chocolate. She feels like a blanket that has just been washed. Marigold looks like pure joy, happiness, and playing with a toy.

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**Book or Nook**
by Peyton Reyes

There is a book
Called a nook
I need to think
But first I must blink
So is it a nook or a book?
What Is Black?
by Nicholas Rincon

Black is obsidian.
Black is coal.
Black is a toucan, hi-dee-ho.
Black is smoke.
Black is a panther.
Black is a belt.
Black is the print on the news.

What Is Red?
by Ava Riojas

Red looks like a rainbow at the top.
Red looks like a paint from a store.
Red feels like a flag in the high sky.
Red feels like a sunset going down.
Red sounds like a fire truck going by.
Red sounds like angry birds chirping.
**Puppy**
by Henry Ursone

Puppy
Soft hair, all nice
She smells like fresh flowers
She is cute when she is sleeping
Love pup

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**Legos**
by Maximilian von Durckheim

Legos
Oh, this is hard
It takes a very long time
This is the longest set I’ve ever built
So much!
Unicorns
by Olive Williams

Unicorns are cute
I want to be one, do you?
They are rainbows, too.
Imagine THAT!
Bottom Row: Gabriel O'Connor, Sebastian Trujillo, Divya Beeram, Clayton Hixon, Eleanor Brooks, Ella Propper

Second Row: Mrs. Hetrick, Cesar Serna, Ryann Arrington, Mila Tudor, Owen Colwell, John Coke, Charlotte Armstrong

Top Row: Tharun Cheruku, Eve Cavazos, William Boylston, Conrad Rocha, Sofia Blanco, Sloan Carrington

Not Pictured: Hadley Bunch, Max Elmendorf
I Am
by Charlotte Armstrong

I am Charlotte.
I like to be smart.
I know that I have a big heart.

I am Charlotte.
I love to watch TV.
I try my best not to be sloppy.

I am Charlotte.
I like to bake.
I know that I can do handshakes.

I am Charlotte.
I am cool.
I have to do better in school.

I am Charlotte.

My Family
by Ryann Arrington

My family is a circus,
Reese is a clown.
She is extra crazy,
In Wacky Town.
I do the trapeze,
So graceful and sweet.
But when I am hungry,
I want pizza to eat.
Mom and Dad are the ringmasters,
The bosses of the show.
They support us through life,
And watch us grow.
Blue
by Divya Beeram

Blue is like an endless sky hovering over the world.
Blue is a bluebonnet blooming in spring.
Blue is a bubble bursting in the bright blue sky.
Blue jumps on you on Monday mornings when you go back to school.
Blue.

I Am
By Sofia Blanco

I am Sofia.
I like to be a fool.
I wish that I could go to the pool.

I am Sofia.
I love to lend a hand.
I try my best to understand.

I am Sofia.
I’m fun in the sun.
I hope to one day run a ton.

I am Sofia.
**Blue**  
by William Boylston

Blue is like tasting water.  
Blue is a beautiful sky on a beach day.  
Blue is a bad day and bubbles that pop.  
Blue comes to me when I don’t feel good.  
Blue.

**Blue**  
by Eleanor Brooks

Blue is calm like the sea on a beautiful day.  
Blue is a yummy smoothie on a hot summer day.  
Blue is blueberries being eaten by a bunny.  
Blue leaps into the air soaring with beauty.  
Blue.

**I Am**  
by Hadley Bunch

I am Hadley.  
I like to read.  
I wish that I could always lead.

I am Hadley.  
I love to run.  
I try my best to have fun.

I am Hadley.  
I want to shoot.
Crunch
by Sloan Carrington

Crunch.
It’s as annoying as a kid eating chips.
Crunch.
It’s as loud as eating an apple in public.
Crunch.
It is stepping on a bag of pirate’s booty.
Crunch.
It’s a momma bird making a nest.
I love the sound of crunch.

Drip
by Ève Cavazos

Drip.
It is as annoying as a shower leaking.
Drip.
It is calming like creek water trickling down.
Drip.
It is as refreshing as a spring spluttering.
Drip.
It is your faucet spilling off your hand.
Drip.
It is not dry and can get you drenched.
I love the sound of drip.
**Boom!**  
by Tharun Cheruku

Boom!  
It is as loud as thunder and lightning.  
Boom!  
It is scary like gunshots.  
Boom!  
It is sudden like boo!  
Boom!  
It is the fireworks at a baseball game after a Home Run.  
Boom!  
It is bombs going boom in the air.  
I love the sound of boom.

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**Screech**  
by John Coke

Screech!  
It is an owl in the forest.  
Screech!  
It is a deer in front of you limping.  
Screech!  
It is a cat on a chalkboard.  
Screech!  
It is a screaming girl.  
I love the sound of screech.
I Am
by Owen Colwell

I am Owen.
I like to play.
I wish that I could play all day.

I am Owen.
I love to eat.
I try my best to save the meat.

I am Owen.
I play and play.
I hope to one day play all day.

I am Owen.

I Am
by Max Elmendorf

I am Max.
I like to watch movies.
I hope someday I’ll learn to make smoothies.

I am Max.
I love to hug my family.
I try to take care of them even though they are quite zany.

I am Max.
I want to raise a duck.
Even though he’s a duck, he still goes “cluck” “cluck”.

I am Max.

I’m adventurous but afraid.
I hope one day to make a save.

I am Max.
Blue
by Clayton Hixon

Blue is as pretty as an ocean.
Blue is sad, asking for help.
Blue is blueberries buried beside a bay.
Blue walks into your life on a beautiful blue sky morning.
Blue.

Boom!
by Gabriel O’Connor

Boom!
It is as loud as a cannon.

Boom!
It is scary like a ghost.

Boom!
It is as sudden as someone snapping.

Boom!
It is fireworks exploding in the night.

Boom!
It is big butterflies beating their wings.

I love the sound of boom!
I Am
by Ella Propper

I am Ella.
I like to play.
I could play every day.

I am Ella.
I love to swim.
I try my best to get the win.

I am Ella.
I want to play football.

School
by Conrad Rocha

S pectacular education
C ool teachers
H appy place
O ver exhausting
O h so many tests!
L ots of fun
Red
by Cesar Serna

Red is mad like a person with anger issues.
Red is a bloody day in the middle of battle.
Red runs wildly in war.
Red creeps in your mind when you are mad.
Red.

Green
by Sebastian Trujillo

Green is happy like healthy grass.
Green is delicious lettuce in a salad made by a cook.
Green is happy grass getting food that it grows.
Green is creeping in your mind at three a.m.
Green.
Blue
by Mila Tudor

Blue is as yummy as cotton candy.
Blue is a sad moment.
Blue balloons blew by the beach.
Blue is water splashing in the air.
Blue.
Mrs. Viccellio’s Class

Bottom Row: Jane Griffith, Devika Patel, Francesca Fischer, Joaquin Kypuros, Patricio Testas, Steven Gates

Second Row: Mrs. Viccellio, Jack Schwab, Travis Kirsch, Andrew Eisenhauer, Thomas Vaello, Annie Alt-meyer

Third Row: Reese Arrington, Sophie Beg, Adah Sayeed, Britton Berridge, Inaaya Wali

Top Row: Abbey Azar, Ellison Middleman, Bella Troutwine, Annie Mayo
Blue
by Annie Altmeyer

Blue is tasty like blueberries.
Blue is new like blue jeans.
Blue is big balloons bouncing.
Blue brightens your day when you are feeling gloomy.
Blue.

