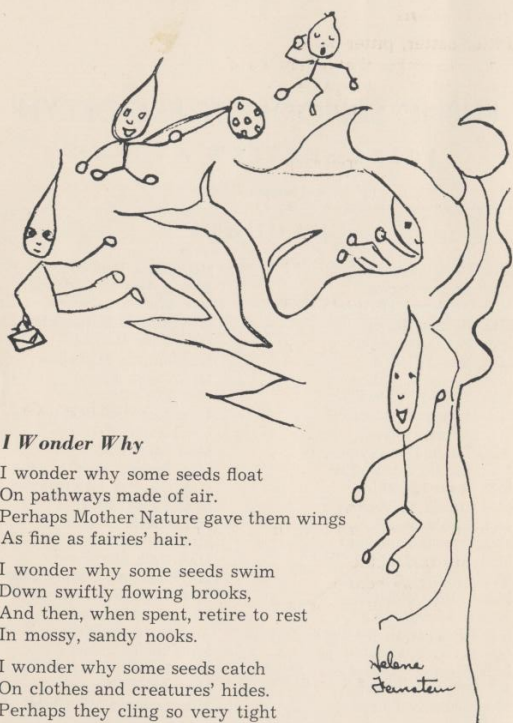


**the  
bent  
twig**

**PUBLIC SCHOOL 272 BROOKLYN**





### ***I Wonder Why***

I wonder why some seeds float  
On pathways made of air.  
Perhaps Mother Nature gave them wings  
As fine as fairies' hair.

I wonder why some seeds swim  
Down swiftly flowing brooks,  
And then, when spent, retire to rest  
In mossy, sandy nooks.

I wonder why some seeds catch  
On clothes and creatures' hides.  
Perhaps they cling so very tight  
Because they want free rides.

I wonder why some seeds romp  
On a forest-covered hill.  
They roll and bounce the whole way down  
Then stop—and there are still.

Helene Jacobowitz, Gr. 5

four

### ***Secret Plans***

Pitter-patter, pitter-patter  
Someone makes that lonely sound.  
Pitter-patter, pitter-patter  
Falls the rain upon the ground.

Sh-sh-sh-sh  
Listen to their secret song.  
Sh-sh-sh-sh  
Hear them chanting all day long.

"Drip-drop, drip-drop,  
I will melt the winter snow.  
Drip-drop, drip-drop,  
I will make the rivers flow.  
Plip-plop, plip-plop,  
I will banish winter's gloom  
Plip-plop, plip-plop,  
I will help the flowers bloom."

Neil Kluger, Gr. 5

### ***Seasons***

The leaves now fall  
Red, gold and green  
Painting the pavement with an autumn scene.

The sun turns pale  
The air grows bold  
Every living creature senses the cold.

Fall to winter  
Winter to spring  
Yes, nature does some mysterious things.

Carol Moss, Gr. 6

### ***Frozen Stars***

The twinkling stars glisten  
As their frozen gems flutter to the glossy ground;  
Soon the earth will be covered  
With a soft cushion of white.

Neil Liebman, Gr. 6

five

### **Babbling Brook**

Babbling brook how you wander  
Round about the mountain side!  
Where do you carry all the fish?  
Why meander far and wide?

Babbling brook how you chatter,  
Tripping past the stones in play!  
Do you never cease your talking?  
Never silent on your way?

Babbling brook how you glisten,  
Like mirrors reflecting summer sun!  
Will you continue flowing ever?  
Will your work be never done?

Zondra Natman, Gr. 6

### **The Lonely Tree**

Brown and barren stands a tree,  
Eerie and lonely to see,  
Reaching out it seems to say,  
My bare limbs need warmth today.  
Shaking, icy, stiff with cold,  
Looking battered, sad and old,  
Its whimpering cry seems to say,  
"My bare limbs need warmth today."

Sally Nadel, Gr. 6

### **The Snowfairies**

The delicate snowfairies  
Moved lightly and gracefully through the air,  
Their bodies glittering like diamonds  
As they fluttered downward.

The dainty snowfairies  
Waved their white wands of shimmering crystals  
Making everything they touched crispy and crunchy  
As they covered the barren earth.

Sherry Meyerowitz, Gr. 6

six



### **Oh Tree!**

The tree's bony fingers scratch, scratch, scratch  
On my window pane,  
Oh tree! Why do you make this dreary dismal  
sound?

Do you miss the tweeting birds  
Or the dainty flowers?  
Are your branches icy cold  
Without their emerald veil?  
Do you have secret things to tell me  
That no one else should hear?  
Or are you tired and weary  
And crave to rest in bed?  
Oh tree! Why do you make this dreary dismal sound?

Oh tree! Soon you will make a gay  
and gleeful sound!

You will hear the tweeting birds  
And see the dainty flowers.  
You will have your emerald veil  
And your branches will be warm.  
Chattering squirrels will play hide and seek  
Among your leafy limbs.  
You will be bright and cheerful,  
Awake and ready for spring.

Oh tree! Soon you will make a gay and gleeful sound.

Barbara Henick, Gr. 5

Karen  
Rienowski

seven

### **Rumble**

I love to rumble, rumble, rumble,  
As, head over heels I quickly tumble,  
What joy to be a bowling ball  
To strike the pins and watch them fall,  
Swift as a cat after its prey  
Down the alleys, I roll each day  
Tossing the pins into a jumble,  
Again I rumble, rumble, rumble.

*Ilene Goldstein, Gr. 6*

### **How To Be A Belle?**

Oh dear, what shall I wear?  
Shall it be a sheath dress  
Or a silk bow in my hair?  
Shall it be a tight skirt,  
Or shall it be a flair?  
I wonder if earrings  
Or charms on bracelets bright,  
Will help me to be the  
Belle of the ball tonight?

