

# So You Are You

*POEMAS • 2018 • POEMS*

Dana Gray Elementary School  
Fort Bragg, California



Edited by Jasper Henderson  
and Karen Lewis

DANA GRAY POETRY BOOK  
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Dear Readers —

Welcome to this year's *Dana Gray Poetry Book*. I want to wave you in, close the door behind you, and ask if you want to take your shoes off. It's cozy in here, where the poems are. Get comfortable.

We've got places to explore: Hiss Ocean, Planet XXX, the Noyo Bridge, the United States of Bacon. You'll meet animals like the Dog of Sadness, the most furious megalodon alive, and even the "taco cat" (it's spelled the same forwards and backwards). You'll hear how it sparkles when poetry hits a note on a piano and the sound of the ocean cracking on the rocks. If you read closely, you'll even learn about a diamond that unlocks your heart.

This year at Dana Gray we played with language and pushed ourselves to become even stronger writers. Karen Lewis and I once again had the pleasure of guiding these poetic explorations, joining the vibrant classrooms created by Dana Gray's devoted teachers, staff, parents, and students. Our poetry sessions were also made possible through the support of our larger community, from the schools to local nonprofits and the parent club. And this support has now made possible this book that you are holding.

And what a book this is! It collects 128 poems from the over two thousand that we wrote this year. Although there are great poems that, unfortunately, could not make it into this book, those that did should give you an idea of the brilliance and playfulness of all Dana Gray students. If you read these poems with creativity and an open heart, I think you will even find that they do the magic trick of letting you experience someone else's mind. They give you that thrill of artistic recognition: so you are *you*!

Jasper Henderson  
*May 14, 2018*

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The World Created from Dust  
*by Steven Schneider*

In the beginning there  
was a speck of dust in  
space, and poof, a world  
was born it was peaceful  
and had beautiful  
dragon-wolf creatures

🏀 🏀 🏀

the sound of the basketball  
bouncing on the ground  
– *by Alexia Huerta*

Poetry Is...  
*by Charlise Padgett*

Poetry is my brother blue

Poetry is happy

Poetry is sad

Poetry is different than the  
others

Poetry is bright

Poetry is dark

Poetry is like singing but  
you don't have to have  
a good voice...

## Am a Good Person

*by Angel Palomar Cervantes*

Am a good person.  
Not the best at everything.  
Good at helping everyone that needs help.  
Everyone is kind to me so I am kind to them.  
Long poems are what I like.

## The Jungle

*by Isaiab Hull*

It is an endless jungle  
I could see a stream  
I could hear a raging ocean  
I could journey for years  
Yet I will not get anywhere  
I felt lonely, I felt happy  
I could hear the mountain lions  
howling their harmonious song  
I could hear the wind whistle  
a melodious sound  
The redwood trees were higher  
than the moon  
That is my back yard

❧ ❧ ❧

I am the rabbit that can fly  
I fly around the world, the only  
time I stop is for carrots  
— *by Vianney Maravilla*

## My Place

*by Leslie Varela Nieves*

My place  
smells great  
ashes

My place  
looks and sounds like  
the Amazon

As you can see  
my place is extraordinarily  
beautiful in its own way

This is my place  
What is yours?

## Tacos

*by Karely Saucedo*

tacos  
are  
cats  
on  
streets  
that follow  
you home  
they change  
your life  
and you  
will become  
a better person  
forever

## Christmas

*by Brooke Mabery*

Crystal clear ice  
Hot cocoa when it's cold  
Rain falls from the sky  
I light a candle when it's dark  
Snow falls on my car  
Trees get decorated  
Many people rest by the fire  
A snowflake lands on my hand  
Stockings are out for Santa to come

## I Shouldn't Have Answered

*by Kali Snow-Katz*

The phone rings  
    I don't answer  
It rings again  
    I don't answer  
Repetition is the key  
    I lost  
The phone rings  
    I answer  
Oh the mistakes  
    I made  
Now I am gone  
    ripped from the world  
    everything I know and  
    love is gone  
I am in between  
    the lines  
    the borders of the map

## I See a Dog

*by Peter Easterwood*

I see a dog in  
the fog. I follow the  
dog in the fog.  
The dog ran away from me  
and hid in the fog.  
I tried to look for the dog in  
the fog, but the fog looked  
like smog.  
I see the dog in the fog  
inside a log.  
It looked sorrowful, so I  
felt bad.  
The dog wasn't an ordinary  
dog it looked like fog  
that took the shape  
of the dog.  
I tried to touch the  
dog, but it ran away  
to the bay.

