



Poetry Book

June 1987

**Jamesville De Witt Middle School
Randall Road
Jamesville, New York 13078**

This collection of poetry was written by students in eighth grade, House 2 at Jamesville DeWitt Middle School during the Spring semester of 1987. It has been gathered together and published as a way of sharing their significant thoughts and powerful writing. It has been a great pleasure to work with these students this year!

Sincerely,

Renie Slow

Teenage Tango

Take three steps forward for an A in math,
Fall down on your knees for a messy room.

Lift yourself up with a fifteen foot basket,
Take a spill skiing in front of your friends.

Just when you're feeling like Baryshnikov,
Get caught sneaking out late Saturday night.

Balance three tests in a day like a pro,
Crash into a wall by losing your books.

Glide through the house with a vacuum cleaner,
Take three steps back because it wasn't plugged in.

Take six steps forward for an A+ science project,
Fall down on your back for an unfair detention.

Just when you think you've got the rhythm,
Someone goes and changes the tempo.

Such are the joys of the teenage tango!

This poem won second prize in the Herald-Journal Poetry Contest, Spring 1987

If I Were. . .

If I were a silent breeze flowing through the air,
I'd carry the graceful robins across the sky
And wake the restless rooster upon the fence
So that the dawn of a new day will soon arrive.

Melissa Shugerts

Music

Happy, sad

Composing and performing

Expressing a relaxing feeling

Melody

Peter Ehrich

Sunset

The sun burns a fiery red,
Against the evening sky.
The light melts into a rainbow of color,
And directly above the moon I spy.
This sunset is truly magnificent,
I preceive it as time wisely spent.
I sit and absorb all there is to see.
But how many more sunsets will there be?

Donna Capshaw

Free Spirit

I lay upon the beach one night,
Looking up as the stars shine bright.
The waves washing up against my feet,
Sending slight cold shivers through my feet.
The grains of sand against my arm,
The feeling of love, no one can harm.
The gentle wind blows back my hair,
Letting me know others do care.
My problems are miles I left behind,
Only the good things are in my mind.
My eyes are slowly closing more,
With the wind, I begin to soar!

Jennifer Charney

Star Light

Star light

Star bright

I dream about the stars tonight.

I suffer not from the holy wrath,

But I'm daydreaming during math.

Cat

Peter Ehrich

Mischievous, kind

Scratching and "meowing"

Man's second best friend

Feline

Peter Ehrich

The Eating Machine

The Eating Machine, oh the Eating machine,
most clever device that I've ever seen.
Just put in your vegetables and drop in a dime,
Turn up the knob and in 3 seconds time,
Your vegetables are gone, without a doubt.
But wait What's wrong, it's spitting it out.
Oh well!
Golly yes!
A guess it's not as wonderful
as I'd hoped it would be.

Seth Cohen

Memories

The majestic eagle spreads its wings,
As a little bluebird softly sings.
In the bright blue sky the clouds roll by.
You can hear the church bells faintly ring.
It is winter and the flowers die.
The cold winds tell the birds they must fly,
Away to the south where the warm winds blow.
The morning light from the sun casts its glow.

Geeta Davuluri

Bed

Hi, I'm farmer Ted,
And I just brought myself a brand new bed.
While bringing it home last May,
I noticed (to my great dismay),
My brand new bed was gone!!
I must have dropped it on the road,
And I probably squashed a toad,
With it.
Without my bed I'm sad,
Because my back's going bad.
I really loved the price,
It was affordable and nice.
Where could I get another one?
Where should I go?
And how would I know?
Well, my carriage had a busted door,
And you can see right to the floor,
It's so thin.
Well, I'll go to another store,
And listen to the salesman, a bore.
The price was \$895,
And I knew I could keep my mortgage alive.
For he quoted a price,
That sure wasn't nice,
To my bank balance.
But I have to have that bed,
For without it I'm dead,
I think.
For I don't want to die,
Without eating Bertha's (my wife) apple pie.
So I finally got it,
And for my back it don't do a bit.
For the moths have been eatin',
And I know that I've been beaten.
From the mattress I got at the store.

Poems

While hiking the trail,
a spotted deer came to me.

