

By Seojin

tippy
toe
stretch
up
in
graceful
hand

split
and
balance
but
don't
fall
down

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Concrete Poetry
Inspired by
Joan Bransfield Graham



Soccerball, soccerball

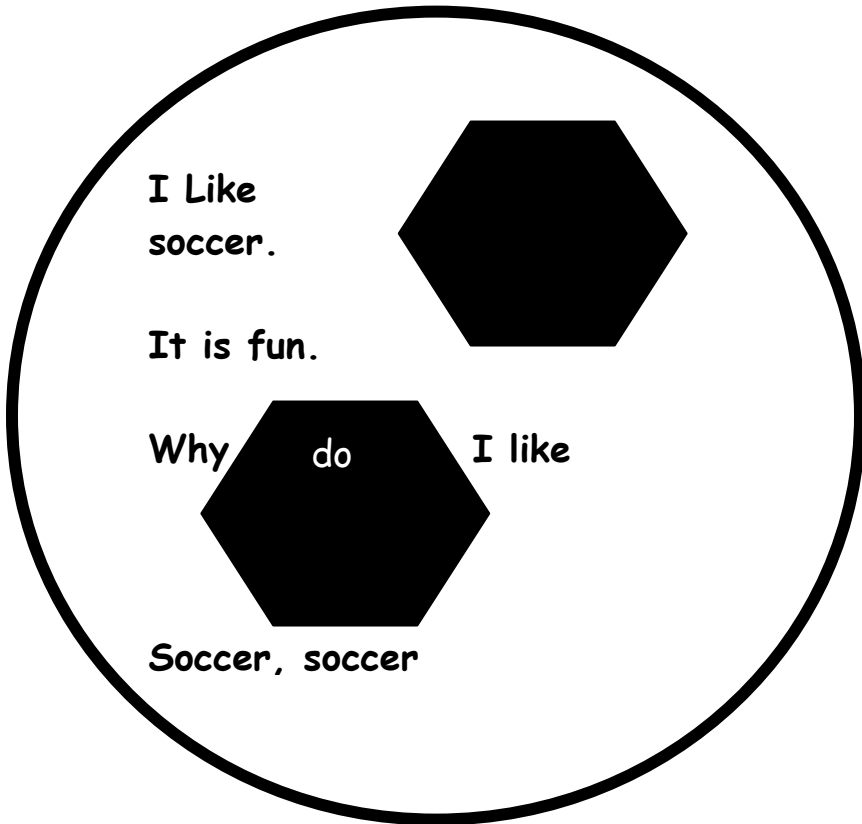
By David N.

**Silent as it flies in the wind.
If it could talk to me what kind of
Language you would speak. How much
I wonder how you feel on my skin.
I always wonder how your shadow flies
through the air.**

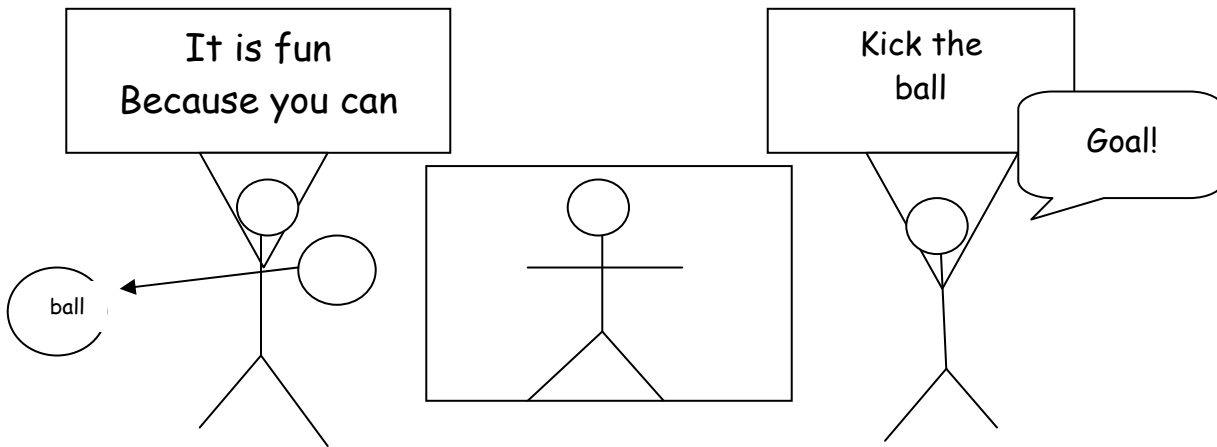


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By Charlie C.



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I stay there
in silence.

Math book in front of me.
I'm speechless. It's like a
language I haven't learned.

I wonder why
math is
confusing.

By Ezekiel F.

Shadow night,
morning bright
By Tiffany C.

My skin tingles with the weather
As I get out of bed, light as a feather.

Classroom is as silent as can be
Everybody is studying.

And now I wonder, with this knowledge as big as a pool
How much of it will I learn from school.

language it talks to me through the trees and the silence of the wind. Oh I wonder will I ever see you again? Or do I have to wait to hear the wind again?
 On my shadow as thick and blue as the night sky my skin as cold and crisp and feels as it will shatter into the sithering cool wind. Oh my shadow it has its own

By Isabella J.

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