## The Mystical Adventure

*by Xavier Mitchell*

Once I fell asleep, then I was  
in the sky, I saw an angel  
and I heard the flutter of  
other angels. The angel  
said, "I give thee the enchantment  
of poetry." Then I could speak  
the language no one could  
speak (except angels):  
poetry

## Fly

*by Maite Araiza*

Fly straight through the clouds  
Big and little  
Across the ocean  
I sit to see  
Each other in the sky  
Reach for the sea to the end and back

## While He's Away

*by Lillian Bailey*

when her best friend is away  
she doesn't know what to play  
the loneliness fills her heart and takes  
her away, she would like to go  
back to the day they met trying  
to find something to say  
back to the present remembering  
what to do while he is away

## The White Raven

*by Olivia Barrett*

The white raven sleeps,  
It hides from a silver fox,  
It hunts at night,  
And it starts fights,  
And does back-flips in the air.  
Fly away, White Raven.

## Walk on Sea

*by Christopher Hernandez*

I am a cheetah of  
diamonds  
I found a shark in a  
flood  
My feeling is like  
an eagle, happy, flying in  
the air  
with a lizard and  
an owl going through  
the trees  
and with a great  
heart, I walk on sea.

## The Drops on a Moon

*by Riley Wood*

A glistening moon in the sky  
A full moon in the sky  
A crescent moon after  
A gibbous moon before  
A quarter moon at noon  
A flower with rain drops  
A frog jumping rock to rock  
A worm slithering  
into the ground  
A tree blowing  
its leaves  
And airplanes  
flying  
in the  
air.



## Inside the Hardness

*by Avery Iverson*

Inside the hardness is cold and wet.

Inside the hardness  
dunes of jewels sparkle in the light.

Inside the hardness  
orange fish swim in the night

Inside the hardness  
birds take flight.

Inside my heart  
are rivers of love.

## Colorful Ocean

*by Giancarlo Diaz*

It is as beautiful as  
a marble.

It is as  
colorful as a rainbow.

It is as shiny as an  
ocean in the  
sun.

It sounds like  
an ocean that's cracking  
on the rocks.

It is as beautiful as my heart.

## Frog in a Fight

*by Jayden Padilla-Villalpando*

frog in a fight, it sounds like  
a fox

the fox so scared, he hides  
in a box

the box so scared, the  
box digs a tunnel under  
the earth

and covers the  
tunnel with a shiny gold  
moon

## The Powerful Rock

*by Isabella Zecua Zarate*

the rock is like a crystal  
the rock is like a shell  
this rock has good powers  
my rock is like the sea  
this rock is powerful in many ways  
it is hard like a stone  
this stone attracts all the fish  
and the fish come and  
play with the rock

🐚 🐚 🐚

tide pool family  
urchin, sea snail, anemone  
my wet shoe, wet foot  
– *Jasper Henderson, Poet Teacher*

## The Great Candy World

*by Samantha Medina Morales*

I am the candylover. I live in the  
great candy world in a little  
gingerbread house full with candy. My friend  
is a candylover unicorn. Every day I can  
hear and see the fudge waterfall. In  
my world there are weasels and raccoons.  
In my world there are rules. The  
rules are No Death, No Math or  
Boring Stuff, and To Be Yourself and To Eat  
Candy. This is my world and I love  
it.

## Hiss Ocean

*by Lesly Reyna*

The secret key to get in  
is to be a cat, but no  
one knows how to get in or  
how to get out. But I went.  
How, you may ask? I followed a cat . . .  
It took me in, I got out not knowing  
how. But I changed the rules.  
Now there is no plastic in  
Hiss Ocean. It sounds scary but that's  
what it does to keep people  
away. It was abandoned and that's  
when the cats came, and you will  
hear hissing a lot.

The Ocean Breeze  
*by Koa Chamberlin*

the breeze of the ocean  
feels the same nowhere  
else just put your feet  
in the sand and relax  
feel the ocean breeze

The Rock  
*by Autumn Baxman*

The mountain lion perches on top  
of a tall rock  
He can see everything that is  
going on

Planet XXX  
*by Ryan Welter*

I was a cave, a dark  
cave. I could see everything.  
I could hear water moving.  
I could hear a screech. I  
could see a robot snake. The  
only law in me is  
every man for him or  
herself. I am planet  
XXX.

## The Helpful Moon

*by Tyler Casey*

I was on the Noyo  
Bridge looking down at the  
docks. I saw the moon's  
reflection in the water.  
I heard the boats and  
crickets in the night.  
The moon reminded me of  
something called patience. I  
thank the moon for patience.

## In the Sea

*by Robert Ash Hebdon*

When I'm in  
the ocean

I feel the  
wind on my fingertips

I see the  
beauty of the  
sea

In the reef  
is poetry staring  
at me

And what it  
tells is an  
ancient mystery

## The Key

*by Pablo Soria Velazquez*

Poetry is a secret key  
that unlocked the  
blue ocean. Poetry is a  
wolf with love.