I Am
by Reese Arrington

I am Reese.
I like to act.
I wish everything to be a cat.

I am Reese.
I love to eat.
I try my best to sleep, sleep, sleep!
I am Reese.

I want to play/
I know I can every day.

I am Reese.
I’m a cat and dog.
I wish someday I’ll be a hog.

I am Reese.
**I Am**  
by Abbey Azar

I am Abbey.  
I like to play.  
I like to play all day.

I am Abbey.  
I love to create.  
I love to create with paint.

I am Abbey.  
I want to eat.  
I want to eat lots of meat.

I am Abbey.  
I’m funny and like bunnies.  
I love my puppy.

I am Abbey.

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**Blue**  
by Sophie Beg

Blue is peaceful like the sky.  
Bluebonnets wish through the bushes.  
Blue bonnets are beautiful.  
Blue leaps like a dolphin.  
Blue.
I Am
by Britton Berridge

I am Britton.
I like to play on my iPad.
But when I lose I get really mad.

I am Britton.
I love to ski.
I like to feel free.

I Am
by Andrew Eisenhauer

I am Andrew.
I like to work.
I wish I could have birds chirp when I work.

I am Andrew.
I love to mow.
I try my best to keep the grass low.

I am Andrew.
I want to read.
I know that I will not plead.

I am Andrew.
Blue
by Francesca Fischer

Blue is beautiful like bluebonnets.
Blue is a calming ocean.
Blue oh beautiful blue so bright and kind.
Blue calms you down when you get a bad grade.
Blue.

Red
by Steven Gates

Red is hot like fire.
Red is a hot day in the middle of summer.
Red is great, red is root beer, red is rage.
Red yells at you on Monday mornings.
Red.
Red
by Jane Griffith

Red is mad like roaring thunder.
Red is a burning flame.
Red rages around volcanoes as running lava.
Red is the spider crawling up your spine.
Red.

My Family
by Joaquin Kypuros

My family is a total fun house.
I am as clever as a spider.
My dad is as smart as a computer.
My mom is sweet as a starburst.
Guillermo is silly as a monkey.
My dog Lucy is cuddly as a stuffed bear.
I love my family.
My Family
by Annie Mayo

My family is a zoo.
I am as happy as a horse.
My dad is as tall as a giraffe.
My mom is as nice as a dog.
Nate is as crazy as a pig.
Hank is as fat as a hippo.
Oscar is as jumpy as a kangaroo.
Ginger is as fast as a cheetah.

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My Family
by Ellison Middleman

My family is a zoo.
My dad is a roaring lion.
My mom is a busy jack rabbit.
I am a cow eating grass.
My sister is a herd of elephants.
Daisy, my dog, is a sleepy sloth.
I love my family.
Drip
by Devika Patel

Drip.
It is as soothing as falling rain.

Drip.
It is as annoying as a running shower.

Drip.
It is as sweet as syrup.

Drip.
It is a leaky faucet in the kitchen.

Drip.

I Am
by Adah Sayeed

I am Adah.
I like to act.
I wish everything could be a cat.

I am Adah.
I love to play.
I try my best to cooperate.

I am Adah.
I want to learn.
I know that I can take my turn.

I am Adah.
My Family
by Jack Schwab

My mom is a ball, always going somewhere.
My dad is a gorilla, always throwing me on the couch.
Sam is a baseball, always asking me to play.
I am a fork, always looking for something to eat.
Peter is a sheet of paper, always making something new.
Annie is a butterfly, always nice to me.
I love my family!

Crack!
by Patricio Testas

Crack!
It is as loud as a speaker in my ear.
Crack!
It is loud like a rifle shot.
Crack!
It is as bad as when you step on your glasses.
Crack!
It is Legos breaking.
I Am
by Bella Troutwine

I am Bella.
I like to play.
I like to play through the day.

I am Bella.
I love to bake.
I like to bake birthday cakes.

I am Bella.
I want to eat.
I like to eat all kinds of meat.

I am Bella.

Red
by Thomas Vaello

Red is angry like lightning.
Red is paint dripping.
Red raging rabbits run by a rainbow.
Red is a devil roaring at you.
Red.
I Am
by Inaaya Wali

I am Inaaya.
I like pets.
I wish there was one that I could get.

I am Inaaya.
I love to read.
Sometimes I feel the need for speed.

I am Inaaya.
I want to write.
I like to get the questions right.

I am Inaaya.
I am happy when I see fog.
I hope to one day get a dog.

I am Inaaya
Mrs. Webb’s Class

Bottom Row: Clara Wallisch, Mellie Urban, Lily Margaret Browning, Natasha Rainbow, Jace Judelson, Anjali Shah

Second Row: Mrs. Webb, Lila Ogle, Colston Book, Jack Schroeder, Tristan Stowers, Lauren Thomas

Third Row: Rabani Bajaj, Jacob Kollars, Charlotte Holmgreen, Matthew Merriman

Top Row: Kyla Maloney, John Paul El Hajj Moussa, Wylie McNab, Saaya Mehta, Joshua Hoover
My Family
by Rabani Bajaj

My family is a forest full of flowers and trees.
I am a fox as clever as can be.
My mom is a squirrel always running around.
My brother Veeraj is zipping all around.
Sadly, there is nothing as smart as my dad solving problem after problem.
My family forest is perfect and I love them very much.

Crash!
by Colston Book

Crash!
It is as loud as beating drums in an orchestra.
Crash!
It is crazy like two cars crashing.
Crash!
It is as banging as a ball breaking a window.
Crash!
It is a bolt of lightning hitting a telephone pole.
Crash!
Cobras crashed crazy into Cleverland.
I love the sound of crash.
Red
by Lily Margaret Browning

Red is a crisp apple I love at lunch.
Red is a bird flying by the window.
Red on a rainbow looks rosey.
Red is your heart pounding.
Red.

Splat!
by John Paul El Hajj Moussa

Splat!
It is a fish flopping in the toilet.
Splat!
It is a balloon hitting the floor.
Splat!
It is beans spilling in the dining hall.
Splat!
My Family
by Charlotte Holgreen

My family is a box of crayons.
My dad is a sky blue crayon, caring and open minded.
My mom is a pink crayon, always doing crafts and helping out.
My sister, Alexandra, is an orange crayon, always studying for tests.
My brother, Mils, is a red crayon, making forts after school.
My sister, Austred, is a purple crayon, always being cute with family.

Red
by Joshua Hoover

Red is hot like fire.
Red is a crisp apple that I love to eat.
Red runs through the river.
Red fire in the air is flying everywhere.
Red.
Blue
by Jace Judelson

Blue is as wonderful as the ocean.
Blue is a phone being used happily.
Blue is a blanket being used by a baby.
Blue flows through a child’s mind waiting to come out.
Blue.

Buzz
by Kyla Maloney

Buzz.
It is thrilling like a sugar rush.
Buzz.
It buzzes around like a bee.
Buzz.
It is a vibrating phone.
Buzz.
**Green**  
by Wylie McNab

Green is like growing grass.  
Green is a field of flowers.  
Green grapes grow and grow.  
Green grows like weeds in the garden.  
Green.

