

a sampler of morning earth poems by kids

CIRCLES

My blood makes a circle
Through my heart.
The Earth makes a circle.
We of earth are one part.

—Tommy Johnson, gr 2

ONENESS

a faded blue day
a soft worn sky
like an old pair of jeans,
light and then lighter

clouds pushed and pulled,
trees trying to touch them,
a day just for lying
on green grassy carpets
with flowers around me,
my arm for a pillow

the colors of summer
are bright but still mellow,
the feel and the sound
are the same but still new

aloneness and oneness
with all things in nature,
and the sky,
and this day.

—Jenny Prosser, gr 10

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TRAVEL YOUR EYES

Spring laughs in flowers and the moon,
Earth laughs in stars and in the sun,
The clouds shine... Go barefoot!
Go up into Mars, travel your eyes!

—Angela Wilson, gr 2

THE EARTH'S LAUGH

Hear the heart pound
against the Earth's floor!
As it laughs around the sun,
Earth moves,
Look at it dance
around the sun!
Earth started laughing
at its dancing,
Can you hear it?
It laughs around you!
Hear the heart pound!
The wind will
blow you away with
the sounds of Earth's laugh!

— Teresa Dondelinger, gr 6

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PRAISE TO THE PATTERN

Praise to the twitch
of the whiskers of rabbits,
Praise to the puffy clouds
to find shapes within,
Praise to the grassy hill
to roll swiftly down,
Praise to the ocean-salty shell
on the sandy beach,
Praise to the sunset
that glows in the evening,
Praise to the glow
of a firefly's end,
Praise to the detail,
the pattern of
All the small things
our eyes overlook.

—Sarah Schmitz, gr 4

THE WILD DANCE

Dancing, dancing,
everything dances —
The wildflowers dance
for the beauty,
Beauty dances
for the wild living animals,
All the animals dance
for the wilderness green,
The wilderness green dances
for all the living people —
But the living people don't dance
for the wilderness green,
So the wilderness green may not
dance for long

— Andy Bipes, gr 5

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CONNECTING TO THE DANCE

I dance on land while
The dolphins dance in water while
The trees sway in sunlight while
The pigs roll in mud while
The bats fly in darkness while
The flowers sway in wind while
The shoes dance on feet while
The letters move in words while
The heat dances on the sun while
The candles dance on cakes while
The rabbits jump on moonlit snow —
When the dancing starts,
It can never be stopped!

— Laura Shagalov, gr 5

GETTING BIGGER

Flowers laugh in grass
Grass laughs in dirt
Dirt laughs in the earth
The earth laughs in space
Space laughs in the universe
And the universe laughs in nothing

—Kelly McGuire, gr 2

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SIMULTANEOUS VIBRATIONS

The tennis ball laughs on the court,
it vibrates on the universe

as the flower buds,
as if the bird in the sky.

As I hit a backhand,
the tennis ball laughs with a spin,

as it shoots over the net
the ball sings as the flower buds,

it vibrates on the universe.

— Lauren Karsh, gr 5

LIGHT

A seed dances into a trunk,
A trunk dances into a branch,
A branch dances into a twig,
A twig dances into a leaf,
A leaf dances into light,
The light dances all over Me!
Can't you see?

The tree is growing
Just like Me!

— Trameisha Greer, gr 5

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I WISH TO SPEAK

I wish to speak
for the dog being beaten by the man,
for the rabbit being eaten by the fox,
for the birds being shot,
I wish to speak
for the mice being eaten by cats,
for the dolphins being captured in nets,
for the horses breaking their legs
and then being shot to death.
I wish to speak
for the homeless,
for the children without any friends.

—Linda Malmskold, gr 4

ENDANGERED SPECIES

I am the advocate of the air.
As the wind whistles through the trees,
carbon dioxide is pushed into air by cars.
We try to breathe.
As factories force pollutants into the oxygen,
we try to breathe.
As aerosol bottles spray,
we try to breathe.
As a forest fire rages because of a careless camper,
we try to breathe.

—Aaron Uldo, gr 5

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THE FOREST

Who speaks
for the forest?
Who speaks
for the trees
and the eagles
and the spotted owls
and the little mice
and the big bears
who live
in the forest?
Who speaks
for the forest entire?

