

CHILDREN'S POEMS

By Don Marsh

Illustrated by Visual Art and Computer Literacy Students from
Carr Lane Visual and Performing Arts Middle School
St. Louis, Missouri

2022-2023

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TRANSMEDIATION

“... consider what happens when learners draw their interpretations of a written text, whether a story or an expository piece. They must arrive at some understanding and then find some way to cross (trans) the boundaries between language and art such that their understanding is represented pictorially; it is in this sense that one sign system is explored in terms (mediation) of another” (Siegel, 1995, p. 461).

Siegel, Marjorie. (1995). “The Power of Words: The Generative Power of Transmediation for Learning.” *Canadian Journal of Education*, 20(4) 455-475.

NO TRAIN IS COMPLETE WITHOUT THE CABOOSE

It seems to run loose
The red-faced caboose
Struggling hard at the end of the pack.
We watch as it strains
At the end of the trains
From our house on the cul-de-sac.
It's a perpetual run
And it never seems fun
Always chugging to keep up its end.
It's the last to be seen
And I don't wish to seem mean
Seems forever 'til it turns 'round the bend.
But it runs with the rest
The worst and the best
Content with its last place tack.
'Cause the feeling is neat
Knowing no train is complete
Without the last car on the track.



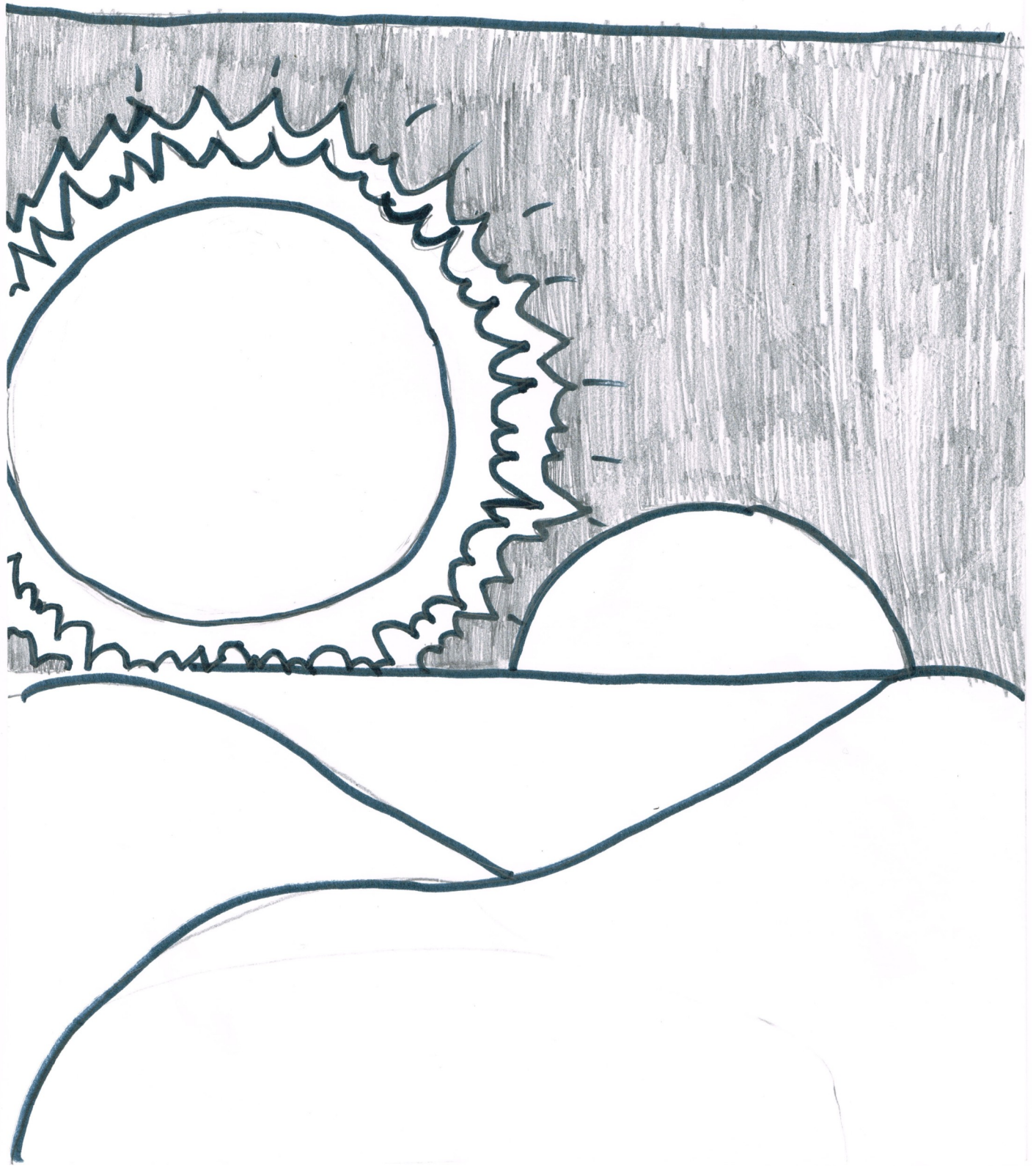
ZORIONA MCLEMORE — Grade 7

IT'S ALWAYS DARKEST JUST BEFORE THE DAWN

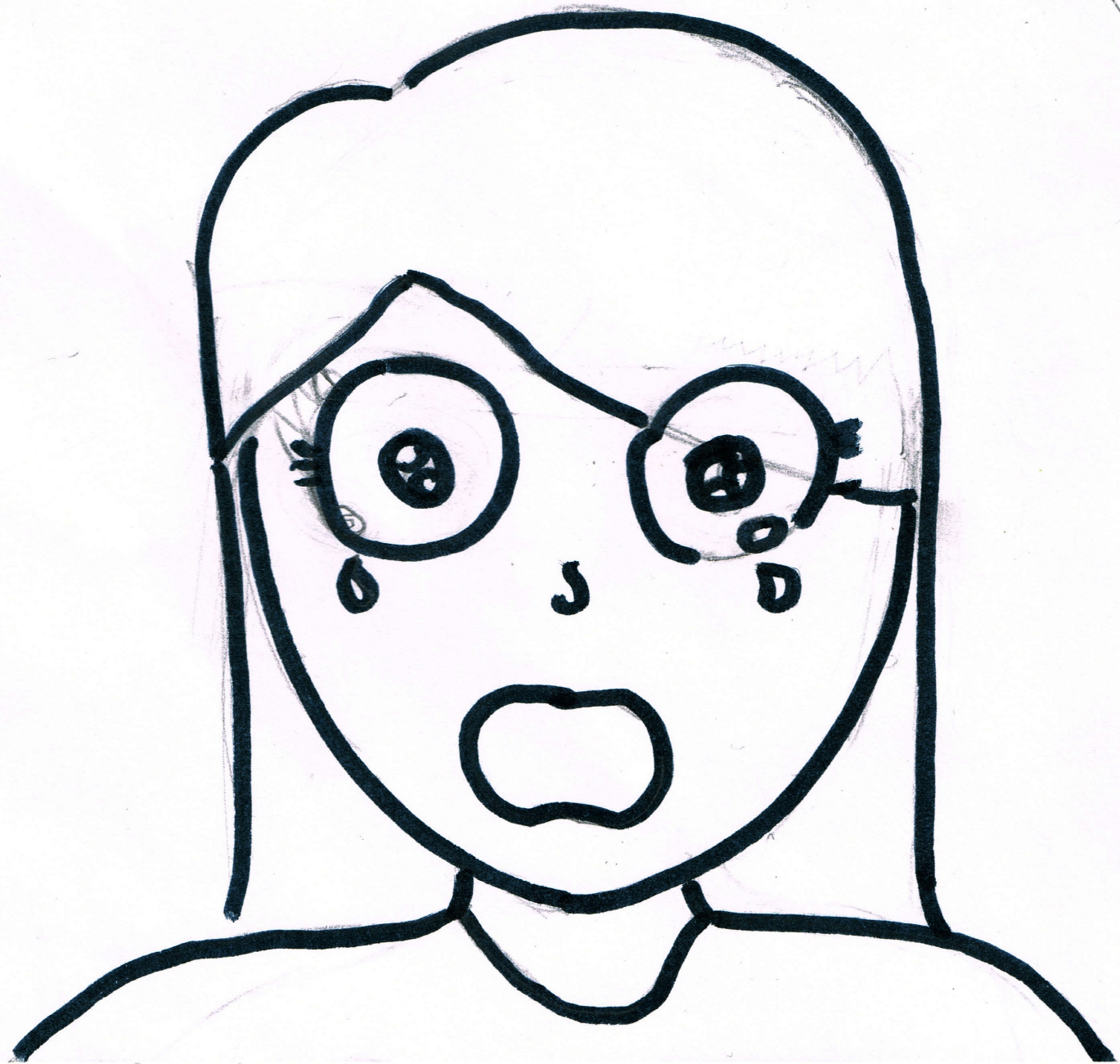
Dawn comes and it goes
Precedes sunshine or snows
Whatever the day brings so be it.
Lauded by poet and playwright
It's the onset of daylight
Though we're rarely awake to see it.
But it comes nonetheless
A full court press
Wiping night's gloom out of sight.
If it didn't, you know,
So long to get up and go.
And, we'd have 24 hours of night.



