

ME & OTHER METEORS

**SALINA INTERMEDIATE SCHOOL
SPRING 2020**

Grandmother

Huda Ahmed

My grandmother's hands look like a soft pink flower that is as familiar as a soft blanket that feels like soft puffy clouds.

My grandmother prays to Allah every hour.
She reads the Quran every half hour.
She reminds me to pray every minute.
She reads for me, cooks for me,
and reminds me that Allah is everywhere.

My grandmother's voice sounds like birds tweeting in the morning, quiet and squeaky.
She always remembers Allah in her words.
I hear her voice say, "Allah is watching every single one of us."

My grandmother's eyes are as brown as a tree branch.
She tells me stories about her eyes and how she was the prettiest woman around as I look into them.

She has the name of Allah in them.

Ode To Stars

Nahla Muhammad

Shiny bursting balls of gassy light,
light years away and full of life.
Why do I forget that I love you?

How burning figures light my way
across the seas and skies.
Gazing upon you, dark blanket concealing sky.

The only source of comfort, I see you.
Going north, you write my path, guidance.
Made of tiny particles, galaxies away.

I reach for you-- stretch, stretch, stretch.
Why don't you come to play?
Remarkable, as the night goes to day.

My Dad

Sarah Nasser

Large, layered hands like a piece of cake.
Enormous and gentle like mine.
They feel like gentle leather.
My dad is a doctor,
works hard to make our family happy,
and works very hard to buy
us many things.
My dad's voice is funny and deep.
My dad's voice expresses
the stress he has been through
and the happiness he earned.

Ode To Books

Thabet Alawi

You are the one that
opens the light for me.
It makes my heart
open like the sun rising
in the day of a hard
and tiring night.
You give me a shiny light.
When I open your heart,
it explodes into a shiny
summer sun, which never
turns into the night.
You are the light of shadow.
Keeping my shadow next to you,
you never turn off my heart
when I open it to you.
You never go away.
I see you in every place.
It makes my shadow fly to you.
Like a pillow next to my head
making it rest.
You are the sun and light
of my new day.

Brown Cardboard Box

Abrar Magrad

My worries are little ghosts in my room,
creepy with big smoky eyes.
They are noisy and making
their scary sounds.
I'm bothered, angry, annoyed,
so I shove them inside
a brown cardboard box
and drive 80 mph to a highway.
I roll down my window,
pull up my foot,
and kick them out.
I hear them saying "Nooo!"
terrified and worried,
but I just laugh at them
and drive to my favorite
Chinese restaurant to treat myself
for achieving this goal.

How To Travel Back And Forward In Time

Fadle Mohsen

As an adult, I want to say,
"You're a smart kid and don't worry
about what is under your bed
but what is ahead.
Just want to tell you that
violets are blue and so is
your favorite color.
You'll have millions of dollars
and a pair of Nike Air Maxes."

My Worries

Mohamed Selan

My worries are bad photographs
stacked on the floor.

I burn them all at once
and put the black ashes
in a metal box.

I throw the metal box
onto the school's roof
and it gets covered in snow.

Alternative Names For Hasnain

Hasnain Virk

1. Gravity on the moon
2. Feather falling to its prey
3. Trophy on the top glass case
4. Imagination on its own
5. Power of a feather
6. The movement of water
7. Endless book of your imagination
8. Light of a star