

Poems



By the Foundations Class of 2015

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Taken

By Sarah Bailey

There was a man, both brave and strong,
Who hunted with a bow.
A warrior in Africa,
That none could overthrow.

His heart beat for a lovely girl,
Who also pledged her love.
She was to be his wife next morn;
To him she'd be his dove.

But in the night upon the deep
A ship sailed to the shore.
The crew put fetters on his feet
And placed him at the oar.

His heart was broken, never to be whole,
Wishing to see her face.
Despaired and broken was his soul,
Wishing for her embrace.

At last the warrior was freed
He sought her 'mid the brave
Across the sea, but oh, alas!
He only found her grave.

Whale!

By Will Copeland

There was a ship many years ago;
She raised her sails and caught the wind.
The sea's great depths were calm and blue
And with God's will she went.

The dark vast skies grew gray and black
The rain poured from the sky
The sailors ran around the deck
Afraid that they would die

Tears from the sea poured oe'r the deck
There was no corner dry
Great relief was that of the crew
When the sun began to shine

An island loomed out of the mist
The sailors' lives were saved
And then a rumbling filled the air
They knew they would be razed

A giant whale leapt from the sea
Twas a sight to behold
Until with massive jaws it fell
Upon the screaming crew

Brendan Ballad

By Lewis Ghrist

My name is Brendan; I'm a monk.
I'm off to sail the sea.
I load a ship and pack my trunk
We leave with ecstasy.

With wonder I behold a sight
A crystal palace floats.
Sleep on an island for the night,
Huge fish beneath our boat.

We sail and, to our horror, find
Stone giants hurling fire.
A scaly body writhes around
A serpent of sapphire.

And finally now we dock on land,
Gold sands of paradise.
The island is so rich and grand
We find great merchandise.

And now we leave this joyous place
In our flipped-over dome.
Great tears now fall upon my face,
We finally go home.

The Song of Roland

By Will Ghrist

The king of France, named Charlemagne
Was conquering in Spain.
But one rampart was yet to take
Saragossa yet remained.

The lord of Spain gave up the fight
And said let's not make war.
But Roland, a brave Frankish knight
Thought very differently.

He said to send a messenger
To see the land of Spain
And said to send Count Ganelon
Who lacked great courage and strength

Count Ganelon in anger went
And met the lord of Spain
Together they devised a plan
For Ganelon's revenge.

Then back to France went Ganelon
And said to Charlemagne,
"Let's leave Roland and some men
To guard the land of Spain."

And when Roland was left alone
The Spanish knights attacked
At end of day the Franks had won
But Roland's men were few

Then came again the Spanish knights
Renewed in strength and valor.
At battle's end a scene revealed
All dead but brave count Roland.

And dying on the bloody field
He raised his calling horn,
And calling out to Charlemagne
He gave a mighty blow.

A Mouse's Life
By Elisabeth Ko

A little cottage far away,
Inside there is a nest
A cozy bed with lots of hay,
There is a mouse at rest.

Although this mouse was very fat,
He wasn't completely there.
He had a battle with the cat,
And lost both tail and hair.

One day some Swiss lay on the ground,
Waiting for mouse to seize.
He scurried there without a sound
To dine upon the cheese.

Meanwhile, the cat was out of sight,
Creeping around the house.
Her stomach growling for some delight,
She found the little mouse!

So, silently the creature crept,
And snapped the mouse, my friend.
Whoever saw it would have wept,
To see this mouse's end.

Lord of the Rings
By Christian Lengkeek

The orcs advanced toward Gondor's walls,
With banners black and red,
The men of Gondor in their halls,
We're filled with fear and dread.

King Teoden charged with his men,
They fought the orcs that day,
But then a monster did descend,
And scared his men away.

The monster killed King Teoden,
It killed their king and lord,
But then his daughter Eowyn,
Did kill it with a sword.

Then a black did attack
And Eowyn drew her sword,
But Merry stabbed him in the back,
And Eowyn killed the dark lord.

Then Aragorn returned from sea,
And chased the orcs away,
And he became the king and rules,
Until this very day.

My Dentist Visit

By Jacob Louie

I'm sitting down at Eagle Crest
An awful place to be
My stomach churns like lemon zest
A dentist I must see

She leads me to the X-ray room
My teeth a bitewing held
They take a picture, seal my doom
To run I feel compelled

Reclined and trapped in patient's chair
A tool of stainless steel
Into my gum jabbed, sharp pains flare
About to die I feel

A numbing gel drips down my throat
With buzzing drill in hand
Her eagle eyes begin to gloat
A wicked thing she manned

Two fillings in, we've just begun
"We still have one more side
Don't fret, don't fear, we're still not done"
And that I really tried

The Life of Arthur

By Anna Lozano

Though tall and skinny did he look
A brave heart did he hide
He thought he had to learn from books
With Merlin at his side

Who knew that he could pull the sword
And hear the church bells ring
And hear how loud the crowds had roared
Yet Arthur is now king

The beauty of his new palace
Was way beyond compare
Some people were full of malice
The sword pulling was rare

All his happiness did not stay
Because his knights were lost
All this sadness made Arthur sway
Happiness has its cost

For when that day did come
The lady in the boat
'Twas sad for ev'ryone
The grave upon the moat

A Fright About Nothing

By Edward Lyon

The ships were steady and ready
The sky was dark and dreary
The sailors were ready but weary
And the sea was deep and erie

And as they left the port so big
Something flashed by and was very sly
As it seemed to follow along
With its mysterious eye

And as they met the open sea
The sailors were shaken to their knees
As the beast arose from the open sea
It opened its mouth and dove down deep.

After it swallowed a bumblebee
Then they the sailors sighed with relief
After they thought they had lost their life
And wondered if any one would believe this tale.

The Ballad of Abraham Lincoln

By Evi Sargeant

A boy was born in wilderness
Destined to be the best.
Abe was his name, lean in his flesh
People called him honest.

His mother died when he was nine;
He was in devastation.
He chose to read to ease his mind
Showing determination.

When he started his law career
He fell in love with Ann.
Typhoid struck many with great fear
And ruined Lincoln's plan.

At Abe's inauguration,
The states did claw and roar.
To save the entire nation
He fought the civil war.

After the war was over,
A bullet took his life
At the Grand Old Theater
Where he'd gone with his wife.

An Ode To Reagan

By Sarah Stahl

A dog with brown and wiry hair
Is joyful in his play.
I see him by my mother's chair
Like he were here today.

The pup was feeling ill;
We hurried him to the vet.
The vet said, "Alas! Alas! The pup is ill;
He has but two weeks left."

We hugged and kissed with all love
As he sat there spiritless;
Like a wounded mournful dove.
Lying on the floor helpless.

We woke the next morn,
And there we saw him dead.
Our hearts were thoroughly torn;
As he sat there like lead.

Our hearts were filled with grief.
Our eyes were long;
Almost as if we were a crushed leaf.
Our now not lively pup is gone.

The Man in the Cell

By Ethan Tom

Inside a sad, cold dungeon deep
In the fortieth cell;
A man possessed a peaceful sleep,
A living death to dwell!

His king was his enemy. How
Cruel, unfair did he reign!
Men refused to respect and bow
For the King caused much pain.

The men were hanged the very next day,
Blows to the head did stun;
He fell and was left where he lay
And there he dreamed of his son.

In the dark, slept the drowsy man;
He was strong but half craze.
He wished to plough his father's land
And sprout some fresh maize.

The construction of the gallows,
Then came the dreaded night;
Fear dawned as he was led below.
The noose around pulled tight!