

**Kelly Dudeck's Class Como
Elementary
Individual poems**

Como Woodland

By ZemZem

On Friday morning I walked
Through the bridge. I remember
That when I smell the flowers but
I don't know what kind of flowers
Is. Yellow. Blue. Red. The leaves
Falling down from the trees.
Some trees are different. Some are
Soft and some are very strong.

As we went through the bridge
I saw many things. I saw
A thousand of piles of
Leaves on the ground. Many years
Ago some different animals lived
There like deer, birds, squirrels,
Bear, many different animals

Como Woodlands

By Sumaia

I looked high at the bright blue sky,
thoughts
Came rushing to me like the river racing
to the
Sea. I closed my eyes and felt the cool
fresh breeze
On my skin. I sat on the dirty smelly
ground.
I heard the trees cry softly as the salty air
Rustled the leaves

The cold wind whipped my scarf in my
face. The air
Cut through my cheeks. I looked at the
bare trees,
Their branches creaked and groaned as it
was bent.
Brown dust covered almost everything. I
lifted

My head to the sky and let the wind take
me
Away as I breathed the breeze.

Como Woodlands

By Curtis

As I walked through the
Bridge, I saw a thousand piles
Of leaves on the dirty, dark ground.
As I sat down in the dried up
Cascades, the leaves stirred in the
Cool, October wind.

As we walked to the broken
Up fireplace I started to
Feel warmth with the they had for it.

I was swifting down the rocky path
Like a crab crawling on sand.
We passed the shimmering lake. Like a
Bird flying over a pond. As I walked
Through the trees, the wind tickled me on
My back.

We walked on the colorful leaves,
All of the colors were bright. There was
Red orange yellow and brown. Then I
Sat down on the bricky stone and learned
About a tree that has a
Heart that pounds like me

Oh no the field trip was over, it was
Time for us to leave.

By Tyanna McKinney

The wind whistled through the trees
To my face, like birds flying through the
Wind.

We walked down the lonely path. Like a
buried thing. Bright sun shimmered in
Our eyes, like we were going blind.

Leaves jumped off the old tree, like it's
abandoning it. A tree stood tall like a big
Statue. Walked to an amazing field.

Friends wondered with their food.
After we ate our delicious food. We ate
like a hungry snace eating a rat.

Walked through the crab grass to
Our wonderful school. It was like we
Taking a journey to a special place.

By Litha Pos

The Como Lake Field Trip

By Maeve Medevitt?

On a beautiful, sunny day
My favorite part of the
Field trip was play with something

That was green that stuck to my
Skin and to my clothes it was spiky
And fuzzy too.

It was the bur that came from
The burdock plant that I took
Home from the field trip it
Is special to me. Because I will
Never forget that fun day walking
At the Como Lake Park.

P. S. It was the best day ever.

Como Woodland

By Xue Pheng

I was cold when we
Were walking tree by tree
And the sun hit my skin.
It felt cool and warm,
It was a good warm
Day.

Walking in Como Woodland

By Houa Yang

I walking through the warm
Amazing nature, as I walk I saw
The sad leaf fall down to the
Ground, as my nose smell the fresh air,
I felt like I was in a wonderland.

Como Woodland

By Jewels Gonzales

On Friday morning walking through
The cold chilly air cold as snow and
Freezing.

Walking still when we get there
It feels a lot more warmer and better
Looking at all the trees with some
Leaves and some trees bald it
Looks amazing.

Got to where we had to go
Some sit some stand we make
The sound of the tree and
Getting up you hear the leaves
Crunch on the floor like you
Are stepping on chips that fell on
The ground as you walk to
Go sit down again.
Sitting there looking at the
Fireplace it makes you feel warmer
Like the sun beaming on you.
Looking where the beautiful
Pond was it makes you feel emotional
Like it's your home that invites you in.
Walking and walking

And looking at the beautiful
Trees thinking thank you for
Keeping me alive because of
You I could breath and have
Paper to write on just
Like right now and one thing
Thank you for the
Amazing breeze you bring me.
Thank you trees for
Keeping me alive and for
Bringing me paper "We Love You
Trees!"

Como Woodland

By Myshue Chang

Sad trees thinking that
They would die
Some day.
I was there feeling
That they will cheer
Up, and will not
Die from the
Deadly parking lot.
Why would they
ever build a big
parking lot.

Birds building their
New nests and homes on
Trees hoping that some day
Their home will get destroyed from
People. Turning into a parking lot for
A swimming place that is not so important
to
Them. All they need is their shelter
To live. Sometimes they
Even think we should
Live without trees, and no places
To have eggs.

Sad animals are
Dying from cars running over them
Because their shelter is
Being destroyed by humans so
They must move on to the
Other side of the
Road so they
Decide to go.
So please save their shelter.

Bugs use trees for shelters.
Caterpillars eat leaves to grow.
Bees build their hives to make more
Honey and have their babies.

The trees even help with the air,
No trees then no air it will smell bad
And we could die as all other animals
Too.

No we will not let you
Destroy the Como Woodland
Where would the
Animals go, you wanted to kill all other
Animals that live on trees and in trees.
What would you do if
You were them. Will you destroy
The woodlands or not.