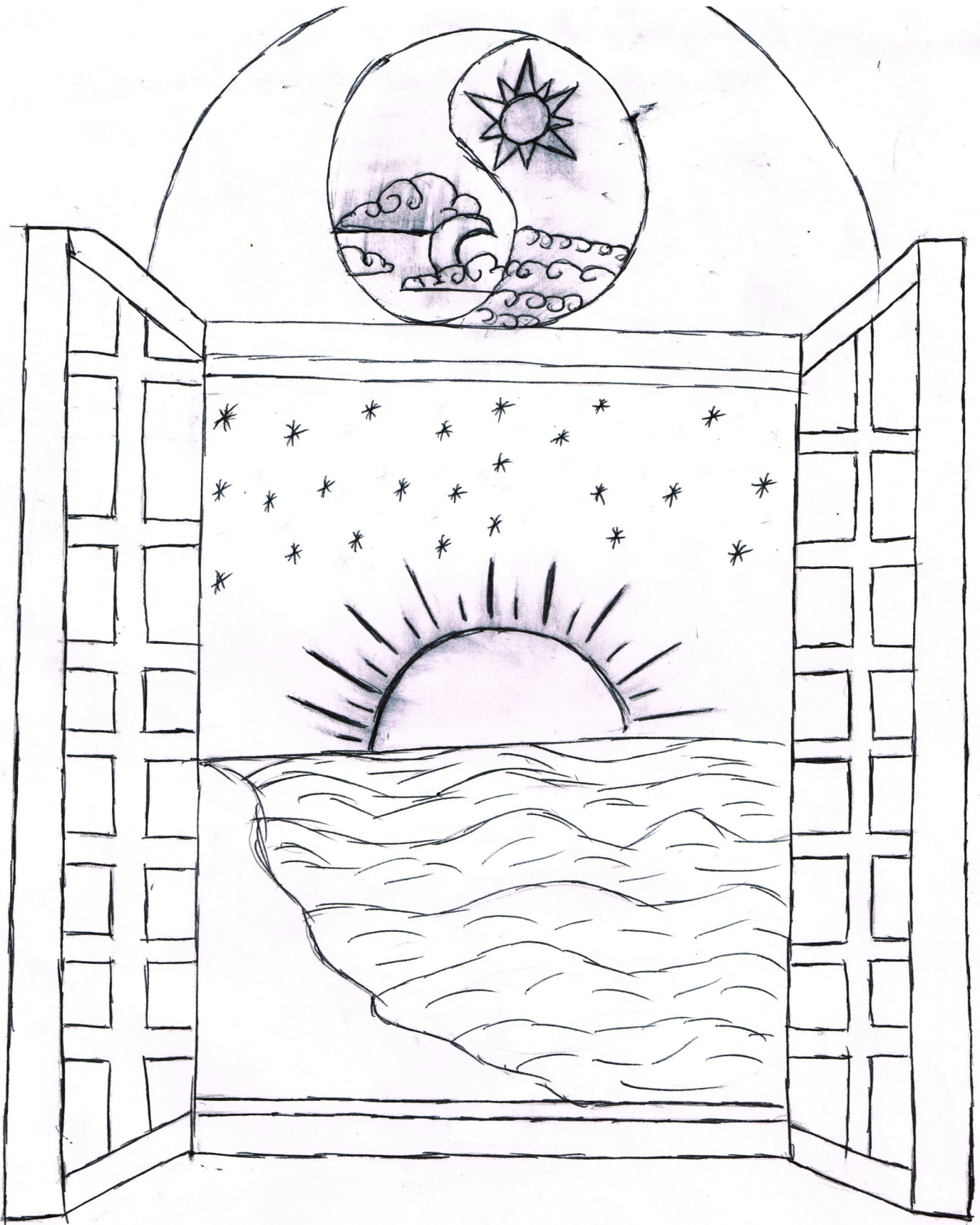
JORDAN SMITH — Grade 6



AERONNA JACKSON — Grade 8



ALEX KNOBELOCH — Grade 8

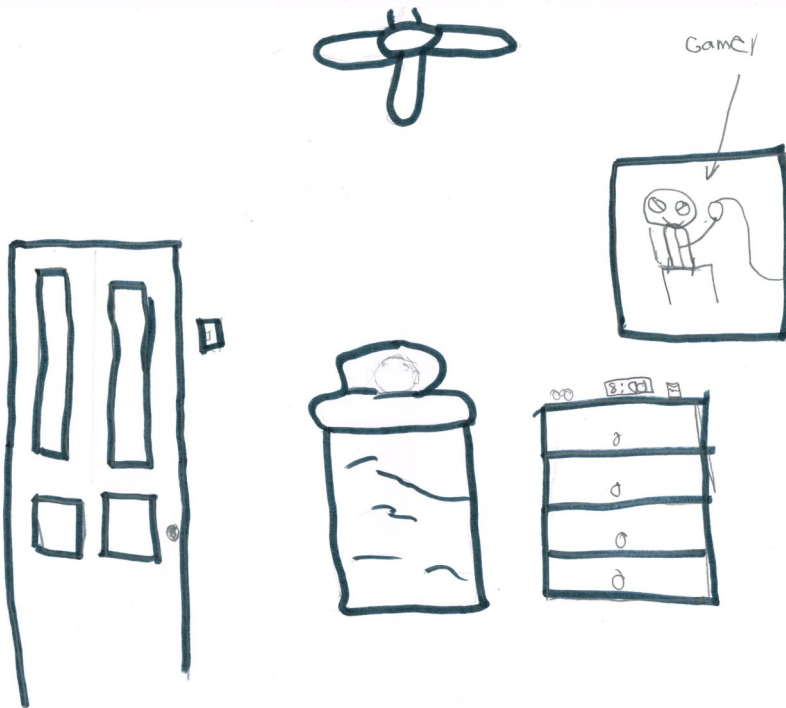


BRIA MARISCAL-DOMINGUEZ — Grade 8

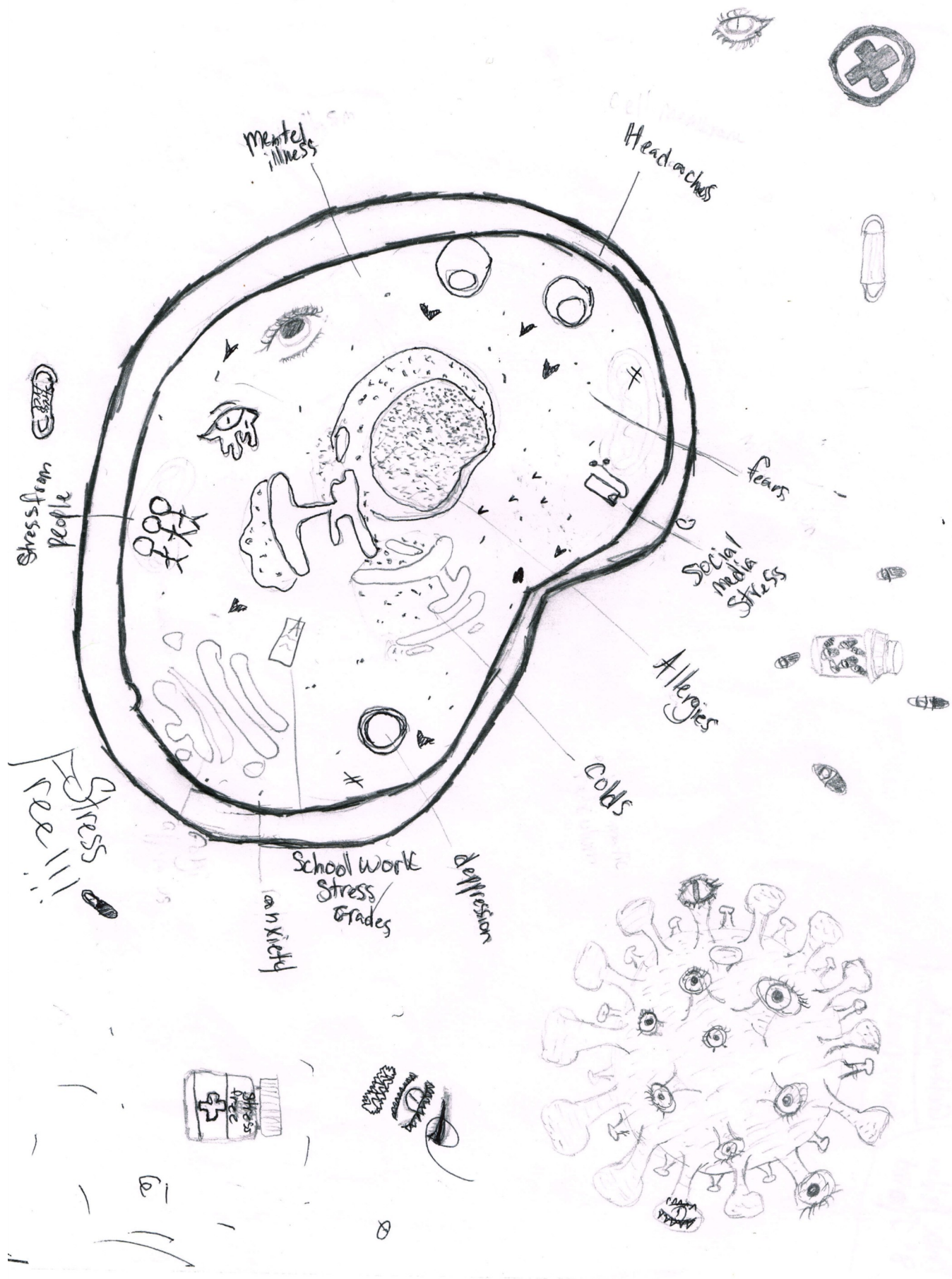
GETTING SICK

Feeling sick is a bummer especially in summer
But not so bad when it may mean missing school.
It's on advice from our mothers so we don't infect others
She says that's a new golden rule.
Uncomfortable fevers make us believers
That we probably should stay in bed
What more can we say, it's better that way
It makes perfect sense. Enough said.
Mom might offer a pill to get rid of a chill
Or to stop unpleasant wheezing
But even a wheeze, if you please
Is better than infectious sneezing.
You might miss your friends until the spell ends
But it's best for them and for you
Nothing left to say, it's better that way

And it's the responsible
thing to do



DEON PRIMM — Grade 7



CHLOE BELDEN — Grade 8



Frederick Abernathy — Grade 7



JERMAINE TAYLOR — Grade 6

SKIN COLOR

Did you ever take notice you sometimes find
Someone you know who's not colorblind?
They're bothered by people with different skin
You might hear it from neighbors, co-workers or kin.
They usually deny any racist intention
But whenever you hear it, it should get your attention
How can they judge someone's worth less?
They must think they are better. That's my guess.
The rainbow of shades of browns, blacks or yellows
Is not a disguise underneath they're good fellows.
All people have value regardless of hue
And that makes them a lot like me and you
Discounting someone due to religion or race
Or otherwise different, whatever the case
Is the kind of a thought that should be over and done
When we all understand that then the battle is won.



