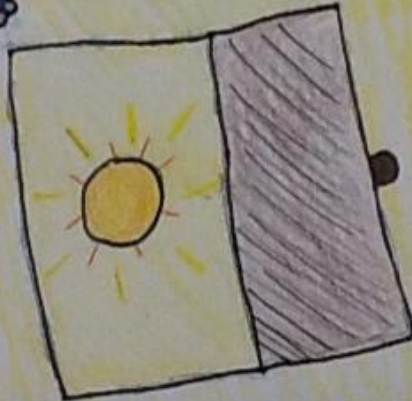


One Step into the

Light

Beauty

Bright



Creativity

Magic

Poems by
Fiona, Seegz, Raia, Emma and Sophie S

One Step into the Light

By Fiona, Sophie S., Raia, Seegz, and Emma

Taking Inspiration

By Fiona

Which Door?

*inspired by **The Door** by Richard Edwards*

Is it a locked door?

Is it an open door to a whole new place?

Will it be dangerous and mysterious like

Coraline's new world with dolls and buttons and eyes or

Is it a hobbit door like Bilbo's with tea and a snack for hungry travelers?

Is it a rabbit hole that leads to a wonder land of queens and grinning cats?

Is it a door in a wardrobe that leads to a lamp post in a snowy woods

And a flute playing faun?

I wonder which door you would choose?



Hawk

inspired by *Swans in the Night* by Joan Mellings

Silent it glides

under the light of the silver moon,

noiseless, shadowless,

it watches over all, knowing

the secrets of the world below,

the KING of wind

guards the skies.



Fairies on a Spring Morning

Inspired by *The Song of Wandering Aengus* by William Butler Yeats

Hear your name rustling in the wind.

Follow it.

Walk a million miles and

you will see a fairy in a hollow tree

with starlight wings and apple blossom cheeks

and laughter in her eyes.

You use a willow branch as a wand

and cast a couple spells.

Hope falls from your wand and from far away

a robin sings its one special song.

The fairy answers, her song ringing

through hollow lands and hilly lands.

Suddenly the fairy chimes a golden bell

and the robin carries her away.



Nobody? Somebody?

Inspired by "*I'm Nobody! Who are You?*" by Emily Dickinson

**I AM SOMEBODY! I AM BIG. I AM LOUD. I AM BOLD. I AM STRONG I AM.....
ME!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! WHO ARE YOU?**

i am nobody. i am small. i am quiet. i am shy. i am weak. i am nobody.

GOOD BYE NOBODY!!!!

good bye somebody.



The Man in the Moon

Inspired by *The Star* by Dorothy Jones

Goodnight to the girl who looks up at my face.

Although my face may be pale

yours shines.

My eyes are like stars

and yours are filled with joy.

We both look upon the star-filled sky

and see forever.

You can dream and

I will watch, sleepless

for a million years.





A Special Night

There was once a night
as black as coal,
there was once a star
as bright as gold,
and that was the night
I turned ten years old.

An Autumn Morning

Red, orange and yellow,
all colors of the fall
flaming through the
trees. Grass turns
a crispy golden brown,
the wind blows through
the trees, around them
and through the leaves
making them jingle like
bells on Christmas morning.



Reflections
By Sophie S

SEASONS

A Snow Day

Snow crisp and soft,
salt melting the ice;
a thick layer of glass
slick and smooth.

The trees; bare and lonely.

Giant snowman waiting for coal eyes,
a carrot nose, and a top hat.

Footprints look like snowflakes falling from the sky,
the sun a bright dot hiding behind the clouds;
blankets to keep the sun warm.

Cars look like they have nightcaps and fuzzy slippers.

Lights - globs of hope dancing in the distance,
stars like a lighthouse leading me to warmer days
where the sun is hot,
bright and warm,
not afraid to shine.



Summer

Wind rushes, hot and sandy.

Beach like sugar, sweet and soft.

