



A Story Studio Anthology
by Young Authors
(Ages 5-13)

SPRING POETRY



Story Studio is a charity that inspires, educates and empowers youth to be great storytellers, transforming lives and strengthening communities. We create innovative, 'fun-first' workshops that develops narrative capacity in youth, and celebrate young writers by crafting beautiful publications from their words.

This anthology is composed of stories written by children and youth across Canada, between the ages of 5 and 13 as a result of our April 2021 creative writing contest. In celebration of both National Poetry Month and Earth Day on April 22nd, participants were challenged to write a piece of poetry with a Spring theme.

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Story Studio Writing Society

2021

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SPRING IS HERE

by
Atharva

Spring, spring, spring is here,
Listen dear, the birds are near!

Look, look, the sun is here,
Look at the sky, it looks so clear!

Come on, come on, let's go outside,
The spring blossoms are side by side!

Let's go, let's go, enjoy the sun,
I think we'll have some awesome fun!

Come on, come on, there is no time
we need to bake a pie!

Spring, spring, oh my dear,
Please come back every year!

SPRING, OH SPRING

by
Lilith

Spring, oh spring
You have so much to bring!
April is so fun
For Spring has begun!
You dance in the puddles
As your jacket vouchsafes you cuddles.
Down the pike it is Easter
It is a wonderful feast!
There may be rain
But it will not carry us pain.
Spring, oh spring
You have so much to bring!

THE TREE

by
Petra

The tree was filled with wonder and questions.
He wondered why the ocean was blue,
he wondered what the white dots were in the sky at night,
but most importantly, he wondered what the big, glowing orb was.

One day, a young boy no older than seven played on his branches.

“Boy, what is that thing above us?” he asked.

The boy looked startled. “Why, that’s the sun. It provides light,
and warmth when we need it most,” he explained.

The tree closed his eyes, and felt the wind against his leaves.

Sun. He thought. Sun, sun, sun.

Soon, it was winter, and the tree lost all his leaves.

Without his leaves, he was cold, and vulnerable.
He looked up at the sun for help, but couldn't find it.
A girl came to his roots, with Merry Christmas carols.
“Girl, where is the sun?” he shivered.
The girl looked up and said, “Why, it's Winter.
The sun doesn't come out in Winter,” she answered.

Not long after, it was Spring, and the sun was out once again.
The boy came back, one year older, and he climbed the tree.
“Tree, what is your purpose?” the boy asked.
The tree thought, and thought, but couldn't find an answer.

“Why, I don’t know, boy. I have spent so much time questioning the wonders of the world, that I never thought about what I was meant for. What do you think you’re meant for, boy?”

The boy thought, and thought, until he had an answer for the old tree.

“Well, I suppose I’m like every living thing, I live, I try to accomplish as much as possible in that life, and then I die. That’s the way it is,” the boy answered.

“Well,” said the tree, “Then I suppose I’m the same,” he answered.

Years later, the boy came back, but as a young man.

“Tree, I need a table for my family. You are the last tree in the meadow, and have the finest wood. May I cut you down?”

The tree thought.

“If it is for your family, then yes, boy, you have my permission to cut me down.”

And so, the boy cut the tree down until he was a mere stump.

Many lovely meals, fun games, and family conversations happened at that table.

If you visit tree today, you will most likely find a bouquet of flowers and a metal plaque that says:

HERE LIES TREE.

A VERY ACCOMPLISHED TREE.

SPRING

by
Ria

Spring is here! The season of new life!
It makes the buds blossom, a beautiful sight.
It cuts through the winter, swift as a knife.
When Spring is here, the birds rejoice,
They welcome Spring with their charming voice!
When Spring departs, it leaves behind,
An appealing gift for all to enjoy.
It touches every leaf,
Every window, every garden.
Wherever it goes, it leaves behind,
A sea of green for all to enjoy.
Spring is lovely, that is true,
It comes to me, it comes to you.

It gives the world a soft green glow,
Spring will always flow.

SPRING

by

Ronaldo

Spring sing Spring,
Hear the birds sing
Dainty dandelions, cheerful cherry blossoms,
And milk plants grow,
Wild white flowers, purple periwinkle,
All types you know

Sleepy animals of all sorts
Creeping calmly out their homes,
To see the wonderful change
To see the snow go

Healthy hogs from their holes,
Brown bears from their dens,
Gagging geese flying from the south,
Chickens cracking from their eggs

An abundance of ants
Several slimy slugs
Poisonous silver fish
And Kissing bugs

Red roses rising
Toward the supernatural sky
See the eagles soar

Spring sing Spring,
Look at the fly
This is what happens in
Spring

SPRING

by

Ronaldo

S is for sprout as you watch the flowers grow

P is for puddle which comes when the snow goes

R is for rain feel it pour down on your face

I is for indoors where you think it's safe

N is for never you say you'll never go out again

G is for go you end up going in the end

Spring is the slippery, slimy, season where sunflowers grow

And animals of all sorts come out of their homes

OUTSIDE ON MONDAY

by

Sunaina

Outside on Monday

Old grey polka-dotted bark

Scarlet bunches of blooming buds

Ocean blue

Dormant sky

Leaking white on calm mountains

Strong wind wrestling me and my paper

Warm heather grey pavement, speckled white

Sun flowing down on me like a river

Fluffy cotton clouds shaped like anything

Connected with nature

Relaxing

Vibrant

Outside on Monday



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Story Studio is a registered charity (807121504RR0001) based in British Columbia and rely entirely on grants, donations and volunteers. If you like what we do, please consider making a donation at storystudio.ca

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