

Eva Mermin
The Pennfield School
Grade 8
Mrs. Hawks

Hanging Rock Haiku

Spectacular view
Beauty hiding in plain sight
Nature on all sides

Laying on my back
Searching for gods in the clouds
Warmth envelopes me

Thousands of grand scents
Chicories, daisies, and poppy
All settle my mind

Birds calling their songs,
The wind and waves chiming in-
My own lullaby

My long golden hair:
A blanket as I doze off,
My personal sun

Heat tickles my toes
Sitting up, I look around,
Taking in the bliss

Breeze whirls the sea grass
Light touches the waves just right
Birds clutter the clouds

So many colors
Teals, indigos, and cobalts
Yellows, golds, and greens

An entire rainbow
Colors speckled here and there
Each one is unique

I choose to escape
Run from my world and problems
Live in the moment

I perch here for hours
Simply breathing in and out
At one with myself

The sun falls to Earth
Bright sparks of color fan out,
Taking up the sky

The sun waves goodbye
As the trees swallow it whole
The moon says hello

This is why I wait:
For the change of day to night;
This moment is peace

Sophie Garman

Grade 8

St. Michael's Country Day School

Teacher: Courtney Huth

My favorite scenic vista on Aquidneck Island is my father and stepmother's farm, Garman Farm, in Middletown. This is a place where my family and I spend a lot of time in the summer and early fall. The farm is full of brightly colored flowers and beautiful vegetables. I like to walk down the paths on a sunny day and look at everything around me. I see the leafy green lettuces, the flamboyant yellow sunflowers, the juicy red tomatoes. Further along are the pops of color that are zinnias, snapdragons, yarrow, and many more. Over my shoulder, I hear the tall corn stalks rustling in the wind. They stretch past my head, yearning for every last drop of sunlight. In front of me, the roots of beets and turnips are connected to the soil. Their leaves poke out of the dirt, soon to be full, sturdy plants. The vibrant leaves of the kale peek up at me as I stroll past them. Some are tinged red, others a deep green. The stalks of the chard, solid and strong, are green, yellow, orange and pinkish red. The earthy smell of soil, the lovely aroma of flowers, the crisp scent of parsley, the tang of spicy mustard greens being plucked from the ground, every fragrance of the farm washes over me as I take long strides through the wide pathways. I enjoy the breeze on a cooler day, feel the sun shining on my face, listen to the noise of water splashing onto Second Beach just down the road. Most wonderful, though, is the warm welcome that I feel receive everybody whom I pass. I

always see a friendly hello here, an endearing smile there. I know and appreciate the company of the various gardeners who take time to nurture small plots of fruits and vegetables on the other side of the farm, and, of course, the company of my own family. It is a spot I hold in my heart, and I will always feel at home there.

Dashiell Seals

Grade 5

St. Michael's Country Day School

Teacher: Courtney Huth

On Aquidneck Island there are some extraordinary views and hidden gems. My favorite view on Aquidneck Island is Purgatory Chasm. I believe it perfectly represents life and death. I stare down the great depths of Purgatory Chasm. I see the sides, I focus on the cliff's stones that take me away to my thoughts. I conjecture how they got there over millions of years. I wonder how it came to be known as Purgatory Chasm. Is it really between heaven and hell, good and bad, life and death? When I look at Purgatory Chasm, I see life and how rough it can be at times and yet really beautiful. The water in the Chasm is still and breathtaking, like the quiet and enjoyable moments of life. The rocks of the Chasm are like the rough parts of life, the tough times, like losing someone you love. My philosophy is that life is a never ending journey, people never know where they are going to end up. When I think about Purgatory Chasm I find my own definition of how its name came to be. Purgatory Chasm perfectly represents the grand parts and the heartbreaking parts of life, which we can never escape.

Isabel Swain
The Pennfield School
Grade 8
Mrs. Hawks

Eternal Transition

Dancing leaves and singing winds surround me,
Creating a play,
Of which I am the only viewer.
Crashing waves stir in the distance,
Reminding me that chaos is sometimes beautiful.

An autumnal breeze caresses my face,
Lifting me into a smile that will carry all troubles and worries away.
The path I look down is narrow, filled with monotonous lines of wood,
But at the end lies a horizon full of possibilities.

Not often do I come here,
When the sun is dull and the weather, cold.
Perhaps the internal being I possess much prefers the reflection that fall brings,
For the ocean I idle by now,
Differs positively in feeling from the one I view through rays of summer's heat.

I look out across the rising and falling sea,
Playing her part in this story I am being told.
Above us, the sky looms moodily,
Casting an aura of indifference that makes me realize
The insignificance of reality.

