THE POETS AND WRITERS IN THE SCHOOLS PROGRAM IN CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA HAS BEEN PRESENTED TO SIXTH GRADE STUDENTS IN SEVEN MIDDLE SCHOOLS AS A PART OF THE MIDDLE SCHOOL/HIGH SCHOOL READING PROJECT. FUNDING FOR THIS PROJECT HAS BEEN PROVIDED BY A GRANT UNDER TITLE VII, EMERGENCY SCHOOL AID ACT (ESAA). ADDITIONAL FUNDING, SPECIFICALLY FOR THE ARTS PROGRAM, HAS BEEN PROVIDED BY THE SOUTH CAROLINA ARTS COMMISSION AND THE NATIONAL ENDOWMENT FOR THE ARTS.

PARTICIPATING SCHOOLS

ALICE BIRNEY MIDDLE SCHOOL
HARBOR VIEW MIDDLE SCHOOL
JAMES ISLAND MIDDLE SCHOOL
LAING MIDDLE SCHOOL
MOULTRIE MIDDLE SCHOOL
WALLACE MIDDLE SCHOOL
C. E. WILLIAMS MIDDLE SCHOOL

EDITOR'S NOTE

ANOTHER PLEASANT SUNDAY WITH CLOSE FRIENDS, PAM MCMAHON AND I SOMEHOW GET LOCKED INTO A CONVERSATION ABOUT CHILDHOOD SONGS, TABOOS, AND CLEVER RETORTS: I'M RUBBER, YOU'RE GLUE; EVERYTHING YOU CALL ME BOUNCES OFF AND STICKS TO YOU.

THIS CONVERSATION REMINDS ME OF MY NOW-COMPLETED FOURTEEN WEEKS AS A POET IN CHARLESTON ESAA SCHOOLS AND MY NOW UN-COMPLETED INTRODUCTION TO THE ANTHOLOGY FOR THE PROGRAM. I REMEMBER THE PLEASURE OF RE-DISCOVERING MYSELF IN THESE SIXTH GRADE STUDENTS IN SUCH LINES AS KELLY BRINSON'S LOOK BACK AT THE FIRST GRADE WHEN "EVERY/ONE USED TO LOOK LIKE/ THE LITTLE JACK AND JILL/BOOKS" AND IN KIM THORTON'S MEMORY OF A TEACHER WHO "...MADE ME FEEL LIKE I HAD A COLD ON SATURDAY."

AND SUDDENLY IT'S MONDAY. PAM'S BROTHER "BLIND DAVE" HOLDER IS IN THE KITCHEN PLAYING A BEAUTIFUL, BOUNTIFUL GUITAR. SOME OF THE OTHER NICE MEMORIES OF THESE WEEKS ARE HAVING HAD HIM, DRINK SMALL, SUSAN URQUIA, UNCLE JOHN'S BAND, THE FLATLAND ROUNDERS, TOMMY LOVE, AND DAVID BOATWRIGHT AS VISITING ARTISTS IN THIS PROGRAM.

SO MUCH SHARING BY SUCH BEAUTIFUL, TALENTED INDIVIDUALS, IN THESE POEMS FROM THE STUDENTS, THE SHARING GOES ON. AND ON. ENJOY THEM ALL YOU TEACHERS, PARENTS, AND STUDENTS. DISCOVER YOUR SELF. IT IS A DELIGHTFUL EXPERIENCE, AND I AM HAPPY TO SHARE IT WITH YOU.

DALE ALAN BAILES
FOLLY BEACH, S.C.
MAY 1977
POEM

Moon come out.
Moon come and
give us light
Moon come and
give us large
waves.

Smita Acharya
Grade 6
C.E. Williams Middle School
POEM

The songs I hear
of yesteryear remind
me of the boys who blew in my ear!

Denise Barton
Grade 6
C.E. Williams Middle School

THE WHO?

My, you are so handsome,
you look like roses.
I do know I like you,
I think you like me.
When you see me,
you do not look.
But I look at you.
You turn your head
and look somewhere else, above.

