

Rosalind's Poems

At her 4th, 5th, and 6th grade

Rosalind Chang

Born in 1996

2008 -

Beijing 3
Arctic Wolves 4
The Lone Bison..... 5
The Weeping Willow..... 6
The Purple Rose 7
The Bromeliad..... 8
The OWL 9
Dog..... 10

2007 -

Winter Song..... 11
Sleeping Sounds..... 12
Little Poems 14
I know Santa Barbara 15
Ocean Song 16
Lord of the Rings 17
Dragon Rider..... 18
King of the Wind..... 19

2006 -

The Water 20
Magic is Not Just a Fairy Tale..... 21
Feelings..... 22
What am I? 23
Gold Fever 24
I Am the Central Valley 25
I Am the Coast..... 26
I Am the Desert 27
I Am the Mountains 28
I Am the Moon 29
The Jungle..... 30
Music 31

Beijing

Beijing is the capital of China,
McDonalds and Dominoes Pizza!
The Forbidden City and Great Wall,
Monuments are ancient and tall.
Dogs run around on the roads.
Bikers carry heavy loads.
The skies are dark from pollution.
People are still looking for a solution.
Tall skyscrapers touch the sky.
Beggars watch as cars flash by.
People swarm the fancy malls,
While the shopkeepers yell and call.
Beijing is a city blended with new and old,
So come over and visit it all!

Arctic Wolves

Leaping through the drifting snow,
Going where? I do not know.
Ice swirling around their feet,
As they tramp through the sleet.

Their slender silver bodies go up and down,
As they breathe they make not a sound.
Watching through their slanted eyes,
Answering to a howling cry.

Sprinting by the pearly lake,
A kin's life was at stake.
Snapping, growling,
Biting, howling.

A shape lying in the snow,
Who is it? I do not know.
A howl of lament and strife,
The world has lost a life.

The Lone Bison

A stretch of dry grass sways in the breeze.
A colossal brown lump emerges from the trees.
Behold, a bison, alone, strong, and brave,
But I have to admit, it needs a shave!
Bent over like an old man with a hump.
Its hooves hit the dirt with a quiet thump.
Its tail sways from left to right,
Whacking away bugs that bite.
The bison lowers its shaggy head.
Beady eyes looking around as it fed.
Thick horns on its head curve gracefully up.
Almost a perfect holder for a cup.
The bison now tired return to the trees,
As a stretch of dry grass sways in the breeze.

The Weeping Willow

The fair weeping willow is in mournful disgrace.

Her branches droop like a veil over her face.

The wind sighs and the branches sway

Over the little mice scampering away.

The dark gloomy clouds envelope the sun.

To shelter the creatures hastily run.

Big and small, short and tall.

Lightning strikes the willow with no mercy.

Grey ashes are what remain of the leaves.

The poor weeping willow, filled with despair,

Crashes down on a lone rotten pear.

The silence spreads across the sky.

The clouds gradually float bye -bye!

The sun is revealed in shining brilliance once more,

And all the creatures gleefully leap out to explore.

They discover a still, quiet, blackened willow,

Lying asleep on a wet grass pillow.

The Purple Rose

One morning I was reading the news,
About races, celebrities and brand new foods,
I came upon an article,
That was not very practical.

Purple roses for sale!
You can even get them by mail!
'A purple rose!' I declared.
'Now that is certainly quite rare!'

I hurried out the front door,
Down the street I tore.
I arrived at the flower shop,
And yelled, 'Purple flowers? I'll take the lot!'

The shopkeeper smiled and handed them to me,
'That'll be one hundred twenty dollars please.'
I slowly walked home with glee,
These purple roses are so pretty!

I set them in a crystal vase,
On a table covered with lace.
Then I went to my room,
And fell asleep, but awoke to a BOOM!

I leaped out of bed and out of my room,
I smelled a strong trace of fume.
I followed the scent to the table,
The roses' stems were stiff as cables.

