

Welcome to The Poetry Place! This site showcases work by sixth grade poets at Lone Rock Middle School. During five workshops in the school library we modeled poems on the work of internationally known poets. With Spanish poet Carlos Edmundo de Ory we considered hyperbole and surrealism; former U.S. Poet Laureate Billy Collins inspired us with his wit and metaphors; a lesson on abstract and concrete language originated with Palestinian poet Mahmoud Darwish; and Czechoslovakian poet Miroslav Holub instructed us with line breaks and stanzas. In addition, we wrote acrostic poems using familiar sayings as our spine words. Look for a second set of sixth grade poems in the coming months. I hope you enjoy reading these poems as much as the students enjoyed writing them! Sincerely, Marnie Prange, Poet-in-residence, The Missoula Writing Collaborative.

LOVESICK

I love you so much that when you talk to me,
your words go in one ear and out the other.
I love you so much that I run faster than the speed of sound.
I love you so much that I am a wolf.
I love you so much that mountains jump.
I love you so much that potatoes grow up.
I love you so much that when I shake a can of soda it doesn't explode.
I love you much that I put my shoes on backwards.
I love you so much that I cry tears of platinum.
I love you so much that the dead come alive.
I love you so much that it snows in summer.

MC

IN MY HEAD

In it an eagle soars
high in the clouds
and a rabbit in the field
is hopping in the swaying grasses

There is a
ship with red sails
making its way through warm seas

There is a
large whale
a stingray flying through the water
a feather falling softly to the forest floor

And a lake
peacefully waiting for life to awake

There is a cottonwood tree

There is a small ant

But there is also
a fire
that destroys anything it wishes.

MS

IN MY HEAD

In my head is a voice
telling me what to say
and one that tells me what
to write

And there is
an ocean full of my memories

And there is
an entirely new world
an entirely new story
and an entirely new way of thinking

In my head there is
a box which stores things
I don't want
or don't use

And there are faces
who belong to people,
some whose names
are memorized
some whose names
are not.

KA

LOVE'S POWER

I love you so much that you will live forever.
I love you so much that the ocean catches on fire.
I love you so much that the sky falls.
I love you so much that light goes out.
I love you so much that I only think about you.
I love you so much that rattlesnakes won't bite me.
I love you so much that I would die for you.

CB

SO YOU KNOW

You are the ball and the basket,
the toss and the score.
You are bare feet on wet grass
and the wind with the wings.
You are the raspberries in the pie
and the seeds under the leaves.

However, you are not the mist over the pond,
the frogs in the pool,
or the clover in my pot.
And you are certainly not my favorite book.
There is just no way you are my favorite book.

It is possible that you my dreams at night,
maybe even the dove out my window,
but you are not even close to the dead flowers in my garden.

It might interest you to know,
speaking of the plentiful imagery of the world,
that I am your shine on the perfect day.

I also happen to be that lady bug on your window,
the silk worm spinning a cocoon,
the dead butterfly on your car.

ED

ON THE DAY

On the day my words are bloody
I am friends with a vampire.

On the day my words are water
I am friends with the ocean.

On the day my words are silent
I am friends with books.

On the day my words are loud
I am friends with pain.

On the day my words are solid
I am friends with a rock.

But on the day my words are thin
I speak only with the air.

CW

FYI

You are the cheese and the crackers,
the burger and the fries.
You are the leaves on the trees
and the color in the rainbow.
You are the wheels on the bike,
and the butterfly in the air.

However you are not the wasp who stings
or the black in the storm clouds.
And you are definitely not the scariness
in a rollercoaster.

It is possible that you are the coral in the ocean
and the sand on the ocean beaches.
But there is no way you are the disobedient child
in a home full of chaos.

KM

IN MY HEAD

In it is a rocket
and a tunnel leading up.
And there is a peppermint taste
floating up that tunnel.

And there is an
entirely new school,
an entirely new book,
and an entirely new universe
for the rocket to explore.

There is a star that powers everything.

There is a calculator.

There is a library just past that dark tunnel
where everything happens with the workers
of my head everywhere.
In that library there are many sounds, tastes and smells -
just like the peppermint taste which is now preserved.

Also in my head there is the dream sector
where all of my ideas happen along with all
my inventions, some of which have killed workers by accident.

And it just can't be destroyed.

I believe that the only thing that can't
be destroyed is my head's library.

There is much promise that almost everyone
has that hidden little magical world in their head like me.

AS

PEACE

Until the sky grows dark
The trees whisper in the wind.
Cows graze in the field quietly.
Coming from a distance, a puff of smoke.
Home is where I'm headed.

LD

IN MY HEAD THERE IS A GLADIATOR

In it there is an arena
and a chariot
for doing away with gladiators.

And there are crowds
which shall be cheering.

And there is
an entirely new champion
an entirely new gladiator
an entirely new kingdom.

There is a stream of blood
in which fear does not flow.

There is a sword

There is a shield

and they cannot be broken.

I believe
that only what cannot be broken
is a spirit.

There is much promise
in the human
for so many people have spirits.

AJ

FYI

You are the paint on the canvas,
you are the words in the book,
and you are the water in the pond.

However you are not the bear in the forest,
you are not the teeth of the wolf,
and you are not the fog in the marsh.

It is possible you are the skater
on the skateboard,
and the quarterback on the football field,
but you are not the soldier
on the battlefield.

AJ

POEM 4

On the day when my words were small
I became friends with an insect.

On the day when my words became unclean
I bought a Sham Wow.

On the day when my words became sorrowful
I became friends with a mirror.

On the day when my words became legend
I befriended Paul Bunyan.

But when my words became
large
I was friends
with an elephant.

TB

IN MY HEAD

In it there are aliens trying to escape
with their spaceships.

There are wolves running free,
and spiders making webs so I can remember
everything I learn at school.

And the sun is always shining
so I stay warm.

And there are even people skiing
on the ocean.

And when I cross my eyes
I see all the people inside my head.

CH

IN MY HEAD

Inside it pink unicorns steal boats
and a blue one attacks banana kings,

and llamas with hats are creepy sociopaths
with a history of violence.

In my head, the alphabet
is my happy place
and mustaches sing and dance.

Pie flies

Tacos swim

Inside crazy is normal.

Old men fade to turtles
then to nothing in my mirror.

In my head, steak and hostages
in closets is a normal birthday party,
and panda bears are peace signs.

In my mind are no bad things
like criminals and death.

My mind is only full of happy things
like flowers and butterflies.

AD