

BAD POEM

By Douglas Florian

Submitted by Nicole Paquette, 5th Grade, FMS

This poem is so bad
It belongs in the zoo.
It should jump in a lake
Or come down with the flu.
It should get itself lost
Or crawl into a cage.
This poem is so bad
It should

Fall

Off

The

Page.

I think this poem has a good tone to it. I love this poem because it has a funny tone to it. I like how this poet uses figurative language it makes the poem so much better. My favorite line is, this poem is so bad it should fall off the page. This is a really wonderful I really enjoyed this poem I hope you do to.

Because I could not stop for Death

By Emily Dickinson

Submitted by Julia Louise Derby, 6th Grade, FMS

Because I could not stop for Death –
He kindly stopped for me –
The Carriage held but just Ourselves –
And Immortality.

We slowly drove – He knew no haste
And I had put away
My labor and my leisure too,
For His Civility –

We passed the School, where Children strove
At Recess – in the Ring –
We passed the Fields of Gazing Grain –
We passed the Setting Sun –

Or rather – He passed us –
The Dews drew quivering and chill –
For only Gossamer, my Gown –
My Tippet – only Tulle –

We paused before a House that seemed
A Swelling of the Ground –
The Roof was scarcely visible –
The Cornice – in the Ground –

Since then – 'tis Centuries – and yet
Feels shorter than the Day
I first surmised the Horses' Heads
Were toward Eternity –

This is my favorite poem because it strikes me in the way describes how her entire life in a time shorter than a day. When she wrote this she was obviously not dead but she writes the poem as if she has experienced death many times before. Every time I hear the poem I think of it in a different more interesting way.

Calm Sea

By Langston Hughes

Submitted by Johanna Ramm, 5th Grade, FMS

How still,
How strangely still
The water is today
It is not good
For water
To be still that way.

I love this poem because of the tone it sets. It's so beautiful. When most people write about the wildness of the water, Langston Hughes is writing about the stillness of the water. Something tells me that the water isn't really water, it stands for something, but it is put together in a mysterious way so I can't put my finger on it.

Eternal Echoes...

By Mattie J.T. Stepanek

Submitted by Tarell Powell, 6th Grade, FMS

Our life is an echo
Of our spirit today,
Of our essence
As it is,
Caught between
Our yesterday
And our tomorrow.
It is the resounding
Reality of who we are,
As a result of
Where we have been,
And where we will be,
For eternity.

I like this poem because it makes me think about life and how I can improve. This poem makes me feel as if what I have done will be with me for eternity. I think that for eternity I'll live in good or bad.

Facing the Future

By Mattie Stepanek

Submitted by Nicole Neto, 5th Grade, FMS

Every journey begins
With but a small step
And everyday is a chance
For a new small step
in the right direction
just follow your heartsong

I love Facing the Future because I like the flow and the tone of this poem. I think it is so beautiful! I also love the message of hope and the message to follow your dreams this poem sends. It is very inspiring. Mattie Stepanek is a great writer and I love this poem.

Falling Stars

By Rainer Maria Rilke Submitted by Chris Jones, 6th Grade, FMS

Do you remember still the falling stars
that like swift horses through the heavens raced
and suddenly leaped across the hurdles
of our wishes—do you recall? And we
did make so many! For there were countless numbers
of stars: each time we looked above we were
astounded by the swiftness of their daring play,
while in our hearts we felt safe and secure
watching these brilliant bodies disintegrate,
knowing somehow we had survived their fall.

Why this poem inspires me: This poem is so beautiful and wonderful. It speaks of dreams and wishes, and amazes me every time I read it.

Fire and Ice

By Robert Frost Submitted by Harris V. Nair, 6th Grade, FMS

Some say the world will end in fire;
Some say in ice.
From what I've tasted of desire
I hold with those who favor fire.
But if it had to perish twice,
I think I know enough of hate
To know that for destruction ice
Is also great
And would suffice.

