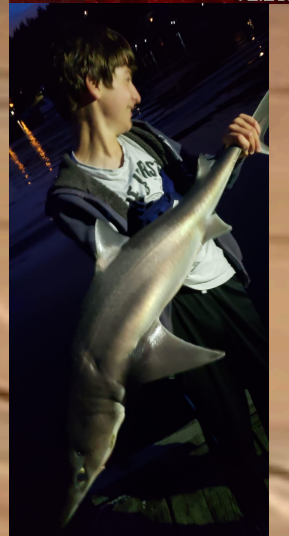
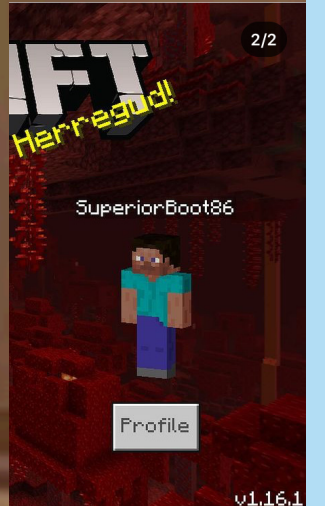
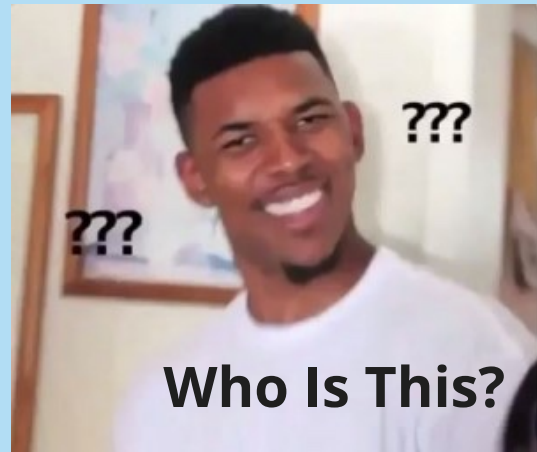


My World View Poem



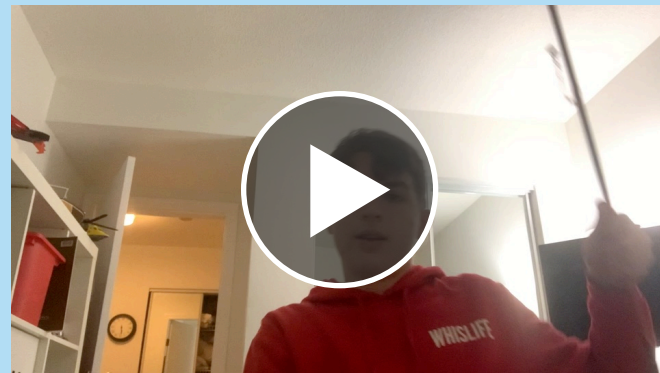
By: Luca P.C, a kid that loves fishing to much

About Me Video



Who Is This?