*Beverly Levy, Gr. 6*

### **A Queen, A King And A Clown**

Oh, triangle, daintiest of all music makers  
You go tink-a-link-a-link  
When you are lightly touched.  
How light and gay you make me feel!

Oh, drum, king of all music makers  
You bellow boom, boom, boom  
When someone beats you with a stick.  
How strong and gallant you make me feel!

Oh, tambourine, clown of all music makers  
You go jingle-jangle-jingle  
When someone shakes you playfully.  
How merry and spry you make me feel!

*Jeffrey Bernstein, Gr. 5*

*eight*



### **A World Without Sound**

A house without the sound  
Of water splish-splashing  
Of coffee put-putting  
Of the vacuum whirr-whirring  
Of the phone ding-dingling  
How lonely such a house would be.

A street without the sound  
Of roller skates scritch-scratching  
Of balls thump-thumping  
Of bike bells ring-ringing  
Of jump-ropes slap-slapping  
How lonely such a street would be.

A school without the sound  
Of chalk squeak-squeaking  
Of chairs scrape-scraping  
Of the children chit-chatting  
Of the tone buzz-buzzing  
How lonely such a school would be.

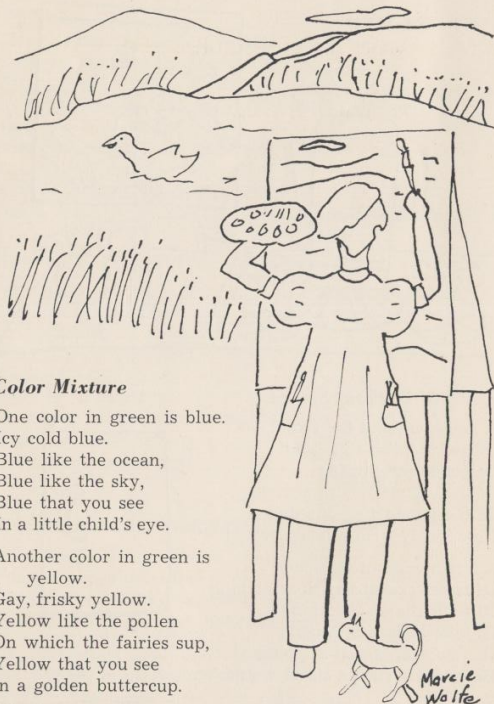


*Steven  
Cohen*

*David Krieg, Gr. 5*

*nine*





### Color Mixture

One color in green is blue.  
Icy cold blue.  
Blue like the ocean,  
Blue like the sky,  
Blue that you see  
In a little child's eye.

Another color in green is  
yellow.  
Gay, frisky yellow.  
Yellow like the pollen  
On which the fairies sup,  
Yellow that you see  
In a golden buttercup.

Mix them together and we have  
Fresh and breezy green,  
Green as summer grass,  
Green as the sparkling sea.  
Green as the cat's eyes  
That stare at me.

Carol Smoller, Gr. 5

ten

### Bewitching Black

Red is the sunset, snappy and sharp,  
The ocean, so glinting, is blue.  
Spring will come soon, with green leprechauns bouncy,  
The moon has a gay, golden hue.

But black is the eeriest, loneliest color  
That lives in a dark, dead alley,  
That welcomes the wicked old witch to his home  
And makes a glad child melancholy.

Amy Schonhaut, Gr. 5

### Yellow

Yellow, yellow, scented and sunny,  
Yellow is merry, frisky and funny.  
Yellow is the dandelion that dances in spring,  
Yellow bewitches and cheers everything.

Yellow is chicks and golden blond hair,  
Yellow is a color with a carefree air,  
Yellow glows with a golden light,  
Yellow goes to sleep when the world says good night.

Robin Endlich, Gr. 5

### Cherry Red

Red is violent, snappy and sharp;  
Red is a sizzling, eye-hitting spark;  
Red is the cherry I pick from the tree;  
Red is the cardinal, gay and free.  
And when day is done, and I go to bed,  
Red is the cover I wrap 'round my head.

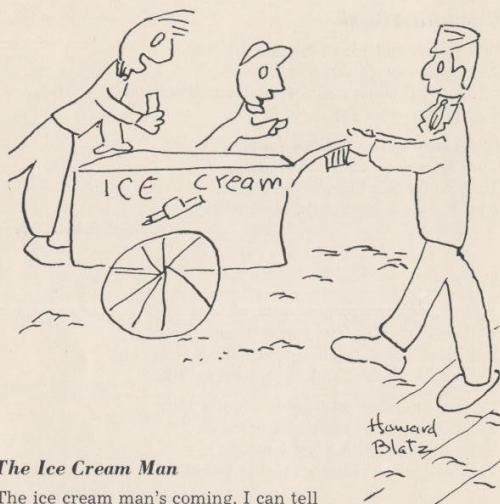
Terry King, Gr. 5

### My Precious Book

When I read my precious book,  
I drift softly  
Through a dreamland of whimsy and magic.

Elayne Rees, Gr. 6

eleven



### **The Ice Cream Man**

The ice cream man's coming, I can tell  
Ting-a-ling-a-ling goes the sound of his bell  
Telling the children far and near  
Come, bring your money, ice cream's here!

He opens the ice box, then slams it closed,  
Clink, into his pockets the money goes.  
Chattering children start munching their pops,  
Then off goes his truck and the bell just stops.

*Eloise Nahmias, Gr. 3*

### **Snow**

Softly snow meets the window pane  
Beckoning children to come out to play  
"Come out quickly, or I soon will be rain,"  
Cries the snowdrop on the iced window pane.

*Marc Oppenheim, Gr. 3*

twelve

### **The Bird Teacher**

With love and care I teach  
My parakeet to talk each day,  
I repeat to him again and again  
The words I want him to say.

