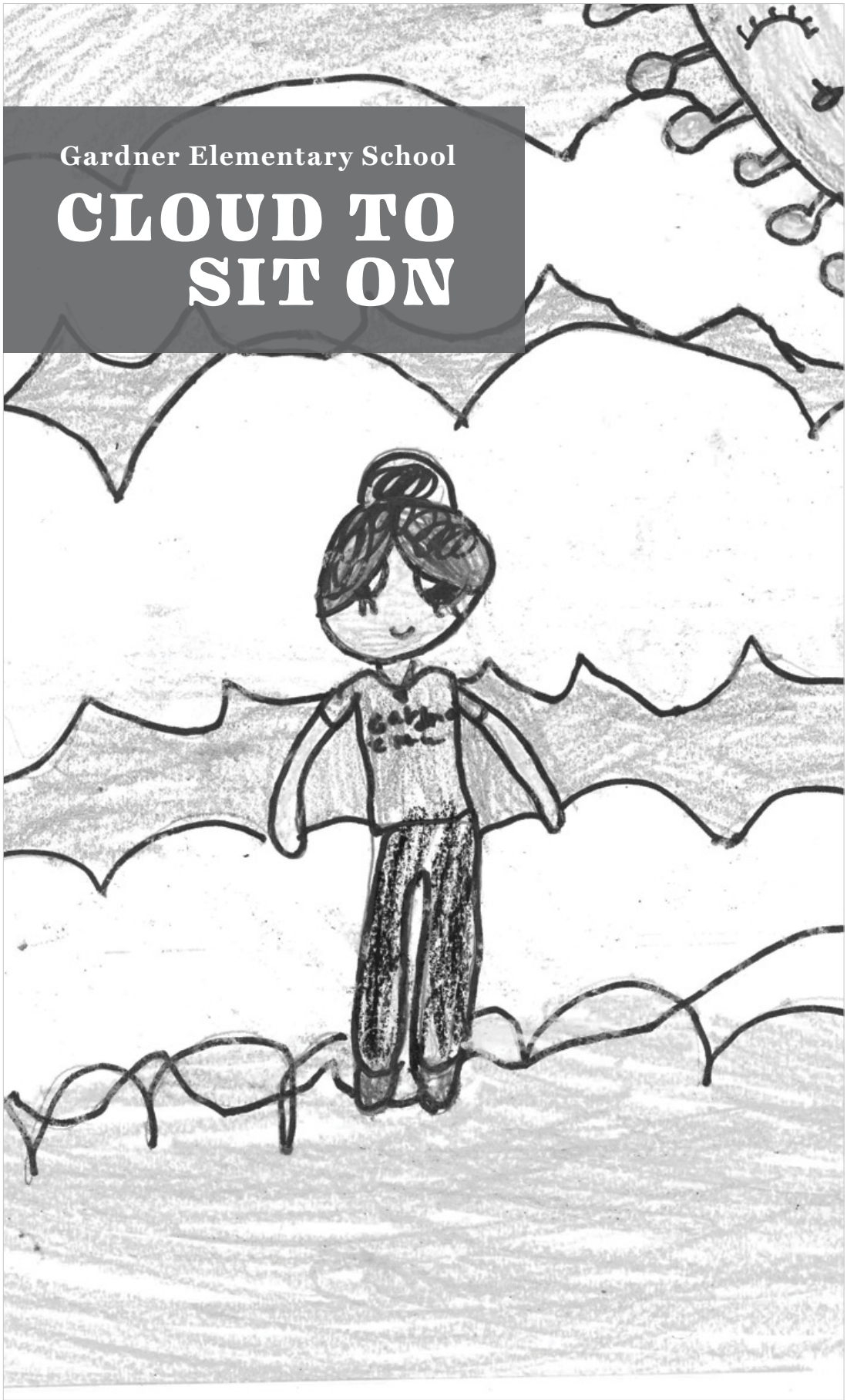
Gardner Elementary School

CLOUD TO SIT ON



InsideOut Literary Arts®

Special thanks to the following individuals for their support in bringing InsideOut to **Gardner Elementary School**:

Principal: Shannon Cummings

Host Teachers: Adria Elmadari, Yolanda Peoples, Renee Ayers-Williams, and Emily Wrobel

InsideOut Writers-in-Residence: Bronwen Dingeman, Kayla Hope, and Wafaa Mustafa

Songwriter in Residence: Audra Kubat

Visual Artist: Yvette Rock

Graphic Designer: Don Harder Jr

InsideOut has been serving students at **Gardner Elementary School** since **2011**.

