

Abstract Titled, Metaphorical Poems

Written by: 6th Graders (2009)



<p style="text-align: center;">Tiredness By: Jessica Parr</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Darkness By: Marshall Young</p>
<p>Tiredness is a cloud, Going around, don't know where to go, Floating around light-headed, Thinking of nothing, just going, Going here going there without making a sound, Feeling kind of droopy. Tiredness is a cloud.</p>	<p>Darkness to me has not been peaceful. It has been fearful, silent, blind; You don't know it's there. It's a chill that runs down my spine, A spear piercing my chest, A needle running through my heart, But still I am blind. I still feel the spear And the needle And the chill down my spine.</p>
<p style="text-align: center;">Hatred By: Rebekah Smith</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Hatred By: Victor Phan</p>
<p>Hatred is a rapid river; It can take you by surprise. And as much as you try to swim in a different direction Toward a peaceful lake, You can't resist the strength, And you are consumed. Taken with you are all your memories Of all the good times you had Before the rapid river.</p>	<p>Hatred is thunder; it's a strong word like thunder hitting you. You try to forget who you hate, but it's like skin; It always stays there. Who you hate makes you want to kill them, But through your mind and body, you can't. You try to be nice to them, but lightning strikes again. You get very angry and then you beat yourself. You just want the sun to rise again.</p>
<p style="text-align: center;">Music By: Wendy Magbanua</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Anger By: GeeYong Sung</p>
<p>Music is a lifelong journey; It goes on for generations and changes over time. It went from Bach, To hip-hop, To rock, to classic, Remembering life in the past and full of adventures. Music is a lifelong journey.</p>	<p>Anger is a flaming fire inside you; It's hard to put it out. It keeps burning. As you get more angry, You put more wood into your fire. Your fire grows. The only way to put out the fire Is if you say three words To the person you're mad at: I forgive you.</p>
<p style="text-align: center;">Time By: Chuang Tang</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Time By: GeShaun Faison</p>
<p>Time is a one-way road Through which all things must pass, Beginning at the start of the universe And ending at the end. You cannot tell what lies ahead Nor can you turn back. You may find a loop to take you ahead or behind, But you will always find yourself, In the end, On the road to time.</p>	<p>Time is a test; It has choices And stump-worthy questions That challenges the mind And questions your thoughts But sometimes easy questions That you can put no effort at all, But all the while you are doing this you think, "Am I being timed?"</p>

<p style="text-align: center;">Hunger By: Ketan Vyas</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Sickness By: Manasa Veluvolu</p>
<p>Hunger is a disease. It renders you lethargy. It disables you to do anything active. All you can do is lay down. You want, You wish, That you could control it, But the plague takes control. If only you had food.</p>	<p>Sickness is a soldier, Always erupting where he wants, Always killing people whenever he wants, Always hurting whoever he wants, Fighting battles all the time, Getting hurt very badly. Everyone can try to win against him.</p>
<p style="text-align: center;">Fear By: Xzavier Pettus</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Determination By: Matthew Perkins</p>
<p>Fear is a creature, Sleeping in your bed Without you knowing it's there, Slowly creeping up About to go in for the kill. The creature gets crazy. You wake up, and it's up in your face. You scream.</p>	<p>Trying to prevent the Holocaust, Trying to stop D-Day, Ending all the atomic bombing, Ending all the hate, Stopping the battles in Europe, Stopping the battles in Asia. This is how you fight to win; This is determination.</p>
<p style="text-align: center;">Pain By: Ronald Freeman</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Love By: Michela Williams</p>
<p>Pain is a game of chance. You win; you go on hurt, just fine. You lose; you get hurt, just pain. Sometimes you want to give up life. Remember pain is a game of chance. You're hurting on the inside and out; Your soul is torn by pain; your body is stripped of its power. You seem to be powerless against pain. Remember pain is a game of chance. You run and scream and try to hide, but pain always finds you. Remember pain is a game of chance.</p>	<p>Love is wind; It comes and goes. When it comes, you feel a chill. When it goes, you feel warm. It will always be there no matter what. Sometimes, you love it. Sometimes you hate it.</p>
<p style="text-align: center;">Pressure By: Justin Jukonis</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Verbal Words By: Sally Goldman</p>
<p>Pressure is like a lion, stalking its prey, Creeping behind you and making you afraid. You know you are being watched, but you can't see by whom. In your highest moment, pressure always strikes; Pressure strikes fear when you see hundreds of eyes, Glaring upon you like a frog to a fly. If you slip up once, it would laugh, but you might cry. Pressure is like a lion, stalking its prey.</p>	<p>Your words are a lion, A lion that will devour my soul, A very hungry lion, Hungry for more, The lion that bites at the spirits of others. I feel their pain, too. Your beastly pet knows how to attack us, But we'll kill that cat someday. We'll show you and your lion That one million lions can't kill us.</p>

