

## **FEBRUARY YOUNG ADULT "Word of the Month" POEMS**

### **UNTITLED**

Traveling along the road of life, dirty, bumpy, dusty. Sometimes higher, sometimes lower. Some are soft or hard. Depending on the road you take, your mood will totally change. The mood could be bad, with tension in the air, while other times, flowers will fly, and land throughout your hair. Traveling along the road of life, good luck, and take your time.

By Rachel Heinrichs 4th Grade  
Glen Acres Elementary  
West Chester, PA

### **SNOW DAY**

Houses on a road  
Are quiet  
And beds  
Are full  
Work places  
Are empty  
As the snow makes a blanket  
To lay across the city  
To put houses to rest  
With the people inside them

Everything is quiet  
Everything is still  
Until the sun is in the middle  
Of the sky

That is when the bacon sizzles  
That is when the food is eaten  
That is when children fill the streets  
That is when the snowballs are thrown  
And that is when the snowmen are made

And when they go to sleep again  
They are hoping  
Praying  
And dreaming  
That there will be  
Another

Snow day  
Tomorrow

~Grace O'Leary

Teacher: Jana Foster  
Maumee Valley Country Day  
Toledo Ohio

## **FAR BEHIND**

Moving  
Leaving the state  
Leaving your friends  
Leaving your school  
Leaving your house  
Leaving every memory  
Far behind  
As you travel  
On the road  
As everything runs through your mind  
Every secret  
Every friendship  
Every crush  
You think of everything  
That has happened to you  
In your life  
In this one small town  
A tear falls from your eye  
Wanting to go back  
Wanting your friends back  
Wanting everything to come back  
Trying to get everything to  
Come back  
You can't  
Because you're  
Moving  
Leaving the state  
Leaving your friends  
Leaving your school  
Leaving your house  
Leaving every memory  
Far behind

- Megan Barnett (6th grade)

teacher: Jana Foster  
Maumee Valley Country Day  
Toledo, OH

## **TOXIC LIFE**

On the road I smell trash,  
Burning rubber,  
And gasoline,  
It all fills my nose.  
The huge stench,  
It overwhelms me  
The horror  
The pollution  
Something needs to change  
Someone needs to take a step.  
Who will it be?

by Bennett Miller, 6th grade

teacher: Jana Foster  
Maumee Valley Country Day School  
Toledo, Ohio

## **TIME**

I fly, but never leave the ground  
I make a humble ticking sound.  
Unfortunately with you I always race  
Usually I get first place.  
Starting with the letter C,  
I drone on so casually.

By:  
Victoria Kessinger  
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