—Kristoff Hendrickson, gr 4

A MINGLING

I strolled.
An occasional sea spray,
powdery white sand mingled with wind & water,
I became one with the scape,
danced on the line between surf and sand.
Further out I skipped,
glints off the water, a stirring inside me,
I leapt, let go of my self.
Up with me rose the silvery creatures,
the harmony of surf & wind joined with my spirit,
two dolphins dancing with me,
all colors and feelings released, effervescence—
A wave rolled,
closed in and washed me over, made my skin glitter.
The dolphins dove.
I watched.
They took part of me and left parts of themselves.

—Dee Dee Budde, gr 8

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STANDING ON MORO ROCK

Standing on Moro Rock
Watching a thunderstorm far off in the California wilderness
While electric flashing snakes raced from the sky

The whisper of electricity throughout the air
Laughing aloud at our hair standing high —

Then the rain and lightning rolled toward us,
We traveled briskly down the trail
Rain beating on our shoulders.

—Nate Ashmead, gr 7

I COULD CHANGE ALL THAT

Before I came
deer were fat and lazy,
Before I came
the mountains were tall and lonely,
Before I came
caves were dark and damp.
When I came
I was rolling in the mountain sand.
I awoke
seeing the tall lonely mountains
and the damp cave beside me
and the lazy deer by the river.
And I was surprised,
I knew
I could change all that,
I knew my name:
Cougar.

—Darrick Haugan, gr 4

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GRAY POEM

Before I was born
the ground never shook,
But now when I step
the ground rumbles,
I rumbled the ground almost
forever—
But now,
like a gunshot's echo,
I am almost extinct.

—Ben, gr 3

THE FIRST

Before I was born,
the rocks fell a second slow.
Before I was born,
the moon was always in the sky.
Before I was born,
the world never moved.
My father was the wind, and
when I was born,
the first thing I knew was my name:
Cheetah.
After I came,
the rocks fell faster,
After I came,
the sun moved and daytime became,
and Earth orbited the sun.

—Tim Ackerman, gr 3

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THE RHYTHM OF PRAISE

Bones

Shells

Pebbles

Marbles

Bottle caps

Oak leaves

Feathers

The eggshells of small birds

The smell of a flowered meadow

Snow flakes

Clear rocks

Sun

Stars

The man on the moon

Summer night

Fireflies

Fireflies

— Shannon Perrie, 6

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THE STORM

In Outer Space there is a storm
as light twists and turns.
All of a sudden lightning breaks—
that's when I fall down.
A waterfall of snow sprinkles me.
Soon I know what I am,
with claws as dark as a black hole,
I am Polar Bear, brave and strong.
—Rose Giltzow, gr 3

THE FUTURE OF THE SEA

I walk to the sea,
and I see the sea,
I scream when I see the sea.
The sea is empty.

I see the bones of many fish,
abandoned coral reefs.
I see so many signs of a lost world.
But I do not see the sea.

— Jesse Hatanpaa, gr 5

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WILL THE SUN SEE ME?

Plants dance to the sun,
Flowers dance to the sun,
Trees dance to the sun,
We dance to the sun!
I will dance with them.

But the sun does not see me.
I shall no longer dance.

But the world will still dance to the sun—
Plants will still green,
Flowers still bloom,
Trees will still leaf,

So now, since the world dances
So will I—
Even if the sun will not see me,
I will dance still to the sun.

— Gretchen Walker, gr 5

MY SPECIAL PLACE

I walk along the shore of our swamp
and listen to the sounds,
the birds talk to each other,
the frogs croak all around,
and beavers slap their tails
against the water.

I climb out on the limb of a dead tree
and dip my feet in the water.
There I sit, and watch
the sun dip out of sight,
the pinks and purples
swirl across the sky.

— Kristin Nelson gr. 6

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THE CHAMELEON

I was born of a leaf,
an incognito image.

I tiptoed off the leaf,
my color changed
as if worried to be seen.

When seen I run
like lightning

Through my colors as
an incognito image.

—Adriane Pechmann 6

ACORN EATER LIVES ON

Before I was born,
trees were lonely.
Before I was born,
there were no forests.
Before I was born
acorns hung so heavy
that tree limbs would break and fall, fall.
That's why I was born.

After my birth
I would swirl with my tail on tree limbs,
After my birth
I glided from tree to tree,
and the trees were happy.
After my birth
the acorns fell and fell
so the branches felt much better.

After my birth
I buried my acorns for supper for winter,
but the acorns grew, grew
into trees and leaves so shiny.
After my birth
there were forests,
and a lot more animals lived in my forest.