He listens as he tilts his head  
But all that comes out is coo,  
I'm trying to teach him to talk  
But I'm learning patience, too.

*Beth Potash, Gr. 5*

### **Hair**

Mother and daughter  
Have trouble with their hair,  
Without nightly curlers  
They'd make a sightly pair.  
But father and son  
Never bother or care,  
For one has a crew-cut  
And the other no hair.

*Marlene Steinberg, Gr. 5*

### **Sounds**

The rustling of shady trees,  
The crackling of crispy leaves,  
The swaying of new grass growing,  
The melody of the mild wind blowing,  
From afar and near,  
These are the sounds  
I love to hear.

*Martha Cohen, Gr. 5*

### **Broadway at Night**

Broadway at night!  
Theater lights silently send signals in Morse;  
Cars grudgingly move along  
Broadway at night.

*Jackie Rosemarin, Gr. 6*

thirteen

### **The Daffodils**

In my pasture,  
On the hills,  
I saw a crowd of daffodils.  
Shining yellow,  
Sparkling bright,  
Standing so proudly in the light.  
Daffodils now  
In the sun  
Are shining bright for everyone.

Adrienne Pomerance, Gr. 6

### **Sir Fog**

Sir fog, how do you get  
To the middle of my town?  
Do you crawl cautiously like a snail,  
Or do you fly freely on silver wings?  
Do you creep secretly like a worm in the ground,  
Or do you waltz peacefully with the wind?  
Do you skim silently like a glorious sailboat,  
Or do you float majestically like a cloud?  
Sir fog, how do you get  
To the middle of my town?

Cassie Garberg, Gr. 5

### **March Winds**

With a roar and a growl and a bellow,  
March winds stormed in one day.  
Like a soldier beside my doorstep,  
It tried to whisk me away.  
It tossed my hat in circles,  
And though I cried in vain,  
March winds returned the next day  
To play another rude game.

Leslie Feinberg, Gr. 6

### **Snow**

I love to watch the windswept snow,  
As here and there it seems to go.  
Each white flake comes down so lightly,  
Each white flake makes earth glow brightly,  
Each white flake nestles to the ground,  
Making not the tiniest sound.

Howard Grodzitsky, Gr. 5

### **A Traveling Brook**

The bubbling brook foamed  
As it butted the glistening rocks.  
The waters gurgled  
As they joyfully meandered through the wild rapids.  
The brook splashed and sprayed  
As it plunged down the ravine  
Its waters traveling through a darkened valley  
Wondering where next to turn.

Esta Ander, Gr. 6

### **Spring**

Up pop tiny little heads,  
Peering all about,  
Finding other flowers  
Almost ready to sprout.  
Out comes mother robin  
Leaving her home in the tree,  
Out comes father robin,  
He's building a nest for three.  
Now the birds start chirping,  
And they seem to sing,  
Wake up earth! Be happy and gay,  
Wake up earth! It's spring!

June Paris, Gr. 5



### **A Star**

Up above the clouds I see,  
Something small winking at me,  
Is that a star so shiny and bright?  
Twinkling, twinkling in the night.

Cheryl Spielvogel, Gr. 4

### **Sounds I Love**

Sounds I love, make me sing  
Church bells ringing ding-dong-ding.  
Wind in the trees to tickle my nose,  
Running brooks to tickle my toes,  
Children laughing like bells in a steeple,  
Bells, brooks, music, sounds of people.

Randy Lobenberg, Gr. 4

### **One-Two-Three Strikes You're Out . . .**

When I first watched baseball  
It looked as easy as pie,  
When I was old enough  
I was eager to try.

My dad was the pitcher  
And I stood at the plate,  
I kept missing the ball  
'Cause I couldn't swing straight.

Now if you think baseball  
Is as easy as pie,  
Choose up a game sometime  
And get out there and try.

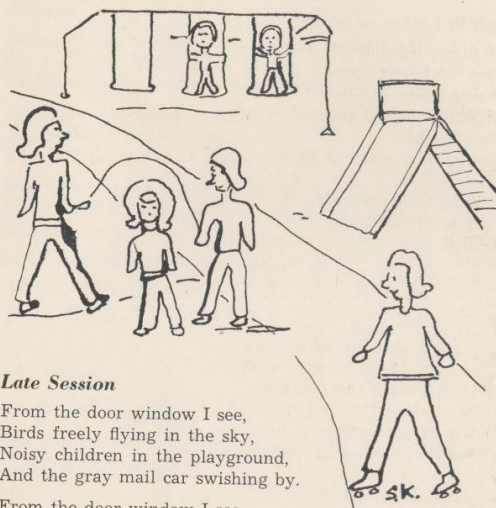
Robert Murad, Gr. 4

### **Ballet Dancing**

The music plays,  
My feet start to tingle,  
With a jump and a leap,  
With a twist and a turn,  
I'm up in the air,  
I'm dancing again!

Melissa Thorner, Gr. 3

sixteen



### **Late Session**

From the door window I see,  
Birds freely flying in the sky,  
Noisy children in the playground,  
And the gray mail car swishing by.

From the door window I see  
The morning children skating by,  
I turn away from the window,  
And begin my work with a sigh.

Pamela Marx, Gr. 3

### **My Window**

Through my window I see  
Tiny raindrops drip, drip, dripping.  
The sidewalks glisten like shiny pools in their wetness.  
Now the last drops  
Dance on the window pane.  
The sun peeps out from behind a cloud and  
the darkness runs away.  
The bright sun smiles at me through my window.

Linda Turkel, Gr. 3

seventeen



### **Bright Lights at Night**

From my window  
I see the bright lights.  
Traffic lights  
Blinking red and green,  
Street lights  
Giving off a constant gleam.  
Plane lights  
Passing high overhead,  
I see all these lights  
As I sit in my bed.