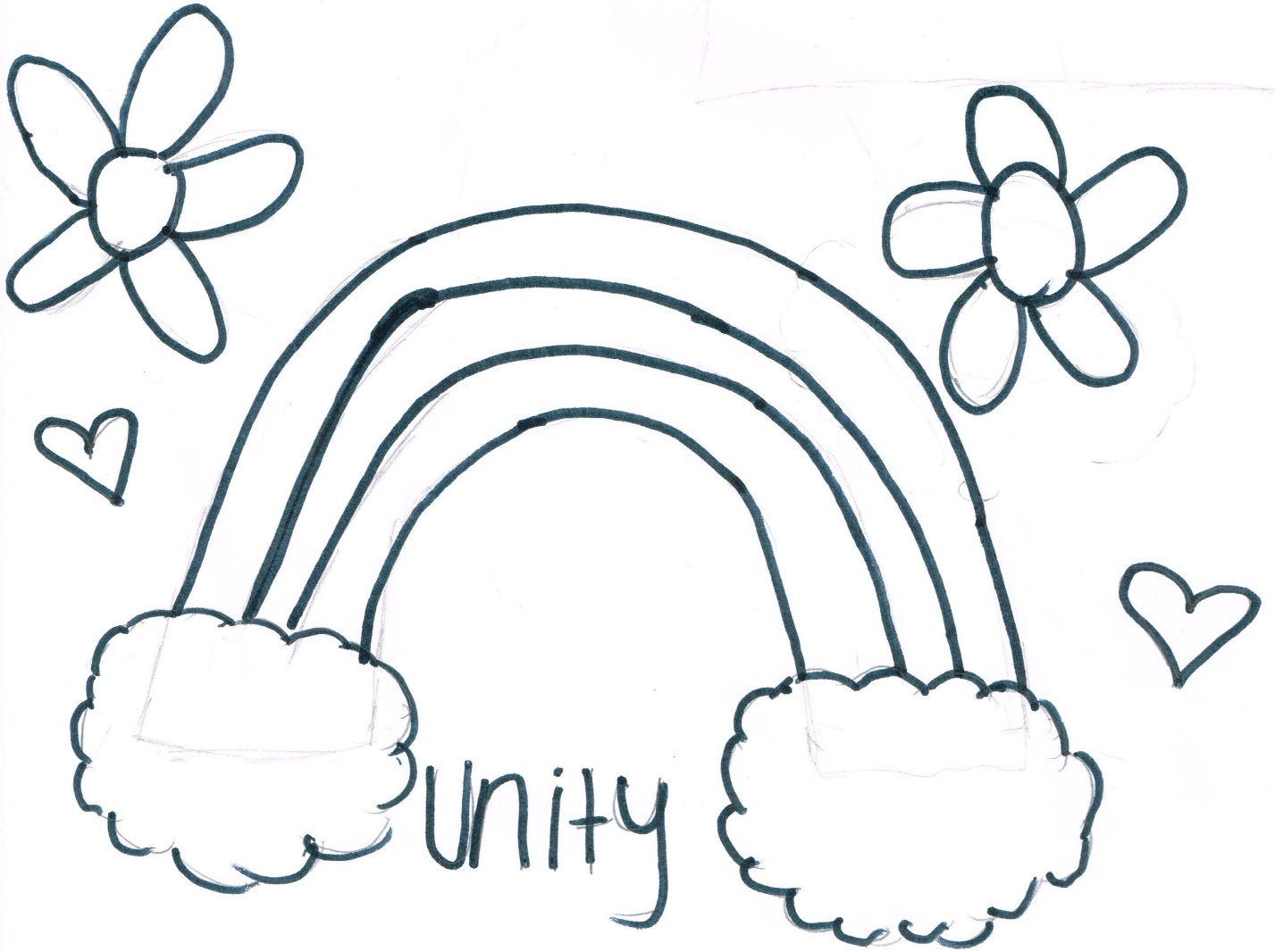
EKIRAH CLARK — Grade 6

EXTIM
COLLAR



HAILEY BRADLEY — Grade 8

Skin
color



Ziya Johnson — Grade 7



Norwin Beasley — Grade 6

BEING DIFFERENT

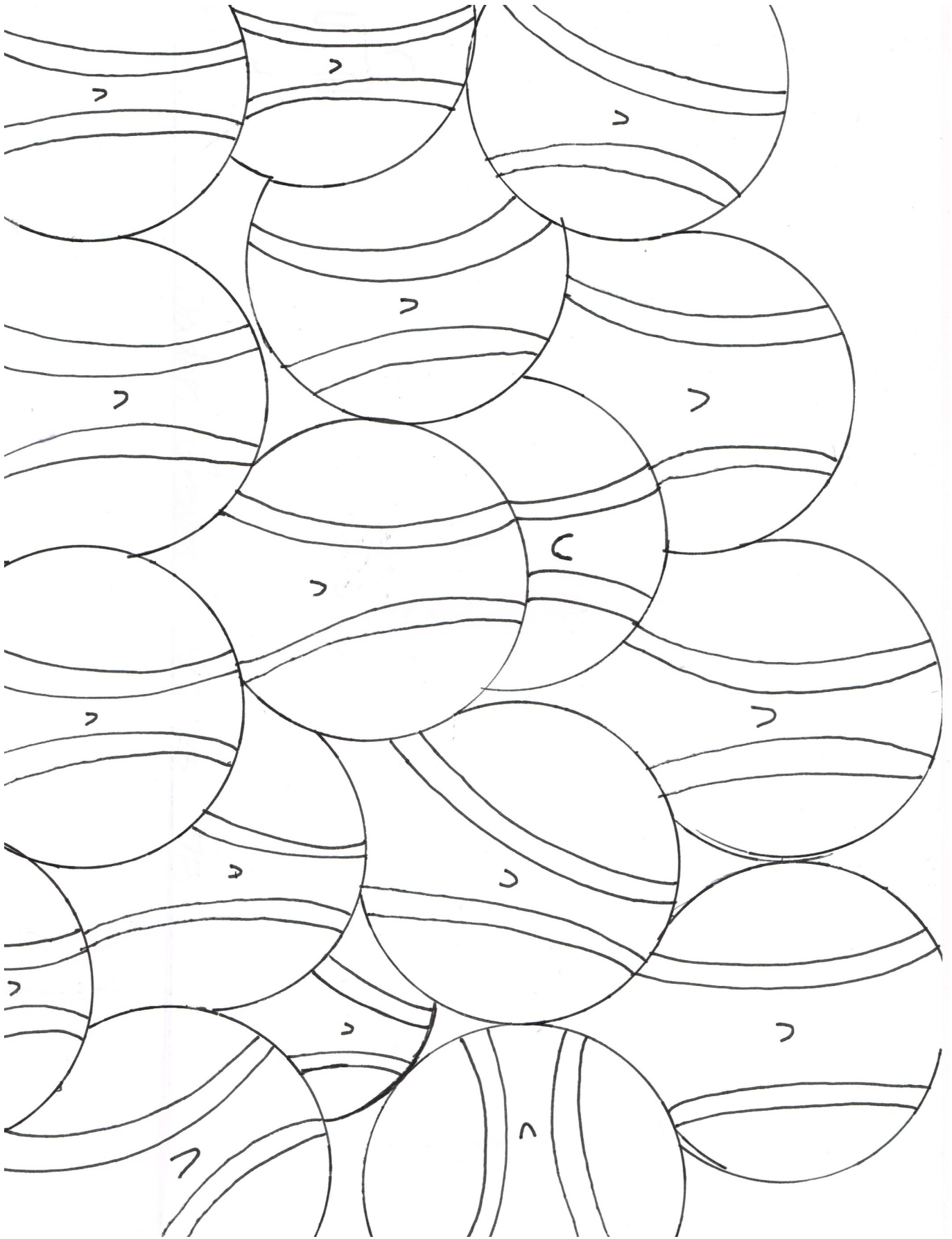
Some call me lame, but I'm just the same as anyone including you.
I like to be me, and I like songs and TV, I don't need to be made brand new.
I can laugh at a joke, take a tickling poke, but I walk with an uneven gait
Doesn't stop me at all when I go to the mall, my friends never need wait.

I can shop with best without taking a rest despite my little hitch
I can run in a race without any disgrace, and in baseball deliver a pitch
Fact is there's lots I can do, just like you, at most games I'm quite the hit.
It's not easy for sure, but I plan to endure, my secret of course, is grit.

Take a lesson from me, and I hope you agree, I have value just as you do.
I'm not better or worse, no course to reverse, no need to be made brand new.
I don't hold you in awe, maybe it's you with a flaw, you're no better nor
worse than I.
Put bad thoughts on the shelf, take a look at yourself, perhaps then we'll see eye to
eye.

Your choices are few, just one or two, feel free to leave me be.
I'll always do what I do, and not worry 'bout you, I'm too busy being me.
I'll play my part, remain strong of heart, and hope that you'll understand.
The life I'm living, is not one of misgiving, I'll take whatever God's planned.

You can take it or leave it, stand up or sit, my world's free of strife.
I trust you now know, as I've tried to show, variety IS the space of life.
I like being me, and I hope you will see, I will stand on my own two feet.
Those losing civility over my disability, will be the ones who stand in defeat.



JADEN GRAVES — Grade 7

LOSING A TOOTH

My life is a mess...my looks have gone South
Something is missing...there's a hole in my mouth
Well, not in my mouth, it's one of my teeth
In the front, up above, not below, underneath
It was loose and I grabbed it and wiggled it free
I held in my hand what had been part of me
What to do then? Should I throw it away?
I had to ask Mom, she'd know what to say.
So I walked into the kitchen a quite confident youth
Extended my hand and showed her my tooth.
"I pulled it out by myself," I said at her side
I'm sure she could tell that I said it with pride
She'd make me feel better, I knew she would
That's what mothers do and that's well understood.
"We'll it's gone now," she said and you'll just have to face it
In time Mother Nature will certainly replace it."
I was happy to hear that, they were words of relief
But it was not long before she tested belief.
"It may hurt a little, and you think you look funny."
Then with a wink and a smile said it could earn me some money.
I didn't believe her and she made me quite wary
When she told me about a wondrous Tooth Fairy.
The Tooth Fairy to me seemed a great mystery
For I knew nothing at all about fairy history
I listened in wonder but also in fear

When she told in detail how the sprite would appear
"It will be at night," she went on to explain
"Under cover of darkness in snowstorms or rain.
"She'll only arrive when you're sound asleep
And bring a small coin or a bill you can keep.
I didn't believe her lifting mystery's curtain
About fairies at night I was extremely uncertain
"She'll come and she'll go without saying hello
And she'll look for the tooth under the pillow.

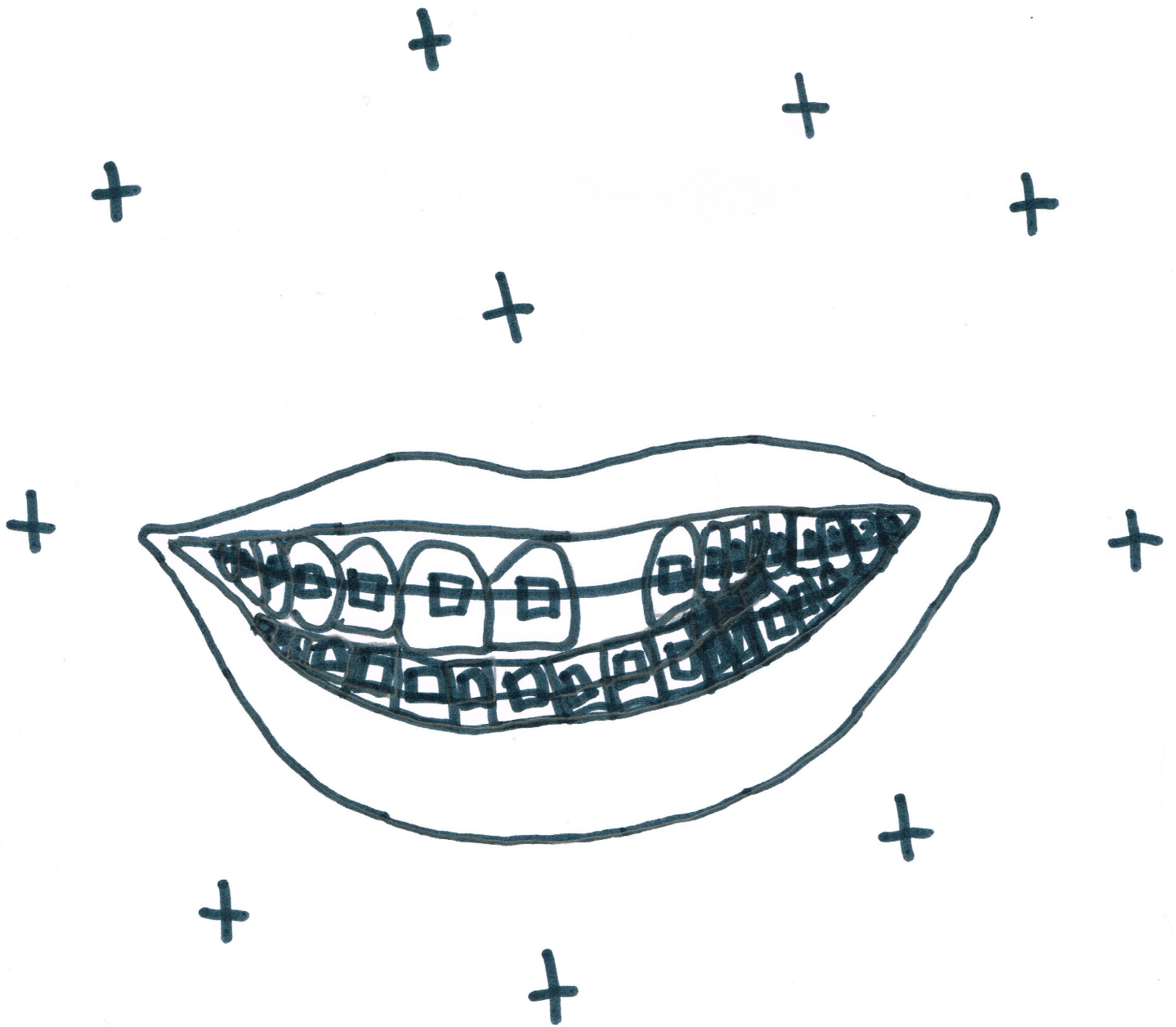
I jabbed my hand under the pillow in a search of the prize
I felt something, grabbed it, held it before my very wide eyes
It was there in my hand and I wanted to holler
It was crispy and fresh...a brand new dollar.
I had a twinge of regret having doubted my mother
I'd done it before one time or another
But I had proof in my hand that she'd been right
I indeed had a visitor in the dark of the night
When Mom told me I would I had nothing but doubt
When I see her this morning first thing I'll shout
I'm so sorry Mom I was unsure and contrary.
Once again you were right...there IS a Tooth Fairy!



BRANDON BARNES — Grade 8



LENNASIA BROWN — Grade 7



AMAIYA TIMMS — Grade 8

DECEMBER

It's the longest in coming
The end of the year
It's a time for up-summing
Of Christmas good cheer.
It's for friendship
And family
And laughter
Tree trimming
It's hardly the end,
More like a beginning.