This is my favorite poem because I think it is extraordinarily moving and thoughtful. It talks about the end of the world in an extremely interesting way. I think it is very well-written. Also, every other line rhymes.

Grasp of Truth

By Mattie J.T. Stepanek

Submitted by Ernie Bernard, 5th Grade, FMS

If you have
Enough breath
To complain
About anything,
You have to more than
Enough reason
To give thanks
About something

This poem is really inspiring and it tells you the right idea. Mattie is amazing and he was such a great poet at age 13. To read this poem isn't a waste of breath or time. To read this poem is like to be given a gift. You *do* have more than enough reason to give thanks about something or someone. This poem is amazing, magical, and truthful. I think that this poem came straight from his heart. This poem is brilliant and is as special as a lone star in a black sky.

Home

By Marilyn Singer

Submitted by Lee Owen, 5th Grade, FMS

Ask me where is home
and I will tell you
a house
a street
a neighborhood
a town
Someplace safe and solid
where I eat
I run
I sing
I nap
Someplace I can pinpoint
on a map
But what if I were an astronaut
with the world dangling below me
like a yo-yo from a giant's hand
and home was the whole planet?
Would I be wise enough to understand
the worth
of my new address: Earth

I think poems like this need to be more noticed. The rhyming was just amazing to listen to. I even tried to go longer with it. I think the simile "like a yo-yo from a giant's hand" is just so clever and fun. It gives you a funny picture of what the world might be. And the last couple of lines are just so clever. It makes you think she's moving to Earth. This poem inspired me to make rhymes and cool poem lines (just like that) so I could extend the poem until I'm satisfied.

Moods

By W.B. Yeats Submitted by Kieran Roche, 5th Grade, FMs

Time drops in decay,
like a candle burnt out,
and the mountains and woods
have their day, have their day
What one in the rout
Of the fire born-moods,
has fallen away?

I like this poem because it has a very slow pace to it. It also has a very big meaning to it that makes people think "what does this poem mean". To me, I think the meaning to this poem is; time passes and you can't change things that have already happened.

I'm Drifting Through Negative Space

By Jack Prelutsky

Submitted by Devin Gilbert, 6th Grade, FMS

I'm drifting through negative space,
A frown on my lack of a face,
Attempting to hear with a tenuous ear
What nobody says is a place.
Undressed in unknowable cloths,
I strike an impossible pose,
Then rest my non-head
On my shadowy bed,
And when I awaken, I dose.
I'm eating make-believe bites,
Today in the negative night.
The water I drink
From my fictional sink
Is dry as the darkness is light.
I toss and ephemeral ball
Against an impenetrable wall.
It bounces and lands
In my vanishing hands-
It's hard to keep track of it all.
I'd like to be positive, but
I'm stuck in a negative rut.
I laugh when I'm sad
When I'm angry, I'm glad,
Whatever I open, I shut.
I'm running an opposite race,
Maintaining an imprecise pace.
I lose when I win,
Going out coming in-
It's eerie in negative space.

I love this poem because I think that this is a really cool poem. It is also a unusual poem and I enjoy reading it every time I read it.

Ode to Family Photographs

By Gary Soto Submitted by Juliet Gelfman-Randazzo, 5th Grade, FMS

This is the pond, and these are my feet.

Mama was never good at pictures.

This is a statue of a famous general, who lost an arm,
And this is me with my head cut off.

This is a trash can chained to a gate,
This is my father with his eyes half-closed.

This is a photograph of my sister
And a giraffe looking over her shoulder.

This is our car's front bumper.
This is a bird with a pretzel in its beak.
This is my brother Pedro standing on one leg on a rock,
With a smear of chocolate on his face.

*Mama sneezed when she looked
Behind the camera: the snapshots are blurry,
The angles dizzy as a spin on a merry-go-round.*

But we had fun when Mama picked up the camera.
How can I tell?
Each of us is laughing hard.
Can you see? I have candy in my mouth.