Djuana Pittman
Grade 6
Wallace Middle School
DO YOU KNOW

Glowing eyes with light skin,
Long black hair, not so thin.
Tall not short,
That's what I court.

Laura Spivey
Grade 6
Wallace Middle School

THE FIRST KISS

I was on the road we had heard
cars when it happened I
felt like a king she looked
like a crown with jewels
then the big moment came
I felt like I inherited
10,000 dollars. She looked
like a cat her eyes
as sly as a cat.

Marc Silliman
Grade 6
Alice Birney Middle School
ON INSPIRATION POINT

I heard crickets.
I felt like sky rockets.
She looked like a rose.
When our lips touched,
I was floating on air
surprised
and the trees were
green.

James Nusspickel
Grade 6
Alice Birney Middle School

FIRST TIME KISSED

It was in the Terrace Theater. Her name is Windy.
White pants dark blue shirt. She had long black hair
blue eyes. I heard music I saw Wendy I smelled perfume.

Brett Johnson
Grade 6
Harbor View Middle School
POEM

I know a girl
not young or old
A smile of the wind that
can't be told
When I first saw her,
love was there
But isn't
love everywhere?

Tony Ward
Grade 6
James Island Middle School

NANCY

When I went to Missouri, I met a girl
named Nancy.
She was as pretty as a flower.
But we broke up after an hour.

Herbie Lowe
Grade 6
C.E. Williams Middle School
THE GIRL I KNEW

She is tough and rough
very brave indeed
She knows what to do when a fight starts
The boys all love her, but she doesn't love them
They will try, try again

Debbie Musselman
Grade 6
C.E. Williams Middle School

SOMETHING I REMEMBER

Someone I'd like to forget
he was very much like a crook
he always took my notebook
and hung it on a coat hook.

Lori Hamilton
Grade 6
C. E. Williams Middle School
BOBBY B.

Bobby B., do you remember me?
I sat across from you in Mrs. A's class.
You held my books in the hall,
And at recess we had a ball.
Remember what Peter did between classes
In front of the teachers too?
He got a group of kids and in two minutes we were wed.
We graded papers in the morning.
And we talked a lot too.
Bobby, do you remember me?
I remember you.

Janet Bean
Grade 6
C.E. Williams Middle School

POEM

The greatest friend I ever had
lives in a pedigree mansion. And every
thing she ever does she does in a
mannerly fashion.

Dianne Walker
Grade 6
Alice Birney Middle School
BARBARA

You were my first real friend
Though we had some fights.
We painted, played and swam.
I untied your ribbons, you chased me.
In winter time we break apart.
Homework's in the way.

Julie Sowell
Grade 6
C.E. Williams Middle School

JENIFER

Me and Jenifer
were like a key
and a lock we
would stay at our
houses and play we
would have eraser
fights in Sunday School
against the boys and
pull Donna's pantyhose
and tease the Sunday School
teacher about him getting
hit with an eraser.

Lyn Snyder
Grade 6
C.E. Williams Middle School
POEM

You were my friend but I hated you. 
We were always together but 
I hated you. 
You with your golden curls 
and always so nice and 
sweet. 
But I hated you. 
But when you left 
I was sad. 
I hated you no longer.

Susan Walton 
Grade 6 
C.E. Williams Middle School

POEM

My best friend 2 years 
ago told me something that 
made me cry. I was sad 
for days and days. She 
said "I hate you." I was 
drinking a coke and it 
was quiet for a long 
time.

Diana Lantz 
Grade 6 
Alice Birney Middle School
MY TEACHER LAST YEAR

Short, wise as an owl, and has no teeth. Influenced my life, and warmed my cold feet.

Roy Jones
Grade 6
Wallace Middle School

SHE HAS PRETTY HAIR

I sure would like to meet her. She has pretty hair. She has a big nose but I don't care. She's Cher.