Oh, how exciting!

Stephen Soong

As I looked up, I
saw a flock of geese flying
south for the winter.

Stephen Soong

Dreams

Money is no misery
There's no doubt of that to me
I wish it grew on a tree
What a harvest that would be
That's my favorite fantasy.

James Pulaski

If I were a cloud,
I'd hover over this dirty world
Trying to wash away the dirt
So that there'd be clean atmosphere for all.

Scott Gingold

My Poems

There once was a youth from Troy,
Who was an inquisitive sort of boy.
He went to a lake,
To go scare a snake,
And found out a reptile wasn't a toy.

Ariel Berger

There once was a boy of Bagdad,
An inquisitive sort of lad.
He said, "I will see
If a sting has a bee."
And he very soon found that it had!

Ariel Berger

Colors

White, grey, blue and green
Are the colors that I have seen.
Look all around
But you will not find
What I am talking about
For I am blind.

Peter Ehrich

Mom

We never get along
As I wish we would,
We never share our secrets
Though I wish we could.
It seems like only yesterday
We were laughing on the floor.
But our last conversation
Ended with the slamming of my door.
She gets so confusing
And hard to figure out,
Our relationships deteriorating
What's this all about?
Things are changing quickly
Time is flying by,
We're becoming separate people
And I wonder why.
Sometimes life gets so hard
And I want to run away,
But I know things will fit together
Somehow, sometime, someday

Meaghan Delmonico

If I Were. . .

If I were the winter blizzard,
I'd cover the earth in a white blanket
And close business and schools
So that people everyone can ski, and play in the snow.

If I Were. . .

If I were the shining sun,
I'd make people warm and give them light
And make all the plants and food grow
So that people could live a happy, healthy life.

Seth Cohen

Buy

I can not buy
A large pie
I cannot buy
A lone die
I cannot buy
A new tie
All that I can buy
is a fly.

David Gingold

Devil

With a twist of the wrist,
And the shake of the head
Two, maybe three, at first, will be dead.
But a shot in the head
While you're lying in bed,
Will surely make you see red

Peter Ehrich

Chicken Soup

If you decide to eat
A big bowl of chicken soup,
Use a dash of spice
And stir it once or twice
And get the birds from a chicken coop.

Alan Gingold

Love

Temporary, special
Kissing and hugging
Let's get married today
Affection

Peter Ehrich

Winter

Winter, Winter, cold and white,
Sparkling snow shines through the night.
Beautiful, peaceful, quiet it seems,
White trees, white snow, faces just beam.
Children laugh and children play,
Children giggle all through the day.
Out in the snow we turn to ice,
Then in for hot chocolate-it feels so nice.
Chanukah and Christmas soon come round,
Shhhh! Here comes Santa, don't make a sound.
It's the season for winter fun again,
With snow angels, frosty, and other snow men.
Sledding and snowballs are lots of fun,
Soon-very soon, out will come the sun!

Jennifer Charney

Oh What a Night

What a night,
Oh what a night.
I had a bad terrible fright,
And now my watchdog will not bite.
A burglar came
And broke a light,
Oh what a night,
Oh what a night.

Alan Gingold

If I Were. . .

If I were a drop of slush
I'd plop on everyone's feet
And make everyone wet
So that I could feed the grass

If I Were. . .

If I were a giant tornado
I'd tumble around the country
Wrecking havoc as I go
So that the hurricanes wouldn't have all the fun!

Christian Turner

Popcorn

Thought I'd survive
All by my lonesome;
I didn't think twice.
Now I think not twice
But more often thrice,
Sometimes much more.

Fluffy, white
Popping and jumping
Waiting to be eaten
Snack

Allison Halpern

Peter Ehrich

Victorious

Fatigue plagued
his limbs riddled with pain
the runner
stumbles toward the finish
victorious
but not without sacrifices

Meghan Hayes

Ribbons of gold
chance upon the water
as I revel in
the warmth surrounding me
while I unwind
at the beach

Meghan Hayes

Traipsing in the forest
sunlight caressing my face
I become
one with nature

Meghan Hayes

If I Were the Autumn Foliage

If I were the Autumn Foliage

I'd decorate the land I dwell on

And bring joy to many children

So that they'll always remember me.