<p style="text-align: center;">Joy By: Marilyn Mwasi</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Despair By: Michelle Burton</p>
<p>Joy is flowers, Elegant, soft petals, Fresh smells to fill the air, Illuminating colors, Bold and strong, Beautiful, skinny stems, Flowers soft to the touch; This is joy.</p>	<p>Despair is the depths of an inescapable abyss When all has been lost, No hope, no happiness, Nothing whatsoever, Sadness overcrowding entire beings When in the depths, The depths of despair.</p>
<p style="text-align: center;">Courage By: Mykah Smith</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Stupidity By: Arran Jenkins</p>
<p>Courage is a scary journey. Sometimes it takes people a long time to find courage in themselves; The expedition may take them their whole lives, But when they find the passage to their courage, They will be glad Even though the trip probably took a long time. They will be glad about the fearful travels they took To find their courage.</p>	<p>Stupidity is a losing race, Always slowing you down, Keeping you behind, Never letting you forward, Giving you no senses, Unknowingness and fear, Wondering what's going on, Never really understanding. Stupidity is a losing race.</p>
<p style="text-align: center;">Sadness By: Alexandra Johnson</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Sadness By: Sara Yousef</p>
<p>Sadness is a tiger's claw; It won't leave without leaving a mark. It leaves scratches and tears, Sometimes worse, A hole in your heart, Big or small. The tiger leaves you, But it will come back And tear you up again. Sadness is a tiger's claw.</p>	<p>Sadness is the dark depths of the world. It is unseen. It's an emotional terrorist. You may lose yourself. You can drown yourself in tears. You wait for happiness to come. Eventually, you know it won't come. That's when it kills you.</p>
<p style="text-align: center;">Loneliness By: Scott Robles</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Loneliness By: Elma Abdullah</p>
<p>Loneliness is a room, A room with nothing in it, No doors or windows or walls, No color or war or peace. You can see the people outside the room. You yell for help but no one comes. There is no sound in the room. You can't get out. You are trapped forever. Some one comes and you will be lonely no more.</p>	<p>Loneliness is an empty ocean; It has no creatures. It has no reefs. It's empty; It's bare: It has no rocks. It has no sand. It has no life. It's all alone. It has nothing.</p>

<p style="text-align: center;">Excitement By: Mary Elise Cooper</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Respect By: Leslie Gray</p>
<p>Excitement is a roller coaster ride, Your mouth wide open, Tongue hanging out, Your hands flying in the wind. Whisshhh! Your eyes wide open, You scream as loud as you can, Flying down the hill, Thinking you're about to die!</p>	<p>Respect is a ceremony. You get congratulated, Thanked for your service. You're appreciated for what you did. Everyone thinks of you a little bit better. Everyone knows who you are. It brings you out of your shyness. Respect is a ceremony.</p>
<p style="text-align: center;">Hope By: Qingkai Li</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Hunger By: Eric Taylor</p>
<p>Hope is trying to awake, To awake out of a terrible nightmare With teeth snapping at your heels With howls screaming in your ears And you're stuck fast in the quicksand In the merciless caverns of your nightmares With only one thing driving you on — The thought of awaking to a sunny morning In a sweat-drenched bed.</p>	<p>Hunger is fear rapidly approaching. Don't know when it's coming; it could strike anytime. When you finally eat something, the fear is gone. Then, it's back again, never leaving. "Go away," you say. Your stomach is rumbling and groaning. Then, you eat and eat, and it's still there. All you want to do is eat and eat. Then it's gone.</p>
<p style="text-align: center;">Peace By: Abigail Paslidis</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Craziness By: Briana Kawkaba</p>
<p>Peace is respect for others, A battle worth fighting for, A hope to depend on, A life worth living for, A kindness to one another, A song worth writing, And a thought for one another.</p>	<p>Craziness is an 11-year old girl, A party that no one can stop. Craziness is a comedy, A snow that no one can change. Craziness is five best friends, A shopping spree at the mall. Craziness is me, And no one can take that away.</p>
<p style="text-align: center;">Greed By: Steven Garrett</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Wrath By: Ray Li</p>
<p>Greed is a disease; When you see something you want, it can bring you to your knees. If you're sick and disease stricken, Maybe the cause of what you're getting Isn't coming from physical ill But untamed greed, and it will kill. Greed is a disease, causing an insatiable desire Of needing unnecessary things to acquire. Greed is spreading; it has stricken us all. Fight it or fall; after all, it's your call.</p>	<p>Wrath is a wildfire, Threatening to devour everything around you, Killing and causing damage, never caring who the victim is. It rages on day and night, Destroying everything in its path, A ruthless force that can not be extinguished. But when it does die down, You realize it is too late. Because some things that are done can not be reversed.</p>

