

Un Sentido            A Sense  
de Mi Alma        of My Soul

POEMAS • 2017 • POEMS

Dana Gray Elementary School  
Fort Bragg, California

Edited by Jasper Henderson  
and Karen Lewis

**UN SENTIDO DE MI ALMA / A SENSE OF MY SOUL**

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**FUNDING provided by:**

**Dana Gray Elementary School Parent Club**

**The GASP Program of the Arts Council of Mendocino  
County**

**Mendocino County Office of Education**

**The Community Foundation of Mendocino County**

**Dana Gray Elementary Parent Group**

**The Hudson Family Fund of the Community**

**Foundation of Mendocino County**



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**ART PHOTOGRAPHY Elias Henderson**

**PRINTED in the United States of America**

**FINAL EDITORIAL, TYPESETTING, DESIGN & PUBLISHING**

**Jasper Henderson, who assumes responsibility  
for any errors**

Dear Readers —

Have you ever been to Pancake World, with its all-you-can-eat pancakes? To a world where there is harmony but no government? To a world where nobody is allowed to yell? To a world where you can bring your dog Tyler back to life? There are 146 poems in this collection—146 worlds made out of words. I invite you to visit them all, like a traveler passing through strange, foreign, delightful lands.

Each poet writing here has a unique mind: the constellation of experience, emotion, interest, and voice that makes us different from each other and special in our own way. Poetry offers a powerful way for students to explore and express their own minds. For this reason studying poetry continues to be an important experience for Dana Gray students. Across 75 hour-long poetry sessions this year, Karen Lewis and I guided young artists as they experimented with different forms, techniques, and subjects. These age-old tools encourage the deep self-expression of many viewpoints and emotions.

It is a pleasure and an honor to work with such curious and eloquent writers. This anthology stands as a testament to the enormous talent and potential that these students represent. Of course, there is much more of that talent than this book can fit. This Spring, Dana Gray students wrote well over 2,000 poems—each in its way worthy of celebration. Still, I am sure that as you read you will find a true diversity of voice.

The great work of the writer is to understand yourself, your mind, and your heart—and then to share it. But the work of the reader is just as important: to use your curiosity and imagination to understand someone else, to go on a journey with the writer. I love reading these poems because, when the magic works just right, you can even get a sense of someone else's soul.

Jasper Henderson  
Fort Bragg, California  
May 17, 2017

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## **El Sentido de Mi Alma**

*by Rosa Barajas Rojas*

Hoy me siento con ganas de ir a la playa  
Poder ver las olas y relajarme  
Poder sentir la arena en mis pies  
Poder sentir el aire en mi cara  
Porque el aire me da olores muy ricas.  
Amo el amor que se reparte entre el agua.

Hoy me siento con ganas de jugar  
Yo jugando a buscarte, y tu jugando a esconderte.  
Meternos al agua y nadar.  
Convertirme en un pez para nadar rápido.  
Pero en realidad, hoy me siento  
con ganas de volar.

## **The Sense of My Soul**

*(translation by Karen Lewis)*

Today I feel like going to the beach  
Able to see the waves and relax  
Able to feel the sand on my feet  
Able to feel the air on my face  
Because the air gives me very rich scents.  
I love the love that is spread through the water.

Today I feel like playing  
Me playing to find you, and you playing to hide.  
We get into the water and swim.  
I turn into a fish to swim fast.  
But in reality, today I  
feel like flying.



## **I Love You Mom**

*by Deavid Melagon Nieves*

I love when you kiss me good  
night. I love when you play  
with me. I love when you hug  
me tight and say, "I love you."

## **Choosing**

*by Eleazar Estrella*

When you meet someone you are happy.  
When you meet someone else you are happy.  
But when you have to choose one you are  
sad. But when you all become friends you  
are happy.

## **The Coming Fire**

*by Andrew Comer*

The icicle falls just like  
tears. The snow begins to melt away.  
The fire is coming,  
coming for you.  
The fire is coming,  
blazing high and low.  
The fire is coming,  
just like sorrow.

## **What My Planet Is**

*by Bryan Gaona Cruz*

I live on a planet that is beautiful  
and peaceful.

I see flowers and people getting  
along well.

In my world everyone gets along  
well, they become friends.

My planet has beautiful flowers and has grass  
that cows like to eat.

My planet looks very nice and my planet  
looks like everyone would love it.

## **The Fox**

*by Sienna Cooper*

Runs in fear  
Hunts in a brave soul  
The fox of poetry  
is always in a doze

He speaks to  
those in a deep cold voice  
No one knows how  
deep he goes into  
the cave of poets

I've met him in  
the deep thin grass  
next to the fat oats  
"You can see inside of me,"  
the fox says



## Poetry's Fall and Rise

*by Abraham Long*

Poetry came to me  
in the form of a  
fox. I put my hand  
towards it, trying to be friendly.  
It felt strange, indescribable.  
It found me in the forest,  
but it did not stay.  
An Xbox came out of nowhere,  
coming directly at it.  
It ran away and hid  
inside an old  
printing factory. It  
scribbled in the dust  
that it would only  
come out when machines  
were stopped. I blew up  
a pole, so electricity  
stopped. The sweet  
sound of the scribbles,  
instead of the beeps,  
pleased its ears.  
That is the story  
of poetry.

## **Control: the World**

*by Litzy Garcia*

Have you ever wanted to be in control of something? Do you want to be a creator, and be worshipped? As in this poem, you may want more information.

Do you really just want a world of friends and peace? To be able to be in touch with God himself?

All these things can be possible. Nobody is stopping you from living the dream you have always wanted.

## **The Cave**

*by Kiara Hernandez-Sanchez*

If you saw a cave  
would you go in and be brave?  
Would you go in to find out  
what's in it? Maybe an ocean with  
waves, maybe a kid who's lost  
because he didn't behave.  
Or maybe even a grave.

## **The Dog Poet**

*by Diego Anaya*

Poetry is a dog  
Poetry is a dog with soft fur  
Poetry is a dog with a soft voice  
Poetry is a dog that lives in the forest  
Poetry is sweet and useful  
Poetry is a dog scared of the dark  
Poetry is a dog scared of the dark so he goes  
to his writing desk

## **The Wild Zachary God**

*by Zachary Ferguson*

a wild zachary god  
made this world and  
the world is like this  
one I'm a wild Zachary  
emperor I'm a wild zachary  
king I'm a wild zachary  
general I'm a wild  
zachary warrior I'm  
a wild zachary

## **Flowers Grow**

*by Sydney Grace Robbins Berrettini*

Down below flowers grow,  
up so high in the sky, birds will fly.

