

# Our Red Brick Synagogue

Ari Collins

Age: 7, Shimek Elem, Grade: 2

I remember in the morning driving to Washington Street to get to the synagogue.  
I remember all of the days seeing the Star of David on top of the red bricks  
I remember the turquoise carpeted Bimah and the brown wooden Ark.  
And above the Ark a Ner Tamid hanged by golden poles.  
I remember sitting in the blue padded and grey metal seats.  
And I always liked to sing the last song because it was always so happy.  
I remember our red brick synagogue.



Poetry  
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# Grandpa

Quinn Dawson

Age: 15, West High School, Grade: 9

Pine trees surviving  
The icy winds of winter  
Standing tall all year

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# My Universe is You

Sonia Jeon

Age: 14, West High School, Grade: 9

I remember lying on the grass next to you every summer night  
looking up into the night's sky  
listening to the cricket's grand symphony  
the stars would fly by and the moon winked down at us  
my eyes creeping towards you  
your eyes like fireflies caught my eyes and grinned  
And I felt like a feather

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# That Kind of Love

Andrea Morgan

Age: 15, West High School, Grade: 9

Yesterday you kept playing with my hair  
our fingers refusing to let go of each other,  
Today we're like the moon when both of its halves  
are there,  
elated,  
shining.

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# Birds

Adeline Jane Goeken

Age: 6, Penn Elementary , Grade: Kindergarten

Birds are like snow falling bright, in the suns warm daylight...  
Nestled in trees, like stars in the night...  
They stretch their wings and take flight...

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# A Unicorn Day

Josephine Fullenkamp

Age: 6, Hoover Elementary , Grade: 1

Unicorns work, work work picking apples, build homes. Never stop, never stop, work, work.

Take care of their world. Making maple trees. Making apple juice. Next day still working!

Unicorns eating grass to make them healthy.

Sleep, sleep during night and work, work, work at day.

Unicorns work, work, work, boring watching them.

But today Unicorns play! Never stop playing, never stop playing.

Uh-oh, here it goes again, Unicorns play every day!

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# Crazy Family

Kathryn Fullenkamp

Age: 8, Hoover Elementary, Grade: 2

I know a family that hangs underpants on walls,  
and pop bottles in the halls. They also have two  
pet deers, that know how to drive and steer.  
They have 2 Tv's and they're both surrounded by bees!  
They also have one more pet and he's a bat' and he'  
has a crazy looking hat. Huh? What's that you say? Oh yeah  
this family is mine

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# Falling Fall

Zayetzy Luna

Age: 13, Northwest Jr. High , Grade: 8

The leaves are all gone  
The birds don't sing their song  
You give a sigh  
And say good-bye  
The wood starts to splinter  
And the world belongs to Winter

Poetry  
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# ***The Alphabet Poem***

Megan Schneider

Age: 12, Northwest Junior High, Grade: 7

**A Bear Can Dance Even For Gorillas Hungary In  
Japan. Kelly Lou, Monkey, Now Oversees  
Pretty Queens Riding Stallions Through  
Undiscovered Valleys With Xylophones Yelling  
Zap!**

**Poetry**  
**in public**

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# Water

Sam Callahan

Age: 9, Weber Elementary, Grade: 3

Giant waves crashing down

Hot Sand all over the ground

Wind howling

Splashing water all around

And trees falling down

Poetry  
in public

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# Iowa

Carley Spading

Age: 11, Van Allen Elementary, Grade: 6

The breeze sweeps over the vast fields of corn  
the sun sets over rolling hills turning  
the clouds into streaks of paint  
and fire burns across the sky  
that only the darkness of night can tame  
and as the moon shows its shining face  
I'm proud to call Iowa my home.

Poetry  
in public

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# A History of Chickens

Jacob Aji

Age: 7, Hoover Elementary, Grade: 1

Once there was a chicken.

Before that, a chickenosaurus.

Before that, a chick-trilobite.

And before that, a chicken cell from a chicken asteroid

That crashed to earth after a chicken rock exploded

From a chicken fireball that once clucked its way

Out of a galaxy of crowing chicken suns.

Poetry  
in public

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# Sunshine

Margalit Frank

Age: 7, Montessori School, Grade: 1

Sunshine bunshine  
early in the

morning before  
the rooster calls its  
first call. Wake up

sleepy head and put  
on your chef hat.

Poetry  
in public

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# Valentine

Amara Ballantyne

Age: 5, Willowwind Elem., Grade: Kindergarten

You are sweeter than a popsicle  
as fun as jump rope  
more beautiful than the world  
I love you.

Poetry  
in public

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# Winter

Naya Abu Rajab

Age: 5, Willowwind Elem, Grade: Kindergarten

Snowmen

White

Backyard

Stacking

Snowmen are fun.

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# Lizards

Alex Spies

Age: 9, Willowwind Elem, Grade: 3

Scampering lizards in the dark  
Lurking and creeping in the park  
Running and climbing all about  
Orange eyes gleaming from a clear lookout  
Making weird noises from a tree  
Lizards sleeping worry free.

