

POEMS

by the Foundations class of 2013



Flying

By Linda Rose Manginelli

I flutter up the high stone stair;
I reach my wings up high.
The wind does through my feathers tear;
I feel like I could fly.

The squirrels below look up at me.
They dig and hunt all day.
Their faces twitch excitedly;
They're colors black and gray.

And then I'm off with a big leap;
I fly so very fast.
The distance down is very deep.
It's summer now at last.

Then as I'm speeding through the air.
I feel a little jerk,
And then I run back to the stair;
It hardly feels like work.

Now it is time that I have told
What has been going on.
How I am going fast and bold
Across the big green lawn.

My zip-line hangs from tree to tree;
It's seventy feet long.
I zip at high velocity.
Let's hope this line is strong.

I've had my zip-line for a year.
It gives us all such joy.
That I will often hear a cheer
In praise of this great toy.

Winter

By Colette Cavazos

When icicles dangle from my roof,
I know the winter season's near.
Soon, I have my undoubted proof:
Calendars say December's here.
When pine trees huddle in their coats,
Snow shoveling is done over thrice.
No men can row the lakes in boats
Because of sparkling, gleaming ice.
When particles drift to the ground
Among the pebbles greatly beams
A thousand diamonds all around;
A snowfall is a day that gleams.

Snow's glaring menace I do see,
The biting cold cuts through my hat.
An ice-cream cone sounds bad to me;
Now what would Grandma say to that?
I slowly trudge through snowy fields
And make my way through my back lawn.
A brittle, solemn fruit tree yields
No plump apples for Fall is gone.
The naked trees snatch bare, cold snow
To cloak themselves in winter weather.
Their toes extend for others, though
There are no daffodils or heather.

The hardships of the cold are many.
The meetings are postponed and late.
When pretty things are your goal, any
Amount of beauty's on each date.
When winter seems a horrid season,

Just see the beauties all around.
There really are many a reason
Why you should love the icy ground.
You may be tempted to despair;
The whistling wind goes on and on.
Look at the gorgeous beauties there
And love the sight of your white lawn!

Swimming

By Caleb Cavazos

Before I swim throughout the pool,
I must adjust to water cool.
At first the water freezes me,
With clutching rail and shaking knee.

A wobbly board right under feet,
And slippery slide just can't be beat.
Or even jump just off the side,
Since every way's a thrilling ride.

But then Mom calls, "Swim time is done."
The drying off is not much fun.
I think about the next day's swim,
Still thanking God and praising Him.

My Family

By Jacob Adams

To play with my cousins is quite fun;
With fourteen, I have quite a ton.
Subs, White Horses are favorite:
We love to make a day of it.

The snack tables where I am at,
With my aunts I will have a chat.
I have eight—they are like a pack;
With candy there's never a lack.

In the yard is where I will play;
So fun I can do it all day.
With cousins and aunts, it's a ball.
So much to do; never a lull.

My family is simply the best,
Regardless that I am a pest.
Their love just seems to never end.
A love I know will never rend.

Seymour Lake

By Jack Drennen

We pack our car with bags of things;
The sun's not in the sky.
I can not wait to see the springs
As cars go flying by.

We soon arrive to see the lake—
A misty, gorgeous sight.
The northern air makes me awake;
It makes me feel just right.

We dive in water, crystal clear,
Then see the bright big moon—
The sounds that we so love to hear—
And wake to see the loons.

The lake as fair as the god Zeus;
It's soft as liquid gold.
As still as a lazy moose,
And yet so freezing cold.

By day we played, and swam, and drew;
At night we sat on grass—
All wet with enchanted evening dew—
And watched the fire dance.

We had our fun, and with a sigh,
Our last glimpses we take.
And now it's time to say goodbye
To quiet Seymour lake.

The Panda Poem

By Jada Sankey

Pandas are a type of bear
That live in China everywhere.

A panda eats most of the day,
The rest it spends sleeping away.

A male will fight to gain a wife
Even if it costs his life.

A panda mom can nurse one cub.
If she has twins one gets snubbed.

The stronger cub becomes her own;
The other is left all alone.

It would be too hard to raise two,
But it is easier in a zoo.

The keepers will take one of the two
And give it to a panda who has no crew.

Not long ago pandas were endangered;
Since then their recovery is major.