Karen Rothman, Gr. 6

### **A Porpoise**

A porpoise is a clever mammal,  
I prefer it to the humped camel.  
If I could catch one in a net,  
I'd try to keep it for a pet.  
But, gosh our bathtub is much too small  
To have a porpoise live with us all.

Jeffrey Sabelsky, Gr. 6

### **The Arrow**

I wish I were an arrow  
So slender, long, and bright,  
Through the sky so blue I'd whizz along  
Keeping the target always in sight.

I wish I were an arrow  
So slender, long and bright,  
Like a blue bolt, I'd streak along  
Toward the goal at the end of my flight.

I wish I were an arrow  
So slender, long and bright,  
Just as I'd puncture the bull's eye  
I'd quiver with great delight.

Howard Simon, Gr. 6

### **Where?**

Mouse, mouse where is your hidden house?  
Do you live in a quiet nook  
Concealed by papers or an unread book?

Frog, frog where is your hidden bog?  
Is it near the moss-covered oak  
Where at night you so lustily croak?

Bear, bear where is your lair?  
Is it near the rotted log  
All surrounded by fog?

Mole, mole where is your hidden hole?  
Do you live in the ground  
So you cannot be found?

Elise Tissot, Gr. 6

### **The Dance**

My body twists and turns about,  
My feet spin like a top;  
The music has a wild, wild sound—  
I think I'll never stop.

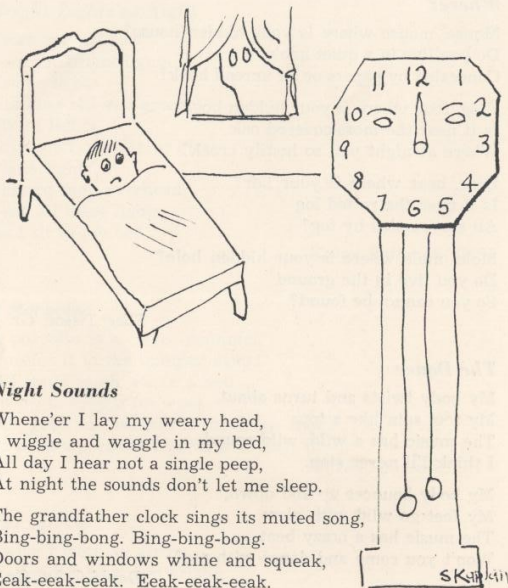
My body bounces up and down,  
My feet go wild with glee;  
The music has a crazy beat—  
Won't you come and dance with me?

David Cohn, Gr. 5

### **A Wonderland of Seals**

Creatures have come from the depths of the  
deep-blue, mysterious sea,  
Their sleek coats like shiny armor,  
Their huge black eyes brilliant and sharp,  
Their chubby bodies, slippery and round,  
With flapping flippers so broad and strong,  
They glide over the rocky shores  
Seeking a nook to curl up in.

Stephanie Kaplan, Gr. 6



### **Night Sounds**

Whene'er I lay my weary head,  
I wiggle and waggle in my bed,  
All day I hear not a single peep,  
At night the sounds don't let me sleep.

The grandfather clock sings its muted song,  
Bing-bing-bong. Bing-bing-bong.  
Doors and windows whine and squeak,  
Eeak-eeak-eeak. Eeak-eeak-eeak.

Noisily the crickets chirp  
Irp-a-turp-turp. Irp-a-turp-turp.  
The moan of the wind sounds lonesome and blue.  
Ooh-ah-ooh. Ooh-ah-ooh.

Whene'er I lay my weary head,  
I wiggle and waggle in my bed.  
All day I hear not a single peep.  
At night the sounds don't let me sleep.

*Helene Feinstein, Gr. 5*

twenty

### **The Beauty of Summer**

Summer is as bright as  
A twinkling star in space  
A diamond in the sunlight.

Summer is as clear as  
Sparkling refreshing water  
A glistening blue lake.

Summer is as gay as  
A bird hopping across a golden field,  
A mother with a new-born child.

Summer is as soft as  
A baby's tender body,  
The pale glowing moon.

*Susan Epstein, Gr. 5*

### **Won't You Give Me A Clue?**

Fog, oh fog, please tell me, do,  
Fog, oh fog, won't you give me a clue?  
How do you make buildings drift out of sight,  
And turn a morning into dark, dark night?

How do you swirl around and around?  
And wearily whirl without a sound?  
Fog, oh fog, please tell me, do,  
Fog, oh fog, won't you give me a clue?

*Kenneth Gross, Gr. 5*

### **Snowflake Fairies**

Snowflake fairies with crystal wings,  
Falling from the sky so blue,  
Are the most delightful things,  
That a person ever knew.

Snowflake fairies come tumbling down,  
Forming a blanket of white,  
Shining like a queen's gold crown,  
Oh, what an enchanting sight!

*Sharon Kaufman, Gr. 6*

twenty-one



### ***The Misty Fog***

The fog rests on the highway,  
The roads are dim and dark.  
The street lights shimmer dimly  
With a twinkling, yellowish spark.

Autos crawl on slowly  
With two big glowing lights,  
Soon the fog moves onward  
And everything is bright.

Steven Cohen, Gr. 5

### ***Night Lights***

Lying in my bed I gaze  
From my window at night  
And think of all the lights  
That are still burning bright.

Lights that are standing still  
Are like bright twinkling stars,  
The lights that are moving  
I know must come from cars.

Then there's the light at home  
Lighting the parlor, so  
The people looking up  
Can see its friendly glow.

Linda Uhlig, Gr. 5

### ***Snowflakes***

Snowflakes dancing  
To the rhythm of the wind.  
Sometimes fast,  
Sometimes slow,  
Sometimes turning,  
Sometimes leaping.  
Different kinds,  
But snowflakes all.