I find this poem hilarious! It shows how photographs turn out sometimes, and it shows it in a funny way. I think it is really cool how, instead of putting things in parentheses, the author just made it italic. Also, since this barely ever happens in my family, it makes it even more funny for me.

Orange

By Jane Yolen Submitted by Emily Dyke, 5th Grade, FMS

I want to take a bite
out of that sunset sky,
letting the orange juices
run down my chin,
spitting out the pulp
on the rocks below

When I read this poem pictures are running through my head. Jane Yolen uses such observation and description, especially about the sunset being a juicy orange, I love that! Her metaphors are unique and inspiring. This poem is special because you will never find anything like it. You would never even think of a sunset being a juicy orange. She took a simple moment, of looking at the sunset, and turned it into magic!

Purple

by Jane Yolen Submitted by AJ, 5th Grade, FMS

I have no rhyme for purple
None.
But each purple flower in the forest is a poem.

I think this poem shows that poets are just human and when you have nothing to say there's always a solution. This poem has just stuck with me since I read this poem. I have not forgotten it since the day I read the poem. The poem Purple by Jane Yolen is part of a collection called Color Me A Rhyme.

Over There

By George M. Cohan

Submitted by Greg Macchi, 5th Grade, FMS & Nikko Padilla, 5th Grade, FMS

Johnny¹, get your gun, get your gun, get your gun
Take it on the run, on the run, on the run
Hear them calling you and me
Every Son of Liberty
Hurry right away, no delay, go today
Make your Daddy glad to have had such a lad
Tell your sweetheart not to pine,
To be proud her boy's in line

Johnny, get your gun, get your gun, get your gun
Johnny, show the "Hun"² you're a son-of-a-gun
Hoist the flag and let her fly
Yankee Doodle, do or die
Pack your little kit, show your grit, do your bit
Yankee to the ranks from the towns and the tanks³
Make your Mother proud of you
And the old red-white-and-blue

Over there, over there,
Send the word, send the word over there
That the Yanks are coming, the Yanks are coming
The drum's rum-tumming everywhere
So prepare, say a prayer,
Send the word, send the word to beware
We'll be over, we're coming over
And we won't come back till it's over, over there

I like this poem for a lot of reasons. First this was song in World War I. Second, I like this poem because it has good rhythm. I also think this is so cool because it was actually sung in World War I and we also won. That is pretty cool. I always sing that song even when my mom tells me to stop.

~ Greg Macchi

There are a lot of things I like about this song. George Cohan wrote this during World War 1. I can also just image the song in my head even if the poem doesn't have a lot of descriptions. It was surprising that it had a good rhythm and that it had good rhymes even if poetry isn't just rhymes. I also love to read this over and over again like I'm chanting a ritual. It's like food and I eat it all the way.

~ Nikko Padilla

Past, Present, Future

By Mattie Stepanek

Submitted by Aidan, 5th Grade, FMS

Shrouded in white,
Dark ninja knight.
Hooded each man,
Dreadful east Klan.
Masked to be super,
Wicked storm trooper.
Marching in rows,
Planning low blows.
No soul to claim,
Unspeakable name.
Evil of hatin',
Army of Satan.

Personally, I like history, and as you can see, this poem names three time periods. Also, the transitions between the rhymes go smoothly. It also reflects on evil things that will need or needed to be contained.

The Blue Between

By Kristine O'Connell George Submitted by Nina Holl, 5th Grade, FMS

Everyone watches the clouds,
naming creatures they've seen.
I see the sky differently,
I see the blue between-
 The blue woman tugging
 her stubborn cloud across the sky.
 The blue giraffe stretching
 to nibble a cloud floating by.
 A pod of dancing dolphins,
 cloud oceans, cargo ships,
 a boy twirling his cloud
 around a thin blue fingertip.
In those smooth wide spaces,
I see a different scene.
I see those cloudless spaces,
I see the blue between.