They exploded in my shocked face,
Leaving not a single trace.
I panted and loudly wailed
'I'm such a fool, such a gullible whale!'

The Bromeliad

Trees scattered, Rain pattered,
Frogs croaked, Monkeys joked,

The canopy stretched, twisted and turned,
Covered with leaves and delicate ferns,

A flower, large, filled to the middle,
With water that twinkled and rippled,
Live little frogs swimming around,
Creating a life cycle round and round,
Not knowing of outside the flower,
Where snakes hiss and water drops shower,
In their own little world,
In their own big bromeliad,
Only an inside,
With fellow froggy lads,
Never an outside with leopards and bugs,
Just swimming inside a giant flower bud,
Think how lucky you must be,
Able to venture out and see,
The world and appreciate its beauty,

Water drops, Branches rock,
Parrots soar, like never before,

The leaves flutter down, to the ground,
And utter not a single sound,
Close your eyes my dear friend,
And think of all wonders life can send,
And let your future be free and bright,
To make you smile at the sight,
That you will have a wondrous life.

The OWL

Night came like a silent mouse,
Blanketing the sky and every house.

The stars winked as they rose up high,
And the shining moon began to rise.

An owl woke and greeted the night,
“Let us hope there shall be fun before light”

The owl hooted and flew up high
By the dark and hushed sky.

He passed a bat and said “How do you hoot?”
But bat just whispered “FOOD”.

The owl sighed and flew away,
What a boring, dreary day.

He flew so silently back home,
Where he moaned and moaned.

The sun began to rise,
And the owl slept for it was the end of night.

Dog

Soft eyes

Gazing out

Slowly stands up.

Leaps away,

Quickly home.

Winter Song

The icy wind blows cross the frosty, chilly sky,
As snowflakes flutter down side by side,
Little snowmen laugh and sing lullabies,

The small cozy houses filled with warmth and light,
What a wonderful place to be on this cold, bitter night,

Outside the waves of snow tumble down,
From the fat and puffy storm clouds,
Creating pearly mounds after mounds,

Inside telling stories and tales,
About The Three Musketeers and Moby Dick, the whale,

The little kittens yawn in sleepy little meows,
The children go to bed in their cozy little house,

On this winter night many joys and frights,
It sure must be the most wonderful sight.

Sleeping Sounds

In the house at night,
When everyone was tucked in tight,
The rain fell outside on the windowsill

Pitter

Patter

Splash!

As people slept in their cozy homes,

Grumble

Mumble

Snore...

Click! The lights went off next door.

And all was dark in the nearby store,

Pitter

Platter

Splash!

Snore...

Morning People

Eyes open lazily,
The sun shines rosily,
Coffee warms up hazily.

Leap out of bed reluctantly,
Brushing teeth wearily,
Cooking breakfast carefully,

Grumpy faces,
Children tie shoelaces.

Coffee spills,
Eating pills,
Clock ticks.

HURRY!
Skip off to school in red.

Little Poems

Something's Sour

There's something sour in China
I wonder what it is.
It is homesickness for you and my friends.

Jocelyn and Showmeowmee

Jocelyn had a stuffed kitten named Showmeowmee,
Whom she loved more than me,
So I hid it away...
And Jocelyn cried and screamed all day.

There Once...

There once was a day,
Emily went out to play,
She took out a ball
And threw it over her neighbor's wall.

A Cheer

Let's cheer! Let's cheer!
For happiness has come here!
Not one has ever shed a tear!
And holidays are very near!
Let's cheer! Let's cheer!

A Frown on Your Face

If you have a frown
Walk upside down!

I know Santa Barbara

I know Santa Barbara.

I see the towering queen mission watching us...
...and the beautiful coast glistening with sunlight,

I hear the waves crashing in the beach...
... and barks and purrs of steadfast dogs and little cats,

I smell fresh, clean, blissful air...
... with a touch of the ocean's salty wind,

I taste Chinese food from Mandarin Palace...
... and the multi-colored sushi of Shintori,

I feel peace and quiet in the streets...
...and safeness all around me,

I know Santa Barbara

Ocean Song

The sun rose, sprinkling the sea with glitter,
The waves shone and shimmered.
The wind softly blew, spraying the sand.