Explanation Video



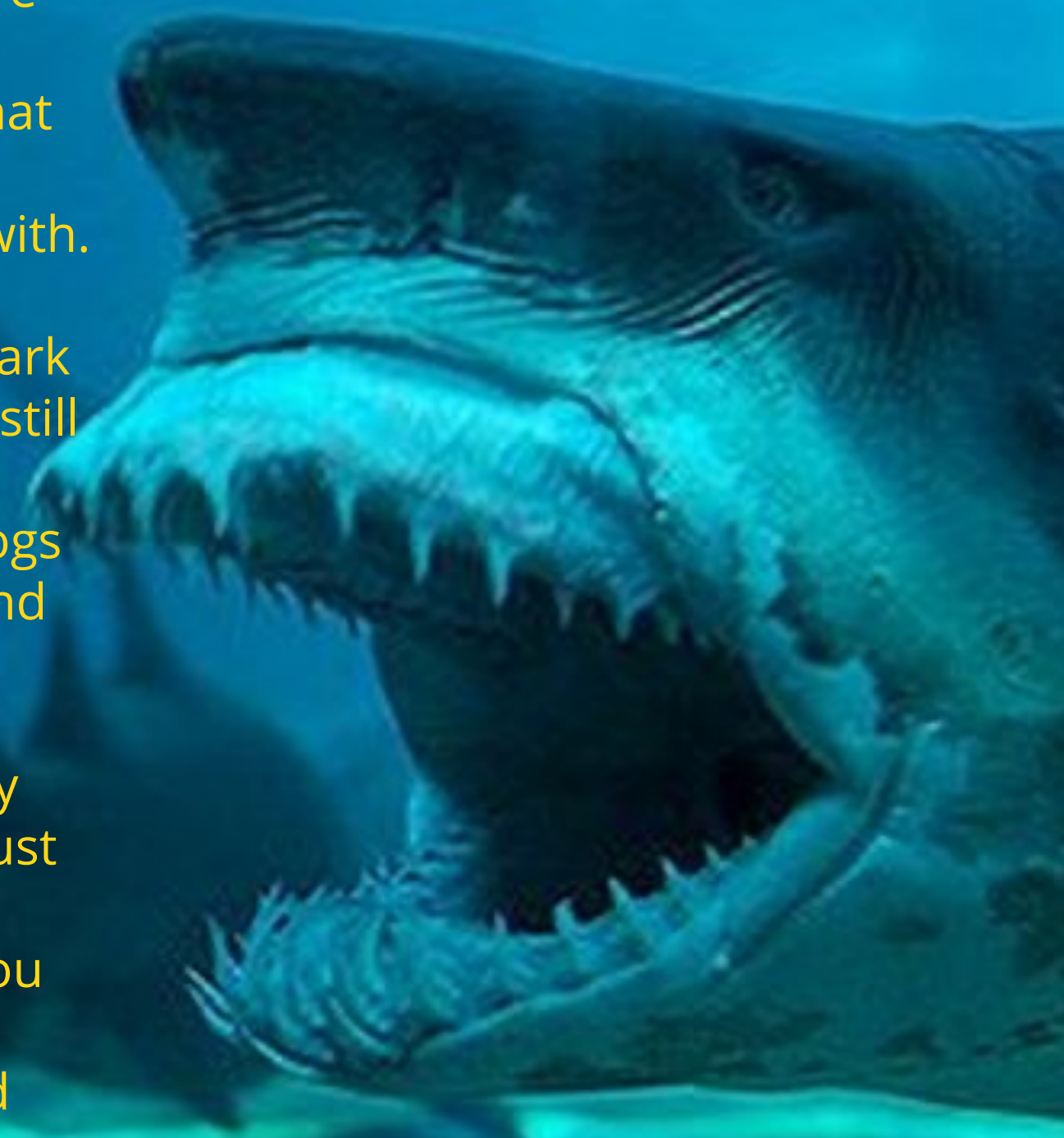
Simile Poem

Dogfish

DogFish are like pets.
They role, they're
social,
they're some what
cute,
and fun to swim with.

Yes they are a shark
Not big ones but still
a shark.
They bark like dogs
Such as foxes and
wolves.

But don't worry
If you see one, just
wave hello
and it will gift you
with
fish bones and
corpses.



**Extended Metaphor
Drive and Drive**

My life is a car
It goes really far

It needs fuel to
drive
I need food to be
alive

But when it gets
old
more mold will
grow

And just like me
and it
We have a
beginning and an
ending.