— Ryan Vance, gr. 5

DANCING

The electrons dance
on the atoms
on the cells
on the organs
on me
on the houses
on the towns
on the cities
on the countries
on the worlds
on the solar systems
on the galaxies
and everything
Dances!

— Sam Polglaze 5

THE HORSE

My horse's hooves dance in snow,
His mane flies through the air,
His ears dance forward,
His eyes dance slowly,
My horse jumps for happiness into thin air!

— Alyssa Pechmann 5

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THE LINK OF LIFE

The things of nature
link together
to make a chain.
Everything joins
in links of their own kind.
Then there's the Link
that holds them
all together,
taking
each little chain
to form One.
Without One
they are nothing,
together
they are everything,
together
they form the Chain
of Life.

— Lindsay Weber, gr 5

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THE PLACE I'LL NEVER FORGET

The creek that gives me happiness
with water trickling down the rocks,
the plopping of wet mud,
many thorns and bushes scratch my legs,
small rocks that can cut your feet
without shoes on,
a creek I read in and splash around in,
the misty air with birds of all sorts
to chirp and breathe it,
the creek that wipes away my sorrow,
the place I'll never forget,
the creek I spat in three times.

— Liz James, gr 5

YESTERDAY

I saw a redwinged bird
chasing a hawk.
The hawk was gliding
through the sky
like he was walking
in thin air.
The redwing said he was cool.
He can drill through the hawk
like a daffodil stem
drills through to the sun.

— Darius Armstrong , gr 2

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I LIKE THESE THINGS

I like the color of Medicine Lake,
and the way you move so free.
I like the chirping of the frog
I hear but do not see.
I like the way the geese fly high,
the geese so high and free.

— Mary Herkal, gr 2

SWEET NOISE

I love my giggle.
It is like a cat's meow.
When it is in love,
my giggle is like
a chickadee's sweet noise.

— Amy Thompson, gr 1

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SOARING

A soaring bird
is like a kite
tippy and wobbly—
It might fall
It might stay up.
I watch it
like I've never seen
a bird before.
My eyes just
stick to it
like it is the most
beautiful thing
I've ever seen.
Feathers so delicate,
it stays in perfect
place,
hovering like it is
there forever,
up and up 'till you
can't see it.
It stays in my head
forever.

— Pam Holschuh, Gr. 2

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LAUGH TO OUR KNEES

Earth laughs in flowers,
April sings showers,
May dances right into June,
Flag leads the band.
I'll sing you a sweet song,
Let's dance to the bees,
Let's say jokes that will make us
Laugh to our knees!

—Trisha Steven, gr 2

CIRCLES OF FLOWERS AND SHOWERS

Flowers And Showers dance in hours
together for hours and hours,
Together they sing forever and ever
Till the weather has changed into a feather.

They will miss each other until winter is over
and Spring is coming closer and closer
until Flowers And Showers come again in red colors

and next winter, say Flowers And Showers,
we will miss each other until next winter is over,
it will be awhile before we see each other again,
Till weather changes into a feather.

— Dustin gr.2

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IMAGINE

I would be on the hill behind my house
lying in cold wet grass,
in the shadow of a small elm

Gazing up at the sky,
staring at a white bunny...
then, a turtle...no wait,
a horse that was galloping!

Then many different animals
were floating and dancing,
the descending sun calling them to it,
my eyes amazed at this exhibition.

I could float up, touch and feel them,
their white furry bodies, soft and warm.

All of them my *best* friends forever.
Now the friends I loved are gone,
they all look like clouds,
just clouds.
I made new friends,
but I don't think they can replace
my white and dancing old ones.

— Zach Job, gr. 8

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ENCHANTMENT

Tall green grass blowing in wind,
Daffodils and daisies that smile,
Clouds like lambs,
Puffs of wind with the enchanting smell
of flowers that sweep worry away:
You can dance with a deer,
Fly with an eagle,
Swim with a fish,
Sing with a canary,
All the animals are your friends.

You can only go there
When you hit the bottom
of your ocean of worry.

The world floats you up slowly...
The dark of reality fades away,
The light of dreams shines
And you are swimming in light!

All of the sudden you are shot back
through a small tunnel—
Bright on the dream side,
Dark on reality.

— Abby Williams, 8

Kane 4

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WAKING TO THE SUN.

