

# Poems



**By the Foundations Class of 2017**

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**Nathanael Chen**

**My Trip to Asia**

I quickly packed for Asia's trip-  
Some books, and games, and clothes.  
And bagged them all with just one zip,  
Now I was set to go.

The plane ride was a pleasant flight.  
And where I sat I'll tell-  
Right by the window, what a sight!  
Games, movies- they were swell.

Now first we landed in Taiwan,  
My mother's dad we found.  
A bus driver said "Kids, c'mon,"  
"You're being way too loud."

And after, we went to Shanghai,  
We saw a friend and ate.  
We spotted HuangPu when night nigh,  
The lights were pretty great.

So last of all to Thailand went,  
I played with cousins there.  
To "Pines" the resort we got sent,  
And swam every day there.

**Thomas Dierkes**  
**The Winter's Gift**

The frozen lake wears different clothes  
More grays and blues and whites  
The barren trees, the geese in Vs  
Are warmed by sun so bright

The fish, they have a brand new roof  
For skaters it's a dream  
The cold, it bites your nose and cheeks  
Your breath comes out like steam

The stillness of the winter air  
Is heard across the lake  
The ice skate blades and fisherman cries  
Oh, what a sound they make

The snow puts down a blanket thick  
And muffles all the sound  
The stillness has its time to speak  
The timid wind blows round

The chimney spews a fragrant smell  
And warms all those within  
Delicious soup does feed us well  
And keeps us staying in

The winter takes its time to come  
And stays for some too long  
Without its passing through the year  
There'd be no spring bird song

**The Birds of the Sky**  
**Caroline Gardner**

The birds of the sky, how swift as they fly  
Across the sky and moon.  
Some travel by night, some travel in light,  
And some with a pretty tune.

The robin with his big red breast,  
Does laugh away all toil and stress.  
It eats and bathes and does no less,  
Except show off his big red breast.

The Eagle stirs up its nest,  
Hovering over its young at rest.  
Spreading out its long feathered wings,  
Comforts in the earth's heights, love brings.

The cardinals, so red, look so sleek,  
With their big red head, and big red beak.  
They sing with others, and sometimes they gloat,  
But really, who cares, with that pretty red coat.

The humming bird, a secret engine,  
With a secret map,  
Does flap its wings seventy times  
Before a second past.

As you can see, no bird is the same.  
Some have big breasts, and some can aim.  
Some have nests, and some have fast wings,  
Some can gloat, and some can sing.

**My Family**  
**Bridget Haselbarth**

There is a tie that binds in love,  
That no one sees or hears,  
It's just as quiet as a dove,  
Though loud with tears and fears

My father's kind and careful too,  
He always puts God first,  
He's loving when he talks to you,  
And very seldom terse

My mom is sweet but also stern,  
She's loving and she's kind,  
She teaches us so we can learn,  
And rightly form our mind

Our home was in a marbled yard,  
Our play among the graves,  
In peace and solidarity  
We lived those cozy days

A red bricked house is now our nest,  
And homes are all around,  
In here we serve so many guests,  
Our rooms now do abound

My mirthful brothers number four,  
And one sister so sweet,  
We play all day until we're sore,  
And fall down from our feet

**A Piano**

**Nathaniel Tom**

A box I call my lovely friend  
With him I do converse  
A faithful friend until the end  
Each day we shall rehearse.

Its skin is dark and lovely brown  
Whose teeth are black and white  
His golden feet go up and down  
And smiles very bright.

With songs of joy, it will sing  
And laughs when it will play  
In honor to our one great King  
So often through the day.

This friend of mine is often seen,  
In schools and music halls  
Accompany with fingers keen  
And often gets applause.

**This Joyous Spring**  
**Monica Thérèse Levis**

When I used to think of Spring  
I used to like it very much,  
I used to think of everything,  
from showers, to flowers, to joy.

But this Spring there are some changes,  
in the way I think of it,  
there are many different ranges,  
in how odd a Spring can get.

There are many things to tell,  
I will tell of only few,  
and so that I can do it well,  
I will now tell them to you.

I will tell you first of showers,  
and I am not saying rain,  
preparation will take hours,  
and sometimes it will take days.

This Spring there is a bridal shower  
for my eldest sister, Kelly,  
and now on to flowers,  
they used to be for little posies.

Now it takes my sister DAYS,  
(sometimes though she will take hours),  
just to pick out her bouquets,  
now I will tell you of joys.

For joy is what this Spring is centered round,  
not work, not school, but love and joy.  
In my family love does abound,  
for this Spring my sister's getting married.



## **The Birth of Jesus**

**Luke Bushra**

The Lord was sent for all mankind.  
God sent him 'cause man's fall,  
And Jesus went and saved the blind  
From Satan's curse on all.

The shepherds watched their flocks by night;  
An angel then drew near.  
The angel shone in glorious light,  
And they were filled with fear.

The babe lay in a manger bed,  
His parents by his side.  
The animals were by his head,  
And they all did abide.

The Wise Men came with gifts to share:  
Gold, myrrh, and frankincense.  
In hearing of the baby fair,  
Herod grew incensed.

The Lord will come again one day,  
believers he will take.  
To heaven Christians go today,  
There's no one he'll forsake.

**Horse Breeds**  
**Justice Kocher**

The Mustang, though it's short,  
Can run for half a day,  
Outrunning wolves and Indians,  
To bring the mail away.

For ranchers on the plain,  
So quick to jump and spin,  
There's nothing like a quarter horse  
To bring the cattle in.

The thoroughbred is built  
For beauty, speed and grace.  
He plunges in the starting gait,  
Ready to run the race.

Intelligent and sure  
Beneath the riders hand,  
The Arab flies, with streaming mane,  
Across the desert sand.

## Winter

Matthew Kuznicki

The winterwind comes blowing a breeze,  
The valleys do stand bare and cold,  
The ponds and rivers start to freeze,  
The winter's story is being told.

The sun is shining at its peak,  
Because it is to start a day,  
They're so many wishful things to seek,  
The birds fly south and on their way.

The nuthatch and wren do their best,  
They know that it is time once more,  
To abandon their careful nests,  
They have done each year before.

The wind gives a beckon toward the snow,  
The snow covers all the roads,  
The streams and waters no more flow,  
The people dress up in warm clothes.

The fleecy snow fell on the ground,  
On tree and hill, and house and lake,  
The snow is falling without sound,  
The brilliant world is taking a break.