Down below  
flowers grow,  
in the winter,  
it will snow.

In the spring birds will sing,  
down below flowers grow!

## **Marine Life**

*by Chloe Petrella*

I love swimming deep under the water  
with my best friends. They're the steelheads.  
I like to sleep on the soft, sandy riverbed.  
I like the feeling of the cold  
water in my very happy life cycle.  
I am a happy, joyful mermaid when I swim upstream.

## **Today**

*by Sydnee Rominger*

Today I feel relaxed  
even though  
I know that lives have been taken  
lies have been told.  
Why am I relaxed?  
I don't know  
maybe because I'm at school.  
I'm also bored  
I'm bored because  
I've already learned  
the math my teacher is  
teaching.  
I don't like the  
book we are reading  
in class and I also am  
worried  
I'm worried because  
I have to go to middle  
school next school year and  
I never know when I'm  
going to die.  
I guess that's how  
I feel today.

THIS YEAR, MANY of the fourth- and fifth-graders had the chance to write sestinas during their poetry residencies. The sestina is an old poetic form where the last words of each line in each stanza are shuffled to again be the final words of each line in the next stanza (and so on). This makes it an ideal collaborative poetic form. Look for the way ideas are re-interpreted and changed by the authors of each stanza in this strong example of a group sestina from Ms. Thompson's class.

.....

### **Fish Cycle Sestina**

*by Giselle Alexia Rosas, Jaretzy Sanchez, Uriel Casares Osorio, Elias Smith, Zachary Ferguson, Carmen Velazquez*

The freezing cold water rushes by the steelhead fish. The steelhead look at me with their cold, cold eyes. When we release them they will swim upstream. That is the end of their life cycle. They all sleep very comfy and cozy in the riverbed. They all swim happily in cold, cold water.

The cold, cold water is where fish live named steelhead trout. They live near a riverbed. Be careful, the water can be cold. Now the fish finish the life cycle. It is time to swim upstream.

I am a trout, and I will swim upstream. Then I will swim in the very cold water, and I will see fishes die, so now their cycle is over. After other fishes that are steelhead make fun of me, then I go to the corner where it is cold, right by other fishes, just by the riverbed.



The whirling, swirling water above the riverbed  
is home to a group of trout trying to swim upstream.  
The thick winter snow is bitterly cold.  
The fish cut through the water.  
These strong but lazy steelhead  
will probably never make it to sea, never finish their life cycle.

The end of the fish cycle:  
fish at the riverbed.  
The fish are steelhead.  
Some up ahead are going to swim upstream  
in the cold water.  
The fish are cold.

Out on the waves it is very cold  
and windy. We are at the end of the fish cycle.  
It is the best day because the water  
is calm. The fish are swimming at the side of the riverbed.  
We see all the fish swim upstream.  
And then we hear a splash, and we caught a steelhead.  
The water gets cold. There are no fish eggs in the riverbed.  
I try to swim upstream, but the fish cycle  
is over. The water is empty. All of the steelhead are gone.

## **California Dreams**

*by Jose Ruano*

Here I am in New York City.  
I wish I was in California, skies so pretty.  
Going to the place where I want to run.  
Pools and beach parties all so fun.  
Going to this lovely place.  
I want to see it face to face.  
Round and round I want to go, but how?  
Makes me feel like I want to go now.

## **Wise**

*by Isabel Peña*

Some people  
are wise.  
Some people are wise by  
letting go.  
But some people  
can't.  
This is my world,  
and  
I'm not letting  
go.

## **My Thoughts**

*by Jesse Messex*

I don't know how I feel.  
I see my classroom.  
I smell nothing.  
I don't know what I think, I can't describe it.  
I'm excited to go home and take a nap.  
I think about all the books I can read.  
I feel sick.

## **I'm Not a Star**

*by Trinity Hawkins*

I'm not a star  
I live where nebulas are and  
Where stars are born  
I was born in a nebula  
But I'm not a star  
I have star friends and family  
But I'm not a star

## **God the Night**

*by Braden Utter*

I am god  
the creator of this world  
the stars are so bright  
in the middle of the night  
the climates are warm sunny days  
the apes turned to humans  
well more like  
cavemen  
  
and to all the stars  
that give us light and beauty  
in the night we all say goodnight  
and the years passed the beauty turned  
to a wasteland, overpopulated  
cities and gas pumps everywhere  
make bats not be able to  
fly in the night sky with  
waste and hate kills  
with love comes  
mercy

## **In the Tornado**

*by Kevin Perez*

It all started when two tornadoes conjoined  
In the tornado I live in a house that  
constantly spins around. In the tornado  
nothing is calm nothing disturbs  
the palm trees. In the tornado  
all hope is lost. In  
the tornado there are  
six gemstones and  
I am the  
one who  
must get  
them  
or  
else the  
tornado will  
find another route  
and keep destroying  
everything in its path  
like it's been doing for  
centuries and I am the only  
one who hasn't given up on  
finding the six magical gemstones.  
In the tornado I am the only one  
who writes poems because whatever I write  
comes to life and I will encourage you to  
write some poems and help me find the six  
gemstones that will be the only way, please help.

## **At the Beach**

*by Jennifer Franco*

At the beach here I'll lie  
I see birds flying by  
The waves are saying goodbye  
I smell the beautiful ocean  
I hear the ocean singing to me  
I touch the cold and beautiful ocean  
I stand by the ocean saying goodbye

## **Scissors**

*by Aiden Blackshear*

scissors are sharp  
like knives and  
sharks' teeth and  
alligators' teeth and  
sharp like daggers  
and sharp as rocks  
sharp as teeth  
sharp as bunny claws  
sharp as a pencil

## **Deep Inside You**

*by Emily Flores*

Deep inside the forest so dark. There's something  
deep inside you. When you  
go inside you can smell it. You can find  
your soul inside there. The forest so dark  
is deep inside your heart. You can hear  
the noise inside your soul. Your soul and  
heart can hear it all the way inside you.

**Where My Poem Ran Away To**  
*by Kayley Carine*

It all started  
with the wind blowing  
loud, but not many slow  
slow clouds, my poem went  
through the trees and above the  
waving seas in the dark  
in the light, even  
through the wind so tight, it  
even survived the  
strong heat without a  
single shrivel  
my poem traveled through  
the world, this  
is my traveling  
poem

**A Crow ... The Crow**  
*by Jordan Gossner*

The crow with no destination,  
only the cold wind to take him  
where he wants to go.  
He continues his neverending  
journey till he seeks what he  
wants. He continues to go till  
the sun falls in a beautiful color of  
orange. And when the sun rises again  
he continues like an endless river  
of life. A crow ... the crow  
has a miserable life but deep  
down he has a faint spark of  
happiness like a broken  
lighter.