Mitchell Stevens, Gr. 5

twenty-two

### ***How Tired of Winter Am I!***

How tired of winter am I!  
Tired of bundling in bulky clothes,  
Weary of doctoring a frost-bitten nose.  
Fighting the wind, the frost, the sleet,  
Is not my idea of a daily treat.  
How tired of winter am I!

Phyllis Klapman, Gr. 6

### ***My Living Room***

In my living room  
I can hear  
The tica-toca-tica  
Of the clock on the wall,  
The bopa-bupa-bopa  
Of sister's bouncing ball.  
The pitter-patter-pitter  
Of my playful pup's feet.  
The shreap-shreap-shreap  
Of pigeons on the street.

Nadine Kurland, Gr. 6

### ***The Beckoning Tree***

Out of my window I peeped,  
On one sunny spring day,  
There a tree was beckoning,  
"Come climb," it seemed to say.

Out I sprang to explore its boughs,  
Covered bright with blossoms gay,  
And as I ran it beckoned,  
"Come climb, I want to play."

Ivy Kuspit, Gr. 6

### ***Snow, Snow, Snow***

Snow twirling round and round,  
Snow fluttering to the ground;  
Snow with its fairies dressed in lace,  
Snow falling with beauty and grace.

Susan Birnbaum, Gr. 5

twenty-three

### **Snowflakes**

In the winter snowflakes fall  
Into a little fluffy ball  
And on the trees they seem to form  
Angels dancing in the storm;  
And the icicles on the tree  
Look like crystal diamonds to me.

Judy Chesler, Gr. 6

### **An Autumn Leaf**

An autumn leaf  
I long to be—one  
That hangs from the bough  
Of an gnarled oak tree.  
In scarlet splendor,  
I'd swish and sway  
As the wind whisks by  
Day by day.

Marc Dollinger, Gr. 6

### **The Cold . . .**

The cold—

Chills my face,  
Burns my ears,  
Waters my eyes,  
Brings on tears.

The cold—

Freezes my hands,  
Numbs my nose,  
Sends my spirits  
Down to my toes.

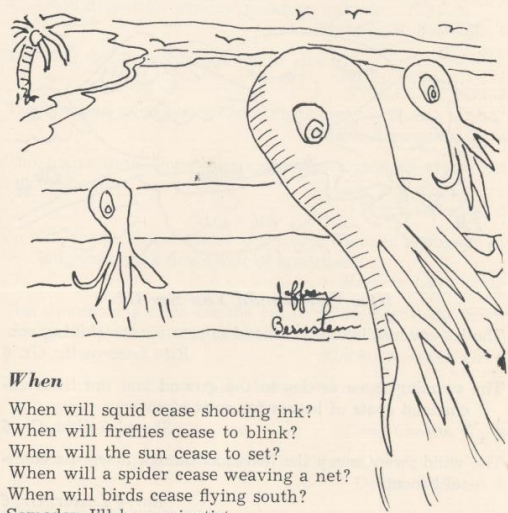
Gary Bloch, Gr. 6

### **The Wind**

Sometimes the wind is like a ferocious lion,  
Howling, roaring and scaring me.  
Sometimes the wind is like a gentle bird,  
Whistling sweet love songs to the trees.

Sharon Brotman, Gr. 6

twenty-four



### **When**

When will squid cease shooting ink?  
When will fireflies cease to blink?  
When will the sun cease to set?  
When will a spider cease weaving a net?  
When will birds cease flying south?  
Someday I'll be a scientist  
And find out.

Jeffrey Bernstein, Gr. 6

### **Thundering Niagara**

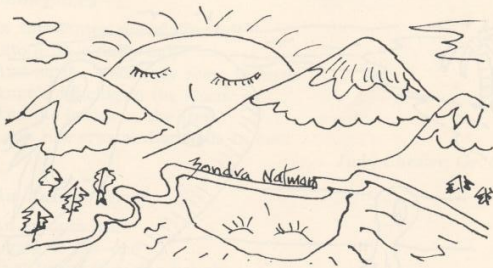
The thundering Niagara  
Plunges into its rocky gorge  
Creating a smoky mist of vapor  
Masking the falls from the wide-eyed viewers.

At nightfall,  
Mammoth tinted lights  
Vividly display to the entranced sightseers  
The brilliance of the awesome cataract.

Randi Bevent, Gr. 6

twenty-five





### *How Else Would You Say It?*

The ice-covered lake was a hand mirror for the shining sun.  
*Rita Lazarowitz, Gr. 6*

The swirling snow settles to the ground and the trees exchanged coats of leaves for suits of snow.  
*Sheryl Relkin, Gr. 6*

The wind swept away the leaves as though it were a colossal broom.  
*Barry Lesser, Gr. 6*

The whimpering wind cries like a heart-broken child who has lost his favorite toy.  
*Sally Bergman, Gr. 6*

The sky grew black with worry.  
*Marcee Morris, Gr. 6*

My heart pounded like a judge's gavel as I watched the trapeze artist sail through the air.  
*Deborah Tenzer, Gr. 6*

The spring wind noses at my clothing like a playful puppy.  
*Diane Rutter, Gr. 6*

The palm trees looked like hula dancers as they swayed in the breeze.  
*Cheryl Schnier, Gr. 6*

The rain drums on window panes in unbroken rhythm.

*Barbara Wolfson, Gr. 6*

The rain fell from heavy-hearted clouds.

*Mark Linden, Gr. 6*

The howling wind hoots like a night owl.

*Mark Abramsky, Gr. 6*

The hours drag along like a tortoise trying to attain his destination.

*Shari Adler, Gr. 6*

As the clown clinks across the stage, there is a shower of laughter and a downpour of applause.

*Beverly Levy, Gr. 6*

The shimmering stars are the lamps of the night. At dawn the fiery face of the sun flicks off each lamp.

