Beautiful Sea Urchin

sea urchin, sea urchin
that spiny sea urchin
you're made out of glass
you live in the sea.
you are as blue as the water,
so stay with me.

Sophia Pietrzak

Kindergarten Katonah Elementary Katonah, New York

Sparkle Rock

the spikes sparkle in the way of the sun
the spikes sparkle on the logs
the logs are in the way of the water
the water is calm
the rocks might wobble
ducks come in and quack
let's all shout—water

Ryan P. Corey

First Grade Setauket Elementary School Setauket, New York

Koda Studies #1 & #2

I see two checkerboards inviting the water to play with them. The blown glass sheets in different colors of the rainbow play hide and seek with the sun.

Ariya Mukherjee-Gandhi

Second Grade
The Spence School
New York, New York

Macchia Forest

The long, long vines and all those trees, my eyes fall upon these beautiful petals, all different sizes and all different shapes. And all of the colors, I hope there are many others.

Annabelle

Third Grade
Earth School
Brooklyn, New York

Neon 206

Neon 206
Bright beautiful sticks
Colors everywhere
The sticks don't even care!

Neon 206
Bright wacky sticks
Colorful crazy hair
The sticks don't even care!

Neon 206
Bright lightning sticks
Colors popping everywhere
The sticks are crazy anywhere!

Emily Herra

Third Grade P.S. 149 Q. Queens, New York

Skillfully Sculpted

Glistening in the sun
The way water does
On days where
The sun
Like a diamond
Sparkles
On its throne in the sky

Fountaining up
With bubbles
Perched
Where the
Column of water
Breaks at the top
Into a petaly array
And cascading down
Sending ripples out
From its landing point

Delphinium Sibley-Wilson

Fourth Grade
Bronx Community Charter School
Bronx, New York

Panes of Wonder

The Koda
shines above the rest
glimmering in the distance
it reflects with
the beam of light
Creating happiness
You feel as if
you can fly
as you witness
the mesmerizing colors
A grid filled
with panes of wonder

The water flows
gently underneath
then it
splatters
as it hits the surface
The majestic glass
shines
sparkles and
gleams
as it enters your dreams

Ashton R.

Fifth Grade P.S. 56 Q. Richmond Hill, New York

Sapphire Star

Oh Sapphire Star, your beauty and grace To see you completely I'd have my eyes, detached from my face. You are simple and complicated, but never overrated Whenever I see you, my amazement is automatically instigated. To pronounce your greatness, I'd have to say it with my mind When I first saw you You put your signature on my subconscious Which will forever be signed. You are a fine work of art, seeming to be made by da Vinci You have my awe, and everyone else's Across every sea. Sapphire Star, you have also taught me a lesson That of which my heart and mind is taped To be yourself No matter who you are Or what type of abstract shape.

Marcus Lopez-Pierre

Sixth Grade
Success Academy Midtown West
New York, New York



Sapphire Star

You lose control
Unable to handle it anymore
It gets unbearably hot
So you blow
and blow
And look at what it turns out to be
The sapphire
Blue and white Crystals
coming alive
From all different directions
Hovering over the landscape like a god

Declaring power
As if the rage of the star has
Begun
The tips of the crystals turn a hot light orange
As if soaking up the sun's heat and radiation
And it soaks up all the light from the sun
And nothing is left but
The unlit star
Everything is in darkness
But the one
blazing
Sapphire star

Adonis

Seventh Grade
Harlem Academy
New York, New York



Past the Breaking Point

A sapphire star of Glass Blue, a radiant blue, Alas, it is a sight to behold.

A star,
The work is a star
The artist is a star
Glass is a star

How can I just believe
That art can be made of Glass
And the icicle-like spires,
Can make me feel something inside?

Blue, radiant blue, a shine
That only the finest Glass can create.
That only the best artist can illuminate.
That seems in itself to tempt fate.

Why Glass?
Why not some other material?
Why not something more durable,
Less fragile?

Is it because Glass is like the world: Easy to break with just one simple touch? Or is it the artist, Who may be fragile himself, That the Glass is reflective thereof?

AJ Walker

Seventh Grade
Harlem Academy
New York, New York



Night Club

"I want people to be overwhelmed with color

And light in a way they

Have never experienced"

So I continue to burn bright

Throughout the night and the day

But in a different way

I'm sober in sun and drunkenly

dancing throughout the night

Because I am both

A work of art and a dancing line

And my outstretched hands can still reach heaven

Vibrant light shines out of the dancing lines

I call myself

Twisting and turning in perfect motion

intricately dancing back and forth

Except only at night can you see my light

At day I'm dull and hardly bright

But sometimes even at night my reflection

is blurry in the crystal water lake

I can't see myself because I'm waiting

So that at night only I can see me dancing

At night I am the jagged colorful beams that

overwhelm even the brightest of stars

I reach up towards the highest of skies And when I dance I can touch the heavens

Essence Johnson

Seventh Grade
Harlem Academy
New York, New York

Sol del Citrón

Sol

Spirals like the way dance makes my hips move left and right Overjoy people's faces with the vibrant colors, allusions Loops like the way natural hair does in its natural state bouncy and coily

del

Dazzles you with brightness that may blind your eyes in a snap of a hand Exquisite like the sparkles sparkling on a disco ball Luxurious for everyone to enjoy going beyond what they can imagine

Citrón

Curves like the way a worm slithers back into its habitat
Injects you with freedom into a new world like Chihuly
Ties all the pieces together to make it unique
Rams all the ideas, differences in your mind that it suddenly goes "poof"
Ongoing into my brain was first a little thing that wasn't possible
Now it's a large scale glass curling sculpture

Sol del Citrón

Essence Sanders

Eighth Grade
Harlem Academy
New York, New York