

**Chelsea Heights Individual Poems, Ms.
Bartol's Fifth Grade**

**The Walk to Como
by Sam Barnes**

The wind is blowing the trees. I put on my jacket.
The burrs stick to my back. I feel itchy
mosquitoes were attacking me, and we saw a
dead mole. It was juiceless and green. I saw a
bridge that no one went on. The bridge was as
long as a snake. Plants were dead. Some were
growing by the sun. The wonderful place called
the Como Woodland is an old place but people
still care about the wonderful journey of the
Como Woodland.

**A Walk
By Gabriel Russell**

The smell of green leaves.
It reminded me of the
Blue sky the wind touch
The leaves soft when the
Wind come all the flies went.
Back when it stop they
Came to all of the two
Class but is was not just the
Fly it was ants, red ants, and
A lot of other stuff it was.
A lot of one of my
Classmates got bite we saw
A lot of stuff on the
Way back it was so much
Stuff kids was playing with
Poce stuff Como took some
Stuff out but now they
Are putting new stuff in

**Camping
By Nicole Mazzalle**

The smell of green leaves and green trees it
reminds me of camping in autumn and sitting by
the fire eating s'mores telling jokes riding my
bike with my cousin Jade and listening to birds
chirping in the morning going swimming in nice
cool water the sun shining upon us reading books
in the tent telling scary stories listening to owls at

night time eating hot dogs by the fire going to
sleep at night time waking up in the morning
walking on a path and having the best time of my
life.

**The Colorful Walk
By Blake Haselberger**

I slowly drift into the crowd as I listen to cars
notice dead mice on the ground slowly know that
I'm getting closer to school every second. So
many colors and ideas flashing through your head
previous experiences all coming back to me.
Kids laughing getting very sleepy closer to
school closer to sleep.

**Como Woods
By ?**

Walking in Como Woods silently
Feeling the cold chill of autumn
Waiting for leaves to fall

It smelled like honeydew melon
The smell reminded me when my
Grandma is making pie or cookies

The sweet feeling of silence was
Peaceful like nature all the calmness
Made me like an eagle free, peaceful,
Majestic

As I the look of the trees reminded me
Of a house foundation firm like roots of
The tree the walls thick like brances
And the people like golden leaves in autumn

As I lay down in the very soft grass
I wonder how did trees get here

**Like a Dream
By Kristina Schultz**

Leaves surround the empty ground. Birds fly the
skies. Dead animals lay around the grassy
ground. The sun shines around the world lights
up every boy and girl. Happy, mad, angry or sad
the sun still keeps shining. Flowers bloom in the

afternoon. Stars sparkle at night. The moon is full of joy and light. Good night.

A Walk to Como
By Luke R.

The falling leaves fell to the
Ground like a rocket and the
Wind feels like I'm flying over
The sun. And the trees made
Us Air so we can breath and
The birds flew over me like
An airplane and the rabbits
Ran like a race car racing
On a race track and the
Plants seemed really calm.

The Walk in Woodland
By Trent Willard

A lot of green grass by the
Fire ants, made patterns by the
Wind going by

The smell of the wind so fresh
And clean I can hardly wait
To hear the sound of
The wind moving through the
Big trees.

Como Woodland
By Justin Poirier

There was a dried
Up pond. I pretended
I was under water
Holding my breath.

There was a giant
Fireplace that nobody
Could compare their height to.

There was a tree expanding
On top of the fireplace.

There was a pea pod
That if I shook it would
Sound like a shaker.

A Walk in Como Park
By Anthony Phelps

The pathway is dark, forbidden
The light is shining through
The old fireplace, stones worn and
Broken,
Once housed fires, in days that are
Gone, lost in time.

Leaves, bright, colorful
Yellow, green, purple, red
Fluttering in the cool autumn breeze
Birds singing, trees swaying
In the cool, crisp air.

Animals, scampering, playing
Running through the trees
Playing on the ground.

Flowers, sights and smells,
Perfume in the wind,
Cool, peppermint wind.

Fall.