Baking Cookies With Sisters

By Stephen Cox

It's as if my sisters see every germ;
I was nice to them, but now it's my turn
To go make my "dirty" hands shine.
But sisters like it when hands look so fine.

First we will get the butter and flour.
We'll mix and we'll mix for nearly an hour
With sugar, salt, vanilla, and eggs.
"Can I have a beater?" my sister begs.

"Get chocolate chips!"; "Find the rolling pin!"
Sisters are bossy, but I take it on the chin
Because I love to eat warm delicious treats,
And cookies are so, so very sweet.

"Don't eat the dough; you will get ill!"
Now maybe I won't or maybe I will.
That will be a hungry boy's gamble.
When she raises the spatula, I have to scramble.

We're heating the oven, now rolling the dough.
I get the cookie cutters out—here we go.
I cut out clovers, stars, and a gingerbread man.
I sprinkle my cookies on the baking pan.

There's a delicious smell in the air
That I just about cannot bear.
Finally the cookies are done.
Eating them is so, so fun.

Maybe I'm done and maybe I'm not.
I still have to clean the pans and the pot.
My sisters are calling; they say, "You clean too!"
But I say I have homework to do.

Montigny-Le-Gannelon

Julien Ricou

Of all the places earth has now
My prime to visit soon, I vow

The rolling hills of gorgeous France,
The place my dad was born by chance.

The Tulips dance in wind so cool,
As after lunch we rest so full.

As through the town the train flies past,
I stand in prairie so very vast.

And while the glowing sun descends,
The day and sunlight start to end.

A Ride Through the Arizona Mountains

By Haley Garecht

I saddle up my steed,
get ready for some fun.
Packed lunch is all I need,
the trail ride has begun!

With riders all in line,
the valley looks delightful.
Aspen, Birch and Pine,
the bending trees look cheerful.

At the mountain crest,
I watch the graceful stream.
We stop to eat and rest,
and see the river's gleam.

We turn and ride until,
the ranch is back in sight.
Our day a joyful thrill,
the trip was a delight!

Books

By Stephen Lozano

Mom takes books from me all the time.
Why? Not all reading is a crime.

After chaos has left its stain,
Books truly can calm down my brain.

They can excite and suck me in,
Giving my face a great huge grin.

Books can take me places afar
By plane, or boat, or in a car.

Many new people I can meet,
Princess, villain, or parakeet.

Mom, do not take my books from me—
What a total catastrophe.

“Watch! You will be very sore,
If you do not complete this chore.”

Goodbye books! I will miss you so,
But now it’s time for me to go.

Spring Is Come
by Antonia Milani

When at last the spring is come,
The sleepy Earth awakens from
Her wintry rest and opens wide
The door to life on every side.

When at last the spring is here,
Budding trees and flow'rs appear.
The sweet aroma fills the air
And all the plants are blithe and fair.

When at last the spring arrives,
Everything seems more alive.
Happy birds merrily sing
And their joyous echoes ring.

When at last the spring is come,
The warming rays of the sun
Come down to Earth to bring
The welcome song of spring.

A Walk in the Woods

By Anna Callahan

One day as I was walking
Down the winding brown dirt road,
Towards the spring happily gurgling,
My skipping gait I slowed.

To look up to the clear blue sky
To hear birds singing in the trees.
I saw young deer grazing nearby
And felt the gentle mountain breeze.

Above me the vast azure dome,
The crust of the earth below me,
Behind me the road back home,
And before me the path I see.

So much a walk in a wood can do,
To remind us who made such beauty.
For sadly we often forget who
Made us and made everything be.

Samson

by Coleman Clark

When Samson was a little boy, he learned to love the Lord.
God told him if he'd cut his hair, he would soon grow
weak.

When he was in a fight, he never got hurt by the sword.
The wisdom of the Lord he tried to seek.

Then Delilah asked him how he got so strong.
He would tell her many lies and tales.
She then knew that it would take her long;
Her attempts were always a bunch of fails.

She soon got the secret of his hair and it was done;
She called in the leaders and soon her job was finished.
Though they thought that they had won,
God planned for them all to be diminished.

Samson was brought to a party for them to be amused.
Two pillars he was taken to for them all to see.
He prayed for his strength, that he would be used.
He said, "Let me die with the Philistines *for thee!*"