

# Poems

by the Vice and Virtue Class of 2022





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**Coral Reefs**  
**by Joshua Cao**

Coral reefs are full of life,  
Full of things that flee or fight,  
Hungry reef sharks search for prey,  
Schools of fish dash far away.

Massive whales cruise through the sea,  
Shunning danger, turtles flee,  
Flattened rays appear to fly,  
Armored crabs come crawling by.

Jellyfish propel themselves,  
Showing off their colored bells,  
Swordfish noses slash like swords,  
Schools of fish start forming hordes.

Sea birds snack on foolish fish,  
Wide-mouthed groupers spy a dish,  
Parrotfish tend to the coral,  
Reef sharks glare without good moral.

Coral reefs are full of color,  
Full of things that eat another,  
Though they may be far away,  
Maybe I'll see one someday.

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## Spring

by John Craig

Oh, spring is here; it's coming near;  
It's coming 'round the bend—  
The birds will sing, porch chimes will ring,  
For winter's at its end.

The birds, the bees, the flowers, and trees  
All feel the cool spring air.  
From pollen's sneeze to rippling seas,  
Spring will always be there.

The sun shines bright, it gives off light—  
It helps the flowers grow.  
The clear blue skies shall lift your eyes  
To see that there's no snow.

April showers bring May flowers.  
Most don't mind the rain.  
The ones that say it's too rainy a day  
Will surely just complain.

Spring is great—it's hard to hate.  
This season is the best.  
The warmth is fine; with flowers divine,  
It rivals all the rest.

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**A Day At the Lake**  
**by Bruno Haselbarth**

When I wake up with the sun in my eyes  
And hear the waves splashing onto the beach,  
Creeping downstairs, I hope no one will rise.  
I smell mountain air and hear the birds screech.

My hunger reminds me it's breakfast time.  
Gathering all the makings for pancakes,  
As I mix and fry, the pile does climb,  
With butter and syrup, sure beats cornflakes.

Following breakfast, we're ready to swim.  
We lather up and put on our swimsuits.  
A perfect dive in the water, we skim,  
Playing all day and in constant cahoots.

As the sun starts to set, hunger sets in.  
Fire up the grill for a barbecue!  
Papa's awesome chicken and ribs—dig in!  
Hot corn on the cob, salty french fries, too.

How about a bonfire at the shore?  
I watch the fire as it snaps and glows.  
We use chocolate and cookies for a s'more.  
It's so peaceful and quiet I could doze.

**The Birch Tree**  
**by Julianne Kelly**

The ragged summer wind blows by;  
It makes the birch tree dance and fly.  
The scorching summer hours are dry.

The birch tree frolics and she plays  
When autumn sends her bright sun's rays.  
The birch tree loves these chill fall days.

The snow blends with the birch tree's bark  
Just like the fast gray hungry lark.  
The cold white winter is quite stark.

The sweet spring air is all so new.  
The flowers stand all dressed in dew.  
The birch tree likes this season, too.

The pale white birch tree stands so tall,  
And in her twigs the sweet birds call.  
Her branches are a home for all.



## **Winter**

**by Kathleen Kelly**

Snowflakes floating to the ground;  
Snowflakes playing all around;  
Children on the snowy mound.

Crystal cold ice on the floor;  
Water freezing more and more;  
Falling on it makes you sore.

Blizzards blowing strong white snow—  
If you live near you should know  
Snowstorms great can bring man woe.

Snowmen standing in the yard;  
Snowmen staring very hard;  
Snowmen always on the guard.

Racing out on sleds is fun;  
Winter games have just begun.  
Big sleds, small sleds, all are gone.

**When Springtime Comes Around**  
**by Avamaria Marra**

Oh when springtime comes around,  
And all the flowers start to bloom,  
As he shares his merry sound,  
Look up and spot the bright red plume.

Oh when springtime comes around,  
Embrace the light cool breeze.  
While fowl in the air abound,  
Stop to perch on budding trees.

Oh when springtime comes around,  
Wonder 'long the winding creek.  
Lay in a flower-coated mound,  
And watch the clouds' sterling streak

Oh when springtime comes around,  
Smell the golden daffodils;  
Skip across the verdant ground,  
Accompanied by yielding hills.

Oh when springtime comes around,  
Run across the fields and plains.  
Bear in mind what you have found:  
Days of joy are surely gained.

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**Snow Season**  
**by Gigi Marra**

In the snow, cold and white,  
You would want to go outside tonight.  
But when you want a snowball fight,  
Maybe don't do it at night!

In the forest very cold,  
You would have to be very bold.  
But when you shiver cold and wide,  
You would want to go inside.

When the snow goes pitter-patter  
Against your window, snowflakes grow fatter.  
Christmas time is approaching soon,  
When Santa flies across the moon.

The morning snow provides good warning;  
Curious foxes are nearby swarming,  
As they look for winter food  
To satisfy their hungry mood.

When Christmas day is finally here,  
You know that presents are very near.  
'Tis the season for family to be clear,  
While outside Santa rides all his reindeer.

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## Spring

by Margot Mohan

When daffodils put forth their leaves  
And snowdrops tilt their heads,  
The ice is dripping from the eaves  
And hoes removed from sheds.

The garden beds are turning mellow.  
While with our tools we toil,  
The early flowers dressed in yellow.  
Our hands turn up the soil.

Beneath the shade, the blooming trees  
Unlock their petals pink.  
I sit to read among the bees  
And have some time to think.

The days are slowly waxing on,  
And yet time hastens by.  
And soon the flowers will be gone—  
We all let out a sigh.

But guided by the light we feel,  
Our hope renewed once more,  
We sow our early seeds with zeal  
Until we reach the shore.

**Ford Trucks Galore**  
**by Ben Shapren**

The F-150 can't be beat—  
250 hp, what a treat!  
Great for plowing, driving, more:  
Don't forget to lock the door.

The F-250, one step up,  
Overcomes each ditch and bump,  
Cruising, hauling—all you want.  
Of all the trucks it bears the brunt.

The F-350, one great truck,  
Can resist all the muck.  
Super-duty, made to lead,  
Strong and faithful is its creed.

The F-550, better still,  
Drives to job sites with a will.  
Thicker-treaded, good for towing,  
Pulls equipment, good for mowing.

The F-850, king of all.  
If I had one, I'd name it *Paul*.  
Roaring, roaring down the way,  
These trucks are strong and here to stay.

## **Winter**

**by Mateo Strid**

When trees are bare and leaves have fallen  
When trees look dead,  
There's still beauty.

When cold strikes by day and night and light starts to hide back,  
When darkness falls,  
There's still some light.

When days get shorter and nights get long,  
When sleep comes sooner,  
There's still much fun.

When outside's pleasures seem long and gone,  
When sleet comes down,  
Pretty snow still falls.

No matter the weather of the day,  
Sun, now or rain—  
It's always nice.

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## California

by Nate Wallacavage

California, vacation week!  
Will we all climb a mountain peak?  
Enjoy smelling the fresh sea air,  
Walking about without a care.

Walking down to the sandy shore,  
Listening to the loud waves roar.  
Letting my feet get cold and wet,  
Sitting down to watch the sunset.

Feeling the nice hot desert sun,  
Strolling around and having fun.  
A hidden cave so hard to see,  
Ancient art in Joshua tree.

Mountains make me feel wild and free,  
Gigantic hills full of beauty.  
Hiking up these humongous mounds,  
Hearing many amazing sounds.

Off to the west I am running,  
To see a sight—oh so stunning.  
High in the blue sky I can see,  
The setting sun blaze over me.