## Remember

*by Marlena Nye, Teacher*

When tears from mistakes flow  
Remember  
Water forms us

When anger from mistakes manifests  
Remember  
Air cleanses us . . . Breathe

When regret settles in for tea  
Remember  
Earth supports us

When enough time has passed  
Remember  
Fire transforms us  
and  
Nature heals us

From these elements  
Remember  
Rebirth can take place within us

## The Attic

*by Rylan Lotten*

there is a monster in the attic  
this is the monster that made the house  
this is the monster that scared your sister  
this is the monster that sounds like nothing  
this is the monster that's blue like the sea  
this is the monster that listens to your dreams  
this is the monster that stares you down  
so stay out of the attic

## The Secret Pancake

*by Blake Baumgartner*

I am the Secret Pancake. To get me  
on your plate, you must eat 100 pancakes.  
Once you have gotten me, you shall eat me.  
When you eat me, a secret door opens.  
Go in the secret door. The secret door teleports  
you to the pancake universe.

The pancake universe is filled with pancakes  
and syrup and anything that would go with  
and on a pancake. There are pools of syrup,  
and the sun is hot melted butter. To exit the  
pancake universe, find the Mystical Syrup.  
Drink the syrup and a portal will open.  
Once you walk through the portal, you will be  
back home.

things are small and things are big  
like a haiku that is very  
fun for people and kids  
– *by Ahtziry Baeza-Caamal*

**Moon Lover**  
*by Jaidyn Dunham*

The moon is a little  
lonely he loves planets, but  
he also loves astronauts.  
But sometimes he  
does not like people  
going on him because  
they put the flag on  
him. I would love to  
go on a moon when  
I grow up.

~ ~ ~

an ant  
in a thousand pebbles  
as quiet as a mouse  
– *by Caden Ferris*

## Bear

*by Emily Alonzo*

Bear is scared.  
Bear runs to a cave.  
Bear is sad.  
Bear is me.  
Now bear is mad  
because we don't play.  
Bear went to get  
blueberries and found  
poetry. "Poetry," bear said.  
And then he said,  
"I want recess." Then  
he said, "Never mind."

❧ ❧ ❧

I came from Pluto.  
It does not have sand.  
Neither does it have water,  
but you can see the sun.  
— *by Elvira Echeverria Martinez*

## The Ocean

*by Pedro Sanchez*

The ocean is blue.  
The ocean is wonderful.  
The ocean is like a wet sky,  
a wonderful sky.  
When I go to the ocean I feel  
wonderful.

## What Poetry Is

*by Andrew Miller*

Poetry is a loaf of sweet bread  
that just came from the oven.  
Poetry is a purple flower that  
has been set on the table in a vase.  
Poetry is the sound of birds as I'm  
walking in the forest.  
Poetry is like a drink of fresh water  
after a long journey.  
Poetry is sweet like all these things.

❧ ❧ ❧

I am not sure what to write  
but I know I have to write something.  
Ha, I wrote something!  
— *by Adriana Sastre*

## My World

*by Elio Nelepovitz*

In my universe there are humanoid  
creatures with skin like pineapples  
and advanced machinery, and their  
ruler was a pineapple!

## The Moon

*by Hazel McNulty*

I was in the forest.  
Then I heard animals.  
When I looked down they  
all were beside me. I  
could see the moon, it  
was white with a little  
yellow. The moon whispered  
to me and said, "You should  
go to bed." That night  
I had dreams of the  
moon. And when I woke  
up, the moon was gone  
but the sun was there.

## In My Different Universe

*by Benito Canul*

in my different universe

I  
hear the  
sound  
of joy in my  
ear, it is  
the  
best sound I ever  
heard  
in my life

I  
smell  
flowers  
in my  
universe

## The Hair Tree

*by Kobi Quevedo*

One day my cousin and I  
were outside then we ran  
into the ancient hair tree.  
He said to us, "You shall be  
cursed  
with never-ending hair." So that  
night my hair grew, grew, grew until  
my room was no more. Then I  
went outside unwisely and my  
hair grew so much the earth  
was no more. DA DA DA!

## I Love

*by Elliot Quevedo*

Wolves howl  
Lions roar  
I love that they do this

## The Moon

*by Tyvonne Medina*

One night I went to the beach.  
As I walked on the soft wet sand  
I looked up. I saw a beautiful pink moon  
with bows all over it. It was shining bright  
like a diamond. It told me it was made  
just for me. It had candy on it. The moon told  
me I may take as much as I wanted.  
I asked it if it had a name.  
She said NO. I told it I would name her  
The Candy Dream.

## The White Moon

*by Leslie Pena Reyes*

Alone at the beach one night  
I saw a moon shining bright  
like a diamond. I went to sit  
in the sand. Then the white  
moon came up to me and said,  
“Want to know a secret?” I said  
“Sure.” The moon told me that she can  
fly anywhere and that’s why she  
is not in the morning. I said, “Wow  
that’s fantastic.”