The poem "The Blue Between" teaches you a lesson. The lesson is that you can see things anyway you want, and there is never a wrong way to look at something. This lesson has an important meaning in life because the differences in people are what make people and their communities unique. One technique Kristine O'Connell George uses is repetition with the phrase "I see a different scene, I see the blue between." She uses personification as well by making animals do things a human would do. This is an inspiring poem that I think took a lot of time and effort.

The Dream Keeper

By Langston Hughes Submitted by Julia Daily, 5th Grade, FMS

Bring me all of your dreams,
You dreamers
Bring me all of your heart melodies
That I may wrap them in a blue cloud-cloth
Away from the too-rough fingers
Of the world.

This poem is about dreams, which I love. If you don't dream, you won't achieve anything because you won't know what you want. I think it's metaphoric because the reality in the world will crush your dreams. Dreams are really important to me and I will never lose them. I think the idea of a dream keeper is brilliant. I would never have thought of it. I love all the metaphors in it and the descriptive language is beautiful. I think this poem came straight from the heart just like a 'heart melody'.

The Nap Taker

By Shel Silverstein

Submitted by Dayna Wilmot, 6th Grade, FMS

No—I did not take a nap—
The *nap—took—me*
Off the bed and out the window
Far beyond the sea,
To a land where sleepyheads
Read only comic books
And lock their naps in iron safes
So that they can't get took.

And soon as I came to that land,
I also came to grief.
The people pointed at me, shouting,
“Where's the nap you thief?”
They took me to the courthouse
The judge put on his cap.
He said, “My child, you are on trial
For taking someone's' nap

“Yes, you selfish children,
You think just of yourselves
And don't care if the nap you take
Belongs to someone else.
It happens that the nap you took
Without a thought or care,
Belongs to Bonnie Bowlingbrook,
Who's sittin' cryin' there.

“She hasn't slept in quite some time—
Just see her eyelids flap.
She's tired drowsy—cranky too,
'Cause guess who took her nap?”
The jury cried, “You're guilty, yes,
You're guilty as can be,
But just return the nap took
And we *might* set you free.”

"I did not take that nap," I cried,
"I give my solemn vow,
And if I took it by mistake
I do not have it now."
"Oh fiddle-fudge," cried out the judge,
Your record looks quite sour.

Last night I see you *stole* a kiss,
Last week you *took* a shower,

"You *beat* your eggs, you've *whipped* your cream,
At work you *punched* the clock,
You've even *killed* an hour or two,
We've heard you *darn* your socks,
We know you *shot* a basketball,
You've *stolen* second base,
And we can see you're guilty
From the sleep that's on your face.

"Go lie down on your blanket now
And cry your guilty tears.
I sentence you to one long nap
For ninety million years.
And when the other children see
This nap that never ends,
No child will ever dare to *take*
Somebody's nap again."

Why I like this poem: I like this poem because it has a funny twist on everyday things that people do, like shooting a basketball, stealing second base, and taking a shower. I also like this poem because the first sentence makes me curious and makes me want to read more.

The Road Not Taken

By Robert Frost

Submitted by Sophie Swiderski, 6th Grade, FMS

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveler, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, just as fair,
And perhaps having the better claim,
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;
Though as for that passing there
Had worn them really about the same,

And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black.
Oh, I kept the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,
I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I-
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.

This poem's meaning, phrased so beautifully, has always captivated me. It always makes me think of the choices we make, and how they can completely change our lives. How one could phrase so well this huge part of life surprises me every time I read it. Robert Frost seems to have a magic he put in all of his poems, and I think it shows the most in this one.

The Sea

By Pablo Neruda

Submitted by Natalie Araya, 5th Grade, FMS

I need the sea because it teaches me.
I don't if I learn music or awareness,
If it's a single wave or its vast existence,
or only harsh voice or it's shining
Suggestion of fishes and ships.
The fact is that until I fall asleep,
in some magnetic way I move in
the university of the waves.

It's not simply the shells crunched
as if some shivering planet
were giving signs of it's gradual death;
no, I reconstruct the day out of a fragment,
the stalactite from a silver of salt,
and the Great God out of a spoonful.

