SUMMER

Freddy Zahr

Age: 6, Willowwind Elementary, Grade: K

feels like rough tree bark
looks like white clouds
sounds like wind breezing
tastes like strawberries
smells like cut grass
FALL

Abdul Alokbi
Age: 5, Willowwind Elementary, Grade: K

Feels cool
Looks like apple picking
Sounds like buzzing
Tastes juicy
Smells yummy
SUMMER

Keira Cromwell

Age: 6, Willowwind Elementary, Grade: K

Feels like fish
Looks beautiful
Sounds like birds tweeting
Tastes like fresh cookies
Smells like potato chips
Polar Bears

Colin Wallace

Age: 7, Willowwind Elementary, Grade: 1

Bigger than black bears
Colder than ice
Fluffy as a pillow
I like polar bears
I am responsible.
I see a crazy chicken.
I want a yo-yo.
I understand that I have to do math.
I dream about wolves.
I hope my mom will finish her math.
I am responsible.
The Stellah Poem

Madison Verry
Age: 6, Willowwind Elementary, Grade: 1

My sister scratches like a fox.
She is like a flower.
She is nicer than a flower.
She likes people more than a flower.
She is nicer than a fox.
Oh Fox! Oh Hare!

Jocie Bozarth-Greteman

Age: 7, Hoover Elementary, Grade: 2

I challenge thee to a race,
On clouds of mist and sparkly glade
Upon which fairies always played.
And Fox, you may have trickiness.
And Hare, you may have speed.
But what I will win with, and what you need,
Is wisdom.
PENGUINS

Anjali Lodh

Age: 7, Wickham Elementary, Grade: 2

Penguins penguins dressed in white and black. They take two steps forward and two steps back.

Penguins penguins dressed in black and white. They take a step to the left and a step to the right.

Let's do the penguin boogie the penguin way. Let's do the penguin boogie each and every day.
Little Ball

Lily Lumb

Age: 8, Hoover Elementary, Grade: 2

Little ball so round and smooth
You're always in the mood
To jump or run
Or play in the sun
I love you!
I Am...

Aubrey Ballantyne
Age: 7, Willowwind Elementary, Grade: 2

I am as brave as a lion fighting.
I wonder if I’m wrong.
I pretend to be a dog.
I worry about monsters.
I cry because my dad’s gone.
I dream of riding unicorns.
I am as brave as a lion fighting.
FEAR IS...

Dexter Martin

Age: 8, Willowwind Elementary, Grade: 2

Dolls on my bed
My eyes open bigger than my head
Feel like I am going to barf
Frozen solid
Panicking
Help!!!
I Am...

Kirin Yamada

Age: 8, Willowwind Elementary, Grade: 2

I am smart and a good character.
I wonder why I have to write this.
I want money.
I pretend to have a million bucks (I mean the animal).
I try to grow up.
I hope for a million bucks (the animal again).
I am smart and a good character.
HENRY’S HAIKU

Henry Yoder
Age: 9, Kalona Elementary, Grade: 3

In a dark, dark room
that was in a dark, dark house
there lived a dark, dark cat.
I came into the world on a bright and sunny day, when all the kids like to go out and play. The cord was wrapped around my neck. Then my dad nearly hit the deck! The doctor fixed it, and my mom cried with joy, because she had a healthy baby boy. My first day of life a tornado hit my town. It really seemed to make everybody frown. Soon, I got a baby brother, and I wouldn’t trade him for any other. My favorite sport is football, and I really dislike going to the mall. When I grow up, I want to go to Florida State. I’m so glad my parents named me Tate!
FIREFLIES

Athena Wu

Age: 8, Van Allen Elementary, Grade: 3

Little lanterns
Small and bright
From when the sun begins to yawn
To the dark begins to dawn
COME HOME SOON

Jacob Ají

Age: 9, Hoover Elementary, Grade: 3

Platypus-headed pigeon
with a nose like spaghetti
ears like a cauliflower with the flu
a face like a haddock, chicken-brained
moose-brained, highly preposterous
lumpy glumpy limpet, I love you.
THE MOOSE TRACKS

Eric Shih Koh
Age: 8, Willowwind Elementary, Grade: 3

One day I was walking in the woods looking for moose tracks. So I asked a businessman for a map to find moose tracks. It was showing me to go to a local ice cream stand. But I couldn’t find moose tracks, so I asked the ice cream man, “Where can I find moose tracks?” “We have it right here,” he said and offered me a taste.
I haven’t done homework in a week, my paper’s white my pencil’s pink
Two times two is sixty four. Wait, is it less, is it more?
I think I should give up and guess, maybe that would be the best.
I really dislike the color pink, I bet that’s why I cannot think.
Maybe I will try red or blue; could that work? I have no clue.
Okay just focus on what to do and find the answer to two times two.
Oh I just got it; the answer is four. I am so excited I ran out the door!
UNTITLED

