



## More writing and pictures on Page 3D.

Life Savers poetry (What color do you feel is most like you?) from Eileen King's language arts students at Kennedy Middle School in Clearwater:

Clear are tears from my eyes  
as in raindrops from the sky  
like the ocean's waters  
clear glass broken  
wind blowing  
like the whistle of a train  
clear in my mind  
— Daisy Acosta, 12, sixth grade

For myself I choose red  
Red is my room  
My Halloween costume  
The stripes on our flag are red  
So is the cover on my bed  
The Buccaneers' color  
The color of love  
The Red Cross, my lip-gloss  
That's why I think red is the boss.  
— Sidorela Gllava, 11, sixth grade

Purple is most like me.  
Purple is my room.  
Purple are my pajamas, lip-gloss and perfume.  
Purple smells like flowers  
Purple tastes like grapes.  
Purple makes me happy and feel like first place.  
— Amy Milliron, 12, seventh grade

**"My Mom's Hands"**  
Essays by Molly Barnes' students at SunFlower Private School in Gulfport:

My mom's hands hold me when I'm frightened, squeeze me when I'm blue and wipe away my tears when I'm sad. My mom's hands are the hands that hold my face and tell me that it's going to be okay. When I'm cold my mom's hands are fire. When I'm hot my mom's hands are ice. My mom's hands are as soft as wool. My mom's hands are just the right size for me. I wouldn't change any hands for my mom's.  
— Olivia McGeever, 10

My mom's hands are always busy. She is always doing something around the house. I like to hold my mom's hand; it makes me feel very safe. When I am sad or don't feel well my mom will sit on my bed with me and just run her hands over my face, and that seems to make me feel much better.  
— Amanda Boyett, 10

My mom's hands are warm and loving. She usually wears three rings: her engagement ring, her wedding ring, and her family ring. Sometimes she has burns from cooking and cuts from knives. She types all day and all night. She cleans and cooks. Her hands hold me tight when I'm not well. My mom's hands have been through a lot of messes. My mom's hands are the best!  
— Annagrace Shelton, 11

My mom's hands are loving hands. They are warm and soft. At night when I'm trying to fall asleep they caress me and I fall right to sleep. When I'm feeling sad they make me feel better by holding me tight and hugging me.

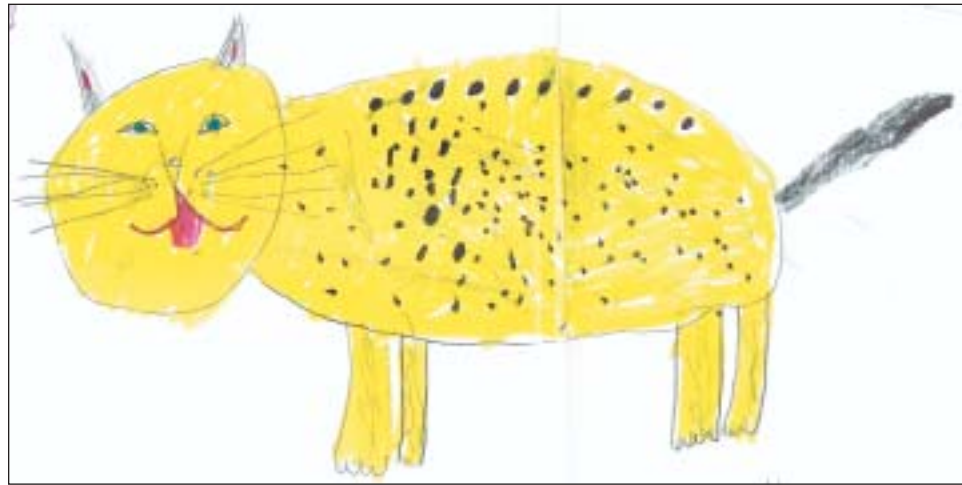
My mom's hands are working hands. I can feel the veins under the skin of her somewhat small hands. There are some wrinkles there, also. They work hard doing laundry, dishes and cleaning the house. They also make the most delicious treats, which find their way into my lunch box every day.

