

Kenwood Kids Courier

Enjoy a sampling of poetry from our creative students at Kenwood Elementary

KINDERGARTEN

Room 112 read the book **Courage** by Bernard Waber.
They were inspired to write about a time when they needed courage.

I needed courage when I went underwater on a zipline. I want to do it again and see fish. I want to jump right in.
By Henry L.

I needed courage when I first went to Kindergarten and then I wanted to stay!
By Pearl

I needed courage when I jumped off the diving board and then I went again and again and again and then I started doing tricks!
By Henry B.

I needed courage when my dad tried to pull out my tooth. I needed courage on my first day of school. I needed courage when I did my Brother Ghana drumming in front of everyone. I needed courage when I jumped off a diving board for the first time
By Audrey

I needed courage when I tried a green pea. When I tried it, it was so good and yummy. I needed courage when I jumped off the choo choo train at choo choo park and I was so happy
By Mira

Untitled
I love the things that are in the dark.
Like the stars and the moon and the shooting stars
By: H.S.

- | | |
|------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| Good at building | Awesome |
| Enjoys my family | Terrific |
| Outstanding | Talkative |
| Really good at racing | Happy |
| Good at Math | Enjoys dinosaurs |
| Energetic | Will be a palentologist |
| Eats food | Robot lover |
| Says hello | Outstanding |
| Tells stories | Creative |
| Reads books | Caring |
| Enjoys everything | Outside |
| Doesn't Shout | Kind |
| Colorful | Amazing |
| Awesome | Singing |
| So funny | Happy |
| Happy | Visits a lot of places |
| Makes cupcakes | Intelligent |

I am good. <i>By B.B.</i>	I am helpful. <i>By M.W.</i>
I can draw.	I can jump.
I have a scooter.	I have a house.
I like fabric.	I like Star Wars.
I like ME!	I like ME!
I am 6. <i>By I.D.</i>	My Shadow <i>By C.J.</i>
I can ride my bike.	My shadow can:
I have a brother.	Fly
I like Nick.	Be giant
I like ME!	Be a robot
I am caring. <i>By M.E.</i>	Be a ninja
I can braid.	My Shadow <i>By H.K.</i>
I have earrings.	My shadow can:
I like my Mom.	Flip Fly
I like ME!	Wiggle
	Be silly

FIRST GRADE

Group Poem *By Room 150*
Surfing and swimming in the summer sun
Under the shade of my umbrella
Melon as a snack
Mom brings out the ice cream!
Everyone having fun in the water
Running around from a home run



What Is Purple? *By Armeja C.*
Purple is the color of love.
It is the taste of yummy grapes.
Purple is the color that a queen wears.
And the purple dress that I love dressing up in.
Purple is the color of love.
It is creamy and smooth like jelly.
Purple is the grandma of pink.
My crayon box is purple so is my work folder.
Purple is the night sky.

What Is Red? *By Isaac H.*
Red is the color of Darth Vader's light saber.
It is the color of fire on a dark night.
Red is an apple.
It is a red hot pepper too.
Red smells like a burning fire.
It feels hot.
It is the sound of bubbling hot lava.
Red is the show off color in a crayon box.
Red is the sound of a fire alarm or a siren.



I AM *By Gabriel B.*
I am the happy yellow lion clapping in the rain.
I am a small orange tiger cuddling on a tree.
I am a huge red rock spinning through space.
I am the shiny pink fish swimming in a storm.



I AM *By Ratna A.*
I am the shiny pink panda writing in the clouds.
I am a little gold fly smiling over the forest.
I am a small silver fox stopping in the snow.
I am the sparkling white bunny hiding in the dark forest.

SECOND GRADE

—Taiko—

Loud as a big drum
Echoing in the distance
Holding bachi tight
By Harlowe

Don a flock of birds
Tsu-ku is a cat purring
Drum roll the rainbow
By Helen

Drum rolls happy sounds
Music and beat makes me dance
Tsu-ku soft and nice
By Kate K.

I hear thundering
Sounds. Like a Don. The beat is
Spilling in my head.
By Jack T.

Calling your bright soul
Seeing souls play makes you calm
Taiko is pleasing
By Henry B.

Don sounds like fireworks
Exploding from my hard hit
I feel powerful
By Alberto B.

Tsu-ku kittens purr
Roar! I strike the drum
Until the song is over
Then we freeze and bow
By Nova S.

Click, click. Get ready
Standing frozen in our stance
Then we play the song
By Charlie C.

Ichi, ni, san, shi
We all start to play our song
I'm proud and nervous
By Dahlia B.

