BUTTERFLIES



Butterflies
In all shapes and sizes—
Catching them as a kid
Is one of the best prizes.
They flap their wings
At the speed of light.
Blue, Red, Purple,
Green,
Or white
Any color to your delight.
Flying around in the sun
During Daylight.

Aaron T.

Grade 7





Among the grass is where I come

To walk and skip and jump and hum

An invisible hand has pushed the icy season along

And the haze of winter has been lifted

First comes the breeze, brisk and bitter

Splaying seeds across the fields like glitter

Water from the heavens feed the seeds below

They blossom and bloom and flourish and grow

Around this time flowers break free of their armor

And in doing so, show their true colors

The birds can now commence their song

They have been gone for far too long

Yes, Springtime has come

All around the air whispers of possibility

It is a season of new life, I am told

And the sight of the blossoming buds never gets old

BLOOM





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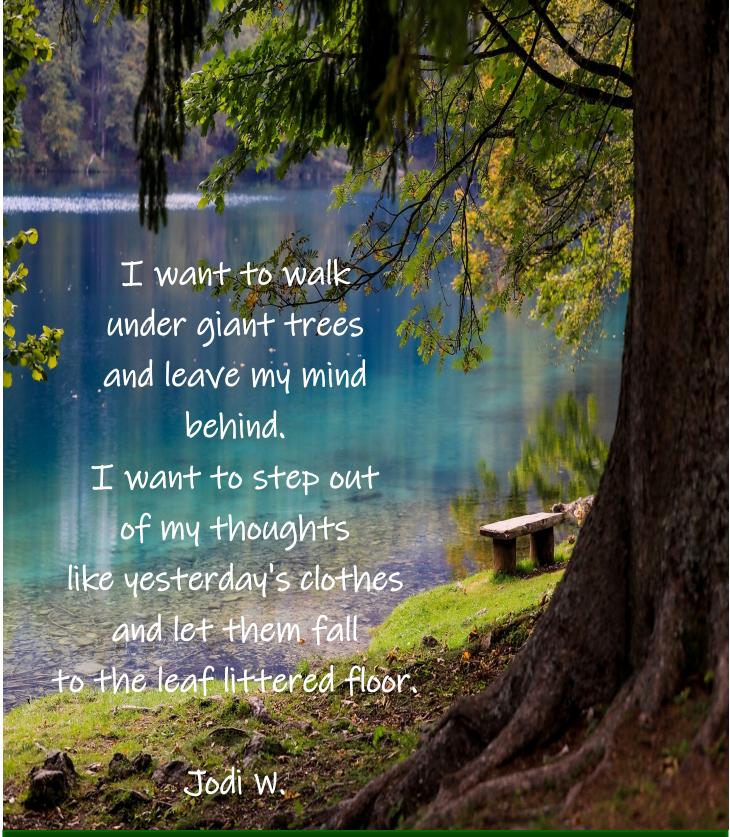
WASHINGTON LAKE PARK