## The Weird Universe

*by Jazmin Renteria*

I am the colorblind girl  
who can only see green  
the sky is green  
the sun is green  
and everything is green

but one day I heard  
a bird  
and it was not  
green  
it was blue  
I studied birds and  
that one was a blue jay

and now me and the  
blue jay are friends

## The Moon

*by Jude Cisneros*

the moon whispers  
but gone by day, he  
is our wonder by night  
he is our light in the dark

we see him by night  
and day, he is a light in the  
forest, he is our moon

## The Vampire in my Closet

*by Evan Lotten*

The vampire in my closet drinks gallons  
of blood. The vampire in my closet can  
go in the sun. The vampire in my closet  
eats humans for lunch.

## I Am the Ghost in Your Room

*by Andrew Cudney*

I am the ghost in your  
room, I am the ghost who  
haunts you at night

You need to find a key  
to break free, I am the ghost  
in your room

## Twinkling Light of the Moon

*by Isabella Artas*

Once outside the moon  
caught my eye. It was twinkling  
like a star light. I love the  
moon at night and I can  
see it drift away in the morning  
light. I feel as if it is a  
peace symbol in the night, watching  
it love our world.

## I Am the Sunshine

*by Kalin Yanez*

I am the sunshine who  
shines your day  
If it's not  
bright I'll give you light

I am the sunshine who  
shines your day  
I'll give  
you hope and you'll be OK

I am the sunshine who  
shines your day  
I will be  
with you every day to save  
you from the evil wave

A Goodbye Day for the Mosquito Eater  
*by Katelyn Burbeck*

On a sunny day with clouds, rats  
with  
wings  
fly in the  
sky and begin hovering over  
jewels and flying  
into satellites, then  
they  
ran into the  
mosquito eater full  
of anger, so they  
took him to  
the sea anemone.  
He couldn't  
help, so they took  
him to the chameleon of  
peace, but the chameleon  
ate him and that was the end.

My Hands Can Do Anything  
*by Isaiah Arguelles*

My hands can pet a puppy.  
My hands will touch a blanket.  
My hands can feel my heart beating.  
My hands can catch a football.  
My hands can rip a piece of paper.  
My hands will wave at people.  
My hands will touch a cloud.

## My Extraordinary Life of Hands

*by Sofia Fichera*

My hands are like floating flowers surrounding me in the forest.

My hands are like little baby birds that just learned how to fly,  
and are leaving the nest.

My hands are like trees being blown by the wind rapidly.

My hands can pet a unicorn.

My hands will see a unicorn with their colorful tails  
and manes and, of course,

their blue, brown, red, or even green eyes.

❦ ❦ ❦

Hair in the wind

Riding horses with joy

See the big horse with its head in the sky

– *by Josie Vargas*

## The Hands That Could Do Lots

*by Calypso Olstad*

My hands can touch a little puppy's paw.

With these hands I can touch the raging river.

My hands are like a wolf's paw  
touching the freshly fallen  
snow, padding down the ice path  
to its pack which it very well knows.

My hand is like a honeybee  
collecting nectar from a sweet tulip.

My hand will move with the wind  
as the spring air blows through the trees.

## Wind on Pegasi Hill

*by Ky-Le Heim*

The sun is out  
The sky is blue  
I went on a walk  
In the morning dew  
I went to Pegasi Hill  
The wind as soft as a whisper  
Then I saw it, she was there  
Her coat white like a cloud  
Her nicker as soothing as the wind  
Then she was gone like the wind  
I searched and I found her  
I reached out to touch her  
She is as soft as silk  
I shall call her Wind

## The Playful Kitten

*by Alia Dunston*

I am the playful kitten who  
watches, when the sad puffer fish watches  
the raining clouds  
above him.

When the bat and the slug  
come out, the  
diamond kitten

wakes up and  
the diamond kitten  
plays with the puffer fish,  
slug, and bat  
and the diamond

kitten wants to be  
a giant emerald kitten!

## The Hard Wood Block

*by Emily Silva*

It comes from a tree, as the  
tree gets eaten by a beaver, as  
the beaver is getting ready  
to build its shelter.

There are little tiny holes  
that little tiny animals  
start to live in.

The bugs are purple and  
blue and love to play.  
I feel like that piece  
of wood will get burnt  
one day.

I also feel like  
termites will start  
to eat it to the ground.  
It turns into a  
rock that will  
fly away one  
day.

## Sounds Like Something

*by Katie Wiseman*

Sounds like waves cover the earth with thunder.  
It's raining pigs and horses.  
The rain is rain.  
The rain is cold.  
Sounds like the ocean.  
Sounds like the trees.  
Sounds like dust.  
Sounds like an earthquake.  
Sounds like crickets.  
Sounds like shells.  
Sounds like deer.  
Sounds like fossils.

