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## Musings of a Sixth Grader

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# MUSINGS OF A SIXTH GRADER

*Charlotte S. Ehresman*

*SOUTHERN MIDDLE SCHOOL, OWENSBORO, KENTUCKY*

Creative writing is an unfolding process which I firmly believe is a "must" in every classroom. It is the heart of the language arts program and is an effective therapeutic device for the reenforcement of a child's innermost feelings.

Creative writing is the pulse of any classroom. If enough mental paint has been mixed and the layers of frustration, superimposed inability, fear and embarrassment removed, then children will lay bare their hearts and write about that which is felt to be true. They will come alive on paper, creating a total effect through identification with and an appreciation and understanding of creative writing.

"Poetry," wrote Carl Sandburg, "is a phantom script telling how rainbows are made and why they go away." We have complied with the exhortations of Sandburg to keep our ears open and let noises in from the street, the meadow, our memory. The children's writings reflect infinite searching for that which they hold so dear and true. There is beauty and mystery in each child's poem.

## *A TREE*

There you are in that  
long brown dress,  
You have the funniest  
brown hair I have ever seen,  
You look like you're going  
somewhere, but instead you  
just stand there not moving at all,  
lazily soaking up the sun.

Debbie Howard

## *MY SECRET THOUGHTS*

As I sit in the classroom bored to death,  
my thoughts seem to take wings. As I float  
through the clouds I feel so light and there's

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[Editor's Note: Each year Ms. Ehresman "publishes" the poems of her sixth grade students. We have selected several for your enjoyment and have placed them on various pages of this issue of **READING HORIZONS**.]

*nothing* to hold me down. I'm on the  
beach, the waves are rolling and trying  
to touch my toes. I hear the seagulls  
trying to talk to me as they fly above  
my head. I'm having such a good time and all  
of a sudden the teacher calls "Jan"!  
And I had a crash landing.

Jan Kimmel

*SNOW*

Winter  
Cold, white, icy,  
fluttering daintily  
the earth is a crystal palace  
Snow Flakes.

*SKY*

Daybreak,  
The sun peeps out  
from behind a mountain,  
White pillows float across a blue  
background.

Lisa Newcom

*FLOWERS*

Flowers grow quickly  
As if they were pushed out of  
The solid black dirt.

Tammy Bradley

*I'M A LITTLE GIRL*

I'm a lonely girl  
On an island all alone  
Happy as can be.

Leslie Clark