A girl walked with surfboard in her hand,
To ride with waves and lie on the sand.
A boy strolled with a dog by his side,
Ready to take a shallow ocean ride.

Dolphins leaped by the skimming boat,
Wales swam by the ships that float.

Deep under the watery surface,
Fish twirl, zoom, and swirl.
A giant squid starts to call,
The octopus was crowned the king.
By the coral the crabs crawl,
The clam's open their mouths appalled.

Sea cows lazily splash around,
As people made their noisy sounds.
The sun began to set,
Still the ocean did not rest....

A Poem Based on
Lord of the Rings

One ring to rule all,
But to kill us kill us all.
A golden beauty evil and strong,
Will force us to help the wrong.
Baggins flee,
Make history,
Destroy the One and only ring,
Free us from the evil king,
Journey to the land of Mordor
And to the house of Elrond call!
Find Aragorn,
The Strider,
And see Goldberry, find her.
For we need you in the land of Mordor
Free us all,
Free us all...

A Poem Based on
Dragon Rider

A silver shimmer passes by,
Swimming in the moonlit sky.
Diving down to bathe,
In the glistening clear blue waves.
Then a golden flash, and a claw and slash.
The silver dragons fly away,
Frightened, not wanting to be the monster's prey.
Hidden for centuries and years,
The dragons must fly from human ears.
Now they must flee once again,
To hidden dragon land.
A young dragon clever and strong,
Rises from his silver herd,
And journeys like a silent bird,
To find and seek the dragon land,
Used long ago to hide and defend,
But the Golden One is still prowling,
So beware of golden flashes and growling.
One day he shall vanish,
And his scales will perish.

A Poem Based on
King of the Wind

On his chest the mark of doom,
On his chest speed,
Nobody knows, but one day he shall be a horse king.
Named Sham for the golden sunlight,
With stable boy Agba they fly from sight to sight.
Swift as the desert winds,
But scorned all his life by malicious masters.
At the sign of the *Red Lion*,
Fleeing past Newgate Jail,
And hearing the ring of the visitor's bell.
No words written on the stone where he was buried.
His speed like his story is legendary,
For no one needs words to remember the stallion's fire and spirit.
Everyone eager read the tale or hear it.
For he is the King of the Wind,
Also known as the Godolphin Arabian.

The Water

The water drifts so peacefully through the forests and gorges.

It swims so fast on its voyages.

The colorful fish are gliding joyfully in the waves,

Oh how I wish I could do the same.

The emerald weeds down below sway,

As the crabs scuttle away.

In the dark caves the octopus laid their eggs,

So no robbers will steal the eggs.

The jolly frogs jump from lily to lily,

All are a family.

The hungry sharks track down their prey,

They might be coming your way.

Dolphins leap up high,

It looks like they are in the sky.

The water drifts so peacefully by.

Magic is Not Just a Fairy Tale

Mysterious creatures fly in the sky,
And swim in the beautiful seas.
People may think these are fairy tales,
But they are as real as bumble bees.
Gryphins, Unicorns, Dragons too,
If you say they are fake that is rude.
For magic is not just a fairy tale.

It is true.

Mermaids, Elves and Fairies
You may think are very scary,
But they really are if they turn nasty.
Wizards and Witches may disappear and go
For that is when they want to see no more
Of this un-magical world.
Long ago when the world was thought flat
The magic vanished like that.
So the world became round
And magic made not a sound on Earth again.
But magic is still not just a fairy tale
Cause I say that!
Now I must go back to my Mysterious tale
Where Pegasus prances
And the phoenixes fly.
I now journey back to my tale good-bye.

Feelings

When I am angry I'm a raging dragon

With its spiky tail around.

When I'm lonely I am a shadow alone

In an empty silent desert.

When I am confused I am a puzzle

With all pieces missing.

