

The Songbird In My Dreams



We all Sing,
Some better than others.
I, Myself have a voice,
but I would not compare,
my own with the voice
of a songbird.

The Songbird's voice
is shrill and exciting.
It sings to me
about the willow trees
where her young shall hatch.

The Songbird
sings to me
about the river
which, where she met her mate.
Oh, How they danced and sang
near those willow trees,
where her younglings shall give life.

Her voice, so sweet
to me, while i lay
in the grass.
As i listen to her story,
I imagine it all,
I see the trees!
then I hear a shout.

The shout comes
from my mother,
bringing me back
to reality.
As I see my storymaker flying,
through the trees.
I see her without a doubt.

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Her song is always singing, her
love is always showing. The
songbird in my dreams.

Maddie Frye, 8th grade
Stanwood A. Murphy Elementary School
Scotia, CA



As we showed our faces to the front door I saw it.

I saw its pain the monster had it clenched between its teeth. As I put one foot in front of the other.

I picked the dead creature up in my hands.

So sure it wouldn't see light again.

I put my gentle finger on the dead bird, suddenly, it lifted itself up.

Then the creature spun itself around my room with its small body.

Like a tornado that would never stop.

The beautiful bird stopped itself.

It let me put its fragile frame into my hands.

Then it flew out into the sky and was gone.

Jeshelle Roybal 8th grade

Stanwood A. Murphy Elementary School

Scotia, CA

On my way back from my journey
something caught my eye
and instead of looking away
I looked up and saw the sky
the beautiful ray of light, looked like a stage light
and from the redwood giants
it seemed like I was in heaven.



Olivia Sanchez 7th Grade,
Stanwood A. Murphy Elementary School
Scotia, CA



Whispering Winds

The wind whispers in the trees

The wind whispers to me The
wind whispers in my sleep The

wind whispers in the deep The

wind whispers beside me The

wind whispers beneath

The wind whispers underneath

Mollie Sager 8th grade,

Stanwood A. Murphy Elementary School

Scotia, CA



*The white and blue sky
A bird jets through the calm air
The bird is whirling*

Rainel Prater, 8th grade,
Stanwood A. Murphy Elementary School
Scotia, CA

The River Dreams



Does the water flow which way it dreams or
Does it flow the path of others

Does it have a voice of its own or
Is it acting like what other people
Want it to be.

I think the river should be
What it wants to be
Not what others want it to
Become in life

Life is a river
That has dreams of its own

If you don't follow the river
Your dreams won't flow through
Life with you following them

Dream through life
Flow through triumphantly
The river will
Thank you.

Rori Arndt, 7th grade
Cuddeback Elementary School

Ode To The Ocean

Ode to you the ocean

Whose thirst can never be
satisfied. “I cover most of the
world do I not?”

Yes, you take water from the tallest peaks of the
world. The freshest water in the world.

“Not only do I do that, but I support the most beautiful creatures that
you still have not discovered.”

Yes they are beautiful. You the most blue, never lose your beauty.



Thomas Mathews
Stanwood A. Murphy Elementary School
Scotia, CA



I travel all day and all night
Anxious to reach my destination
I arrive and witness a beautiful sight;
Much more beautiful than my expectation

I see animals reunite,
Rocks intricately carved by abrasion
But the prettiest thing of all gave me a feeling of fright
Mountains towering at an unbelievable height

It was incredible, yet how did I fit into this equation
As a human, it made me feel I committed an act of invasion
But taking a deep breath, I suddenly felt incredible might
This awe made me humble, curiously satisfied with the world.

Agustin Garcinuno, 8th grade
Stanwood A. Murphy Elementary School
Scotia, CA



Beauty

I am a bird, more importantly I am a crow
I am a crow on a farm
I am seeking beauty
but all I see is corn
corn, fields of corn
endless corn
I crave beauty
I look around
but I see nothing that interests me
I see a building in the far distance
I fly closer
closer
closer
It is the farmer's house
I look into the living room
but there is nothing I find that is beautiful
I fly around the building
I find an open window
I go inside
I look to the left
I see nothing but an old washtub
I look to the right
it has a beautiful silver boarder
it is reflecting the room around it
I take a step forward and I see my face

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I take another step I see my whole body
I crave beauty no more
For I have found pure beauty
Ah, true beauty!



Cassius Klinetobe, 8th grade
Stanwood A. Murphy Elementary School
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I am an eagle

flying around so majestically

with my tail high in the air

I am free and wild to do
what I want

I am looking around for something
to do then suddenly a fish jumps

I swoop down quick as a bullet

I grab it in my talons and fly away

At my nest I feed my young and
snuggle down and get some
rest for the day ahead



Cecil Smith, 8th grade
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