

1-1-1975

Musings of a Sixth Grader

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Recommended Citation

Ehresman, C. S. (1975). Musings of a Sixth Grader. *Reading Horizons*, 15 (2). Retrieved from https://scholarworks.wmich.edu/reading_horizons/vol15/iss2/5

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MUSINGS OF A SIXTH GRADER

Charlotte S. Ehresman

SOUTHERN MIDDLE SCHOOL, OWENSBORO, KENTUCKY

Creative writing is an unfolding process which I firmly believe is a "must" in every classroom. It is the heart of the language arts program and is an effective therapeutic device for the reenforcement of a child's innermost feelings.

Creative writing is the pulse of any classroom. If enough mental paint has been mixed and the layers of frustration, superimposed inability, fear and embarrassment removed, then children will lay bare their hearts and write about that which is felt to be true. They will come alive on paper, creating a total effect through identification with and an appreciation and understanding of creative writing.

"Poetry," wrote Carl Sandburg, "is a phantom script telling how rainbows are made and why they go away." We have complied with the exhortations of Sandburg to keep our ears open and let noises in from the street, the meadow, our memory. The children's writings reflect infinite searching for that which they hold so dear and true. There is beauty and mystery in each child's poem.

A TREE

There you are in that
long brown dress,
You have the funniest
brown hair I have ever seen,
You look like you're going
somewhere, but instead you
just stand there not moving at all,
lazily soaking up the sun.

Debbie Howard

MY SECRET THOUGHTS

As I sit in the classroom bored to death,
my thoughts seem to take wings. As I float
through the clouds I feel so light and there's

[Editor's Note: Each year Ms. Ehresman "publishes" the poems of her sixth grade students. We have selected several for your enjoyment and have placed them on various pages of this issue of **READING HORIZONS**.]

nothing to hold me down. I'm on the
beach, the waves are rolling and trying
to touch my toes. I hear the seagulls
trying to talk to me as they fly above
my head. I'm having such a good time and all
of a sudden the teacher calls "Jan"!
And I had a crash landing.

Jan Kimmel

SNOW

Winter
Cold, white, icy,
fluttering daintily
the earth is a crystal palace
Snow Flakes.

SKY

Daybreak,
The sun peeps out
from behind a mountain,
White pillows float across a blue
background.

Lisa Newcom

FLOWERS

Flowers grow quickly
As if they were pushed out of
The solid black dirt.

Tammy Bradley

I'M A LITTLE GIRL

I'm a lonely girl
On an island all alone
Happy as can be.

Leslie Clark