Poetry  
in public

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# Swimming

Andrea Belding

Age: 9, Van Allen Elem., Grade: 3

Swimming is fun in the sun  
Feel the windy air as you stop and stare  
At the medalist inside you

Five years later when you're praying to  
Your savior for the race  
And your heart starts to pace  
BONG – Now the race is on!

Poetry  
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# yellow dog

Lila Panek

Age: 10, Penn Elementary , Grade: 5

bounding around, the yellow dog  
sounds like an earthquake,  
shaking the ground.  
chasing a chipmunk,  
and a skunk that stunk  
like bad cheese,  
in the summer months.

Poetry  
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# Tater Tot Dreamland

Benjamin Houselog

Age: 11, Penn Elementary, Grade: 5

There are tater tots all over the place.  
Tater tot nose, tater tot face.  
Tater tot streets, great to walk through,  
My tater tot feet in the tater tot goo.  
There's a lot to do in Tater Tot Land.  
Oops! Just bit off my tater tot hand!

Poetry  
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# The Ocean

Ethan D'Alessandro

Age: 11, Lincoln Elementary , Grade: 5

The ocean is blue, a deep aqua hue  
but when the sun sets, the blue lets the red come through

In the dark night, the ocean's a fright  
no people around, or boats to be found, in the dark ocean night

Now the ocean is red, a deep crimson hue, but when the sun rises, the  
blue comes through

In the blue day, the ocean's a fray  
lots of people around, and boats to be found, in the blue ocean bay

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# My Big Friend

Julian Fender

Age: 11, Weber Elementary, Grade: 5

Once a big dragon was lying in the park.

When I walked by he gave me a bark.

Then I imagined what I could do with a dragon.

So I said, "Come with me." And he rode in my wagon.

Now we are best friends and I ride on his back.

He sometimes burns things but I cut him some slack.

Poetry  
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# Mustache

Anna Carmen

Age: 10, Weber Elementary , Grade: 5

Fussy, Long,

It's the mustache's song

Handlebar, too

And the Fu Manchu!

Mustaches are lots of fun

From the artic,

To the land of sun!

Poetry  
in public

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# Celestial

Darra Stuart

Age: 17, West High School, Grade: 12

Moons traverse black velvet galaxies  
A pantomime of painted faces masquerade  
From the depths of dream, clawing through evanescent gloom  
The mirror cracks  
Spider lines stretch across alabaster faces locked in slumber  
Awake awake to siren song  
Waxen skies and forgotten melody

Poetry  
in public

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# In the Winter

Anish

Age: 8, Wickham Elementary, Grade: 2

Where there is snow,

The grass can't grow.

The sun can't glow.

Let's drink cocoa.

Poetry  
in public

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# A Beautiful Ocean

Mohamed Ali

Age: 9, Weber Elementary , Grade: 3

The pebbles in the water,

The wind blowing,

The sea surface,

The fresh water,

The light breeze.

Poetry  
in public

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# This Pen

Abby

This pen is running out of ink,  
This pen is running out of pink ink  
This pen is out of i

Poetry  
in public

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# Popcorn

Jack Keating

Age: 10, Regina Elementary, Grade: 4

Peter made some popcorn

His mom said “not too much”

POP POP POP! It popped

Out of the pot then out of the kitchen

It flooded the house!

Peter yelled “is that too much?”

Poetry  
in public

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# Rainforest

Abbie McCormick

Age: 10, Regina Elementary, Grade: 4

Pretty rainforest

Some dew drops land on a vine

I admire this

Poetry  
in public

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# I Tried to Write a Poem

Katherine Geerdes

Age: 9, Regina Elementary, Grade: 4

I tried to write a poem but it was more hard than fun  
I tried to write a poem but I couldn't get anything done  
I tried to write a poem but I had to go to school  
I tried to write a poem but I fell off my stool  
I tried to write a poem but my mom kept distracting me  
I tried to write a poem but it was dark and I couldn't see

Poetry  
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# Books

Spencer Knight

Age: 9, Regina Elementary, Grade: 4

Book books books  
So many kinds of books!  
Fairytale, fiction  
Novels, non-fiction  
Picture, mystery,  
Chapter, poetry  
So many kinds of books!

Poetry  
in public

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# Penguin

Jackson Mills

Age: 9, Regina Elementary, Grade: 4

Funny, fluffy

Lives in Antarctica

Flightless bird, tobogganing, swim

Waddle

Poetry  
in public

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# Toast Busters

## (To the tune of “Ghost Busters”)

Mason Irving

Age: 10, Regina Elementary, Grade: 4

If there is bread  
Hiding under your bed  
Who you gotta call?  
TOAST BUSTERS!

If there's floating grilled cheese  
Make it go away please!

Who you gotta call? TOAST BUSTERS!

Poetry  
in public

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# “That Kid”

Jamie Porter

Age: 16, Regina High School: 10

That kid who Doesn't have a friend  
Who is convinced the loneliness has no end  
He wanders home, late each night  
Knowing his Parents Are in a Fight  
He lurks up to his room  
Locks his door  
And begs to God, “please no more”.

