

### **How Poetry Comes to Me**

**By Miko**

It comes like water  
Through a small crack in a dam  
Slowly leaking  
But constantly flowing  
Awakening the still sleeping water  
below  
Creating ripples of thought  
That get bigger and bigger  
Which turns a lake of nothing  
Into an active playpen  
Where ideas roam free.

### **A Dog**

**By Carter**

A dog is  
A friend for life  
Always by your side  
Like a guardian angel  
Dancing around your heart.

### **A Puzzle of Poetry**

**By Liam**

You sort  
The pieces of words  
And find the foundation  
The frame of the puzzle of  
imagination  
And then put the main pieces  
Your subjects  
In place  
Now you wait  
Examining your work  
And now you can add the rest  
Of the pieces  
The supporting elements  
Now it is complete.

### **The Noodle of a Poem**

**By Blake**

You slurp it up and up  
Butter sticking to your  
lips  
red splatters on your checks  
spaghetti is the best.

### **An Ocean Of Poetry**

**By Claire**

It attacks in a wave,  
Then regains its strength,  
And slaps the sand of paper  
again.  
It comes and goes,  
It has highs and lows,  
And always looks its best.

### **Kitten Cushion**

**By Else**

Love is a warm kitten  
Purring around my heart  
Like a cushion protecting me  
When I fall  
Filling in the cold parts of life.

### **Music the Medic**

**By Danny**

Music is a bandage  
It creeps in the ears  
And heals the mind  
Like a little medic.

### **A Tree of Poetry**

**By Ella M.**

It starts out  
As a seed  
Silent underneath  
Then it begins  
To blossom  
Its leaves start to grow  
But autumn is  
Around the corner  
With its gold and orange  
The leaves of thought  
Change and start to drop  
The tree is ready  
For winter  
It braces itself for  
Cold weather  
As its ideas  
Are lost  
It braces the frost  
Waiting for spring  
To arrive  
A new chapter  
Of leaves are alive.

### **A Vein of Poetry**

**By Cyrus**

It won't find me  
On its own.  
I have to look for it.  
And when I first  
Accidentally tap into it,  
It starts  
Flowing out  
And soon  
It envelops me.

### **A Raindrop of Poetry**

**By Phoebe**

A dark cloud comes overhead,  
So you run outside to see the little  
drops of poetry rain on your face.  
Let the words splash on your  
eyelashes  
And jump in a puddle of  
metaphors.  
Watch it rain more and more  
Until it stops, so you go inside and  
Remember the poetry rain and  
smile.

### **A Sandcastle of Poetry**

**By Piper**

You pack the sand in a bucket,  
Flip it over and steady the main  
idea.  
You pat it out,  
And make sure it won't fall.  
You get a smaller bucket,  
And add in the metaphors, similes,  
and personification.  
You sprinkle the last touches of  
dry sand,  
And hope the little kid in your  
mind doesn't kick it over.

### **Rain Drop**

**By Lindsey**

Tiredness is  
The unturned key on a  
Grand Piano  
Standing alone like a  
Single raindrop  
Mumbling importance.

**How Poetry Comes to Me**  
**By Ida**

It comes like a roaring wave  
Showering the coast  
or a day with  
No wind  
Quiet and austere  
But still showing emotion.

**How Poetry Comes to Me**  
**By Tess**

Like a rushing wave,  
Poetry suddenly floods me.  
Washing over my brain and  
sinking to my heart.  
When I call for it,  
It won't be there.  
It happens suddenly,  
Like a crack of thunder.  
Sometimes there, sometimes not.  
I just have to wonder.  
And when I least expect it,  
It will submerge me in a flood of  
words.

**Cardboard Axe**  
**By Cici**

Destruction is  
a cardboard axe  
with a steel spike on the other  
side camouflaged  
like house of cards  
with a deadly twist  
you only see when it's jumped  
too close.

**How Poetry Comes to Me**  
**By Collin**

Poetry walks in the darkest of  
nights,  
We talk and talk, fight and fight,  
But words can never break our  
Friendship,  
Brotherhood,  
Or love.

**How Poetry Comes to Me**  
**By Wesley**

It comes sneaking through the  
night  
hiding behind the rocks  
and slowly making its way to  
the middle of the forest  
it makes me try very hard.

**How Poetry Comes to Me**  
**By Latifa**

Your plant starts as a teeny root  
The root nudges you warning you  
it's coming  
Before you know it's growing  
leaves.  
Getting greener everyday.  
Getting brighter everyday.  
You remember your first tree as  
your first success.  
Then you keep it in the bottom of  
your heart.

**How Poetry Comes to Me**  
**By Luke**

It comes striking above me  
Destroying buildings at night  
afraid of the outside  
insight of fire  
I run away in shelter  
for a storm.

### **How Poetry Comes to Me**

**By Madhav**

It comes whitewater rafting over me  
I catch it hoping it's the right one  
Sometimes toppling out  
And taking a while to come back.

### **Violin**

**By Hannah**

A violin is a wise man  
Whispering the notes  
Like a composer of thoughts.

### **A Shoal of Poetry**

**By Guthrie**

You cast  
A line  
To get  
A  
Single fish  
Then you  
Toss in  
A net  
To get  
The whole  
School.

### **A Flower of Poetry**

**By Amanda**

You start out with a seed  
Plant it in the earth of mind  
Feed it the sunlight of ideas and  
Water it with drops of  
personification and metaphors,  
And anticipate the day when  
your ideas sprout into a beautiful  
poem  
That you can give to a loved one  
as a gift and just to see them  
smile  
Makes you feel euphoric  
because you know your present is  
appreciated  
And after you embrace them in a  
hug you go home and start  
writing another poem  
For fun or for family.

### **A River of Poetry**

**By Amalia Z.**

You paddle the canoe of ideas  
Down a river of metaphor and  
rhymes.  
As you push the paddle of  
thought  
It catches words and phrases  
And you tumble down a waterfall.  
The words insert themselves and  
sort out bad ideas  
And they fall into a poem  
Resting still at the base.

### **Sound is Music**

**By Matt R.**

Sound is  
A plethora of music  
That invades my soul  
Like a bird  
In the singing sky.

### **A Sip of Poetry**

**By Mona S.**

The water is boiled  
In a mind full of ideas  
Getting hotter and hotter  
With knowledge bubbling inside  
Using a well-chosen topic  
A tea bag is dropped  
Into my mind  
Where the spices can fester  
Once it has steeped  
I shall pour it out on paper  
And there it will be  
Before you take a sip.

### **How Poetry Come to Me**

**Osman**

It comes when I am reading each  
other's poems.  
Poetry jumps at me when I am  
happy or sad.  
Sometimes I cry when there's a  
sad poem.  
I love poems.

### **A Slice of Poetry**

**By Ella P.**

Everyone gets  
A slice  
Of poetry  
Filled with  
Rhyme  
Rhythm  
And words,  
It tastes  
So sweet  
And the  
Texture is  
Smooth  
And  
Deliciously soft  
On your  
Tongue,  
Your taste buds  
Ooze  
With inspiration  
As you  
Devour  
This delicate  
Treat  
And  
You are  
Happy  
To  
Say  
That you  
Wasted  
Your day  
Balancing rhythm  
And words  
That repeat.