

My Name

My name is Rafael. It's a Spanish name. My parents named me after a guardian angel. I enjoy my name because it shows my catholic belief in God and also because it's cool. If my name was a number then I think it would be a six because my name has six letters and to me the number six is an important number. If my name was a color then it would probably be a yellowish shade. It's because my name is kind of a bright and flashy name. I also enjoy my name because the famous tennis player Raphael Nadal also has my name but just different spelling. I don't think that I would want to change my name because to me my name is special and very important.

By Rafael

Red Wheelbarrow Poem My Style: Water Bottle

My water bottle is
important.

It's vital to my school
survival.

If I don't have
it.

I'm dead.

By Rafael

This Is Just To Say Poem

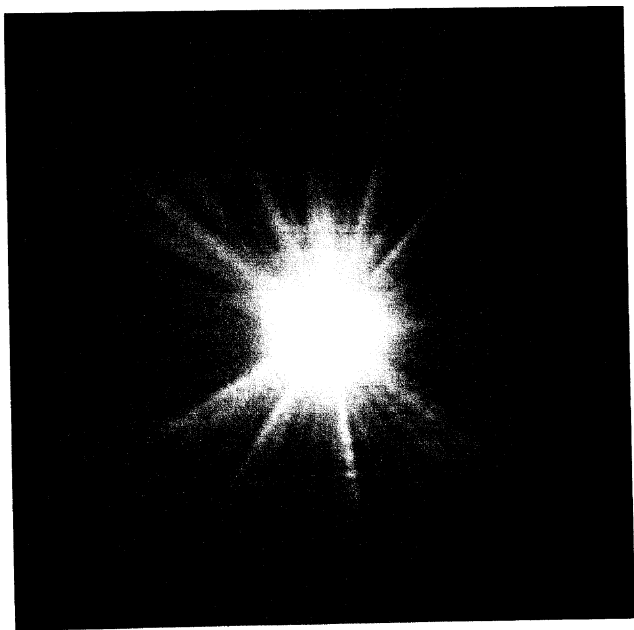
This is just to say
that I am sorry that I took ten
dollars from your wallet
But I bought an
Ice cream cone
And it tasted good
I didn't know that it was your
Lunch money
I will try to get a refund but
I doubt it.

By Rafael

Sunshine Haiku

Spreading warmth and light
Bringing happiness and hope
Filling me with joy

By Rafael



Plant Haiku

Green leaves out, stem straight
Drifting slowly in the wind
Sun beaming on him

By Rafael



The giver of life, nature's
our air source, our
Tree
by
Rafael
so soft and gentle, the tree
with
wonderful
beauty



Animal Poem

Mr. Elephant how did you get so strong?
I was world animal heavyweight boxing champion.
Mr. Elephant how did your nose get so long?
I went through surgery when I was young.
How do you take care of your kids with your tusks?
With my trunk.
How did you get such rough skin?
I never used my skin cream.

By Rafael



Ekphrastic Poetry: The Time Piece by Salvador Dali

Slowly melting, on the ground
Still ticking, Still tocking
Only making a faint sound
Like a monkey hanging from a tree
Like a snail shuffling on the earth

By Rafael

Mom Sonnet

Shall I compare thee to a chocolate
Your beauty shall never dim but will shine
You are barely early picking me up
Everyday you will lovingly help me
I can always trust you no matter what
Even death cannot take away your features
You give me warmth and shelter like a hut
You are fiercer than the jungle creatures
Your sweetness is so indescribable
Your smile is so bright it can wake the dead
You are always helpful, never hurtful
You are like the perfect sandwich, very well spread
Your kindness has given me so much joy
Thank you mom for letting me be your boy

By Rafael

The Life Of A Soccer Ball

The bright yellow, polka dotted ball rolls across the field. Tufts of grass and spots of mud splatter the ball. The ball finally stops for a moment. "Whew. At last it has stopped," sighed the ball in relief. Until a mighty force slams the ball into the air until at last it's flight journey ends when it burrows into a net. "Ouch!!!!!!," screamed the ball.

The ball hears screams and cheering. "Another goal," thought the ball. A buzzer sounds and the players walk off the pitch. One of the referees carried me inside the locker room and dumps me into a cage and turns off the light.

I felt neglected and left behind. This is not the first time the ball thought to himself. The ball thinks about his family at the Nike shop hoping and praying not to suffer the same fate as their eldest son. "I miss them" whispered the ball.

By Rafael

Grandma

My grandma is a person who is always holding a workbag. She smells like the fresh scent of lemon juice freshly made on a Sunday morning. She is the glue that binds our family together whenever there is a problem. Whenever she speaks to me it's like a soft melody being played into my ears. Whenever I feel discomfort or sadness she always wraps her arms around me like I'm a soft cuddly toy bear. She is like a super secure safe; I can trust her with anything. She is a statue, which I can look up to everyday. Her newspaper is the map that can guide her to a new treasure.

By Rafael

The Tiger

I saw a tremendous tiger.
He was a stalking predator
lying in the tall, brown grass
waiting to pounce on his prey.
He had orange, gleaming eyes
shining in the dark.
I saw his sharp claws
that were like butcher knives
cutting up meat.
His jagged teeth had a
hint of blood stained,
from his previous meal.
His ears were twitching, listening
to the soft footsteps of
his prey, the gazelle
His surveying eyes acted
as security cameras
watching his surroundings carefully.
He had an orange and black
fur coat like a movie star
striding down the red carpet.
His soft fur acts like a pluffy
cushion to sleep on.
That tiger was amazing.

By Rafael Villanueva