



THE FLIPSIDE



ASSIGNMENT: Walt Whitman Poetry Contest winners.

Snowflakes have unique figures and masses,
But still are the same.
When they flutter down to the earth,
They make a relaxing carefree melody that is inviting.
When they hit the earth, the melody does not finish,
but waits for a conductor.
As a child plays, the melody continues.
It is more exuberant, because the snowflakes are as
playful as the child.
When the snowflakes melt,
The melody becomes softer and gloomier
As if they were saying goodbye.

***NEFERTITI SAMBA
Seventh Grade***

Sports has its song
Whether it is of triumph
Or sorrow,
Of hopelessness
Or desire.
All of these songs have their moment,
And every moment has its song.

In football, there is a flash of hope that appears in every
game
In whatever form it may be.
With this hope
There is a song to go with it.

In baseball, every action,
every play,
and every error
can change the tide
and moment of the game

Different songs signal the different stages of the game.

***MICHAEL HARARAH
Seventh Grade***

The sun rises in the East;
The moon falls in the West.
At the end of the night,
When the sun rises,
There will be light.
The sun gives us warmth;
the moon gives us moonlight.
Daylight comes,
Moonlight fades,
And a new day arises.

***JESSICA HUANG
Seventh Grade***

The drumbeat of the earth is the backbone of life.
Without it, the world has no rhythm.
The whistle of the wind is the wonder of a song.
Without it, you know there's something missing.
Words are what describe the song and beat and whistle.
Without them, everyone would be lost.

Percussion, Winds, and Words are the basic elements of
music.

Without them, the world will have no music or joy.

***LINDSAY SCHNURER
Seventh Grade***

***ASSIGNMENT Poems accepted for publication in
Creative Communications A Celebration of Poets
Contest.***

The glowing sunrise.
Above the clear flowing stream.
For a brand new day.

***GREGORY GAGLIONE
Seventh Grade***

Water flows gently.
Flowers whisper to the wind.
A story is told.

***NAJLA SIDDIQUI
Seventh Grade***

The sun is setting.
Clouds approach the settled beach.
The night is calling.

***NARAIN BADHEY
Seventh Grade***

“Flower Democracy”
The grassy meadow
Taken over by flowers--
Vibrant colors rule.

***NAUM MARTEN
Seventh Grade***

Snow blankets the rocks.
The trees flow through the mountains.
Water spawns color.

***THOMAS VENTURA
Seventh Grade***