Meaghan Delmonico

Sailing

Soda

"Shiver-me-timbers!"

Delicious, satisfying

"Hard to the port"

Bubbling and fizzing

"Watch that tide"

Explodes when it's opened

"We're going to jibe."

Beverage

"Raise the mainsail!"

Peter Ehrich

"Pull on the hallard"

"Make sure you shout

when we come about."

Free-Speech/Freedom

"O.K., you can raise the anchor now."

Peter Ehrich

They are locked in cells,

Most are cold.

They hear no bells,

For daring to be bold.

Young and old trapped in these hells,

For crimes of the heart.

Violently thrust into concrete shells,

They only wish to say their part.

David Gingold

If I Were. . .

If I were the April Showers,
I'd wash away the vestiges of winter,
And inspire new life,
So that spring may arrive to a fresh world.

Meghan Hayes

If I Were. . .

If I were a summer shower,
I'd cleanse the world
And wash away the pain
So that the world may be a better place to live in.

Allison Halpern

Clock

If I Were. . .

Fragile, old
Ticking and tocking
Needs to be wound
Timepiece

If I were the wind
I'd blow down upon tyranny
And release man from bondage
So that freedom will float in the breeze.

Peter Ehrich

David Gingold

If I Were. . .

If I were an April shower,

I'd water the ground

And wash the snow away

So that flowers could bloom in May.

Shelley Baker

Twinkle Twinkle

Twinkle, twinkle little star,

Oh, how you shine so bright!

At just the right height, you seem quite right

I just hope you're not a satellite!

Peter Ehrich

If I Were. . .

If I were the dainty December snow

I would lace the land below

And make the children's cheeks bright.

So I could create a winter's night.

Geeta Davulari

The Baby Becomes

The person is eating

The lion is eating

The monkey is eating

The cat is eating

The mouse is eating

The spider is eating

The fly.

The fly is in

The soup is in

The bowl is in

The microwave is in

The kitchen is in

The house in in

The town.

The child is running

The toy is running

The computer is running

The country is running

The person is running

The car is running

The stop-light.

The baby becomes

The child becomes

The pre-schooler becomes

The middle-schooler becomes

The high-schooler becomes

The college graduate becomes

The successful business-man.

Peter Ehrich

To Keep Dreams

To Camelot were he abides
A King on a white horse rides.
After a battle that day
The horse was treated to hay.
The King in the Great Hall dined.
On foods of every kind.
The Knights told tale of glory,
Which made quite a long story.
It wasn't very pleasant.
They told of the death of a peasant.
And yet in the story books,
We've made it look
As if it were a grand age.
And not one filled with rage.
We've heard tell of the unicorn.
But was there ever a horse with a horn?
Have you ever seen one?
If I had I'd have run.
And magic, what of that?
Was it just a rabbit in hat?
I speak of times long ago
And the truth we won't know.
And writing books it seems,
Is a way to keep dreams.

Donna Capshaw

If I Were. . .

If I were the April showers

I'd bring May flowers

And brighten all the Earth

So that spring can be beautiful.

Kim Komurek

If I Were. . .

If I were a flake of snow

I'd flutter around in the sky

And gently land on a window pane

So that a child could stare at my delicate design.

Erica Hoffmann

Pegasus

There once was a mare

That had long, white hair

Who flew through the air

Never paying a fare.

James Pulaski

If I Were. . .

If I were the spring melting,

I'd give the snow such a pelting,

And make everything grow so green,

So that everyone could enjoy the scene.

Brian Carlstrom

If I Were. . .

If I were a snowstorm,

I'd let go of all my snow

And cover all the streets

So that school could no longer be.

Peter Ehrich

If I Were. . .

If I were a huge hurricane,

I'd wash and blow away the bad

And wash and blow in the good

So that people will live to eternity.

Seth Cohen

If I Were. . .

If I were a tornado

I'd fly through the air

And destroy all the weapons on the earth

So there would never be wars.

Jim Pulaski

If I Were. . .

If I were an April Shower,

I'd sweep across the countryside

And quench the thirsty soil,

So that the May flowers could grow.

