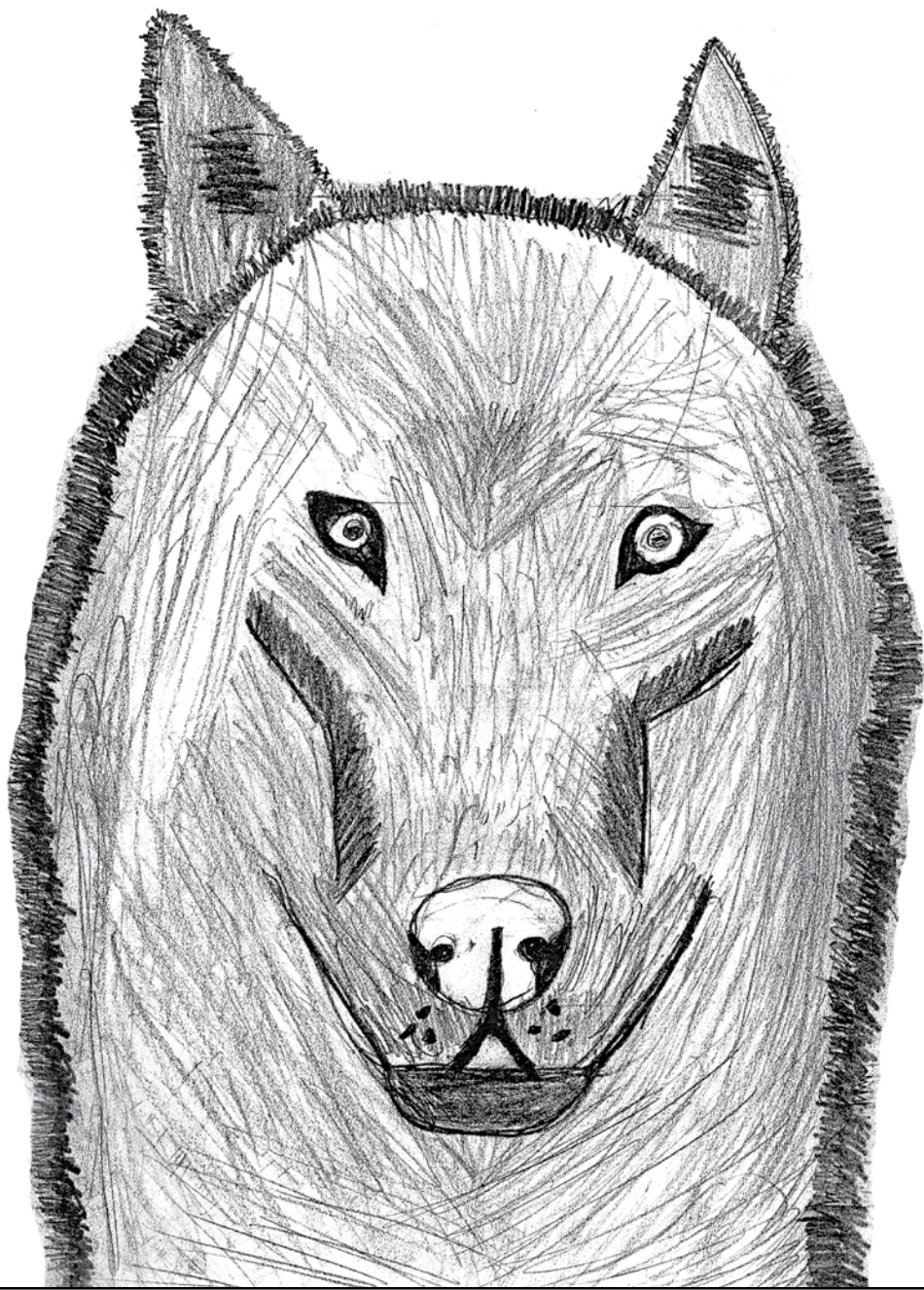


# perspectives student art

June 7, 2017

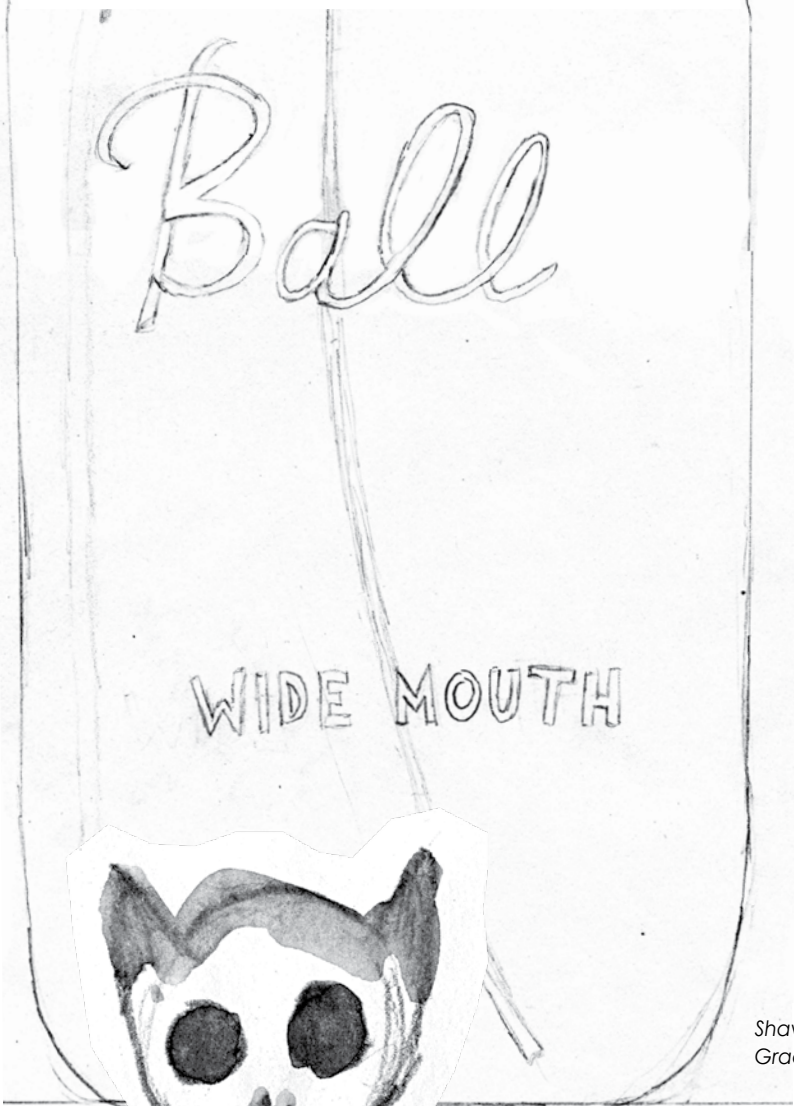


Caleb H.  
Grade 3

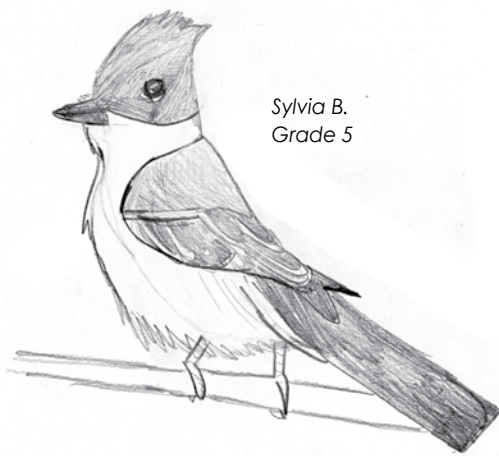
## Poetry in Nature

Leaves whoosh off the wind into the cold air  
Rocks dancing on the wet ground  
Leaves dancing in the air  
Worms sleeping on the wet soggy ground relaxing while the drops of rain fall on the wet grass  
Grass laughs at the wind while the wind sings beautiful songs to the grass  
The scaled leaves listens to the danger and says hello to the animals  
The leaves visit the trees and hugs the trees and then goes to sleep just to wake up again  
Green blades of grass talk to the hot sun reflecting the shadows of the grass  
Grass laughs, goes to sleep and never wakes up again

Collaborative poem by Owen F., Devin K. and Nicho M.  
Grade 3



Shawnie W.  
Grade 8



Sylvia B.  
Grade 5

## A Piece of Paper

A piece of  
Paper

Used to catch  
Letters

Sometimes works of  
Beauty,

What about a  
Critical

Dispatch to a  
Captain?

