

The Racehorse

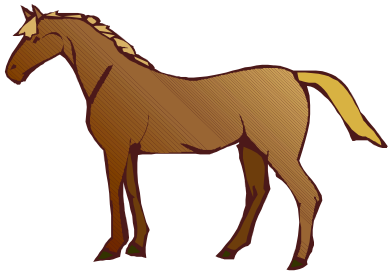
by Helen Cooney

The jockey suits up
He tosses his head
The race begins

The stallion bounds fast
His hands in its mane
Graceful movements enchant all

Heartbeats echo close
Matched movements gain speed
He sits low on its back

He rears on hind legs
His chest heaves deep
As he realizes he's won



The Routine

by Sarah Wilk



As I walk into class,
I get a mean glare.
I am hoping to pass,
But I wonder if the teacher will be fair.
As I take my seat,
I am just not in the mood.
I hear Betty's feet
As she approaches for food.
When I pull out the chips,
Hunter hollers, "Your mamma!"
Greenblum licks her lips
As Mr. Gieson speaks of commas.
The room is a total mess,
Paul's been sent out of class.
Mr. Gieson has a lot of stress,
I'll be lucky if I pass!

Transformation

by Julie Newton

Swimming in the salty sea
Without a mask he cannot breathe
But his mask falls off
Yet he does not notice till he coughs
Hum, I cannot breathe is his thought
Worried he was not...

Gills formed
His blood was not warm
His legs morphed into a tail
His arms to fins like a small whale
Heading down to the ocean floor
The fish decided to explore
His new world