**My Family**  
by Saaya Mehta

My family is a zoo.  
They’re all different animals.  
Mommy is a busy bug crawling in the car.  
Daddy is a funny clown dancing around.  
Ria Ben is a smart elephant being a fortune teller.  
I am an annoying bee buzzing.  
Masi is a lazy duck sitting in a pond.  
Masa is a cool giraffe eating big leaves.  
Nani is a kind hearted woman of all time.  
Nana is a fun otter holding a ball.  
Dadi is a giving dolphin sharing a toy.  
Dada is a pair of awesome sunglasses on your head.  
Shalu is a playful panda playing hopscotch.  
Arjun is a crazy seal jumping up and down.  
Even if my family is a crazy zoo, that doesn’t mean I will ever lose them.
My Family
by Lila Ogle

My family is a zoo.
My dad is an amazing penguin caring for his family.
My mom is a kind heart being very nice.
My brother is a mean rhino stomping about.
I am an awesome puppy playing around.
My dog Dasher is playful like a panda.
My bunny eats like a giraffe.
Al Sharpton, my cat, is as white as a cloud.
Bacon, my fish, is lazy like a sloth.
I love my family.

Purple
by Natasha Rainbow

Purple is pretty like violets.
Purple is a pretty flower full of butterflies.
Purple is petals and plums being picked.
Purple wears violets in a meadow while leaping on a sunny day.
Purple.
**My Family**  
by Jack Schroeder

My family is a tree.  
My dad is the branch.  
My mom is the leaf, very peaceful.  
My dog is a bug, eating food off the table.  
Alyce is as busy as a bee.  
Ally is as clever as a hamster.  
Zippy is as curious as a cat.  
I’m as active as a ferret.  
My family is awesome!

---

**Splash!**  
by Anjali Shah

Splash!  
It is as loud as a big whale at SeaWorld.  
Splash!  
It is annoying like my brother soaking me with water.  
Splash!  
It is as wet as someone jumping in the pool.  
Splash!  
It is a wave at the ocean.  
Splash!  
Splashing at the seashore makes me smile.  
I love the sound of splash!
My Family
by Tristan Stowers

My family is a backyard.
My brother is the sky, making thunder.
My dad is an ant, working all day.
My dog is a mosquito, always bugging us.
I am a basketball, bouncing off the wall.
Skorkie is a squirrel squirming around at the speed of light.
My mom is a deer always on her feet, taking care of her kids.
They are the best family I could ever ask for.

Purple
by Lauren Thomas

Purple is beautiful like a butterfly.
Purple is an umbrella spinning on the beach.
Purple is plummeting to the ground on a peaceful plum path.
Purple is a field of lavender dancing in the wind.
Purple.
My Family
by Mellie Urban

My family is like a plate of food.
My momma is like a juicy cherry with all the love inside.
My dad is a plate of silly spaghetti.
My sister is a funny donut swinging around the kitchen.
My brother is sushi, going everywhere.
My dog, Izzy, is a smart cookie.
My other dog, Dutch, is as old as a grandpa.
My last dog, Nelson, is a grapefruit ready to be eaten.
Lastly, me… I am as creative as a pomegranate being created.
I love my family!

I Am
by Clara Wallisch

I am Clara.
I like to read.
I wish I had a bull to feed.

I am Clara.
I love to play.
I try my best to not sleep away.

I am Clara.
I want to fly.
I know that I can touch the sky.

I am Clara.
I’m friendly and strong.
I hope to one day not be wrong.

I am Clara
Bianca Rodriguez

Raccoon

Imagine

That

Fox

Cat
Mrs. Adam’s Class

Front Row: Sophia Rincon, Amruta Patel

Second Row: Ben Holder, Grace Beauchamp, Sophie Williams, Holland Hoelscher, Isabella DuBois, Riya Jampana, Lucile Bell, Mrs. Adam

Third Row: Gavin Peterson, Axel Morgan, Avi Patel, Sam Schwab, Baylor Hinson, Tres Davidson, Sebastian Bishop
**Dixie Dude**
by Grace Beauchamp

Where the sky turns black  
Where the stars POP out  
Where the fire starts singing  
Dixie Dude

Where the flashlights shine deep into the Milky Way  
Where the marshmallows get a big hug  
Where the monsters crunch down on them  
Dixie Dude

Where the ranch turns silent  
Where you jump into your bed  
Where you shut your eyes and go to bed  
Dixie Dude

---

**Surf's Up**
by Lucile Bell

Where the soft smooth sand meets the water  
When your surfboard cracks from happiness  
The beach

Where the water roars until you come in  
Swish Swish there go the waves  
The palm trees wave their branches and say hello  
The beach
My Dog Zoe
by Sebastian Bishop

My dog Zoe
is a pirate.
She searches for treasure in our back-
yard,
Wearing her eye patch and bandana.
She is a swashbuckling rogue.
The squirrels and birds scamper
when they spot her.
She is a true sea dog
in a field of grass.

I Love!
by Tres Davidson

I love my teachers and fun
I love my mom
I love my dad
I love my dogs
I love my cats
I love sports and supporting others
I love family
I love.
Happy Puppy
by Isabella DuBois

Happy is the puppy who keeps on eating up my shoe
Happy is the puppy that keeps on eating up my hat
Happy does the puppy seem after eating all my jeans
Happy does the puppy flirt as he’s eating up my shirt
Happy does the puppy stalk as we find my chewed up sock
Happy does my puppy lie chewing on my purple tie
My heart is filled with sorrow.
What shall I wear tomorrow?

Charlie’s Death
by Baylor Hinson

He was a mean dog
An old one too
He sometimes bit on my mother’s shoe
My mom took him to the vet that day
And that was when he passed away
The Sound of Trees
by Holland Hoelscher

Listen
Can you hear that?
It’s the trees in the sky.
Oh, the wistful sound of the trees.
Peaceful

Clean House
by Ben Holder

My house
Is oh, so very clean
Not a smudge on the floor
My dad says
Dixie Dude
by Riya Jampana

Where dust is everywhere from our hair to our shoes
Where mountains never stop
Where happiness hops to one another
Dixie Dude

Where the animals cuddle up on the porch
Where the stars lie in the dark sky
Where horses travel up and down mountains
Dixie Dude

Where the fire lights up the sticky, messy marshmallows in our s'mores
Where your cabin is joyful because it is spotless
Where your cabin is joyful because it is spotless
Where memories will stick to you like tape
Dixie Dude
**Gunshot**  
by Axel Morgan

“Bang...Bang”  
A gunshot rings the air.  
Sending people into despair.  
A man lies on the floor in a pool of dread,  
When we see he was shot dead.  
People wanted to catch the criminal.  
But the chance of that was very minimal.

**The Wind**  
by Amruta Patel

Wind whistles through the trees.  

Breezes feel refreshing in the hot Texas sun beating down on the barren earth.

Passing by on the highway as an icy roaring gale.

It has the power to rip up entire buildings, but only when it’s angry.

Its gentle caress pats you, but only when it’s calm.

The wind is a tricky thing.

