The Artists & Explorers Club

2006
Poetry

By Savannah Rodriguez

Poetry, poetry, pages and pages of poetry.

There is poetry about frogs, about nature, and dogs.

Poetry can be about anything, as long as it’s about something.

You can write or read poetry.

Anyone can do it, try it and see ... that you can write ...

poetry, poetry, pages and pages of poetry!

The Long Way

by Matthew Perry

There’s a long way and a short way.
The long way involves dawdling,
plodding, strolling, then slowly tromping,
crossing and crossing,
wandering, pondering, possibly doddering,
slowing down the pace,
bounding down the race,
pausing at every new place,
and—worse—holding up the rest
who think the short way the best.

But let me tell you a secret:
even though I must move you along today
when you have every right to long to play,
don’t let anyone ever sell you—or even tell you—
that the circuitous, fortuitous,
peregrinating, invigorating,
wind-busting, deadline-busting,
discovery-lovely, lost-for-a-day,
maybe-I’ll-just-stay, delay-and-delay,
accidentally-go astray.
long way
is the wrong way.

Because they are the ones who are wrong,
and that’s all I have to say.
It happened at the dam
By Isaac Bessey
The boy fell in! I rushed over, flung off my shirt, and dove in. I grabbed the boy and started swimming into the strong current. A college student threw a vine in and people started pulling, with me holding on. It broke! I was then swept downstream, but I caught myself. I swam powerfully and made it ashore! A student from U of M pulled up the boy, and I pulled myself out.

A Trip to the Zoo
By Devin Young
We went to the zoo, where there were turkeys—it’s true.
And the zoo manager said to me, “You can come, too!”

So I went there at 8:30, and “I shan’t be late. I said while knocking at the pearly gate.

He let me in, and when I fell on my shin,
My skin went thin.

When I saw a peacock, the manager said, “You rock!”
And when I saw a bald eagle, it wasn’t illegal.

And that was my day at the zoo.
Studentfall
By Matthew Perry

It's hard at the dam for a teacher.
There's danger everywhere, but we
Don't want to restrain their imagination.
And spontaneity, so we decide
To give them some freedom to roam.

And now I see them hurling themselves, rolling
Down the slope on the side of the dam,
And I just hope that they don't plunge
Into a heaving flow of other children.
And erupt in a tumbling mass of froth and foam.

Waves
By David Stovy

Waves
Waves pumping like piston:
Slamming against the cold,
Sandy shore tickling my toes,
Like tiny bristles.
Waves
Dizzy Down the Dam
By Dean Young

dizzy down the dam
whizzing down the dam
because of dizzy on the dam

falling on the sharp rocks
because of whizzing down the dam

whizzing down the dam
because I’m getting dizzy on the dam

thunking my head on the sharp, sharp rocks
because of falling down the dam
because of dizzy on the dam

The Future of the Dam
By Philip Scott

The future of Barton Dam is nice: roads built,
with the bridge built into the water. Grass, the sun,
and blue sky three hundred days a year.
It is happy here.

Parks, homes, and stores are on Barton Dam.
It is now called Blue City.

People use the things
to build and help nature
at the same time. God
made everyone love nature
so they could have both.
T-Rex
By Spencer van Keuren
The T-rex was mean, its skin was blackish-green, and it was an eating machine.
Today if one were seen, everyone would scream!

Snowballs and the Dam
By George Marn

Snowballs falling, hitting the hurling water, smashing, breaking, and cracking
Cemetery A to Z
A cemetery
Being scared is normal
Cemeteries are cool
Don’t step on gravestones
Every gravestone has a name
First time for some
Great trip
Hope you had a good time
I definitely like it
Jump on the bus to go to the cemetery
Kids and college kids seeing cemeteries together
Let the cemetery be free (we don’t have to pay)
Mallory was there
No being disrespectful in the cemetery
Oh no—a trash bag next to a gravestone
Playing hide and seek at the cemetery
Quiet, peaceful day
Respect the people that are no longer here
Savannah was there, too
Tell stories about the graves
Up and down the paths
Very interesting symbols on the graves
Wander around the cemetery
X-ray the ground to find bodies
Yelling? Never!
Zzzz … when I get home I can go back to sleep
By Savannah Rodriguez & Mallory Jennings

The Passage to the Past
By Michael Rorke
It was a cold sharp “mourning” when we took a field trip to the cemetery. We decided to go to a pretty big gravestone first. Lo and behold, it was the man who started the first Catholic Church in Ann Arbor. All of a sudden we were sucked into a hole and then we were at a construction site. We asked a worker where we were. He said, “We’re building the first Catholic Church in Ann Arbor.” So we watched them for a while, but we decided to go back through the front doors, which led back to the present. Then we wanted to go to a World War II veteran’s grave. Of course, now we were in the middle of the war. With stray bullets flying around us, almost striking us, we decided we should go back. Then all of a sudden we were back (I guess that’s how it worked). After that, we were done for the day.
The Cemetery
By Eli Tell
Consider a cemetery cool,
Eerie,
Morbid, and mortal,
Eye-charming,
Tombstones,
Everybody who dies goes there,
Roomy,
You too will end up there (or be
dying to go there like us)
CONTRIBUTOR’S NOTE
Matthew Perry has been called a “freelance educator,” which seems to fit as well as any description. He tutors, mentors, teaches in the classroom, leads educational adventures around the country, designs smart games and toys, and records family stories for generations to share together. He loves to photograph kids at play. He and his wife enjoy their five cats, and are currently pursuing their dream of living in San Francisco.