Water cold, relaxing, amazing sensation.

Flowers growing tall and proud,
watching over the bugs keeping them in check.

Guarding the grass.

Ants selfish little things taking all for the queen,
killing helpless worms.

Eating, eating, eating non stop,
until they get turned into juice under my flip-flop.



Spring

Trees' leaves sprout to buds peeking out,

Grass - brown to green like spinach in your teeth,

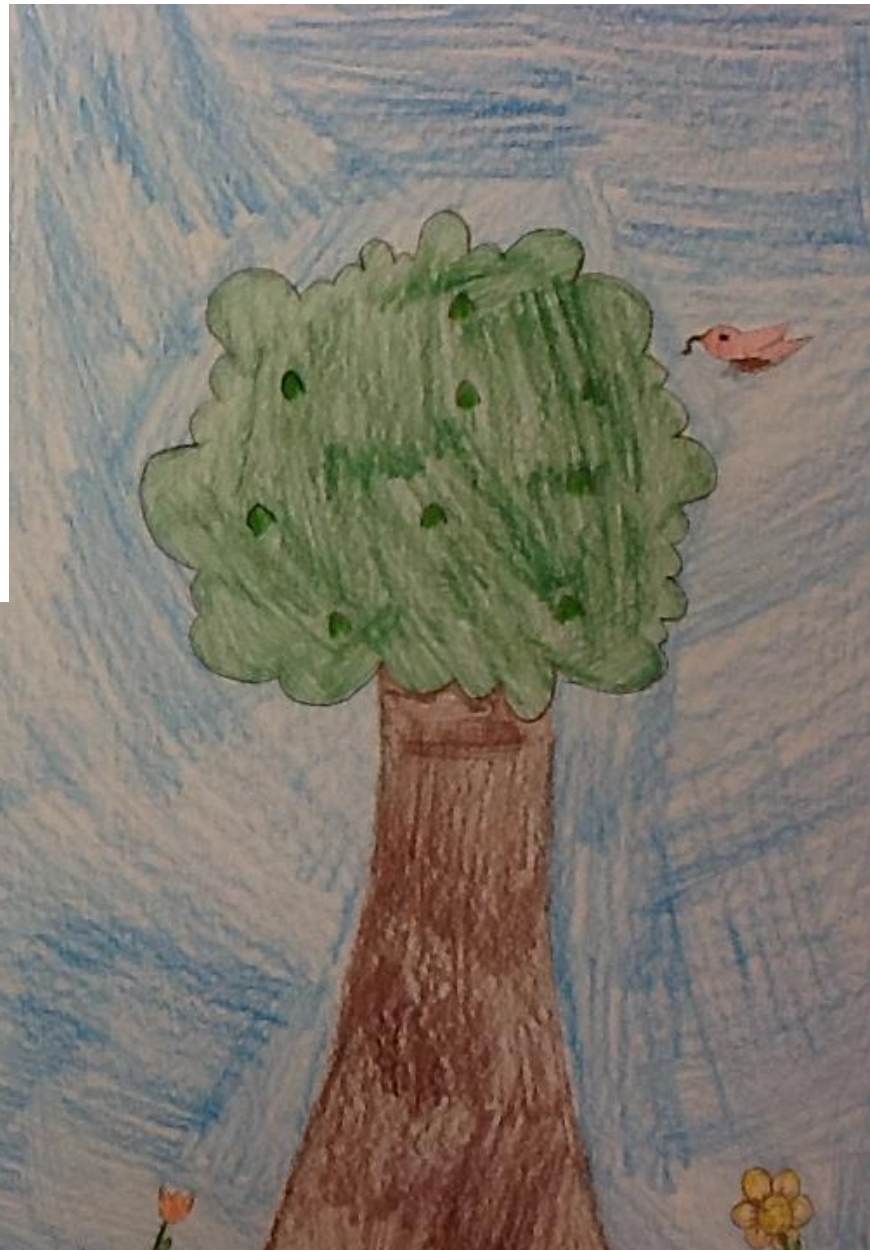
Sky - clouds to sun like a piece of gold shining for everyone,

snow starts to melt and go away because it's spring today!

