

Mrs. Harrison's eighth graders—after being inspired by the song “Grey Street” by the Dave Matthews Band as well as the song “Blu is a Mood” by Blu Cantrell—wrote their own poems that mixed colors and moods. With a partner, look over these poems and talk about how the poets conveyed mood through word choice and idea development.

Blue is for the Ocean

by Brian, eighth grade poet

Serene and peaceful
The mighty oceans breaks
The moon illuminates the land and sea
Calm sounds make you fall asleep.

A soft smile appears as the long day ends
Stress is a thing of the past
Life is great for a small amount of time
And you cherish every moment.

The air is cool with moisture
Refreshing all five senses
Replenished and ready for the next challenge
But not yet.

The cool blue ocean tumbles in
Pushes out
Starts again
The calmest of calm at low tide
The roughest of rough at high tide
Serene and peaceful.



Black

by Kim, eighth grade poet

Sadness fills the air as she walks among the dead,
for they cannot see her.
She blends in with the darkness, black,
if dead she is seen.
She will fill the stomach of Cerberus.

She walks upon bones and death.
Angry souls rise from the ground,
an attempt to escape
from the misery and pain which is wished upon them.

She wanders around using her hands to guide the way,
no luck.
She has no choice but to sit and await her fate.

In the distance there is black and nothingness but,
Could it be the pits of Satan's home?
Or the underworld of which creatures room it from?

There is no red, nor orange or burning pits of fire,
For it cannot be Satan's home.
She is in the underworld
Where color is nothing.
Creatures are awaiting,
And her soul is black, blacker than black itself.
She's colorless.



Hot Pink

by Kori, eighth grade poet

Hot pink is the feeling of my room:
Feminine, delicate, and dainty.
My room is the hot pink tulip on the lawn,
Or the rosy cheeks on a girl when she's
Embarrassed

The feeling of a girl when she's
Wearing hot pink slippers
Or a hot pink beach dress.
The feeling of fresh painted finger nails
Or the bright lipstick on a young girl.

My room has the feeling of a hot pink bathing suit,
Or a hot pink floaty, resting in the still water.
Hot pink is the color that most boys fear to like.
The feeling of a hot pink rose that a boy gives to
A girl on a first date.

My room has the feeling of a hot pink tank-top,
Or a hot pink sandal, lying lifeless on the beach.
The feeling of a kite flying smooth in the blustery wind
My room has the feeling of hot pink.



Blue Heart

by Sarah, eighth grade poet

My heart is wild and free like the ocean waves.
I am calm and beautiful-blue.
Emotions swirl and my heart sinks like a ship.
Soon I will be lost in the water glistening like a sapphire.
My mind flies like seagulls.
I go where I want and only god can stop me.
The wind carries my words on forever.
When the ocean tides carry in newcomers, I am the first to be
greeted.
My heart is untamed like ocean blue.
Weeping with sorrows, I scream out loud.
Tranquility possesses my soul and slumbers easy
Yearning for something more, I sink to the bottom and
Watch as the blue glass glistens.
I am blue in my watery prison,
Never to escape and condemned for life.
Blue stars in the heavens watch as I fall.
My soul turns to ice and blue spreads like a wild fire.
I am untamed even in my heartaches.

