

A dream is a dream  
by Stephenny, Cheney Middle School

They say a dream is a thought,  
but I say it's not.  
For a thought is made in your brain,  
no, I'm not insane.

They say a dream is a hope,  
but what is hope?  
Hope is an emotion, not a thought.  
And a thought is in your head,  
What's more to be said?

So, they say a dream is a wish your heart makes.  
as sweet as it is,  
a wish is a hope, nope not a thought.  
Trust me it's not, dreams can't be bought.

Yet again they say a dream is a vision,  
What is a vision?  
Seeing the unseen, do you see what I mean?!

So why not ask the sky why it's blue?  
Or why the robin sings its song for you?  
Like asking a cat why it's a cat.  
What's the point of that?

A dream is like a painter's brush,  
unpredictable and wavy, in no rush.  
In shades of orange and red.  
Or yellow and blue.  
Silver and gold.

In your hand lies the painter's brush,  
It depends on you what happens with it.  
Whether it's a knight wielding a candle instead of a sword,  
Or a unicorn prancing above the trees.

A dream is like that magic brush,  
so gentle and full of ease.  
but mental as it is,  
those dreams are yours.  
There isn't another way,  
to say what is meant to be said.  
A dream is what it is.  
A dream is a dream.

## Wolfpack

By Stephenny, Cheney Middle School

Deep in the pine green forest,  
A wolfpack stalks its prey.  
When the sky fades away,  
their howls pierce the night.

The shining, spiraling, sliver eyes of the alpha stare,  
silently wondering if anyone would dare.  
As swift as a ninja, they dart out into the dark.

The hunt has begun  
'Cause the sun is gone

The moose looked upon the nick of time,  
thrashing its hooves an element of surprise.  
In fright, it retreats into the dark, leaving no spark.

Alpha, Beta, Gamma, and Delta alike,  
all streak out into the night.  
Although, they were not successful tonight,  
the night's not over until the first light