KOURTNEY BRINKLEY — Grade 6



JOURNEY HAMMONDS — Grade 8

PERIOD

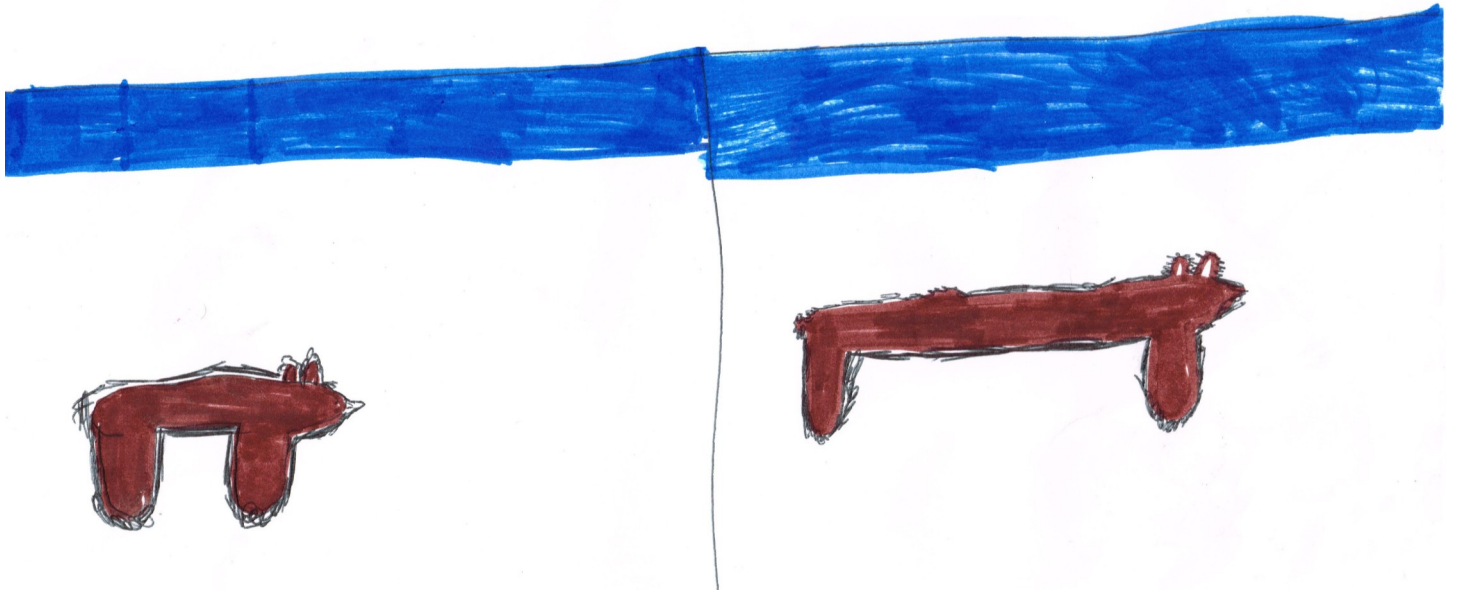
How could something so small
Hardly noticed at all
Put a stop to an idea or thought?
Commas can part them
Capitals start them
Hyphens go mostly for naught.
Dashes help build surprise
Asterisks please the eyes
And for writers they're useful tools.
Then there's always the slash
Symbols for #'s and ca\$h
Things taught in all of our schools.
Apostrophes are worth a mention
Quotes require our attention
Parenthesis in a sentence just bend it.
Colons signal a clause
Three dots a pause
But only a period can ultimately end it.
Then there's the question mark
The exclamation point, so stark!
They end sentences too and we know it.
There's only one reason they can
Ask any rational man
Then take each and look directly below it.
! ?
See what I mean, it's more than a dot
Hardly more than a spot
It helps make expression weaker or bolder
It has more than one role
It makes sentences whole
And all stand on the period's shoulder



REILLY SMITH — Grade 7

SHORT DOG LONG DOG

What's the point of a tail
When behind it must trail
Never up front and pushing ahead.
It's the last through the door
Stirs up dust on the floor
Approaching rocking chair runners with dread.
Tails offer no strength
Just additional length.
Of them compliments seldom are said.
But, whether a jib or a jigger
All who have them feel bigger,
For they end the measure that begins at the head.



ZY'AIRAH PALM — Grade 6

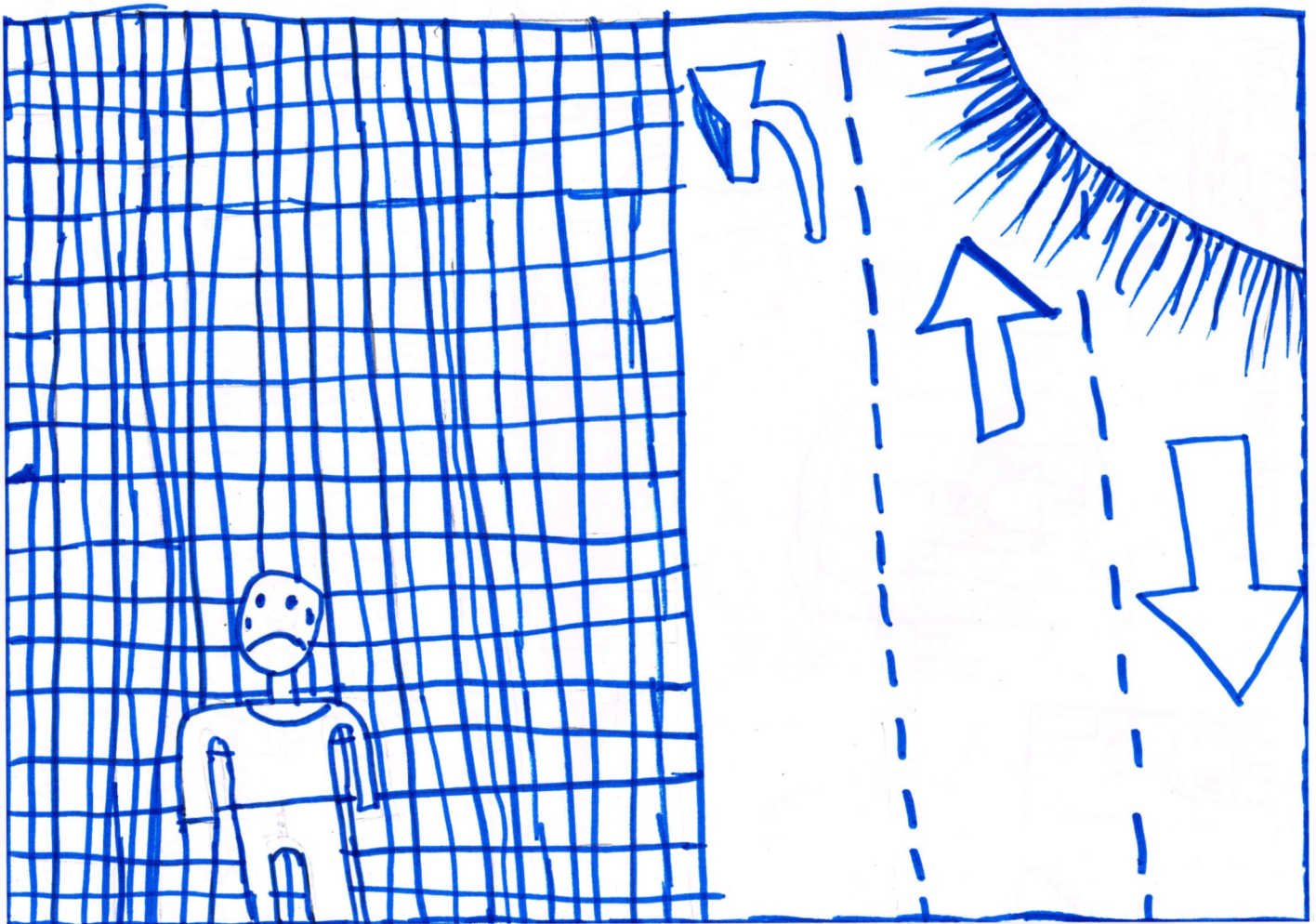
SHORT DOG LONG DOG



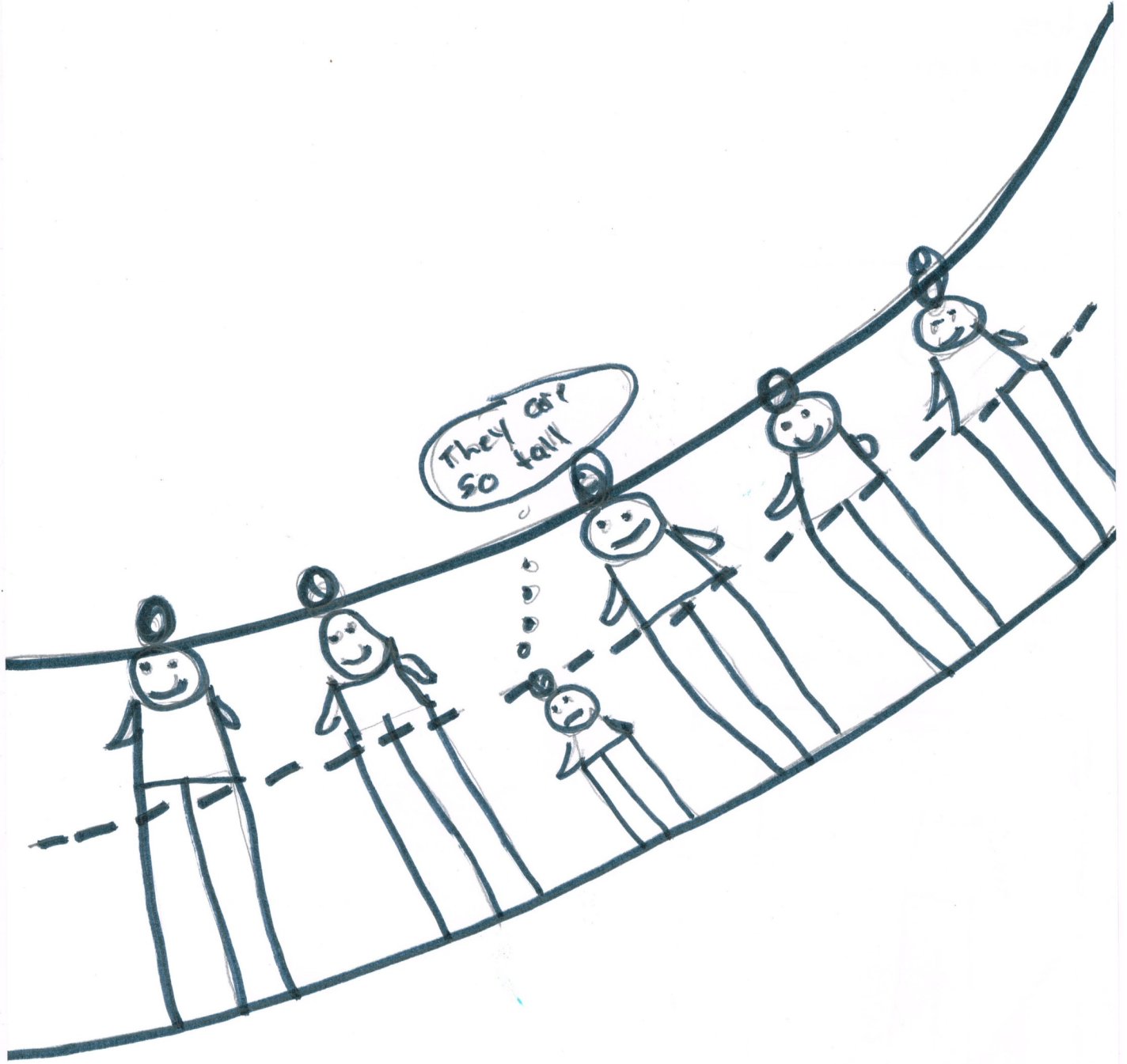
MARY BORNS-FERGUSON — Grade 7

SHORT

Sometimes being short and built low to the ground
Is a terrible bummer, but here's what I've found.
Over the course of a summer or a year at the most
If you study the marks on a growing post
You'll find without doubt that you're getting taller
For I've never known anyone who ever grew smaller.



