Fifth Grade Perspective Poems 9/4/18

**The Chicken**

By Connor

There was a chicken on a plank

Staring at me, emotionally blank

Curious, Curious, it must be,

To have stared so hard at me.

Chickens, chickens, curious they are

They peck at dirt and bark and grass,

I can only guess they are having a blast!

**The Dog**

By Rosie

The dog walks in, lost

Gently led, following,

Showing no worry as the light bounces off his fur

Just happy to be found.

When he departs, reunited

Simply leading me to wonder

Lost and found

Lost and found.

**Mountains**

By Izzy

I stand above tall mountains and hills

Tall as a star in the sky

So tall that they reach the clouds.

Always quiet, mountains reaching as far as the eye can see.

Everyone was in awe.

Beautiful, beautiful, beautiful

**Ocean**

By Jaelynn

Clear ocean water against the beautiful sunset

Bright sun and water bright in the sky.

I wonder how the water feels

I feel calm and relaxed.

Quiet. Just the sound of the ocean waves hitting the shore.

**Baby Deer**

By Savannah

A baby deer

Standing in our yard

Eating some green grass

The sun was bright

But somewhat shaded

By the tall trees

The sounds to me were loud and noisy

But also magically silent.

Where is the busy deer’s mom

I wondered

I felt happy

And the deer decided to leave

Baby deer

Baby deer

Baby deer

**Butterfly**

By Jack

Butterfly, Butterfly, Butterfuly

A bird flying south

Never makes you doubt

Love and flight

Beauty, beauty, what a thing!

But as every rose has thorns,

 All beauty must die, rot and turn ugly

To feed the new beauty like the grass.

Butterflies, as all things, experience a

Continuous circle of life.

**Dog With a Party Hat**

By Malcolm

I saw that dog with the party hat.

I found it very odd.

I wonder who?

Who put the party hat on that dog?

To this day I still don’t know.

**A Summer Mountain**

By Camm

Summer puts in a word

Leaves rustle, birds chirp

A creek gurgles and yet

Everything is still and quiet

Dappled light shines down

Dancing shadows fly across the ground

The mountain holds its breath

I turn a corner and there it is

I am filled with awe and wonder

It is a simple thing

A combination of man and nature

Beautiful, quiet and in balance

A green bottle, lovely

The light reflects of it

The bottle is in the tree neck first

I wonder who did it. Why?

The tree is a beautiful thing

A simple stump

Man and nature

Balance, balance, balance

**Butterfly**

By Paul

On a bright summer day

Where a beautiful butterfly lay

On a big green bush

Where wind and feet were in a rush.

A couple swept by to avoid the rain,

Yet it would cause the butterfly no pain.

But it fled like light from the dark

And it hid under a fallen piece of bark.

There it slept and dreamt of falling

Into a field of flowers and a falling

Sunset, and a pink and orange sky

And the butterfly flew into the night sky