



OUR BOOK OF POETRY

COLLECTED POEMS OF THE HOMESCHOOL POETRY CLASS, FALL 2015

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SOFIA GRABIEL BUTLER



Basement Corner

What's in the basement corner?

Dusty containers that don't work

Broken pencils with no lead

Rusty paperclips that won't bend

A box half full of hair from when I clipped it myself

Rusty nails that aren't sharp

A dirty Phillips head screwdriver with no handle

Stubby crayons from when I was two

A broken tape roll that's extraordinarily dirty

Pensive Margin

Penultimate

Trendy Wistful

Pensive Margin

Barren Smolder

Untamed

Fiery

Discombobulated

Haiku

Brown and yellow leaves
That have fallen to the ground
Stacked into big piles



FEAR

Fear
Is a light-footed deer
Bounding through the grass
In the forest
Running from the mountain lion.

FALL

Falling leaves, floating like boats.
Apples are ripe, red and crisp.
Leaves – floating
Lightly, to the ground.

This Is Just To Say

This is just to say

I have painted

The last canvas

That was on the easel*

Which

You were probably

Saving

For a fantastical

Painting

Forgive me

It was wonderful

So blank

And so bright

*Next time, don't leave canvasses lying around like that.

I Am Sofia Lola Grabiél Butler

I am adventurous

I wonder when the wind will bring flakes of whiteness and cold

I hear wind rustling in the trees

I see snowflakes floating to the ground

I want it to snow

I am an explorer

I pretend to explore the world

I feel the icy winds of the Antarctic and the hot sun of the Sahara

I touch a falcon's soft feathers

I worry that tigers will go extinct

I cry when I am sad

I am understanding

I understand that things don't always work the first time

I dream of nothingness

I try to find a decent library

I hope the JP public library opens tomorrow

I am adventurous

AYDIN HODJAT

Dear Dad

Dear Dad

I'm sorry I crashed my go-kart

Into your brand-new Mustang

Sending it down the hill

Into a tree

And into the neighbor's pool

While wrecking the paint job

The CRASH! As your car hit the tree

Was simply delightful.

And it was worth the punishment-

Being grounded for a month

To see your face

Turn that lovely shade of red.



Olympic Daydream

Sitting in math class, bored to death as

the teacher lectures us eleventh graders about quadratic functions...or whatever.

Lost in thought, imagining myself in the Olympics,

Victor of the punishing decathlon...

The president himself crowning me with a laurel wreath...

HODJAT!!!

Pay attention to the lesson!!!

Blah Blah Blah...

FURY

Fury

Is an imprisoned tiger

Unleashing his rage for all the world to see

Raging at his cruel, evil prison

Shaking the world with his anger.

HATE

Hate

Is a beaten, enraged man
Screaming his rage for what he has lost
He sees only red, possessed with pain,
Cursing the world for its evilness.

WAR

Penultimate regenerating rebellion
Unleashing insidious revolution
Everlasting adamantium juggernaut
Incandescent adamant furnace
Otherworldly uncanny entwined
Mystical glimmer light
Hungry lost tired
Lonely dark falling
Final exhausted yielding.

SUPREMACY

Supremacy

Is a proud, strong lion.

King of his pride and of all he can see

Others tremble at the sight of him

Hiding where they can.

Guns

Guns are horrible

Murder machines built to kill

To kill living things.



MICAH A. JOHN



The Wind

The wind blows softly through the trees.

I hear it whistling in my ears,

Where it is going is not clear,

Where is it coming from, I cannot see.

Endless is the wind wild and free.

Anxious

Anxious is the small,

Lonely,

Squirrel,

Scurrying to collect acorns,

Storing up for the cold, snowy, winter.

Autumn

As we jump, we hear the crunch of leaves under our feet.

Our sweaters are warm and cozy;

The smoke of a campfire fills the air;

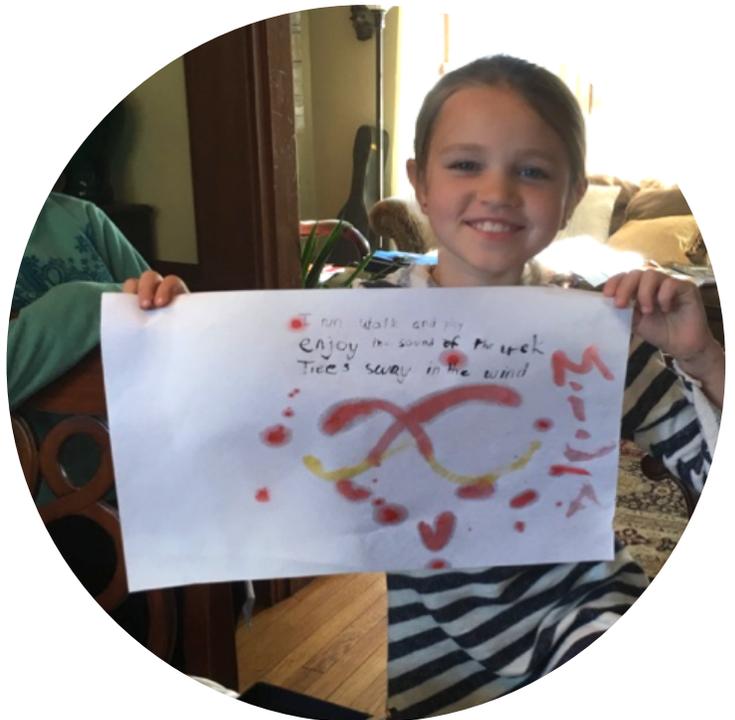
The sweet taste of cider fills our mouths.