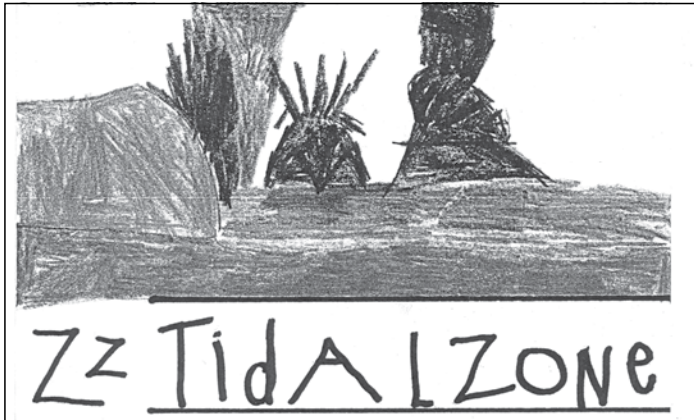
Try to love  
Paper.

Ruby M.  
Grade 5



Josie A.  
Kindergarten

Tristan W.  
Kindergarten



Lianna P.  
Grade 3



I Am

I am vibrant and competitive  
I wonder if the ocean ever cries  
I hear the grasses’ feelings  
I see the volcanic roses spilling  
    through the cracks of mother earth  
I want the defining purpose of life  
    to present itself  
I am vibrant and competitive

I pretend my feelings are butterflies  
    and they fly away  
I feel the pain of others  
    and wish it upon myself  
I touch the leaves of life with  
    my humble fingers  
I worry for others’ wings to not tire  
I cry over magnificent walls of anger and fear  
I am vibrant and competitive

I understand the pain of the trees  
    in the vibrant forest  
I speak my heart, and my heart I speak  
I dream of a place of red roses  
    and pink cherry blossoms  
I try to blink away the pain of others  
I hope for pain to be temporary  
    and life to be outstanding  
I am vibrant and competitive