As I play I hear
The island rhythm like a
Soft, gentle tsu-ku
By Mason K.

—Kites—

Flying like an eagle. *by Kristaps*
Looks like it can touch the stars.
Touch the golden sun.
Butterflies, hearts, stars. *by Esme*
Soar in the wind beautiful.
Ahh-May-zing kites fly.
Colors flying big. *by Tino*
Friends fly to the rainbow too.
Small as a postcard.
I hear the kites breeze. *by Ava*
How far up can a kite fly?
I can fly a kite.

THIRD GRADE

Kind *Colorful*
Entertaining *River* lives
Never mean *Yippy* yappy
Wow! *Fun*
Overly cool *Important*
Obnoxious (in a good way) *Shy*
Ditto *Happy*
by Anna C. *by Tanya K.*

White is a bare tree. *by Freyja F.*
It is the moon and the stars.
White is shaped like a floating cloud.
white sounds like angels and feels like peace.
White makes me feel happy.
It is kittens.
White tastes like hot chocolate.
White is the month of December.
Smiling is fun to do. *by Riley W.*
I like to smile at school.
It is fun to smile.
The moon is so bright. *by Anouk C.*
It lights up the sky.
I look out my window and see the night.
Scary shadows but nice
I lay down in bed
and dream about fairies
dancing in the night.
Nightmare Alley *by Erik M.*
your dreams are as white as clouds
you hear them coming
they're ghosts
you try to run away
but you can't move
you know where you are
but you don't want to believe it
Nightmare Alley
Blue is the 4th of July. *by Camryn S.*
It is candy.
Blue is shaped like the bright sky.
Blue sounds like water at bay
and feels like summer.
Blue makes me feel happy.
It is awesome.
Blue tastes like a blueberry.
Blue is the month of July.
It is flowers blooming and fireworks.



Colorful
Awesome
Not healthy
Delicious
Yummy
by Georgia L.



FOURTH GRADE

Somewhere out far away *by Oliver M.*
 somewhere out far away
 is a place that's all orange
 no blue no black it's all orange
 from the town square to Lenny's shop
 I would love to live there
 with cloths from orange suits to orange boots
 oh wait that's prison never mind that

Summer *By Eliah F.*

Summer is a time to lie in the sun.
 Summer is a time to have lots of fun.
 To swim in the pool.
 To be out of school.

To go on vacation and not worry about time rations.
 To see sports. To play them. To be in kid mayhem.
 To spend time with fun. Maybe go on a run
 Oh, how I'd love to be a summer maniac.
 Oops, I already am one

Water Dance *by Liz*

I blind the sky with lightening.
 The earth trembles with my thunder.
 I rage. I drench the mountainside. I am the storm.
 As thousand of shapes I reappear. High above
 the earth in the blue sky.
 I float. I drift. I am the clouds.

If I were in charge of the world, I'd cancel doing
 homework, and vegetables, Justin Bieber and
 also Donald Trump.
 If I were in charge of the world. There'd be pizza
 for dinner and no school and also get on free
 rides at the Valleyfair!
 If I were in charge of the world, you wouldn't
 have no clowns, no annoying brothers or
 sisters. No bad drivers or no math!
 If I were in charge of the world, All kids will be
 famous, and a person who sometimes forgot
 to do homework or eat their peas for dinner
 would still be allowed to be in charge of the
 world. *By Ajaræe*

If I were in charge of the world, a raspberry
 would be a vegetable. All tomatoes would be
 banished. And a person who sometimes forgets
 to do homework or brush their teeth would still be
 around to be in charge of the world. *By Olivia*

Pancake? *By Megan*

Who wants a pancake?
 Sweet and piping hot?



Good little Grace looks up and says
 "I'll take the one on top."

Who else wants a pancake
 fresh of the griddle?

Terrible Theresa smiles and says
 "I'll take the one in the middle."

FIFTH GRADE

Summer Day *by Karma*

I woke up on a summer day
 gasping joys of summer
 I went downy by the lake
 then I put my hand in the cold water
 I would hunt food
 then eat it in the meadow
 I would bake acorns in the fire at night
 I would lay down
 and look at the sky
 the finest was the night
 Now it's time to say goodnight

The Forest *By Jade P.*

I would live until the greens came to the land
 for they were but roots in the earth
 For I was of the opinion
 that since I had nothing green for months
 that probably was the trouble
 I noticed things in the forest
 I had not before



Class Poem *By Room 206*

Where do poems hide?
 in my Star Wars stuff in chocolate
 on the lake on a misty day with my dog
 in the ocean in Jamaica

Poems hide
 in the smell of the ocean
 in the sound of the ocean in San Diego
 on the sandy beach on Madeline Island
 in Superman Ice Cream

Poems hide
 while waking up and seeing snow on the first
 snow day
 under huge pine trees by the lake
 in the smell of oranges
 and the smell of nail polish

Poems hide
 in the pool right before they blow the buzzer
 on Christmas morning
 in the taste of cinnamon rolls
 in the taste of apple pie

Poems hide
 in the honey dukes at Harry Potter World
 while popping bubble rap
 on the coast of the Pacific ocean
 in the sound of waves crashing on the shore

Poems hide at Chipotle!

