

Summer as it sets



Work on this page also appears on the St. Petersburg Times Web site, www.sptimes.com.

MORE XPRESSIONS ON 3D

From Marie Breslin's students at SunFlower Private School in Gulfport:

A few of my favorite things

Winters that look like quilts.
Babies lying on red blankets.
Christmas roses that are red and green.
Manatees that swim in the ocean.

Peace

Lying in a peaceful
Field of flowers.
Looking at the clouds
Being with my mom.

Love

Love sounds like rain falling.
Love feels like rose petals.
Love smells like moist river water.
Love looks like pink, yellow and green
rainbows.
Love tastes like M & M's.

— Three poems by ROWAN STANLEY, age 8

Worry

Sounds like a car wreck.
Feels like sweat dripping down your face.
Tastes like a decaying apple.
Looks like the World Trade Center collapsing.

— By CAELUM SCHANDLE, age 9

A few of my favorite things

Winter Husky dogs that have light blue eyes.
Climbing tall brown trees.
Christmas with Mr. Claus.
Flying around on a sled.
A rainbow showing that the rain is about to
stop.

Sadness

Looks like an injured wolf.
Feels like a tomato being squashed.
Tastes like hair.
Smells like a burned piece of bacon.
Sounds like somebody crying.

— Two poems by ZAK MILLER, age 8

Peace

Snuggling with a pile of puppies.
Feeling my bumpy geckos.
Flying in a helicopter.
Sleeping in a camping van while my dad's
driving.

Grief

Grief tastes like cauliflower.
Grief looks like over-wrapped toilet paper.
Grief feels like a person pinching you.
Grief smells like burning paper.
Grief sounds like a bloody person screaming.

— Two poems by ALEX DeCOSMO, age 9

Sorrowful Things

Sorrow tastes like a crusty burnt piece of toast.
Sorrow feels like your heart breaking in half.
Sorrow looks like a baby deer that lost its
mom.
Sorrow sounds like crackling fire.
Sorrow smells like black smoke.

— By RAQUEL RUBIN, age 9

A few of my favorite things

Starfish sticking to rocks
Holiday songs that we sing
Angels floating in the sky
Pearls in open oysters
Koalas climbing up trees
Birds perching on branches
Flowers blooming in a garden

— By TAYLOR SCOTT, age 8

Hope

Hope is a dolphin talking in your ear.
Hope is a butterfly fluttering in the clear blue
sky.
Hope is a tree swaying in the wind.
Hope is my dog rubbing its fur against me.
Hope is a snowflake melting to water in my
mouth.
Hope feels like touching God's beard.

— By AMANDA BOYETT, age 9

Excitement

Feels like skating in a rink
Tastes like a gumball in your mouth
Sounds like a dragon breathing fire
Smells like a smoking campfire
Looks like an elephant racing

— By ALEXANDRA JOHNSON, age 8

Hope

Hope is a pillar of wonder.
Hope is there beside you.
Hope is a miracle inside you.
Even in lightning and thunder.
Hope is a bird gliding in the sky.
Hope is a cat purring in your lap.

— By EVAN KRAYBILL, age 8

Life Near the Sea

The Sea is near — waking up, splashing
waves
Are what I hear.
I prefer tall, large and wicked waves,
Surfing is what I do on those days.
Seagulls hang around the shore,
They eat people's lunches, always wanting
more.
Shells line the edge of the sea,
I search for the beautiful ones while I'm
hunched on one knee.

I spend my days thankful for where I live,
Clearwater Beach has so much to give.
It is my sense of calm, just the waves and I,
On the board riding by.
The beach has so much to offer: the water,
The trees, the sand, leaving footprints on the
land.

It's my life, my home, my place to be,
I couldn't live anywhere else, but my place
near the sea.

— By MADDIE SOUTHARD, 15, eighth grade,
Saint Paul's School, Clearwater



Jessie

She growls when she's mad,
She cries when she's sad,
She whines when she wants something really
bad.
She cuddles, she plays, she eats her food,
All that she does depends on her mood.
She is very cute with her black eyes and nose,
Her white fur is shining from her head to her
toes.
She loves her toys, and she also loves me,
She is as caring as can be.
She can be sweet, she can also be messy,
She's my pet, she's my dog Jessie.

— By THERESA LINNERT, 12, seventh grade,
Westlake Christian School, Palm Harbor