

THE RIVER'S DREAMS

Sacha Twemlow

Age: 6, Longfellow Elementary, Grade: K

i dreamed the only thing in the world
was me this river's dreams
and there were no fish in me
no boats in me no people in me
no nets in me no crabs in me
nothing in me
no reflections on me

Poetry
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AT MY GRANDMA'S AND GRANDPA'S

Henry Lemm

Age: 7, Willowwind Elementary, Grade: 1

I love my dog
we spend time together.
I pet her and we snuggle in my grandma's bed,
me and my dog,
We like to play a game called
Catch the Frisbee
My dog barks, we play fetch

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FUNNY POEM

Isaak Young

Age: 6, Willowwind Elementary, Grade: 1

Black is black. The cat-y is black.

But sir, black is not real.

Black is real.

But sir, I'm not talking about black. I am talking about red?

What is red. That. Oh.

Sir, I'm not talking about red,

I'm talking about pink-o. WHAT IS PINK-O!?

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THE WEATHER DISASTER

Reed Hagan

Age: 6, Willowwind Elementary, Grade: 1

Uh oh, a tornado. Uh oh, a hurricane
All that bad weather
An earthquake shaking the world.
A blizzard, covering the place with ice.
A thunderstorm, crashing, lightning.
Droughts in the summer, drying up the land.
An avalanche tumbling down mountains.

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I AM ELLIE

Eleanor Duff

Age: 7, Willowwind Elementary, Grade: 1

I am 6 and $\frac{3}{4}$.

I wonder how monkeys changed into humans.

I want to be a teacher when I grow up.

I feel sad when I get my flu shot.

I try hard to do a handstand.

I hope doctors will cure cancer.

I am a human.

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INTO THE POOL

Tallulah

Age: 7, Willowwind Elementary, Grade: 2

Splash, splash in the pool.

Come over here and swim with me.

Breaststroke, Butterfly, Freestyle, and Flutter.

Come on and play with me.

We're doing flip turns and pull outs, can you hear the sound? We're doing Breaststroke, Butterfly, Freestyle, flip turns, pull outs, and dives.

Splash, splash in the pool.

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KING OF THE WATER

Rylee DeSaulniers

Age: 8, Weber Elementary, Grade: 3

North Atlantic Right Whale,
Colossal, massive
Swimming, traveling, migrating,
Mammal, calf, grey, fins,
Splashing, over-powering, moving,
Slow, smooth,
North Atlantic Right Whale

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PENGUINS

Kaden

Age: 8, Willowwind Elementary, Grade: 3

Nature

You can feel the breeze of the trees,
a running waterfall, the midnight chill.

Erosion on a mountain,

and a river flowing, a river flowing.

The birds are chirping their song in the morning.

Whenever you feel sad,

think that nature is all around you.

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ATHENA

Ella Gilbert

Age: 10, Lincoln Elementary, Grade: 4

Watchful and wise, the owl is her sign
The Parthenon in Athens, her temple and her shrine
Born from Zeus' head, fully grown and armor clad
Let her use his thunderbolt, favorite child of her dad
Helped her friend Perseus, chop off Medusa's head
Mastermind of war, in battle left many dead

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SLEEP

Jacob Aji

Hoover Elementary, Grade: 4

A fickle thing
As if life drains out of you
Like a phantom
But as you wake
Your life returns
And you go to sleep again

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PUGS

Ada Gilchrist

Age: 9 , Horace Mann Elementary, Grade: 4

Pugs are wonderful creatures and here are their features:

Pugs with mugs swatting bugs.

Smashed nose, they have one of those!

Prancing, playing, even swaying.

Pugs in your hair -- everywhere!

Pugs in the winter, pugs in the spring, they like to hear the blue birds sing.

Pugs need hugs from you and me, and that's why I love pugs!

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PENGUINS!

Amanda Conlon

Age: 11, Regina Elementary, Grade: 4

Glaciers

Snowy thickness

Black dots in the distance

What the what is that? Wait is it...

Penguins!

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UNTITLED

Grace Gavin

Age: 10, Regina Elementary, Grade: 4

Glittering, white snow
Minty fresh smells fill your nose
As the full moon fades

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UNTITLED

Jack Pottebaum

Age: 10, Regina Elementary, Grade: 4

smell the large pine tree
like smooth flowing shaving cream
fluffy numbing snow

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UNTITLED

Minou

Age: 11, Willowwind Elementary, Grade: 5

The Tyrannosaurus boldly roamed the prehistoric land with
Scales all around his body
Death in his eyes
Blood dripping down his atrocious teeth
His colossal head and insufficient arms
He was king of all lizards
But when everything was swallowed beneath the sapphire
sky the creature, had to die

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UNTITLED

Gillie Schmidt-Quee

Age: 11, Willowwind Elementary, Grade: 5

The snow lightly falling, not a sound not even calling,
A joke with no punch line, a story with no conclusion,
People tryin' not to blink, maybe not even think,
Blankness,
A baseball being thrown without hitting the mit,
nothing, nothing, nothing, *nothing*.