Can't you feel the warm breeze?

As it blows your hair all around like it's spring,

because it is! Right here and now.



Fall

Leaves of gold from the gods,

but trees will be sad to see them go like the wind
moving so...

slow... as the sky clouds make a fuse,

and cloud up the sky so you will no longer see the
fireflies.

As the weather starts to change.

And all the birds fly away...

you feel sad to see them go,

for they will miss the white snow.



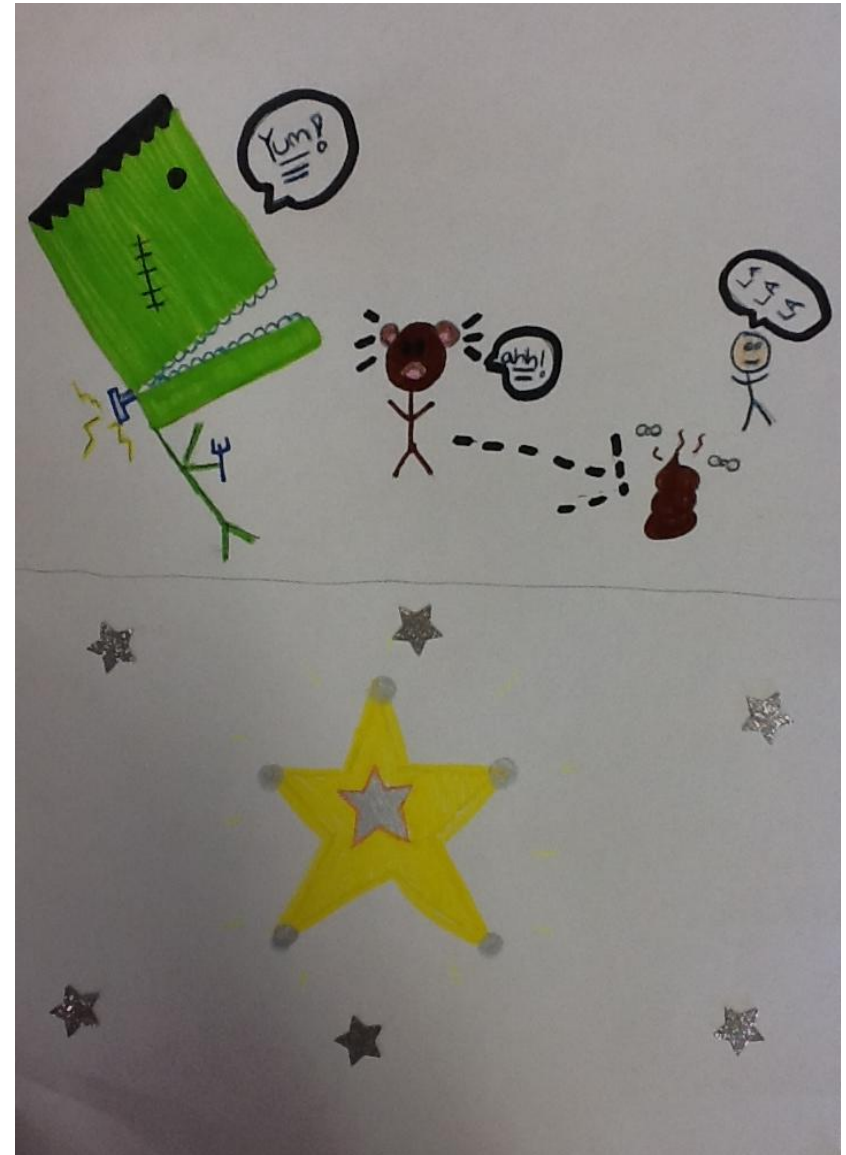
FEELINGS INSIDE

Strange

It's what you feel when your stomach starts to lurch,
or your brother lets out a giant burp!
Or when your mom sings loud and out of key,
or your dad wears high-heels and walks around merrily.
Or when your dog say's hi,
or when a hippo begins to cry, strange - sums it all up...
but without strange you're stuck,
because strange is what gets you out,
that's what strange is all about.

