



photo taken by teacher, Amie Newberry

Me , Myself, and I

a poem by Melissa, sixth grade writer

Every day after school,
I walk along the beach silently,
trying to cast all stresses from my insides.
My favorite part?
The soft, wet, sand oozing through my toes,
and the small waves covering my ankles
with salty water.
Whoosh,
goes the breeze
through my hair.
Right now,
it's just me...
myself....
and I...



What do you like about Melissa's writing style? Which writing trait(s) does she excel with?

What story or poem might you write inspired by this photograph?