It takes courage to tame it.
My Life
by Avi Patel

I am from couches
From Windex and Pine-Sol
I am from the coolness of the freezer
And the soft smell of flowers
I am from lemons-
Sour and delicious
I am from Diwali and sleeping
I am from Dipa and Sundip
I am from hoverboarding and reading
I am from being told I am smart, funny, and sweet
I am from praying and fasting
I am from running
I am from milk and okra
I am from Mother India, the place where my great grandfather last rested his head.

Summer
by Gavin Peterson

First day of summer
We loudly play in the pool
Till we are tired
And lie in the summer sun
Till the summer day is done.
The Spanish Lady
by Sophia Rincon

There was an old lady from Spain,
who thought she was stuck in the rain.
She walked into a store,
walked out through the door,
and stole a jacket for rain!

Governor White
by Sam Schwab

The city of Houston mourns
Unexpected
My god grandfather lies in the rotunda today
We go to Houston for the funeral
George Bush talks about all the great things that he did
Unexpected
My God Grandfather lies in the rotunda today

Mark White
(3.17.1940 - 8.5.17)
I Am From
by Sophie Williams

I am from pictures
From Tide and candy
I am from the pecan orchards
hard, ginger, green
I am from grass
green and smelly
I am from Christmas and songs
From grandmother, grandfather
I’m from unicorns and animals
From cute and bad
I’m from homework, pencil lead
I’m from San Antonio
Chocolate covered nuts and blueberries
I’m from everything
Mrs. Alfonsin’s Class

Front Row: Mrs. Alfonsin, Maya Pichler, Arabela Acevedo, Adrian Sorensen, Bernardo Medina, Sebastian Farret, Blackstone Loring, Annie Herff

**Hooligan**
by Zain Ahmad

A boy from juvie met his doom,

He was locked out while the lightning went BOOM!

He picked on the dudes,

from Dixie Dude

by locking them out of their rooms!

---

**Ballet**
by Arabela Alvarado

You are the sound when the world is silent,
Brushing, leaping, twirling,
The sound that comes from the studio,
Dancing your heart out.
That silent sound.

But you are also the scolding teacher
Yelling at you
When you did nothing wrong,
Telling you that you are useless.
That silent sound.

The pain I felt,
That still was you,
My sore muscles,
My tired body,
That silent sound.

The sun comes out,
A spotlight warming on you,
All eyes are on you,
You dance beautifully.
That silent sound.
Breakfast
by Torrey Baker

Today I ate way too much breakfast.
My plate was as big as Texas!
I gobbled some ham,
and toast with some jam.
Now don’t you think I should scram?

Music
by Sohan Bhakta

When life is too quiet, there you are,
playing a beautiful melody.

When life is stressful,
there you are
playing a calming tune.

But you are also the miserable sound
of loss and sadness.
When people cry,
you are a slow ominous tune.

But when I make music,
You are my speed,
You are my race track,
You are my race car,
And I am the driver.

And I think I could face any problem
that comes my way,
With you,
MUSIC
Bobby in the Lobby
by Sebastian Farret

There once was a boy named Bobby, who lived in a hotel lobby. He ran out the door, to get to the store, and came back with a bag of wasabi.

Chad
by Luke Garcia

There once was a man named Chad, who still lived with his grumpy dad. They went to the store, then along came a big boar. His dad was so very sad.
Cookies
by Annie Herff

Flour all over the floor
Eggs all over my hands
Delicious smells fill the air
I knead the dough with love and care
It makes me smile

“Scissors”
by Blackstone Loring

I wonder if scissors ever talk
to the paper that
they cut, then
are gripped by invisible hands
And say
Goodbye
as they lose control
and open their mouths.
Snip, Snip, Snip.
Bob
by Bernardo Medina

There once was a guy named Bob,
He was a fat little slob.
He fell off a hill,
While eating his pill.
Oh Bob, you’re just a blob!

Blue
by Maya Pichler

Blue is the sad woman’s face-
It hurts, but also has a smile at the end.
Blue is the color of the big wide sky,
Where you see the clouds move by.
It moves with the flow of a sad, pounding heart.
Christmas
by Bianca Rodriguez

Here comes Santa Claus as they sing
Joy for all with a peaceful ring.
Big white beard, rosy cheeks,
Reindeer flying, and chimney peaks.
Baking cookies for good luck
Hoping Santa won't get stuck.
Go to sleep like mama says
Dream of presents 'round my bed.
Wishing he will bring me toys
Lots for girls and coal for boys.
Waking up with morning light
Seeing the sun shine oh so bright.
Wake up mommy, wake up daddy
Wake up everyone else in the family.
Open the door to see what he brought
Presents for everyone, just as I thought…
Turn on the camera so we can record
Everyone get their Christmas reward!
Happy Holidays to everyone,
I hope you all had Christmas fun!

Ideas
by Jahan Sayeed

What should I do
Ideas stuck in my head
Beep beep, stop honking!
I’ll tell you
Night Sounds
by Adrian Sorensen

I gaze up at the night sky
Gorgeous sounds around me
But all sing a song

The leaves are slowly falling
The trees are waving their many arms
The birds faintly chirp, chirp, chirp

The crickets sing an opera
The clickety clack of the computer whistles a tune
Joining the beautiful song

The wind rustles past my house
Its cold breath whispers me a goodbye

The sound of Abi sleeping zzzzzzzzzzzzzz

Suddenly, the sounds end
I drift into slumber

Nate and Tate
by Anna Szalai

Nate and Tate, Nate and Tate,
Nate and Tate went to ice skate,
Nate and Tate, Nate and Tate,
Nate and Tate went out the gate.

Nate and Tate, Nate and Tate,
Nate and Tate went on a date,
Nate and Tate, Nate and Tate,
Nate and Tate were clearly late!
Mrs. Queen’s Class

**Front Row:** Mrs. Blue, Matthew DuBois, Cecilia Canseco, Madison Golden, Nicholas Sanders, Juliet Parkhurst, Mrs. Queen, Suri Trujillo, Megan LaMoy, Henry Ames. Max Farber

**Back Row:** Mazreen Sanjana, Abi Sorensen, Marco Watson. Kathryn Tubb, Valente Molina
Henry Ames
by Henry Ames

Henry

Joyful, nice, sensitive, happy

Sibling to Madeleine

Loves Mom and Dad

Who fears villain from Jigsaw

Who would like to see Machu Pichu

Ames

Killer
by Myles Baumholtz

I knew you not,
I loved you though.
You didn’t know
until it was too late.

Cancer can take lives-
you left this world peacefully,
in your sleep.

I loved you though.
Have a safe trip.
Maisy
by Cecilia Canseco

Oh, Maisy.
You jumping over the gate
Spooning with Dad.
You would yell at squirrels.
You were a couch potato
Hiding behind the brown chair when Nemo is playing.
Chasing Lucia around the island...Lucia playfully chasing you back.
Barking and sniffing new smelly friends.
Months and years float by.
You passed a peaceful death.
You were like my B.F.F.
Oh, Maisy.

Fish
by Matthew DuBois

There once was a young fish named Guy,
Poor thing, he was missing an eye.
And since he was blind,
that cat snuck up behind,
and that was our final goodbye.
Squirrels
by Max Farber

Eating like cuties
Jumping on old trees
Running through your yard
Rabid

Beauty
by Madison Golden

Is the mountain that touches the sky.
Is the new tree just beginning its story.
Is the crashing ocean wave.
Beauty

Is the red and yellow leaves rustling when the wind comes.
Is the little snowflake falling down.
Is the whisper in the wind when it soars by.
Beauty
Is where you might only see this sight once in a lifetime.
Is where it might vanish before your eyes.
Is where memories are held.
**Basketball**  
by Megan LaMoy

Dribble, dribble down the court,  
basketball’s my favorite sport.