## My Hands Are Helpful

*by Jordan Castañeda*

My hands can make people turn into chameleons.  
My hands can make fruit float.  
My hands can make cats appear in a box from a friend.  
My hands can help my friends do homework  
when they have a hard time.  
My hands can make people have good lives.  
My hands can shape into animals to escape danger.  
My hands will do what I want them to do.  
My hands can change color.  
My hands can be my future.

## It's Raining Rats and Cats

*by Rowan Carr*

It's raining

It's raining rats and cats

It's raining cats and rats

They splash in puddles

The cats and rats

Rats and cats

The cats chase the rats in the wet, wet, world

The rats chase mice in the wet, wet world

The rats like to swim in the river of gold, and

the cats take flight to escape the endless black hole of water

The cats and rats ride the lightning

The thunder makes an opening for

the rats and cats to swim through

The gray rats, pink rats, green rats,

and blue rats, red rats too,

blue cats, grey cats, yellow cats, green cats,

red cats, pink cats, go to their owners,

new and old,

old or young,

all have a home in the rain.

## Cherry Tree

*by Grace Sastre*

the cherry tree

leaves falling in the autumn

the birds are singing

the clear ocean  
near the beautiful sand  
with beautiful waves with friends  
– *by Janeth Can Espinoza*

## My Dream

*by Karson Anderson*

If I were king,  
I would let everyone have homes and have fun.  
When I go to sleep,  
I dream about my brother Kaiden playing games with me.  
When I wake, he disappears.  
I go home. I wake up at home.  
I say, “It was all a dream.”  
I go downstairs and it’s okay.  
Everyone is here, whew.  
Hobo, Kaiden, Mia, Talia, Dad, and Mom too.  
The sky is blue, and I smell Dad making dinner,  
and I feel super soft fur.  
I hear the birds cawing and Dad singing,  
Mia and Talia playing and Kaiden playing too.  
My poem tree has my birds, my yard has my bugs and toys too.  
And everyday I walk Hobo and eat dinner,  
play outside, play with everyone, and  
talk to Dad and Mom, and now  
there are gray clouds, but all I need  
is my big family forever.

## Brain Hands

*by Bradley Hagen*

My hands are powered by my brain  
My hands grab and hold  
My hands could squeeze blue slime  
My hands can make a fist  
My hands can twirl long bamboo  
My hands are one of the best parts of my body  
My hands can rip paper to make art  
My hands help me swim and ride  
My hands can help me open doors  
    to go and play  
My hands can help me write and draw  
My hands could cover my eyes  
My hands can grow

## My World

*by Sierra Salo*

In my perfect world  
there is no trash  
    no gas no guns.  
Where is my world?  
It's the ocean. I'm a dolphin,  
    I'm the pet of a mermaid, she is the...  
                                    princess,  
It's always sunny.

## She Is So Important

*by Taylor Hawk*

I'm looking for a brown-and-  
white dog, she's a lab  
she is so important, she wants  
to play in a big dog park  
the park is shaped rectangular  
It has a lot of grass, she  
is happy, she is so happy that  
I found a dog park

## If I Were a King of Monkeys

*by Keelan Willis*

If I were the King of Monkeys  
I would tell sharks and seagulls  
to pick up all the trash.  
Then we would make it thunder and lightning  
but that would not make them  
stop picking up trash.

## Shell

*by Violet Moon*

As the color fades into  
white from purple

The shell I hold in my hand  
looks like skeleton bones

The bones roam back  
into their homes

It turns into a clam  
to hold a beautiful pearl in its hand

Sounds like an ocean  
breeze at night

Tastes sweet, like a  
rose with sugar and salt

Feels smooth in my hand  
like a pebble in the water

## I Am the Ghost of the Night and Day

*by Anahi Segura*

I come in  
the Night  
and in the  
Day wish  
I was real  
so I could  
feel  
and Love

# War Has Sprung

*by Siena Fichera*

Loud noises like hurricanes sound  
in the background

I hear many men scream as I  
realize that we have been found

War has sprung

We raise our weapons to  
the trees, ready to fire

I gasp as the men come into  
view, as many men as there would  
be in an empire

War has sprung

I am one of those who know  
I am going to die

But then a miracle happens  
and I release a  
relaxed sigh

War has ended

Good morning Mom. Good morning Dad  
Good morning Sun  
Good morning World  
– *by Sophia Mora Anaya*

## Poetry Told Me

*by Analia Sanchezllanes*

poetry told me that  
I had what it  
took to write  
poetry, then I glanced  
at my  
paper and wrote poetry  
about what  
poetry could do, it  
would shapeshift  
it took the  
shape of a  
fox with scales  
that look like  
icicles

## How to Be Dakoda

*by Dakoda Thompson*

don't listen get a phone  
watch Youtube be good at  
sports be funny buy a  
Chromebook have a dog named  
Dozer who's a pitbull mix  
mutt and call him Fatboi and wrestle him  
have 1 dead dog 3 cats and basically  
2 because 1 ran away

## Found

*by Logan Walters*

writing challenge  
work away  
Florida, Oregon, focus and feel  
essential reading  
read and infer  
observing math decimals  
I found it

## Soccer

*by Larry Pool Andrade*

At the field you play  
soccer at any time.  
So the field is a  
soccer field to  
play with.

