

Twenty Poets' Eyes

By The Kindergarten Butterflies



Butterfly Wings

By Scarlett Rose

Lots of butterflies
butterflies flying in the sky
purple, pink, green
fluttering in the wind —

I wish I was a little butterfly.

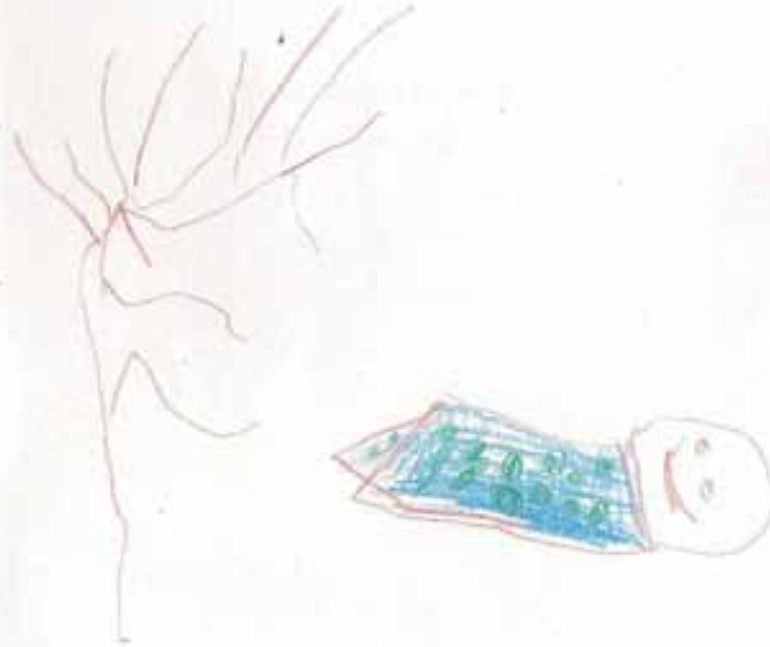
*This poem is response to the burgundy
shamrocks outside our front fence



The Sea Weed

By: Preston

A fan,
A fishy fan
Waving in the water.
A sea weed waving in the ocean,
Waving good bye to the fish as they go by -



A Crab Artist

By Elijah

Brown and white shell
with seven sharp claws
Where did the white come from?

Crab dipped his claws in white paint
And painted white designs.



Turtle Shell

Marissa

Turtle shell
had a turtle.
Turtle died.

Now his shell is a drum.
Tap, tap, tap, tap, tap.



Rain

By: Cody

The dripping rain
Drip drops like gum drops
And it's all wet.



Lincoln Logs

By Willem

Fun to build —
cabins, hotel, dock,
house, floor,
Little opening I can see inside

Logs and half logs
some brown
some green
red roof made of wood

No instructions —
Just imagination



The birds on my porch

By Charles :

Back porch ducks

Creepy ducks with red gobbler necks

AND

Cute chicks all fluffy – yellow and brown

Creepy ducks flying in the yard

Racing each other on the trailer

Waddling across the street

Cute chicks running around the porch

Duck chicks quack, quacking

OH – a different egg!

another chick –

one with a white head and a blue body



Jelly Fish Swimming in the Ocean

By: Camp

Phs

Phs

Phs

Rainy day on a busy street.
The people are colorful jelly fish
swimming in the ocean.
The umbrellas go
up and down
up and down.



Nest
Claire

The nest is a bird's home
messy, soft string,
sticks, cloth,
pinestraw,
Hard work

Broken egg shells



Jackson

By Griffin

My dog
Brown, black and white
With sharp claws
For catching moles
And protecting us.

We play tug-a-war
And wrestle

Jack-Jack



We'll Always Love Peanut Butter and Jelly
By The Butterflies

When we were little we used to wear diapers.
We watched Thomas and played with sea
animals and dinosaurs

We used to cry Wah! And spit up.
When our mommas dropped us off at ECDC
we used to cry.

When we were little we sucked out thumbs
and had pacis.
We used a potty seat so we didn't fall into
the potty.

We ate mush cereal
And drank out of sippy cups and baby bottles.

Now we are old enough to
wear underpants instead of diapers.

We have serlouser toys like Bionicles.
We like to run and play games at
outside time.

Now we play with pokemon cards
and put Bakugan into balls.

We can eat hard candy and gummies
and strawberries and peanut butter.

Now we go to school.
We can read books.

We do research and write books.
We grow sunflowers.

Now we can swim in the deep end
Of the pool.

One day when we grow up we will fly in the sky
We'll stay up late watching scary movies.

We'll be policemen or animal doctors
or sell floorboards and rugs like my dad.

We'll go outside by ourselves
and drive electric cars.

One day we'll invent things
One day we'll help our kids grow up

We might lose some things as we go along, but
We'll always do cool new things

like math and popping wheelies and making
paper sculptures.

We'll always go on trips and come home
from them.

We'll always have our idea boxes
to figure things out and hatch new plans.

We'll always remember sad memories and
happy memories
— like when my dog died last year.

We'll always love writing and love our moms
and dads
and our brothers and sisters.

We will always love god and the whole earth
And our families thank you God.
We will always love peanut butter and jelly.

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ECDC Press

Charleston, South Carolina

CAMP
P. Pestal
CAIRE RILEY
SCARLETT
CAMP ELIJAH

will be in

CAMP

at 10:00 AM

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MAY 11