

THESE POEMS WERE WRITTEN AND COMPILED
BY MAPLETON STUDENTS

TO BE
PRESENTED TO THE FOLLOWING

FLORENCE BECKER LENNON

MARGARET SLUTZ

ALEX WARNER

TO SHOW OUR APPRECIATION
FOR
THEIR WORK WITH STUDENTS
IN
OUR SCHOOL

POEM

The air was sweet
The wind was cool,
Our classroom was quiet
We were listening to a poem
I was happy.

Matthew Richtel, Age 8

NATURE:

One Snowy Day

As I sat outside
One snowy day,
I thought of snow
Ten feet high.
Then in my mind,
It melts.

The sun has sunk.
It's getting dark.
I soon walk home,
Across the street
And through the park.
It seems the city
is never quiet.
Always busy, never any peace.
Everything is cold.
In the city ugliness is big and bold.

Kathy Jorgenson, Age 12

Pinecone

Big and jagged
Little and ragged
All doing their deed
Dropping a seed
For another tree to grow
On the earth below.

Norah Whipple, Age 11
Petra Lang, Age 11

Night

Slowly, slowly the
night comes out.

Walter Warwick, Age 7

Flowers

Flowers are beautiful.
Flowers are wonderful.
When I look down,
The flowers seem
To look me in the eye.

Madelyn Culkin, Age 12

Snow

The snow is falling very softly,
Very softly.
Children run out to play in the
Soft snow.
They build a snowman.

Kelly Barfield, Age 7

I Like

I like snow
And winter;
But most of all
I like people.

Richie Dana, Age 7

The Wind

The wind came inside
But nobody was home.
So the wind left
And closed the door
Behind him.

Katherine Parker, Age 7

The Wind

When the wind makes the trees blow,
I look up at the sky and say,
Wind, wind, you are nice.
I love you,
Wind.

Molly Kithil, Age 7

Sun Rise

Slowly, Slowly
Coming out behind
The mountain
Is the sun.

Daniel Hirsh, Age 6

Passing Through the Meadow

The laughing brook,
The whistling wind
I hear them all
As I pass
Through the meadow.

Madelyn Culkin, Age 10

The Forest

As I walk through the forest,
I see an ant and even a bee.
I look in the trees
And see a deer as he dashes away.
I look once more,
And it makes me say, "Hey."
I look up and what do I see?
A Bird!
And I think he saw me.

Parker McDonald, Age 12

Silence

I see a girl lay beside
A rock.
How silent a stream
doing its job
How silent a mountain
trying to get applause
How silent.

Lisa Firkins, Age 11

ANIMALS:

The Bee

The bee, the bee
Buzzing around
Almost never touching
The ground.
The bee is buzzing,
All day long.
Maybe he is singing
A song.
It could be a song of
Buzzing for glee,
Or it could be a song
of his family.

Horses

Palominoes, Stallions
And mustangs too!
Run wildly through
the meadow!
One falls to the ground
Cries out in pain.
Poor horse. Poor horse.
Who's there to blame?

Debbie King, Age 11

I Had A Snake

I had a snake, bold and gay
But yesterday it got away
But just today
I found him stray
So I said please,
Come home and stay.
Then my snake he said,
O.K.

Stephanie Ehret, Age 12

The Chipmunk

As I walked up in the,
mountains one day
I saw a chipmunk and
we began to play.
It was getting late
at the end of our play
So I had to go away.
But I will go another day.

Becky Wilson, Age 12

The Worm

A worm is very slimey
He is very thin,
If I were a worm,
I would be in bed.

Todd French, Age 10

Butterfly, Butterfly

Butterfly, butterfly
Is bright, so bright
Have a good flight
You shone so bright,
In the night.

Sarah Smith, Age 10

Horses

Look at the horses racing across the plains
Run horses, run horses.....
For the hunters are coming!
The gun sounds aloud....
Bang! Bang!
There goes one horse
Poor, poor horse.

Liz Thompson, Age 10

My Cat

My cat lays on his mat
Thinking of how he spat at a rat.

I spat at a rat
today.
I jumped on that rat.
I spat and I spat
and now that rat is mine.

Now my cat is a very proud
cat.

Sandie Canaday, Age 12

My Frog

Once I had a pet frog.
I caught him in a muddy bog.
And when I brought him to my home,
He said, Where is my friend the mouse?
And I said, Don't you like my house
And he said, Alright I'll say
but find me another mouse
without delay.

Ann Locke, Age 12

A Poem

There was a baby
Who was so nice
She read us a poem
about spice
Which was nice.

Erin Griggs, Age 12

WISHES AND DREAMS AND MAKE BELIEVE:

A Wonderful Wish

A wonderful wish
is a happy day.
A wonderful wish
is a baby.
A wonderful wish
is a penny to
buy some candy.
A wonderful wish
can be almost anything.