SUMMER HATTON — Grade 7



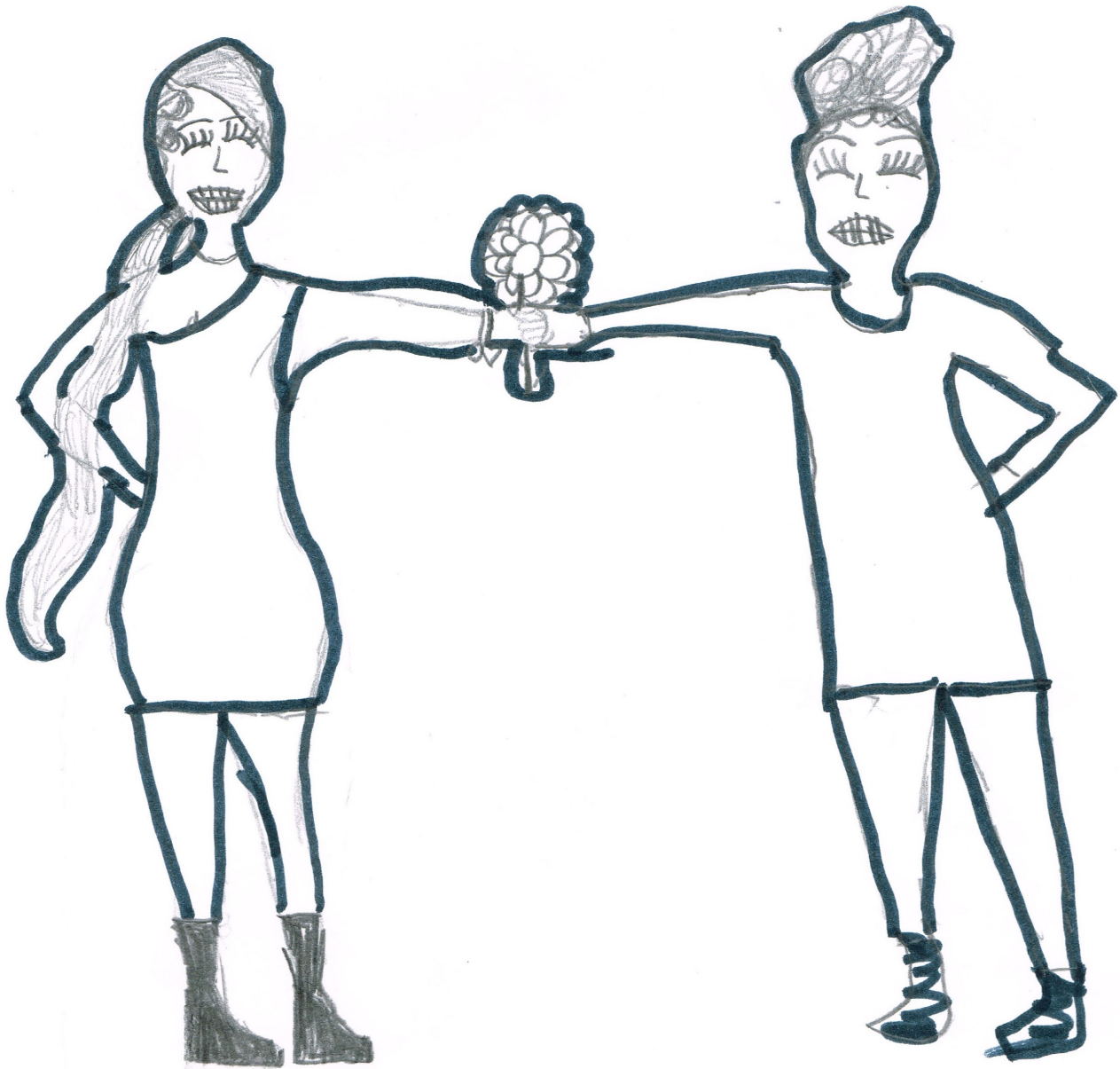
ZARIAH WHITE — Grade 6

FRIENDSHIP

Having a friend is gift that won't end
It's someone to be with and count on.
To walk with to school...do things that are cool
To tell secrets to and miss when they're gone.
They are someone to care and always be there
When you need a shoulder to cry on
They can offset a tear and give you something to cheer
Make you feel less like a frog and more like a swan.
They pick you up when you're down and inclined to frown
And can put a big smile on your face
They can give you a lift when it's more than a gift
They're the one thing you have you would never replace
There may come a day when you move far away
Or your friend is no longer in place
There's a hole in your heart when you are apart
That can only be fixed when you're again face to face
While one day they might leave you, and that would aggrieve you
Remember distance is only a measure
Keep the bond stay in touch...it means so much
Because friendship's the ultimate treasure



LASHAR SKY BUCHANAN — Grade 7



ROSHAUWN HOWARD — Grade 8

Friendship!



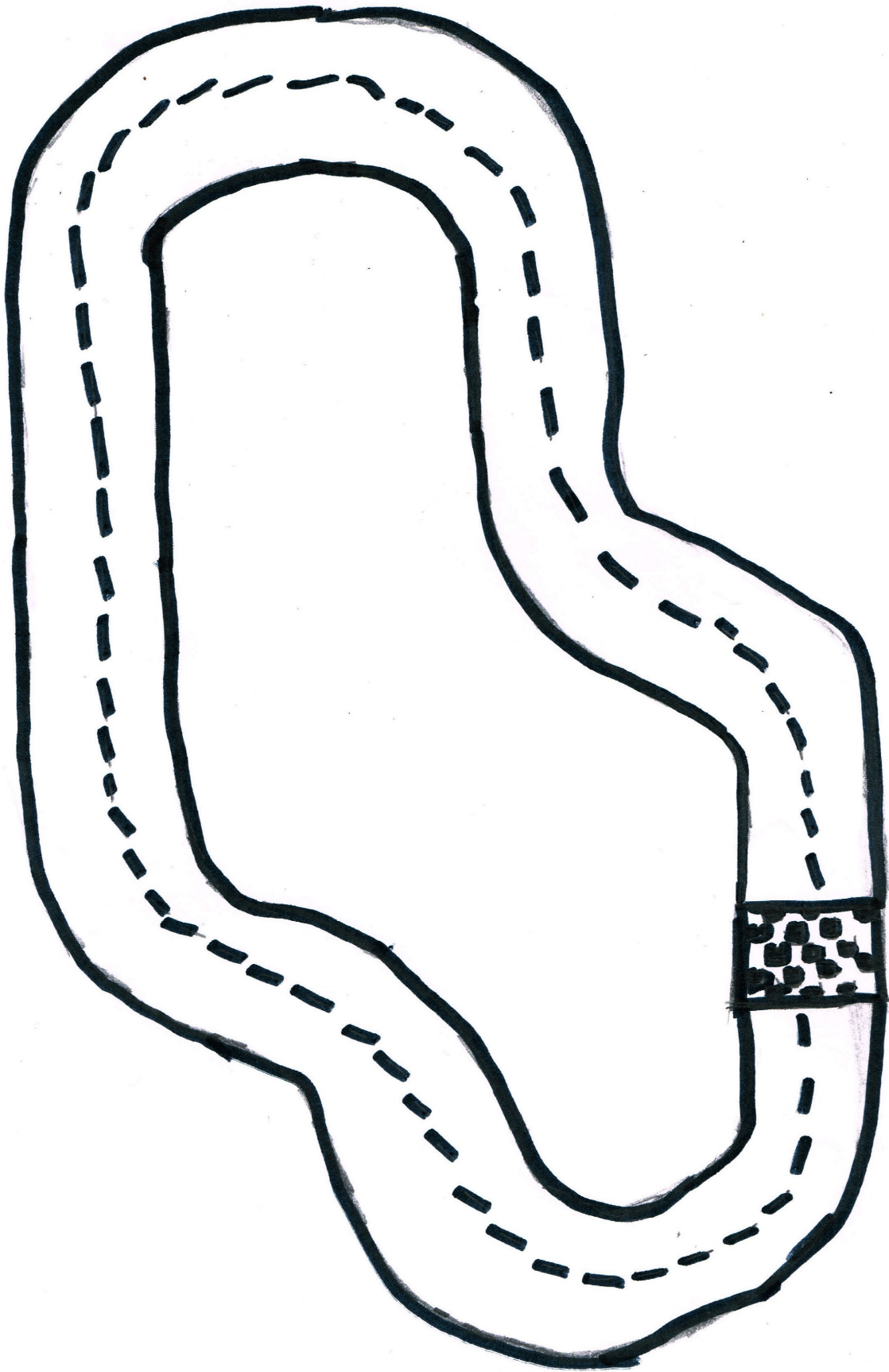
SAGE LILY HASTEN — Grade 8

RACING

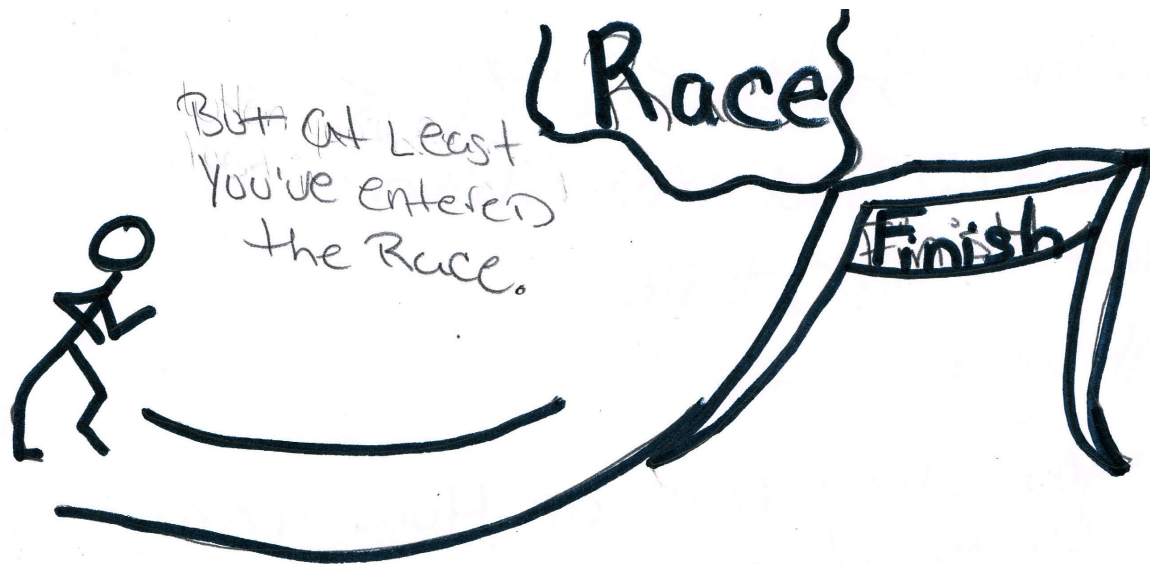
When you're running last
It doesn't mean you're not fast.
You may not have developed your pace.
Not every beginner
Can come home a winner.
But at least you've entered the race.