Jenna Falcone

The Flying Falcon

The beauty of this great metal bird,

Is something to be seen not heard.

The sun's reflection off the wing

Adds to the perfection of this thing.

Which is commonly called an F-16.

Donna Capshaw

Bully

There is someone I know,
Who goes by the name of Joe,
He's the bully that hates,
Everyone (but especially me, John Bates)
He's so very mean,
(I hear his teeth are green).
And when he's mad (usually) he lets out a roar,
That sounds like a wild, wild boar.
He even looks like a bear,
(And I don't think he wears underwear).
The bully's a very mean guy,
Who likes to see everyone cry.
So that is why (if you see him),
Your future will grow dim.
In the hands of Joe,
The bully I know.

Ariel Berger

If I Were. . .

If I were the falling snow
I'd fall to where the children play
And cover the trees with a glistening white
So that winks would be pure and bright.

Jennifer Charney

Snow

If I were snow,
I'd cover the roof tops,
And I'd blanket the ground with white flakes
So that children could come out to play

If I Were. . .

If I were an earthquake,
I could destroy old buildings,
And swallow run down houses,
So that I could bring change.

Alan Gingold

If I Were. . .

If I were a flash flood,
I'd roar down into the valley
And destroy all evil and corruption,
So that mankind could live in harmony

Stephen Soong

Spring

The sun is shining-Oh so bright!
The grass is glittered with that special light
The sky's as blue as I've seen in a while,
I can see it stretch, beyond a mile.
I feel the sunbeat against my face
This is my most treasured place
Sitting out behind my house
Watching a bird, a spider, a mouse
Everything's so peaceful, everything's so calm,
The bluebird flies down, and sits on my palm
He sits, he sings, he looks at me,
I look back at him as he flies so free!

Jennifer Charney

If I Were. . .

If I were a tornado,
I'd sweep the earth clean
And destroy all hostility
So that the world would be serene & tranquil

Jenelle Walker

Drugs

Perceptions altered
Reality's path is warped
What have the drugs done?

Dandelions

Dandelions sway
Slowly in the summer breeze
Forming golden seas

If I Were. . . - Spring Shower

If I were a Spring shower
Pouring life into winter's bleakness
Flowers would glow beautiful
Inspiring hope in the world

Christian Turner

Night

The sun drifts away,
The crescent moon shines above,
The day has ended.

Fall

The leaves fall slowly,
Blanketing the ground below,
Fall has arrived.

Alan Gingold

Rain

Big puffs of grey clouds
Hover in the dark sky above,
It's going to rain.

Alan Gingold

Spring

The sun shines brightly
The snow is melting away,
Spring has arrived.

Alan Gingold

Sunrise

The sun rises with a smile,
Covering the grassy plains.
Showing up the morning dew,
And clearing up the rains.
When the rabbit peeks up from above,
And the bird begins to sing.
Nobody fears the glowing sun,
Watching over everything.
And when man wakes,
From his deep slumber.
He is glad to see the sun,
Rising from up under.
It speaks of his accomplishments,
And shows the works of man.
But then there is nothing as glorious,
As the sun across the land.

Ariel Berger

Pray

Come every morn' on Sunday,
I go to my church to pray.
We sing for quite a long time,
The preacher then tells us not to commit a crime.
There's my father sitting in a pew,
My mom's looks at him too.
For it seems that he's been taking a nap,
My mom thinks he's the biggest sap.
For he could hear an enlightened word,
Have his soul as free as a bird.
So while we're finished praying,
In the pews he's staying.
'Cause nothing can wake him up,
Not even the tin rattling cup.
So even to this day,
When we come every Sunday.
We see ole' dad snorin' away,
His dreams usually lighthearted and gay.
For ev'ry now and then there's a smile on his face,
And he's sleepin' on a pillow of white lace,
Every Sunday, in church.

Ariel Berger

Dreams

Dreams are my goals
I'm aiming high
The best way to get them is
reach for the sky

Dreams

Dreams are my goals
I sit and think
of how I can reach them
What is the link?

Erica Hoffmann

I'd rather run a hundred miles
Than use other poets' styles.