I am overtaken with a sense of the life we all take part in.
The sand beneath me and the shells that riddle the expanse of this land,
All tell a story in their appearance,
Some are broken,
Some are worn,
Some are colorful,
Some are saddening.
As if I am enveloped by a congregation of personalities.

Within my mind, a voice reminds me,
Though I may come and go
This experience is eternal.

Thais Jackson
The Pennfield School
Grade 7
Ms. Wall

Looking out of the horizon,
Seeing the blue placid ocean meet the sky.
The flares of colors,
The golden tips of the waves,
The whole world feeling whole.
Surrounded by ever-growing trees looming over me,
I feel at one with nature.
This is where I want to be.
This is what the whole world should be like.

Mother Nature smiles at me like an old friend,
Urging me to forget the world around me
And let myself be carried away by
The Wind, The Sea, and The Sky.

I find myself in a world different than ours.
I'm able to breath in air and smell the trees around me.
No harm to our Earth happens here.
Only love for nature, the one thing that will outlive us.

We are the guardians of the world and have a mission to protect it.

If we succeed at our goal, future children, grandchildren, and great grandchildren will have something to remember from their ancestors.

The unearthly beauty of this planet must keep thriving.

We need to protect nature so that little girls and little boys can grow up in a place where the presence of nature and its allure is still there, still welcoming them to forget about the real world and be one with nature.

Pauline Cooper

I'm walking down the shore of Gooseberry Beach, holding one of the coral red gooseberries and turning it over in my hands. I remember coming here when I was younger, collecting hermit crabs in a little plastic bucket and sitting in the water wishing I was a mermaid so I could stay there forever. I've since realized that becoming a mermaid is an unrealistic hope, but I still wish I could stay here forever, the cool sand reaching between my toes and the wind whipping my hair. I know later my feet will feel gritty and my hair will be a knotted mess, but I don't care. Right now all I want to do is enjoy this moment. The sky is a collage of colors reaching as far as I can see, purple and red and yellow, one melting into the next. The setting sun is shining on the water reflecting on the ripples and waves in a pattern that changes every second. The water seems calm from above, the gentle waves crashing in an almost hypnotic rhythm, but I know underneath the surface it's churning and changing, constantly in motion. It all feels like a part of something so much bigger than me or even this small island, but seeing all the beauty around me I feel so lucky that I get to have this place as my home.

Patrick Bryan
9th Grade Rogers Highschool
Mrs. Kimes
11/5/19

Sight of Sails

It was a slow day at the beach, but a near perfect day. There was a slow breeze that drifted the sand across the beach, the soft crash of the tide coming in mixed with the symphony of gulls that flew across the baby blue sky, trying to snatch food from the hands of beachgoers. The golden sun was high in the sky, it was close to noon with the slow moving clouds drifting past the sun like tufts of cotton. At first there were a few of them, then they slowly came out one by one from around the cliffside, the New York Yacht Club Regatta, they were far out in the azure sea for it was a great day for sailing. The boats were specks the only notable feature being the colored sails, they weaved and tacked past each other in a beautiful dance of boats. They were out in the sea for most of the day, their march across the ocean complemented by the chorus of seabirds and waves, with the occasional laughs of the member's children. Thanks to the slow day, I was able to bask in the wonderful sight of those boats for a few hours until I was taken away with the closing of the beach. As I walked through the doors of the club house, I looked back at the boats turning back to head home in the orange glow of the setting sun. I dreamed to see that amazing dance again.

Maeve Crowley

English Honors 9

Mrs. Kimes

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My favorite Aquidneck Island vista is Gooseberry Island. Every day in the summer I find myself kayaking out to the island in search of the beautiful view. And everyday in the winter, I long to be out there enjoying the peaceful vista. I think I love Gooseberry Island so much because of how secluded it is from the rest of the world. It is simply you and the ocean when you're out there. You get to experience nature right before your eyes. You hear the roaring of the waves crashing on the rocks, the seagulls flying up above and the gentle breeze flying through the air. There are no cars honking in the background, people yelling or traffic noises. Gooseberry Island means a lot to me because I have been going out there every summer since I was a little kid. It's always been a special spot where I've made a lot of fun memories with my friends and family. One of my favorite parts of the island is the whirlpool. Jumping into the crisp water and being rocked back and forth by the waves is a feeling you can't compare to anything else. The exhilarating rush you get when you see a big wave approaching excites you and makes you realize how wild nature really is. Gooseberry Island is my favorite vista on Aquidneck Island and I hope people enjoy and protect the beauty of our island.