Patti Varn
Grade 6
Wallace Middle School
WHEN I HEAR

When I hear a rocking chair
I think of Dale,
with his jelly belly and
his fussy hair,
with his gold-rimmed glasses
and his deep blue eyes.
He was always jumping around,
moving all the time,
with his fifty dollar shoes
scrubbing on the floor.
The next thing I knew
he was going out the door.

Laura Michele
Grade 6
Laing Middle School

A ROSE

My second grade teacher was a rose getting
its first petal. She was so soft and
gentle and everyone understood her. Then a
lawn mower came and cut her away.
What a sad day it was for all the
other flowers in the garden.

Lisa Cooke
Grade 6
C.E. Williams Middle School
SOMEONE I KNOW

She looks like a yellow flower waving in the wind.
She walks like a peacock walking in a parade.
She smells like the odor of 6 different perfumes.
She talks with her nose in the air.
Sometimes I feel like telling her but I'm scared.

Cathy Jackson
Grade 6
Moultrie Middle School

DO YOU KNOW

Do you know a girl who always seems so sure of herself but inside is baffled?
Do you know a girl who is inside, battling to chose, to find the right answer.
Do you know her?

Kristi Miller
Grade 6
Alice Birney Middle School
THE ROPE BEHIND THE DOOR

As I came home from school one day and what to my surprise! My mom had bought a rope to take her exercise. She was working very hard with that rope tied on the door. She may not be fat anymore but she's sore, sore sore.

Jackie Edwards
Grade 6
Alice Birney Middle School

DO YOU KNOW

Do you know the man at the Majik? The one who does the hambone who will give you his money if he has it to give who will take an icee right out of your hand by using magic How grand is the old man at the Majik?

John Lightner
Grade 6
Alice Birney Middle School
POEM

Her old house is like a dungeon. Old and dark as the night. She has an old wooden fence that encloses it and keeps out trespassers. When something is thrown into her yard, it is gone forever. There's a large oak tree that droops over the house, but no bird or squirrel ever goes near it, for the animals know who is evil and who is not.

Meredith Hutchinson
Grade 6
Wallace Middle School

DO YOU KNOW

Do you know the girl that lived in that old shack? She is the one who smelled like dirt and pancakes mixed. The one that put her hair in oil at night. She even ate burned chicken. That is the one.

Stephanie Phillips
Grade 6
Wallace Middle School
POEM

She has a beautiful face and hair.
She walks into the room like the "Jolly Green Giant"
and smells like chocolate and bus exhaust mixed together.
The first time I met her she said, "Could I borrow your pen, Eric?"
Standing like a statue of George Washington's horse.

Eric Smith
Grade 6
Moultrie Middle School

DO YOU KNOW?

Do you know the wino
who drinks a gallon of beer
and hardly grows any hair,
that goes falling in the road
and at night sleeps on the sidewalk?
Some people says he walks more than he talks.
When I see him I run to hide.
And his friends walk with him side by side
and that's that. At night he goes
to his wife's grave and screams for his wife.

Vernon Nesbit
Grade 6
Laing Middle School
DRINK SMALL

Drink Small plays as fast as a jack rabbit running from a fox. Drink sings as well as birds in the trees, and sings as deep as the hole in a volcano. He's as glorious as a cub going to sleep.

Robert Johnson
Grade 6
Laing Middle School

POEM

Drink Small sounds like a lion with laryngitis. When he was finished he made me feel like I was floating on a milk-shake.

Andrea DeVivo
Grade 6
Laing Middle School
HOROSCOPES OF SCORPIOS

Scorpios are known as fighters or wild cats. They seem to be left out on everything. It seems that they never want to tell their problems to anyone else. They like to write their own thoughts on paper and that makes them feel better. Scorpios are known as the best lovers.

Sonia Vaird
Grade 6
C.E. Williams Middle School

ELVIS

I want to be like Elvis Presley.
I like the way he does his thing.
He does it good when he sings.
He is a good person, I have to say,
Because Elvis Presley comes back every day.
He comes back March, April and May,
Because Elvis Presley is here to stay.

