

2019 Perspectives

C
SECTION
Wednesday
June 19, 2019

PORT TOWNSEND STUDENT ART

LEADER SPECIAL FOCUS . JUNE 19, 2019

Art is alive in Port Townsend. From wizened old sculptors to children just starting school with a pack of crayons, it's one way we make sense of our world. This is a small selection of what students make all year. Many thanks to students whose work is represented here, the Leader, and our colleagues who reviewed submissions. Thanks also to our sponsors for their support of the arts.



PT Artscape
Port Townsend Community Consortium



Sophia LaDue



Adelle Carr



Blais Wilkinson

Where Am I?

Boom goes the fireworks
Gulp goes a person looking at a really big ride.
Crash goes a Volcano ride
Stomp goes everyone walking
Crunch goes a person eating potato chips
Splash goes the big pirate ride

At an amusement
Park.

By: Lexi Rodrigues
2nd grade, Dawn Braden



Buddy Wiley



Charlie Buckham

Where Am I?

Screech goes the shower curtain
Flash goes the toilet!
Splat goes the shampoo on the floor
Crank goes the shower knob.
Shhh goes the water down the drain.
In the bathroom.

By: Jaxzen Berg
2nd grade, Cheryl Garnett



Joy

Happy

Happy likes to sing at the waterfall.
It eats the sad away.
Happy wears a smile - Happy has a pet bunny.

By: Addie Hoffman,
1st grade, Disco Rabbit Class
(Dorothy Stengel and Peter Braden)

Mad

Mad is as mean and ferocious as a lion.
Mad wears a black leather jacket.
Mad has a rain cloud face.
Mad has fire hair.
Mad's friend is Angry - they kick and push people.

By: Arrow Watson,
1st grade, Disco Rabbit Class
(Peter Braden and Dorothy Stengel)

Silly

Silly is riding his unicorn to school.
Silly is eating ice cream and drinking milk shakes on a trampoline.
Silly wears underwear on his head.
Silly's friends are Banana, Peanut and Goofy - they do back flips on the trampoline with Silly.

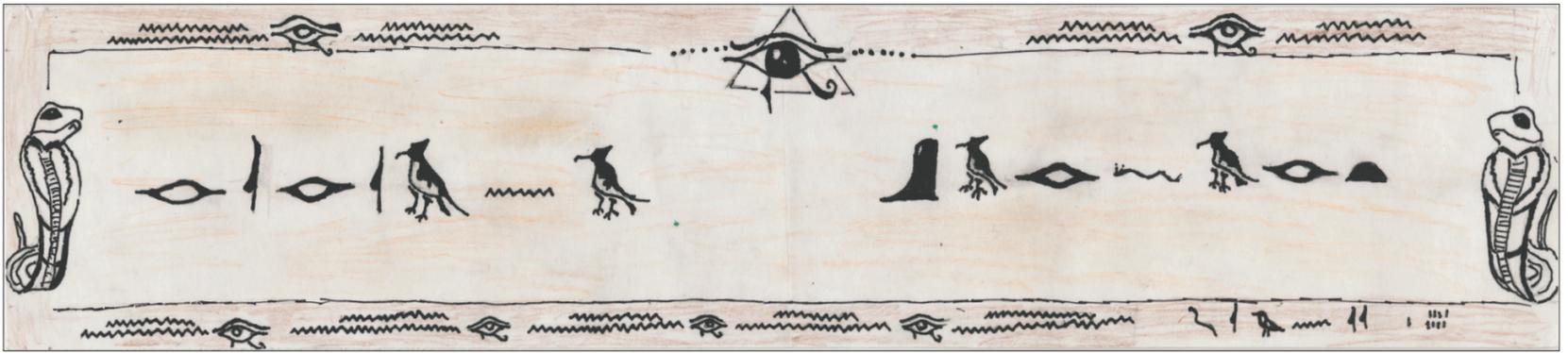
By: Grayce Swindler,
2nd grade, Disco Rabbit Class
(Peter Braden and Dorothy Stengel)

Anger

Anger is best friends with...
Pain, Blood, War!
He wears red mixed with orange and black.
He has a phoenix for a pet.
Anger sound like nothing creeping up behind you... then...