Please don't destroy the
Woodlands.
Birds, bugs and animals
Are living in
The Como Woodlands.
Nowhere to go.

Como Woodland

By Xang Chang

I see trees, oak trees, pine trees, maple
trees.
The trees are sad and shy of us. They
Wave as the chilly wind blew their brown
Dead leaves. I see no cascades, no
animals, no
fireplace. I can't see birds migrating from this
place. As I walked to the cascades I saw
thousands
of dead leaves laying dead in the dirty
ground.

As the leaves ? feeling as
If windows shattering. The trees
Moving side to side as the
Breeze shivered us. Looking
At only memories of the
Past can we make what
Once was. My stomach burning
With hunger. Trying not
Think about it until lunch
Now everything on football
My mind, heart, soul
Telling myself we're

Gonna win
By Efreem Tesfatsion

Como Woodlands
By Mary Her

I shiver as we walk at the Como
Woodlands.

There was a lot of leaves lying on the
ground, yellow, red, orange and green but
I can't tell what kind are they. As I walk
on them they crunch and crack they were
dry but not all of them. The fresh cool
wind surrounded me, like an electric fan
blowing around.

There it was, an old memorial camp
fireplace disappearing like you start
losing someone special, it was still there
in the early life, so long until now the
future. Wow look! This path leads to the
cascades. This one place that we saw was
beautiful in the 1930s, there was a well
that brought water but all of a sudden it
just felt like a blink, now everything was
gone, removed probably be built soon
again. How wonderful this field trip was
we played with these pokey and sticky
things I really don't know the name but
it's a shape of a cylinder and it's from a
plant but I don't really know the name too.
Now we get comfortable and rest. Yay!
How fun.

Como Woodlands
By Tommy Xiong

I stepped on leaves as they crunched, I see
Old trees like pine trees. As the wind
raced

The water over and over again, as the
birds

Sing on the trees. I see lots of flowers,
Colored red, yellow, purple, as the leaves
Changed color to color like red, yellow,
green.

The trees waved at us as they are
Shy. They waved as the leaves fell from
Trees. I see hundreds and hundreds of
Leaves on the dark, black ground on the
Grass.

Como Woodlands
By Paul Vang

As I am walking with my friends my two
shoes are getting orange from the leaves
leaking its color. As long as I am with
my friends I will be free as the sun lets
out its bright light. While I am walking,
my hands are getting colder and colder by
the minute.

There was once a river here with different
kinds of flowers and animals, but as the
time passed on an invasion of a different
kinds of plant took over the beautiful river,
plant and the woods that was with it, too.

Como Woodland
By Pa Der Xiong

On a Friday morning, walking to the
woods as I walked I was shivering. As I
walked the colorful leaves fall down as
the wind blew. Through me. As I
stepped the grass it is so wet but no
wonder how come my shoes color
orange? How come it color orange?

When I turned back there a bunch of tree
waving back. As it shine back me. All
the birds were chirping and the squirrels
ran up to the tree looking at us wondering
why we're here.

All the tree leaves changed to a colorful
leaves almost of all the tree don't have
leaves. When I smelled the air it smelled
like wet, refresh woods. It was a kind of
relaxing place.

Since winter is coming soon all the trees changed a lot. Some bush died we need to clean and pull out some stuff that is not supposed to be there.

When we sat we ate our lunch on the grass. When we started to eat there the sun shine to us I felt very warm as I ate my sandwich talking to my other friends laughing.

After lunch we played tag. We ran around chasing each other. The sky was all blue. The boys were playing football tackling on the grass.

The grass were color green. The grass we sat there are a big field out there. There a lot of place that you can go. But mostly there green everywhere.

When we went back to school as I walked by the water the wind blew the water were doing wave and the duck were swimming. The turtle were beside by the water.

It was a wonderful day.

Como Woodlands

By Janessa Hamilton

As I entered

The beginning of the woodlands,
I can hear the leaves
Rustling under my shoes.
The wind singing making
The trees dancing, waving their arms.
I can see the leaves falling from
Above, tripping over and
Laying on the ground and singing
Songs as the sun through the
Trees beam on them.
The trees smiling the
Grass soaking up the sun,
Enjoying their lifetime before they're

Covered by a light cold pillow of snow.

Woodlands

By Kaylee Kue

In the fall day in the cool weather
Walking in the green, red, orange and
yellow leaves
Listening to the birds singing
And the crickets chirping
I look up and see the bright ocean blue
sky
I see the birds flying in the sky
And the old oak tree with leaves falling
on to the
Brown muddy grass.
I hear the leaves crunching under my feet
While I walk on the bridge
I see beautiful cherry blossoms
On the tree tops
I feel a cool breeze in the air
Seeing snowflakes fall

When I was walking through Como Lake in the morning feel tired and I just want to go to sleep. When I walk I feel the wind in my face like I was riding on my bike in the morning. When I walk through the grass there were leaves all over the place and when I walk through the grass the bottom of my shoes turn orange like the color of leaves. When we walk through the grass there was trees around us and there was a tree that have little apples or cherries. I don't know what is it but it look like little apples and they're hard.

By Kong Meng Her