## Like a Rainbow

*by Marissa Chan Medina*

Looks like a rainbow  
Sounds like the ocean  
Moves like a snail  
Turned into a dolphin  
The dolphin splashed in the water

Modern Times  
*by Colter Downing*

In my different  
universe there  
are modern  
trucks and robots  
along with lots  
of hugs and family.  
In my different  
universe there  
are floating houses  
and lots of good  
people. Also there  
are perfect people  
in a perfect world.

Moon  
*by Ivan Sanchez*

Cuando la luna se pone triste  
ella canta. El color de la luna es blanco.  
El secreto es que la luna nos  
vigila y la vi desde mi patio.

When the moon feels sad  
she sings. The color of the moon is white.  
The secret is that the moon watches over us,  
and I looked at her from my patio.  
*(translation by Jasper Henderson)*

## I Am the Sun of Rubies

*by Tanner Nagy*

I am the Sun of Rubies and I have a best friend  
named the Dog of Sadness.

We both live in the sky made of rubies.  
Sometimes all the rubies start to fall  
down on the earth.

What is cool is that more rubies form  
after a few more days.

I heard a boom.  
When I saw it,  
there were pieces of rubies everywhere.

Then we left  
as fast as we could  
and we were never seen again.

## Animals Dance

*by Keyla Castaneda*

Animals dance across  
the land. Animals hear  
voices so near. Animals  
run to where could they  
go. Too many thoughts.

## Cloudy!

*by Liam Bennett*

Cloudy days are dark,  
Left behind sunny days,  
Out of the house,  
Usually raining,  
Done with summer,  
You have been witnessed by my poem "Cloudy!"

2079

*by Orion Hikes*

In 2079 it'll  
never be night. It'll snow  
everywhere except Florida,  
Arizona, and Louisiana.  
In 2079 Zombie  
Hitler will be president.  
In 2079 the  
ocean will be lava.  
In 2079 LeBron  
James will have 6  
NBA championships. In  
2079 it'll snow on  
Monday. In 2079  
Zombie Hitler will  
make Sunday, Monday,  
Tuesday and Wednesday  
school. Batman is gonna  
have 200 movies and  
3,000,000 episodes. In 2079  
Superman turns to Marvel  
Studios for Black Panther.

seagulls over the  
sky watching  
us  
– *by Madeline Sipila*

## Minecraft

*by Chase Johnson*

the game gives me  
inspiration  
    then regeneration  
again, again, and again  
    front and back  
creation then  
    flows and  
together once more

## The Garden

*by Neelab Garrison*

Growing plants in the garden  
I can see a catapillar on the petal  
of a flower. Daylight shines from over  
the garden fence making the morning  
dew fall off the flower petals. In the  
apple tree birds sing and red  
apples fall off the tree. Eat as much  
as you want, it is all ripe in the garden.  
In the spring the bees come to collect  
nectar from the flowers to make sweet  
honey in the garden.

## The Poem with No Name

*by Trevor Boblen*

I lost the name to this poem  
It just ran away from me  
I don't know where it could be  
I hope it will come back to me  
I looked away and it set itself free  
I found my poem in a tree  
I grabbed it and I said, "Yippee!"

## Enchanted

*by Eduardo Najera Estrella*

Endings of books are good like your soul  
Nothing can turn your soul to a bad one.  
Can anything make you happier than a poem?  
Hate is the only thing you'll regret,  
And the only cure for hate is love.  
Nothing is more beautiful than a sunset, except for  
The wind that is enchanted.  
Everyone freaks out for dumb things but  
Drama is not the answer.

## Flying

*by Kiara Taylor*

Soft and feathery,  
a sweet voice,  
Flies to the trees when scared.  
White as snow,  
as beautiful as a flower,  
Its song as calming as peace  
Flying smoothly  
away.

## Dinosaurs

*by Jacob Puterbaugh*

Dinosaurs dominated and  
came before humans were  
alive, but they died out and  
mammals and our ancestors,  
the human race, began and  
we dominated the earth. But  
will we die out soon?

## Animal Family

*by Francisca Toscano-Pelayo*

If I were a butterfly  
queen, a beautiful queen,  
I would teach  
the butterfly  
to swim!  
To go visit  
the blue whale with gold!

The blue whale with gold  
would fly the butterfly and blue whale with gold.

They would fly to Tulip Island.

It would be dark,  
they lie in the tulips  
and rest.

## Trees

*by Evelyn Zaldivar*

I am the tree that gives you  
shade, the tree that grows your food  
I am the tree who you have picnics under  
I am the tree who you love the most

Unicorn Island  
*by Kamila Sanchez*

When I  
feel blue I have  
my own secret island  
an island called  
Unicorn Island  
for  
me to  
escape from  
reality. When I go  
to my secret island  
I feel safe  
and strong.