## The Dreaming Cheetah

*José Alcocer*

There's a cheetah  
cub  
who's getting  
ready  
to go and hunt  
food  
he can't wait to  
grow up  
when he grows up  
he wants  
to write a beautiful  
poem  
with his shiny sharp  
claws  
he will want  
to be  
a famous poem  
writer  
sometimes he always  
wonders  
if one day he could  
travel  
all around the  
world  
he always wonders if one  
day  
he could have  
a  
family that always  
writes  
poems like him

## **I Am, I Am**

*by Jesus Lopez Soria*

I am a green  
shark playing a  
flute.

I am a tiger  
playing baseball on  
Uranus.

I am a duck  
flying around inside a  
tornado.

I am an alien  
looking at all the planets.

I am a blind  
bird looking at  
the sun too long.

## **Opposites**

*by Jonah Leland*

I am awesome, you are not  
I am the king, you are my servant  
I am the best, you are the worst  
I eat, while you starve  
I laugh, while you cry  
I play, while you work  
I'm rich, you are poor  
That's life



## **The Raptor Moon**

*by Isaiah Graham*

the raptor moon

gleams bright

in the darkness

like a petal  
dropping from  
a rose bush  
the raptor moon

scares the light  
away so that it can

sleep alone in

peace

## **The Map**

*by Alex Utter*

That map, a map,  
it had an island.  
A map, a map  
with a town, a town  
called Hawaii. A map, a map  
with streets, streets with  
houses, houses with furniture  
furniture with people.  
A map, a map with  
buildings. Just a simple  
map, a map, just so  
much.

## **The Land**

*by Hope Parker*

Can you escape reality?

Go to your  
land like  
mine

Where the current is  
strong but not  
too strong  
and  
the sky is blue

Where the threat is  
growing up to  
see the world,  
so enjoy while you're  
young before it's  
gone

## **Lighthouse Haiku**

*by Hailee Fales*

iris growing in the grass  
a seal is jumping in the ocean  
birds are flying above the ocean

whales spouting in the water  
dolphins jumping in the water, high in the sky  
people at the lighthouse

boats in the water  
with the ocean nice and smooth  
people at the beach, playing on the sand

## **My Lighthouse**

*by Nadeen Merritt*

Living in my  
beautiful lighthouse  
is my perfect world.

When I walk  
out I see the ocean  
with colorful waves.

My sky is blue and  
full of fluffy white  
clouds with love for all.

My world lives  
in my head  
along with thoughts.

But, when I grow up  
my perfect world will  
disappear from my head.

All I will try  
is to remember  
it for now.

## **In My Wonderland**

*by Lizeth Reyes*

In my wonderland there aren't humans in sight there aren't cages to trap innocent animals. In my wonderland there aren't weapons to hurt big and small animals. In my wonderland all the buildings in the world are filled with wild life like vines, grass, and water. In my wonderland everything is peaceful and no harm to any big or small animals in this world.

## **Cheetah**

*by Malakai Sanchez-Soria*

Poetry is as happy as a cheetah that is starving and finally gets meat. The cheetah will stare into your eyes and hypnotize you to make your own poem. Then he/she hypnotized me to publish the book. I became famous then the cheetah ate me after I got a dog.

## **My Safe Zone**

*by Dakota Thompson*

In my safe zone, I will rest.  
I will play with a dog.  
I will play video games.  
I will play with a snake.  
I will play with my friend.  
We will be safe, because it's  
our safe zone.

## **The Gecko of Secrets**

*by Sebastian Garcia*

Like water, the  
gecko of secrets came  
like I dreamt it would.

He said, "I know you."  
"You are my colleague." "Here's  
my first lesson." He said it slowly.  
His breath brushed against  
my cheek

his voice raspy but  
strong. I inhaled the  
flower-scented air. The gecko  
of secrets said, "To be you  
you have to find your-  
self." "Also the key  
to everything is not...

...hard to find." I pet him.  
He felt scaly. A car  
drove by. He ran under  
my treehouse's tree

## **Love**

*by Samantha Medina Morales*

Love is like a dream  
Love wanders around you  
Love dances around your heart  
Love makes some stars to show you the way  
Love freezes with hateness  
Love helps island girls  
Love gives you three gifts  
Love whispers

## Today

*by Cooper Killion*

Today I wish I was  
in San Francisco so  
I could watch my favorite  
baseball team play.

Today I wish I was in the  
jungle to see lots of  
cool animals.

Today I wish I was in  
Hawaii so I could go  
swimming. I could hear the  
waves hit the  
beach. I could feel the  
warm sand on my  
feet.

## Yo Soy / I Am

*by Elvira Echeverria Martinez*  
*translated by the author*

Yo soy como la rosa entre los unicornios.  
Yo soy como la nieve que cae de las estrellas.  
Yo soy como el delfin tocando la flauta.  
Yo soy como la niña que tiene nueve años y es una porrista.  
Yo soy como el 'gatitounicornio' que vive en el agua.

I am like the pink in between the unicorns.  
I am like the snow that falls from the stars.  
I am like the dolphin playing the flute.  
I am like the girl that is nine and is a cheerleader.  
I am like the 'unikitty' that lives in the water.

## **Cake**

*by Abilene Kamstra*

I am making a cake.  
As I walk toward the kitchen I  
make sure not to step on my brother's toy snake.  
I get sugar, flour, baking soda, milk,  
and I bake.  
I mix them together  
and shake.  
I shake them into a bowl.  
Oh no, I forgot the lemon flakes!  
I bake them in an oven.  
They taste  
great!

## **You Will Find Me**

*by Xavier Mitchell*

You will find me deep in  
the depths of a cloud  
mining the air.  
Air is the key to life and despair.  
You will hear the echoes of me  
being surrounded in dirt.  
You will find me  
dark and eerie.  
Don't look in my eyes  
though, because I was struck with lightning.  
If you look in my eyes you will go blind.  
You will find  
me deep in Mars, ruling  
the galaxy.

## **My World**

*by Isabella Rae Artas*

My happy place is Candyland.  
When it gets cloudy, it starts to rain jelly beans.  
When it rains jelly beans, it rains . . . candy hearts.  
Everyone loves my world.  
At night in the sky there are shooting stars  
and they are made of gummies and oh so yummy too.  
I love my town. I love my city.  
No matter what, I will always love my world.  
In the day, I hear chirping of the birds.  
They eat the gummy worms deep in the ground.  
The chocolate cows eat the edible grass.  
I love my world so much.

