



## Ode to Everyday Things

A collection of poetry  
written by GGH Boys  
as school assignments



# Ode to Pencil

Hello Mr. Pencil. How are you with your yellow painted wood and soft rounded lead?  
I'm going to use you today. I'm not going to bite you, so don't be afraid.  
You're going to help me get an A on a test.

Your lead just might break but that's okay, I will go to the sharpener and sharpen you  
there so you'll have lead again.

You will draw in art class, write in some others, and will doodle when we're bored.  
I'll tap to the rhythm as the clock ticks away the last seconds of school.  
I won't have to use you again... until tomorrow that is.

Brad, Grade 9

# Ode To Keyboarding

Technology rings in my ears when I see the surface  
of a lovely black keyboard. You are a beautiful singer.  
Your clicking rhythm is so addictive. I have to fight  
myself just to leave. "Click, click, tap, tap,"  
We have the best conversations.

Josh, Grade 11

# Ode to ART CLASS

Art hit me  
It hit me so fast  
The colors, the shapes  
How much I hate to brag  
But art is life  
And life is a lot  
Wonderful art  
You take my mind  
Up out this world  
I can be mad, sad, or depressed  
But with all your colors  
You make me feel better  
I can express  
Myself in any kind of way

Quincy, Grade 10

# Ode to Baseball

Baseball is an excellent sport.  
You want to win the game.  
First you have to put your gear on,  
And next, say a little prayer.  
You show sportsmanship and teamwork.  
You get on the field  
And the palms of your hands begin to get sweaty,  
And your knees begin to shake,  
And you hear a smack  
It is the ball.  
And then you hear  
Your teammates,  
Calling your name.  
You look up,  
And you see,  
The ball,  
It is flying straight towards you.  
You panic,  
Your teammates are yelling,  
Catch the ball.  
So you put your glove up,  
And the ball falls right in.  
Your teammates are saying,  
Throw the ball to home,  
The person on third  
Is running towards home.  
Just before he gets there,  
The ball falls right  
Into the glove of the home baseman.  
Three outs.  
It is the ninth inning,  
It is the winning hit.  
The bases are filled,  
Your team has two outs  
Your score is 17,  
The other teams score is 20,  
You get ready for the ball,  
The pitcher throws the ball  
You hit  
It is an  
OUT OF THE PARK.

Jalone, Grade 9

## Ode to a book

Oh book...  
How I used to despise you.  
I used to hate to read.  
I used to hate writing reports.  
I used to hate reading in front of the class.  
I just wanted to throw you in the rain.

But now...  
I love you.  
I love getting lost in jungles,  
Going on safaris,  
And even climbing Mt. Everest,

But...  
I still hate reading in front of the class.

Marshaun, Grade 10

## Ode to a play

Doc. Seuss  
You are wacky and  
You make kids O'  
So happy,  
We did role play after role play  
Till we role played out

When we did the play  
I was scared but happy  
And when I was done  
I was happier and happier  
We left the crowd happy  
And with smiles on their faces.  
Then I took my bow  
With all my grace

Brandon, Grade 9