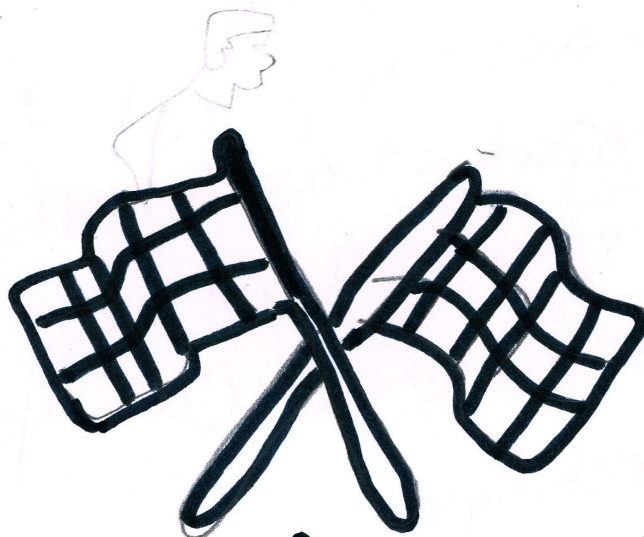
SAMIYAH SADDLER — Grade 7



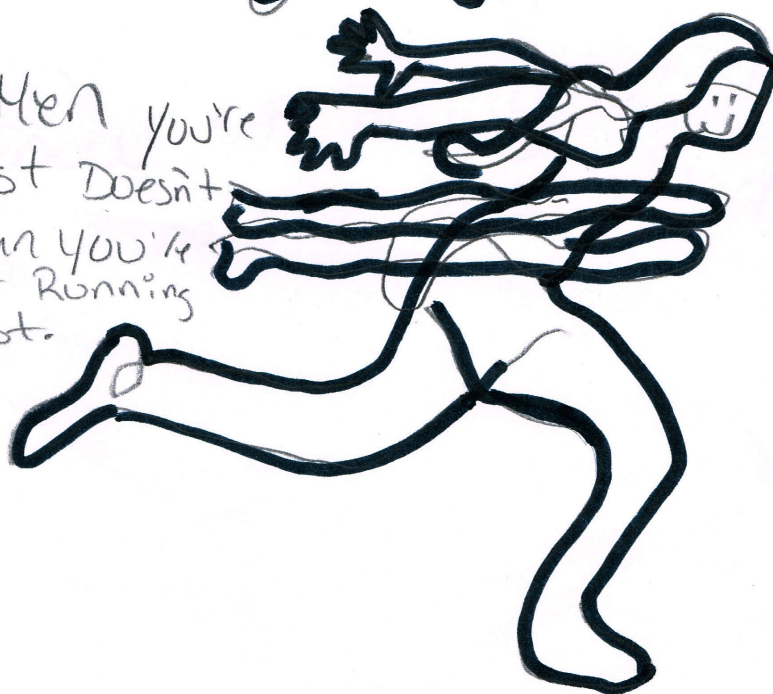
JANEE JONES — Grade 7



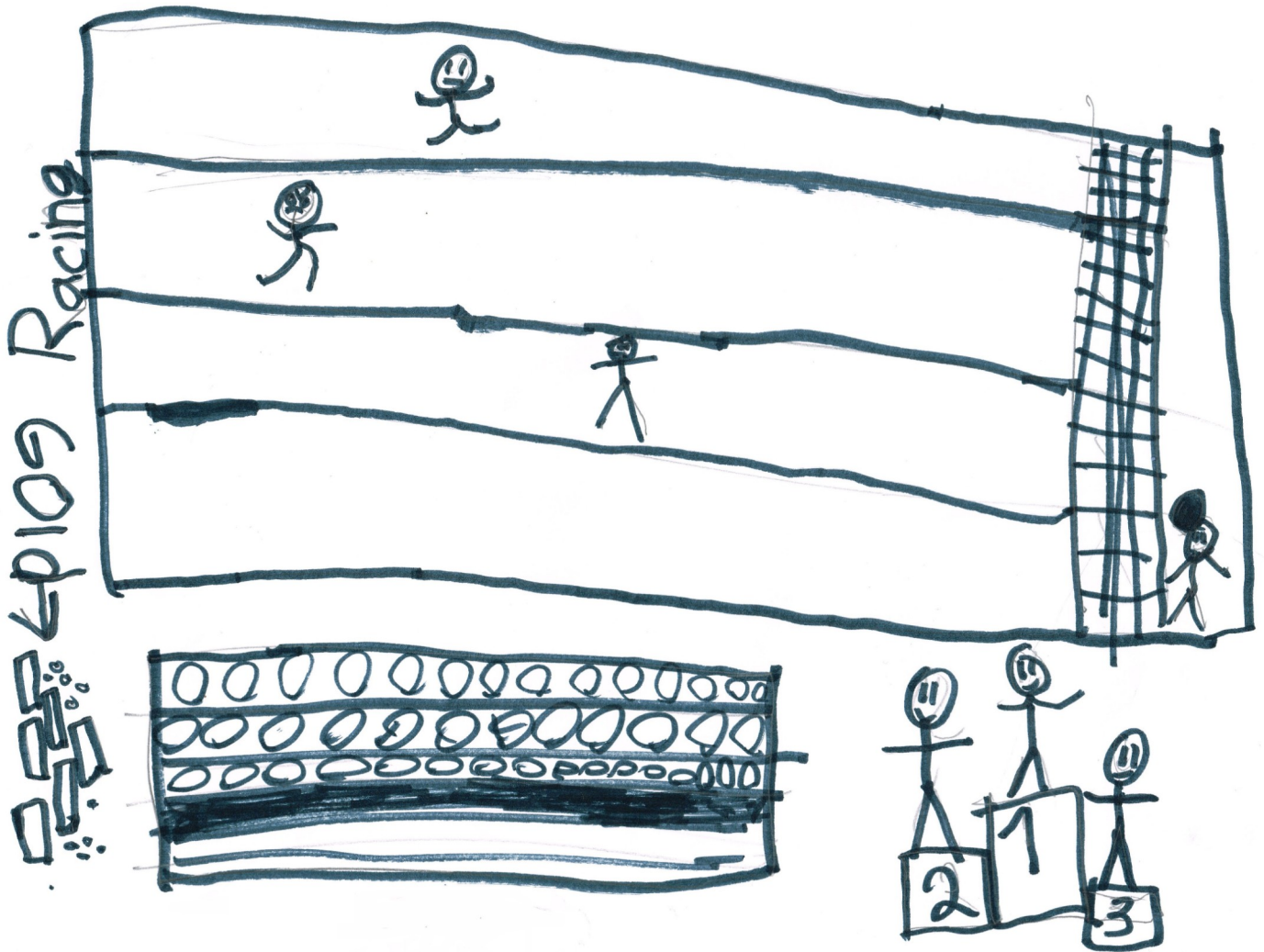
Not every
beginner
can become
a winner



When you're
last doesn't
mean you're
not running
last.

