

Water in Our World

Reece Kenney, Lyme School

Swish, swish, swish

the water flows so elegantly across the rocks
which make mini waterfalls as the water runs across them
splashing in the water, but rise up and spring out like
little dancing ballerinas

then rushing back in with current and starts flowing again

pieces of pine needles spin with the current
twirling, twirling with it so gently that it
intertwines perfectly with the green and brown water

drip, drop little droplets of water drip from trees that are
bent over the stream like a baby and the trees are its mother,
the water plinks into the stream which makes rings of water
that soon fade away while the powerful current rushes by

shades of gray, brown, and black pebbles sit at the bottom of the stream
as if waiting for something

flex of gold swirl in the glistening sunlight

while I sit by this magical stream that flows so beautifully across the rocks

I feel peaceful and present in the moment of the dancing stream,
sitting rocks, and motherly trees all around me

right her there is nothing but me and the streams precious values

I reach out and touch the cold, clear stream with my finger tips
its slick surfaces slide across my hand

birds chirp in the background

the stream bubbles loudly

the only other sound is the wind softly whistling in my ear

at this moment I feel extremely happy.

Wonders of Water

By: Amanda Ahern, Avery Tuttle-Wilcox, Addy Allain

Glowing with the bright rays of shining sun. Glistening water weighs a ton. Hot or cold, ice or gas, still nearly clear as glass.

Blue the liquid that travels far, you can see it from the stars. Stronger than the mighty wind but softer than the snow. Who knows what silent fish will lurk below? From the rivers, to clouds, to rain, to the sea. The water cycle will go on for all of eternity.

The clouds spit water down like a fountain. First landing on the mountain. Water makes its way through the grass and sand to find the ocean where I stand. The sky is gray, the sun is down. Sparkling rain is splashing all over the ground.

From white caps and waves to calm and clear. The wonders of water will never disappear.

Water, Water

By: Aidan Freitas, Blaine Hiltz, and Logan Libby

I'm from water.
From the Pemi and Baker Rivers.
From liquid to solid to gas and back to liquid.
I am from streams to oceans, bringing down mountains over time.

I'm from frozen, bumpy, dirt roads.
From spring season floods.

I am from wet days and rainy nights.
From muddy puddles on the ground.

I'm from waterfalls flowing into brooks.
From booming thunder storms turning into peaceful rainbows.
I'm from reflections glowing in the moon.
I'm from water.