

Pat's Learning Annex Poets

Pat Schmidt helps children ages 6-14 develop their individual potential and unique strengths in a family-style learning environment. Her innovative education program stresses academic excellence and social responsibility. For more information visit www.patslearningannex.org.



Melodies of the Seasons

Winter a lazy old,
Tired man with a sweet smile,
Lies to rest under white blankets looking
up to millions of sparkling stars,
Shivering and rosy nosed
He sleeps
Dreaming of a
Wonderful white world
He is the night,
Stirs, opens one eye, buds peek at him.
He turns over.
Spring sings with turtle doves to announce
the
Strawberry sunrise
Waking winter,
She is the dawn
She dances a waltz to insect rhythm with
the flowers
Muddy toes,
Splashing in slush
She spins right into the arms of
Summer.
Summer catches Spring by surprise
He settles into the armpit of the trees in the
sweet, soft, shade
Of everlasting days
He is the afternoon
Drinking sour ice lemonade,
Wearing a crown of true gold dandelions
to prove his wealth
Hiding away from his ego, heat.
Fall waits patiently until Summer naps
She tiptoes in with cool breezes dancing at
her feet,
Paintbrush dripping glowing gold,
Sweet sunshine yellow, roaring rage red,
outrageous orange,
Plumb plum purple, on the faces of leaves,
She ushers yawning summer to bed,
She is the dusk,
Sweeps the ground with brown crispy
leaves
Whispering warning of winter's nights.

Anna Kann, 13

A Cool Breeze

A cool breeze
shakes the cold hanging leaves.
Their cruel king howls with rage,
while the beggar leaves cry with despair,
hungry for warmth and heat.
Young crippled leaves wail for lost moth-
ers
soon are forgotten
Buried under a white sheet of snow.
The survivors ask father tree for warmth
and peace
but
The trees have gone to sleep.
The king does not care
The spell of winter has been cast
They comfort the young
with their simple words
Spring will come again.

Clare Lanaghan, 9

Rabbits

Fluffy as milkweed seeds
White like the winter sky
Hopping through great brown forests
searching for bright, blooming flowers
soft, delicate petals
ears like tall stalks of wheat
twitching, flicking,
picking up bird songs, leaves falling to the
ground,
the humming of cicadas, and the sound of
singing crickets
tail like a dandelion puff
small blinking eyes taking in the red fire
leaves
strong legs dig holes
light shines on her back lulling her to sleep

Megan Kann, 7

April

April zooms in like a bluebird on the wind;
Bright like a daisy.
Flit, flutter through the green sun-beamed
forest
Making a soft nest for its babies.
A bud on a branch
A song in the spring air
Gliding into May

Gerrit VanWilligan, 9

The Eagle

I am an elegant Ethan eagle
I have two lanky long arms like the strong
wings that fly through the
raindrop night
When it comes to battle I am brave like a
bright warrior
I am fierce like a flaming fire fighting cancer
The eagle is with me
The eagle is in me
I can feel the cool chill of the winding wind
It feels like radiation
I am gasping for breath
It feels like I am in an exhausted sleep
I see my burrow in the dark and horrifying
trees dying away from my hazel eyes
The wind sounds like a multicolored train
speeding by
It sounds like an endless MRI
I see the shimmering shell moon
I swoop down to look for earthworms
For whom?
For my chirping, chomping chicks
When I land it feels like heatless flaming
sparks are coming off my feet

Ethan Kline, 11