Debbie King, Age 11

I Wish

That I had all the money in the world.
I Wish,
That my kitten was big enough to have her own.
I Wish,
That the world was full of love and peace.
I Wish,
That I had my own room.
I Wish,
That my mom would have a baby.
I Wish,
That it was always warm.
I Wish,
That I was a track star.
I Wish,
That everyone liked me.
I Wish,
That Mrs. Lennon will come back.
I Wish,
That my grandma was here.

Julie Tate, Age 11

The Fall King's Realm

Golden are the ceilings of hte
the Fall King's halls,
Brown are the walls,
Green are the floors,
In all his rooms,
Brown and rustling
Are the floors.
Of the Fall-King's hallway

Lovely is his music
His maidens,
His realm.
Like ruby is the wind from his cellars.
And so, so, sweet.
Joyful are the songs that his people sing.
Rich are the harvest,
That the seasons bring.
Sunny are the skies,
In the Fall-King's reigh.

Strong is the magic of the Fall-King,
Used for happiness,
And many feasts
And glory
In the seasons across from Spring.

Cathy White, Age 12

I Wish

I wish that I could dive to the
bottom of the ocean and find a
treasure chest of gold.

Larry Gleason, Age 7

A Wish

I wish I was a butterfly.
So I could fly
So I could fly over the houses
So I could fly up to the sky.

Jessica Long, Age 7

Candy Land

Way up high on the mountain called Grand,
There is a place that is Candy Land.
There is chocolate mud and sugar streams,
And snow is made of ice cream.
A frosted mountain, a cherry fountain,
A lemon sun.
And there is lots of fun.

In Candy Land the apple trees are cinnamon,
And there's a peppermint mom.
In Candy Land your filled with candy
Never doom!
It's fun for all in Candy Land.

Rachel Smith, Age 8

I Don't Want To Stay

Marooned on an island I am.
Sad to say that here is only
one thing can make me stay.
If I were a bird, I would fly away.
If I were a fish, I would swim out
of this fix.
I'm not a bird and I'm not a fish
So I guess I'll have to stay.

Peter Davi, Age 8

COLOR, FUN AND NONSENSE

What is Purple?

Purple is a small plum, squisky and soft,
Purple is a velvet vest, soft with lace.
Purple is a pretty flower, in sunshine
and the breeze.
Purple can be a boring color, just sitting
still and thinking and watching people
having fun.
Purple is a black and blue finger
with a bandage over it.
It can be a sad picture in a dark, dark room.
Purple is the sun going down and it's reflection
on a lake, as the water goes silently asleep.
Purple is a mixed up word, very confusing.
Purple is a bird gliding in the wind.
Purple can be a sneezy, stuffed-up nose.
Purple is a soft bed.

Andrea Link, Age 8

Orange

Orange is an orange on a bright summer day.
Orange is a candlelight on the bay.
Orange is paint on a paper in some way.
Orange is a Bible that you read and pray.
Orange is a baby kitten while he lays.
Orange is a lion with a fly on it's head.
Orange is your pillow on your bed.
Orange is a sunrise,
O.K.

Rachael Miller, Age 8

Red

Red is my favorite color because it reminds me of:

traffic lights,
stop signs,
Kool-Aid on a hot summer day
bright red dump trucks
smells like garlic
red balls
fire trucks and sirens

Mark Ashton, Age 8

The Poem

The mouse
In a house
Eating cheese
on his knees.

David Link, Age 7

An Empty Box

I saw an empty box,
There was a peice of dust in it.
I blew it and it went round and round.
Then it landed again.

Andrea Link, Age 8

Dover Play

There is going to be a play,
Ther play is going to be today.
When the play is over,
Everyone will go to Dover.
At Dover, they will dine
By eating bread and wine.
When they come back on the bus,
They will come to see us.

Lori Cook, Age 12

Hot Seat

There was a funny old man,
Who decided to sit in a pan.
Someone turned on the heat.
So he jumped to his feet.
And off to the sink he ran.

Mike Black, Age 12

Riddle

The middle of a riddly
is funniest
I think!
How about you?

David Link, Age 7

SOME THOUGHTS:

War

It wrecks the towns
It burns the houses.
It kills the people.
And more!
And still more!

Cathy White, Age 12

Children

Children poor to helpless
Go begging in the streets.
While doors are slammed,
and canes are raised
Then brought upon their backs.
Crying! Crying! Crying!
Not a parent do they have,
So run about the streets they must.
Begging! Begging! Begging!

Cathy White, Age 12

Lovely Lady

A lovely lady came in when I was reading
She sat down in a chair and brought out her books.
She read us some poems and made us silent.
We were as silent as a book.

Lisa Firkins, Age 11

Poem

The air was sweet,
The wind was cool.
Our classroom was quiet
We were listening to a poem.
I was happy.

Matthew Richtel, Age 8

ALMOST APRIL

Dear Teacher

The blood in my veins was singing so loud
I couldn't hear another thing.
It wasn't that I was naughty or proud -
But - through the window blew the spring!

Teacher, teacher - don't you hear the tide?
Don't you feel the rhythmic beat?
Alive, alive! The world is wide -
How can I sit quiet in my seat?

For Sixth Grade, Mapleton School

April 1975

With love

Florence Becker Lennon