## **Spring**

*by Grace Sastre*

The spring of time  
is made  
of  
fire  
burned from  
lightning  
hugged from  
ice  
melted from  
rain  
turned into  
the  
sun  
the sun  
died  
it is now  
a pineapple



## **Your Own World**

*by Julian Yañez*

In this universe  
people and animals live in houses  
made out of wood.

The color of the sky is  
orange and white.

Everything you see on the ground  
is green. The grass, flowers,  
dirt, and the food.

Everyone has their own  
language and everybody understands each other.

The smell is so  
strong that it burns your eyes.

You have your own world.  
Whatever happens to you happens  
to your world because everyone has  
their own world within your own life.

## **The Storm Powers**

*by Rylan Lotten*

I am the storm that destroys life.  
I am the storm that made us hide.  
I am the storm that lights up the world.  
I am the storm that takes our life.  
I am the storm that's blue like the sea.  
I am the storm that makes us dream.  
I am the storm that brings life in to me.

## **Unicorn of Poetry**

*by Emma Chi Malagon*

Poetry comes at the dawn of day  
When the sky looks so soft and fluffy like cotton candy  
When the air smells ever so sweet like bananas  
When it sounds like not even the slightest creature is out  
When the sea no longer tastes bitter and salty  
When the air feels like the most gentle, most soft cover  
But I ashamed myself for not believing in this  
Then one night I saw it  
Then I panicked, I thought I was asleep  
Then it saw me and told me

“Never let go”

I was amazed to see a speaking unicorn of poetry  
From then on, I  
Went outside, looked up  
Felt the breeze  
Smelled the air  
Listened for sound  
And tasted the sea  
If it was perfect, I saw the unicorn of poetry.

## **I Want to Be**

*by Tara Lavena Bazor*

I am the crane that whistles in the wind,  
I am the girl that plays in the sun,  
I am the fairy of the Milky Way,  
I am the boy that moved away,  
I am the bunny that wants to be,  
I am the people that want to be free,  
I am the things  
I want to  
be.

## **The Gift of Poetry**

*by Mackenzie Rose*

Poetry is the gift  
to the other side

Poetry is a key  
to your own land  
of imagination

When your pencil  
hits that blank piece  
of paper in front  
of you, you will feel  
it. It's running through  
you like the clear and  
blue water over  
the gray rocks of  
a river

When the air smells like  
the fresh pine needles  
swaying in the wind  
on the trees that  
are towering over  
my head

Poetry is a gift  
that you should  
try to find

It might take some  
time, but when  
you find it it will  
be beautiful

## **Pancake World**

*by Skyler Ritchie*

pancake world is the  
place to be if you love  
pancakes more than me  
pancake world, it has all  
you can eat

pancakes

it's

pancake

world

and then we have

a war

with the pigs, do we  
have to? They are so adorable  
I love pancakes and pigs

## **My Joyful World**

*by Yvonne Medina*

If I was a unicorn  
I would make a joy machine  
Surrounded by daisies and stars.  
It would be made by jello™  
And hummingbirds would sit on it.  
It would be pink and gold.  
It would make you happy.

## **Titanic**

*by Andrew Tamayo Briceno*

It was a long time  
ago it was about a city  
about the titanic city it was  
shaped like a titanic in the  
map and there were big titanics  
in the land a lot of titanics  
everyone went to a titanic  
every day in the titanic  
it was beautiful and that  
is how it got the name  
the titanic city

## **Looking for Mars**

*by Fernando Cruz Flores*

Brightness comes down  
to the sun.

It makes the earth  
hotter.

People get up. It's  
sunny.

The blue sky gets  
darker.

I am in space. It's  
dark. I'm looking for  
Mars.

## **My Poem**

*by Grace Holloway*

My poem is hiding in a shell  
of a turtle, my poem is hiding on a  
whale's fin, my poem is hiding in  
a jellyfish's tentacles, my poem is  
hiding in an octopus's stomach, my  
poem is hiding on a shark's back,  
my poem is hiding on an  
anglerfish's light, finally it washes  
up on shore, I will not let  
it go again

## **He Was Perfect**

*by Autumn Baxman*

In my perfect world I wish  
I could bring my  
dog Tyler back to life.  
In my perfect world I wish  
I could hug, snuggle,  
and cuddle him.  
In my perfect world he  
was as perfect as my  
family, and I  
wish I  
could see him  
one last time.

## **Please Let Me Go**

*by BJ Daoust*

please I beg you let me go to  
Crystal Bay

if not

please I beg you let me go to  
Sparkleville

if not

please I beg you let me go to  
Pig Peak

please let me go to one

## **The Day I Go**

*by Anahi Segura*

Shells come and  
go Love is like

saying I love shells

Love of shells is in the air

Love is in the  
air for all shells.

## **Bed**

*by Samantha Leon*

my bed is red

I do so dread

for another bed

instead

it creaks and moans

until the morning

it groans

so I got

another bed

but it's worse

it snores instead

## **Shapes of the Moon**

*by Rhiannon McColley*

when night  
comes there's  
a moon  
    not just  
a moon  
    it's the  
    cheese of  
the sky  
    the cookie  
of the  
    night the  
    sliver of dark  
and one  
of the  
    only lights  
up there.

## **This World**

*by Levi Yañez*

In this world  
there is peace.  
In this world  
there is harmony.  
In this world  
there is no  
    government.  
In this world  
only the wise  
survive.



## **Lo que me gustaría**

*by Io D. Sanchez Lua*

*translation help from Paola Canul, ELD Aide*

I would give peace  
to the world.

I would give homes  
to the poor.

I would give the  
bright sun to the  
people with a  
dark heart to brighten  
their mind.

I would give a red  
tulip to everyone  
for a symbol of amor.

## **I Can See Everything**

*by Josie Vargas*

I can see

a horse

I can see

a cow

I can see

a moon

I can see

a sun

I can see

a dragon in the sky

The dragon can grow

I can see a dog

I can see a purple cat

I can see a magic lion

All the things we can find on Earth

There are so many things

## **Feathers Are Unique**

*by Aryana Thompson*

Feathers are beautiful in their own way.  
It is a feather of some beautiful creature.  
It helps an animal be warm, like it makes me feel happy.  
Some are colorful. Some are one color, like black.  
Feathers are unique in their own way.  
The feather is soft and warm.  
They are all beautiful,  
because they are all different.