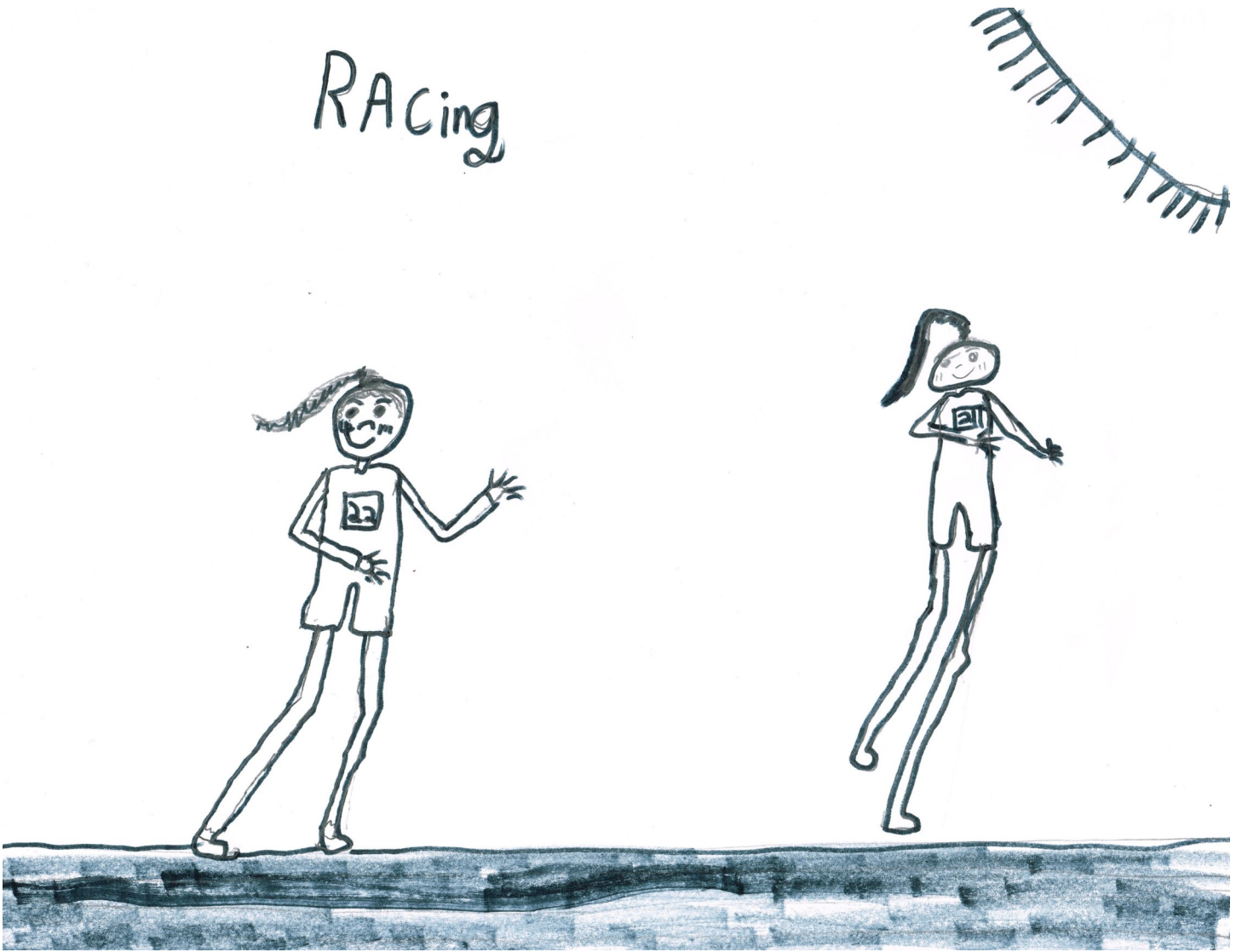


PATIENCE OVERTON — Grade 8

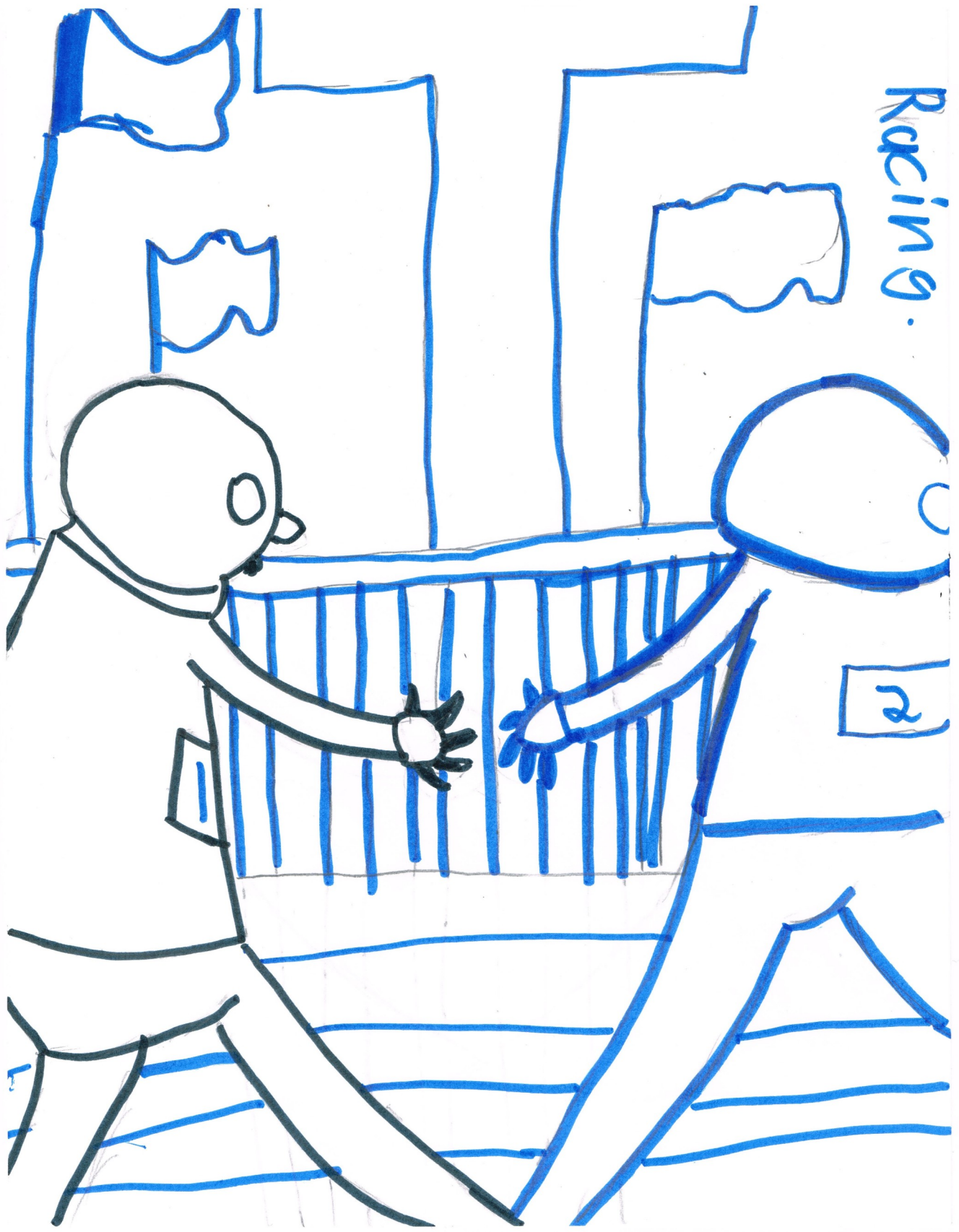


DAMIEN BELDEN — Grade 6

RACING



AMIRRAH DOMINIC — Grade 6



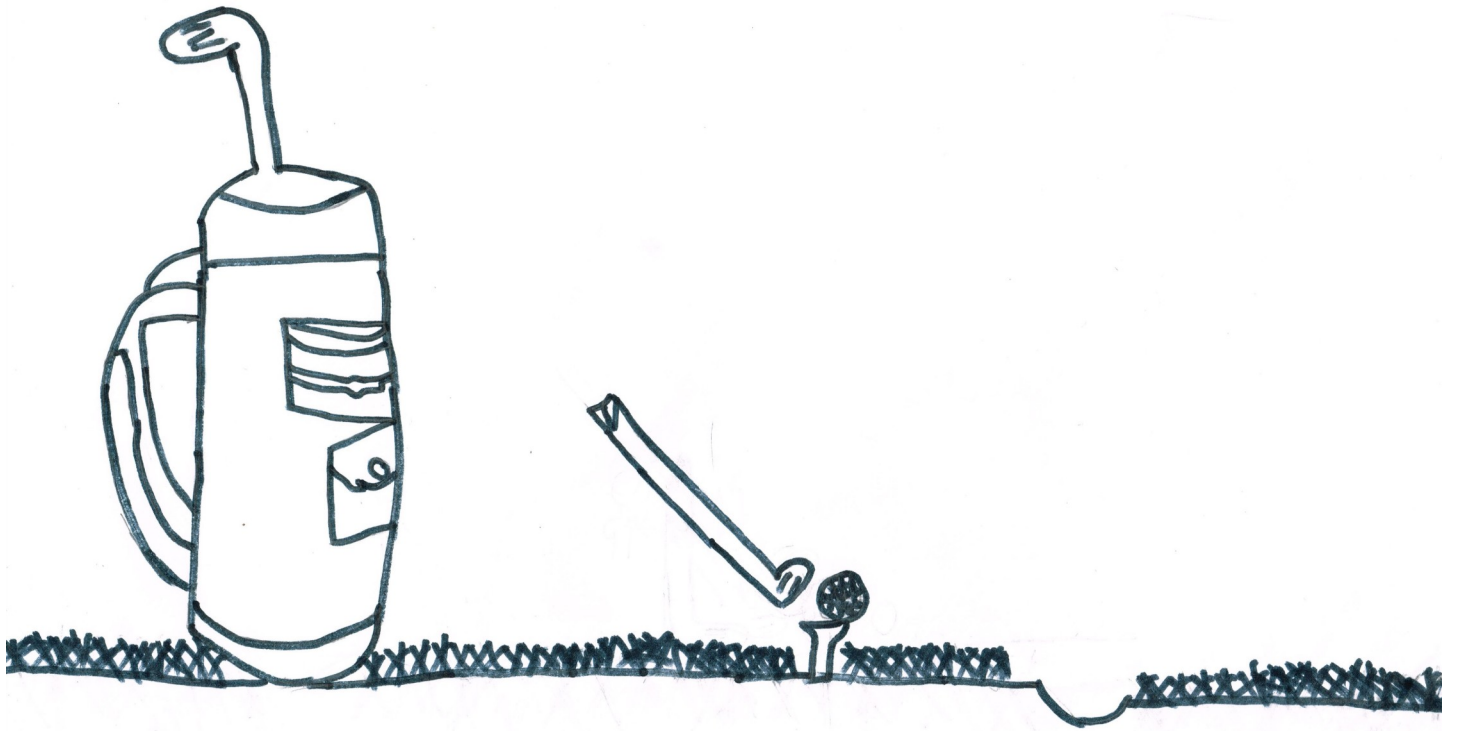
ELIJAH PENDLETON — Grade 6

PUTTER

It's the shortest club in the golf bag...
Really a runt of a pole.
But, it's the only club in the golf bag
Designed to put the ball in the hole.



TRU THORNTON — Grade 8



GABBY WILLIAMS — Grade 7

“Z”

Don't despair for the place occupied by the “Z”
It may come at the end of the list.
Cause for complaint and babble?
No, I'd have to insist
It's worth more than the “A” in Scrabble.



JADEN GRAVES — Grade 7

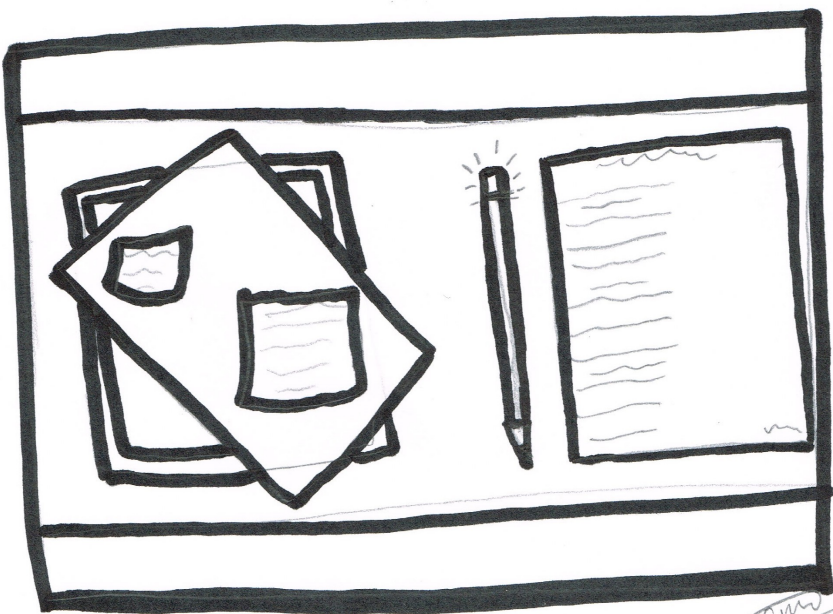
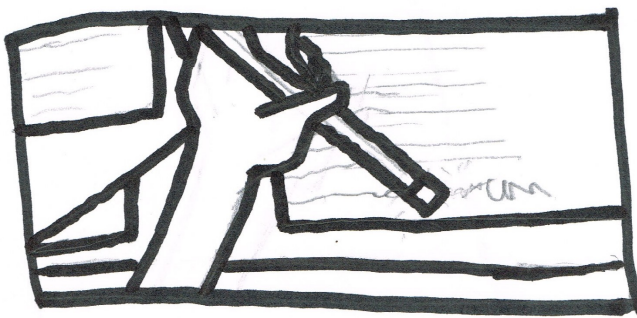
ERASER

It's the smallest part of the pencil.
An afterthought I suspected.
But, when you think more about it
If it didn't exist, how would mistakes be corrected?



TERIYAH BASS — Grade 7

ERASER



CM
2023

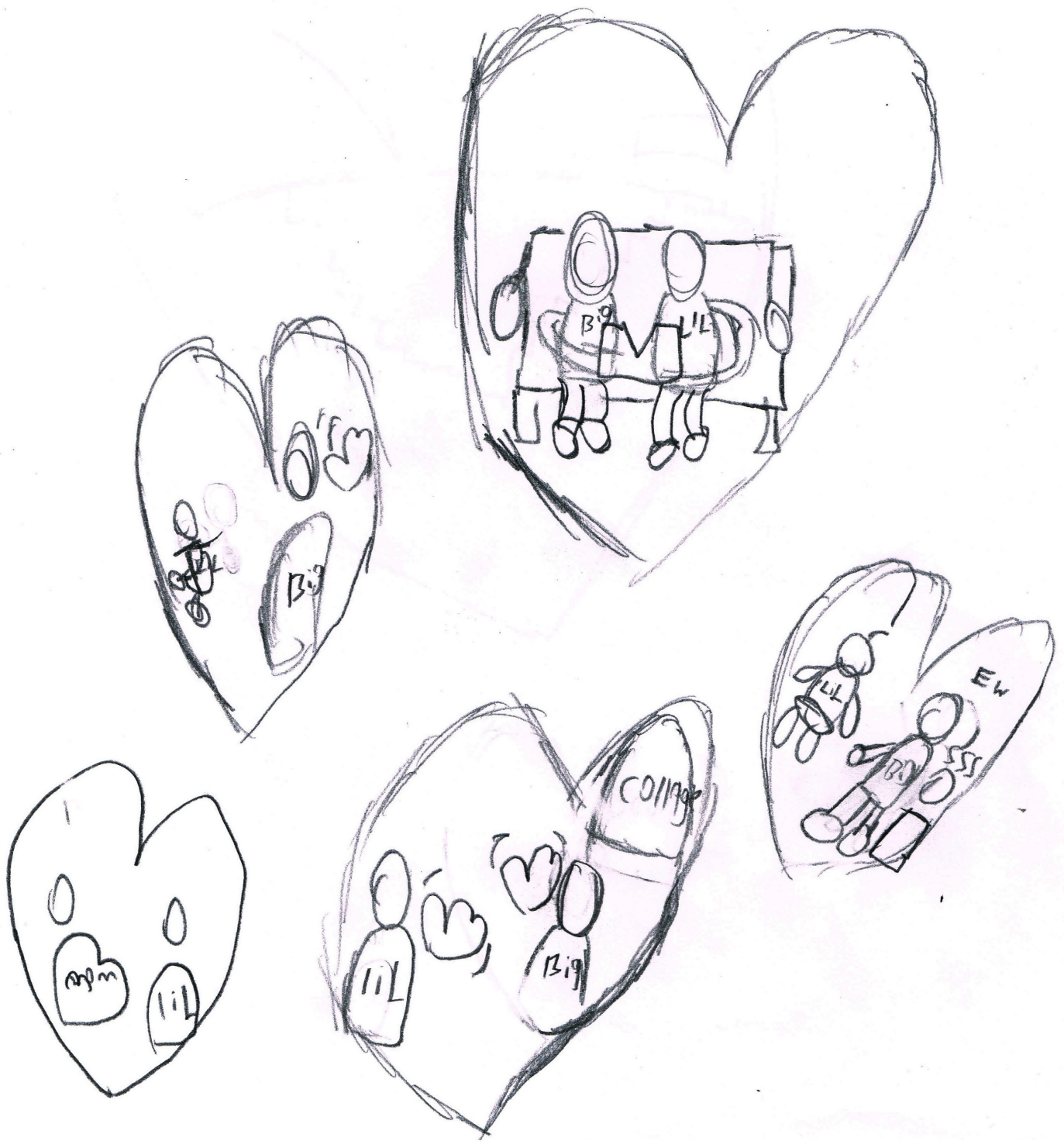
CHANEL MITCHELL — Grade 8

SIBLINGS

The last of the brood
Can be expected a mood
Relegated to hand-me-down city.
The first gets the best
The rest get the rest
And often indulge in self pity.
But remember this clearly
Parents love all equally dearly
Love flows downward top to bottom.
And although sometimes it blisters
Having older brothers and sisters
One day you'll be darn glad you got 'em.
For soon comes the day
When they'll show you the way
With suggestions, guidance, advice.
They'll run your path worn
Many obstacles shorn
See, being last can also be nice.