Amazing

Amazing is a special thing,
it's you hand in hand with a bright smile
and a spout of courage in your eyes,
a special feeling you feel when you feel,
special standing here or a look of pure greatness you will say...
"I FEEL AMAZING TODAY!"
Because everyone is amazing in there own special way.



Happiness

Happiness is what you feel when you feel glad you're right here,

It's when you get up and you feel glad you're not angry or feeling sad.

HAPPINESS! All together now!

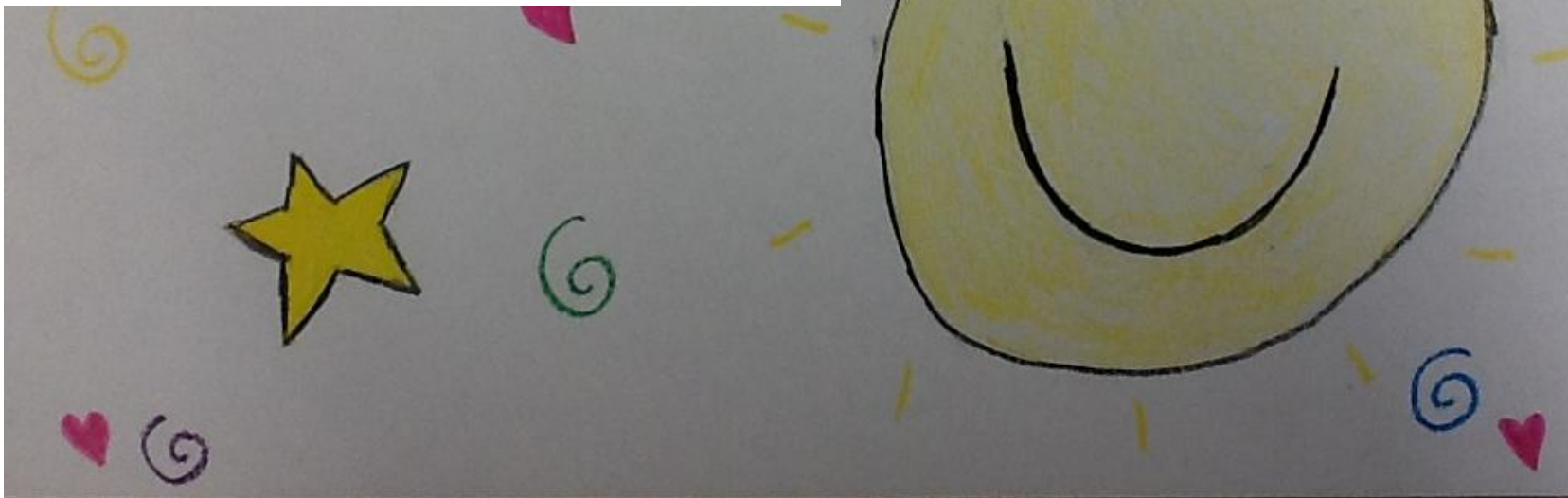
And may happiness take a bow.

Thanks for the feeling that we feel so great!

That life isn't just full of hate.

Happiness is flowers everywhere or dancing without one single care.

Happiness is when we have a lot of light and we feel extra bright!



Sadness

A broken feeling like you're incomplete or your heart's in pieces,
a feeling you're lost in the minds of truth,
there might not be much to do...

but cry.