I love my mom's hands and all they do for me. Things just would not be the same without them.  
— Alexander DeCosmo, 9

My mom's hands are bigger than mine. My mom's hands have lines. My mom's hands can pick up wider things than mine. My mom's hands are as big as a stapler. My mom's hands get very tired when they pick up heavy boxes of produce. Now my mom's hands have bad thumbs. My mom's hands hold the car's steering wheel. They cook dinner and they're COLD!  
— Caelum Schandle, 9



▲ **Faces** by Madeline Job, 10, fourth grade, Curtis Fundamental School, Clearwater



▲ By Brandon Layman, 7, second grade, Bardmoor Elementary School, Seminole

My mom's hands make different kinds of things, beautiful things, too. My mom's hands make meals to sit down to. Things that people really enjoy. My mom's cross-stitching makes my mom's friends and me smile. My mom's hands have M's on both of them. When you have M's on your hands it means you are a healer. My mom is an emotional kinesiologist. With her hands she can heal people. My mom's hands can clean the dirtiest messes. My mom's hands comfort me when I am sick. My mom's hands are magical.  
— Valerie Deering, 10

**"Love is . . ." essays from Karen Henderson's fifth-graders at Garrison-Jones Elementary School in Dunedin:**

Love is the source of all happiness. It can give the power of 1,000 electric charges.

Love surely is one thing people can't put into words. If you try to speak of it, you'll stumble before you're halfway done.

Love is the cause of miracles and disasters alike. It is the soul that keeps fires burning.

Love is the light at the center of your heart. It powers your mind, spirit, and conscience.  
— Kevin Tenk, 11

Love is a kiss, chocolate or red, warming the heart of a sleeping soul awakened by a shower of stampeding emotions.

Love is a river of hearts, night sailing on this moonlit bay, the gentle rocking of the ripples on the water.

The hearts glisten, singing a romantic song, giving the power to dance.  
— Derek Lavezzo, 10

Love is the subject that can't be ended. It is the gift that can't be demanded. Love has to be earned.  
— Cory Connell, 10

Love is an exciting roller coaster of emotion, the floating feeling inside your chest.

It's a never-ending circus of ooh's and ah's.

Love cannot be told, it is known. Love is a flurry of butterflies breaking free. Love is life's gift to whoever wishes to receive it.

Love is a fairy tale without words, a photo album with no pictures, a story written only by you.

Love is family, friends and neighbors, a dog, a cat, a fish.

Love is a valentine or a secret wish. Love is a bluebird singing its song, flying merrily along.

Love is a fire with roaring flames; though sometimes dying down, is never completely extinguished.

Love is a complex spider web spun by you. Love is a baby, a picture, or a poem. Love is whatever you want it to be.  
— Kevin McCormack, 11

Love is a feeling of happiness and hope. It can come when you least expect it. Love is a little flying angel called Cupid. It finds a lonely soul and leaves its touch of love in it. Love is a puppy curled up next to you, his little nose damp and warm. But when he awakes, he will give you a bath of loving kisses.

Love is sometimes sad and sorrowful. It can break a heart and scar a soul. Love is an ocean of hearts, as people set off on their journey of true love. Love can be in very odd places. It can be wrapped in odd packages.

Love is a trusting, helping hand always there when needed. Sometimes love does not start quickly; other times it is first sight. Love is what makes the world go round. Without it, what would it be like? Love is everything that keeps us trying.  
— Caroline Copley, 10

### Xpress yourself

Xpressions, our monthly showcase for the art, writing and photography of students through the 12th grade, is looking for your work! Xpressions appears the last Monday of each month inside *Floridian*. Please read these instructions before submitting your work, which must be based on the designated theme:

**MARCH: HIGH SCHOOL** — This month, we're looking for art, writing and photography from students in grades 9 through 12 only. **Deadline: postmarked by March 12.**

**APRIL: SPORTS** — In honor of the Super Bowl champion Tampa Bay Buccaneers and the start of the baseball season, describe in words, art or photos a memorable moment in your sports history. That could be the day you hit three homers, finished first in a swim meet or crossed the monkey bars alone for the first time. It could even be that