The  
sun is hugging  
the island, the smell  
of cherry blossoms is tickling  
your nose and  
everywhere  
you look  
is a light pink  
unicorn, a unicorn  
that can grant all your  
wishes.

Wonder  
*by Victoria Montezuma*

Wouldn't I eat a sandwich  
Or a donut with chocolate icing?  
Not a salad—I don't like them  
Ducks quack a lot  
Everyone likes sweets  
Red is the first color of Poetry

## The Mistake Place

*by Elisa Panameno*

The mistake place, here is the  
mistake place, in this place  
you can make mistakes  
mistakes are part of life  
and this is life

## United States of Bacon

*by Callie Hendricks*

The United States of  
Bacon  
I see  
you might ask questions  
like  
what it smells like. Well  
it smells like bacon  
and you get a laugh out of it  
The United States of Bacon  
is shaped  
like a bacon  
It might also be the number  
one place you might want to  
go  
Some towns in  
the United States of Bacon are  
Havana Kittens or Lake  
Songs but I would  
not recommend Mount Boring  
it is where boring stuff is

## Around the Room

*by Leonardo Peña*

Around the room I see a map  
Around the room I see a nest

Around the room I hear the fossils colliding  
Around the room I hear the paper whispering

Around the room I smell supper  
Around the room I smell water

Around the room I feel welcome  
Around the room I feel here

Around the room I sense the sun over the hills

Around the room I love the things

    ꞆꞆ ꞆꞆ ꞆꞆ

    seagull eating  
    my food does it  
    think I'm done?

    – *by Makailyn Chambers*

## My Sad Game

*by Ribanna Ryan*

mother left  
yesterday was not fun

silly kids played in the streets  
and I stayed inside  
dinner was cold

ginger my cat ate well  
and mother is never coming back  
mother is gone  
everyone is upset

## The Gliding Sugar Glider

*by Bryson Fletter*

The gliding sugar glider  
loves peanuts

The gliding sugar glider  
thinks it's a flying fish

The gliding sugar glider  
clashes over territory

The gliding sugar glider  
now despises peanuts

The gliding sugar glider  
can't make up its mind

The gliding sugar glider  
loves soft things

The gliding sugar glider,  
turns out, is a flying squirrel

## The Diamond Heart

*by Tristan Rodseth*

I am the diamond expert and  
if you find my special diamond  
you can unlock your heart and  
you will be as beautiful as nature

If you find this diamond  
you can unlock the prettiest  
thing in the world: your heart

the very scary snake  
went slithering in the tall grass  
to find food for his family  
– *by Daniel Gravelin*

## The Roaring Snow Moon

*by Mian Musib Ahmad*

the moon it is  
bright as  
snow  
it looks gray  
but  
up close  
it is like  
a fluffy cloud  
as white as  
one  
I saw  
it with my  
own  
eyes  
from the  
very top of  
a mountain  
I heard a secret  
the moon told me  
it will be there  
every year, month,  
day and night  
the moon it  
was roaring at  
me like a tiger

## One Day

*by Aryana Thompson*

One day I found a colorful  
universe full of mysterious  
creatures. One of them said  
to me, "Why aren't you colorful  
too?" I said, "What is this place?" But  
when I was saying it, it started  
fading with darkness.

## The Ocean

*by Jaelinn Fowles*

the sharks are hunting  
in the night with the stars and  
the ocean is rough

## I Own a Little World

*by Brian Brambila*

I own a little world  
it's as big as  
three countries

I have one  
friend there  
he is the greatest  
friend

## Forget

*by Nyelli Padilla*

I will never forget you!  
You forgot your homework  
You forgot to get back  
to school supplies  
I forgot my backpack at my  
house teacher  
I forgot my chapstick at home  
I forgot my book  
I forgot my paper  
I forgot it was raining I  
forgot my raincoat

## Creative Hands

*by Ashlynn Orsi*

My hands are like a rocking sea on a sunny day.  
My hands want to get dirty with nature.  
My hands are wild and free.  
My hands are fierce and bold.  
My hands are the sky in my dream.  
My hands will be in the night sky.  
My hands can pet my white and brown dog in heaven.  
My hands have feelings.

## Forget

*by Liliana Ramirez Pech*

Forget bad things are in all  
of us and remember good  
things are in all of us and be  
loved and love others.

## The Fire

*by Erik Kamstra*

The blood from a soldier  
is in the dog's howl.  
That makes a murder feel  
like a foul. But it is a spark  
a spark of a flame that will  
burn away what it contains. But if  
it's set off, it will burn away  
until... all that's left is a pile  
of soot and coal. But if it  
starts, the same will happen  
again.