Malden Smith
Grade 6
James Island Middle School
POEM

On the first day of school I was a terrible sight
How would you like to be in a fight
with two black eyes and a bloody nose
I washed it off with a rubber hose

Tod Hollis
Grade 6
C.E. Williams Middle School

AFTER SCHOOL

After school I play my piano.
The keys go like this: ping-pong.
After I've had enough of that,
I play with my hula-hoop. It
goes shoe-shoe-shoe. Then I do my
homework. The book
goes--nothing, like your eyes blink.

Carol Smalls
Grade 6
Laing Middle School
DOING NOTHING

Sometimes I do little things for fun like seeing how far I can kick cans, or stepping on rotten fruit. Sometimes I go in the woods where I am by myself and there I pick blackberries and drop them in a bucket. Sometimes I step on cans and get them caught on my shoe. And sometimes I take the buds of flowers and open them up to see what the flower will look like.

Laura Black
Grade 6
Laing Middle School

DOING WHAT I DO

I like the things I do, Singing and tying my shoe, Going to the beaches and the pool And hearing all kinds of words like Yea man, it's cool Listening to people say what they did, Blabbering and yacking like a little kid.
PLUTO

I am all by myself
like a bird soaring
in the mountains.
I am all by myself
like a child without
a friend in the world
All by myself far
out in space.
All by myself.

Cindy Squires
Grade 6
C.E. Williams Middle School

RUNNING AWAY

Up in the attic
down the stairs,
looking for something I lost up there
Come down now or never come,
people all say you're really dumb.
I don't feel dumb I feel smart
I really sometimes want to part.

Jim Bailey
Grade 6
C.E. Williams Middle School
WHAT I AM IN CERTAIN CLASSES

In math I'm an all-ears child, 
that listens hard and talks so mild.

In science I'm a little slumper, 
and sit so restless in my jumper.

In lunch I'm a little big eater 
and sit in a chair, staring at a boy named Peter.

In art I'm a dreamer, 
about me and a screamer.

In social studies I'm a bore 
hoping and wishing there will be no more.

In reading I'm a reader, 
and hoping that I will never be a leader.

In English I'm a writer, 
drinking blueberry cider.

Patricia Ayers  
Grade 6  
James Island Middle School
FIRST DAY OF SCHOOL

Like a bird with wings
I fled through the door,
I tripped on the step,
And fell to the floor.

I ran to my chair,
About to cry.
I sat right there
With a tear in my eye.

I was sitting by a boy
When the teacher came in.
He looked like a toy,
With a real high chin.

And then in a while
It was time to go.
I cracked a smile
And said goodbye real low.

Jane Staley
Grade 6
James Island Middle School
POEM

When I was in first grade I remember the cane hitting people. And the teacher saying, Get Quiet! Sit Down! Shouting in the hall, move out of the way.

Katrina Ketchen
Grade 6
Laing Middle School

THE FIRST DAY OF SCHOOL

The first day of school I was shakey as a slinky and nervous as Don Knotts. Too scared to talk!!

The hallway was as scary as a tunnel with a train going 60, crowded with people who sounded like a bunch of monkeys.

When the bell rang in my ear my heart jumped in my throat. Stepping into the classroom felt like stepping into a shark's mouth

Group Poem
Ms. Badger's Class
Grade 6
Harbor View Middle School
BAD DAYS

On bad days I feel terrible.
And when I wake up and
hear the birds sing
I feel like giving
their little necks a wring!

Tara Beadle
Grade 6
Wallace Middle School

DOING NOTHING

I'm just doin' nothin'.
Just sittin' around.
I went to get the mail
from the post office in town.
On my way back,
I met my best friend.
We laughed and we played,
with even more time to spend.

Michele Barker
Grade 6
Laing Middle School
DOING NOTHING

Sitting down like a bump on a log, what am I doing? Nothing.
Skipping rocks on the water, thinking what I'm doing, I answer myself with, Nothing.
Feeling the sun hitting my face like it's on fire, the wind blowing through my hair. I sit on the rock, doing nothing.

