

January's Young Poets' Word of the Month

Time 1:16

We ride our bikes past
The old dog that sleeps lazily
Past the blue, blue sky
We ride past the man
Getting his morning paper

Time 1:24

You speed ahead of me

Time 1:26

I speed ahead of you

Time 1:27

I look behind at

Our house

But what I see

Is you

One wheel spinning

Lying on the ground

Holding your arm

Time 1:32

I pull you onto my handlebars

Time 1:39

And we ride our bike past

The old dog that barks frigidly

Past the gray, gray sky

We ride past the man

Who stumbles as he gets his morning paper

by Cecily White

6th grade

Toledo, Ohio

teacher: Jana Foster

End

the end. the Time
has come. My life flashes before my Eyes,
the innocence of childhood seeming Only

yesterday. But those days are gone. Now before my eyes,
Only

the looming grave, bringing terror and relief as I wonder about what will happen when my Time

is up. will I go to the realm so dark and forbidding that my Eyes
will be useless until the end of Time?
or will I go to a place of peace, paradise and comfort Only?

Now as my time comes to an end, I don't think about that, I only lay back and shut my eyes forever.

by John Sullivan
6th grade
Toledo, Ohio
teacher: Jana Foster

Time

My memory of the lake
and the snow
is forever frozen in time

Its been a long time
since the lake
and the snow

The rain had frozen and turned to snow
but not the lake
not that time

I wonder if after all this time the lake is still there, maybe now the snow is part of it.

by Sam Shekut
6th grade
Toledo, Ohio
teacher: Jana Foster

Everlasting Time

By: Brandy Johnston

7th grade

Time is precious, golden,
It's like the everlasting gift of the goddess,
Forever giving us bliss.

Time can be used for good and evil.
It can age and kill innocents,
It can also bring life, love, and wisdom.

Time can bring peace and resolution,
But can bring war and conflict,
Which can destroy or bring anew.

Time can bring world's end.
It can also bring creation of a new world,
But causes mankind to diverge.

Let time urge on and it will separate,
But create new bonds between others.
Let it stop and cause us to be the same.

Time

I can fly
Just like time.

Time goes fast
fast as a car.

1,2,3
3,2,1
I am being spun around.

Hey, hey
Watch me
Play like
a clock.

by Clio
4th grade

The Clock

The Clock
Tick-tocks all through
the day and through
the night. But when the
clock strikes twelve the
mice get a fright.

For when the clock
strikes twelve, a song
with no beat makes
the little mice jump
to their feet.

A noise that is louder
than when you shout
takes a journey all the
way through the house.

by Saffron
3rd grade

Pictures

Tick, tock, tick, tock
goes the clock of
Father Time. Pictures
start whizzing by.

The first car was
invented. There go
the Wright Brothers
now contented. See
the rocket set off
to explore? Later on,
I was born.

Tick, tock, tick, tock
goes the clock of
Father Time. Pictures
stop flashing by.

By Rachel Heinrichs 4th grade