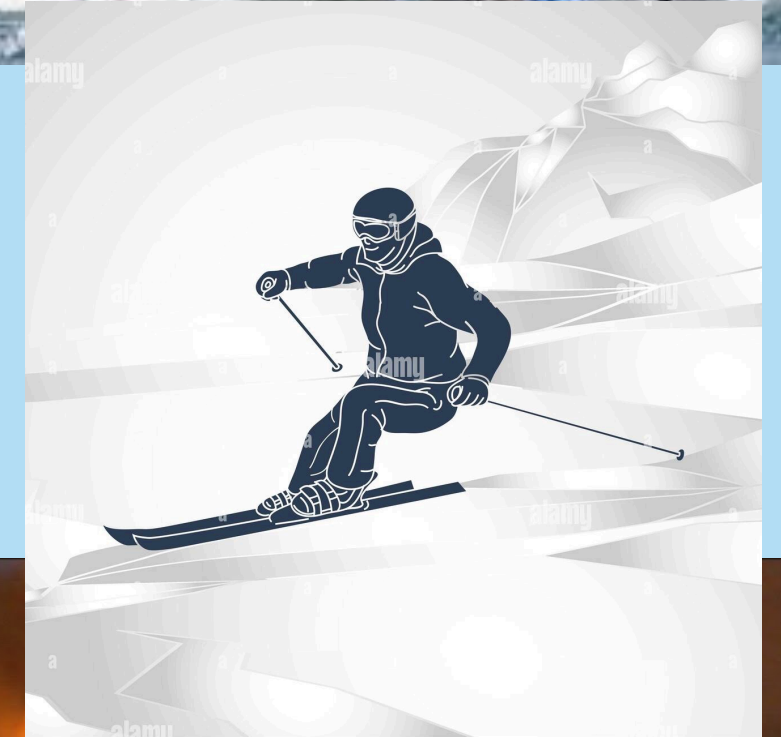


**Haiku
Things I do**

Sailing is peaceful
You ride ocean
waves for ever
with wind hitting
sail



Skiing down the
hill
Going fast and
recklessly
Dangerously fun



School, the place
to learn
Getting harder
every grade
Creating life skills



imagery

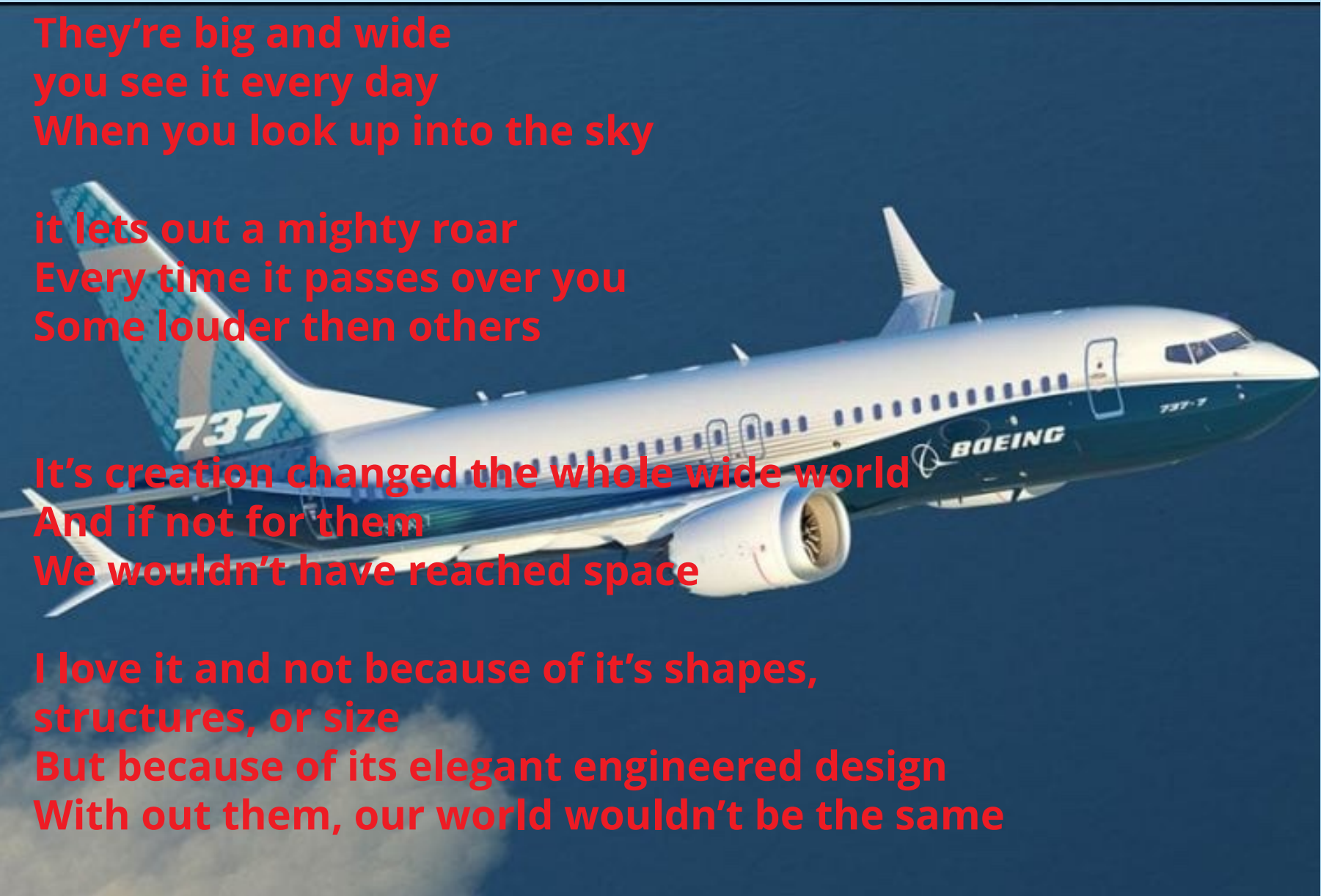
Medal Birds

They're big and wide
you see it every day
When you look up into the sky

it lets out a mighty roar
Every time it passes over you
Some louder than others

It's creation changed the whole wide world
And if not for them
We wouldn't have reached space

I love it and not because of its shapes,
structures, or size
But because of its elegant engineered design
With out them, our world wouldn't be the same



Sound Poem

The Young Man and The Sea

As a walk towards my dock,
I can hear the wood creaking with every step I take.

