

Surfer

By Andrew Ullmann

Based on "The Fisher" by Lyle Glazier

At noon in a searing glimmer,
He embraced the crashing, rumbling sound
Of the waves and all their splendor;
He liked the gulls, their muted groans,
And liked the sand beneath, the water around.

Yet at half past six that day,
Having ridden his big big wave,
The scorching sun had gone away,
But his soul ran hot with its fire
And his ears marveled at the waves'
Whirling rave.

The Convertible

By Olivia Sleiman

Based on "The Stump" by Donald Hall

Yesterday my convertible was wrecked.
It skidded across the slick road
And hit a tree.
The side door was jammed in and
Glass lay everywhere.

It is April. The car has needed repairs for years,
But I remember the blissful wind
Hitting my face at a hundred miles an hour
And my hair blowing in all directions.
All my savings were spent on that car.
Today it is destroyed and
Heading for the junk yard.

Yet, I am thrilled it has been totaled
'I want a new car!' I keep thinking
With little regret about giving up that car.
Though the convertible was my toy in the summer,
I want that new Mercedes!

Playing

By Elizabeth Surratt

Little Boy ran in the playground park
Too excited to stop until dark.
He chased a girl,
Pulled her hair down.
He splattered mud on his clothes—
Now they're all brown.
He drew on the jungle gym,
Coloring the warping wood dark blue
Then walked on top of the slide, sticking dollar bills on with glue.
He rode on a big-kid's bike
Stolen from a boy named Spike.
The wheels fell off and the paint chipped,
And all the older kids told him to "take a hike."
But Little Boy still ran in the park,
Too excited to stop until dark.