Defense, offense, driving in,  
shooting, scoring for the win.

Passing, dribbling, shooting, scoring,  
basketball is never boring!

---

**The Hornet**  
by Valente Molina

I never understood  
Why you would tell me  
I’m in your heart.

When I see the hawks fly,  
When I feel the cool breeze on my face,  
Then I know you are in my heart.
Chad’s Not Rad
by Nicholas Morgan

There once was a boy named Chad,
Who thought he was really rad.
He strummed his guitar,
But he looked so bizarre.
And then he got really mad.

Dixie Dude
by Juliet Parkhurst

Where you can run like the wind,
Where there are no rules and you can be free,
Where the moon shines the brightest-
Dixie Dude

Where you hope the tasty marshmallow doesn’t fall into your lap,
Where the pool is intended to be warm but isn’t,
Where you play tetherball, WHACK!
Dixie Dude

Where friends are made,
Where memories are created,
Where miracles are found-
Dixie Dude
**Fun! Fun! Fun!**
by Eleanor Pulis

Fun! Fun! Fun!

Fun is jumping on my bed.

Fun is playing with my friends.

Fun is swimming in the pool.

Fun is with my family, too!

---

**Free!**
by Mazreen Sanzana

I like to be free!
It lets me be me.
Free to do crazy hairstyles!
Free to eat ice cream!
Free to run!
Free to jump!
Free to skip and go zap zip!
Free to dress as I like!
Free to ride my bike!
Free! Free! Free!
Garden
by Abi Sorensen

Opening petals
Leaves outstretched toward the sky-rain
Daintily sun-warmed

Young Fellow
by Suri Trujillo

There once was a young fellow,
Who felt oh, so very mellow.
So he went to farm,
And broke his arm.
Then he asked for a squishy marshmallow!
**World War I**  
by Kathryn Tubb

Soldiers in trenches,  
Bullets buzzing everywhere.  
When will dad come home?

---

**War**  
by Marco Watson

Boom! Bam! goes the sound of a war.  
Rockets glaring in the sky.  
Cries of injured soldiers!  
Grenades going off-Boom Bam!  
Soldiers shooting in trenches.  
Planes dropping missiles.  
One white flag sways in the air.  
The war has ended!
Mrs. Damarodas’ Class

Front Row: Harper Daetwyler, Macie Margaret Urban, Maria Santandreu, Athena Sorenson, Hudson Moore, Audrey Anne Davis, Lily Kelly, Mary Ella McNelis


Not Pictured: Cooper Curry
**Ode To My Phone!**
by Adam Berg

Phone, oh phone!
I might get raged at you,
But I always love you!
You’re the only way of communication.
When you play music,
My ears turn into speakers.
I would die without you!
Losing internet breaks my heart!
Sweet phone, never leave me!
All I have to do to charge you is give you “Apple Juice”.
Phone, oh phone! I love you!

---

**Ode to Darkness**
by Connor Bowley

Darkness, oh darkness!
I love you so much!
You make me feel whole with your one special touch.

Fall apart with me,
Lay me down on my bed as
I show you the torture that walks in my head.

You and I are the same,
We’re like no other.
Your stories are cool and better than my brother’s.

You’re guilty, like a knife,
With your cunning and sharpness.
Go on, go on and fill my world with darkness
Ode to My Sofa
by Cooper Curry

Oh Sofa! Oh Sofa!
You make our days complete.
Without you everything would be obsolete!

Oh sofa! Oh sofa!
Our buttocks you cradle,
I protect you so much,
There will be not one hair loose on your fabric.

Oh sofa! Oh sofa!
I’m so grateful for you,
You make my day whole.
If comfort were a crime,
You’d have me on parole!

I See Trees
by Harper Daetwyler

I see a nice friendly creature
Peering at me.
I see an old person
Looking at me.
I see a young, playful human,
Wanting to play with me.

I see a fellow
With a bunch of friends,
A grayish fluff ball
On the top of the branches.
I see vines
Growing into the bottom of you.

I see you are old,
Your bark is one of a kind.
I see lots of vines on you,
Old precious and breakable vines.
I feel your old soul
Floating around in me.
**Pomegranate**  
by Audrey Anne Davis

You are like an endless beehive,  
Full of your sweet red seeds.  
You’re a queen with yellow crown,  
A sound of sweetness rings when I hear your name.

You are a ball of joy,  
With your bright radiant color.  
You live in different groups,  
With a border of white.

You crack open like a piñata,  
The seeds coming out left and right.  
Pop! Pop! You squeeze out,  
I smell happiness in the air!

---

**The Dance Performance**  
by Lilla Eades

First comes ballet,  
The dancers gracefully leap across the stage.  
Then comes hip-hop,  
The dancers jump and bounce like balls bouncing.  
Third are the modern dancers,  
Rolling around the floor.  
The jazz dancers  
Do the Charleston and the Electric Slide.  
The tap dancers’ shoes say  
*Tippety, tappety, clickety, clackety*  
Here come the Folklorico dancers,  
The skirts swishing and swaying.  
And look, Irish moves across the stage,  
With fun costumes and loud shoes.  
Finally all the dancers come out and take a bow.
Sushi
by C.J.Harris

Oh sushi,
How you taste the best,
You make my tummy go to rest.
You are really the best!
You give me a good reason to confess
That you will always be the best
Over all the rest.
Oh sushi,
Can't wait to enjoy you when I
See you at my nest.

Outrageous
by Eleanor Jones

Outrageous is a Starburst candy.
That bursts with a \textit{BAM}.
Outrageous is a roaring campfire.
Outrageous is not calm.
Outrageous is not quiet or patient.
It is anger bottled up inside,
Like a shaken up soda bottle,
Ready to burst any second.
Ode to a Toaster
by Lily Kelly

O glorious piece of machinery,
Thy beauty grows!
Thou gives Piper pop tarts
And Thomas toast.
O glittering cook,
Without thee, the world would have
No toaster waffles,
And your burning scent
Would not fill our nostrils
With delight!
Thy hard work does not go unseen,
Thou is recognized by
The children of the world.
Those gents scarf down their food,
And then the glory and recognition
Of who their cook is
Spreads across their faces
Like butter in a hot pan when
They brush your smooth metal surface.

Toaster, O toaster!
No one shall ever know
Why some
Are not pleased
By your excellence
And they pull thy
Shining black tail
From its resting place in the wall.
But they do not deserve you!
Do not mind them.
Serve us as you do,
For we love you.

Leaves
by Victoria Kenton

Leaves may be old and bland,
But they certainly have a brand!
Leaves have small, white spots,
Maybe even polka dots.
If you look closely, they are heart shaped,
Maybe a gift for Valentine’s Day!
Some have red and brown,
May look like flowers now.
They have a shine that gives a shimmer,
It kind of looks like white glitter.
Ode to Tape
by Mary Ella McNelis

Oh, tape! Oh, tape! Oh glorious tape!
What would we do without you?
A million masterpieces you have helped us create.
Compact, convenient, and way better than glue!