THWACK! On the head!

by Owen Griffith,
2nd grade, Disco Rabbit Class
(Peter Braden and Dorothy Stengel)



Lilliana Calvert



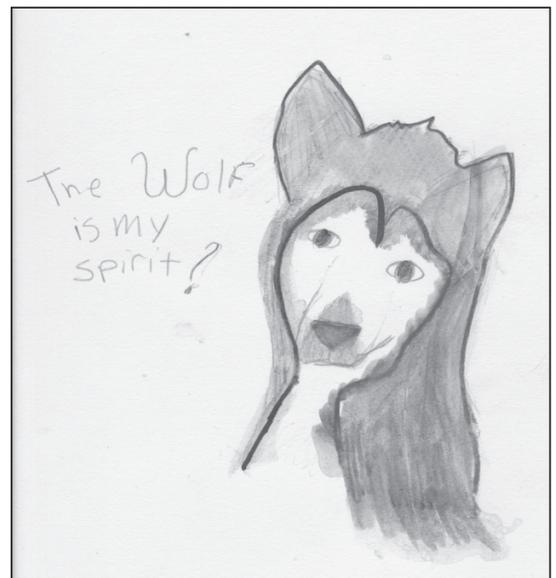
Alice Tyler



Arlo Klontz



Tia York



Sophia Yates

Time

time
eats away like a
caterpillar eats
away at a
Leaf
time never stops
it only keeps on
going
going
going
and going
time never sleeps
time is not forgiving
there's never enough time
in life

By Rigel Sloat
3rd grade, Bonnie Stenehjem

Flying

Flying is like
The wind picking
You up in the air:
It's like the beautiful
White clouds flying in the
Air slowly moving.
It's like thunder through the sky.
It's like a plane gliding in the sky.
Flying is freedom.

By Malachi W.
Grade 3, Molly O'Brien

Ode to Potato

The potato rose from the ground a brown potato brown as dirt it feels like a unicorn it flies into your mouth you feel happy when you eat it and this thing is a POTATO. The potatoes are back in the oven with sour cream and cheese on top on wrap the foil and potato and Baked Potato it's on the plate about to be eaten it's gone. Time to make another.

By: Finn Schultz
4th grade, Lisa Olsen

Fire flames

Fire flames shining
In the dark
Waters wave glimmering in the daylight
Together they're one.

By Silas M.
4th grade, Betsy Hart

Titanic In History

White like the moon on the breast, falling snow.
black smoke stacks are tall like mountains reaching for the clouds above you.

You were several layers steel like the levels of math so hard and strong.
Like a bald eagle soaring through sky, searching for prey.

But SNAP you hit that ice berg like lightning striking a tree.
Fire spreads across the land like freezing water; drowning you slowly, icy cold waters.

You had few survivors.

Still a fascination to many today.

Why were you called the indestructible?

By Hunter K.
4th grade, Betsy Hart

Ode to a BOOK

Walking in the park, found a book under a tree,
pages of black and white like a zebra running in the savanna.

An ocean of words, scared I might drown,

The park disappears, I am in the book, a world of pirates and fairies, dragons and mermaids.

I could not keep my eyes off it. Like a box of twilight, like the dream I'd always had came true. It was the fuel to my imagination.

