

Final Shot

by Jose, tenth grade poet

The sound of the dribbling basketball,
Last few seconds ticking off the clock,
With one shot we can win it all,
Leave the opposing team in a state of shock.



Time to lead the team to victory,
My heart beating like a drum,
It's time to take my place in history,
The crowd filled with anticipation turns numb.

The ball hits the center of my palm.
The time for making history is running out.
I take a deep breath to try to remain calm,
My team depending on me to win this hard fought bout.

My fingertips release the ball, hoping for the best,
What happened the? Well, everybody knows the rest.

Campfire Bugs

by Ty, tenth grade poet

When the fire begins to sizzle and pop,
Campfire bugs take to flight.
On invisible platforms they skitter, then hop.
They glint and glow with fiery light.



Add one more log and a swarm will be birthed,
Swirling and twirling 'til their bright red glow dims.
An explosion of flames marches out of the earth,
A dazzling display that I hope never ends.

Now the fire's gone to bed,
Asleep deep in that pit in an ashy black pile.
Until tomorrow comes to a head,
We won't see those campfire bugs for a while.

It's twilight again and one log everyone lugs
To spot where we first met those campfire bugs.

Mrs. Newberry's sophomores worked on their sentence fluency and word choice as they wrote and revised these sonnets. Read over both poems. How are they similar? How are they different? Where does each poet show off his best sentence fluency and word choice skills?