*Cheryl Schnier, Gr. 6*

The ice rink is like a huge banana skin. It tries to trip anyone who dares to walk on it.

*Ilana Cantor, Gr. 6*

Suddenly, a spicy tangy music filled the air.

*Denise Leff, Gr. 5*

I woke up that morning having an enormous feeling of self-assurance and a tingling sparkle of courage.

*Scott Wasser, Gr. 5*

Fence posts wear marshmallow hats on a snowy winter's day.

*Estra Harris, Gr. 5*

Every time I put the thread near the eye of the needle, it blinked.

*Mitchell Levinson, Gr. 5*

When I saw the butterflies they reminded me of stained glass windows in church.

*Gina Grant, Gr. 5*

The king was wound up as tightly as a yo-yo.

*Carol Shapiro, Gr. 4*

As bewildering as a crossword puzzle to which you cannot  
get the answer.

*Linda Schneider, Gr. 4*

The mist spread through the night and a black blanket cov-  
ered my house.

*Michael Marder, Gr. 4*

The bright sunlight made the witch as blind as an owl in  
the afternoon.

*Andrew Katz, Gr. 4*

Whispering wind, telling tales of strange lands.

*Janet Roth, Gr. 4*

Each pound of *A Bear Called Paddington* is worth a ton of  
laughter.

*Rachel Minter, Gr. 4*

When I paint, dripping colors form a rainbow on my  
smudged hands.

*Anne Winters, Gr. 3*

In spring, flowers pop like the Jack-in-the-box when you  
lift the lid.

*Donna Siegel, Gr. 3*

As gentle as a swan's feathers floating on a quiet pond.

*Lauri Lefkowitz, Gr. 2*

#### ***A Child Needs***

A child needs a fishing pole,  
If he visits the pier each day,  
A child needs a fishing pole,  
To catch fish from miles away,  
A child needs a fishing pole,  
To help him stand straight with pride  
A child needs a fishing pole,  
To hold happily by his side.

*Eric Teitel, Gr. 3*

*twenty-eight*

#### ***Morning Sounds***

Cuddled in my soft and warm bed,  
I hear the fresh morning breeze,  
It passes by my window  
To awaken the slumbering trees.

*Albert L. Roker, Jr., Gr. 3*

#### ***The Fog***

The fog set in from the bay.  
It wrapped itself  
Around the buildings  
And made everything  
Look gray and misty.

*Robert Wine, Gr. 3*

#### ***I Love My Window***

Through the window I see  
My friends smiling up at me,  
A cheerful mailman delivering the mail,  
A little puppy dog wagging his tail,  
The sun gleaming with light,  
A little boy flying his kite,  
The brown leaves fluttering  
Down, down, down.  
My window is like a storybook.  
And I just love to sit and look.

*Wendy Biller, Gr. 3*

#### ***Snowflake Fairies***

Snowflake fairies with crystal wings,  
Dance a fairy ballet on shining springs,  
Fluttering down they form a blanket of white,  
In the sparkling, shimmering, breath-taking night.  
White-haloed lamp-posts create a glamorous glow,  
While lacy snowflakes put on their show,  
See the world is being painted white  
As velvety snowflakes fall through the night.

*Michele Kann, Gr. 3*

*twenty-nine*



### ***I Wish I Were***

I wish I were a snowman  
So jolly fat and white,  
I wish I were a snowman  
To watch a child's delight.

If I really were a snowman  
So round and happy too,  
I'd always drop my broomstick  
To run and play with you!

Charles Stern, Gr. 5

### ***March***

The season of winter  
Lets you feel many things  
Especially the change  
That windy March brings.

The sprinkling rain,  
Falling down, down, down,  
The breezy winds  
Swirling round, round, round.

Some people believe  
March comes in very bleak,  
But I know for certain  
It goes out very meek.

Howard Solomon, Gr. 5

### ***Tell Me***

Pixie, in your forest fair,  
Tell me, what you dream of there.  
Do you in lofty bower  
Tell your dreams to each sweet flower?

Is ev'ry stout and stately tree,  
Whisp'ring lullabies to thee?  
Do you like your life so gay  
As you flit the hours away?

Phyllis Knopf, Gr. 6

thirty

### ***Treasure Lost***

Autumn with its russet and gold  
Permits winter, biting and cold  
To steal the treasure from the trees  
And strip them of their painted leaves  
And there they'll stand forlorn and bare  
Till spring returns their treasured ware.

Helene Weinberg, Gr. 6

### ***New Life***

Sparkling green grass sprouts from the ground,  
Golden flowers wake up from their winter naps,  
Long green fingers reach out from gnarled brown arms,  
Spring brings new life for Nature's children.

Cary Wiener, Gr. 6

### ***A Fishy Wish***

Down below the misty sea  
Lurk the fish I'd like to be.  
Slender, shimmering, splendid things  
That glide along on water wings.  
Round and round I'd swim and look,  
Round and round through every nook,  
Trying to avoid the fisherman's hook.

Ricky Witlin, Gr. 6

### ***Night***

Night spreads gloom and loneliness  
On field and home and sea,  
Dark clouds are crestfallen in  
The haze and solitude of night.

Night spreads beauty and comfort  
On a calm sleeping world,  
Stars glitter like diamonds in  
The splendor and solace of night.

Joan Zamalin, Gr. 6

thirty-one

### ***The Aztecs***

They shook their heads  
And looked surprised  
Because right here  
Before their eyes  
Stood an eagle,  
On a cactus,  
Eating a serpent.

For their war Gods  
Had oft told them  
To build a town  
Where'er they came  
'Cross an eagle,  
On a cactus  
Eating a serpent.

And so the Aztecs  
Settled down  
And built a city  
Where they'd found  
An eagle,  
On a cactus,  
Eating a serpent.