Seasons of My Life *by Joseph Z.*

In the spring of my life...
 I see the world for the first time, meet my
 family,
 Grow my baby teeth, learn to walk,
 Go to school.
 In the summer of my life...
 Open the doors to college, Start my career,
 become a dad,
 Have two kids, win the lottery.
 In the fall of my life...
 Become a grandpa, retire, Learn the
 meaning of life
 Save some money, write a book
 In the winter of my life...
 Lose some friends, become more weak,
 Plant a tree, go to bed forever



Seasons of Life *By Caroline C.*

In the spring of my life,
 There is a sudden cry in the hospital.
 A few weeks later a baby with the name of
 Caroline comes home.
 I become old enough to go to school and
 soon I'm on my way to college...
 In the summer of my life,
 I graduate from college and find the partner
 I've been looking for, a year later I am
 presented a beautiful diamond ring. I find out
 there is a living baby in my stomach.
 In the fall of my life,
 My kids move out of the house and I decide
 not to attend work anymore. I receive a call
 telling me I am a grandma! I lose my parents
 and start to lose my flexibility.
 In the winter of my life,
 I start to get more tired. My children start to
 visit me and my soul starts to fade away...
 I close my eyes and wake up in a much
 better place...

My Name *by Lucy S.*

Lucy is a calm name Like the leaves
 Falling from a tree. Like the waves
 Brushing onto the sand. Like a bird sitting on a fence
 Chirping its beautiful song.
 Lucy is a fun name Like two girls swinging
 On two swings
 When the school bell rings and the kids rush out.
 Like a girl having a sleepover with her friends.

Spring *By Matthew R.*

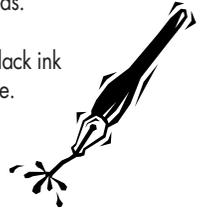
Born into a new world, seeing things
 I have never seen before.
 Learning, making happy, nice, funny friends
 that help me through the journey.
 School, fun but hard at the same time, meeting
 nice, happy, sometimes sad teachers.
 Scholarship, sad leaving families, friends,
 but for a good reason.
 Everything is changing, I'm moving on to
 a new season of my life.

My Name *by Ava W.*

Ava is a friendly name,
 Like children laughing and shouting together
 At the park having so much fun,
 Like birds singing and dogs barking,
 And the wind whispering.
 Ava is a strong name,
 Like hearing the crowd cheering,
 While swimmers zip quickly through the water,
 Watching them win their heats.
 Ava is a brave name,
 Like watching secret agent spies
 Complete their missions.

Langston's Pen *By Christopher N.*

I spill ink as he spills his ideas.
 I frolic on the paper
 leaving rivers of beautiful black ink
 like Langston and his people.
 Bouncing,
 Sliding,
 Galloping,
 Along the white lines.
 My black ink integrating onto the paper.
 He grips me tight
 As I tango and salsa
 Through the white sea.



Famous *by Mikolas G.*

Milk is famous to cereal.
 Toaster is famous to the bread that gets too hot
 to eat.
 The hat is famous to the head.
 The hand is famous to the cats it pets.
 The apple is famous to the teeth that bite into it.
 Loaches are famous to the lake.
 I want to be famous for exploring secrets
 I want to learn and keep secrets.
 I want to be famous like a desk,
 Just sitting there
 Not talking.
 I want to be noticed for being quiet.

All 100% Me	5% Shy
20% Big Brother	4% Skier
19% Hmong	3% Mature
17% Curious About	100% Me, Yes
Everything	Can't You See
11% Creative	This Is Me.
11% Musical	<i>By Maximus D.</i>
10% Gamer	

Calm *by Cate B.*

The rain
 Delicately drops
 On the Sidewalk.
 The rain
 Mists on my head.
 Making me Calm.
 I watch
 A puddle
 Then plop
 Another drop
 Enters the pond.
 All of a sudden
 Breaking me
 From my daze
 I hear a noise... I better hurry up
 or I'll be late for school!!!!