Como Woodland
By Joel LaChappelle

The Como Woodland was as green as a bean.
The broken fireplace was as yellow as the sun
and was as hard as a rock. There were lots of
tiny bugs as small as a pebble. The grass was
very soft and felt like a bed. There was poison
ivy that was so itchy as a bug bite.

Como Woodland
By Vincent

Our voices were drained out by the loud traffic
until we entered the Como Outdoor Classroom.
It was like a new country! We did the tree pose
by the old fireplace and rolled down the steep hill
where the drained pond used to be. Though there
were invading plants the great ash and oak trees
reached the sky. We layed on the soft grass as
we thought of ideas for our poems. What my
next inspiration will be is unknown.

Como

By Graeme Thompson

On block two blocks I see brown leaves green
leaves three blocks four I see bugs ants big trees
small trees we come to an intersection one car
two cars three cars four the cars stop we all cross
the street some kids are talking some are not we
walk past homes and puppies old people signs
joggers we get to Como Park we set on the nice
cut grass our guide tells us about a pond and a
fireplace we get off the grass we walk to the pond
but there's no water inside all there is a big hill we
sit on the bottom of the hill we find out that we
were in the pond we walk to the fireplace in
wasn't a site to see.

Como Park

By Cole Napierala

The wood reminded me of a fire warming me.
When I sat down on where a pond used to be, I
thought that I'm sitting on history. The forest
had some ants that crawled on my shoes, some
ants bit me. But thought maybe ants aren't so
bad so I moved. All I could smell was nature and
all the flowers. Sometimes I wondered what
Como was like back then.

A Sacret Fireplace

By Brandon Willi

Berries and burdock
Both on a bush
Full of thorns

Crisp falling leaves
Land in soft grass
By the cascading stones

In the fireplace shadow
Lay all of its ash

Guarding the sacret [secret, sacred?] fireplace
Wasps and squirrels stay all night
And make sure no one destroys the fireplace

A Walk to Como

By Misky Salad

The freshness of the
Nature's trees caught my
Attention of the beautiful
Birds eating the blueberries
Off the bushes

The leaves are blowing
Off the trees with a
Fresh scent of autumn breeze

The trees sway back and
Forth that gives you the
Chills the breeze is hard
And heavy while the leaves
Fall off the trees

The wonderful place
That our journey has
Brought us will be and
Always be Como Woodland

Forest

By Elena Walczak

I hear whispers as the leaves gently move,
A canopy of greenish yellow.
Tints of periwinkle show through the autumn
leaves.

A golden brown twig splinteres beneath my
feet.

A sea of green comes before me as the trees
thin out,
Flowers dotting the earth, like minnows in the
shallows.

A beetle crawls along my shoe, and I think,
There's no better place to be.

Rocks pop up like mountains in this city of
nature,

A quiet rustle in the bushes as two fat gray
squirrels play a game of tag.

Splashes of color—the beautiful brown of
bark,

The many shades of green,
Gray rocks the color of the moon,
Yellow and white flowers hide amongst the
leaves,

And I think,
There's no better place to be.

I smell the wood, the bark, it smells like
maple syrup.

An army of small black ants march single file,
Surrounded by the enemy—early falling leaves,
But the ants don't stop.

I do,
And I think,
There's no better place to be.

A Walk **By Elizabeth Brown**

I walk into a forest full of trees
With different colored leaves the trees are
Tall and beautiful.

I see different flowers like daisies and
Lilacs. The daisies are in full bloom.
The lilacs slowly drifting into deep slumber.

I come to a clearing in the forest.
In that clearing is a fireplace that
Is broken up. I imagine what it looked like
When it was brand new.
The fireplace has tan stones
All around it.

I see a butterfly barely miss
A sharp thorn.

I'm walking back towards home
I look up and see clear light blue sky.

I smell pine trees. I look to see
Where the pine trees are. Suddenly they're
All around me.

I see poison ivy and avoid it. I
See berries so plump and red.

I'm almost home when I see a
Mole resting in peace then
Suddenly I'm home in the warmth of my room.

A Hike **By Bjorn Pederson**

We hiked through the Como Woodland.
We hiked past Como Town

We hiked past Cole's house
And we walked into a used-to-be pond

We also hiked past Como Park
And a bridge
And a dead mole

We stopped at an old fireplace
With stuff written on it
And a lot of ants.

