August Afternoon

The blue sky is like the inside of a marble.

The green trees are waving to me and beckoning me to come out and

enjoy the sunshine

I put down my book

and put on my flip flops

and step into the heat and humidity.

A jet soars through the sky

like a sonic dragon

I take a deep breath. The sun warms my skin. I smile.

A purple finch sings.

Singing because it is happy,

singing because it is summer

singing to its audience,

the yellow, pink, and purple flowers

listening with their fully bloomed petals open wide,

their ears listening with delight.

Sisters in the Summer

The pool water glistens in the glowing summer sun

Ally floats on the giant inflatable banana,

kicking her legs back and forth, tiny splashing, moving it slowly.

I swim to where she lounges, soaking up the sun's rays like a sponge,

and pull my arms up onto the plastic floaty. The banana flips.

Into the water, she tips and slips.

“Let's both try to sit on it,” I say.

We try this, over and over again.

Off its slick surface we slip,

and into the warm water we dip.

Over and over again.

Until finally, we make it,

each of us in the middle,

where we giggle, and then

shloop! the banana flies out from under us

and we splash into the water.

The following are three poems about the same topic—a hay bale maze I went to with my nephews. I want you to see different ways you could write a poem about the same topic.

Hay Bale Maze

The golden hay bales glisten in the autumn sun.

Arranged in an elaborate maze, they ask you to have fun.

My two nephews climb on top and then off they run.

Ben, like a brave lion, leaps from one and unto another,

but Josh isn't as courageous as his five year old brother.

“Help me. I want to jump,” he yells to his mother.

My sister takes his arms and swings him across.

It's less like a pull and more like a toss.

Ben leaps again, showing Josh who's the boss.

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Hay Bale Maze

Arranged in an elaborate maze,

the golden hay bales glisten in the hot autumn sun.

My two nephews climb on top of one and run across them.

Dust flies up from the dry straw.

Ben is brave, like a lion, and leaps from one bale unto bale.

Josh, only three, isn't as courageous as his five year old brother.

“Help me,” Josh says to his mom. “I want to jump.”

My sister takes his arms and swings him across.

His face looks frightened but once on two feet he runs again,

not too far behind his older brother who runs fast,

pretending he's a cheetah.

At the Hay Bale Maze

My three year old nephew hops

on top the golden bale of hay.

His happy smile stretches across his sunlit face.

The autumn sky shines cloudless blue.

The twisting maze glistens in the crisp afternoon.

The parched straw crinkles under Josh’s shoes.

Carefully balancing like an Olympic gymnast

he confidently races across the hay bale maze like a cheetah

laughing and loving life along the way.