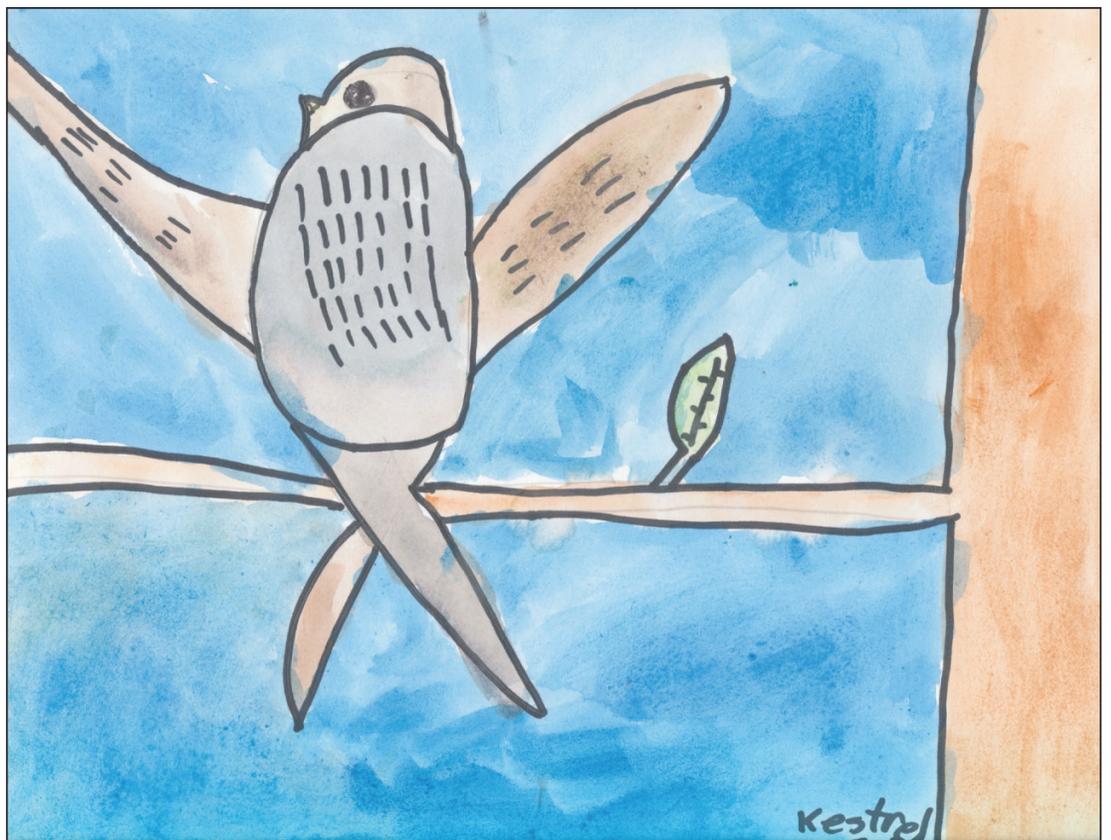
How could anyone leave this book.
It put the wings on the fairies, and sharpened the swords of the pirates.

By Bella Ferland
4th grade, Lisa Olsen

Hidden World

A magnificently majestic triangle rock
 A shadow of hidden secrets
 Lost and forgotten
 Lost but not found
 Smooth and soft but, at the same time rough and bumpy
 Gray with white spots
 It looks almost like a harbor seal from the outside
 There is door, but it's rarely noticed
 Cold and wet
 Straight from the under lighthouse
 Not long ago it was being tossed around in the water
 Then it landed on the sand
 Only hearing the crashing of the waves the crunching footsteps
 But now silent and still
 It seems lifeless and hopeless
 But there is a hidden world in there
 A world that only be reached roaming imagination
 Few humans have ever been there
 Turn the brass doorknob
 Push on the wooden door
 Bright light will spill out like you just knocked over a cup of light
 Beyond that door are trees that could touch the sun
 The sky in there is bigger than you ever imagined it could be
 Beep blue sea as clear as a glass of water
 Oak trees, tall and strong every way you look
 How could a world so big look so small from the outside?
 No one knows

By Zella Mack
 5th grade, Megan Addison



Kestrel Campbell



Kaida Rodrigues

THE FLYING PAPER AND THE GOLDEN WELL

Paper flying like a bird gliding
 a person a paper person
 just walking through a tornado,
 trees just about to pull out of the ground
 walk by a golden well
 gold popping out like popcorn
 The paper gets shiny like the gold.

By Hayden Mason
 5th grade, Megan Addison



Cyan Adams



Sophie Kunka

Night

The night comes in one big shadow
The only light is the moon shining on silk trails of the snails oh how it glides and sails

