



# The Scribe



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Nativity of Our Lord School

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## LUNCHBOX

When I went down to the lunchroom  
And my friend set down her tray  
I opened up my lunchbox  
And she ran away.



Here is what was there:  
Moldy cheese, a squishy pear,  
A head of a cracker shaped like a bear,  
A soggy sandwich, a broken spoon,  
A crumpled up note that said, "See you soon!"

As I looked at my lunch  
I knew why she ran away  
And I thought to myself  
"I'll get hot lunch today!"

Kerry Schneeman    Grade 4  
*The idea for this poem came from one of my favorite Jack Prelusky poems called "A Frog, A Stick." It lists a bunch of weird things in his pocket.*

## ORANGE IS THE RHYME

Orange is the word I've been trying to rhyme.  
Have you ever given that a try?  
If you have not, then this is the time.  
And when you find one, I'll give you a dime!

By Sigrid Ferderer    Grade 4



## DANCE



Yanking on tights  
Slipping on cool costumes  
Over your head  
Sticky lipstick  
Blush on cheeks  
The pitter-pat of feet  
In a dark, dark world  
Excitement, fear  
Inhale a breath  
The lights flood color  
On you, the stage  
The music starts  
To play  
There's a beat in  
Your toes  
As you smile  
And rise up  
To launch into a well  
Rehearsed routine  
It's just you  
You are the star  
Then you freeze  
The audience is on  
Their feet  
In a tidal wave  
Of applause  
You smile  
Then the world  
Is black  
The curtain falls  
Off you walk  
Away from the stage  
With the knowledge in  
Your heart  
That you  
Will dance  
Again.

By Colleen Scallen    Grade 6  
*This poem describes the exhilaration I feel every time I do a dance recital.*