You stick things together perfectly and with ease.
With glue I could’ve gotten all gross- you make things a breeze!
Your greatness, beauty, and grace cannot be compared- that’s true.
Thanks tape, you sticky clear blessing, you!

Moss
by Hudson Moore

Moss is like the pillow of the earth,
Its soft tails tickle tiny ants.

Many people miss it,
They can't comprehend its fluff and squish.

So respect it,
Because it is the blanket that covers the world!
Pancake
by Dylan Ortega

A pancake is round like a circle.
It waits to be eaten.
Oh how much I love a pancake?
When the syrup pours like rain,
Oh how fabulous it looks.
The sweet, sweet smell!
Oh if pancakes weren’t a thing,
I don’t know where I would be.
They melt into my mouth.
When it’s warm,
I feel the warmth going to my heart.
Its job is to taste good,
My job is to eat.
So things all work out!

Compassion
by Maria Santandreu

Compassion is that friend that will let you cry on their shoulder.
That one person who seems to understand.
It’s that thing that won’t leave your side when you’re feeling down.
That feeling of sympathy, generosity…
Feeling loved.
That warm feeling that’s contagious,
Like a cold, but in a good way.

It’s what lifts you up when you’re down.
That thing that screams
“At least you haven’t lost everything!
You’ve got me!”
Compassion is to see others’ pain
And to sit by their side,
Listen to what they have to say.
Ode to Hot Chocolate
by Athena Sorenson

Oh, delicious ooey gooey
Marshmallow clump,
I can’t tell you
How good you taste.

You taste like a white fluffy cloud.
Oh,
Chocolatey goodness,
You fill the air with your aroma.

No erroneous smell
Or anything else,
Just a natural chocolate bouquet
From your beautiful mug.

I feel the warmth
In my heart and soul
With your cocoa liquid
Delighting my mouth.

Destiny
by Macie Margaret Urban

It will always guide you,
Everyone has a destiny.

A fate, a future, it is the tales of your doom,
And the way life flows.

When it will end and when it will start,
The words that you will speak,

And the things you will do.
It is the magnificent life that you will live.
Animals
by Raquel Vildosola

The dog yells *WOOF*
As it chases the cat.
The cat screams *MEOW*,
As it chases the mouse.
The mouse says *SQUEAK*
As it looks for the cheese,
And the cheese cries, “Please don’t eat me!”
*CHOMP CHOMP* goes the mouse.
Front Row: Andres Fernandez, John Presutti, Gray Altmeyer
Second Row: Landon Stowers, Justus Kleberg, Iris Underwood, Ana Cruz
Third Row: Madison Mautz, Maddie Chbeir, Alexandra Holmgreen, Teagan Kaase
Back Row: Ryan Spicer, Genevieve Seeligson, Greer Kemmett, Isa Serna, Natalia Chapa
Not pictured: Kate Edwards
The Ant
by Gray Altmeyer

I see a patch of grass,
But little do I know
To an ant, it’s a maze…
So many places to go.

I see a cup by a plant,
But this is a very large home,
Safe shelter,
To an ant.

I see an ant,
So very tiny and small.
It climbs up a leaf,
Then it seems to fall.

This isn’t just a leaf,
It is an underground home,
A secret door,
The possibilities are endless…

To an ant.

Ode to Trash Cans
by Natalia Chapa

Oh Trash Can,
Oh Trash Can,
You are my best friend.
You jump and open when
I come to you,
It’s clearly love.
Your crisp clear trash bag
And perfect knot puts a smile on my face.

Without you, trash can,
My life would be empty.
I’m sure you would be like a sad cloud,
I would have to carry the trash
With my hands to the dumpster.
And um, who wants to do that?

You bring me joy!
Please never leave me, trash can.
I will love you forever and ever,
Oh Trash Can,
Oh Trash Can,
I love you so much!
**Luminous**  
by Maddie Chbeir

I am a candle, shining in the dark.  
I am the sun, blinding you when you look at me,  
Glowing in the sky.  
Every time you think of me,  
You are amazed by my dazzling beauty.

---

**Ode to the Ocean**  
by Ana Cruz

Ocean,  
Great Ocean,  
Like a huge swimming pool.  
Your waves twist and turn  
Washing up on the shore.

I love your crystal-clear  
Turquoise waters surrounding tiny islands,  
Yet sometimes your waters  
Are as black as night,  
Surrounding the dock until light.

I love your sparkle  
When the sun shines down on you.  
How caring of you  
To hold homes of creatures big and small  
With reefs and coral that brighten the way.

Little fish  
Dancing among the coral with many  
Colors.

Without you, Ocean,  
The world would be a mess!  
No boogie boarding, no surfing, no water sports!  
Seafood would just be a myth.  
No such thing as Surf and Turf

But thankfully there is an ocean  
And I admire it so much,  
And love its calming touch.
Thorn Bush
by Kate Edwards

You bear petals of love,
Your thorns strike tender love’s heart.
You carry burdens,
Your tiny scars tell the stories
No one can hear.

Slashing thorns
May be a part of you,
To defend,
To protect
Your sweet tender roses.

I think about
What you must have been through.
Children trying to reach your
Roses,
A sweet reward.

Though you have
Roses that bring us delight
And thorns that hurt us,
Don't we all have thorns and roses
Too?

Ode to My Dog’s Tail
by Andres Fernandez

Oh tail,
You are fluffy as a cloud!
You are kind of hairy...
But I don’t mind!
You are so short, making you so cute!
You help my dog balance,
You squirm when you are happy.
You roll up even if someone unrolls you 1,000 times!
You also attract many people!
If I didn’t have you,
My heart would shatter into 10,000 pieces.
You also give me hope and joy.
It is absolutely wonderful to know
That after school you will always be there.
And this leaves me with one question...
Why are you so stress relieving!??
Ode to Eraser Caps
by Alexandra Holmgreen

O eraser caps,
O eraser caps!
That rubbery red thing on the back of my pencil.
O eraser caps,
O eraser caps!
You’re just not like the other types of mistake killers.
You’re new and improved,
You do the job better with your triangular tip.

O eraser caps,
O eraser caps!
I would die without you.
What would I do with all of my mistakes,
If I couldn’t just take them away so easily?

O eraser caps,
O eraser caps!
Sometimes I mess up just so I can use you!
When I first met you, something felt right,
It just clicked
So easily
I knew that we would have a long time together!

IMAGINE
THAT...

I'm a Myers
Homework
by Teagan Kaase

It all starts when I have to lug my bag of books to the car,
And then the house,
And then unpack it all! UHHH!
Why does so much agony
Come from the homework my teacher assigns?

Science book … Nerdy.
Math pages … Boring.
Study … nobody has time for that!
And read poems … so old fashioned.
It will never end!

Books and papers piled up twenty feet,
Waiting to be solved and read.
I feel like I am in prison
When I unfold the pages of my vocab book,
Or when our teachers tell us to read an article
About a bunch of “Amazing Conquistadors”, whatever that means!
Uh and don’t get me started with our Language Arts teacher,
Ms. … Ms. …
I can’t even say the name!
Ms. Wagner

She makes us READ,
Read, come on now!
Like sure you get smarter, but isn’t that why we are at school?
It is extra torture!
I’d rather swim in lava,
Jump off a cliff, or
Have Voldemort come to life and kill me,
Than do the homework my teacher assigned.