## **The Early Moon**

*by Blake Baumgartner*

The early moon burst with lava.  
The early moon is very hot.  
The early moon cools and hardens.  
It becomes our moon.  
The moon is our friend.  
We see the moon at night.  
The moon will stay with us forever.

## **The Shadow of the Moon**

*by Sophia Mora Anaya*

The shadow of the moon is swimming in the lake  
but then a cheetah jumped in  
and it scared the moon away and then the  
moon started crying. A shooting star saw it  
crying, so the shooting star ran to the  
moon.

## **I Was Excited but Now I'm Not**

*by Elliot Quevedo*

I got my dog

I was excited about my dog

But now I'm not, she is bitey,

She does not come back,

She does not listen,

She does not like my dad,

She only likes my mom.

I love her but I don't think

She loves me and my brother.

## **I Dream About Stars**

*by Andrew Miller*

I dream about being a cat

I dream about blue sharks playing soccer

I dream about being a famous violinist

I dream about being a fly that is a star

I dream about the nimbus sky

I dream about gingerbread cats

I dream about Candyland

I dream about purple giraffes playing hide and seek

I dream about a fly that can fly to outer space

I dream about riding a red elephant

I dream about green stars

## **Special Space**

*by Evan Lotten*

*INSPIRED BY A HUBBLE SPACE TELESCOPE POSTCARD*

I am a spike that sits in space

I am a rock in space that moves really fast

I am a galaxy where everything is dark

I am the meteor that hit the earth

I am the eye that makes planets

## **What Is Poetry?**

*by Brenden Stonebarger*

Poetry is a baby's first  
breath in the big world.

Poetry is the waves hitting  
sand on a sunny day.

Poetry is everything  
in the whole world.

Poetry is the  
sound of thunder waking  
you up at night.

## **My Own World**

*by Cesar Escobar Cuellar*

Inside a closet it is pitch black.  
I'm closing my eyes, it is pitch black.  
Inside my head is a secret place.  
I am inside my head.  
I see water fountains, mountains.  
I hear frogs croaking.  
Am I in a swamp or a lake?  
I hear dogs nearby, raccoons playing with jewelry.  
I see monarch butterflies.  
I'm in a dark carnival.

## **The Quietville**

*by Abigail Cardona-Olvera*

One day I looked at a map.  
I saw a place called  
Quietville. It was a boring  
place but it was kind of  
cool because you're at least  
being quiet so it's better.  
Sometimes you can yell but  
there are 3 laws. Number 1:  
you can only yell 4 times a day.  
Number 2: only whisper. Number 3:  
Never talk normal.

## **Asteroid**

*by Joel Kristoval Olvera*

*INSPIRED BY A HUBBLE SPACE TELESCOPE POSTCARD*

An  
asteroid  
lands on a planet.  
It destroys every  
thing in that  
planet. Nothing  
left but rocks  
          everything  
          is gone  
          but a  
          big awesome wave  
          is coming.

## Questions of the Beginning

*by Frej Barty*

a drop of  
blood on the forest  
floor  
a leaping wolf  
the thud of bison  
new  
prey

how long did  
it  
take  
for the clans  
to  
settle

how many  
lives were  
lost  
for fair  
laws  
and hunting  
rites

think

for wolf hollow

## Music

*by William 'Tre' Seaholm*

music is a humming bird  
singing through a flowery garden

## **Cold**

*by Breeana Ayala*

*INSPIRED BY A HUBBLE SPACE TELESCOPE POSTCARD*

Looks like ice  
spreading upon the  
real world. Don't  
know how to  
control it. Makes  
me feel cold  
inside, like there's  
nothing left inside  
me. I feel  
so blue and  
empty. There's no  
more ideas  
coming  
to  
me.

## **The Purple Star**

*by Helene Zaw*

I am a purple budgie that plays the piano.  
I am a budgie in a Milky Way with galaxies.  
I am a budgie who is in a purple star.  
I dream of shining the star.  
I made purple a color.  
My feathers are falling from galaxies,  
through years, years I was trying to  
shine as the old star,  
but now I shine. I am a dream, I am  
your dreams.

## **The Sun**

*by Keyla Castaneda Cervera*

The sun is  
here, I can  
finally play. I can  
dance, I can  
do lots of  
things. I would  
go to the park.  
I would ride my  
bike. I can do  
lots of things  
because of the  
sun.

## **What's Happening?**

*by Analia Dawn Sanchezllanes*

*INSPIRED BY A HUBBLE SPACE TELESCOPE POSTCARD*

I am drifting off in space.  
I am getting torn apart.  
I am going as fast as I can.  
    I am not one now, but two.  
    I am on fire. The only thing I can see  
        is something coming.  
    I am not the only thing in this area.  
    I feel something breathing on me.  
    I am turning.  
    I am going the other way.  
    I am starting to cool down.  
    I can see that the  
        other half is coming back.  
    Now I can be any  
    thing I want to be.



## **Poetry Is**

*by Lillian Bailey*

Poetry is a whole new life  
    you can imagine it.  
Poetry is a gentle fox  
    amazing and alive.  
Poetry is anger and happiness,  
    you mess up or do it perfectly.  
Poetry is many other things  
    including you and me.  
Because poetry is all of these  
    amazing things, then  
Poetry is everything.

## **The Big Blue Earth**

*by Max Reynaga Jacobo*

*INSPIRED BY A HUBBLE SPACE TELESCOPE POSTCARD*

The earth is blue  
The earth has clouds  
The earth has strong storms  
The hurricane spinning under it  
The bright blue sky  
The whale on the ocean  
and the white stars giving  
light, the brown and white  
mountains all around it.

## **Everyday**

*by Emiliano Ramos*

Everyday

Every hour

Every minute

is a second

Everyday

Every hour

Every minute

is a night

Everyday

Every hour

Every minute

is 24,000

Mornings

Everyday

Every hour,

Every minute

is different

to me

## **Never Apart**

*by Halle B. Garcia*

*INSPIRED BY A HUBBLE SPACE TELESCOPE POSTCARD*

I am 2 halves. I can be anything. I can be watermelon slices or a round rock cut in 2. One goes away, one stays separate, but still together always. The gravitational pull keeps us together. Love. Love is the gravitational pull and trust.

