

## Four-Metaphor Poems from four fifth-grade poets:

### Greatness

a four-metaphor poem by Noah

Greatness is like a mountain.  
It's hard to climb up, easy to slide down.  
You have to come down.  
Most people never reach the top.

Greatness is like an ocean.  
So wide, so deep,  
It goes on forever.  
You'll always float sometime.

Greatness is like sand.  
It is made of tiny pieces,  
So easy to wash away.  
You won't travel very far to find it.

Greatness is life.  
Old and powerful,  
It might not last long.  
It must end.

### Happiness

a four-metaphor poem by Ben

Happiness is a book,  
Changing on every page,  
Sometimes you'll get a milkshake; sometimes you'll get spinach,  
Like an ocean wave, going up and down.

Happiness is a ship,  
Sailing on an ocean,  
Like notes in a song, up and down,  
A work of art.

Happiness is a milkshake,  
Cold and tasty,  
Quite a treat,  
Until you get a brain freeze.

Happiness is a piece of chocolate,  
Sweet and tasty,  
Melts in your mouth,  
But doesn't last forever.



### Laughter

a four-metaphor poem by Sydney

Laughter is a tune, making its own life as time goes on,  
Eating away at every bad memory flowing through your mind,  
And always sneaking up on you from behind.

Laughter is a star. It will twinkle when you least expect it.  
It will make you happy when you fret.  
Even when you think it's not there, it still flows through the air.

Laughter is a great tree. It grows on you,  
And, yes, it will get you through life.  
It will bring you closer to yourself, and until you need it, it shall sit upon a shelf.

Laughter is a bird. It soars solo, and then lands where it wishes.  
You will never know how long it will stay  
until you watch it fly away.



### Memories

a four-metaphor poem by James

Memories are glass  
They reflect past events  
They burn with the sun  
But with them we see ourselves.

Memories are an open box  
Peer inside them if you wish  
But some refuse and shut them close  
What happens next is something you do not wish.

Memories are an ocean  
Events are rivers entering the sea  
Expanding with time and space  
For the fish of me.

Memories are a giant mountain  
When we forget, we experience an avalanche  
We climb on for eternity  
As the frost of time expands.

