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 well.
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
Creepy ducks flying in the yard
Racing each other on the trailer
Waddling across the street

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,
pine straw,
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 Wahl! 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 seriouser 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.