Your life is full of these sad,

sad thoughts like a thunderstorm...

or a wave drowning yourself in the world of the souls trapped

in the darkness, feeling alone like the devil

for sadness it owns, and gives away.

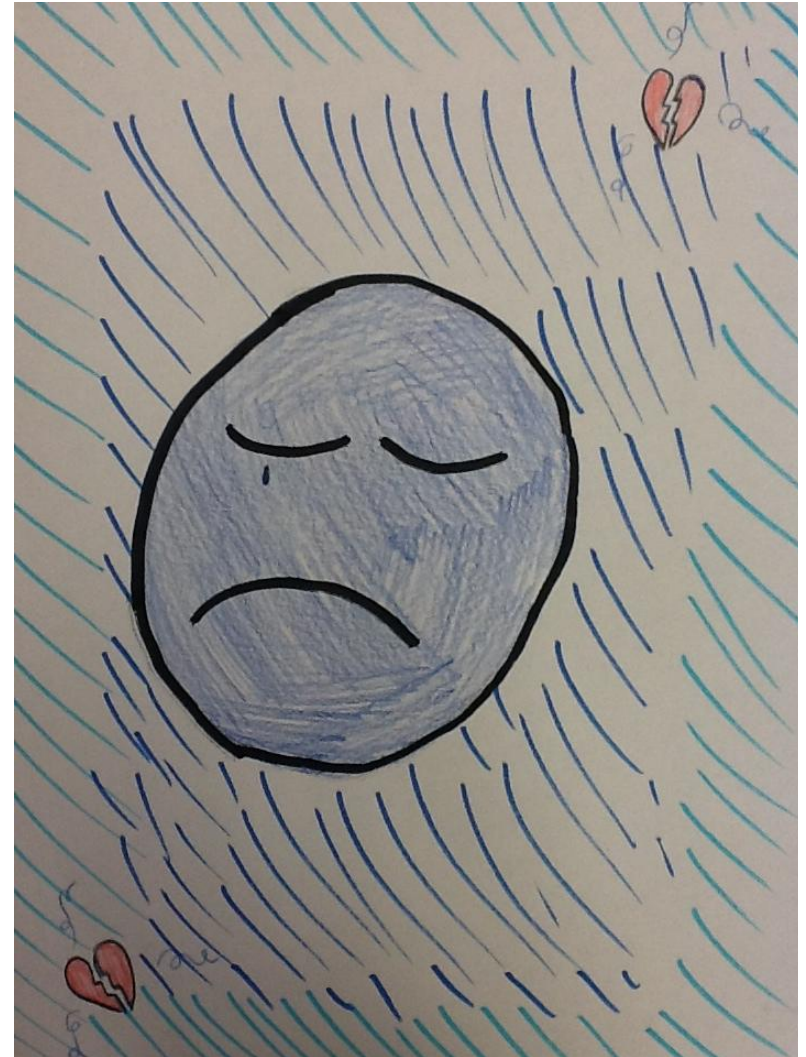
And as you shed that one tear you see the connection

is lost like a radio cracked and

tossed. Sadness nothingness,

emptiness, for when you're sad, you do cry,

because you don't get one last goodbye...



A DROP OF THE TRUTH

Black Dove

Doves graceful white and lovely,
except the one flying alone...
Why does it insist on flying alone?
That black dove flying alone.
The white doves fly sweet and fast,
the black dove does slow as time must pass.
That black dove flying alone.
Scared it might upset the white doves,

does he work long and hard or is he equal?

That black dove flying alone...

Will his tree be cut down?

His wings beat and broken?

that poor black dove flying alone.

Nobody to fight for his freedom or help him move forward,

that hopeful black dove flying alone.

He will be bent and killed, that black dove dying alone...

Inspiration:

As (most) of you know slavery was common about a few hundred years ago. This poem is inspired by the poem *Brown Angel* by Walter Dean Myers, who writes much about African American history and slavery. This subject is very important to me so thank you people who believe that we shall overcome. . . And we have:)



I have a Dream

He speaks wisdom.