Jack Lynch
Age: 9, Willowwind Elementary, Grade: 4

If you ate a hat
You would become a bat
And if you ate a bat you will be a rat
But when you eat a rat you turn into a cat
I wonder what would happen after that?
Right now I have writer’s block.
All I do is sit and watch the clock.
Oh Wait! Is that an idea? No just a thought.
When I stare back at the clock it seems to wink
and then I think—
I could use personification.
Now that’s good inspiration!
Stitches
Tiegan Keel
Age: 10, Kirkwood Elementary, Grade: 4

Stitches
cool, stitches
sitting, learning, loving
stuffed with loads of love
Stuffed Animal
**SNOW DAY**

Cal Henk

Age: 9, Regina Elementary, Grade: 4

Snow thrown at your face
Never eat the yellow snow
Outdoor snowflakes
Winter memories

Days like these are great
Always amazing
Yes! More snow!
Ring the doorbell if you dare
Stop putting spiders in my hair
Candy, candy, yummy, yummy
I think that's enough in my tummy
Zombies, zombies ate my chin
Spiders crawling up my skin.
Scary, scary, scary boo!
Nature

Aayushma Aryal

Age: 11, Kirkwood Elementary, Grade: 5

Maybe one is watching a beautiful water fall
or looking up at the mighty tree,
Time spent in nature is time spent realizing
the experience of nature is one of awe.
THE GHOSTS OF THE GROVE

Amelia Gibson
Age: 11, Hoover Elementary, Grade: 6

Among the shadows
Echoing through the night
Unspoken words and unsung hymns
Whispers of tales both young and old
A mournful wail
Memories and mist float through the air
Ramen Noodles

John Aschenbrenner
Age: 12, Lucas Elementary, Grade: 6

Ramen Noodles are the best,
just ready for you after your rest.
Birds can take them to their nest,
you can even spice them up with zest.
Ramen Noodles are the best.
Love That Dog

Brittney Jones
Age: 13, Lucas Elementary, Grade: 6

Love that dog like a cat, love to jump,
I said I love that dog, like a cat loves to jump,
I call him at night, “Hey there, Boy.”
Narwhales

Izaiah Angel

Age: 11, Lucas Elementary, Grade: 6

Narwhales
Why so cool?
The Jedi of the sea,
Almost like unicorns,
Narwhales for me.
LIFE

Quincy Ridgeway

Age: 12, Lucas Elementary, Grade: 6

LIFE
Life can be hard,
Life can be easy,
Life is sad,
Life is happy,
I LOVE LIFE!
HOMELESS MAN

Abigail Caylor

Age: 13, North Central Junior High, Grade: 7

There is a man with only one shoe.
He said “I wish I could be like you.”
The man goes to the trash to get the news.
He loves to hear People Play the blues.
One time he went to the trash to get the news,
but instead he found a shoe.
THE BEST FOOD IN THE WORLD

Ben Kruger

Age: 12, North Central Junior High, Grade: 7

Bacon is love, Bacon is life
Hopefully, Bacon will be my wife
It’s not just food, it’s heaven
I’ll have 10 pieces, maybe even 11
It’s breakfast, lunch, and dinner
And when I eat it, I'm a winner
Bacon is passion, Bacon is adoration
WARHEAD OF LOVE

Wylan Gao
Age: 12, North Central Junior High, Grade: 7

Love is like a warhead sweet and sour. When you pop it in your mouth, you’ll feel a sudden experience of rejection, which is very sorrow. You’ll cry later, you’ll get a subtle sweetness, When you get the sweetness and its right, She’ll be right.
My dog is so playful
Joyful
Bright
But she can’t seem to stop barking at night
She sounds like a bear,
And gives me a scare,
Then she continues to bite
Petals swirl around me like snowflakes,
Each one soft and delicate,
Bringing with them the smell of flowers,
And a cool breeze that tingles my skin.
Yellow and vibrant against the moonlight they dance,
As bright as the stars behind them,
Like a midnight fleck of Sunflower Breath.
THE SUSPECT

Abby Merrill

Age: 14, Homeschool, Grade: 8

Sensing danger, he evades our question
Only responding to our aggression
But unfortunately, despite his deception,
His private confession is already in our possession--
Something I neglected to mention.
FORGOTTEN HEROES

Emily M.

Age: 14, South East Junior High, Grade: 8

They lay, silent. Waiting to be found.
Blood and breath gone away soon to be returned to the ground.
Faces unknown, faces unseen in the bunkers they lay,
Like a person missing in a crowd.
No way out. Stuck with uncertainty.
Forever eyes out of focus. Forever trapped in their uniforms.
These are the many missing faces that saved us all.
TO RELAXATION

Charlie Maxwell
Age: 14, South East Junior High, Grade: 8

To the couch
To the bed
To the TV that plays my favorite Saturday shows
To the lovely dreams that I have in my head
To the plant outside my house that grows
To wearing my soft bed time clothes
To relaxation!
DIFFERENT

Alexia Stevens
Age: 13, North Central Junior High, Grade: 8

I look at them and I see me
I act like them, speak like them
But they still treat me differently
I thought that this was over
I thought that we could be friends
But they’ll never let me in because
We are different, me and them
SPARED

