

Poems 10-9-08 by Matthew Kesti

Mathew wrote these poems as part of his spelling home work. Each week, students were supposed to write a story and incorporate all of their spelling words into it.

On this particular day, he chose to write poems instead of a story. The spelling words are underlined and they are in the same order they were in his spelling notebook. .

I really love the one he wrote about nighttime. I love the use of the spelling word sauce and how descriptive and evocative of a tangible feeling it is for me. And the two last lines. They get me. So wise.

What is that Shift?

What was movement under my foot? Was it Mount St. Helens?
Was I having a seizure, or was I moving? O Lord help me!
Am I going to die? Please O lord help me! Wait! It just stopped!
I am not going to die! Thank you O Lord for stopping it for me!
Now my life is normal again. How will I repay you?
Or can I repay you????

Dawn

Today in class my teacher told us about a mysterious thing called dawn.
It is supposed to be a thing early birds see
when they are sitting on their couch.
O moma please? Tell me what dawn is

Nighttime

When I put on my night gown, I can feel it.
When I frown in the mirror, I can feel it.
When I walk up the stairs, I can feel it.
When I hug my mom, I can feel it.
When I watch the sun go down, I can feel it.
The couch feels like it.
Everything in the dark sauce of night feels like it.
Even the scrawny lamppost feels like it.
What is it? It is the feeling of life.
You treasure it.