Poem

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Poem

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Abstract

To feel the ocean, you have to get your feet wet. To feel the sand, you have to take your shoes off. To catch a star, you have to get burned... just a little.
The Wind

by
B'Yani Ohm
Statistics (Grad)

Dirty thick wind
Howling, sniffing and hissing
Bruising trees and houses,
Brawling with itself
In its frenzied scramble
For nothing?
The uncovetble ultimate.

Poem

by
Kari Beck
Elementary Education 1

To feel the ocean,
    you have to get your feet wet.
To feel the sand,
    you have to take your shoes off.
To catch a star,
    you have to get burned . . .
        just a little.