Poetry  
in public

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# The Hungry Lion

Tori Cooper

Age: 8, Weber Elementary, Grade: 3

I see a hungry lion that likes to roar at people.  
I touch the lion's fur it roar's at me so I back away from the lion.  
His breath smells like rotten meat.  
I feel really nervous  
I have him a big roar and I scared it off

Poetry  
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# Flood.

Linnea Rietz

Age: 9, Weber Elementary, Grade: 3

A horrible flood is coming,  
The earsplitting roar of water ringing through my ears,  
My Mom's, strong hand grabbing mine,  
The stink of the salty water going up my nose,  
The freezing water underneath my feet.

Poetry  
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# Nature!

Shae

Age: 8, Weber Elementary , Grade: 3

Lots and lots of maple trees,

The birds are chirping with the breeze.

The very bumpy tree bark,

The smell of an old, wooden Ark in my path.

I wish I could stay in the wilderness forever,

If I could stay there, I would never leave there,

**EVER!!!!!!**

Poetry  
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# Sap

Caroline

Age: 9, Weber Elementary, Grade: 3

Something oozing out of that tree.

Oozing noises. I hope I don't see.

Golden Brown sap. Sounds yucky to me.

I taste it and...

Tasty sap!!! I have glee!

Happiness. All that sap belongs to ME!!!

Poetry  
in public

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# Nostalgia

Maggie Terry

Age: 14, North Central Junior High, Grade: 8

As I walk home from school

An ocean of dark clouds washes over the earth

The sun peeks out from behind the gray tinged clouds

And unexpectedly, this beam of light

Sends a wave of nostalgia through me,

For what, I do not know.

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# Just Three Lefts

Austin Geasland

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

Just three lefts, that's all I need

Just three lefts, I will succeed

Just three lefts, I will not fuss

Just three lefts, I can, I must

Hit each base, 1, 2, 3, 4

Bring me home, I have to score

Just three lefts that's all I need, I will get home, I will succeed

Poetry  
in public

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# Blink

Cat Rudolph

Age: 17, Regina High School, Grade: 11

Have you ever wondered what might have changed?

If matters had gone another way?

A moment that simply rearranged

A life so far from the one today

An interesting thought to make one think

That all could be altered in just one...

Blink.

Poetry  
in public

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# Who?

Kathryn Tvedte

Age: 17, Regina High School, Grade: 11

Who will walk me down the aisle,  
And give me away  
To a boy who will love me  
Like you did everyday  
Who will take me shopping  
For a big white dress to wear  
It was supposed to be you, but now I don't know who

Poetry  
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# The Artist's Muse

Ioana

Age: 15, West High School, Grade: 9

A flower's bloom,  
a flautist's tune  
I see in my reflection  
A pencil scrapes,  
makes definitive shapes  
and draws in the inflection

Poetry  
in public

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# Summer on Dapple Ct.

Madelyn Hix

Age: 12, South East Junior High , Grade: 7

Barefoot kids running across yards,  
Yards covered with prickly thistles,  
Thistles sitting in the grass,  
Grass hiding tiny bugs,  
Bugs buzzing around your head,  
Head filled with the mourning doves song,  
Song of morning

Poetry  
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# Untitled

Max Widitz

Age: 8, Horace Mann Elem., Grade: 2

One time I planted a tree.  
I loved that tree like it was my father.  
But one day, a monstrous storm came.  
And with a flash and a boom, the storm was over.  
The next day when I went outside my tree was dead.  
I vowed vengeance, and even today I'm still mad at that storm.

Poetry  
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# Paris

Ginger McCartney

Age: 7, Willowwind Elem., Grade: 1

Dreamy like I'm in another world.

The tastes in my mouth are magical and creamy.

I'm at the airport where my journey ends.

Poetry  
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# Emma

Stella McCullough

Age: 6, Willowwind Elementary, Grade: 1

Emma is nice.

Emma is a great friend.

Eyes like diamonds.

Hair like magic.

Earrings like flowers.

Poetry  
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# Meerkat Yoga

Caroline House

Age: 7, Willowwind Elem., Grade: 2

Meerkats are like yoga.

Trying to be calm and loving.

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# My Sled Poem

Aubrey Ballantyne

Age: 5, Willowwind Elem., Grade: Kindergarten

My sled

Pink

My mama

Falling over

My sled is fun with me and mama!

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# Changed the World

Tai Caputo

Age: 5, Willowwind Elementary, Grade: Kindergarten

Martin Luther King Jr.

Said no to “White Only” signs

Everywhere

A long time ago

He wanted the world to be fair

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# Aghast at Midnight

Kenzie Greiner

Age: 14, West High School, Grade: 9

Scared out of your head

Monsters are under your bed

Clenching onto your sheets

You're forced to throw on your beats

Pray to god and wish upon a star

The monsters will be on the getaway car

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