Christian Turner

Poetry

A little girl trying to rhyme,
Had trouble with it all of the time.
Said she to her mother
I can't do another,
To do so's committing a crime.

Jenna Falcone

The Man From Tialstone

There once was a man
from Tialstone.
Who fell in love with
his dial tone.
He couldn't leave home,
Without bringing his phone,
This crazy old man from
Tialstone.

Shelley Baker

Sam and Bertha

Sam and Bertha went up an escalator
to see if Sears was having a sale.
But, to their surprise,
Sears had closed, leaving them
Without some new ties.

Peter Ehrich

Alcoholism

He tries to walk straight,
Though crooked is his set path-
He is drunk again.

Scott Gingold

Precious Things

Leaves of the Autumn trees,
Petals of a rose,
Create the thick forests
And makes beauty grow.
A gleam of light is shown,
Coming here to stay,
Beams a shimmering star
Of a brand new day.

Melissa Shugerts

Don't Bug Me

If you have a problem, don't bug me.
If you have a problem, need someone to talk to,
Are feeling sad or bad or mad or worse...
If you're down in the dumps, I'll be nowhere around you.
Don't bother looking, you won't find me.
Don't Bug me!
Don't Bug me!

Kim Komurek

The Nomad

Everyone call me the Nomad,
Because of all the place I go,
From Bonn to Bangkok to Baghdad,
From desert to eternal snow.
I have been to many places,
Where some people act peculiar,
They say we have the same faces,
How come that sounds familiar?
But if my heart should ever yearn,
I just get my harmonica,
And play a song that I once heard,
About my own America.

Brian Carlstrom

Killing

Use a bat to kill a cat.
Use a gun to kill a nun.
Use a pawn to kill a fawn.
Use a cannon to kill a salmon.
Use a key to kill a flea.
And use a leaf when you kill me.

Peter Ehrich

Getting Away

I'll pack up my tent, and other gear,
and in a day we'll be off.
Out where the air is crisp and clear,
where breathing won't make you cough.
Out from the busy, dirty street,
away where the climate is mild.
Off to the forest, where the birds tweet,
where the floor is dirt, not tiled.
When we arrive, we'll laugh and play,
in the morning be awakened by taps.
We'll fish and swim and be merry all day,
and hike till we both collapse.
The day will pass, as it should,
we'll have lots of things to do.
At night I'd watch T.V. if I could,
but I can't so I'll talk to you.
Now to the city we've returned,
we've proven ourselves to be men.
Breathing pollution factories have burned,
has started us coughing again.

Richard Sullivan

Anne Frank

Talkative and Spunky, but stubborn she was too,
With feelings of her own, to help her make it through.
A young girl who had dreams of being free to explore,
With things turned around for the war to deplore.
In the Secret Annexe with not three but eight others
Usually friends with them all, but one was a lover.
Speaking of lovers is Peter to the picture,
After many long days, to find they weren't such a mixture.
A terrific father she had, as well as a friend,
He stuck by her side until the very end.
Her man with whom she did not get along,
Long hours of fighting to feel they did not belong.
To Anne her sister Margot was sweet and dear,
They were there for each other, through happiness and fear.
Her diary named "Kitty," was her most treasured thing,
For it was like a best friend, which she missed most
of everything.
On August 4, 1944 the unfortunate had to come
She was taken from her family and sent to Bergen-Belson.
It's just not fair what her life was like,
And why a young girl, as sweet as Anne, had to live it!

Jennifer Charney

Dinner

Hey Mom, what are we having for dinner?
Whatever it is, I hope it's a winner.

~~How about~~ ^{possibly} ~~Or maybe~~ ^{How about} ~~chicken~~ sweet and sour pork over rice?
chicken with cajun sauce.

How about some spiced hams,
and a side of boiled yams?

How about basic meat and potatoe,
or possibly even bacon, lettuce, and tomato.

And for desert while we're watching MASH,
we could have some Heavenly Flash!

What did you say we're having for dinner?
You say we're having chopped liver!

Suddenly I lost my appetite.

(Actually I think I'll go out and grab a bite!)

Brian Carlstrom
Only A+ in poetry
(Accidentally omitted)