## **What Is Poetry?**

*by Kamila Sanchez*

Poetry is the train to  
your brain  
Poetry is an ocean smooth  
like a pebble  
Poetry is a fish swimming  
in a stream  
Poetry is a smart but  
small child  
Poetry is a stream to  
your heart  
Poetry is something to  
calm you down  
Poetry is the soft bunny  
that you have  
Poetry is a star far  
away  
Poetry is  
LIFE

## **At Night Many Things Can Happen**

*by Santiago Bermudez*

At night I see a raccoon looking for food.  
At night I hear grasshoppers chirping in the grass.  
At night I hear snakes slithering through the grass.  
At night I hear a mountain lion far in the distance.  
At night I hear dogs barking in the distances.  
At night you can see and hear many things.  
You can see the moon light shine on a lake.  
At night you can hear things, even I cannot explain.  
At night many things can happen.

## **About Rocks, Ore, and Animals**

*by Gabriel Mercado*

rocks are a hard thing.

diamonds a rare ore.

gold a rare ore same  
as diamonds.

ruby a star in the  
night sky.

iron an easy ore that  
can be found and mined  
by a pickaxe.

the sun is gold iron  
ruby and diamond.

## **The Beautiful Butterflies**

*by Myazhia L. Goodlow*

*INSPIRED BY A HUBBLE SPACE  
TELESCOPE POSTCARD*

Looks like a beautiful butterfly  
making a circle. The stars are  
shining. The stars are shining  
on the butterfly. It reminds  
the butterflies of a blue flower  
blooming in summer. When  
it's night, the butterflies slow  
down. Their wings shine. The  
circle stops when the butterflies  
are sleeping. Their wings glow  
for a night light. And then it's  
morning, it's a new day.

**The Last Moonlight Poetry Was Seen**  
*by Lane Anderson*

Poetry is light and dark

Poetry has a king of words in  
his brain

Poetry can be dark and babies crying  
and falling

Poetry can be sunlight in all of the 7 seas

Poetry is flowers in the pretty garden

Poetry is dark and the light!

**A Face Staring Out of the Sky**  
*by Sebastian “Sebi” Davis*

*INSPIRED BY A HUBBLE SPACE TELESCOPE POSTCARD*

A face is staring at you.  
You want to run away.  
It just wants to have a friend.  
It stares into your eyes.  
I beg you, please, be my friend.  
Yes.

**Give to the Ocean**  
*by Hazel McNulty*

If I were the ocean  
I would give people water and fun!  
If I were the ocean  
I would give waves to surfers.  
I would give sea animals food.  
I am the giving ocean.

## **The Night of the Dragons**

*by Chase Johnson*

Dragons, Dragons in the  
night you will  
find them  
when they give you  
a fright.

Dragons, Dragons  
what a beautiful thing  
just like the moon  
they are always  
there.

Dragons, Dragons  
in medieval times  
just  
like that, trying  
to rhyme  
you see  
you see  
there  
we go.

## **The Moon's Life**

*by Bryan Vidal*

The full moon is huge  
and bright just like the sun.  
It comes every night and when  
you're up it vanishes. The moon  
hated the sun because the  
sun forced him to leave. The  
sun hated the moon too.  
The moon just stopped caring  
about the sun. He said, "At  
least I still get to watch  
everybody from here."

## **For I Explored the World**

*by Kobi Quevado*

I started out as a feather  
I turned into a bird  
I flew around exploring everything,  
caves, mountains, forests  
Then I turned into a fish  
I explored the sea  
Then I went up on land,  
turned into a human, I explored  
the cities, villages, towns, states,  
countries, soon the entire world,  
for I started out as a feather,  
then I explored the world.

## **Drifters**

*by Lorrie Lagasse (Third Grade Teacher)*

I take my magic carpet  
to the shores of Spain,  
to the turquoise waters  
of the Mediterranean.  
I am but a whisper,  
a hope from time passed.  
Pulled by the halls of Alhambra,  
the mountains of Morocco,  
the sandy beaches of San Sebastian.  
All is changed.  
All is the same.  
The Drifters drift again,  
searching for meaning,  
for beauty, for inspiration.

## **Me, Going Away**

*by Kali Snow-Katz*

Me, going away, like a flag, my  
brain as the flag and my body as  
the pole.

Me going away, leaving the  
smell of forest. I walk, and while  
walking or trudging you might say I  
encounter a boat. I'll sneak onto it  
and wherever it takes me, I'll go.

The captain and crew take a  
break, I sneak off this wretched fish-  
smelling boat.

## **Howling Wolf**

*by Camryn Rossi*

I am a dark purple basketball in the stars.  
I am a hawk playing a piano.  
I am the wolf that howls in the mist.  
I am a dragon flying in the night.  
I am a frog that hops rock to rock.  
I am not a plain old rock.  
I am the snow that falls in the winter.  
I dream of being a wolf.  
I am the ocean with a swimming orca.  
I am a horse glancing in the meadow.  
I am not a black old wall.  
I am a wolf walking on water.



## **In the Wild**

*by Ashley Sierra Rocha*

Poetry is like  
a fox wandering  
around the meadow  
with its babies.  
The mom watches  
her babies as  
they play.  
Then a mountain  
lion comes and  
scares the babies away.

## **The Beauty of Peace**

*by Ash Hebden*

I'm beauty  
I will  
    help all  
There is no  
    hate, only  
    peace  
We live  
    as one  
We eat  
    as one  
    Beauty is  
within  
    all  
    If you  
        look inside  
yourself

## **Waiting for the Moon**

*by Sierra Thompson*

I look outside for the moon,  
                                  I wait, wait, wait.  
I stare outside for the moon,  
                                  I wait, wait, wait.  
I sit on my bed for the moon  
                                  I wait, wait, wait.  
I stand on my balcony,  
                                  I wait, wait, wait.  
The stars are coming up.  
                                  I wait, wait, wait.

## **The Night Before the Daisies Bloom**

*by Vianney Maravilla*

                                  The night before  
  the daisies bloom  
  the orcas are calling

The night before the daisies bloom  
                                  the bats are hunting

                                  The night before the daisies bloom  
the oak trees are calling for more  
                                  acorns

                                  The night before the daisies  
bloom, the softballs are dancing

                                  The night before the  
daisies bloom, the owls are flying  
                                  to daylight.

## **As Soon As I Was Leaving Home...**

*by Enrique Rosas*

As soon as I was  
leaving home the  
boat was waiting for us  
at the docks.  
Then we set off to  
Skull Island.  
It was called Skull  
Island because the  
island was shaped like a  
skull and skulls were  
found in the coral around  
the island.

