

# 1. A Dangerous Road

A human,  
A boy,  
Walks down a road.  
No twists,  
No turns,  
Lie in his way.  
A straight,  
Simple road,  
An infant could follow.  
But as simple as it was,  
Its surroundings were not.  
The imps,  
Of human grief,  
Were lurking about.  
There was panic,  
Greed,  
Hatred,  
Pain.  
A man,  
Walked ahead of the boy.  
He fought these sinister imps,  
But fighting made it worse.  
These creatures engulfed him,  
They took him away.  
The boy,  
Simply walked,  
The beasts crawled away.  
The boy walked,  
Through life,  
A road on and on.  
He grew stronger,  
Larger,  
And soon was a man.  
But,  
As all things do,  
This road came to its end.  
The man looked down,  
A hole lay before him.  
He simply stepped in,  
He closed his eyes.  
He goes into the earth,  
From where he once came.  
As the man disappears,  
His memory,

Not forgotten,  
Another boy takes a turn,  
He walks down a road,  
No twists,  
No turns,  
Lie in his way.  
A straight,  
Simple road,  
An infant could follow.  
But as simple as it was,  
Its surroundings were not.  
But the boy,  
As many others,  
Had done before him,  
Walked down the road,  
Without thinking,  
Twice.

- Fareid El Gafy, 6<sup>th</sup> grade

## 2 Curiouser and Curiouser

Yesterday  
I saw a bunny  
It was a peculiar bunny  
A bunny that you might fall down a hole chasing after  
But I was no fool  
I would not fall down a hole  
But reluctantly, I did  
I fell down that stupid hole  
And I knew what was coming  
I was ready to see the spinning eyes  
And spiral staircases  
And the ground that I would fall hard against  
But that's not what came  
What came was a daffodil  
Dressed in a pea coat  
And a bumblebee with a tail  
I saw forty seven fire ants with luscious golden hair  
I saw the life of an old man  
Sitting in a rocking chair  
I saw bubbles dancing all around  
Without a care and home-bound  
There were cakes and hats  
And waffles and bats  
Flying kites and baby giggles

And marks upon the willow tree  
Golden sunshine in glass mirrors  
And a waterfall ten feet tall  
There were dandelions  
And oompa loompas  
And people holding hands  
It was a magnificent sight to see,  
But as it was  
It was only a dream.

- Cecily White, 6<sup>th</sup> grade

### 3 Definitions

“Live the life you love,  
Love the life you live.”  
-Bob Marley

Life is a complex circle  
And the events that make that circle  
Can't be defined.  
The sports you play  
And the music you compose  
Or the food you consume  
Can.  
But the times you spend with your family and friends,  
Or the times you say your hellos  
And goodbyes  
Or even the times you wake up and it's still dark out  
And the world feels magical-  
Those moments are priceless.  
Those moments cannot be put in some big,  
Dusty,  
Dictionary.  
If you try to define them,  
You will most likely be wrong.  
Don't try to put a label on  
What cannot  
Be out in a box  
Or stowed away  
Because if you figure out their mystery,  
There's no more magic.

- Anne Fox-Strauss, 6<sup>th</sup> grade

4 Life. A Haiku.

Life is a great gift  
We don't think much of dying  
Not until it is too late

- Josh, 4th grade

5 Life

Life is about  
Love and care.

Life is new and  
Rare.

Life is about  
Good or bad,

don't choose  
the bad side.

because you will  
be miserable.

- Clio, 4th grade

6 Life Poem

I have a Life don't  
you. I like it sometimes  
I don't like it sometimes  
it is boring life can be good  
With Advice Life can be bad  
with violence I hate Life with  
a knife that's not right I can't  
fight it can't you make it stop.  
I am living a normal life sometimes  
it's normal... not I love normal lifes  
what are we doing here for let's go!!!  
Life can or not be right I think it is  
... boring!!! (If I had homework) I  
can't believe I said that to my teacher.  
Wow! Weird. Life is good.

- Sophie, 3rd grade

7      The Flower's Life

In the spring flowers bloom  
lots of people assume  
that the flowers will be there forever.  
But when winter is near  
all of the world fears  
that the flowers will die  
but new ones will come  
when spring is here.

- Colin Hurley, 3rd grade

8      Living happily is living

In peace  
Forgetting anger  
Even though it's hard

- Victoria Kessinger, 3rd grade