*Diane Garrett, Gr. 6*

### ***Magical Mexico***

To the stranger, a land of beauty,  
Of magical enchantment.  
Ev'ry hill holds unto itself  
A sweet flowing charm all its own.  
The village, its roads, its shabby huts  
Captivate every stranger.  
For Mexico, the mystical realm,  
Weaves its magic into each one's heart.

*Alex Goroff, Gr. 6*

### ***St. Nicholas***

A jolly fat St. Nicholas  
On the corner of the street  
"I can't wait for tomorrow  
That's the time we are going to meet."

A jolly fat St. Nicholas  
Greeting children in a store,  
Asking them about themselves  
And what they're wishing for.

A jolly St. Nicholas  
Coming down the chimney tall,  
He's bringing toys for everyone  
And bringing joy for all.

*Beth Helfant, Gr. 4*

### ***Miss Liberty***

Miss Liberty,  
With her torch so bright,  
A true sign of freedom,  
A wonderful sight.  
She towers above all the ships in the bay  
And welcomes strangers from far away.

*Madelyn Ketover, Gr. 4*

### ***All Alone***

I'm as lonely as an island  
In the middle of the sea  
Who calls out to the dancing waves  
"Please come and play with me."

*Judy Mittler, Gr. 4*

### ***The Sea***

The sea is like a giant hand  
That lunges to shore  
Hopefully clutching the rocks.  
Unable to grasp them,  
It retreats remorsefully  
Back to the sea.

*Lorie Husak, Gr. 4*



### ***Man's Dream***

To fly through the sky  
With the wings of a bird,  
To soar through the air  
Like a darting swallow.

With the speed of hawks  
And eyes like an eagle,  
Was man's dream to fly,  
Like the birds, through the sky.

*Leon Harris, Gr. 6*

### ***An Eagle***

I'd like to be an eagle,  
An eagle for a day.  
Perched stealthily upon a tree,  
A-looking for my prey.

And if I could be an eagle,  
I would soar oh so high  
Searching vainly for a victim  
To snatch it from the sky.

A trembling bird grasped tightly,  
Squirming to flee from me,  
His cries would make me feel ashamed,  
So I'd let it go free.

*Jill Helfer, Gr. 6*

### ***A White Wonderland***

Carnivals of white confetti  
Flutter lazily through the feathery still night  
Over the silent mountains and valleys.  
The land is peaceful and serene  
For God has set a hush  
Upon the white wonderland.

*Jill Jacobs, Gr. 6*

### ***Dance, The Magician***

A genie of splendor am I,  
Adorned with silver and crimson.  
My feet are flying carpets.  
I grasp the air about me  
As I rise above the earth  
And soar away into the golden horizon,  
Away into the wild, blue sky  
With the wind and the clouds as companions.

*Linda Brockington, Gr. 5*

### ***A Tree***

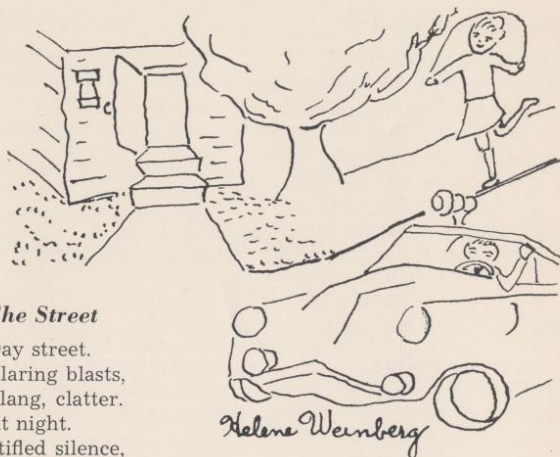
On drab bleak days  
From my window I hear  
The sobs of the mourning oak.  
It cries for it is knotted and old.  
But when winter ends,  
Spring's beloved warmth and sunshine  
Will bring its youth back again.

*Andrea Jordon, Gr. 6*

### ***Party Blues***

Dressed in my best,  
Shoes bright as stars,  
Ate party cake,  
Devoured many candy bars,  
Played games, danced and  
Sang lively tunes.  
Gave my present,  
Brought home some red and white balloons.  
Went to bed and  
In the black night,  
Had a night-mare,  
That made me regret ev'ry bite.

*Clarence Frazier, Gr. 6*



### **The Street**

Day street.  
Blaring blasts,  
Clang, clatter.  
At night.  
Stifled silence,  
Still, solemn.

Vivian Spindel, Gr. 6

### **Spring**

Diamonds of refreshing dew fall on the dainty buds  
As new grass peeps along emerald paths,  
Birds twitter softly and sweetly  
In the mildness of cool, fragrant air.

Speckled butterflies flit across the sunsplashed bushes,  
The sunbeams glisten radiantly  
And the crystal waters shimmer joyfully  
As the spring season is reborn.

Lydia Hollis, Gr. 6

### **The Autumn Song**

Wind, oh wind, the whole day long,  
Must you sing your autumn song?  
Must you rustle through the trees,  
And rob them of their precious leaves?

Sherry Glickman, Gr. 6

thirty-six

### **The Storm and I**

The gusty wind against my coat  
Felt like a wild bird flapping its wings.  
It was like swaying on tipping swings.  
But safely indoors once more,  
Through my open window I saw  
The sun peep shyly,  
Then burst into bloom  
Like a brilliant rose.  
In the gloom of the departing storm,  
It stared back brilliantly at me  
As together we watched  
The gusty wind blow out to sea.

Robi

### **Springtime**

Life is awakened in God's creatures all,  
As spring dons her robe of colors so gay,  
A proud golden tulip arches its head  
To follow a bird's flight high in the sky,  
New jade grass softly rustles a sweet tune,  
Beneath lofty elms where love birds chant.

Behold, Mother Nature has merely begun!  
I wonder what magic is yet to be done?

