



Poetry Walk

Have you ever been on a Poetry Walk? All of the people inside the Morse School have! The seed of the idea for a poetry walk came to Miss Pat, when she was out walking. You see, the City of Cambridge holds a sidewalk poetry contest every year, where residents can submit poems to be placed into cement sidewalk blocks and placed all around the city.

Well, Miss Pat came across one of those poems in the sidewalk cement:

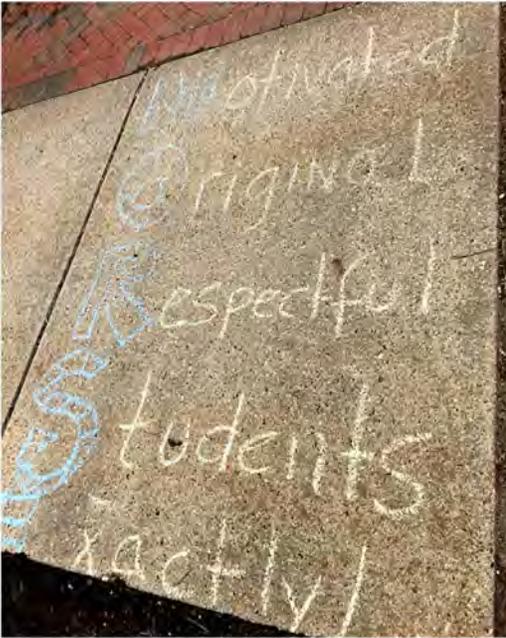
Talk this Walk

By Fred Woods, 2017

*Yo!
I'm a poem.
Speak my words
While you're walking.
Now you are to the sidewalk talking.*

*Step on me -
There you go -
Now you've got poetry
In your sole.*

On a beautiful Tuesday in May, the entire Morse School gathered for a Poetry assembly and then proceeded outside to walk and read poems. Some poems were originals, while others were ones that have been published. All written in chalk on the sidewalk squares on Granite St. If you did not get a chance to see the sidewalk poetry in person, you're in luck - below are many that were on display.



A Poem for Miss Pat

Motivated
Original
Respectful
Students
Exactly!
(MORSE)

Blank

By Ivan Ribeiro, Grade 4

My paper is blank.
It sank and sank.
I can't think of anything like a fish in a tank.

What should I draw? What should I write? A steed?
A tree?
A pea?

Maybe I should run away;
Hide in my house and never come out to play.

Maybe I should get sick;
And get out quick, quick, quick.

Maybe I should pretend to die;
That will get the teacher's eye.

Oh No!
Times almost up!

5!

4!

3!

2!

1!

Ding!

Times up!

The teacher declares. Now I'm scared!

Jr. Kindergarten B8 Poem

A Little Seed by Mabel Watts

A little seed for me to sow,
A little earth to make it grow.
A little hole, a little pat,
A little wish, and that is that.
A little sun, a little shower.
A little while, and then—a flower!

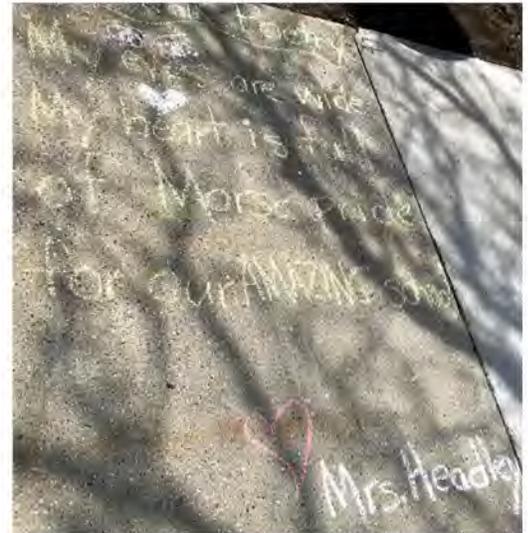
Grade 1 A4 Poem

Yet

There are so many things
you want to know,
so many ways you want,
to grow,
so many things you want,
to be,
so many milestones you want,
to see.
you will get there if you never
forget
the superpower of the word
YET!