## **Poetry's Giving**

*by Damian Lopez*

Poetry is something precise.  
Its songs make the world  
beautiful. It makes the birds  
sing in their nests until dark.  
Poetry is the sigh of  
happiness of all of its  
songs. Poetry is not to  
be wasted or thrown away.  
Poetry is something  
to give or pass on to  
one and another. Poetry  
is not anger but  
happiness.

## **In the Wilderness**

*by Ky-le Heim*

In the wilderness  
On a mountain watching the  
sun set when the last sliver  
of light is gone

Something amazing happens  
I see glowing eyes I'm scared  
a little they come closer I'm not  
scared any more

It is a pure white horse  
I reach to touch it Its coat  
as soft as freshly fallen snow

Then I hear something a  
mountain lion It scares the horse  
She gallops into the darkness  
I go looking for her

There she is but she's  
injured I nurse her  
back to health After that  
I always return to the mountain  
to see her

## **Blind Salamander Haiku**

*by Katy Brickey (third Grade Teacher)*

blind salamander  
nestled in the shaggy grass  
silently dreaming

## **Winter's Welcome**

*by Marlena Nye (fourth grade teacher)*

Fresh and green  
The trees tower above.  
I, alone,  
Sit on a carpet of earth  
Soft and warm.  
Overhead, the alamikos moon  
Showers heavenly greetings  
Pearly and wise  
Like a Great Spirit Bear  
It sings to me:  
"You are growing,  
    becoming,  
    loved  
Just as you are today,  
Always, and forever."

## **The Moon**

*by Alivia Van Horn*

The moon  
    is bright  
The moon  
    is gray  
The moon  
    is warm  
The moon  
    looks like  
love.

## **Cat, I Am Sorry**

*by Audie Jeffers*

cat, I am sorry for giving you  
a bath you were stinky that night  
I just had to give you a bath  
I love you still even though you bit  
me I still love you and I won't  
give you a bath again

## **Icyland**

*by Leslie Varela*

Icyland so cold  
like ice  
not knowing  
what animals  
we might  
encounter  
big furry animals  
or animals  
we can't  
see  
Icyland  
big and  
dark  
but scary  
Icyland  
playgrounds  
as hard as  
Ice  
Icyland  
is the best  
land I  
know  
but Icyland  
is very  
cold.



## **Animals Grow and so Do Their Hearts**

*by Mason Swithenbank*

One day I set  
off on an adventure  
on my way out  
I saw a baby tiger  
so I brought him  
with me. I named  
him Sparky, we crossed  
steep mountains, deep  
rivers, and hot valleys.  
I felt more courage  
the farther I went, and  
I knew Sparky was  
growing, and so was his heart.

## **Poetry Is**

*by Isaiah Hull*

poetry is an exciting roller coaster  
poetry is flowing water  
poetry is flashing lightning  
poetry is a giant theme park  
poetry is a fluffy cat  
poetry is an old dog  
poetry is a vicious lion  
poetry is an orange fox  
poetry is a spotted cheetah  
poetry is a green rock  
poetry is a colorful rainbow  
poetry is everything



## **Moody Moon**

*by Bailee Niesen*

At the beach  
when  
it is night

the sun is  
going  
down tonight.

Now the moody  
moon is  
shining bright and  
bright  
like the sun.

When it's light the  
moody moon  
is not shining bright.

The sun is up, it's time  
for day  
go outside and play!

## **Forest**

*by Jorge Uriel Guerra-Martin*

Forest, how  
dark you are

Forest, how scary  
you can be at night

When I walk through you  
your friends start howling  
when the moon is full

## Questions for Poetry

by *Cheyenne Christman*

What is poetry?  
Oh I know  
It's a special thing in life  
Oh poetry  
Why are you a sheet of paper?  
You could be a desk or something  
Oh poetry  
You're so nice and relaxing  
Oh poetry  
Could you be a person?  
Oh poetry  
Could you die?  
Oh so many questions for poetry

## Waffle Moon

by *Maria Nuñez*

The waffle moon  
has circles  
like the craters on the  
moon. When you burn  
a waffle, the  
moon turns more orange.  
People like looking at  
the moon like  
they like waffles.  
The moon is not  
always orange.

## **Thy Kingdom Shall Might...**

*by Christopher Island*

Thy Kingdom shall might  
have a power to light  
moon as sun and sun as night  
let not them to fight  
lead them to light  
for peace of day.

## **The Poem of How the Fingernail Moon Got Its Name**

*by Nathan Yañez*

If your fingernails  
fall off,  
don't be scared,  
one day a man's fingernail  
fell off, now don't ask  
me how.

For some reason he threw it  
up into the sky,  
it went so high that it  
didn't come down.

The next day there was  
a moon, it looked like  
the fingernail, everyone  
said it was his fingernail

and from then on  
there was a fingernail  
moon  
each and every  
night.

## **Billy Joe River**

*by Joshua Saenz*

One day I walk  
in the woods to find  
a guy lying dead by the river. I found  
his wallet, he was named Billy Joe. I found  
a lion by him. The skull rolled into  
Billy Joe River, so my little brother came.  
There was a box by it.  
Whoever disturbs me gold will be  
cursed.

## **The Mountain Poem**

*by Emma Chambers*

I left my house that day, it was  
amazing. I said bye to my family  
It was fresh air when I stepped  
out that door. I got my hiking  
shoes and I drove to Mount Everest.  
I got my bag of food and  
camping supplies and climbed  
that mountain. I finally  
reached the top. I camped  
up there that night.

## **Oh Money Town**

*by Elisa Panameno*

Money Town, Money Town  
how I love Money Town  
money is everywhere it  
is growing on trees  
sometimes you find  
some on your roof  
when you clean it  
other times you find  
some on the ground.  
When you have  
too much money you  
use it to eat because  
there is nothing else  
than money. Oh Money  
Town how I realize  
I regret coming here. I wish I could  
go back to my normal  
life in Fort Bragg  
and take a lot of money.

## **The Waterfall**

*by Karely Saucedo*

The waterfall  
is big  
The waterfall  
is small  
The waterfall  
is shiny  
Oh waterfall  
how delightful  
you sound

## **If I Make a Map...**

*by Courtney Meadlin*

If I make a map, it will have  
all the mountains, the valleys,  
the hills, the forests, and the lakes

If I make a map it will  
have all the rivers and bays

If I make a map it  
will have all the creeks,  
the swamps, and fields

If I make a map it  
will have all the  
cities, the towns,  
the stores, the  
pharmacies, the  
restaurants,  
the schools,  
the libraries,  
and the feed  
stores

If I  
make  
a map

It shall have all of these things

## **If I Were a Flower**

*by Kalin N. Yanez*

If I were a flower, I would give the bees honey.  
If I were a flower, I would give the people sunflower seeds.  
If I were a flower, I would give the bugs a home.  
If I were a flower, I would give the butterfly nectar.  
If I were a flower I would let my life grow again.