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IDEAS

Addy Wallis

Age: 12, Willowwind Elementary, Grade: 6

Out of nothing they appear. Then *poof* they're gone.

Through the back alleys they travel. Silently.

Twisting along hidden by songs or images.

Occasionally popping into view then going back into hiding.

Zippering in and out, popping in and out of shadows. And out of sight!

Then I catch one and I keep it, it was an idea for a poem about catching thoughts.

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TAE KWON DO IS A WORK OF ART

Badra Kalil

Age: 13, Northwest Junior High, Grade: 7

Every movement is one step closer to completing the painting.
Each kick is a jagged movement, splattered into the air in abstract form.
It depicts a landscape of peace,
each punch a smooth line, decorating a blank canvas.
Every lesson, every form,
is just one brush-stroke closer,
to completing your masterpiece.

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LIFE AND DEATH

Isaac Young

Age: 13, Northwest Junior High, Grade: 7

A stalker who always follows
Lurking in the dark
But still I walk the street
I know I'm walking to a dead end
But a dead end is better than no street at all

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WAR NEVER CHANGES

Rafael Jambor

Age: 10, North Central Junior High, Grade: 4

When you think war ends
it never begins or ends it always there
when the first bullet is first the last
bullet drops when you see beauty in nuclear
detonation you already passed the border

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IN THE MORNING

Sarah

Age: 13, North Central Junior High, Grade: 7

In the earl morning lights,
Wolves fiercely fight for hunting rights.
A tiger prowls through his domain,
A red fox skitters through the rain
A dolphin swims in ocean shores
An eagle soars a grizzly roars-
While a human soars

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HALFCOURT

Kelby Telander

North Central Junior High, Grade: 7

Whatever you do on the court it's a whole different world,

When you walk on the court you have to be a jock on the court,

When you walk on the court you can't talk on the court,

When you walk on the court you don't mock on the court,

When you run on the court you have fun on the court,

When you run on the court you've won on the court,

When you run on the court you're never done on the court!

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LARRY THE LAMP

Nola Femino

North Central Junior High, Grade: 7

Larry the lamp,
was quite the champ,
at all the fun lamp games.

But one day,
he wanted to play,
a game that was not lamp related.

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A RACE

Anna Reese

Age: 13, North Central Junior High, Grade: 7

Standing on the block I feel nervous
When I hear the beep and see the flash I dive
As my body hits the water I feel a rush
My body automatically reacts and swims routinely
I sing songs in my head to get into a rhythm
I watch for the numbers to know how to pace
Hoping to make my goal as I touch the wall

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SHE IS DONE

Trinity Armento

Age: 12, North Central Junior High, Grade: 7

Chipped nail polish,
smeared mascara,
tear-stained cheeks,
messy bun,
she is done.

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WALK FROM SCHOOL

Emma Becker

Southeast Junior High, Grade: 6

Breeze flowing through my body
leaves dropping one by one
just a couple more blocks
that could take forever.
red nose dripping
heavy load in the back
almost there.

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SPACE

Milo Víctor Yeaman

Age: 13, Southeast Junior High, Grade: 8

Space

Space is the place
above your face

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WHERE I'M FROM

Grace

Age: 13, Southeast Junior High, Grade: 8

I am from the slobbery kisses and the warm hugs
as soon as I walk in the door.

From the smell of apple pie
bubbling in the oven
and drifting through the house.

I am from the steady cadence of voices

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OLD BIRDY

Cameron Harnbeck

Southeast Junior High, Grade: 8

The old bird flies now
it flies in the vibrant breeze
to gain youth again

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MAN FROM MARS

Isis McClintock

Southeast Junior High, Grade: 8

There once was a man from Mars,
He liked to eat chocolate bars,
He didn't understand,
that they melt in your hand,
So now he eats peppermint cars.

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BROKEN GLASS

Aubryn Kaine

Southeast Junior High, Grade: 8

Broken Glass

BOOM, BOOM, BOOM

First one CRACK, then another

Then a SHATTER

Hear the CLICKETY-CLACK of crystals flying.

Hear the SWISH of curtains,

the HOWL of the wind,

And the PITTER-PITTER-PATTER of rain hitting the sill.

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AUGUST

Julianne Maxwell

Age: 17, City High, Grade: 11

The sun has been up for hours, but not me.
I step out onto the already steaming pavement.
It's sweltering, I'm used to it, this is August.
Ants crawl into cracks I avoid with my bare feet.
Leaves shrivel on trees.
My freedom is short.
I wait for September.

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GIRL (EXTRACT)

Matilda Mackey

Age: 17, Iowa City West High School, Grade: 12

You wake up and makeup,
powder caked on cheeks,
black smudged against eyelids.
You cannot recall the halcyon,
pre-gossip time,
before innovator got stuck behind imitator.
But you're not coming back. (can't you come back?)

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