

Poems from “River of Words: Poetry”

<http://www.riverofwords.org/poetry/index.html>

If I Could Be Water

If I could be water
I wouldn't be a pond
Muddy and brown,
I wouldn't be an ocean
Big and alone,
I wouldn't be rain
Falling again and again,
I wouldn't be ice
Cold and frozen,
I would be a river
Long, wide and free.

Bailey Bystry, age 11

2008 Finalist

Glen Ellyn, Illinois

Writers' Studio

Teacher: Naazish Yarkan

<http://www.riverofwords.org/poetry/2008/12.html>

What am I?

You use it in the morning,
when you brush your teeth.

You use it on your hair,
to make it neat.

In puddles,
I feel good on feet.

With teabags and sugar,
I am sweet.

In the summer,
you put me in the pool.

When you are hot,
I make you cool.

One more clue,
I am not blue.

I am water.

Amber Phillips, grade 4
Armuchee Elementary School
Rome, Georgia
Teacher: Andrea

You Bring Out the River in Me

You bring out the river in me.
The flow free in me.
The go wild in me.

You bring out the river in me.
The be still in me.
The free fall in me.

The drown...
The current...
The ripple in me.

You bring out the pebble skipping in me.
You bring out the fishing in me.
You bring out the fresh air in me.

The swim in me.
The sun moving across the water in me.
The I have no worries in me.

The laughing,
the enjoying the day with my dad in me.
You bring out the peace in me.

Lawanda Jacks, age 18
2008 Finalist
Detroit, Michigan
Western International High School
Teacher: Peter Markus
Lawanda Jacks, age 18
<http://www.riverofwords.org/poetry/2008/40.html>

| Tropical Breeze | Brisa Tropical |
|--|---|
| <p data-bbox="228 296 440 331">Puerto Rico</p> <p data-bbox="228 394 695 682">The tall powerful trees, the delicious oranges, evenings flying kites with strong air, hoping for them not to get caught in the trees</p> | <p data-bbox="815 296 1026 331">Puerto Rico</p> <p data-bbox="815 394 1360 682">Los altos poderosos árboles, las naranjas deliciosas, volantines al atardecer con fuertes ráfagas de aire saltando sobre ellas para no ser atrapado en los altos árboles.</p> |
| <p data-bbox="228 737 440 772">Puerto Rico</p> <p data-bbox="228 835 602 1123">The breeze reminds me of the saxophone, breathing into it, beautiful sounds high E's, low D's swaying.</p> | <p data-bbox="815 737 1026 772">Puerto Rico</p> <p data-bbox="815 835 1300 1123">La brisa me recuerda a mí un saxofón soplando preciosos sonidos, que salen de él altos E's, bajos D's balanceándose.</p> |
| <p data-bbox="228 1178 440 1213">Puerto Rico</p> <p data-bbox="228 1276 625 1606">The breeze again reminding me of the plants and animals, the tides, the moon shining above it, making the earth shine with beauty.</p> | <p data-bbox="815 1178 1026 1213">Puerto Rico</p> <p data-bbox="815 1276 1219 1606">La brisa otra vez me recuerda a los plantas, a los animales, las olas, la luna brillando sobre él haciendo que la tierra brille con belleza.</p> |

Carlos Alameda, age 12

2008 Finalist

Lancaster, Pennsylvania

Fulton Elementary

Teacher: Barbara Strasko

<http://www.riverofwords.org/poetry/2008/07.html>