Jennifer Rogers
Grade 6
Laing Middle School

I'M REALLY NOT A DUMMY

My brother calls me a dummy,
In most everything I do,
It doesn't make me feel good,
It really makes me blue.

Really I am not,
Which I will prove to you.
Actually I can do better, the Things he used to do.

I can play good football,
I'm even at that with him
I can use my vocabulary
From the bottom to the brim.

Mark Burckhalter
Grade 6
Wallace Middle School
BARBARA JEAN

I hate that stupid old name it makes me feel kind of funny when my friends say that name it makes me feel like a lonely dove.

Barbara Scott
Grade 6
C.E. Williams Middle School

INSIDE OF ME

Inside of me is a boy running. And every time I do something good to help myself he runs faster, and every time I do something to hurt myself he slows down. So I'll try to do everything right.

Keith Alston
Grade 6
Moultrie Middle School
INSIDE OF ME

Inside of me I'm very tall
But outside of me I'm very small
Outside of me I get a lot of hassles
But inside of me I can lift 20 castles

David Pate
Grade 6
Moultrie Middle School

POEM

When I first learned to tie my shoe,
I felt like that was all I wanted to do.
I thought I was Queen of Spain,
I'd never get old and have to use a cane.

Tammy Capo
Grade 6
Harbor View Middle School
I WISH I WAS SIXTEEN

I wish I was sixteen,
so I would be big and strong,
so I could drive a car
and have many girlfriends.
I wish I was sixteen,
so I could be 6 feet tall
and be on my own.

David Wertan
Grade 6
Harbor View Middle School

THE FIRST KISS

The first kiss was in my bed.
The sound was the radio.
I felt like pepper.
She looked like a snow rabbit.
She felt like a deer.
When it happened,
I felt like tabasco sauce
She looked like cotton candy.
She had red cheeks.

Bill Floyd
Grade 6
Alice Birney Middle School
THE HORSE

Grazing in the green grass
Running wild through woods
The limbs slapping in his face
Moonlight shows his shadow

Andy Carroll
Grade 6
C.E. Williams Middle School

POEM

The snake has fiery eyes
and his bloody dangerous fangs
sink into your thick blood and
he looks at you and laughs gently.

Tyrone Green
Grade 6
Wallace Middle School

POEM

A car windshield sounds like a
frog croaking.

Lyndon Manigault
Grade 6
Laing Middle School
DEER AND WOODSMAN

A deer runs swiftly like the wind through the thick forest full of leaves. How can the gentle deer never stumble when the wildest woodsman falls every now and then and goes home with a hung head?

Frances Choate
Grade 6
Wallave Middle School

POEM

My dog is barking
my bird is singing
my cat is up a tree
but I know she will come down purring like the sea.

Lynn Snyder
Grade 6
C.E. Williams Middle School

A FOX

A fox, a sly creature stalking the night, eyes of fire, flickering at dawn.

John Mansperger
Grade 6
C. E. Williams Middle School
Going to the fair on a hot summer day,
All the little children going out to play.
See the black gorilla sitting in its cage,
See the ferocious lion going into a rage.
Feel the sticky cotton candy,
Taste the ice-cream and its cone.
When you've eaten all of the food,
All of your money is gone.
When it's time to go back home
Everyone is happy.
Then they all rush through the door
to go and tell their pappy.

Louis D. Heyward
Grade 6
C.E. Williams Middle School
"TAKE ME HOME, COUNTRY ROADS"
A tune of long ago echoes through my mind.  
Coming back home from Wisconsin  
All the thoughts come to my mind.  
A faded white farmhouse  
Surrounded by green trees.  
Lush, thick growth on mountains.  
A light, cool country breeze  
Hearing "Take Me Home, Country Roads" on the radio.

Mike Crombie  
Grade 6  
Harbor View Middle School

NEW ENGLAND
I used to live there, every day.  
I used to sit and pass the time away.  
Now I visit once a year.  
I only regret that it isn't here.