Adeline Bradley
Age: 14, Southeast Junior High, Grade: 8

The roaring thunder in the black sky
The overhead light unseen
The raining hammers onto the cement ground
Birds and crickets hidden
The rain pounding onto my face as I freed myself
From the tv screens, the people, the world
I danced in the rain
OATH OF FRIENDSHIP

Reagan Hart
Age: 15, West High School, Grade: 9

It hurt me to know you take a knife to yourself
To know you’re in pain
I feel like there is nothing I can do
But all I want to do is help
So talk to me so I know what to do
Or at least I will listen with unjudging ears
I took an oath to be there, when I became your friend
STUDYING FOR THE SAT

Lauren Katz
Age: 14, West High School, Grade: 9

The serendipitous discovery of a wonderful new word sends me galloping with hope towards the apogee of the herd. The night grows ever longer as I marinate in words, a soupcon of good old Webster, have I become absurd? Parochial, parvenu, parsimonious, pastiche, I am now an alumna of the letter P. Subito! Gone are my insouciant days of naïveté, augmenting my vocabulary incrementally. These imbroglios of mass grandiloquence are miasmic to my health, But I shall suffer onwards to cultivate my intellectual wealth.
Once upon a time there was a big bad Bane,
To fight him, the great batman came.
He took his bat mobile in the rain,
and came from the mansion of Bruce Wayne,
from a field of an acre of lots of grain.
He beat Bane till Bane was insane,
read this poem because it’s by Chirag Jain.
GONE ASTRAY
Daniel Burgess
Age: 15, West High School, Grade: 9

The streaks of moon gleam through icy trees
like chandeliers of shimmering, frozen raindrops
The soft silence pierced only by my thoughts
The frozen pines hiss in the frigid breeze
My hand feels empty, lost without hers
Gazing at our favorite view, now alone and cold
I sit, as the rising sun turns trees to shining gold
The pockets ripped off with ease,
All buckles cracked in half.
The zippers shall not be unzipped once more,
For they might never zip back.
Each rip is like a scar.
A token to keep in memory.
And oh, has it had many.
MY LIFE, DANCE

Josey Gale
Age: 15, West High School, Grade: 9

As the hair spray circles the room,
our hair pulled back, with donuts, hair nets, bobby pins
with every dance there are different shoes, tights, costumes, songs
on our face the thick eyeshadow and liner, fake lashes and rhinestones
but once the music starts and our hearts drop, our faces glow
it starts and ends in a matter of minutes
but with all this hassle, comes joy from our eyes and hearts to yours.
Love is...

Katrina Chambliss
Age: 14, Regina High School, Grade: 9

Love is…
Fully understood to none
A deep recurring thought in one’s mind
Bewildering, Beautiful, and Brilliant
Love
You are a mountain; 
Tall, solid, majestic, unmoving.
To one side you give all the water they need, but I am on the other.
You even hoard the rain for yourself and let it freeze.
With time I have become a desert;
Arid, cruel, unforgiving.
But I still look up to you and hope for a single drop of rain.
DO NOT BURN YOURSELF FOR HOPE

Maggie Terry

Age: 16, West High School, Grade: 10

a shooting star ends
itself to make the flash
that we wish upon
do not burn yourself
to light your hopes
for the stars
GONE

Gabriella Thomsen
Age: 16, Regina High School, Grade: 11

The roses are withered.
All of the newspapers pyramid outside.
My shoes lie untied in the hallway.
Those rustic curtains still rest masked in dust.
Cryptic fingerprints disguise the homely fridge.
You are gone.
And so I am gone.
ILLUMINATION

Emma Hartwig

Age: 16, Regina High School, Grade: 11

And now I know that the best kind of beautiful is the kind I can feel
Not the kind I can see
Because the visible deceives
Because the visible crumbles
Because the visible blinds
But the feeling illuminates
Because the feeling is eternal
Thoughts

Zac Curtiss

Age: 17, West High School, Grade: 12

Sipping through my straw
As on my paper I draw
The things that go through my head
And things that I wished I had said.
I look up from my paper at the world
And my new ideas are unfurled.
GONE IN THE WIND

Hank Hugen
Age: 18, West High School, Grade: 12

The stars light up the sky.
Smoke rolls off his tongue,
and is swallowed by a gust of wind.
A car passes by, filled with our young,
following a never ending road.
Snow Drift

Matt Fisher

Age: 17, West High School, Grade: 12

As I stepped though the soft, shimmering snow, I wondered where it was I stood. Fall was just a month ago, Yet I felt it was gone for good. Soon spring would surely come, And green grass would grow once more. But all I heard today was winter’s wretched underscore.
SUPERFICIALITY

Minseon Gim

Age: 18, Regina High School, Grade: 12

An apple is red outside, but yellow inside
A watermelon is green outside and red inside

Humans mask over reality
RAIN

Ted Park

Age: 18, Regina High School, Grade: 12

Rain is coming
Watching it,
I wish you are coming, too
As the rain comes
My eyes are weeping
And my heart is seeping