

Race Poem

By Jonathan

5th Grade, Sunny Hill Elementary

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My heart beating as fast as a cheetah
that's going after its prey.

Running my first race,
like a baby walking for the 1st time.
My heart trying to catch up,
like a goalie catching a ball from the air .

My face was red like an apple,
my legs felt like strips of spaghetti.
Were they going to give up on me?
Like a player letting their team down
in a championship game.

I can see the finish line,
people looking at me.
My principal and teacher shouting out my name!
As if I could save the world or something,
cheering for me saying,
"GO,GO,GO, you can do it" !

My feet stumbling on the floor,
The wind blowing at me,
like if a big tornado was pushing me away from finishing.
Then my feet keep on running like on automatic pilot.
I could not stop!
I was going to make it.
The finish line was closer!
yes,yes,yes,!!

My foot crosses the finish line!
I was so happy!
It feels like I won 1 million dollars, gold blocks,
and world peace,
all wrapped into one.

Even weirder was when I was
done with this race,
I felt like like running up a mountain
back and forth.

I'll never forget that day.
It was awesome!