What it taught me before, I keep. It's air
Ceaseless wind, water, and sand.

It seems a small thing for a young man,
to have come here to live with his own fire;
nevertheless, the pulse that rose
and fell in it abyss,
the cracking cold
gradual wearing away of the star,
the soft unfolding of the wave
squandering snow with it's foam,
the quiet power out there, sure
as a stone shrine in the depths
replaced my word in which were growing
stubborn sorrow, gathering oblivion
and my life changed suddenly:
as I became part of it's pure movement.

I love this poem! I love the way it goes deep into the sea through poetry. I have always loved to write poetry about the sea. This poem really inspires me to write more deeply to make my poems rich and full of description. "The Sea" really has a great flow and makes me feel that if I work hard on my pieces they'll also have great flow and lots of description.

The Tiger

By William Blake

Submitted by Hanna Pennington, 6th Grade, FMS

Tiger! Tiger! Burning bright,
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare he seize the fire?

And what shoulder, and what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand and what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And watered heaven with their tears,
Did He smile His work to see?
Did He who make the Lamb, make thee?

Tiger! Tiger! burning bright,
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

The reason I love this poem is because of the images that it forms in my mind, and the way the words are crafted so beautifully and carefully. It uses vivid words and sounds musical to my ears.

We The People

By Mattie Stepanek

Submitted by Mattie, 5th Grade, FMS

We cannot win
The war against terrorism
With bombs.
We must face
Such horror and hatred
With words.
We should not even view
The war against terrorism
As a battle.
It cannot be conquered.
We cannot be triumphant.
The war against terrorism
Is a real-life issue
That must be solved

I think that this poem really reflects me as a writer. I love poems that use history and make it descriptive. I obviously like history and poetry. When I first read this poem I thought that this poem was one of the best poems I have ever read. It still sticks with me. When I was writing this poem I knew every line. I really agree with this poem because it's true "We cannot win the war against terrorism with bombs." We really cannot continue to kill all of these people with weapons. We need to talk this thorough and not send any more troops in because they are probably going to get killed. This poem is also so true that you really have to think about it. This poem is a poem that is also true and people need to know this.

When You Come to a Corner

By Naomi Shihab Nye Submitted by Allison Alonso, 5th Grade, FMS

Do you turn?
Do you pause?
What if you can't bear
To leave the street you're on?
What if you love its old steps and porches and yards?
And the name Lucky Medina scrawled in wet cement in 1932,
And once you pressed your face to a certain tree trunk
When you were sad and it answered you?
(whispering "Yes")

What if you have to move?
What if the houses around the corner
don't have any Welcome signs hanging out?
Their eyes are closed and you don't know the name
of anyone who lives here
and you never kicked your ball over the fence by mistake
and you're not sure where the curbs are
or the biggest dogs or holes?

You still know your feet.

Moving to a new place is very hard, not knowing who anyone is, or what there is to do. I think that Naomi was probably moving, and she was sad to leave her friends. The way she started the poem with questioning really got my attention. I love the line "Their eyes are closed and you don't know the name of anyone who lives there." She makes the homes have personality by using personification. To me the ending says that where ever you are you still have your family with you. Just the thought of taking something as simple as walking down the street, and making it into something as big as moving is amazing.

Young Sea

By Carl Sandburg

Submitted by John Wilt, 5th Grade, FMS

The sea is never still.
It pounds on the shore
Restless as a young heart
Hunting

The sea speaks
And only the stormy hearts
Know what it says
It is the face
Of a rough mother speaking

The sea is young
One storm cleans all the hoar
And loosens the age of it.
I hear it laughing, reckless

They love the sea
Men who ride on it
And know they will die
Under the salt of it
Let the young come
Says the sea
Let them kiss my face

And hear me
I am the last word
And I tell
Where storms and stars come from.

This is a great poem with very descriptive language. It is one big metaphor for the sea. I like the line that says "And I tell where the storms and stars come from." It is the perfect ending. This author used personification so well in this poem. It had a very powerful voice. This is a great poem.