## The Red Moon

*by Thomas Miller*

One night, I was getting soda.  
When I came out  
I heard a bloody noise.  
I looked around  
but no one was around  
only a red moon.  
I saw the moon disappear.  
Then I saw a fox.  
The fox said, "Hi." I said "Hi" back.  
The fox whispered in my ear.  
He said, "I'm not red, I'm white."  
After a few minutes of chatting  
he said, "Goodbye." I said "Goodbye"  
back.  
He formed back into a white  
moon.

## University Explosive Island

*by Meredith Mendez Tolteca*

My world is brighter than me  
My world is bigger than me  
So many songs around me  
So many birds around me  
My world is lighter and so many flowers  
My world is a map around me

ॐ ॐ ॐ

the weird bear  
eats fruit loops  
the weird bear  
rides on my brother  
– *by Skyler Ritchie*

## In My Perfect World

*by Rebecca Oxté-Soria*

In my perfect world there are never  
gray skies there are always blue  
skies. In my perfect world there  
are playful dogs coming to  
greet you when you come  
home from school. In my perfect  
world there is always food  
whenever you are hungry you just  
tell your mom and she cooks  
you some food. In my perfect  
world there are always rainbows  
in the sky. In my perfect  
world you are never alone  
in my perfect world.

## Fishing

*by Nolan Garcia*

When you go fishing  
you use bait. When  
you catch a fish it's  
the fish's fate. The  
fish will always remember  
that date.

## peace haiku

*by Karen Lewis, Poet Teacher*

soot on my fingertips  
burning yesterday's war news  
composing new poems

## Poetry Is a Blue-Eyed Cat

*by Helene Zarw*

Poetry comes to me with  
the form of a neon blue eye  
with the fur of darkness, poetry  
led me to a piano  
under a white tree  
surrounded with white petals.  
Poetry hit a note on  
a piano and everything  
sparkled, poetry laid upon the  
piano peacefully saying, "Don't  
give up on hopes and dreams."

## The Wonderful Ways I Will Go

*by Vivian Loretz*

My hands are wild in their own way

My hands will go far

My hands know how to row a boat  
all the way to the end of the rainbow

My hands will open a door to  
adventure

My hands will reach the stars

Your hands will too.

## Diamonds and Fire

*by Elissa Washburn*

You look like flames inside the sky.

You light me up inside.

It's like a house on fire,

You're like diamonds on a ring.

## Someone Is You

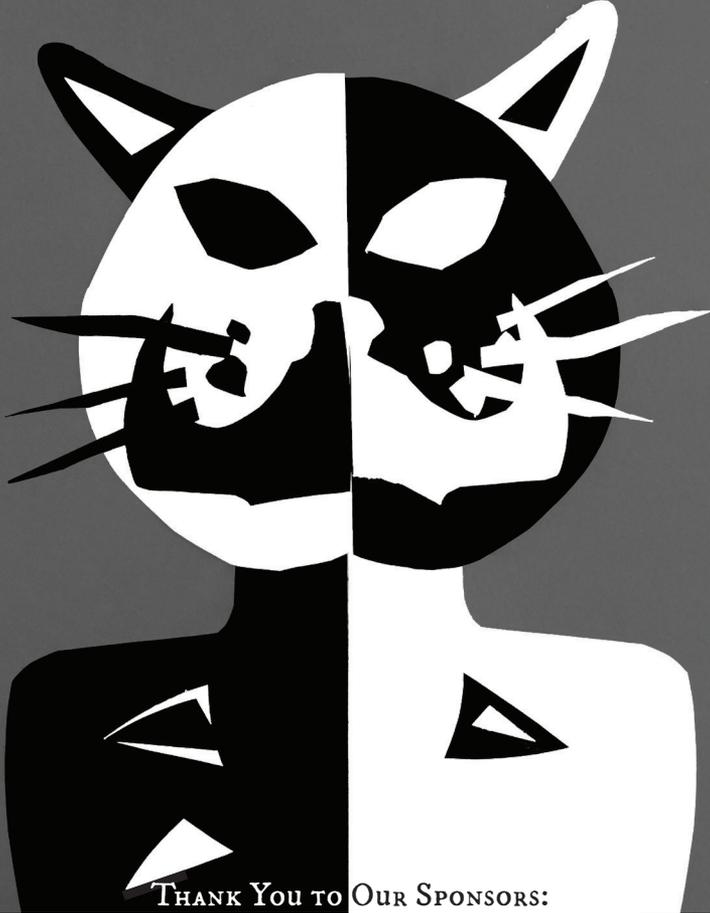
*by Lily Tholberg*

So you are you  
So you can be strong  
So you can be weak  
So you can be big  
So you can be small  
So all you can be is you  
Over the top  
Master of the trees  
Even under  
One with the sea  
Never alone  
Every earth being

❧ ❧ ❧

a hermit crab on a boulder  
flying to a  
new planet  
– *by Caden Ferris*

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