

Joshua Seigal

Out In The Playground.

Out in the playground on a summer's day, look at all the children as they leap and play.

Licking luscious lollies in the hazy heat, listen to the pounding of their stamping feet.

Out in the playground with the smiling sun, we dangle on the monkey bars and have a lot of fun.

We feel the shiny metal as our hands grip tight.

We plummet to the asphalt and our legs take flight.

Out in the playground with its shrieks and noise, catch the cool kaleidoscope of parents, girls and boys.

Hold your breath and count to one, two, three, then dash away like lightning:

You can't catch me!

Sophia Thakur

Coming From Inside My Mouth.

Knock knock knock from inside my mouth, there's something that reeeeeally wants to come out.

Knock knock knock I feel behind my lips, maybe I'll open them but only a bit.

Knock knock knock that's it! I was trying to sleep.

But something so desperately wants to speak.

So I sit up in my bed, I straighten my head, and prepare for whatever is so eager to be said.

I take a deep breath, and shut both my eyes, and then open one in case of any surprise.

I loosen my jaw and lift up my tongue, and slowly pull apart my lips.

But as soon as they open the tiniest bit the words come pouring out in a fit.

Wake up Sophia! You're late for school!

Jabberwocky by Lewis Carroll.

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves Did gyre and gimble in the wabe: All mimsy were the borogoves, And the mome raths outgrabe.

"Beware the Jabberwock, my son! The jaws that bite, the claws that catch! Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun The frumious Bandersnatch!"

He took his vorpal sword in hand; Long time the manxome foe he sought— So rested he by the Tumtum tree And stood awhile in thought.

And, as in uffish thought he stood, The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame, Came whiffing through the tulgey wood, And burbled as it came!

One, two! One, two! And through and through The vorpal blade went snicker-snack! He left it dead, and with its head He went galumphing back.

"And hast thou slain the Jabberwock? Come to my arms, my beamish boy! O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!" He chortled in his joy.

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves Did gyre and gimble in the wabe: All mimsy were the borogoves, And the mome raths outgrabe.

Jabberwocky by Lewis Carroll.

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves Did gyre and gimble in the wabe: All mimsy were the borogoves, And the mome raths outgrabe.

"Beware the Jabberwock, my son! The jaws that bite, the claws that catch! Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun The frumious Bandersnatch!"

He took his vorpal sword in hand; Long time the manxome foe he sought— So rested he by the Tumtum tree And stood awhile in thought.

And, as in uffish thought he stood, The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame, Came whiffing through the tulgey wood, And burbled as it came!

One, two! One, two! And through and through The vorpal blade went snicker-snack! He left it dead, and with its head He went galumphing back.

"And hast thou slain the Jabberwock? Come to my arms, my beamish boy! O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!" He chortled in his joy.

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves Did gyre and gimble in the wabe: All mimsy were the borogoves, And the mome raths outgrabe.