But then again,
Here I am today,
Writing this poem,
That my teacher assigned.
Trees
by Greer Kemmett

Trees, oh trees, with wonderful leaves.
With white, gray, brown, and even black bark.
With spider webs so white,
And even moss balls in sight.

When the birds start chirping,
The green leaves start to fall
Like an avalanche of rocks falling from a rocky wall.

Squirrels running after acorns
Like shooting stars zooming through the sky,
But it is a joy watching nature fly by.

Ode to Chairs
by Justus Kleberg

Oh chairs, oh chairs!
You are comfortable!
That glorious platform of yours
Where I can sit
And let my feet dangle,
Flying through the air like birds.
You help me relax when I’m stressed out.
Oh chairs, oh chairs!
Without you, I would be sitting on the rock hard floor.
Without you, my feet would be sobbing,
Saying help me!
You make me happy to see all your different styles.
Oh chairs, oh chairs!
How I love you!
Poise
by Madison Mautz

She’s always under control.
If something backfires,
She’s your backup.
She may be small,
And it’s hard to hear her.
But, she can get you back on track.
She’s the calm in your cry,
The balance on your beam,
But most of all she’s the cure for your chaos.

Ode to Trump
by John Presutti

Trump, you look like a cross between an orange and corn in human form.
I was surprised as president you were sworn.
At the sight of you, my mouth waters when I look at your head.
You should be a serving of fruit and vegetables in China instead.
You look like you accidentally slept in the tanning bed when you were ten.
If you are as smart as you say you are, why haven’t you made America great again?
I bet you don’t have any friends.
Where is the wall that you said you would build?
Did it go into the toilet with your health care plans?
That’s what you get for making fun of a disabled man with your hands.
I would rather have Siri be our president than you.
She doesn’t say that real news is fake news.
Really now anyone can get elected, I am looking forward to Oprah and her views!
Water in the Bucket
by Genevieve Seeligson

I see water in a bucket,
I wonder where it has been.
There is a past in its ripples,
One I have never seen before.
I see it as the waves
Crashing down on the sand.
I see it as ice,
In an eternal winter.
I see it as a cloud,
High up in the sky.
I see water in a bucket,
I wonder where it has been.

Ode to Dark Chocolate
by Isa Serna

Dark chocolate,
I love you so much!
Your savory sweet flavor makes me so happy!
The second I start to open the wonderful wrapper,
I jump like a big frog.
I put you in my mouth,
Slowly chewing you so that
You don’t go down my throat too soon.
I hate it when people say that they don’t like you
Because you are not sweet enough for their
Picky mouths.
Without you, I would have to eat milk chocolate
Which would make my head hurt.
You are the light in the dark.
I love you so much, dark chocolate!
The Pot
by Ryan Spicer

The heat, the cool
The pot in the tub of water,
Fighting to survive.

The warmth it has been through
90
95
100

The pot with the bulbs on it.
But inside you find the toughest plant alive,
It sleeps through the cold and the heat.
That plant has been through tougher things than I have.

A plant that is in a fist fight with the world -
Punch
  Punch
  Punch
The cold is too hard for him 30..25…20
No water, air conditioning, or life.
The snow white flakes in the air.
Getting covered by heavy white stuff.

2ft
3ft
4ft
5ft

A plant in our world,
A human in our hearts.

A Small Story
by Landon Stowers

A birdhouse.
All you see is a house for birds,
But it is so much more.
Different feathers in it tell all the
Different kinds of birds that have lived in there.
Multiple materials combined in harmony to make a masterpiece.
Each piece of rust telling how old it is,
And the adventures it has taken even though
It does not move.
You dig deeper to find the true meaning of things.
It could be a safe house for birds or
A watch tower for predators.
It is home for many animals.
A birdhouse is not a piece of wood,
Or metal,
Or plastic.
You just have to dig deeper.
A Beauty
by Landon Stowers
(Form 4 poetry omitted last year)

Looking like a bird.
With feathers, and wings, beaks, and feet.
Oh bird, you fly in the air so high.

Now you have transformed
into a bird perfect balance
Between thin and wide.
A thin metal wire runs across you.

Colorful feathers
Poke out of your body.
You are crimson
Just like a cardinal.
You are buena suerte-luck

and I hope you will stay that way.

Ode to Ice Cream
by Iris Underwood

Ice cream, oh ice cream!
You fill meals with love and joy.
You give me something to look forward to,
You relax me,
Like a breeze that cools me off.
A million dollars
Is not worth a bowl of you.
You are here,
In this world,
For a reason.
Without you,
I would be hot.
I would be cranky.
Sad summer days
Would fill up my life.
But thankfully, you are here,
Creamy and sweet as can be.
I owe you everything,
Ice cream!
Ms. Wagner’s Class

**Front Row:** Anna Hurd, William Ogle, Ryan Stetson, Wynton Harris, Wesley Mitchell, Walker Kruger, Tanzeel Ali

**Back Row:** Abby Gillham, Stella McNab, Emily Ton, Lexi Cardenas, Emily Doehler, Sophia Nelson, Peyton Soltis, Madison Winston, Rusham Goyal, Ava Myers, Cecelia Weaver
**Ambitious**  
*by Tanzeel Ali*

She sits in class with her head in the game.  
Motivated, focused, anxious,  
Of what will come next.  
With all her attention  
She sets goals you couldn’t imagine,  
She is strongly driven by her brain.  
She can fit and adapt through any cracks,  
Like a slithering snake coming your way.  
Just name it,  
And you will see.  
Who is ambitious?  
Of course, it's she, the one and only ambitious girl I see.

---

**My Lucky Stars**  
*by Lexi Cardenas*

A little stub of the pencil  
I learned to write with,  
A locket with an  
Old picture inside,  
Special edition marker  
That has run out of ink,  
The first stuffy  
I ever owned,  
My first award  
For playing tennis,  
A precious picture from  
When I was a little baby.

These are my  
Lovely lucky stars.  
They are like stains on  
A never washed shirt.  
They wish me good  
Luck when I need it.  
These are my  
Lovely lucky stars.
**Ode to Music**  
by Emily Doehler

Music, you sound like the wind whispering in my ear,  
You weave all our thoughts and emotions into a song.  
Only you can give me that feeling of delicate silk tickling my cheek.  
The morning breeze which flows from my headphones plays with my hair.  
When I see you, you are like a sunset, beautiful, but never stays long enough.

Oh music,  
You brighten my day in every which way.  
You bring joy and peace to the world and a grand grin shining upon my face.  
In your own special way,  
You somehow tune out the world with your noise.  
You bring people together and you are tradition.

You never cease to surprise me.  
Without you I am a bird with broken wings trying to fly,  
A fish flailing, breathing out of water.  
With one song, I am addicted to you.  
I thirst for the sweet thump of the drums and the ring of the piano.

Everyone cherishes you,  
Yes they love you in many different forms,  
But they still wish to hear the sound of your voice.

I will forever treasure you, music, oh music.

---

**Luminous**  
by Abby Gillham

Shining so bright,  
Like a radiant light,  
Glowing and dazzling,  
Gleaming bright colors,  
Brilliant and illustrious,  
Luminous is the word I am searching for.