Conor S.  
Grade 6

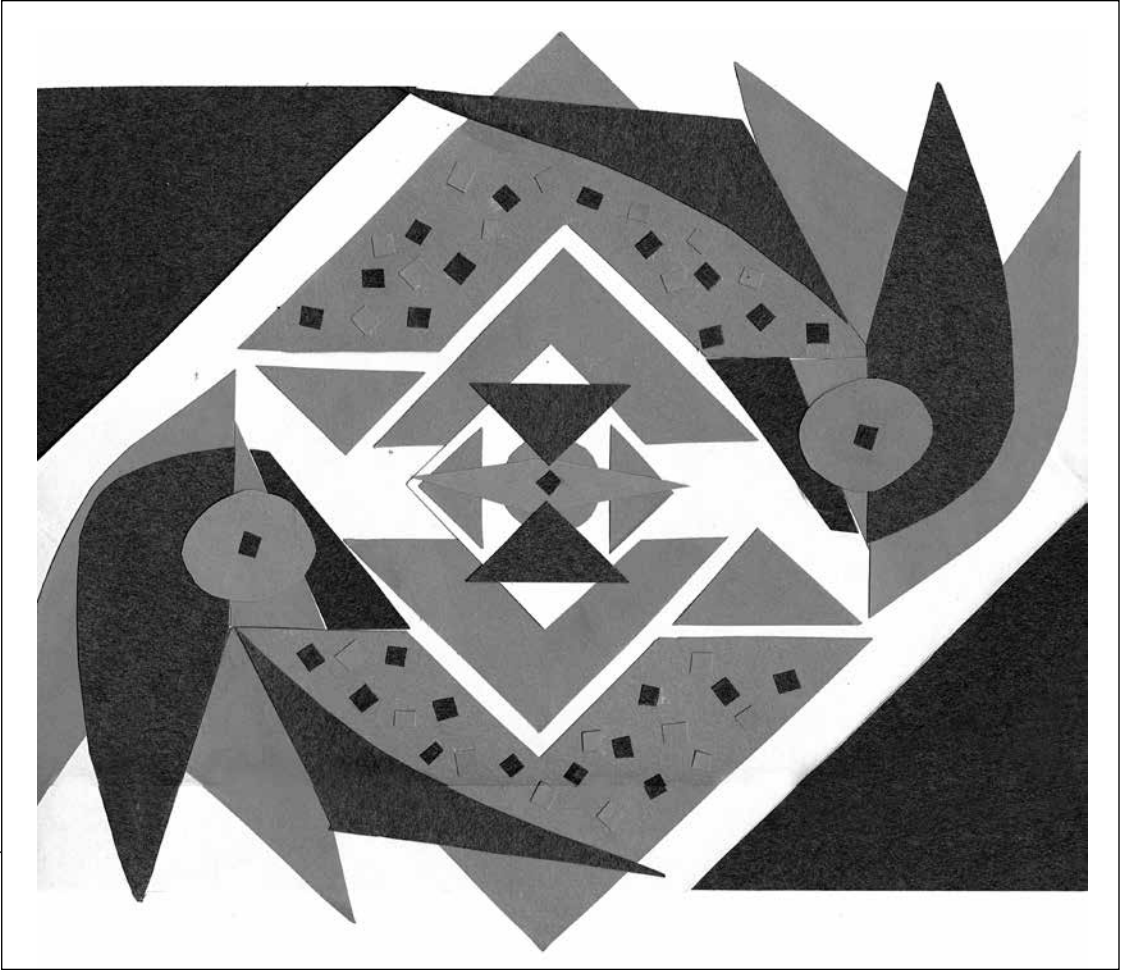
Meteor Shower

A meteor shower  
Is a swarm of fireflies  
Burning through the trees.  
A meteor shower remembers  
All the stars

