

POEMS

by the Foundations Class of 2014



Camping

By Tim Lorenz

We venture through the woods of Maine,
Every mountain, hill and plain.
Back to the cabin at night we go
And drink a cup of hot cocoa.

We wake up early in the morning,
Knowing the day will not be boring.
Then down to the lake we go to fish,
To make a tasty dinner dish.

The next morning we do awake;
We grab the tube and run down to the lake
We tie the tube with a rope to the boat
And in a minute were all afloat.

When it's time to leave we pack our things
And say good-bye to all nature brings.
We see the cabin fade round the bend
And know all stories have an end.

The Night

by Ben Callahan

As shadows fill the sky at night,
In bed young children lay.
As stars shine oh so bright with light
As bats come out to play

As household lights turn out at night
As all sound has drowned out
As owls in hunt at night take flight
As crickets hop about

As moths surround the lights at night
As foxes sneak around
As birds in nests sleep snug and tight
The hare sleeps underground.

As sunlight fills the sky at day,
In bed young children wake.
As clouds float all around in play,
On the pan breakfasts bake.

A Day at the Beach
Chloe MacLacklin

As I am driving in the car,
To the sunny Jersey shore,
I think of how much fun it will be;
At the beach I'm never bored.

All I can see is water and sand,
It's warm beneath my feet,
But I don't lie down or sleep or tan,
I run into the sea.

And in the sea I splash and play,
And breathe the salty air,
All of my troubles melt away;
I have no worries or cares.

But sadly it is time to leave,
And we pack our bags to go,
And think of how much fun it will be
When we play in the snow.

Books and Me
By Maria Dierkes

When mother says it's time for bed,
To bed I disappear
And there I read a book instead.
I love to read Shakespeare.

Away I travel far and wide
To towns I've never seen.
To mountains, plains, and forest's side
And all that stands between.

But when I have to put away
The book I love so much
With a melancholy silence
Neath the pillow gently shove.

I long for another chapter
To help refresh my mind,
A tiny and pretty picture
With lots of things to find.

The Snow
by **Brian Klee**

The snow falls softly around town,
White fluffy snowflakes from above,
Running, scampering, not a frown.
Not play outside? That's unheard of!

Again, the white flakes fall about.
The wintry snow begins to mound.
The children laugh and scream and shout,
Building a fort with many a sound

In for cocoa the young boys run.
The children drink and have their fill.
Their Mothers ask, "Did you have fun?"
As they themselves flee winter's chill.

But after all this falling snow,
They have seen many a snowflake.
The boys now know it has to go—
Summer is their piecing heart's ache.

The young boys watch from their window.
It seems to them a dreadful sight.
They say no more, "We love the snow!"
They now don't like these flakes of white.

The Great Took
by **Louie Ricou**
adapted from **J.R.R. Tolkien**

There is a town called Hobbiton
Where mirthful Hobbits freely live.
A leader from the ranks would come
And he the stunning blow would give.

One frightening day an army came—
An army made of goblins fierce.
Then Took with voice so loud exclaimed,
Unite my clan take swords and spears.

But hobbits are a peaceful friend
With neither sword nor spear nor bow.

Yet their calm home they would defend
With stick and shovel, adze and hoe.

The hobbits fought with courage strong;
Their spirits bold matched goblins cruel.
The battle raged so very long
Till all were spent, save two to duel.

With club in hand and shield by side.
The hero charged and swung to stun.
The goblin's head went flying wide.
Then all was done; the hobbits won.

A Homeschooled Student
by Christian Harper

I am a homeschooled student,
And so am often asked
Those questions quite ill-mannered
About my daily tasks.

“What time do you get out of bed?”
“Before the bread does bake.”
“I wonder if you leave your house?”
“I do—this isn't fake.”

“How many siblings do you have?”
“How many would you guess?”
“I wonder, do you even think?”
“Enough to win in chess.”

The cashier asks, “No school today?”
“I'm homeschooled,” I reply.
If I am asked these one more time,
I think that I might cry!

Vacation
by Isaac Pauline

The family went to Disney Park;
We left at early dawn.
The trip was long; it soon got dark.
The lights were then turned on.

And after waiting, we went on rides;
We sat and watched the shows.
We swooped down twisted slippery slides,
And saw the fireworks below.

Characters are running around;
Excited kids are screaming.
Not a sad person to be found—
This can't be real; I'm dreaming.

But soon the day has concluded.
Today has been so fun.
Not one of us have been excluded
Our vacation is now done.

The Frozen Pond
by Robert Gardner

The snow is gently falling down;
The air is still and white.
The traffic slackens in the town;
The snow is very bright.

The sky is white and so's the ground;
The wind blows through the trees.
There's snow and ice all around,
And lakes nearby begin to freeze.

The coldness bites upon my face
And scratches at my skin.
And when the cold wind runs its race,
It makes no single trace.

The river shimmers in the sun
And sparkles bright as gold,
And people skate the frozen pond
Not bothered by the cold!