

Throwing a Frisbee

by Connor, eighth grade poet

Throwing a Frisbee
Flying back and forth
Then the wind starts
The Frisbee disappears

Weeks later
Most hope is lost
Seeming lost ever
Then a sign of hope

It is found
Hanging on a branch
Looking as high as the cloud
Really only a hop high

Holding it once more
Seeing the story it has to tell
It speaks to me
It speaks very well

It has heard the howling wind
It has listened to the morning chirps of birds
It has seen arrows of geese
It has squinted through the glare of the sun

It has smelt freshly cut grass
The smell of summer air
The taste of dry leaves
The refreshment of rain

It screams what it felt
The hail raining down
The burning of the sun

It whines about its mentality
Great feelings of freedom
Free of sweaty hands
Feeling of loneliness

All is well in the end
Now it has a friend again



The Fluffy White Sheep

by Amy, eighth grade poet

The fluffy sheep was left alone
Upon the metal, open throne
As footsteps echoed softly away
The fluffy sheep was left to stay

Soft as a cloud, warm like the sun
This little sheep, was all but one
With large back eyes, and a peachy nose
This little sheep could really pose

Just then, he heard a sound
What could that be? He thought with a frown
As candy bars were being unwrapped
He saw the treats, which were unpacked

Thoughts raced through his brain
But just then, he became quite sane
Even though his stitching was not poor
He was a doll, nothing more

Children poked, and children prodded
Even the adults, seemed to have nodded
Bright and happy with the kids
Soda popped, along with the lids

As the store was closing down
He felt as if he had lost his crown
As the day wasted by
All he could do, was silently cry

However, as the sun came up
The owner at home, filled her cup
Remembering that thing that she had lost
She jumped to her feet, prepared to any cost

The fluffy sheep was soon found
She left without making a sound
When they both returned home that day
A nap was needed, before any play



The Mute Teddy

by Olivia, eighth grade poet

Teddy was relaxing on my bed
Waiting for honey he was going to be feed
When my dog, as white as ice
Came and grabbed Teddy, and wasn't so nice

Cooing and kids screaming is what he heard
All of those noises came from the park and a bird
Under the bed he heard Xbox when my brother
would play
Bam – Bam was all he heard night and day

Grasses, trees, and rocks galore
That is what Teddy saw outdoors
Inside wasn't the same
Oh dust bunnies, they definitely came

Smelling and tasting was fun for Teddy
After the party he ate some confetti
When he smelled the water heating on the grass
He loved every minute that he waited to pass

When Teddy was getting dragged
He was in so much pain he wanted to be gagged
But after being dropped and felling gritty from the
sand
He knew he would wait until tomorrow he would be
as happy as a rock band

In so much pain or loving the alone time
He definitely missed me and knew I wasn't fine
Being very close or very far away
Teddy always was in my heart everyday

I was glad to find Teddy in my dog's mouth
If not Teddy would be lost practically in the south
I know he can not say
What he did for those days

I know my heart was dim
But I will always love him
Wherever I lay
Or any day!



Terminal Teddy

by Jordan, eighth grade poet

A teddy Bear a girl she holds.(1)
Soft and cuddly; her mind it molds.
She adores it dear
Throughout the year,
And now its tale just unfolds.

She runs; the bear falls out her pack
And falls into another sack.
Dumped on the floor,
Thrown at the door;
Now the bear is on its back

It sniffs the cologne and looks away.
It sees the plane. It'll leave today.
It must get back,
Or an owner, lack
And soon be left without a way.

It takes a chance and makes a leap,
To only land in a garbage heap.
It smells so bad,
Now Teddy's sad,
And the janitor reaches in so deep.

She pulls it up and starts to shout,
"Whose bear is this so short and stout?"
S he tosses it up,
Lands on a pup.
The bear, it frowns (2), in much doubt.

The girl cries shrill, "I want my bear!
I cannot locate it anywhere!"
The pup comes to her
And shakes his fur.
Now the girl and the bear is again a happy pair.



My Toy's Adventure

by Amanda, eighth grade poet

Paper flying and lockers slamming
These are the sounds that Sir Phillip hears
He flashes back to where he was before
Looking around seeing that his owner is no
more
The dull colors of the carpet swirl together
Close to his pale wooden face and deep black
eyes
Blue jewels topping his crown that is colored
gold
Suddenly a force bashes into Sir Phillip's back
A loud pop was all that was heard marked with
a crack
With the pain throbbing in his back Sir Phillips
suddenly feels
Himself being picked up
Turquoise colored eyes stare into his ink black
ones
A heart-shaped face framed by light brown
hair in what he also
Sees
A bright pink smile followed by a clap of glee
The halls crunched with lockers and
classrooms fade away so fast
As Sir Phillips is basked in a sun-lit glow
The red and blue jewels on his sword seemed
to sparkle and smile in the bright new light
"Mommy, mommy!" the child's bubbly voice
tumbles out of her mouth
Soon Sir Phillips is being examined by another
pair of turquoise eyes
Then he is tossed down on the green grass
Watching as the child and mother walked
passed
Filling up with sorrow at seeing the chance of
being loved again gone
Until a familiar grip is what Sir Phillip feels
For it is his rightful owner who has appeared



Air Bear

by Rachel, eighth grade poet

Gestured by the wind, Teddy whizzed about,
Twisting and twirling,
Without a map, fell short of a route,
Caught by a branch, he ceased his whirling.

Now misplaced; the home, he seeks,
Critters glide to examine him up and down,
Adventure, he smells; but he must not stay there
for weeks,
An unlikely creature to see, Teddy becomes
renowned.

A honey-like texture he finds,
Only to be disappointed, for sap, it was,
Passing the time, while the wind reminds,
To figure his way home, he takes a pause.

Distracted, birds harmonize nature's melody with a
magical wonder,
It feel's like a fairy's dome,
Teddy pursed ants for assistance, what a blunder,
How will I ever get home?

Sorrow bubbled in him when he was on the verge
of defeat,
Leaves chime and the breeze feels like a dream,
To go back to his home, the past must repeat,
The wind guides and the sun will beam.

Like before, the wind takes hold,
Sweeps Teddy away,
Good tale, was what he told,
Again on the window sill, he shall lay.