He marches proud.

He lived strong.

His Dream lives on.

He was glory.

He was courageous.

He was mighty.

His kindness wasn't questioned.

He lives strong.

He died a hero.

He lived strong.

His dream lives on...

Dedicated to:

Martin Luther King Jr.



Starry night skies...

When the nightingale whispers in your ear you start to shiver,
the enemy calling, rusted voices weak as the dirt below my feet...
The starry night skies in your eyes glimmering shining hope, lost.
The starry night skies watching it all...
Yet not one person I can see, just the Starry night skies glaring at me.
It's hard with all the people far away wishing
I would just walk away
Wishing on the same starry night skies.

What shall I do but pull it?
My father would be proud.
"Would ending that life bring Happiness?
Is it worth it?" I ponder.
"Pull it," I say in my head,
The family grieving instead...
The starry night skies saying, "don't you dare" giving me a hopeful stare.
Pull it!
"NO!"
The stars do say,
so I stop thinking, then walk away...

Meaning:

This poem is about the wars and battles and the stress of hiding and debating whether or not to pull the trigger. No matter how evil... everyone deserves a second chance, especially in life.



Stone men and women

The stone men and women,
nothing can break them.

Their eyes like waves powerful and mighty,
dying for our nation.

They cannot be broken,
their mind like a lion's,
never giving up.

King of it all - going for it - no matter what happens.

Their love for their country, that bond,
is what makes them strong...

Nothing will break them...

Those stone men and women.



Dedicated to:

The veterans and our army who fought... and died for our country. We all owe you a big thanks!

Limericks and other stuff.

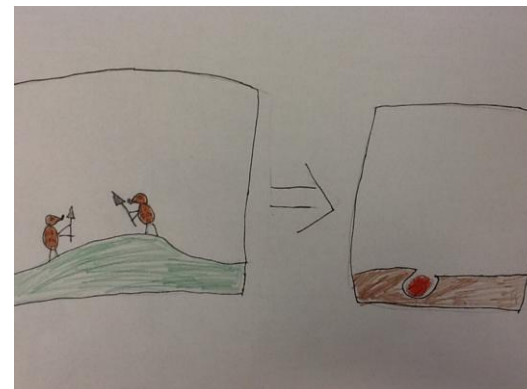
By: Raia

LIMERICKS

There once was a man in Fair Reels,
Who liked to repair Water Wheels.
One hot day in the sun,
When he was working on one,
He was attacked by some Electric Eels.

An old lady was eating some pie,
When a flock of ducks flew by.
She said, "Oh where,
Did that mess in my hair,
Come from? Perhaps it fell from the sky?"

There once was a polite young vole,
Who came across his enemy- a mole.
So they had a fight!
(twas a terrible sight),
And what remained, was stuffed in a hole.



HAIKU

Sparkler burning bright.
Finger getting in the way!
Bury hand in sand.*

*True story. :(



JUST FOR FUN

Like to dine.
Eat some Thyme,
With a tine,
All the time.
Like to rhyme.

:)



A Man
by Seegz.

A Man.

A man, setting out on his little, humble boat,
into the one great ocean of the world.

A man, calm and still, on the deck of
his little fishing boat,
swaying in the wind and the waves.

He casts his line.

And he will catch fish, in moments of triumph,
and he will lose his line to the predators of the sea.

But he endures.
He endures through storms and
strong ocean currents
and through the passage of time.

Until he reaches his destination.





Thunderstorm
by Emma

The sky is heavy with rain
A bright nimble cat leaps across the sky
A clumsy dog pounding after her
The grey clouds
Faces are ashen
They do not approve
Of this game of chase
The pellets of crystal water pouring down
Form knee-deep puddles
Later, kids will go splashing
Splashing in their raincoats and galoshes
But for now,
It's thunderstorming