## **The Power of Friendship**

*by Jasmine Peeler*

I came from space.  
I look like a roly poly.  
I have the power of friendship.  
I can turn into a human  
    and make a lot of friends.  
I also help all kinds of people make friends.

## **To Seek Adventure**

*by Asher Reed*

As the smell of dirt fills  
his nostrils he leaves  
Wyoming.

Soon he smells sandy  
beaches. If you follow  
through hollow tubes,  
you seek adventure.

Keep going. Light is  
showing. Go into  
the small class, you  
will find him, but  
be aware, he is  
not done.

He will be writing  
directions to move  
through his life,  
to seek adventure.

Now it's your  
turn. Seek adventure.  
Adventure is the  
way, the guide. It's the real teacher.

## **Forest**

*by Rihanna Ryan*

the tall and small grass

short and stubby rocks

sound of grass and movement  
through the trees a gentle breeze

stress is relieved  
the silence of earth

gentle touch of grass on  
your feet

and you can't help  
but fall asleep

the grass now touching  
your hair

you slowly close your eyes  
and you're sleeping and can sleep  
so nicely

## **Moon Dragon**

*by Liam Bennett*

I was in the forest with a bear.

I was watching the moon with a bear.

I was watching the moon come closer  
with an owl and a bear.

I was watching the moon turn to a  
dragon with an owl and a bear.

I ride the dragon with an owl, deer,  
racoons, and a bear.



## **I Am an Immigrant**

*by HP Kendl*

I am an immigrant  
walking out the door.

I am an immigrant  
walking out the door and  
on a boat for two weeks.

I am an immigrant  
walking out the door and  
being on a boat for two weeks  
and stopping at Sun Valley.

We are here. I am an  
immigrant now.

## **The Shadow Poetry**

*by Isabelle Dorsey*

The shadow on the moon is  
poetry. Poetry is sleeping with  
the stars, and the  
moon, and the sky.  
They are all his friends. And people  
have forgotten how to write  
poetry. They can't till he's  
back. His friends  
were the sea,  
clouds, and  
the wind. But eventually he woke  
up. And got all his friends back,  
and more!

## **The Moon Is**

*by Tabitha Simili*

The Moon is Solid

The moon is Fragile

The Moon is Monstrous

The Moon is Slow

The Moon is Loyal

The Moon is Prized

The Moon is Beauty

The Moon is Respectful

The Moon is Earth's

Best Friend

## **Imagine**

*by Tony Martinez*

imagine you are on an island

full of stuff in your

way, you are going to

the bay, my shirt is gray,

let's adventure to the place

and go, go, I will know

if you go, I will go, my love

will grow to this rhyme

right now and take a bow

right now and turn that frown upside

down, I am around, I found you on the

ground, I help you up and I thought

that dragon had a unibrow

## **Mysteriousland**

*by Charlise Padgett*

The mysterious language  
is like pink pretty  
flowers.

Will I go to the  
mysterious hall  
way?

Or do I help kids  
like a map in a  
car?

I will go to the  
mysterious redwood  
forest.

It's dark, it's  
bright, it's me  
and you.

## **The Beautiful Sights Next to and in the Ocean**

*by Lemara Joy Hendricks*

The beautiful sights in and next to the ocean  
are the beautiful fish in the water, the dark  
green and slimy seaweed, the beautiful and  
sometimes nice gray white sharks, the cute  
and sneaky seagulls, the hot sand and  
clear water, dangerous and rough rocks, the  
nice whales that eat plankton, and the salty, blue,  
sparkling water.

## **I Was Offroading**

*by Sebastian Soria*

I was offroading  
in Caspar. I saw  
a sliktin walking.

It looked like a  
monster with  
a cape. He was  
coming to me  
like an ocean.  
It smelled like  
gunpowder.

Then millions  
of them came to  
me. I ran them over  
two or six of them.  
I talked to myself.  
I was sorry for the  
sliktins.

They were  
hungry. I  
brought them  
some food.

They were gone.  
I forgot they were  
in the truck with  
me.

## **Live Adventure**

*by Logan Walters*

The foggy air  
comes and goes

The bamboo forest  
swishes and sways

The black volcano  
shakes the earth

Volcano Island  
is near

## **FEED ME! FEED ME!**

*by Bryson Fletter*

I said feed me,  
I'll follow you!  
Please don't go! FEED ME!  
Oh, food! Nope, just ketchup.  
Come on! It's dinner time!  
Oh, food! Really food! Yum!  
Hey! Don't hit me Olive! I  
want to eat! Pal! Thank you  
for hitting Olive. Now I can  
eat! Finally!

## **Gravity Bay Weirdness**

*by Dylan Van Horn*

When I arrived  
the smell of  
pine trees hit  
me. I saw dragons  
fighting in the  
distance. Gnomes  
running at the  
sound of a  
whistle. People  
trembling at the  
feet of inter-  
dimensional  
demon, XB.  
That's Gravity  
Bay. That's how  
it will stay  
till the end  
of time it-  
self. Until  
the barrier  
explodes.

*Note: The barrier  
keeps the weirdness  
in Gravity Bay.*

## **My Special Place**

*by Elio Nelepovitz*

In my special place there is a pond with frogs,  
and trees are surrounding it.  
A red-tailed hawk is in its nest.  
Seeds are growing around the pond.  
There is a tree in the middle of the pond.  
Frog eggs are by the tree.

## **Time**

*by Giselle Vazquez*

time, you have it all around the world  
don't waste it, keep every moment you  
have, do things exciting and not  
boring, because when you're older  
you're going to want more  
time in your life

## **The Special Snowflake**

*by Helaina Chi*

There is a snowflake  
that falls every year.  
It's not just any snowflake,  
it's a big and special snowflake.  
The snowflake will bring  
joy to your day  
and love to your family.  
It picks one person every  
year.  
If it picks you then you are  
the luckiest one of the  
year.

200 Copies of this book were printed in Spring 2017.  
The typeface throughout is Bitstream Charter.  
The cover's typeface is Painted.



**THANK YOU TO OUR SPONSORS:**



*This activity is funded in part by the 'Get Arts in the Schools Program' (GASP), an arts education partnership of the Arts Council of Mendocino County and the Mendocino County Office of Education.*