

99 WRITING

# Our School

by Ms. Lowe's Fourth  
Grade Class at Roberto  
Clemente Learning  
Academy in Detroit,  
Michigan.

**TYPE**  
**POETRY**

Grass tastes like a vegetable my mom makes me eat

White bike tire stuck in a tree

When we throw red and yellow leaves it's like  
raining,

they like to float like a paper airplane

A hollow metal pole, ten times taller than Ryan,  
looks like it will timber to one side and fall on  
someone's brand new car

A rumbling train that could wake a sleepy teenage  
brother

The fence looks like it has a butt

Chips Ahoy! cookies wrapper crumbs, blue and gray  
inside,

sounds like crunch, crunch, wishes in the wind

There is a striped shirt, blue stripes- next to the fence  
and a monster energy can –

The M is green, and a shaver in the grass

A row of houses that looks like a unit of army soldiers