Through creative writing, InsideOut inspires and equips young people to think critically, create bravely and share their voices with the world.
This year we are honored to have support from:

M&M Fisher
Max M. & Marjorie S. Fisher Foundation

InsideOut also receives operational support from:

Community Foundation for Southeast Michigan

DeRoy Testamentary Foundation

Erb Family Foundation

Four Friends Foundation
Find your voice. Tell your story. Catalyze support.

The D. Dan & Betty Kahn Foundation

The Kresge Foundation
Stronger nonprofits. Stronger communities.

Michigan Arts & Culture Council

McGregor Fund

National Endowment for the Arts
arts.gov

Ralph C. Wilson, Jr. Foundation

For more information:

(313) 577-4601
info@insideoutdetroit.org
www.insideoutdetroit.org

Gardner Elementary School
6528 Mansfield Street
Detroit, MI
www.detroitk12.org/gardner

Cloud To Sit On is a publication of InsideOut Literary Arts.
Copyright © 2023 InsideOut Literary Arts.
Printed in USA.

Dear Poets,

Each hour spent with you is an hour I get to invoke the impossible and make real every dream, every fantasy, every place the soul wishes to travel. We began the year thinking about our senses and thinking about science — how our observations invite questions that poetry can ask or answer, and how the details we note have a story each of us is capable of committing to a blank page.

I vividly remember asking Mrs. Williams' 4th graders, *what would make this moment impossible?* Already seasoned poets, these InsideOut scholars went on riffing for a good 20 minutes, one image inspiring the next until the whole class became a vortex of metaphor. Suddenly, an introduction to poetry became a masterclass on improv. I love the instantaneity of your visions. I trust where they will take me.

Who will lead us into the poetry portal today? I ask and all of you put your hands up, eager for a world that accepts the infinitive and inventive. *Tell me — can the moon really talk, can a flower really sing, can you spread wings and fly through space?* I hear some no's and then a resounding, *In the Poetry Portal,* you can! I smile at your faith in the expanse. For this reason, when a friend steps into my car, I apologize for the mess of papers, folders, stacks of words, then assure them they are in the presence of poetic objects — magical totems that make my 2015 white Jeep Cherokee a spaceship. Thank you for making my life sparkle!

Gardner Elementary, in particular, has a special place in my life's story. My journey alongside you these last four years was and continues to be transformative — from shyly introducing myself and refusing to claim the title poet, to now teaching and reading wherever I am welcome. Thank you for making me believe in myself. I hope I have been able to do the same in this chrysalis we meet in every week.

With all my gratitude,

Wafaa

We All Have Emotions

A Song by Audra Kubat & Mrs. Williams' Class

My shyness is bright blue light
My Love is deep blue violet blooming
My anger is a red black storm
My sadness is a blue whale, a blue whale
My darkness is crashing waterfall
My happiness is a pink rose
My anger is a black room with lightning sounds
My joy is the morning sun, the morning sun

We all have emotions; we feel them everyday
Yes, we all have emotions, and we feel them in every way,
and that's okay

My calmness is a golden sea
Resting gently in the waves
My wickedness is a red cat
My happiness is a black box, a black box
My fear is a cold red mountain
My love is deep blue ocean
My darkness is a black heart
My surprise is a star shooting across the night,
across the night

We all have emotions; we feel them everyday
Yes, we all have emotions, and we feel them in every way,
and that's okay

My hope is a beautiful moment
My happiness is a rainbow butterfly
My darkness is red lightning striking
My joy is a teardrop falling from the sky

We all have emotions; we feel them everyday
Yes, we all have emotions, and we feel them in every way,
and that's okay

Moonwalking In The Kitchen

Poetry takes me to my house where I watch Netflix and
play on my phone.
Poetry shows me how to moonwalk in the kitchen.
Inside the poetry portal, there is a
very very big dragon flying.
When anything is possible, I can fly, be invisible, and teleport.