When I am sad I am a lonely coyote

Crying a lament to the sky.

When I am scared I am darkness

Hiding every corner.

When my feelings appear around me,

You shall see all of these things.

What am I?

I make you sick.

I make you sneeze.

I make your head feel dizzy, I'm there

But you can't see me anywhere.

I sneak upon your back.

I smile with pleasure when I hide in your snack.

But if water comes, I'll be gone.

And disappear like an ending song.

When the water stings my dirt coat, I remember that I forgot a boat.

Then I vanish forever and I'll

Never bother you again.

But my friends might come and

What am I?

(Germs)

Gold Fever

One day at Sutter's Mill James Marshall found gold!
People travel to California, Young and old.

They all had gold fever,
And went panning by California Rivers.

Some struck rich,
Others didn't get lots of gold as they wished.

49ers they were called.
Some were hairy some were bald.

Foreigners came,
Some intelligent some lame.

Oh, and yes the chicken nugget,
Was large, but no one could get it.

Gold dust floated in the rivers,
Miners in California ate bear livers.

Women were rarely seen,
When miners saw women they were keen.

California's riverbanks were covered with people,
Food was expensive even one apple.

Gold fever spread all over the world,
From Boston to San Francisco

Soon the Gold Rush passed
And it turned into history of the past.

California
I Am the Central Valley

I am the ripe crops
that grow tall and strong.

I am the industrious farmer
that works all day long.

I am the winning horse
that pulls a wagon full of fruits.

I am the long river
that flows on and on.

I am the healthy Central Valley
that gives you all the food you need.

California

I Am the Coast

I am the towering wave
that splashes into ocean.

I am the leaping whale
that spouts a fountain of water from its air hole.

I am the great palm tree
that shades the sandy coast.

I am the bright lighthouse
that shines on glistering ocean.

I am the sunny coast
that welcomes you to play with me.

California

I Am the Desert

I am the burning sand
that makes golden dunes.

I am the free javelina
that runs cheerfully in the sand.

I am the proud Bighorn Sheep
that climbs on tall mountains in the silent desert

I am the prickly cactus
that makes a nice apartment for many animals.

I am the fiery desert
that lies peacefully on earth.

California

I Am the Mountains

I am the enormous waterfall
that tumbles down from the rocky cliffs.

I am the rushing white water
that cascades through mesa.

I am peaceful deer
that sprints swiftly from sight to sight.

I am the everlasting evergreen
that towers over the under growth.

I am the snow-capped mountain
that will astonish you evermore.

I Am the Moon

I am the silver glowing moon,
I wonder what the world is like...
I hear the planets silently shifting,
I see the Earth in miraculous colors,
I want to fill the Earth's night with light.

I am the silver glowing moon,
I pretend to be the Majestic Queen Sun,
I feel meteorites graze my back,
I revolve lazily, gradually around Earth,
I cry when a star falls and vanishes forever...

I am the silver glowing moon,
I understand the ways of planets,
I say "Sleep tight and Good Night!"
I dream about Earth and stars,
I hope I will shine like the sun someday,

I am the silver glowing moon...

The Jungle

Trees are growing,
Winds are blowing.
In the trees the birds sing
Of a golden ring.
Leopards leap on the wet damp mud,
Frogs jump with a soft thud.
Snakes coil in the vines,
Monkeys talk in joyful rhyme.
For the jungle is full of sound.

Music

When music rings in my ears it gently wipes away my tears,
Songs of beauty songs of love, songs of peace and pure white doves,
Colors rainbows in my mind, Dreams so miraculous and divine, Smooth soft
surfaces of the notes the jazzy tune makes me float.

Music flows, music prances, and makes me do a silly dance,
A song of Silver, a song of gold, songs of emeralds and tales foretold,
The blue birds tweet, the parrots squawk, music fits the bird tune lock,
The Grasshoppers viola and the mouse's flute, make the tapping
“doo doo doo”

When music rings in all our ears it brings us peace for many years.