

1. Sundance

by Taylor McGowan

Staring into the canyon below,
Amazement and awe are the feelings I show.

The fiery sun makes it glow so bright,
The heated orange rocks are a wonderful sight.

I start to climb up the wall made of stone,
without any equipment, and I'm all alone.

But am I, really? Is the canyon my friend?
Or is it my enemy? Is its beauty just pretend?

Friend or foe, I must go on,
But if its the wrong choice, my life may be gone.

Finding a handhold, I climb a bit higher,
Looking down, I find my situation is dire.

My foot slips off, and rocks tumble down,
If the fall doesn't kill me, in the river I'll drown.

But I cling to the stone, my heart beating fast,
Next time, will I fall into the canyon so vast?

I move my foot so I'll be okay,
How long will this take me? An hour? A day?

As I pull myself higher, my arms start to ache,
I've started to think this is a path I cannot take.

Sweat dampens my hair, the sun burns my face,
This is a battle, its the clock that I race.

I see the top, but it's so far away,
I am so tired... I'm starting to sway.

But I have to go higher, it's my only choice,
I'm sure my reward will make me rejoice.

My hands are raw from the rough orange rock,
But I can't stop now: I'm racing the clock.

There's the top! I'm finally there!
I hoist myself up: sights like this are rare.

I manage to stand on the high flattened stone,
I look at the sights that I found on my own.

The bright, hot sun floods the canyon with light,
Its outrageously beautiful... a picture perfect sight.

I sat there for hours, admiring the sun,
And before I knew it, my visit was done.

The sun was sinking, so it was getting dark,
Here in Grand Canyon National Park.

Untitled

by Victoria Kessinger

1. I want to enter a poem contest,
And the poem's about stone, I guess.
But what about it? Its stillness or weight?
Its history or discovered date?
I can't decide, but I'm not alone.
My brain is just like a stone!

My brain is just like stone, it's true,
I can't even remember you!
The teacher said, "Three times three." I said two.
The class replied with a roaring "Boo."
I can't get it right, but I'm not alone.
My brain is just like stone.

My brain was stone for the test today,
But I knew the answer right away.
I got it back and got an F.
But I did my best!
I can't do it, but I'm not alone.
My brain is just like stone!

Victoria Kessinger
3rd Grade
Jeffries Elementary
Springfield, MO