Kindergarten B7 Poem

Be A Writer
Say a word.
Hear a sound.
Pick a letter.
Write it down.



A Poem from Mrs. Headley

My eyes are wide.
My heart is full, of Morse pride.
For our amazing school.

Spanish Class Poem - Grade 4

Quisiera subir tan alto como la luna
Para mirar las estrellas una por una
Y escoger entre todas la más bonita
para adornar el cuarto de mi abuelita.
(Anónimo)

Translation

I would like to climb as high as the moon
To look at the stars one by one
And choose among them the prettiest one
to decorate the room of my grandma.
(Anonymous)

Cambridge is My Home

By Denise Davis-Sullivan – a 5th generation Cantabridgian & a 3rd generation Morse School student

*On these streets I have grown,
The City of Cambridge is my home.*

*A place where many friendships have been made,
A place that is beautifully filled with lots of trees and shade.*

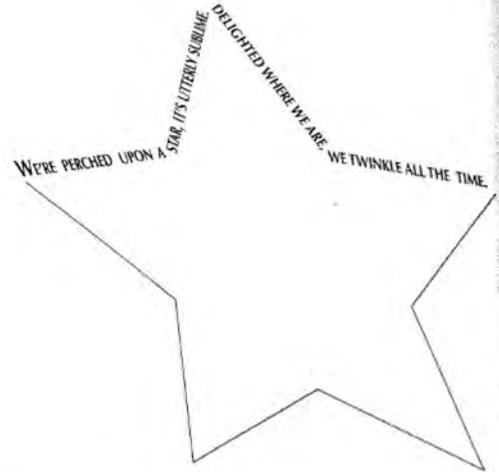
*A welcoming community from far and wide.
Proudly living each day side by side.*

*A City around 7 miles in size, but small enough people can play,
The six degrees of separation game.*

*Loaded with tons of history,
Continuously growing and changing, adding to the mystery.*

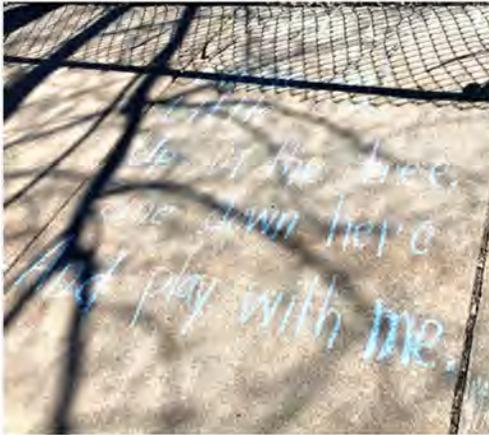
*On these streets I'll continue to roam,
For the City of Cambridge, MA is my home.*

We're Perched Upon a Star



Mrs. MacKenzie's 2/3 Class Poem

It was written just like this on the sidewalk!



JK/K B6 Poem

Little Cat

*Little cat, Little cat, Up in the tree,
Come down here and play with me.*

How Much

By Arabella Boutros, Grade 4

*How far can a bird fly?
Depends how good their wings are.*

*How much homework will a teacher gave me?
Depends how much she like me.*

*How many friends will I get?
Depends how nice I am.*

*How loving can a person be?
Depends how much love they have.*

*How much money will I earn?
Depends how hard I work.*

*How far can I run?
Depends how much energy I have.*

*How amazing can I be?
Depends how much support I get.*



Kindergarten D6 Poem

*You grow with power.
Next to the River or in the grass.
In the soil, or at the beach.
All the colors of the rainbow,
You grow with April Showers.
Flower by Flower.*

Note: There were many, many other poems – these are just a small snip-it of what was viewed by all those that strolled down Granite St.