The only sound is a whisper from the trees
And creaking of their branches

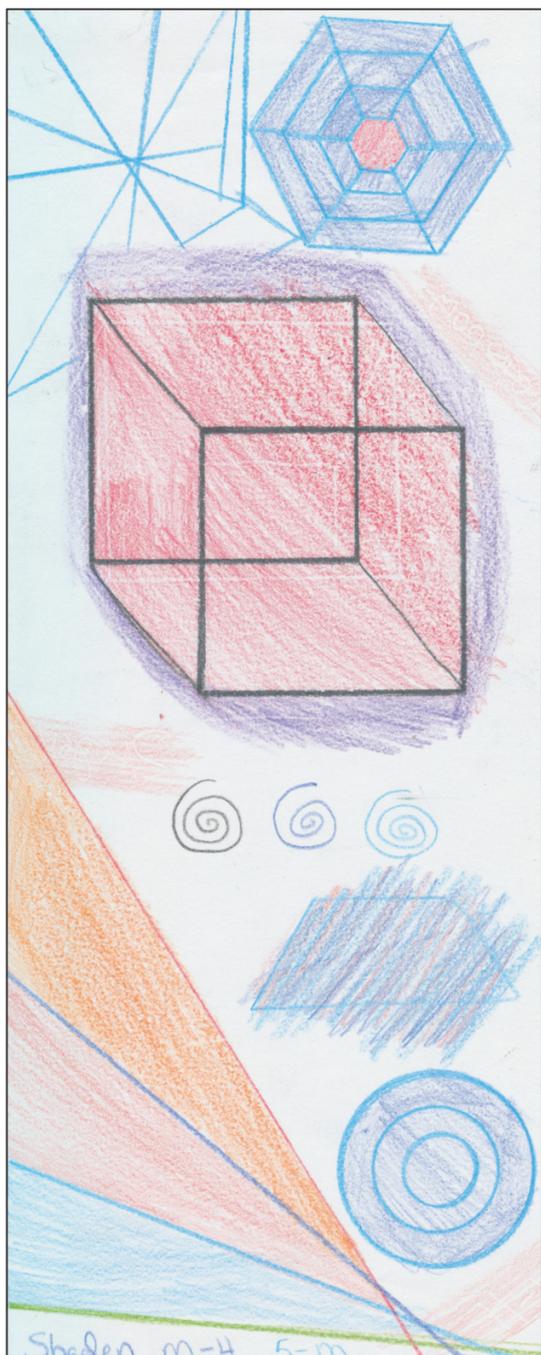
See the bats napping and gnawing
See the wolves shadows
Oh see the spiders work till dawn
Oh whats this darkness into light

Don't worry the night shall come again soon, very soon.

By: Emma Kauzlarich
Grade 6



Dahlia Dexter



Shaden Marlow



Thatcher Camp

Worthless

I started as a bottle
I was a deep dark blue
Started as something
I had no clue

I ended up as a sin
Thrown on a beach
I should have gone in a bin
But I went into the ocean
While I drifted out to sea
I thought
What has become of me

I shattered on a rock
Then I thought
And thought

I drifted
Onto Poseidon's throne
After I shattered
I shifted.

...