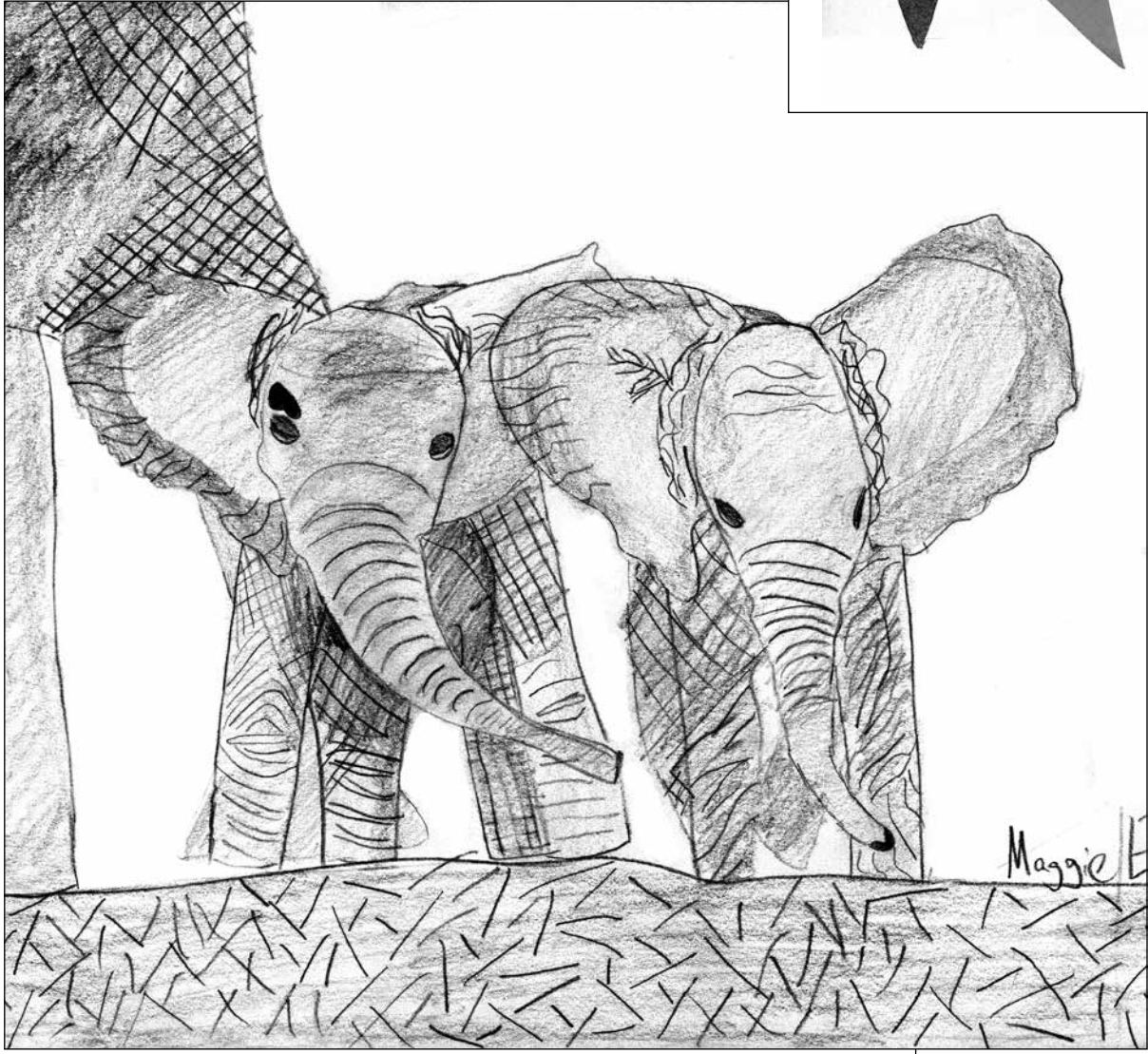
Andre N.  
Grade 2



Alexi B.  
Grade 12



Yanni D.  
Grade 9



Margaret E.  
Grade 5

A Secret

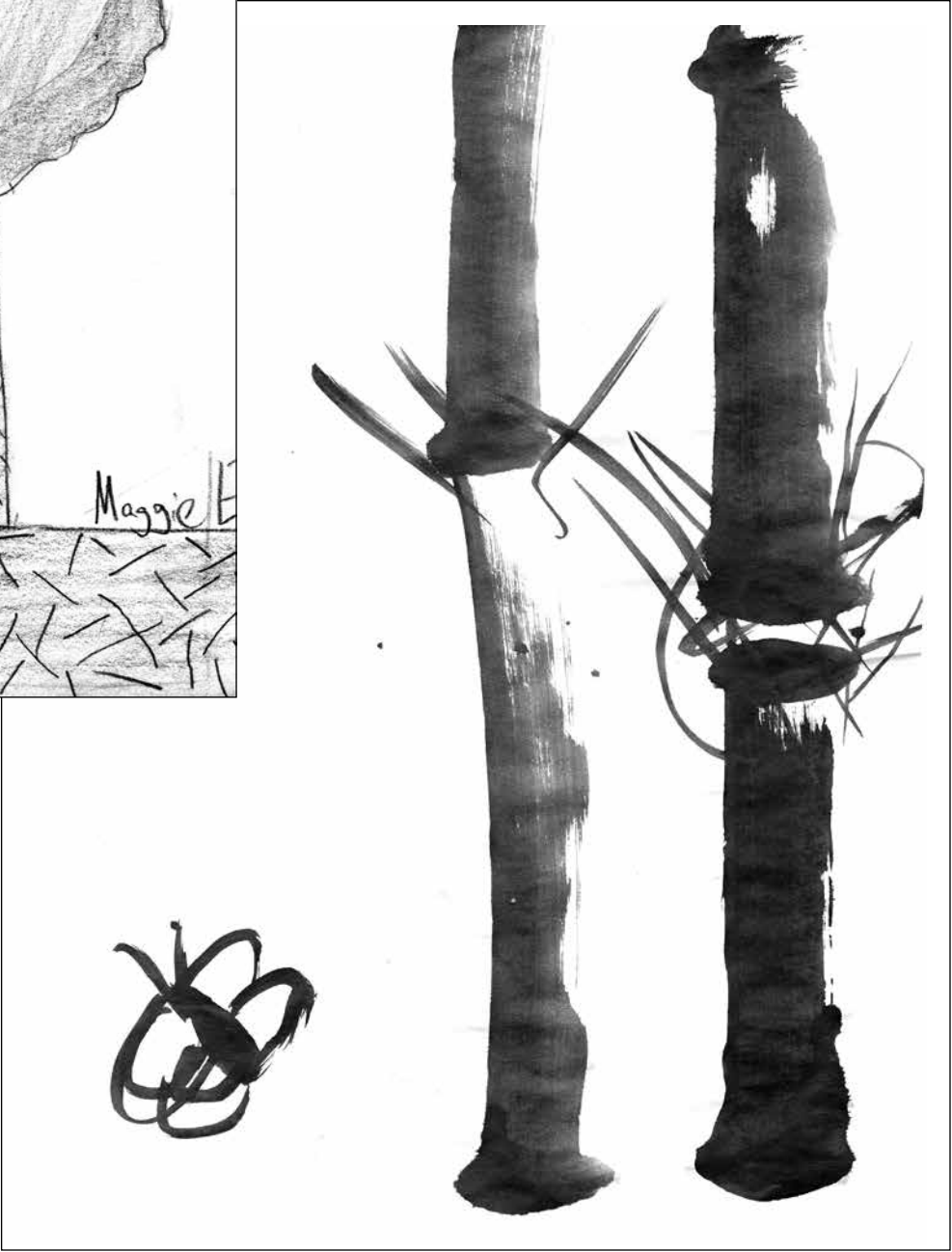
It floats  
From the mouth  
Like meaningful trust  
Searching for a mind  
Where it’s ready to be kept.

India A.  
Grade 5

Dragon

Dangerous Dragon  
Darring dragonettes to dive  
Down fox covered hills

Samantha P.S.  
Grade 4



Aurora F.  
Grade 6



Shadows

The shattered heart of light clears the way for dark  
Understanding the way of the night.  
The way of the wolf.  
The wolf’s fear creates darkness,  
But the wolf has no fear.  
The wolf is Shadow, the king of fear,  
The shadow darkens his victims creating death.

Taylor D.  
Grade 7

I Am Poem

I was discovered by Albertus Magnus in 1250  
What happens if you consume me? It’s not pretty.  
Let’s just say, if you consumed me with French fries,  
You would probably meet an untimely demise.  
I am a metal, so I am not lighter than air,  
You can’t breathe me in, so no need to beware.  
Unless it is 877 K,  
Because if you’re around then, you’re probably dead, I’m  
afraid.  
I don’t melt, I sublimate.  
I guess it’s because I don’t like to wait.  
I am diagonally placed across from Silicon,  
I don’t kill you instantly, that fact is wrong.  
In fact, it will take about 24 hours for you to die.  
So spend that time guessing, what metal am I?