Surrounding beauty
Natural peace offering
Centering your soul



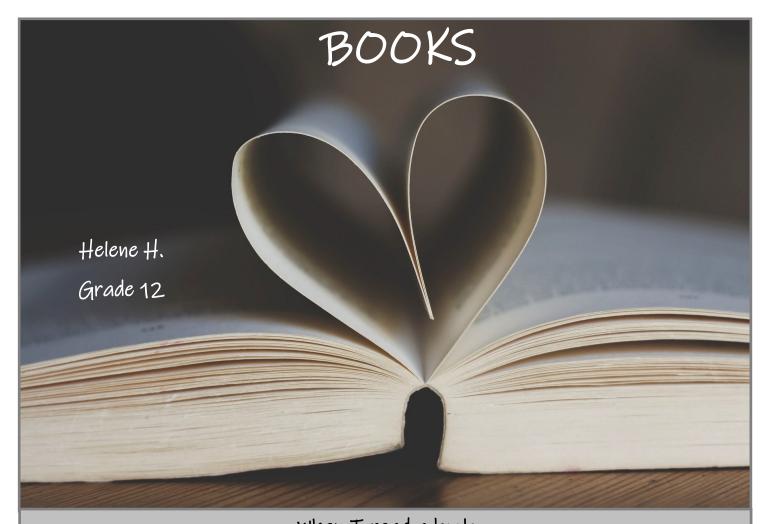










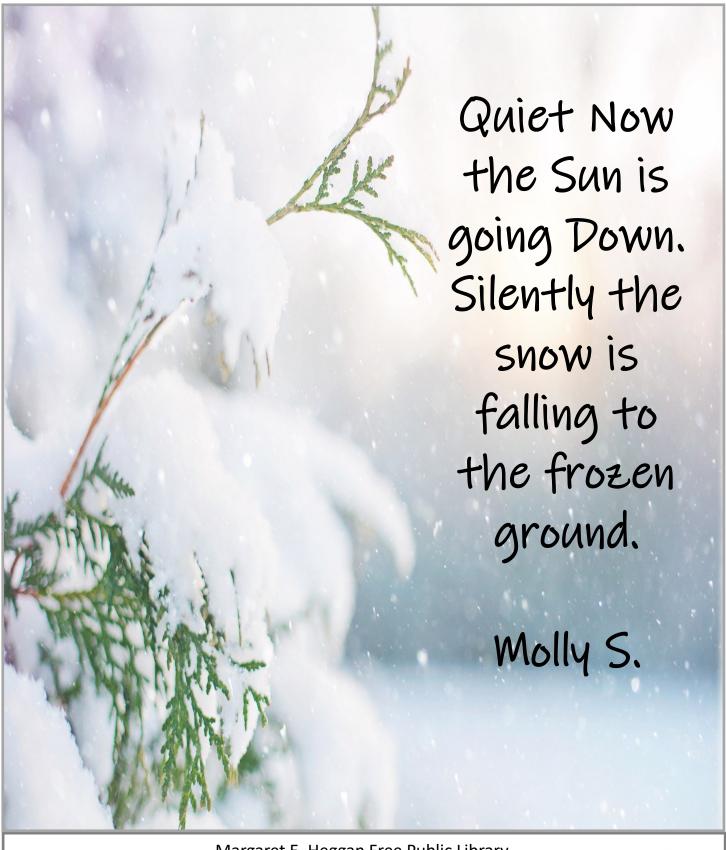


When I read a book
in my private little nook,
I travel far and wide
as inventor, archer, bride.

Each one presents a brand-new world
that I explore with my body curled
around a story vivid and rich
whose plot goes on without a hitch.









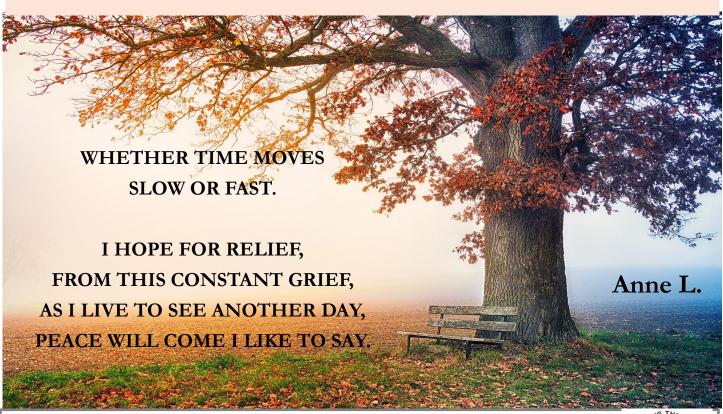




MY HEART IS BROKEN, FOR WORDS NEVER SPOKEN I GO THROUGH DAY AND NIGHT WISHING FOR ONE MORE SIGHT.

TRY TO REMEMBER THINGS AS THEY ARE
THE MEMORIES FADE WHICH CAN BE HARD
FOCUS ON WHAT IS GOOD AND KIND
IS A MATTER OF CONTROL OF YOUR MIND.

PEOPLE SAY LIFE IS SUCH A MESS,
WITH MUCH SADNESS AND STRESS,
WE HAVE TO REMEMBER THAT THESE TIMES
WILL PASS,







The Sweet Sound

You bring music to my ears everyday
My Fingers Glide across the black and white,
You bring me joy when I've no words to say
Something about you always seems just right.

I walk across the stage at time or two
I'm greeted by a gorgeous baby grand,
I press my fingers gently onto you
And suddenly a crowd begins to stand.
I walk away from you and say goodbye
But just for not because when I go home,
I'll go inside and see you through my eyes
And know that I can call you all my own.
You're my best friend and you will always be,
The piano forever stays with me.









Please enjoy these poems by Washington Township poets, in celebration of National Poetry Month.