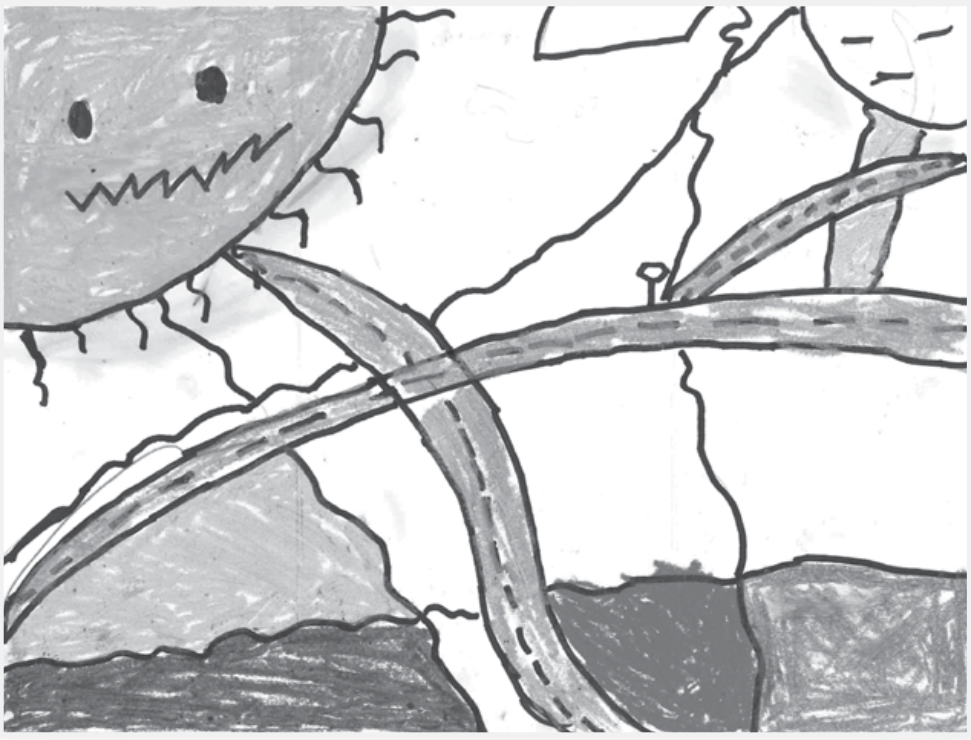
Secret Dance Party

In the morning, the city wakes up in Chinatown.
In the evening, the city is having a secret dance party in
somebody's living room.
The city of Detroit is a car that can fly in the sky.

Do You Know What I Do For A Living?

Good poetry makes the universe admit a secret:
"Do you know what I do for a living?
Help others love."





Fresh Air On A Sunny Day

My heart is like a smooth flower swaying calmly in the grass.
My heart is a blue and yellow sun flying to the moon.
My heart is like fresh air on a sunny day
keeping me calm.

Smooth Wind Waving Over Me

When I close my eyes, I see a black cat playing with blue yarn.
I hear a car engine that's eating gas.
I feel smooth wind waving over me.

Good Strawberries

Good poetry makes the universe admit a secret:
"I love noodles and I like to sleep. I like the good strawberries. Yummy! I like cupcakes and donuts too! I love my family. Everyday is happy."

Happiness

Happiness is a green leaf
that falls off fast
and lands slow.

Yellow

Yellow is a colorful fox
or sun
because yellow is
the color of light.

Poetry Is

Poetry is
when you can
color or paint
a fox
or you can
paint a cat
or a snake.
It's all in color.

A Poem

A poem is when
you can run
on the green grass
and play.

My Hope

My hope
is a red fox
that can run.

Poetry Shows Me

Poetry shows me how
to fly
to Disneyland
where I play
and go on rides.

Poetry takes me to school
where I learn about everything
and play with my friends
at the park.

A poem is when you can fly
like a pink butterfly.