



ONE

FOGGY

MORNING

A collection of poems  
from a classroom of  
amazing kids!

# One Foggy Morning

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from a classroom of  
amazing kids!

## FOG

By: Bani

### Part 1 - Leaving home:

I put on my gloves  
I put in my hat  
I put on my snuggly jacket and shoes  
Then I leap my backpack over my back  
I was ready to leave  
I went outside  
I thought I was in misty paradise  
I knew it was a pass and go dream  
I closed my eyes  
I had no clue what was going on  
I rubbed my eyelashes as hard as I could  
I opened them again  
It was the same  
The same life  
Same lawn  
I could see the fall trees with beautiful colors  
Until a blink  
Everything turned back into fog  
Then I realized this fog is not a dream, but seeing beautiful colors on trees is  
Then I knew this would be the most unusual drive to school ever  
I got in the car  
I put on my seatbelt  
And ready for the adventure.

### Part 2 - The Drive To School:

My mom turned on the car  
The cold misty air trickled through my neck  
The ride was calm but a little disordered  
My mom had no clue where we were  
There was no way we figure out this mystery  
My mom shifted-left, right, left, right  
But the fog was so delightful nothing would bother me  
Sooner or later  
Suddenly my eyes got wider and wider  
There it was  
Sitting alone  
This was my life  
It was heaven  
The whitest  
The calmest  
Heaven  
It was life everybody dreamed of  
Especially me  
The heaven ride was over  
(Not really)  
We reached school

### Part 3 - Sitting in heaven at school

There was the fog sitting alone  
Until 25 kids came running through  
it  
It wasn't a dream anymore  
It was reality  
Reality in heaven  
No matter how cold or how blurry  
it was in heaven we still enjoyed it  
Slowly the sun rose  
Shining to every leaf  
making every leaf shine  
Making heaven take off like an  
airplane  
The fog was disappearing from my  
eyes  
I tried to wave my hands like Elsa  
trying to make it come back  
It didn't  
It didn't come back  
It was like a flight leaving and you  
forgetting your ticket to get on the  
plane  
My eyes slowly drifted away  
Until 2 kids came running towards  
us in excitement saying they saw a  
rainbow  
My eyes quickly opened and aimed  
to the rainbow  
The colors were taking turns to show  
First red, yellow, blue, purple  
Then orange, green, indigo  
Mr.C blows the whistle  
It was time to go inside

### Part 4 - Going Inside

I still felt the heavenly feeling inside  
me  
Nothing would change it  
Not even loudness  
Nor quietness  
Nothing  
Suddenly a smile spread over my face  
I felt like the happiest person in the  
world  
Nothing could change that either  
I could tell calmness + excitement =  
chilling  
I could tell the rest of the day would  
be fantabulous!

# DREAM

Emma E.

Swirling, twirling particles  
Dancing through the air  
But these little fairies leave room  
For their mother  
The sun  
To shine through  
A hazy light  
Floating close  
But far away  
Relax  
Breathe in the fresh air  
And breathe out the contaminated

Over the hill  
A void  
Of nothing  
In nothing  
Imagination runs wild  
Anything is possible

Half asleep  
Hazy pictures  
The once frosty grass  
Is soft and damp

Free  
The poles of metal  
Are the only reminder of reality  
This is your world  
What are you going to do with it?  
A mystery  
Delve beneath  
The foggy, misty layer

Separating real and fake

As the sun glows brighter and  
brighter  
Dissolving the peace  
Here comes reality  
An arch forms  
A doorway, a rainbow  
Leading back to truth  
A finale, a goodbye  
The world gets clearer  
As the fog disappears

# Cold Morning

Emilio

It is cold

It is foggy

But I do not see any froggies  
When I walk ten yards into the mist my  
friends can't see me  
But they can see a pretty little rainbow  
with a blur of of color in the distance

# The Beautiful Foggy Morning

Eun Seo

The sky was thick with fog.  
I was walking to school and  
couldn't see anything within  
30 feet in front of me.  
It was so cold that there was  
frost on the grass.  
Running through the grass I  
felt my shoes  
Slowly getting wet.  
Now, the sun is starting to  
shine brightly on my face.  
The sun shines beautifully,  
brightly, and gracefully over  
the huge round hill.  
It hurts my eyes.  
It's so beautiful that it  
wouldn't be the same  
If you took a picture.  
The trees stand still as the  
birds rustle and chirp around.  
There is a puddle of water on  
the dark, blue slide.  
There is small rainbow made  
up of tiny gray clouds.

You could just barely make  
out the colors.  
Red, orange, yellow, green,  
and indigo.  
With a slight bit of gray.  
I run to go find the pot of  
gold at the end of the  
rainbow.  
Will I find it?

## Fog

Helen

Only the sun's bright shine  
penetrates through the mist and  
thick fog.  
The playground is only a  
silhouette in the distance.  
Water droplets cling onto  
everything.  
Looking out, beyond the hill,  
the world seems to stop,  
the vast white blanket  
stretching across the land, like a  
cloud on the ground.  
In the distance, crickets chirp  
and birds sing.  
A faded rainbow arches above,  
in the powdery blue sky.

