

POETRY

WINTER FROST

Hannah Burkholder
Nottingham Elementary School, 4

Glittering white flakes,
Blanket the forest floor,
Dazzling snowflakes fly down,
They melt upon the prickly evergreens.

The furry animals sleep,
Hiding from the chilling frost.

Colorful leaves crunch,
They seep into puffy clouds of snow,
That rest upon the forest ground.

Branches bear the winter frost,
Shimmering icicles weigh them down,
They glisten in the woods.

The silence,
Joyfully takes my frosty breath away.

I look with awe,
As twirling snowflakes,
Dance in the wind.

My heart will tighten,
As snow begins to melt,
But loosens,
Knowing winter comes again.

ONE MORE LOVE SONG

Seth Ellsmore
Old Bridge Elementary School, 4

I love
like a song
in the wind
whistling
and flowing,
felt but barely
heard

I love
like a raft
thrown,
then crashing
on the shore

I love
like the secret
hidden
in every
snowflake

THE FLY

Henry Freeman
Old Bridge Elementary School, 4

I see a fly.
It zooms around
the table
disturbing our
lovely dinner.
My mom swats
at it and says,
“Please get away, Mr. Fly.”
But then I
imagine
I am the fly
and I see an enormous
hand coming at me
with all of my eyes.
And I hear a loud, deep voice,
and for a darting second
I understand that so much
in life depends upon
where you sit at the table.

PREY

***Colin Greear
Old Bridge Elementary School, 4***

Death is that shadowing something
streaking across the sky.
No matter where you hide,
it finds you.
It tracks you, hunts you down
even if it takes eternity.
Every trick you use
only slows it down.
But in the end
it finds you
just as it does
everyone
no matter what.

THE RIGHT WORDS...

Emily Gross
Old Bridge Elementary School, 4

Pure magic—
a pond in the sun,
a fiery beam
from an observant eye
Hits a paper sea
and sparkles glare back,
as if they could
Do anything but speak
the music
of your imagination,
Jumping like manatees
or great horned deer
All power, grace,
and love

NIGHT DANCERS

Katrina Kelso
Nottingham Elementary School, 4

The stars dance
Across the sky
In a beautiful ballet
Casting silvery light
Upon the dew
Fly high
Disappear
Under the horizon
Morning is here

OBVIOUS

***Jackson Patton
Old Bridge Elementary School, 4***

Love is like a rash
Spreading until you're
Redder than a boiled crab
It makes your heart skip
A beat when you see
Your crush in the hallway
You want to ask
But you're afraid
It's no use
This rash is under your skin
A tattoo that others
Can see even
If you think they can't

TEMPORARY

Christopher Vargas
Old Bridge Elementary School, 4

Untouched and unharmed
Like a grain of sand
At the bottom of the ocean
Or something as delicate
As a dandelion
One small blow
Could corrupt
All the little specks
The beginning of
Some new end

UNHARMED

Caleigh Waddell
Old Bridge Elementary School, 4

The doll on the shelf
Her beauty so powerful
Like a magnet on the fridge
Never letting go
It's just too hard
Too precious
Too fragile

So serious
The blank look
Settled into
Her glass eyes
Her deep chestnut waves
Untouched, unloved
Except from afar

THEY ARE LIFE

Mae Hunt

NVWP Student Summer Institute 2010, 6

He is north.
The highway to success.
He is winter.
Still, cold, and silent.
He is earth.
The birthplace of all things alive.
He is life.

He is south.
A path to never-ending joy.
He is summer.
When every creature runs free.
He is water.
Flowing briskly over stones.
He is life.

She is east.
A place of beauty and cheer.
She is spring.
When flowers bloom on the treetops.
She is air.
Breezes pick us up and fly us away.
She is life.

She is west.
Where sunlight paints the sky.
She is autumn.
A world of color and light.
She is fire.
Dancing for all eternity.
She is life.

ODE TO WINTER

Chase Hiday *Thoreau Middle School, 8*

The wind blows cold against my bare cheeks,
The sky is grey and unforgiving, distant to all.
The birds are long gone, in the warm southern lands,
The trees are bare, the breeze rattling their naked limbs.
The grass is encased in ice, glittering like a field of diamonds.

Not an animal scurries through the trees,

Not a bird sings sweetly in the sky.

The frigid air is filled with the smell of snow,

Sowing hope in the hearts of children

Of a day free of worries.

In the cold depth of midnight, the first flakes fall on the frozen ground

And settle in their earthbound homes.

The world awakens to a blindingly white landscape

That muffles all sounds outside the door.

The sun is greeted by the children's gleeful cries

As they tumble clumsily out of bed to this arctic world.

The day is filled with flying snow and towering snowmen,

And every few paces lay the crater of a fallen angel.

The young ones return inside to a blazing fire to warm their frozen faces.

The winter night begins and ends with the children's smiles,

As they recall the day's fun-filled events.

All while the world sleeps,

Old Man Winter pulls his white blanket back from his face

And prepares for another day of winter fun.

Glacies crescit

Nix cadit

Ut tempore hiemis

Venenatis.

The ice grows

And snow falls

As the time of winter

Continues.

THE WAIF

Hailey Ramsey
Gunston Middle School, 8

Not one soul glances back at the waif secluded in an alley of filth.

Intricately woven cells dangle in a wispy curtain around her fragile frame.

Her protruding bones barely sustain her drapery of gauzy clothes.

She is a skeleton swimming in an ocean of fabric.

Threadbare moccasins envelop her vein-covered feet. Above, her frail, exposed porcelain legs contract to keep from shattering.

Her angular face shows no sign of pain, of fear, only wonder and love.

Her cracked lips are forever sealed, but her mind will always stay open.

Sparkling sapphires sink deep into her face, where their glow is dimmed by gray caves.

The wind roars, battering and tattering and shattering her soul.

Her last ember of life flares one final time, and poof, her eternal flame burns out.

~

In a distant place, a single floating spark ignites and new life begins.