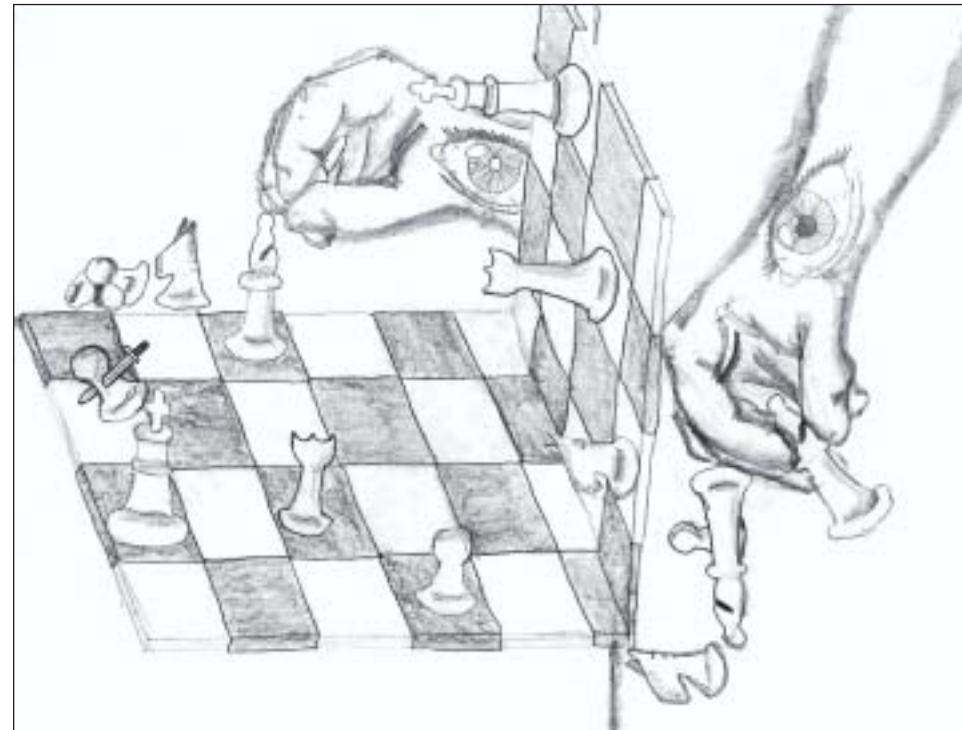
special game when you were in the stands. **Deadline: postmarked by April 9.**

**MAY: OPEN THEME** — Send us your creative work (art, words or photography) depicting the topic of your choice. **Deadline: postmarked by May 5.**

Work may be edited for length and content. Please send your work, theme suggestions and comments to: Xpressions, c/o Nancy Green, St. Petersburg Times, 1000 N Ashley Drive, Tampa, FL 33602.

Artwork must be on white, unlined paper, with the medium stated on the back (oil, pastel, crayon, etc.). Be sure to include your name, age, school, grade, address, ZIP code and phone number, with area code. Also include your E-mail address.

**IMPORTANT: PLEASE NOTE THAT YOUR WORK WILL NOT BE CONSIDERED WITHOUT THE INFORMATION ABOVE.** Stories must be no longer than 150 words. We only return artwork, and only if you indicate that you want it back.



▲ By Paul B. Auth, 14, eighth grade, Riviera Middle School, St. Petersburg



▲ By Charlotte Karrer, 13, eighth grade, Riviera Middle School, St. Petersburg

Love is like the breeze sailing in the sweet smell of summer grass. Love is a warm heart warmed by another. Love is the thing that keeps everything alive.  
— Deanna Schneider, 11

I take one last look at him. I can see his frail hand move across the paper. He writes, Something I cannot see. When I return in the morning I know that he will be gone. He is gone. Gone forever.

As I look down upon his face in the coffin I brush away his curly white hair. He does not have a smile upon his face I whisper in his ear I tell him that he was not a failure, neither am I.

Before I walk away, I put all his writings, In the bottom of his coffin. The one large book, Across his chest, Is a book written by me. Its title is *My Past and His Future* I had finished the book right before his death. I wanted to show it to him

The book was in loving memory of him. I whisper to him one last time, Before he is lowered into his grave, I tell him, "Here is something for you to read in Heaven."

He was not a failure. Neither am I.

— Lindsey Hirsch, 14, seventh grade, Admiral Farragut Academy, St. Petersburg

### The Old Man

The man is frustrated His mind is engulfed by nothing Exactly, Nothing comes to his mind. He has run out of ideas He is a failure His mind was once encompassed by ideas Our society has stripped him bare Of all his work. He was a famous poet But now, He is old He is tried He is worn. As he sits at his desk His white hair falls upon his face as he weeps He weeps for:

"The Olden Days"

"The Good Times"

The old man is the past Is this my future?

Before I leave,