

FOUR POEMS



A young girl eating ice cream in East Bund, Shanghai

If I Were a Grown-Up

FEIWEN ZHUANG

If I were a grown-up,
I wish I were the minister of the Ministry of Education
So that those poor children in the western part of our
motherland
Can live like us
And go to school happily carrying their book bags.

If I were a grown-up,
I wish I were a diplomat
So that people all over the world
Can be far away from pain and gunsmoke
And bathe in the warm sunshine of peace.

If I were a grown-up,
I wish I were a builder of the motherland
To create the glory of tomorrow's motherland
But,
Until when can I be a grown-up?

*Fifth Grade, Xiamen Haicang School
Affiliated to Beijing Normal University
Xiamen, China*

A Beautiful Rainbow

ZHUORONG ZHAN

A rainbow is a mysterious door.
I want to open this door,
And take a look at the beautiful heaven.

*First Grade, Xiamen Haicang School
Affiliated to Beijing Normal University
Xiamen, China*

*Translations from the Chinese
By Jiening Ruan*

We Know

YITING LI

No one has seen the wind,
Let alone you and me.
But when the hair blows,
We know the wind is coming to
comb it.

No one has seen the wind,
Let alone you and me.
But when the paper boat runs faster,
We know the wind is coming to
row it.

No one has seen the wind,
Let alone you and me.
When the skirt whirls,
We know the wind is coming to
dance.

No one has seen the wind,
Let alone you and me.
But when the leaves flutter in the
sky,
We know the wind is coming to fly
the kite.

No one has seen the wind,
Let alone you and me.
But when dandelion leaves her
mother,
We know the wind is coming to say
good-bye.

*Second Grade, Xiamen Haicang School
Affiliated to Beijing Normal University
Xiamen, China*

Twinkling

YITING LIN

Twinkling, twinkling, what are they?
They're naughty little stars,
Playing and talking with Moon Sister.

Twinkling, twinkling, what are they?
They're the lights by our teacher's window,
Traveling through the curtains and lightening our hearts.

Twinkling, twinkling, what are they?
They're our eyes seeking knowledge,
Trying to look for the door to the palace of knowledge.

Twinkling, twinkling, what are they?
They're the fruits of effort that we've harvested,
Accompanying us on our new journey.

*Fifth Grade, Xiamen Haicang School
Affiliated to Beijing Normal University
Xiamen, China*

Try This with the Poetry

1. Think about weather like the rain coming or the wind blowing or other natural events such as the sun coming up in the morning. What is it like to watch and feel what is happening? Brainstorm words that describe your feelings. Use those words and find pictures to create a collage about the weather.
2. What would you like to be when you grow up? What would you do to make the world a better place? Write a *haiku* or *cinquain* that describes what you would do. See our website (www.ou.edu/wltkids) for descriptions of these types of poems and how to write them.