Like the sun and the stars,  
The bright sight of the luminous light  
Is calming and calling for me on this day.
Gracious
by Rusham Goyal

Gracious is kind,
She is dainty, well-mannered, and polite,
In her lavender dress,
And soft voice,
She is the one to go to if you need a pick-me up.
She is pink, peach, purple.
She wants no attention,
But she is your best friend.
She is the best host,
The sweetest strawberry of the bunch.
She is the fairy,
The wish-granter.
She is beautiful,
Outside and inside.
She is a heart, pulsing with love,
She is
Gracious.

Emancipation
by Wynton Harris

Emancipation goes to slaves and cuts their chains.
He is as free as a bald eagle and shows others the light,
Making others filled with simple delight.
And at the end of the day, he shouts with a grin on his face:
"Be Free, Be Free!"
Ode to Mi Papa
by Anna Hurd

Querido Papá,
You are my sunlight on a rainy day,
Su cabello es un symphony of smells,
And a tickling touch of happiness that brushes across my face,
Your heart es una montaña de amor as your soft voice Sings me to sleep each night.
And although I will grow fast,
Tú eres todavía mi papá,
When you are gone, the sun will no longer smile,
The roses will lay their heads down in sorrow.
Porque todos know you are gone.
And remember I am growing fast,
But tú eres todavía mi papá y
Yo soy todavía tu hija.

Mr. Outrageous
by Walker Kruger

Mr. Outrageous,
You are the one who made the flu contagious.
You flew a plane upside down and hit Mr. Brown
And paid the bill with sand dollars.
You gave a mime a microphone,
And a dead rat is your favorite comb.
It gave me a shock when strangely you threw a clock,
Because you wanted to make time fly.
You look up and down when you cross the street,
And you wear a coat in the heat.
You haven't taken a shower since lemons weren't sour.
Mr. Outrageous, why are you so outra-
**Ode to Camp**
by Stella McNab

Hello, Camp!
We meet again!
Pony to Filly, Filly to Zebra,
Now Zebra to Seahorse.
Oh! How the time flies by.
Oh how I love the cool refreshing water,
Against my sunburnt skin,
While we swim in Lady Lake,
Preparing for the dreadful mile swim.
We then run to the Chow Hall,
Grins on our faces while we chow down on the Thursday Special.
Late at night we head to campfire,
Memories of our exciting day fill our head,
We then head to our cabins ready for sleep.
The cool breeze and sound of crickets soothe us to sleep.
What would I do without my camp?
It's a home away from home.
Attawaytogo!

---

**Outrageous**
by Wesley Mitchell

Mr. Outrageous is shocking.
You stand out from the rest,
You're disgusting, unusual, and smell like rotten eggs.
You're everyday meals are sickening to the stomach.
You are scratchy and sound awful like screeching balloons.
You're excessive and more than necessary.
When you walk into the room, everyone is in surprise.
Ode to Horses
By Ava Myers

Run, run, quick!
Through the forests and fields,
Run away from the dark world,
And it's dark secrets.

Jump!
Jump so high that you can touch the light blue sky
With the big white fluffy clouds
And the birds that look like little planes.

Oh, your silky coat
Feels like a silk blanket,
But sometimes you feel like a pile of dirt.

And that leads to you having a dark side.
Like you were getting on my last nerve
You kick or scream in your actions.

But as soon as you give a strong, powerful kick,
I hold on.
Just like yesterday you gave me a lesson
To keep trying, don’t give up.

Without my love for you,
I would be lost in the dark.

Ode to Mi Perrito
by Sophia Nelson

Oh Waffles,
You are my fluffy ray of sunshine.
You make me happy when I’m sad.
You smell like puppy, sweaty yet perfect.
You feel like a marshmallow.

You bring me a bucket load of joy,
Unless you poop in my room of course.
You have such a playful personality.
You constantly cause mischief.
Oh mi perrito,
You smile at me with your teeth that stick out
And jump on me until you receive a treat.

Days without you would be sad and boring,
I wouldn’t have my fluffy sidekick by my side.
Oh Waffles,
You have shown me that you aren’t just my pet,
You are my cuddly, cute, treat-loving,
Not potty trained, canine friend,
And I will always love you with all of my heart.
Ode to My Lacrosse Gear
by William Ogle

My lovely lacrosse gear,
You are customized to my liking
And made to fit like a glove.
You make me feel as safe
As a child in a car seat.

Without you, I couldn’t play in a game,
And would be filled with shame.
You protect me from menacing blows from sticks.
Man, it hurts like a crack of a whip!

Although you are smelly and filled with sweat,
You’ve protected from countless blows
And let me thread balls in the net.
So now I dedicate to you this ode.

Ode to Football
by Peyton Soltis

Football, it’s like the great taste of victory.
Football, it feels like blood dripping down your leg.
Football, it makes me happier
When you’re winning the day.
Football sounds like a pounding drum
Of crushing the other team.
I have a love for you that will never go away.
If you didn’t exist I would be bored sitting there,
Doing nothing.
You make me faster and stronger.
Oh football, I don’t know what I would do without you.
Car
by Ryan Stetson

Car, you are so fantastic,
You make me feel fresh.
You smell like a brand new bottle of shampoo.
You look as shiny as a diamond in the sun.
Your colors are amazing
And you make me feel like I'm the fastest man alive.
When I need to go somewhere, you take me there.
You make me feel free,
Like a chicken running from a psychopath.
You relax me and make me not to want to move a muscle.
You're important because you bring my family together
on road trips.
Life wouldn't be exciting without you.
I would be slow without you.
You make me feel fresh and I hope I won't forget.

Poise
by Emily Ton

Poise
Her posture so straight and fine.
She twirls around
Gracefully with the music
Her jaw-dropping leaps stunning the crowd.

Her movements are light as a feather
Swift as the wind
Steady as the mountain.

As she twists and turns,
And she slowly starts to majestically bow
The audience ROARS!
Ode to Ballet

by Cecelia Weaver

Oh ballet,
You take me to another world!
When your music plays, you lift my feet up off the ground,
Up, up I fly. I soar, dancing.
When I step on the stage,
And see the lights sparkle like a thousand gems,
The music plays and I’m off -
Leaping and twirling across the stage
Like a graceful swan.
Then the music slows,
And I’m still dancing,
But like delicate glass,
Beautiful.

If dancing did not exist,
I would be a closed off flower.
But with ballet, I bloom and grow.
I express myself through that music,
It slowly and delicately carries you up
And then the music stops.
Your feet find the ground,
Your legs cross,
Bending down,
You do that final bow.
The crowded calls to you,
Letting you know that you did well.
You never want to leave the stage
Or do anything else ever again!
That moments stays with you forever!
Ballet.
Exotic
by Madison Winston

Exotic is an alien,
Foreign to this world.
She is strangely beautiful,
And her skin is an extraordinary color.

Everywhere she goes,
Exotic leaves a trail of glitter
That dances when
The wind blows.

Always, she wears a
Hawaiian shirt and a
Leafy-green skirt along with
A straw hat full of fruit.

She is astoundingly striking
With her peculiar orange eyes,
Green skin,
And wavy blue hair.

All the ladies envy Exotic,
And all the men are captivated by her.