# Fog and the Beauties Within

Henrick

Floating drifting swirling  
stretching out its long ghostlike  
fingers to Brush them down your  
frigid neck  
Snaking through the grass  
jumping over trees and peeping  
through Cracks in the houses  
Blinded by white frozen by air still  
we persevere  
On a regular wide awake day this  
would be called walking but  
today Is not a normal day this is  
magic and this could only be  
described as flying  
Looking up I realize that where  
once was blank greyness  
stretching Forevermore but now  
one star presides over all and  
now as I turn My gaze back from  
the heavens  
I see things I had never really  
quite Noticed  
A blade of grass, one tiny dew  
drop, one in many  
Why was it special  
It Was not clear but now that I  
see one I see so many  
The leaf with its fiery reds and  
oranges the trees how they bow  
their Head as the birds daintily  
observe from their hiding place  
amongst The swirling leaves

And now the whole picture  
comes into focus - a  
bountiful rainbow Colors  
formed by the those  
wonderful trees and also by  
those Surrounding that a  
true rainbow with its arching  
body highlighted With  
greens and reds and  
yellows

## **This Potential**

Mr. C

Wide open white

Blank and rich

Gently dissipating thick wool suspended in  
air

Dancing droplets before our eyes

And an embrace of total stability

Delicate paradox

Bright radiance illuminates and fills space

From openness and appreciation of the  
moment

A magical gift appears

The cloudbow with pots of gold filled with

Amazement at possibility

We cherish this potential

# Fog

Katja

**F**rozen, white blankets covering the earth. Faces re-appearing, and disappearing .

**O**ld trees turn to shadows, things in the distance, disappear completely. All is silent.

**G**hostly figures appear all around me. I can't see far. Only listen to the whispers of the wind.

## to cross the fog

Lily

I wake up in a white land  
Cold grass I lay upon  
I don't remember anything  
Where I came from but I have a goal to do  
I see the moon  
And start to run  
I run across my memories  
Trees come in and out of the mist  
It starts to light up  
I climb rock mountain  
To see my destination  
The sun of hope and love  
It casts a spell of happiness on the people  
I wonder if he did that to me when I had my memories  
The fog thinned in the sun's presence  
I start to run across but fall halfway there  
Back down to earth  
And I remember the day I tried  
*To cross the fog*

## We see no Future until, We Reach It..

*Inspired by the foggy day on  
10/22/14*

**By: Nana**

In the fog we walk  
nothing is seen until we reach it.  
Scattered.

Walking in the middle of nowhere,  
reaching to the high stars above  
going towards our future.

We stop.

Looking up to the bright sun  
the one whom we look up to  
still seen in the thick sadness  
of the fog circling us  
like a cat attacking  
a poor insane mouse.

Slowly we start seeing things.  
Wonderful things in life.  
Yet so slight  
even one tear  
could make it disappear  
back into the thick sadness.

Then suddenly,  
a rainbow whose colors drained out,  
peered through the fog  
smiling at us.  
Slowly it disappeared  
leaving behind  
a lovely lovely  
picture in our hearts...



## October's Pride

By: Rachel

The wind blew in all different directions, but it isn't harsh.  
The darkness of the fog felt as if you're blind.  
It'll give you scare to take another step and fall into a bottomless pit of doom and sorrow.  
It isn't that way though.  
I ran down the bottomless pit to find that it isn't bottomless!  
I stand in a circle, mist goes around the circle as if a glass force field.  
Children go wild like ghosts looking for their lost bodies.  
The playground was a ghost town;  
no one has been in it for hundreds of years.  
A rainbow shoots up as a set of colorful glass stairs leading to the king and queen of heaven.  
The mist fades, color comes back.  
October has found its pride.  
Misty pride to be exact.

## October's Glory

by Rosie

There it is  
Before me  
Swirling  
Between my legs  
Touching the ground  
Clouds are visiting  
From the sky  
Spreading out  
Above us  
Protecting us  
In a blurry white dome  
It's a never ending  
Force field  
Tiny white dots  
Each smaller than a  
Drop of dew  
Floating around  
In the air  
Tiny white dots  
So clear  
The sun's rays  
A hazy yellow blur  
In the middle  
The sun  
Is a white orb  
Floating in the sky  
There it is  
October's glory

## Fog

*By Simon*

Come Outside!

The air is white, objects are not  
defined

Imagination is free,

Free to paint its own picture.

The hill is full, the trees are light  
shadows.

Light mist cleans the air of any stain.

Come Outside!

For now, your mind is free.

## *A Chilly Wonder*

Sophie P.

Can be sung

*The Fog*

*drifts away*

*the closer*

*I get.*

*The beauty*

*engulfs me*

*I don't know*

*if it's even real.*

*It seems too early,*

*too early to snow.*

*But with the frost and the air*

*we can never know.*

*And before I know it*

*the sun peeks out.*

*And before my eyes*

*is a glory.*

*The rainbow is small,*

*seems too small to be.*

*And it's more of a cloud bow,*

*disappearing into the sky.*

*A short, short beauty,*

*but still it is gold.*

*It left me staring*

*in the fall cold*

# Fog

Sophie T.

An ocean of unclear dreams  
Colliding into one misty substance  
Only one vivid dream lies above the rest

I run

It feels like I am going  
Into endless nothingness  
The dreams get brighter

Clearer

More beautiful than ever

A ribbon appears

To tie them all together

Fading

Leaving

Going

Gone