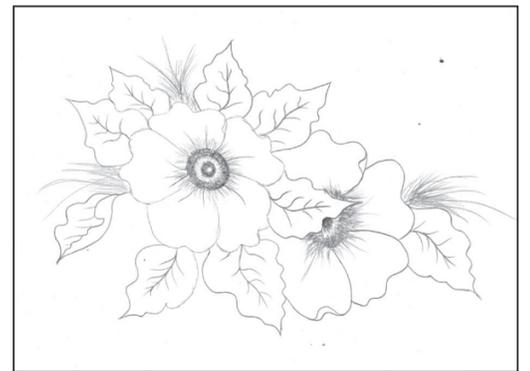
By: Addy Asbell
Grade 7



Faye Berry



Addison Asbell



Cristal Gomez



Zane Nichols



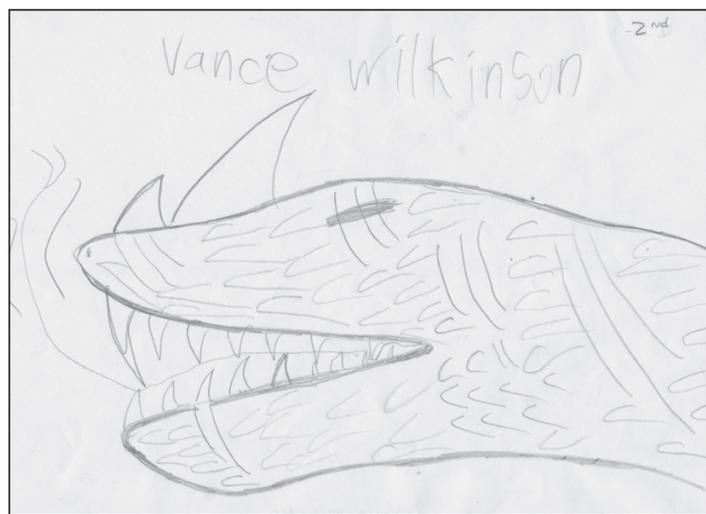
Mistress* Night * Woman of Power

I respect The Night,
 Her darkness creeps into the hearts of the human race, encouraging
 them to see the evil they refuse to believe.
 Scaring,
 spooking,
 teaching those whom do not desire to be taught.
 Yet, however, she also comforts,
 and cradles,
 those who need her, of simply know her as a friend.
 The soothing heartbeat,
 that tells us to run, then to stay and dance in swirling
 patterns across the sky.
 Constellations guard you from what you think you fear,
 for Night,
 has friends and acquaintances,
 not as cruel,
 nor as forgiving.
 The Moon's pale face smiles at the cage Night is trapped in,
 Earth's Night,
 only respected within the glass walls of our
 atmosphere.
 Night should be respected more,
 feared more,
 thanked more.
 She is the cloak that holds the sky together,
 when The Sun has gone to frolic with others.
 Our guardian,
 who wakes the crickets, and the stars.
 Commands The Moon, and quiets cars.
 Dewy lips whisper for us to hide,
 then to run and embrace her.
 I respect The Night.

By: Samara Kingfisher
 Grade 6



Katalena Perka



Vance Wilkinson



Lianna P



Sylvia Butterfield

An Ode to my Flute

The flute is shiny and long,
 The light reflects off of its silvery surface,
 Slender; the brand name shows between the head and middle joints,
 The keys are round with circular depressions in the center for the
 fingers of the player,
 The only thing breaking the monotone is the brown of the corks.
 The flute shows the flavor of the music it plays,
 Spicy songs with sixteenth and thirty-second notes,
 Rich slurs that fill you up as quickly as chocolate cakes,
 The crunch and sweetness of rhythms by Handel and Bizet,
 Songs played by flutes are culinary masterpieces.
 For some the flute may have no odor of its own,
 But it is truly a complex web of scents,
 When you hear Vivaldi's Spring played by a flute, you can smell the
 flowers,
 When Dvorák's New World Symphony is played, it's as if you're on the
 sea smelling the salt,
 The flute can make you smell anything from a cow farm to freshly
 baked bread.
 Click click go the keys of the flute, almost like a computer mouse,
 The soft low notes and the loud high notes,
 A soft ringing noise when a fingernail taps against it,
 The squeak of the cleaner rubbing against the spit,
 A much higher pitch than any other instrument of the band.
 The flute feels both hard and soft in the metal and the corks,
 Sharp on the nails that poke out,
 Wet with spit on the inside,
 As cold to touch as a flagpole on a winter day,
 But above all, the flute feels familiar to me.
 Some may not like the flute,
 Some may think that the flute is too high pitched,
 But I think that it is just right,
 The only instrument that can pull off the best solos in classical songs.

By: Indigo Gould
 Grade 7



Owen Griffith



Micah Katz



Callin Johnson

The Day That Shook the World

This day will be remembered
 In America's history forever
 The day of grief and terror
 The day that shook the world

It is a story to tell
 The day the towers fell
 The day of courage for many
 The day that shook the world

But that is for another time
 As I'm sure you've heard
 The tale of 9/11
 The day that shook the world

For now let's just remember it
 Join us in our silence
 The lives we've come to lose
 The day that shook the world

By: Halie Jones
 8th Grade

A Love of Ravioli

I knew at three, that we were meant to be.
 I love your taste, so juicy and timely.
 Ravioli, you are the one for me.
 If only your texture wasn't so slimy

Every time I take you out of the can,
 My mouth trembles and tears fill my eyes.
 Emotions hitting me hard, like a pan.
 Without you, my hunger would intensify.

My mother always had you on hand.
 You were engineered to perfection,
 Always meeting the never ending demands.
 Because of you I know true affection.

You will forever be a part of me,
 Even when I reach the age, ninety-three.

By: Blake Walters
 10th grade



Robin Haney



Gabe Hefley

VISUAL ARTISTS

- Cyan Adams
- Addison Asbell
- Adelle Carr
- Alice Tyler
- Arlo Klontz
- Blais Wilkinson
- Buddy Wiley
- Callin Johnson
- Charlie Buckham
- Cristal Gomez
- Dahlia Dexter
- Faye Berry
- Gabe Hefley
- Joy
- Kaida Rodrigues
- Katalena Perka
- Kestrel Campbell
- Lianna P
- Lilliana Calvert
- Marie
- Micah Katz
- Owen Griffith
- Robin Haney
- Shaden Marlow
- Sophie Kunka
- Sophia LaDue
- Sophia Yates
- Sylvia Butterfield
- Thatcher Camp
- Tia York
- Vance Wilkinson
- Zane Nichols

POETS

- Addie Hoffman
- Arrow Watson
- Grayce Swindler
- Jaxzen Berg
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- Rigel Sloat
- Malachi W.
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