

Tornado

by Emily Villacrusis

"Crunch," went the yellow tree,
While the whirling tornado spun around me.
"Creak," went the yellow and tan door,
The tornado got that too with a ROAR!!
So scared was I, when I saw that,
the tornado took my gold and pink hat!!
Soon everything swayed and all went BLACK.

Summer Day, Summer Time

by Skye Seay

It's summer day
and summer time
one day will go
the next will come
morning and night
morning is first
night is last
the birds will sing in the morning
people will sleep at night
people will play all day long
they play for weeks
when summer is gone I will cry
Because, I had fun in poetry camp
I liked all my teachers
and kids and my new friends

You all are SO SO nice

dusk whirl

by Liana Gilb, camp counselor

arms out
eyes upward
sweat leaps

as i spin
the sun sinks

basking tans
dulled beige
ignite red land

orange blazing
yellow grazing
on the silence of the sand
hodge podge thoughts
echo through the stillness

the colors dull
the dark grows vivid

I whirl
with upward arms

A Poem by Genevieve Cowardin

The tree dances
Sturdy grey, brown bark protects it
A soft emerald leaf floats down
sweet pink and exotic red flowers sway
leaves rustle
Fresh, deep royal blue water gurgles
This is Peace and Harmony
This is dance and music
This is love and compassion\
This is Nature

A Poem by Jasmine Mendoza

Such a calming moment. With the
wind softly blowing your hair behind you,
and the sound of the waves gently swaying
and crashing ashore. The sand is a
beautiful shade of tan, with specks of
gray and black in between. And the
blue sky with its whirly white clouds
makes you smile with joy.
The beach
The beautiful.

A Poem by Jeremiah Williams

My name is Jeremiah
I like to dance I look at the
worms sway across the sand
I like sunset going down sitting in the
grass with a normal sound I see two
balls spinning in a big city my poetry is
great like the beach.

The Forest

by Alice Perrine

The birds chirped as I walked into
the lush, green forest. I looked through
the canopy of leaves to the bright, blue

sky. I heard water splash as a frog
hopped into the nearby pond. A dragonfly
buzzed lazily over my head. I watched
as seed pods whirled around me.
Before I knew it, the sky had turned
to a pink, sherbert and purple sunset.
Then the sky merged to an ink black.
I love the Forest.

Sunset

by Naomi G-Hagmaier

the bright yellow sunsets
the sky changes from blue
to a rosey pink
to a peach
to a pale red
to a pale purple
to a navy purple
to dark deep black
the moon rises
almost leaps onto the night sky
vroom
goes a car as it drives into night

Author

by Merrill Harmison

Her words leap across the page,
Dancing, spinning, whirling, swaying,
Creating a story for many to read it,
Spinning a sugary web of delight,
Adding to her white backdrop,
Punching in purple bruises,
Weighting the sky with heavy clouds,
Popping bubbles, perfecting sounds
Inking down the streets dark blue,
Blackening the sky for heavy showers,
Greening the grass, trimming the flowers,
Whispering the wind to blow,
Snaps of people down below,
Creating, making wonderous things,
Destroying, ruining terrible things,
She can make it, if she chooses,
Choose who wins, and who loses,
She has the power, and when all is done,
She sells her book to everyone.

A Poem by Ellie Overman

On the back
of her faithful red
and brown horse
she passes
the crashing waves
with ease
magenta
and dark blue gowns
offer no hiding places
yet
the lion would pass
with only a glance
at the creature's feet
green frogs
leap from the path
the hooves are to take
flying squirrels
land on the ground
all to hear
the clapping
of the hooved animal