Roy Jones  
Grade 6  
Wallace Middle School
POEM

One time during a sun shower
while I was eating peas from a knife,
my mom and dad had told me
that the devil was beating his wife.
So then I went out in the sand
and went right straight digging
to see if this story was true
or they were only kidding.
So my parents came outside
to see what was happening.
I told them I wanted to see the Devil and wife
just hitting, fighting and scrapping.

Damon Fordham
Grade 6
Moultrie Middle School

POEM

A place surrounded by water
it smells like a waxed car
where people look like slanted lines
and feel like a marble

Brian Sweat
Grade 6
Alice Birney Middle School
IT HAPPENED IN THE KITCHEN

It happened in the kitchen when I first tried to feed myself. I remember the sweet smell of the apple sauce, that I dropped in my lap when I lifted the spoon.

Walter Bonifay
Grade 6
Harbor View Middle School

FAVORITE

A favorite place I like to go Is when I'm wading in the pigs' trough. Cool and dirty oh what fun. Sitting in the mud and sun.

Dean Hendrix
Grade 6
Moultrie Middle School
POEM

I like when I walk, my shoes creak, and I like Rock music and I like when a cork comes off of a bottle. I like the sound of a ball hitting a bat.

Timothy Bunton
Grade 6
Laing Middle School

WHEN IT'S SNOWING OUTSIDE

I like to smell of fresh white snow flying in my hair. I like to feel the warm fur of a cuddly cat, all balled up like a small raccoon hat.

Penny Sanders
Grade 6
Harbor View Middle School
POEM

I like to cook pizza,
with cheese,
and sausage,
and sauce,
and ground meat,
and green onions.

Deron Casbeer
Grade 6
James Island Middle School

I LIKE

I like to listen to
crumbly paper as
it is cracked
and books
when they get stacked, and
smell the wind
when it comes
in, and a
cake when it
begins.

Kim Bartelson
Grade 6
James Island Middle School
POEM

I like to go to the creek
and get mud on my cheeks.
It's very fun to get dirty
and not take a bath till you're thirty.
I'd like to play in the mud for a year
and never wash my hair.

Artie Clark
Grade 6
Harbor View Middle School

THE WOODS

I like to go in the woods when I get grounded
and look at the birds with some that are rounded
and one day I luckily heard
the flitter and flatter of one little bird.

Kevin Young
James Island Middle School
POEM

Saturn is like an angel's head
wearing her ring too low.

Bubba Catoe
Grade 6
Harbor View Middle School

WINTER

As the birds fly by
the tree's branches wave Goodbye--
wait again for Spring.

Scott Harvey
Grade 6
C.E. Williams Middle School

SOUNDS

An opening rose sounds like
a butterfly fluttering its wings.

Lorice Moore
Grade 6
Laing Middle School
POEM

When I am confused, angry or sad,
I go to the fields and trees
To hear the birds sing and chirp in happiness,
To see how the many things have advanced.
I'll go there to get away from the trouble of the world,
To think and be alone.
For when thoughts are mixed up in my head
To the trees and the fields I have often fled.

Kelvin Singleton
Grade 6
James Island Middle School

DIVING

Oh how it is so dark and silent
but how you make it glow
when you turn on your trusty light
and it feels so good when you go over
the coral reef, and the sea life is so
swarming with fear because you blind them
with your light and the bubbles tickle your face.

Ryan Sabir
Grade 6
C. E. Willams Middle School
SUNRISE

It comes silently.  
Then, then it happens.  
It's stuck and can't come up,  
for the water has it tight.

William Martin Towler  
Grade 6  
C. E. Williams Middle School

THE WIND

The wind is blowing.  
The sea ruffles from its  
force.  
It seems the water's running  
to get away from the wind  
of course.

Marcia Fields  
Grade 6  
C. E. Williams Middle School

THE MOON

The moon glided down  
his moonlight trail  
trying not to be  
swallowed up by the lake.

