

# Mother Nature

Vanessa  
Upper Elementary

I hear the eerie sound of cars whizzing by,  
the sound that noisily seems to imply...  
That these sublime vehicles intend to defy,  
all intentions Mother Nature had in mind.

The bees  
The trees  
The lakes  
The seas

Are all that makes the world a fraction  
of the way mother nature intended it to be.  
So maybe it'll take a while  
till you guys see;  
but this isn't the way Mother Nature  
envisioned the world to be.

# A Little Place of Secrets

Monica

Upper Elementary

A little place of secrets  
for the air does sweetly hold  
All the things I have spoken  
everything I have told

The wind it always listens  
The plants are to withhold  
my every strength and weakness  
And are not to be told

That little place of secrets  
to others it's unknown  
For my little place of secrets  
**only I shall behold**

# Big Blue Slide

Dylan  
Upper Elementary

I sit here  
on this big blue slide  
My senses work  
and coincide

I see the class  
I see the trees  
I hear the birds  
and feel the breeze

Serenity  
how I feel inside  
As I lounge  
on this big blue slide

I observe the nature  
and hear the swing  
It makes me want to stop and sing

I think of all of those who cried  
sitting on this big blue slide

# Falling Tree

Elizabeth  
Upper Elementary

Branches,  
Expanding far out overhead,  
Green buds growing,  
Growing into large green leaves,  
Soon to turn to red,

Taller,  
taller,  
taller...

50 feet,  
70 feet,  
90 feet...

Still growing taller,  
taller,  
taller.

Strong gusts of wind,  
coming from the West.  
Rattling the branches,  
rattling the roots.

Strong gusts of wind  
heading toward the trunk.  
But frozen on the ground,

No more swishing leaves,  
waving through the air.  
No more moving branches,  
instead silent,

Still,  
broken on the ground.  
Creeeeeeek,  
boom,  
branches no longer in the air.

# Outside

Dimitra

Upper Elementary

Whenever I'm troubled,  
and feel suddenly displeased,  
I think of a place  
that puts me at ease.

I'll try to recall  
the rustle of trees.  
As they dance,  
in the undying breeze.

I'll try to remember  
the leftover leaves,  
As the wiggle and squiggle,  
And try to get free.

I think of the ants  
as fast as can be,  
As they hurry and scurry,  
and work for their queen.

Then I'll remember,  
the melodious sound,  
of a young chirping bird,  
as they fly into town.

The whimpering sound,  
of the wind in my ear,  
The continuous buzzing  
of a bee flying near.

I can't help but think  
of the fresh scent of dew  
and the sweetest scent  
of a flower in bloom.

The cool smell of grass,  
The dry scent of dirt,  
The smell of the pines,  
The detergent in my shirt.

But then with a flick  
it's all gone away,  
And so I wait  
and go about my day.

I'll sit at my desk  
silent and statuesque,  
but really, inside  
I long for a time,  
When I will feel free  
when I'll be outside.