No one else is here,
The air fresh and crisp,
I feel great,
The sun just starts to shine
off everything I see.
I move fast, enjoying all I see,
I've seen it all before
but it doesn't matter,
The world is waking to the sun.

My mom tells me there is a sun god,
So I am going to talk with Him.

— Clark Goebel, gr. 8

THE ROCK IN MY BACK YARD

There is a rock in my back yard,
a large rock among tall; grass.
It warms you when you lie on it,
the sun beats down on your face,
You forget your worries
when you're on the rock in my back yard.

The cool summer breeze blows across your face.
You can let your mind go free,
You are magically somewhere else,
The stars and the heavens are all yours to discover.
Your imagination has no limits.
Or, you can let your mind go perfectly clear
on the rock in my back yard.

— Paul Bliss, 7

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SONG FOR SPRING

Spring, sing to me the birth
of sitting on a fence,
a blue jay's calls,
the soft touch of a rose petal
quietly the croak of a frog,
the excitement of life,
the glow of growing

Spring, sing to me of
the energy of life,
the noticing of bright-colored clothing,
the birth of rain and puddles,
the wonderful moisture in the air,

the urge to hunt.

—Chelsea Prax, gr. 2

SPEAK TO ME SPRING

Spring, show me the birth of
a family of ducklings
paddling a pond,
show me a tiny newborn frog
swimming its hardest,
show me the bright red cardinal
feeding its mate,
Spring, show me the birth
of Guess Who?
You!

— Zach Schmoll, 102

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BEHIND THE WALL

We went to our place, our secret place.

At our place we watched
the birds fly among the trees, watched
the stream gurgle among the rocks.
We looked around and saw the distant cornfields.

We went to a tree and climbed it,
leaped to another,
then fell to the ground.
We were in a secret place within a secret place.

The grass was so tall it tickled my chin.
There was no stream here,
It was quiet except for the honking of geese,
The crackle of leaves underfoot was
deafening in the silence.

The ancient oaks towered over us, muted giants waiting,
waiting for time to pass.

I studied the wall,
crumbling in places, mossy in others.
It was important.
We guarded our secret place within a secret place.

— Steven Scroggins, gr 5

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MAGICAL CABIN

My cabin feels like it is miles long.
Miles and miles of that piney scent of the woods,
that sound of water breaking on the shore,

Miles and miles of cattails swaying in the wind,
the rocky feeling when I walk on the rocks
the sun beating down on me,

Miles and miles of that sweet smelling breeze
when I walk through a field of flowers,
the smell of green grass blowing in the wind,

The way the swing creaks when I look out at the lake,
where the animals work noisily, the crickets chirp,
it feels like home, my special place

— Angela Fahey 6-

MY SPECIAL PLACE

I walk along the shore of our swamp
and listen to the sounds,
the birds talk to each other,
the frogs croak all around,
and beavers slap their tails
against the water.

I climb out on the limb of a dead tree
and dip my feet in the water.
There I sit, and watch
the sun dip out of sight,
the pinks and purples
swirl across the sky.

— Kristin Nelson gr. 6

OVER THE WHOLE WORLD

St. Croix River Valley

up in the sky
on a rock
over the big blue water
across the deep valley of trees
I stood ... tall and full, like a mast-head of
a special ship, one that was alive.

I felt the earth move
around my body as I lay sinking into its love,
satisfied by caresses the wind gave me freely

all day the sun felt warm
and I sat on the edge of the cliff
dangling my feet over the whole world
playing an imaginary flute, the music
around me, sun warm and the river below
twinkled and quivered, showing off
rainbow patterns in its waves and flow,
sparkling like a wet Milky Way.

Jenny Prosser, gr 10

Yo Spring!
I want rain, just rain
so I can open my mouth
and have rain in my mouth!
And some more things I want are:
Red sunburns on my nose
so I can tell the sun,
“You’re doing a good job keeping us warm.”
And bluebirds and red birds.
And picking a flower and throwing it up, up
Way in the sky.

— Brent Kettlekamp, gr 2

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SOMETIMES IN ME

Spring, O Spring
is gentle in the wind
Spring
is taking a step across the harsh Winter

When my heart cries out
And I myself am there

I come together
I begin again

I take a touse in the rippling grass
I lie in the shade of a tree in the sun

My heart is together
I am finding it again

Spring
is tearing across an open field

Spring
is running down a long meadow

Spring, O Spring
is gentle in the wind
I am finding it again
I begin again

— Stefanie Weintz, gr 6

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