The sky was as blue as my blue math notebook
And the green grass was as green as my spelling
notebook

When we walked back
We passed a golfer
A garden
A tennis court
And a lot of trees.

When We Got to the Como Woodland **By ?**

When we were there we saw
A dead brownish and grayish
Mouse that was on the
Green grass
When we sat on the smooth
Green grass red ants started
To crawl on our legs faster
And faster each time
After we sat on the
Green grass we were
Heading to the Joyce
Kilmer Chimney to see
How old it is. It was
Old real old that
Some bricks started
To fall on the ground
While we were at the
Joyce Kilmer Chimney
Me and my friend Alexis
Was sketching the old chimney
After this we went to see
Poison ivy
After two hours and 30 minutes
We went back to our nice school

My Walk
By Margaret Ierien

Every green trees glistening in
The wind, prickly pine needles
Stabbing me

Big and juicy red ants trying
To get me

The smell was so magnificent, if
Smelled as if I were on a cloud
Drifting off to Milky Way Island

I heard the sound of birds
Giving each other a talk that sounded
A lot like a chipmunk squealing

As soon as I discovered that
Pointy burrs were on my back, it
Started hurting like stubbing
Your toe on the sidewalk

It reminds me when we had a walk
In Woodland, I wish I could go there
Again sometime

A Walk in the Woods
By Derrick Carr

Everytime when the leaves fall down they
Sometimes hit the ground, all the dogs hit the
Pound.

Poor more poor rat and the fire ants
Went spat, and there were no bats and
You could hear tat, tat, click, click, clack, clack,
of
The sounds in the air you can hear everywhere.

Poison ivy looked limey, just like beans.
What a nice day in the woods.

What were not done time has just
Begun man I think the stones weigh a ton
Now let's get back to school let's be done.

A Walk to Como
By Breanna

Evergreen trees everywhere
Green is everywhere, the wind is

Blowing the smell of fall leaves.
Leaves falling all around me.
Like fluffy snow falling in
The winter of December.

The coldness of the wind gives
Me the chills in the autumn
Air. In this beautiful walk in
The Woods.

Walk at Woodland
By Rory Ierien

A touch of green grass
Is like silk from a silk worm.
Burrs were getting stuck on
Me. Trying to get the splinters
Our of my thin skin.

Looking at the blue sky
Trying to werd fugurs [weird figures?] out of
The clouds

The smell of dead leaves is like
Drinking cocoa under a Christmas tree
On Christmas night

Gravel and thorns getting
Stuck in my shoes. Like putting
In woodchips in our grandma's garden

Woodlands
By Seon Maury

I relax in the bold autumn
Air, while bees, hornets and wasps buzzing
Around the flowers in despair.
I see a bridge where nobody goes,
I see a herd of autumn doas [doves, dogs?].
I hear the wind howl, I hear a great
Horned owl.
I feel the great damp grass, I feel
The vibration of a great big bass.
I smell apples harvesting, I smell
Pumpkins growing.
I taste apple pie, I taste pumpkin
Treats I think I'm going to die.

A Walk in Como

By Tim Her

Spiky burdocks to the purple
Berries in a bush to a wasp
Flying in the air

The cascades with no water in
It or the fireplace in the old days
Filled with ash

Guarded by biting black ants
Or the poison ivy with three red and
Green leaves

And the fluffy soft grass also
The dead mice and mole on the side
Of the road

A Walk in the Park

By Rebecca

Leaves falling everywhere,
Leaves falling in my hair,
Branches falling from the air,
Newspaper on a porch
That mostly parents read of course,

Ash trees, wild pea pods,
A dead mouse laying in the shining sun,

The blue sky,
The green grass,
A bridge that's made out of stone at last,

The vines on the fireplace,
The poison ivy,
And a dead bunny that didn't look so happy,
The wasps,
The ants,
And a dead mole that was lying in the
Grass

In the Woods

By Cresencio

When I was in the woods I smelled
The rich brown soil and the fresh clear
Lake and the rich smell of maple trees

And pine trees.

When I was in the woods I heard birds
Chirping and woodpeckers pecking at ash
Trees.