

Poems



By the Foundations Class of 2017

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Big Cats

By Micah Lozano

Of all the creatures in the world
I think cats are best
Though birds and dogs are fine
cats stand above the rest.

Tigers are the
Biggest of the pack
They hold the rest
Upon their very back.

When lions are
In the fight
There are no
Animals in sight.

When a cheetah
Races, the dirt
Meets his whiskers
And makes a shirt .

And that is why
You should be quite
shy when You meet
A cat to fight.

The Sky

By Francesca Milani

Hanging heavy over me
A thick grey blanket forms,
Dark and still at the same time,
The calm before the storm

Bursting forth from angry clouds
As fast as arrows fall,
A stream of tears, a blur of blue,
As roaring thunders call

Rain slows down and light shines through
There's joy instead of tears,
All the clouds have blown away
The sky is blue and clear

Sun falls down and every color
Vanishes from sight,
Midnight blue, a million stars
Are giving us their light

Even when the stars aren't shining
I don't have to be afraid,
I am loved and held by Him,
By Whose hands the sky was made

A Walk in the Woods

Lucas Mohan

The sun was flashing beams of light
that painted leaves and boughs.
A gentle breeze brushed past our cheeks
and cooled our sweating brows.

The smell of walnut, pines and cones
licked every breath of air.
A hawk was circling high above
descending to its lair.

Behind my back some nestlings chirped
to call on food and drink.
A mother bear ran with her cub
straight to the rivers brink.

The thinning trees revealed a plain
which waxed before our eyes.
We trotted sunning grass and weeds
not holding back our sighs.

The time had come to turn around.
Our limbs were spent and worn.
We hiked on past these pleasures thick,
and reached our home by morn.

The Beach

By Andrew Stevens

I'm at the beach: the salty smell,
the crumbly sand beneath my toes.
I smoosh, I pack, I pat it down;
beneath my hands the castle grows.

The gleaming ocean rumbles loud
with foaming waves that crash and fall.
I grab my board and run and splash -
the water hits me like a wall.

I'm resting now within the shade;
Across my face the breezes blow.
I see the kites fly high above
and watch the big blue ocean flow.

Now on the boardwalk with my friends,
the smell of french fries fills my nose,
the thrilling rides that tower high,
the sea breeze all around us blows.

But being with my family's
my favorite thing about the beach.
With all the laughter and the fun
no other time this joy could reach.

Seasons

by Jane Stalaker

The light of green that shines through your eyes,
The flower blooms like opening colors,
Rings of birds chirping fills the air,
And all will make you want to play

The firing RED sun shines above,
The waves of beaches roar like lions,
Smell of popsicles color the air,
You waive to dolphins, shark, and whales

Yellow, orange, brown, and green,
The shadows of the color trees,
The crinkly sound of falling leaves,
And squirrels storing nut in huts

Last, not least, the coldest awaits,
The frosted icicles fall from wreaths,
The sound of children snowball fighting,
Hot chocolate awaits and marshmallows too.