Lisa Mosley  
Grade 6  
C. E. Williams Middle School
MY IMAGINARY FRIEND

The day I lost my imaginary friend,
I searched the rainbows at their end.
I crossed the waters, he must have been lost.
But I vowed to find him, whatever the cost!
I searched under tables, I searched under chairs.
I searched in the bedroom, I searched on the stairs.
I searched in the hallway, but then I thought wait!!
I knew I had reached a TERRIBLE fate!!
Well, he never returned to a sad, sorry me.
But of course, yes, of course, what will be will be.

Donna Enloe
Grade 6
C.E. Williams Middle School
I'M IN THE YEAR 2001

I'm in the year 2001.
The smog's so thick,
You can hardly see the sun.
The houses are so crowded and small
When you open a door, you knock down a wall!
But I guess that's O.K.,
Looks like I'm going to have to stay.

Eddie Bello
Grade 6
C. E. Williams Middle School

THE BLACK NIGHT

The night was black
as a Halloween cat.
It was a scary time,
as it was 12:00.
Then, as suddenly,
a scary figure forms.
It scares you into
tenseness. It is only
a dream. It is only
the night.

David Nelson
Grade 6
Laing Middle School
POEM

At night I see the constellations,
The ancient ways of life.
Perseus saving Andromeda,
Orion chasing the Bears.
The pawns, the queens, the gods, the warriors.
Face to face I greet the cast,
The heroes of the past.

Mike Crombie
Grade 6
Harbor View Middle School

FEARS!

When I was all in bed
Staring in the night
While in my huge closet
Two monsters in a fight
One was big and green
Which really was my pants
He stopped and stood for a moment
And started doing a dance
I got a little suspicious
And took him fiercely out
I found it was my pants
And said Alleluia with a shout!

David Grover
Grade 6
Moultrie Middle School
MY DAYDREAM WORLD

In my daydream world I'd like to be in a silk dress with a sheer jacket to match it. It will have to be yellow or I won't take it. It would have to be down to the floor. I'd have patent leather shoes with a patent leather rose on it. They would be yellow to match my dress. I would have long, soft hair, and I would sit and drink lemonade all day long.

Janell Brown
Grade 6
Moultrie Middle School

GOLD

Gold is a horse that gallops through the grazing fields of time.

Your hair is filled with strings of gold

Without gold these wonderful thoughts would no longer exist

Mona Stuhr
Grade 6
C.E. Williams Middle School
WALTER WAS MY BEST FRIEND

Walter my friend had a real big head
but I am sad to know he is dead.
He got killed when he was crossing a road
chasing after a big fat brown toad.
When I heard of this, I cried and cried
when I heard my best friend had really died.

Adrian Frazier
Grade 6
C.E. Williams Middle School

POEM

Now that my aunt is dead
I barely remember the shape of her head,
She used to be so very kind. When I
was lonely she wasn't hard to find. I wish
she didn't die because she made the pie.

Gene Broderick
Grade 6
Harbor View Middle School
MY FATHER'S HOME

My dad has gone
to the land of golden
meadows and silver streams.

I know I won't see
him, until the day I
go to the land of
the happy hunting ground.

The people say that
love is strong there.
They also say that
old wounds are healed.

But I won't know
until the day
I lay down on
this land

and go to the land of
the Dead.

Andy Jacobs
Grade 6
Wallace Middle School
DO YOU KNOW

My grandmother she walks through her house waiting for my grandfather to return from the dead. She sits in her old chair and rocks back and forth. When you look at her you can see her snuff mouth, she has hair like silk and eyes like balloons. When I touch her, she has skin that is all wrinkled up. And when I go to her there she sits waiting in her old chair.

Inger Outz
Grade 6
Alice Birney Middle School
DYING

I don't want to be cremated
I want to be buried down there
'cause if I'm cremated
I will pollute the air.

Tammi McCrae
Grade 6
C.E. Williams Middle School
THE JESTER JOE

Joe the jester
sits by the palace door,
looking and waiting for the blue
uniformed messenger
coming to tell him the queen wishes
some entertainment.
Then two gardeners walk by,
smelling like dirt and grass,
saying to each other, "The
garden is doing very well. It
would do better if Joe would
help us instead of sitting
there by the door!"
Joe becomes angry. Then
an idea comes to him.
He smiles wickedly.
He stalks quietly away.
To plan a trick on the
two gardeners.