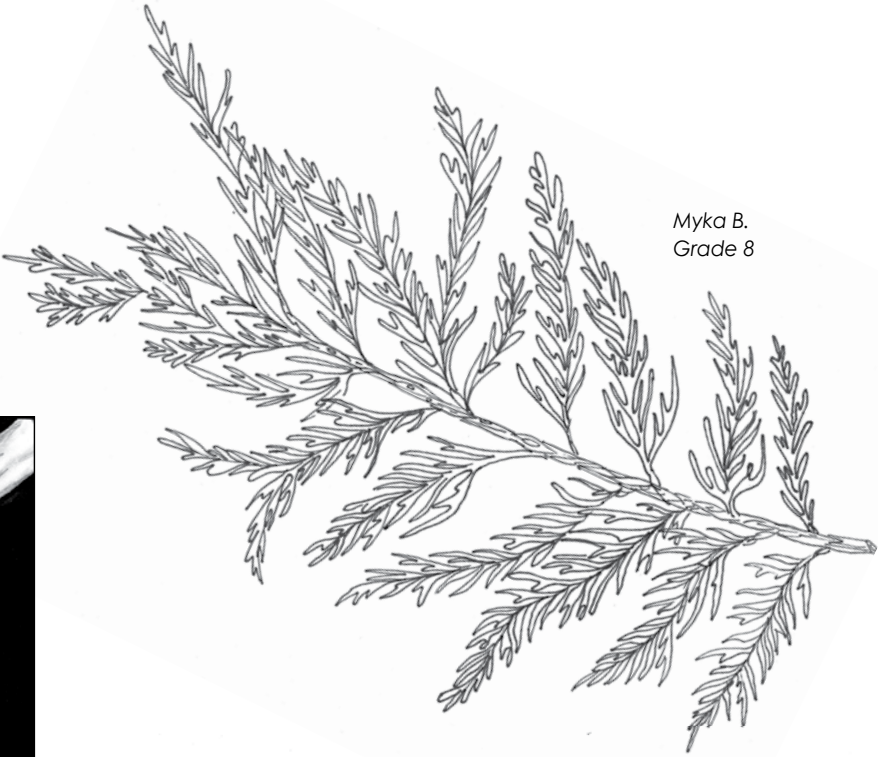
Emilia N.  
Grade 8



Alex Doty  
Grade 9



Evan E.  
Grade 8



Myka B.  
Grade 8



Alexus F.  
Grade 10

Nature

The leaves invite the people to party with them  
The mellow wind sings to the clouds as it drifts by the trees  
Trees dance in the wind as it waits for them

Megan H.  
Grade 3



Athena W.  
Grade 1



Cece M.  
Grade 9

Fiery Orange

Orange is a fiery color  
Fiery as a tiger  
Happily roaring on a smooth rock  
Fiery orange

Atom B.  
Grade 2





Aurin A.  
Grade 7

*A Poem in the Voice of the Wind*

Like you, I can make the warmest of weather  
into a sick, shivering mess.  
Like you, I am angry, and whip at people’s hair  
and clothes, though you only do it in your imagination.  
Like you, I love to stir up the sand with my fingertips,  
but when I do it, I am rash and violent, like a small child.  
Like you, I sleep during the summer.  
I believe in the gulls.  
Like you, I love the snow, to spiral the flakes into tornadoes  
and tsunamis in the leaves of an evergreen.

Stella A.  
Grade 7

*American Oystercatcher*

This dark shorebird with its feathers black  
Sneaks around for clams  
which give with a crack  
It creeps around, stealthy and sleek,  
Tooting its call, a shrill cheep cheep  
A mother leads, six little ones follow,  
When an eagle comes by,  
they hide in a hollow.  
With their dull pink feet and  
bright yellow eyes,  
The sand on the beach is their best disguise.  
They forage for oysters and clams in the pools,  
At the smell of the meat, the little ones drool.  
Their feet move so fast, they are a pink blur  
Their noise on the sand is just a soft purr  
Their beak reminds me of a long red chili  
They should be my pet, I would name it Millie.  
With their precise little pokes, they master  
their foodies  
They have furrowed brows, they always  
look moody  
A bird-watchers favorite, they are never a fail  
You just have to find them, they always  
seem to bail  
And so this bird which interests so many,  
Just sits in the sun, shining like a penny.