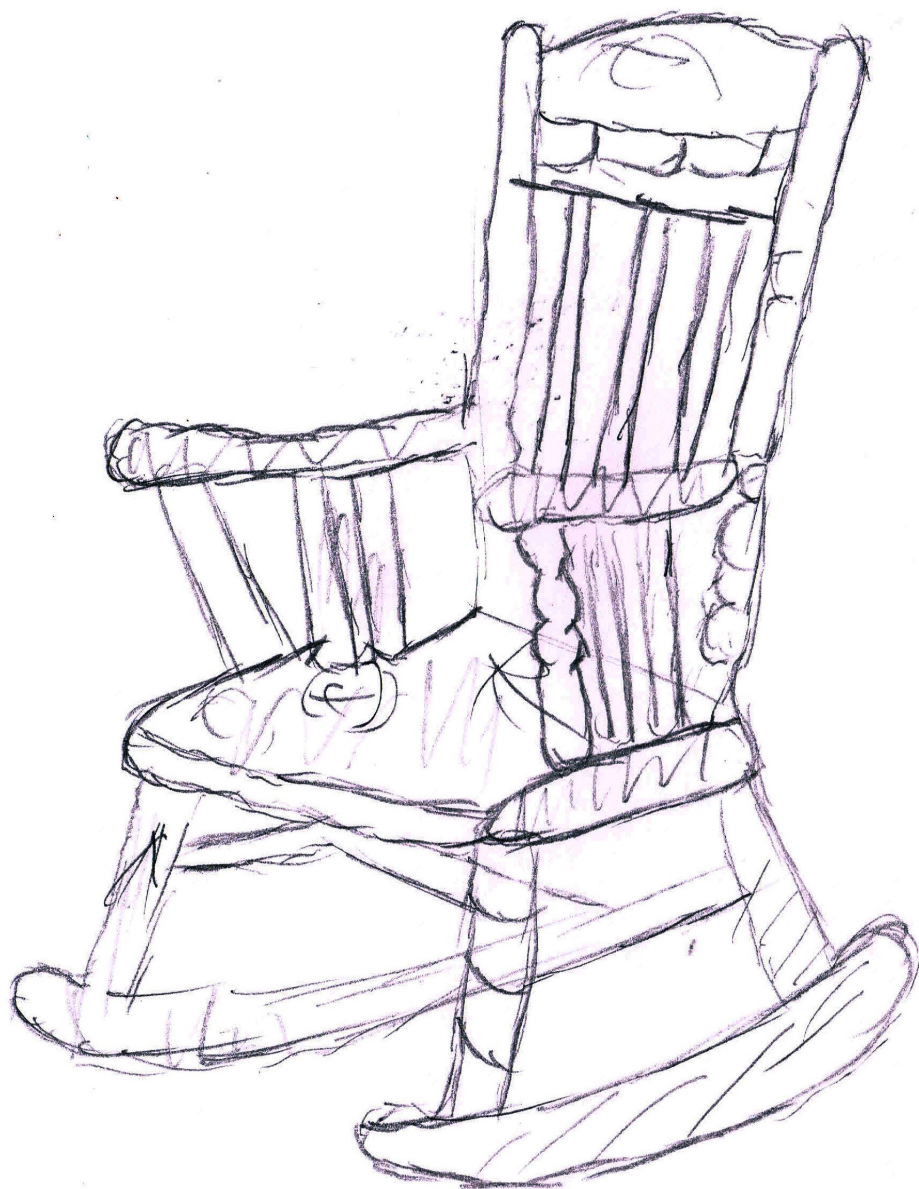
DARIA HAYZLETT — Grade 7



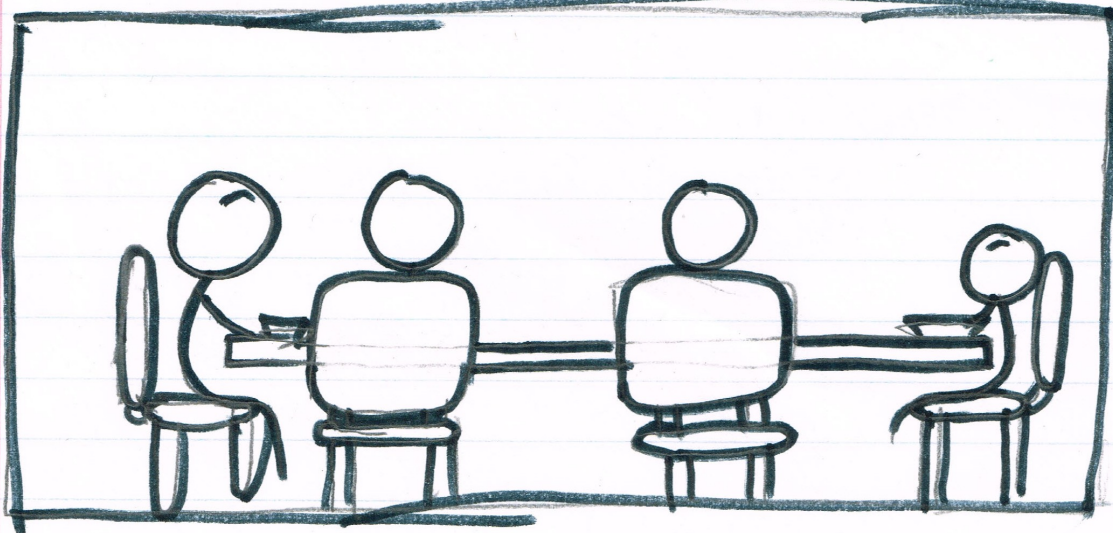
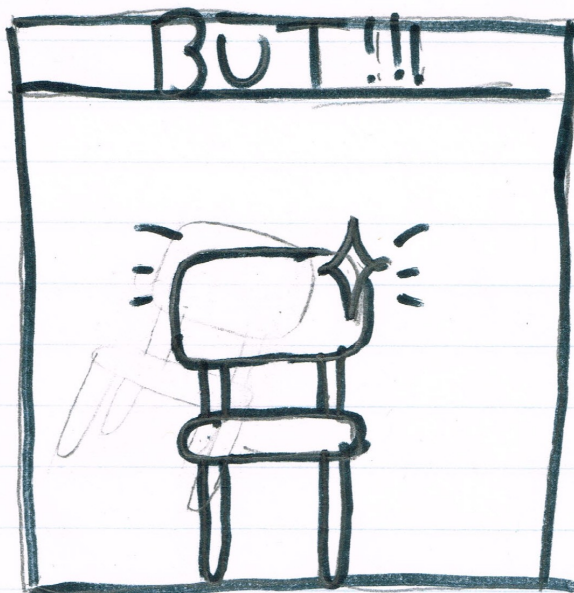
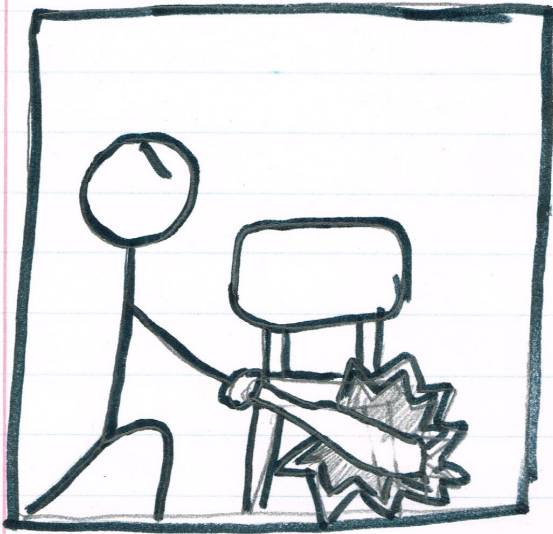
JAMIR SMITH — Grade 7

WELL WORN

The seat on a chair
Takes a lot of abuse.
But it's the shiniest part
Because of its use.



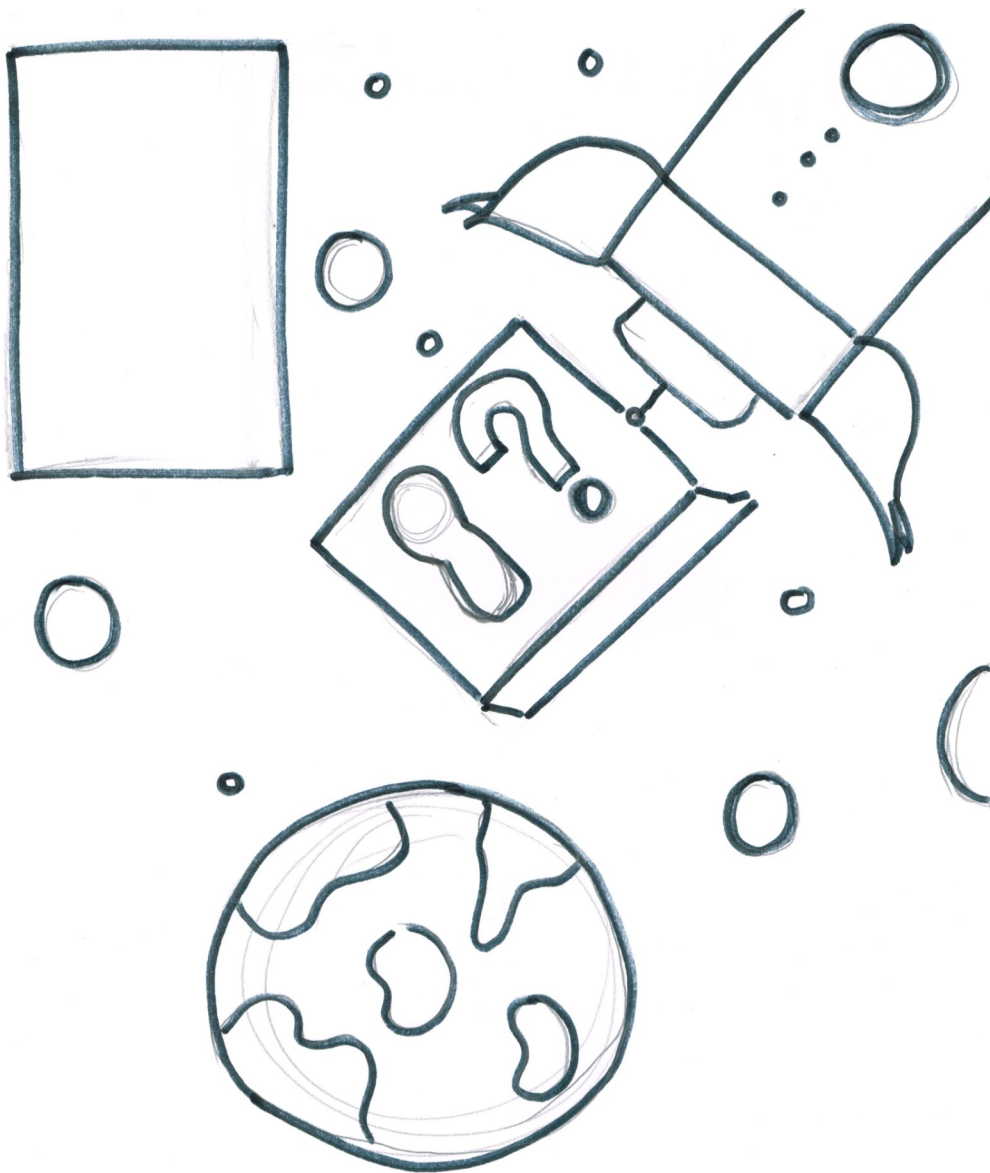
CHLOE JONES — Grade 8



CAMERON WATSON — Grade 8

THE SOLE OF A SHOE

Without the sole on a shoe
What on earth would we do?
It's keeps off the dirt
Protects us from hurt
And, often takes us to the very best places.
So, when you're tempted to doubt 'em
Think where you'd get without 'em
Especially in cinder-track races.



RIKYIAH MURPHY — GRADE 7



MACKENZIE FOSTER — Grade 7



Don Marsh served as host of St. Louis Public Radio's "St. Louis on the Air" from 2005 to 2019, bringing discussions of significant topics to listeners' ears at noon Monday through Friday. Don has been an active journalist for 58 years in print, radio and television. He has won 12 Regional Emmy Awards for writing, reporting, and producing. He is the recipient of a Lifetime Achievement Award from the National Academy of Television Arts and Sciences, was inducted into the St. Louis Media Hall of Fame in 2013, and named "Media Person of the Year" by the St. Louis Press Club in 2015. He has published three books: his most recent, "Coming of Age, Liver Spots and All: A Humorous Look at the Wonders of Getting Old," "Flash Frames: Journey of a Journeyman Journalist" and "How to be Rude (Politely)." He holds an honorary Doctor of Arts and Letters degree from the University of Missouri-St. Louis.

<https://news.stlpublicradio.org/people/don-marsh>



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