

Junior High Jabber

The frost crept in one cool, clear night;
It covered everything in sight.

Through valleys, coves, and over hills,
It even lit on window sills.

Trees, flowers, and house tops too,
Are covered with the shining dew.

Everything the frost has seen,
Is covered with a silvery sheen.

Don Mehnert

Alone I stand on heights untrod
By man or beast, and only God
Looks on, and smiles as I cry out
For mercy from the clinging hands.
The wind sends forth to grasp its prey
Close to its icy breast, until
No shred of evidence remains
Of life that wilted; weak before
Its mighty blast to be engulfed,
Devoured, gone forever more.
But God is near and heeds my pleas
For mercy, and for His unspoken wish.
The wind abates: the storm is past.
And now I stand above the strand,
And raise my voice to God in praise
For giving me a few more days
Amid this heaven on the hill,
Where no one comes to wish me ill
Save my own self, and here
Is peace, for God reigns evermore
Amid this land, the hills and valleys o'er.

Margaret Miller

Nature is a lovely thing.
Her daisies dance, her robins sing.
Her squirrels chatter in the trees.
Why, nature's made of melodies.

When roses bow their heads in prayer,
You know their mother's standing there.
But nature holds no concert fees,
To listen to her melodies.

So when you want to pay the least,
Go listen to her bird or beast.
In their enchanting rhapsodies,
You hear a thousand symphonies.

Fred Tilton

This is my home,
Among the craggy bluffs high above the sea,
With only the foaming waters and swirling winds
To keep me company.

Where the wing-spread eagle
Forever soaring high,
And the great white paramounts,
Never ending in the azure of the sky.

This is my home,
With its rugged heights of majesties,
Towering high from the turbulent surfs,
Like the great pillars of Hercules.

Somewhere,
Among its mystic glories roam I,

Held upward into its sapphire sky.
And in this paradise land of reverency,

I shall stay for eternity.

This is my home,
Yes, this is my home.

Bill Gehler

Rushing, running, changing classes,
Boys and girls dropping glasses.
Books are falling in the hall,
Children are bumping against the wall.
Purses are sliding to the floor,
The teacher is ready to close the door.
You hurry, you run, the bell starts to ring.
Will you make it? It's still ringing, ting-a-ling-ling.
And just as you're sure the bell's going to stop,
Into your seat you fall with a plop.
Safe in the classroom, at last you are there,
You've made it. Whew! Aren't you glad you're there?

Mary Winslow

When I go to school as early as eight,
I still do find I'm always late.
There's one thing against me (my worst enemy).
My locker won't open
Till about half past three.

I go to the office
(About my trouble you see).
But they say, too bad,
You have office D.T.
That ends another day
For my locker and me.
The one that won't open
Till about half past three.

Judy Stephens

Once I had two little kittens,
One was gray and one was white.
They were soft and cuddly like two old mittens,
They'd sleep all day and run all night.
They'd hide things they found, under my bed.
To see the things they'd do would make you sad,
And to see them eat you'd nod your head.
Such cute little kittens, but oh, so bad!
But now I haven't those two little brats,
For you see, now they are two old cats.

Sandra McCoy

Once long ago in the land of Louse
I saw an elephant chasing a mouse.

They ran all about and you could see
The elephant was as big as a tree.

It shook the skies, it shook the grounds
And it must have weighed over four million pounds.

The poor little mouse (may God bless his soul)
Was scared stiffer than my mom's wash pole.

The elephant charged on the mouse with a run,
And you could tell he thought it was fun.

But what remained of the mouse was a little grease spot,
And for an old mouse that was a lot.

So ends the story and so ends the mouse,
But remember this happened only in Louse.

Alan Vogeler