Tusker B  
Grade 7

*The Cute Little Birdies*

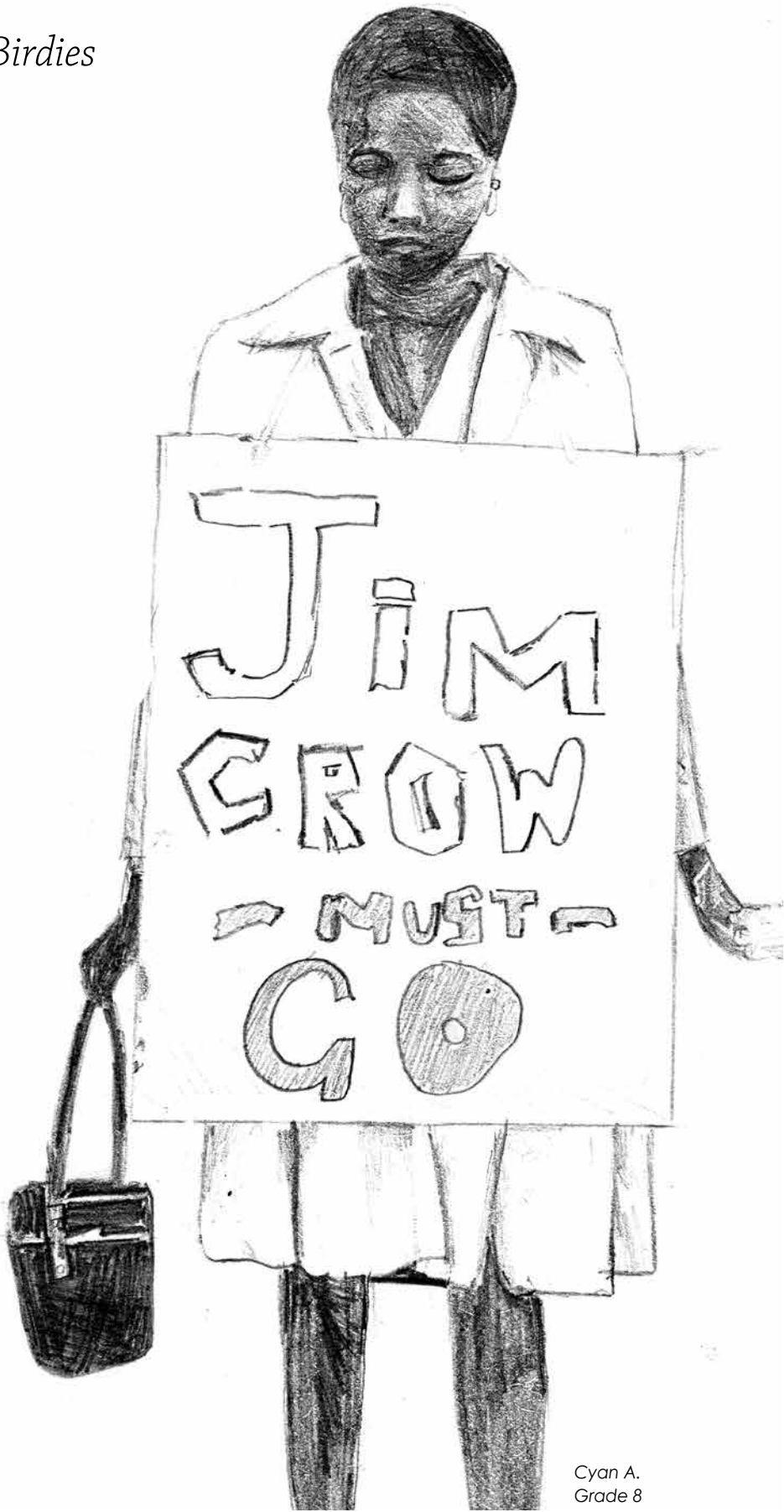
A bird in a nest lay eggs.  
They rest below our legs.  
The babies crack.  
Chicks come out,  
They chirp about  
Because they are cute.  
They cry, “toot, toot!”

Pilar L.  
Grade 3

*Cricket*

Cricket-  
A dark night  
In black exoskeleton  
Knight’s armor.  
Cricket song  
On a gush of wind  
Cricket,  
Quiet and curious-  
Like me

Finn S.  
Grade 3



Cyan A.  
Grade 8

*Waterfalls A Twisting Dolphin  
In The Water*

Waterfalls are like joyful dolphins twisting in the water.  
It’s like a graceful girl jumping off an empty cliff.  
It’s like a water drop dripping on a graceful brave red rose.  
It’s like a girl strumming a calm guitar.  
Waterfalls are like ropes tying the crowded boats  
to the heavy docks.

Heather Ann T.  
Grade 4



Autumn W.  
Grade 7



Talula C.  
Grade 4

Jellyfish Sky

I float above the earth,  
Dropping new stars far  
and wide,  
Glowing in the sky.  
Watching over houses,  
Were children are awaking,  
Dawn comes,  
and I must go,  
To a land of eternal sleep.

Sarah W.  
Grade 5

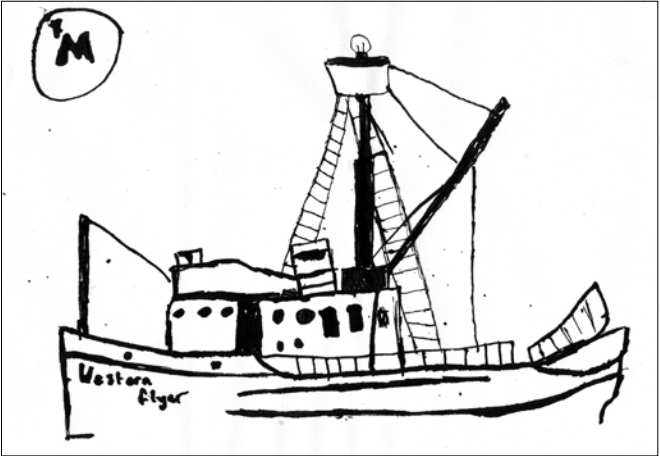


Robert J.  
Grade 11

Curiosity

It climbs  
To a new project  
Like a new child  
to the top of the tree.  
Trying to answer  
a question  
On an endless street  
of ideas

Juliette O.  
Grade 4



Wyatt A.  
Grade 7

Sands of Time

Waves roll, crash, tumble and slap against the rocks leaving them shiny and wet, then the ocean becomes a rich foam when it finally thins and reaches the fine grey sand. The woosh of the water brings up a mist of salt spray that temporarily closes my eyes and I feel the cool mist touch my face, while a breath of wind pushes back my hair. A calm washes over me, as if the ocean water defied gravity and has blanketed my whole body, and my lips turn upward in an ear-to-ear grin exposing my teeth, while I simultaneously take a deep breath of the air.