Sharo

### **Raindrop**

Pitter, patter goes the rain,  
Pitter, patter on my window pane.  
I wonder what it really brings.  
Can it be telling me it's spring?  
Pitter, patter hear it coming down.  
Pitter, patter what a steady sound.  
I wonder when it all will stop.  
Can you tell me little raindrop?

Dore

### ***The Snowman's Wedding***

Frosted snowdrifts like wedding cakes,  
Decorate the lively scene.  
It's the wedding of the snowman  
To the dainty Snowflake Queen.  
See how delicate is her gown  
Sewn of lacy snowflakes bright!  
So admired by the shivering trees,  
Clustering round this wondrous sight.

*Eric Lindemann, Gr. 4*

### ***Oh, Wind!***

Oh wind so strong and brave—  
Who cools the pies my mother made,  
Who sails the boats on rivers wide,  
Who helps my kite fly high with pride,  
Who blows out party candles bright,  
Why then, Oh wind—complain all night?

*Nova Dzicansky, Gr. 4*

### ***The Ocean Waves***

The waves rush towards me  
Stretching out their arms,  
Gripping the rock as they near the shore,  
They seem to engulf me  
As I stand transfixed in the sand.

*Edward Ogintz, Gr. 4*

### ***The Desert***

The sun shone bright  
O'er miles of sand  
And loneliness stretched ahead,  
As far as my eye could see.

*Alan Denenberg, Gr. 4*

*thirty-eight*



### ***Halloween***

Big black cats  
Steal silently  
Through the night.  
Cold green eyes  
Stare and glare  
On Halloween night.

*Scott Clark, Gr. 4*

### ***An Angry Man***

An angry man lives in the sea;  
Sometimes he feels ugly and mean;  
He breathes deeply  
Sending forth a thunderous roar  
Which is the song of the waves.

*Rosanne Esposito, Gr. 4*

*thirty-nine*



### ***Snow School***

Snowflakes descend  
From their home above,  
Their first lesson  
Is how to flutter.  
Spinning, swirling!  
"Till they can adjust,  
Their tiny wings.  
Then, they melt away.

Janice Clark, Gr. 3

### ***I Wish***

I wish I were the ocean  
Roaring night and day  
Shining as the moon comes up  
Sailing boats away.

Lance Liebhaber, Gr. 3

### ***The Rain***

Bundled up with rain clothes,  
Umbrella, firm in hand—  
Boots sounding on pavement,  
Squoosh, squoosh, squoosh,  
Wet, cold and chilled,  
I don't feel good inside . . .

Hazel Pilcher, Gr. 3

### ***My Brother's Born***

I've kindly aunts and thoughtful uncles  
Joking grandpas and gentle grandmas  
Playful cousins and merry sisters  
A loving father and a dear sweet mother  
And now . . .  
A loveable, wonderful baby brother!

Shelley Levitt, Gr. 3

forty

### ***The Dancing Clothes***

Mother's clothes dance as fine,  
As tightrope walkers on a line,  
The striped pajamas, like a clown,  
Got tangled up in mother's gown.

Sister's dress was dancing so,  
To and fro it did go,  
Then the wind broke mother's line,  
Down went all the clothes so fine.

Alan Cohen, Gr. 2

### ***Spring***

Spring is the time when  
Green grass grows  
Spring is the time when  
The cold snow goes.

Bruce Brodinsky, Gr. 2

### ***The Birds Are Coming***

Here come the birds,  
Singing.  
There go the birds,  
Winging.

Davy Haimowitz, Gr. 2

### ***The Wind***

Oh Mr. Wind, don't blow at me  
I am so small and live in a tree,  
I have babies one, two, three,  
Please don't shake them out of the tree.

Adrienne Blackman, Gr. 2

forty-one

### **Jack And The Beanstalk**

In this house  
Lived Jack and his mother,  
They had one cow,  
And each other.

Steven Farber, Gr. 2

### **White**

Snow is white  
Clouds are white,  
Sheep are white  
And bright  
And give delight.

Shari Lesser, Gr. 2

### **New Words To Old Rhymes**

Where would you like to be in the rain?  
Where would you like to be?  
I'd like to be in a house that's warm  
Instead of out in the blowy storm.

Pamela Goldberg, Gr. 2

Deedle, deedle, dumpling, my friend Jack,  
Went to the moon and didn't come back,  
Maybe a moon-man put him in a sack,  
Deedle, deedle, dumpling, my friend Jack.

Richard Cornacchio, Gr. 2

Eeny, meeny, miny moot!  
Hear him blow his little flute.  
Rooty, tooty, tooty, toot!  
Eeny, meeny, miny moot.

Lynn Spitalnick, Gr. 2

Eeny, meeny, miny moo!  
Saw a tiger in a zoo!  
So I called, "Yoo hoo, yoo hoo!"  
Eeny, meeny, miny moo!

Gary Blumenthal, Gr. 2

forty-two

### **New Words To Old Rhymes**

A father, a mother,  
A sister, a brother,  
Took off the hats  
Of one another.

Susan Buchalter, Gr. 2

A cherry, an apple,  
A lemon, a lime,  
All got eaten in a  
Very short time.

Amy Tatarsky, Gr. 2

Little Mr. Pocket  
Went up in a rocket  
Working all the controls  
He saw the moon,  
Landed there soon,  
And remained there  
In one of the holes.

David Grau, Gr. 2

### **It's Halloween**

When ghosts are flying all around,  
And black cats scream and yell and yowl,  
And witches fly on broomsticks high,  
You shake and shiver and cry and cry,  
It's Halloween.

Vernon Spencer, Gr. 2

### **The Roaring Wind**

The roaring wind is mighty and strong,  
It doesn't sing a pleasant song,  
Why does it blow so hard all day,  
Doesn't it know I want to play?

Alan Davidoff, Gr. 2

forty-three

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