

**If by Allison, seventh grade poet**

If you can foster all of friendship's seeds,  
If you can know just when to take the lead,  
But know when to listen to others,  
If you can listen to your mother,  
Or listen to someone wise,  
If you can speak honestly and tell no lies,  
Or protect a secret  
If you can just forgive and forget  
But still know when to fight  
If you can listen to your heart and know what's right



If you can know what's right—and not be afraid of being wrong,  
If you can go where you should be—even if the road is hard and long,  
If you can go out on a limb for someone other than you  
And don't let them fail, even if you do  
If you can walk lonely down the city street  
And still say hello to every living soul you meet  
If you can still be nice and polite  
Even when you want to fight  
If you can rise from the ashes like a phoenix  
And know that there are problems you can't fix

If you will never settle for less than your goal  
If you do everything with your full heart and soul  
If you can more than you thought you could do  
If you can ignore people when they gossip about you  
If you can remain stubborn and headstrong  
But still make things right when you were wrong  
If you can be down-to-earth and have a level head  
And learn how to put rumors to bed  
If you can accept the consequences of a bad mistake  
And take responsibility for the choices you take

If you learn to love, honor, and fear  
And don't tell secrets for all to hear  
If you can see what you want and go for it  
If you can fearlessly commit  
If you can realize what an impact you make  
If you can see the consequences of every risk you take  
If you can break down that barrier and love someone  
If you can be good and still have fun  
Then the sky is no longer the limit to be had  
And you'll be a good person, like my dad.

**Soldier by Tucker, seventh grade poet**

If you can put your life on the line  
And still keep fighting  
If you come out fine  
But still go back in trying  
If you can be shot  
But still get back up strong  
If you can watch the blood slowly clot  
And come back a hero, people singing your song



If you could climb into an airplane  
And realize your imminent doom  
If you come back barely sane  
But you don't get grounded, you just go to your room  
If you can kill another man  
That you haven't even met  
If you can eat all your meals right out of a can  
And still have flak coming at you as fast as a jet

If you can still come back  
Even after all that  
If you can stand the sight of bodies in sacks  
Calming yourself when you see dead bodies lying on a mat  
If you can live in harsh climes  
Sleeping on bare ground, getting colder and colder  
If you can keep your faith as it's challenged time after time  
When you can do all those things, you can call yourself a Soldier.

**If by Lucy, seventh grade poet**

If you can keep your cool when your world  
Is being turned upside down,  
If you can watch helplessly as your dreams slip away,  
But hold on to hope that you will be able to regain them,  
If you can be strong as your family tries to hide their emotions,  
Or as your sibling masks her grief and disappointment,  
Or as you wish you could be just as healthy,  
And yet you are constantly reminded it isn't your fault:

If you can go through the pain,  
But brush it off,  
If you can overhear about the unfortunate cases,  
And still be confident that you will get better,  
If you know the pain that is coming,  
But still greet it with an upbeat attitude,  
If you can keep faith when many others are doubting it,  
You can be a survivor of childhood cancer.



**If** by Jeffrey, seventh grade poet

(based upon the Twilight trilogy by Stephenie Meyer)

If you can see when  
Everything can blind you,  
If you can move when  
There is no where to go,  
If you can hunt and not  
Be worried by fear, or love,  
and not be too dear.

If you can bleed—and not make blood your goal,  
If you can leave—and not make the road your life;  
If you can live without a soul  
And still keep a wife,  
If you can see the thoughts around you  
Manipulated by love and hate,  
Or see the things your kind can do,  
And feel the emotions of those who wait.

If you can stand in a crowd  
But never be noticed,  
Or live in a large town  
And have no friends be sacrificed.  
Bullet and Blade may not hurt you,  
But tooth and fang may do.  
If your life is the shadows and all that stands in  
It—who are there—you'll be a vampire, my Brother.



**Dance Teacher** by Kristina, seventh grade poet

If you can point and flex your toe,  
And bring people up when they're low,  
If you can criticize with praise,  
Or make children's spirits raise,  
If you can always make us improve,  
In every step we move and groove,  
If on stage is your place to be,  
And you have no fear of what people see.

If you dream to leap and fly through the sky,  
And in your steps you want to fly,  
If you understand the positions of arms,  
And you think pointe shoes are little charms,  
If you can glide through things without a care,  
Or you have many pins in your hair,  
If you bring people up when they've had a bad day,  
And tell them that their routine was okay.

If you can always come out with a smile,  
And express yourself just once in a while,  
If you have no fright of embarrassment,  
Or your recitals make a true statement,  
If you don't care how good we are,  
It only matters that we try through and far,  
If you are a role model of mine,  
Then you are a dance teacher, quite divine.