The sun is setting over the water. The tangerine oranges and raspberry reds splash over the top of the liquid surface like a pitcher of juice falling off the table during breakfast and seeing the sugary spill seep and spread over the floor. I watch it with amazement, and begin to realize that the impending darkness of night is starting to swallow the sky. I look up and down the beach and see that the sandy shore has no end, or beginning, I don't mind. The long stretch of beach ignores the rules of time and space, no one can ever grow old here, no one can ever get sad. The grains of sand are filled with memories and imprinted with the pounding of footsteps.

Time has stopped. Everything is still, even my thoughts, I'm at peace. The world has begun to drip together into a beautiful painting. My Walden is here. Where time stops.

Ingrid S.  
Grade 11

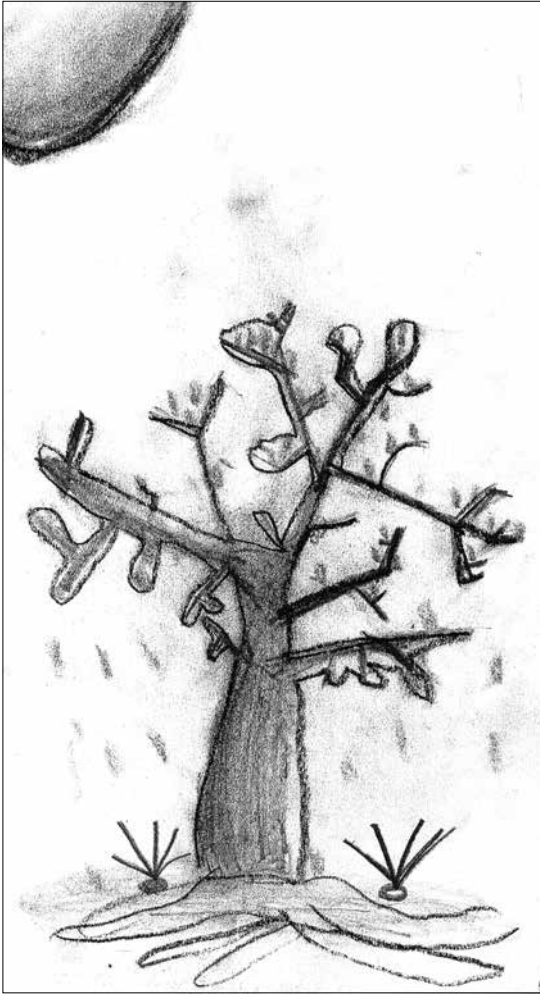
Untitled

A sense of freedom. Empowerment. An escape.  
She's alone, but it sits with her nicely.  
In this moment nothing makes sense  
So she stays alone.

Every thought bounces around in her head like a rogue ball  
The sand beneath her feet somehow hushes them  
The waves hit their final destination  
against the shore  
and the corners of her mouth  
rise  
to create a subtle smile

Nothing makes sense  
But here in the green freedom of the afternoon  
That is okay

Hannah W.  
Grade 11



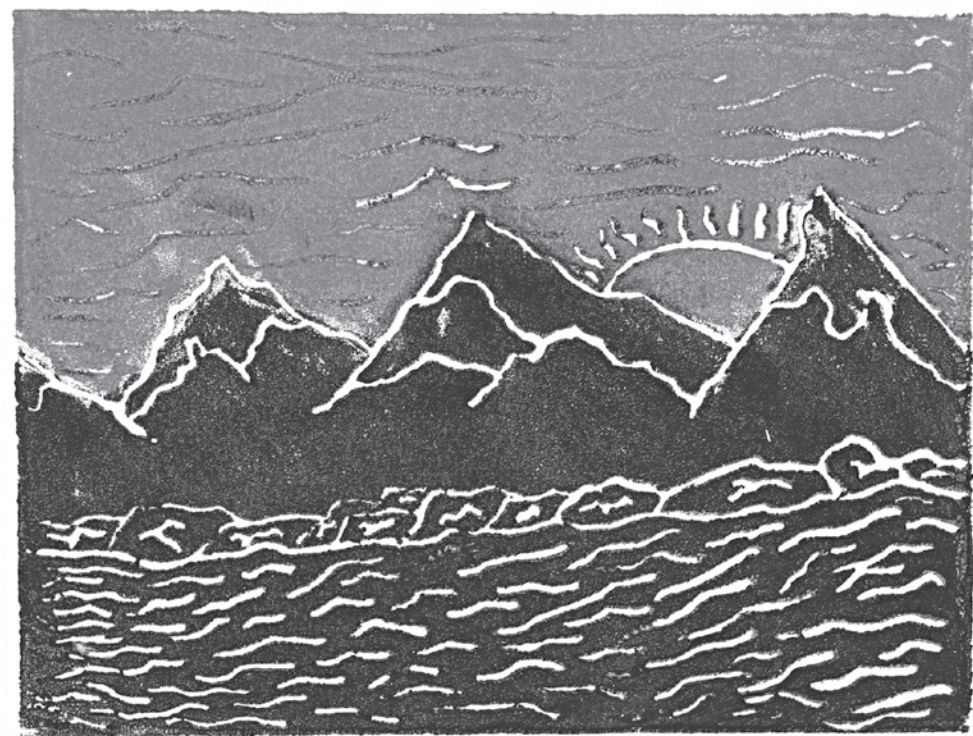
Finn S.  
Grade 2

Smart Tree

Moonlight melts  
Through the cracks  
Of an ancient oak.  
A soft blanket of foliage  
Surrounding its base  
Its leaves stretched across  
Its vast limbs  
It knowledge ever-lasting

