

I Cried Myself Away

By Destiny Davis

When I cry
I ask myself why
I cry myself away.
But they want to stay.
I cry in the woods so
I can pray.
I shout out loud.
I cry too when I'm threatened, beaten, too.
Sometimes it's deja'vu.
When I stop crying all day
That's when I really cried myself away.

The Halloween Pumpkin

By Macy Brandon

The pumpkin is picked
Orange and yellow
Cold and heavy but hollow in sound
There are spots that are brown
And ridges that cast a shadow
The inside is slimy
With string cheese type pulp
The pulp has frostbite by the look
The smell is weird and the seeds are big
The cutting is fun
The inside is now smooth
It still looks frostbitten and it sounds bouncy
The pumpkin remains cold to the touch
The pumpkin has a smiling face

A Winter Day

By Demarr Gillis

Today is a winter day.
We're getting ready to go play in the snow.
As we put our clothes on, we get an okay.
On our way outside where we will stay all day.
We will have fun on this winter day.

In the End

By Lauren Manville

In the end when those clouds open up
I'll see his face staring at mine
What a joyous surprise
In the end it will be tragic
for everyone but me
because when he looks,
oh, when he looks at me
there will never be an end

Campfire

By Justin Penalva

As I sit by the campfire telling stories and such,
its burning, blazing flame warms me up so much.
Cooking marshmallows and hot dogs, so tasty and so great,
campfire, campfire, I'm so glad I wasn't late!

My Pumpkin

By Laila Wilson

My pumpkin is dark orange, it is round.
I found it in Halloweentown.
It is cool, slimy, and moist inside.
I carve a smile with great pride.
Then I carve a circle nose.
People don't usually make those.
Lastly I carved an eye.
I am completely satisfied!

Clouds

By Victoria McCoy

They come in different shapes and sizes whiter than the snow
Clouds stand out in the sky with their own natural glow
I love the way they're shaped, all puffy, white, and big
Once I saw a cloud that looked like a lady's wig
I've even seen a cloud that was shaped like a hat,
but if you turned your head it looked like a bat
If you use your imagination, clouds become some wacky things
Like jewels, and shoes, and maybe diamond rings
Even though clouds are filled with water they are still tons of fun
It's like they're giant shape shifters that are next to the sun
I wonder what a cloud feels like? Maybe like a cotton ball
I'm pretty sure they feel nothing like a 16-foot brick wall
Clouds are my favorite things in the sky, better than the rest
I love the way they deform; they surely are the best
If only clouds could speak, I wonder what they'd say
Maybe if they stop staring at us every single day
Clouds make me smile and laugh and even dream
About being a cloud full of cloud-like things