<p style="text-align: center;">Joy By: Noah Sandlin</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Revenge By: ChenBo Fang</p>
<p>Joy is a perfect piece of chocolate cake. People always try to make the best recipe. We taste a lot of pieces But usually not the perfect one. You do not realize that every piece is perfect Until it is your last.</p>	<p>Revenge is fool's gold; It seems so great, And you want it so much That you'll work for the fool's gold. And that's all you can think of, But once you finally get it, You'll find it's nothing great, Just something you wasted your time to get.</p>
<p style="text-align: center;">Emotions By: NiShita Patel</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Pride By: Munire Dagtas</p>
<p>Emotions are colors. Sometimes you are red. You are angry and destructive. Then you are blue. You are sad and lonely; You don't know what to do. Then, you think of an idea. You are green. You are happy and joyous.</p>	<p>Our pride is gasoline In a cup over a blazing fire. It bubbles fiercely, about to overflow When we get a comment or maybe more. If it flows too low, It breaks our spirit, our soul. If we let it rise too high, It spills out, fueling the fire, burning us. Our pride is gasoline, is gasoline, gasoline. Our pride is gasoline.</p>
<p style="text-align: center;">Dignity By: Nimit Gandhi</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Fun By: Nicole Bavon</p>
<p>Dignity is value; It defines a person, A person who is worthy of himself/herself. It reminds you that you don't have to prove yourself to anyone, other than yourself. It is a choice left upon you; You choose how you present it. Everyone presents it differently, But that is dignity after all.</p>	<p>Fun is a day at the beach, The high-pitched squeal of laughter As the cold ocean water touches your skin, The smile of freedom as you swim Farther into the open water. As you leave, you look back And wait for the day to go back to the beach.</p>
<p style="text-align: center;">Confusion By: Mykala Sinclair</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Dreams By: Jeong Wui</p>
<p>Confusion is a person in the middle of the street; You don't know if you should move out of the way; You don't know if you should just stand there, Stand there waiting to get hit with pain Or move to a safe curve to avoid it. Confusion can be waiting for the green light, Waiting on the signal of what to do Or maybe you could stay there at the red light, Stand there struck with pain and questions, Questions of all kinds, just there in the street with questions Don't know where to go, just confused.</p>	<p>Dreams are stories in a gigantic book. When time fades, the story just slips from your mind, Disappearing part by part until none remains. If lucky, maybe vague pieces of the story will stay, But trying to put pieces back together won't make sense. They run into each other, Mixing up what really happened. The only time it'll seem crisp and clear, That's when you're in the story. Possibly, next time, you'll have a bookmark to see again.</p>

<p style="text-align: center;">Life By: Gerald Young</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Life By: Raiyan Syed</p>
<p>Life is a school; It has bullies and hallways. Sometimes you get in trouble; Sometimes you don't. Life is a school; You have to work for it. Sometimes you have deadlines. Sometimes you don't. Sometimes you make friends. Sometimes you don't.</p>	<p>Life is a game of football; You win games; You lose games. The opponent scores touch downs. Rough tackling and many injuries, Sometimes the violence gets out of control, And the referees have no power. You wanna sometimes just blow the whistle And bring it all to a stop.</p>
<p style="text-align: center;">Life By: Sarthak Garg</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Life (my example) By: Marilyn Jones</p>
<p>Life is a song; Sometimes it is appealing. Often times you want to stop listening. Sometimes you memorize the words. Other times you completely forget it. Sometimes it is happy and upbeat. Other times it is sad and slow. Sometimes you enjoy it and listen to it. Other times you stop and go away. Life is a song.</p>	<p>Life is a battle; People are always fighting, Though no one seems to win. Some are killed, And nothing remains But the spoils of war. I wish the battle would end sometimes Or someone would just say "Peace! Be Still!"</p>
<p style="text-align: center;">Life By: Maya Williams</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Friendship By: Paul Wilkins</p>
<p>Your life is a landfill; It's all messed up and full of trash, And every time you pile up something more, Sooner or later it's going to fall. Everything will be exposed. Then, when no one's there to clean it up, You'll be lost in your pit of despair. Soon you'll be hiding behind that mess Although no one has enough sympathy for you, Simply to comfort and help.</p>	<p>Friendship is gold; A lot of people need it. It seems that people are rich with it. Yes, friendship is bronze sometimes, But if I learned anything, Friendship will always turn gold. So, if it seems that friendship is not gold, It will turn gold. Friendship is gold. It brings pleasure to others.</p>
<p style="text-align: center;">Friendship By: James Wisener</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Friendship By: Christopher Hardister</p>
<p>Friendship is a contest, A contest that everyone should win, But some are not so lucky Because some have not joined in. Some can't find the contest, The beginning or the end. Friendship is a contest That everyone should win.</p>	<p>Friendship is glass; If it falls, it is broken. Glass is hard to mend Friendship is fragile glass. It is hard to replace. That is why you have to be careful. Friendship is beautiful glass. It is valuable. That is why you have to handle it with care.</p>