Aidan D. P.  
Grade 4





Milo Q.  
Grade 4

### Lightning

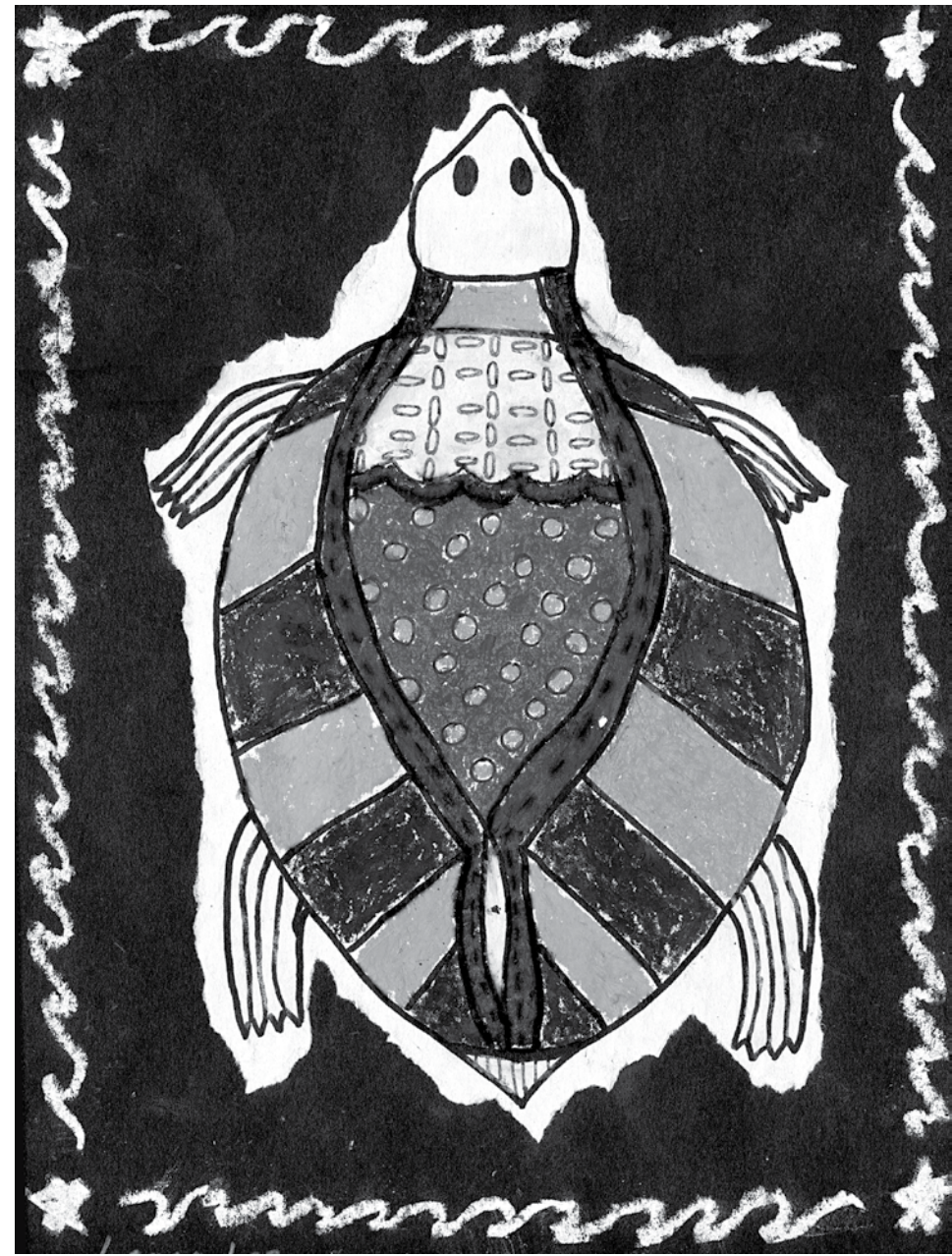
Lighting remembers  
Its life as a lizard  
Before the Gods  
Bought it to the sky  
And changed it to  
Lightning

Athena W.  
Grade 1

### Dancing

Dancing is fun. You can spin and twirl when you are doing it.  
Dancing makes you wiggle and giggle.  
You move your body to the song.  
You can also goof around when you are dancing.

Freya D. G.  
Grade 1



Leona L.  
Grade 6

### I Am

I am nonchalant and pixieish  
I wonder why the rains fall and the sun shines  
I hear the footsteps of bustling people walking by  
I see the beams of sunlight shining through the trees  
I want everyone’s life to be easily lived  
I am nonchalant and pixieish

I pretend like no words of hatred affect my well being  
I feel hope for everyone around me  
I touch the lives of others in distress  
I worry for the lonely strays on the streets at night  
I cry out for happiness, I cry out for sadness  
I am nonchalant and pixieish

I understand that we are not all the same  
I say that I’m fine  
I dream others would understand empathy and kindness  
I try my hardest because that all that I can give  
I hope that everyone finds a reason to smile  
I am nonchalant and pixieish

Lillian M.  
Grade 6



Lupita P.  
Grade 11

Have you evr had?  
Stich's my sister  
had it rele hrs.  
But wen it is  
Time to take them  
out it fele fele  
fele rele hrs.

Nyla R.  
Grade 1

MY father ite anunie  
IS A LEPERD BECAUSE  
IT HAS A BUDFIE  
PADERN AND IT IS  
MY FATHERITE PADERN  
AND IT IS NOT TO  
BIG OR TO SMOW AND  
IT IS A CAT

Isla H.  
Grade 1

Sponsored in part by the following:



PT Artscape  
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### A note from the selectors:

We hope that you enjoy these Port Townsend School District student creations. PTSD students create so much wonderful art and writing that selecting these few was very challenging. We would like to thank all PTSD students, those whose work is represented here, the Leader, and our colleagues for collecting this body of work. We also thank the Washington State Arts Commission and Port Townsend ArtScape for their support of this work. Art lives in PT.