Haiku

I run, walk and play,

Enjoy the sound of the creek

Trees sway in the wind.



Just Sayin'

I just ate the chocolate-bar

That was in the kitchen cupboard.

I think it was for dessert.

I am very sorry; it was super yummy.

I Dream to Be

I run in the chill spring as the warm sun hits my back;

I think of the autumn when the leaves dry and fall.

I run down the long road to find myself a tree to sit underneath.

I run in the peace of the crisp morning.

I Was Walking In An Oval

I was walking in an oval When I spotted a jack-o lantern. I noticed some engravings on it. I needed to see them, So, I went over and looked, And this is what they said...

ENZO PELLETIER

STALKING

STALKING, STALKING ...

POUNCE!

MISSED.

SNEAK SNEAK,

POUNCE

ALMOST,

THAT DUMB DEER!

JUST LET ME CATCH YOU!

MY MOTHER FOX TOLD ME TO GO CATCH A DEER

BUT NOW I CAN'T!

WAIT SSSHHH...

IT STOPPED RUNNING

STOP, STEP,

STOP, STEP

STALK, STALK, SNEAK, SNEAK...



POUNCE!

I'M SORRY

I'M SORRY I SMASHED

your guitar.

BUT IT DID MAKE A GREAT CRASH

For my **rock&roll** band.

The flying bits

and pieces

went very well with the

fireworks.

And the strings popping

POP!

BANG!

CLANG!

Woo! Hoo!

Oh and I guess you were

probably going to use it at *your* rock concert tomorrow.

A NIGHTLY ADVENTURE

When I fall asleep, I dream of things I'd never see at day.

I see purple sharks, 5-mouthed squids

and a 50-foot-tall ray.

I see mastodons that burp out candy

and zombies that eat hats, man-eating pizza,

lollipop skyscrapers and a berserker bat.

There are tiny birds about an inch

with a 90-foot wing span. And flies so big when they beat their
wings its like a ceiling fan!

There are interstellar space capsules

2 moons, 3 earths and a floating cup of tea.

But when I wake up, to my surprise,

my bed is out to sea!

AUTUMN acrostic poem

A leaf floats,

Up, up ,up goes the leaf,

Tumbling and twisting,

Up again!

Muted in the fall air,

Not a care in the wind.

Leaf Blower (limerick)

There was Clyde,
an old leaf blower from Chinda,
Who really annoyed Linda.
So she went outside
to yell at Clyde,
that old noisy leaf blower from Chinda.

Turkey

Turkey juice oozing.
Uncut vegetables covering it.
Room filled with people stuffing themselves.
Knives cutting into well-done turkey.
Everybody laughing & chowing.
“Yes!” says a person asked if the meal was good.

Haiku

Water against rock

The taste of teriyaki

The sight of the
mountains



ROMEO PELLETIER

ONE DAY

When I'm a demolition engineer,
I'll make explosions quite grand;
I'll blast old buildings to smithereens
And turn old bricks to sand.

I'll look at blueprints day and night
To learn-for the building-what braces it
Then I'll check one more time, take the
bomb and go to the building to place it.

Then I'll back far away, just to be safe,
From that explosive timer,
Then I'll go inside the safety building,
Then I'll connect the wires...



Lethargy

Lethargy is a lazy cat,
The living definition of a slob
Flopped out on the kitchen floor
Too indolent to move a single muscle.

ROYALTY

Royalty is a striding puma,
Overlooking his land, seeing all
At the peak of a rocky cliff,

The Dog from Brazil

part one

There once was a dog from Brazil,
who sat on a windowsill.
Until, one day,
He got a bit too gay,
Then slipped, and fell onto a cart's frill.

The Dog from Brazil

part two

Then the dog got back up and barked
and the cart driver shouted "Ark!"
The cart screeched to a halt,
the dog jumped in the salt,
then from the salt came a muffled "bark!"

The moun

Tains

Were

Dragons' spines

Powerful titans

Great dark

Roar

Ring

Gossamer

Bright joy

Greet

Ing all

To conquer

THANKS

(acrostic poem)

Turkey, gravy and cranberry sauce are laid out with great ceremony.

Happiness spreads like wildfire.

A cat sneaks up and drags off a turkey leg.

Nobody will stop eating until they almost burst.

“Kindly pass the gravy!” someone shouts over the din.

Several hours after the meal, people sit around, talk, laugh

and try not to throw up.



COLETTE STAMATOS

WHAT IS IT?

it rushes by without a trace
and kicks up dust with elegant grace
sweeping by with hollow sound
blowing past trees that sit upon the ground
where its headed we do not know
for it travels places we don't go
it's our greatest friend in hot daylight
our worst enemy on cold nights
it has no shadow under the sun
and has so much power seems others have none
it has no beginning nor an end
for it is something called
the wind.



SPRINGTIME

The birds are chirping
The flowers are blooming
And the squirrels are climbing trees
The bees are busy making honey
And children are playing.

FLOWERS

In winter flowers are dry and brown

In spring their buds are new

In summer they are big and round

In fall they lose their pretty hue.

Flying

I was soaring through the sky
as fast as I could go
over tall mountains topped with snow
feeling the wind as I go over trees
then I awoke

Flying Through The Air
flying, flying through the air
traveling without a care
feeling the delightful breeze
as I soar over trees

Ocean

splash sploosh go the tides
splashing the sandy beach shore
fish swimming galore



Away

rain pouring down
falling on to the ground
no one is outside
because all want to stay dry
the squirrels and birds, all are hiding away
I guess no one wants to come out on such a rainy day.