

I wrote this poem in December, 2014. "BBL" stands for my school's name, the Bronx Charter School for Better Learning. Two terrific actors on the staff read the poem during one of our school's in-house TV broadcasts. The kids watched on SmartBoards in their classrooms.

Winter Break Poem

Listen to my poem of a school called BBL,
Where the kids are accustomed to always doing well,
And the staff is accustomed to the kids doing fine,
And everyone appreciates a great poetic line!

It starts in September when the kids return to school,
After playing all summer at the beach and pool,
And now it's December – and time for winter break,
Which is bearing down upon us like a giant snow flake!

Soon we'll be at home, feeling happy and content,
Doing homework when we need to just to stay confident.
We'll also play with friends - spend time with family, And
some of us will gaze in awe, at a Christmas tree!

We come back to BBL on January 5th,
As the winter stretches forward like a big snow drift.
Maybe it will snow so much the school will close for days,
Well, who doesn't love those extra holidays!

But then before you know it, the flowers bloom again,
The kids are writing essays with a pencil or a pen,
In Math they're solving problems – ever more complex,
And when we turn around, summer's breathing down our necks!

The joy of life pervades us on Baychester Avenue,
I've always seen successes here – [*beat*] haven't you?
And so the seasons circle like a sassy carousel,
Teaching us a world of stuff...
Learning more than just enough...

Helping out when times are tough...

Watching children learn with glee...

Proving their autonomy...

Shining bright for all to see ...

Everyone a V I P...

Now it's time to end this poem ... Pack our bags and head on home ...

But first, before our fare-thee-well, let's give three cheers for BBL!

Hip-Hip-Hooray!

Hip-Hip-Hooray!

Hip-Hip-Hooray!

– Bruce Ballard, December, 2014