As I look around, I can see a seagull or two watching me with curiosity.
Finally I reach the end of my dock, putting my bucket on the ground as it makes a small low pitch banging noise.

I reach my hand inside the buck, trying to get a grip on a slimy fish right before putting it on the cutting board.

As I cut through it, I can hear every bone and muscle cracking, "crack, crunch".

Then the half cut fish makes its way to hook as blood drips from its gill's and wounds, right before being cast into its home.

I then put the rod against my medal chair, making a vibration noise, "BAAAAANNNnnnnnggg". and then sitting on it while hearing the ocean
sing a song with its

waves. "Splash, splash splash", it goes until the whispering wind goes away.

As I wait for a bite, I slowly begin to fall asleep. Day turns into dusk, and dusk turns into night. I slowly begin to think that today is not my day.

While packing up my stuff, I suddenly hear a clicking noise like some one is opening a door. Then another, and another, and it starts to get
louder and faster, and then It goes crazy.

I turn around and see the tip of my rod going up and down, and my reel rotating counter clockwise really fast.

I run towards my rod, barley catching it before it almost flies into the unknown murky depths of the sea. I fling my rod up into the sky, setting
the hook on the dogfish, a small shark. As soon is she feels the sting from the hook, she swims like there's no tomorrow.

Scared and confused of what is reeling her up to the surface and where the pain is coming from, she uses half of her strength to try and
swim away. But I fight her with all my strength, bring here closer and closer with a rhythm: "up goes the rod, down goes the rod, up goes the
rod, down goes the rod", over and over until my eyes can see her reflection in the water. When she sees the dark huge object hovering over
her, her heart pounds in fear and with all her strength, she tries to swim down but with no success.

As I bring her to the surface, her fins eventually pop out of the water and soon the entire left side of her body comes in contact with the
warm air. She runs out of energy and she doesn't try to fight me anymore, probably thinking that this is it for her journey and excepting her
fate.

I reach out for her tail and as soon as I get a grip on her, she begins thrashing around in fear, "splash". I lift her into the air and gently put her
on the dock. As she continues to thrash around, I can hear her skin rubbing against the wood like a broom, "sweep, sweep ,sweep ,sweep".

I take my pliers and sit down on the wooden dock in front of the shark's head. I grab it's nose and lift it up which opens her mouth.

As I search for the hook, I can hear her gasping for water like some is gasping for air, " GASP, WHIZ, GASP WHIZ ". She also makes a chocking
noise as she tries to throw up the hook, " HUCK, GLACK, CLCK, GLUCK".

After finding and removing the hook, I put her in the water and move her back and forth to force water to move through her gills. She moves
her tail and body very slowly signalling that she's ready to go.

I release my grip from her and she slowly swims away towards the deep darkest depths of her home. As a watch her swim away, a feeling of
joy moves through my body and a smile appears on my face. I pack my stuff and when I reach the beginning of the dock, I look back at the
sea one last time and get ready for the next day so that I may restart the adventure again.

Personification Poem

Le Worldview

Watching the Worldview walk into
the class.
Standing up tall making everyone in
the distance seem small.

Changing it's mood with every step.
Smirking a smile with every glance.

Demonstrating courage as one
would do.
As everyone stand by thinking it to

Self Portrait Poem

Who Am I?

I am a teen who loves the ocean like candy
Spending my time and seeing it's true beauty.

I am a teen who comes from a far way land
Like a soda pop that has its own brand

The sea is my home
Without it
I would feel alone
The skies are full of birds
And the biggest ones
Where the greeters

I have an interest in history
Though it's the more deadly and traumatizing kind of history

Where people would fight until,
The sun was dropped and made the earth tilt

Art is like a language that any one can learn
Though my art is about someone dying again and again

He was a trap, that trapped 5 kids
But they got what they wanted
And to heaven they went

My life is good
But there is some bad in it
Or some darkness within it

But that's who I am.
A boy who loves this world
And who cares about others

**Thank you for reading my poems
and taking your time to
understand who I am**

Bonus Poem

Sent By: Clair.J in 2020



**his name is crab
he live in sea**

**he celebrate
and wave to me**

**and when he raise
his mighty claw**

**he wear a hat
and say yee haw**

