



# THE FLIPSIDE



## ***ASSIGNMENT: Walt Whitman Poetry Contest winners.***

I lie awake on the clearest winter night  
 And listen to the ticking of my heart,  
     Beating out a rhythm.  
 I turn away from my insomnia  
 and look up at the music of the sky.

    The cosmos is silent,  
     Yet filled with resonance.  
 For the most distant star shines a beacon,  
     The remotest of galaxies sing,  
     And quasars pulse like metronomes.

A black hole, the icon of destruction,  
 Hums with energy in bittersweet song,  
 And even a vacuum's uncertain tune  
 Of particles that shouldn't really be  
 Fills the night with an inaudible ballad.

### ***SUZANNE NORRIS Seventh Grade***

Crisp air enunciates melodious sounds of music.  
 The sounds of laughter, people gathered, creating  
     special moments to remember.  
 And the faint breathing of people in awe.  
     These are sounds of euphony.  
 I hear the surrounding sounds of nature ubiquitously,  
 The sounds of butterflies flapping their wings like a soft  
     drum beat,  
 And the bustling of dragonflies around my ear.  
     These are sounds of euphony.  
 I heed the sounds of seasons shifting.  
 Snowflakes falling, like the twinkle of stars,  
     Is the call of winter.  
 Sound of rain falling on the window pane, like fading  
     footsteps,  
     Is the call of spring.  
 Sounds of leaves bustling through the wind, like paper  
 crumpling and forming heaps, is the call of fall.  
 Sound of birds singing during the day and crickets  
     chirping during the night  
     Is the call of summer.  
     These are sounds of euphony.

### ***RAHAYMA SHEIKH Seventh Grade***

The carpet is an organic green, the one that covers your  
     floor.  
     The carpet is not in, but out.  
 This carpet is not a lifeless green turf, made with plastic  
 dye green with rubber the color black to synthesize the  
     earth.  
 This carpet is grass filled with color and life with dirt  
     that supports it.  
 The grass is lush, vibrant, and shines in the sun and  
     moves with the wind,  
 A wind that is nimble yet strong with the warmth of a  
     growing fire,

A fire that snaps and chirps like birds and crickets.  
 When the grass moves in the wind, the blades rub  
     against one another.  
 This sound is the introduction to a symphony, a  
     symphony of nature.  
 After the introduction, the birds begin to sing.  
 Their voices are in different pitch and length.  
 The birds are the violins and violas of nature.  
 As the day comes to night, the sun has gone down,  
     and the moon has come up.  
 The symphony ends with the soft, yet sudden night.  
 The birds put away their bows and rest for their next  
     performance.  
 This symphony of nature belongs to the meadow,  
     The vast green meadow.

### ***ASANTE MILLS Seventh Grade***

## ***ASSIGNMENT: Write a limerick in the style of Centipede from James and the Giant Peach.***

James went through the peach door,  
 And then he fell to the floor.  
 He saw giant creatures  
 With somewhat weird features.  
 This was not what he really hoped for.

### ***NATHANIEL WANG Third Grade***

Centipede's terrifically rude.  
 Sometimes you can tell by his mood.  
 When he says cheers,  
 The earthworm sneers.  
 After that they get back to their feud.

### ***AVALON ZBOROVSKY-FENSTER Second Grade***

The big peach started to fly.  
 It almost touched the sky.  
 The sharks could not reach  
 The wonderful peach  
 Because it went so high.

### ***MICHAEL MANNINO Third Grade***

The tiny green things that James held  
 Made the peach get big, and it swelled.  
 The peach was so huge,  
 It could cause a deluge,  
 But luckily it never smelled!

### ***SARA FRAWLEY Third Grade***

Poor James had to be sent away  
 To his aunts, who would not let him play.  
 Aunts Spiker and Sponge  
 Would not let James plunge  
 Into the cool ocean today.

### ***AVERY SCHILDHAUS Second Grade***