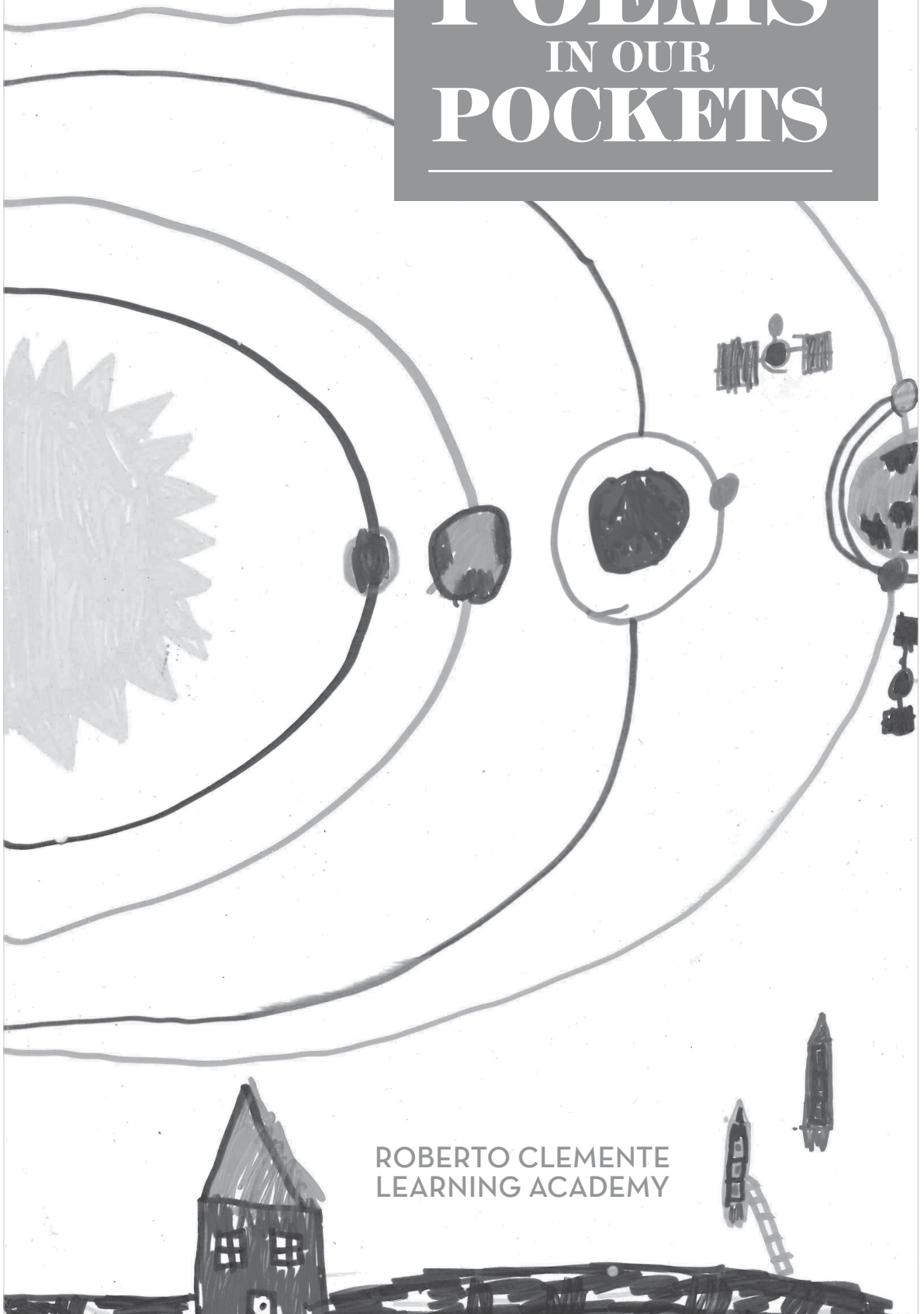


POEMS IN OUR POCKETS



ROBERTO CLEMENTE
LEARNING ACADEMY

My Name Is

by Jose Ochoa

1.

I am a firefly
that has a green
light at night.

When people
see me they try
to catch me

so I leave fast
and go to
their front yard.

2.

I am the moon.
Not just any moon.
The blood moon.

I reflect the light
from the sun.

3.

My fear is like a wolf
that never stops
chasing me.

My anger is like a fire
that is always on
and never goes out.

My joy is like
a video game
in real life.

4.

My pencil is like
an orange bird
that sings to the sky.

My magic pencil
sits on a branch
and has a nest

made out of straw
and has two little birds
in its nest.

I Am David Hernandez

by David Romero-Hernandez

I am the whole woods.
I am the whole moon of the sky.
I am the whole sun that is firing the world.
I am one star of the night.

The Pencil Came to Life

by Bryan Ruiz-Hernandez

so much depends
upon

a yellow pencil
on

a paper waiting
to

be used by
a

little boy sitting
in

his chair being
sad

and then the
boy's

tear dripped on
the

pencil and then
the

pencil came to
life.

Love Me

by Brycen Gaston

Love me like God loves the earth.
Love me like the earth loves people.
Love me like people love their siblings.
Love me like siblings watching TV.
Love me like the TV loves you.
Love me like you love trees.
Love me like trees love rain.
Love me like rain loves the clouds.
Love me like the clouds love the sky.
Love me like the sky loves the planets.



In a World with No Words

by Grace Benitez

If we lived in a world
with no words it would be
like a bakery with no donuts
or maybe it would be like
a refrigerator with no food in it
or maybe it would be like a bumble
bee that doesn't make honey
or maybe it would be like your
mom or dad not giving you a
kiss or hug before bedtime or
maybe it would be like a
garden with no plants or maybe it
would be like a sky with no clouds or
maybe it would be like a school with
no teachers or maybe it would be
like children with no friends to play
with or maybe it would be like a
crayon box with nothing in it or maybe
it would be like people don't
exist or maybe it would be like
people with no world or maybe it
would be like a party with no
people at it or music at it
or maybe it would be like
me not even writing this at
all or maybe it would be like
a donut with no icing or sprinkles
or maybe it would be like paper
you can't write on or maybe it
would be like people who don't know
their ABC's.

My Name Is Erick

by Erick Vazquez-Perez

I am a crocodile eating the sun
for breakfast and the moon for dinner.

I am a lizard running for my life because a crocodile
said he is going to eat the earth for breakfast.

I am a planet eating the stars
and growing bigger so I can eat the universe.

Self-Portrait

by Erick Vazquez-Perez

My eyes are two laser rifles
shooting to the sky.

My nose is a fire dragon flying
to the moon.

My head is a soccer ball
going into the net.

My knees are two mountains
moving to the moon.

My mouth is a cave of jaguars.
My heart is a fire tire moving fast.