Beth Hodgin
Grade 6
Laing Middle School
JESTER

David the jester
stands beside the ballroom window
looking at the blue eyed princess
when the King and the Queen, with
the look of anger, storm in.
He listens. "We must not let him
see the princess."
He grins with the feeling of love.
He sneaks as if a cat
up the stairs to her room.

Mary Reid
Grade 6
Laing Middle School

THE JESTER

Jack the jester smirks.
He is looking at a beautiful girl
in a red dress.
In the dark balcony
The smell of perfume drifts in
the air.
Jack hears the crowd applaud
in joy.
So Jack feels like a fresh
picked flower, in the sun, on the
kitchen table.

Cynthia Hopkins
Grade 6
C.E. Williams Middle School
POEM

Jack the Jester
is sitting, looking through binoculars
at the bank across the street.
Then came two men looking like two policemen.
Then the big one says to the little one, "I think this is the apartment where I saw the binoculars."
Then Jack gasped!!
He climbed out of the window like a bear climbing down from a tree for some honey!!

Mike Hiott
Grade 6
Laing Middle School
JESTER

After a painting by Judith Leyster

Rocko the jester stands outside the balcony window looking at the red, yellow and orange rainbow. The Queen and her daughter come in smelling like red roses. He overhears the Queen talking to her daughter about the King's surprise birthday party. He grins happily. He leaves quietly like a cat.

Joann Nelson
Grade 6
Laing Middle School
POEM

don't look at a black cat
don't walk under a ladder
don't open an umbrella in the house
if you break a mirror it makes seven years bad luck
kill three birds with one stone
an uneven number can bring bad luck
when someone or something dies that figure is what died
don't put your fingers where you won't put your face
if you dream something three times it will give you bad luck
don't bite the finger that feeds you.

Pat Kirchner
Grade 6
Moultrie Middle School
POEM

In a classroom,
light green walls
black for chalkboards
tan in the halls
large white ceilings
dirty green floors
I am glad when I
am out of doors.

John Mansperger
Grade 6
C. E. Williams Middle School

TRICKS

Tricking somebody I knew in another class
Tricking somebody is fun
Unless they trick you last

Susan Dalton
Grade 6
Moultrie Middle School
POEM

Some people say if your left hand itches
you will meet a new person but I
don't believe them
Some people say if your right hand itches
you will find money somewhere. I don't
believe that either
If you break a mirror, it is seven years
bad luck
If you shoot the world's bird, you
will have bad luck
Some people say if you walk around
an Indian's grave he will say go
away let me rest in peace.

Vivian Oliphant
Grade 6
Moultrie Middle School
MRS. WHOSIT

Footballs go poof.  
Baseball just disappear.  
Anything that touches the yard  
goes up in smoke,  
off in space.  
Who knows where they all went?  
She does.

Harry Oberman
Grade 6
Wallace Middle School

SOUNDS

Black makes the sound that  
Gives you a real scare.  
Orange is the sound  
Of a fun fair.  
Blue is the happy sound  
Of children playing.  
Red is the sound of kissing. And  
Purple is the sound you're missing.

Donny Mobley
Grade 6
Laing Middle School
POEM

Riding down the road in a car,
Singing twinkle twinkle little star.
Singing just the first bar,
Twinkle twinkle little star.

David Perreault
Grade 6
Alice Birney Middle School

NIGHT SOUNDS

Cars are racing
down the street
dogs are barking
at my feet and
I'm trying to
go to sleep

Jody Hannock
Grade 6
Alice Birney Middle School
JIMMY CARTER

I saw a man who said to me
"We'll get to prosperity."
Jimmy Carter was his name.
Call him "President," it's just the same.
He really won over Gerald Ford.
Good thing he did or we'd all be bored.
ABOUT THE POET...,
