

OUTDOOR SCHOOL SENSE POEMS

By Maddie

I see a bird chirping in the high tree.
I touch a fuzzy caterpillar.
I smell old scat.
I taste the water trickling down my throat.
I hear a lovely bird.
I think I'll go back as a student leader.
I feel so happy.



By James

I smell pine from pine trees.
I touch a caterpillar.
I saw a black rat.
I taste the delicious food out of the kitchen.
I hear leaves crunching and sticks breaking.
I think that Outdoor School was the best.
I feel that I want to go there again.



By Montana

I see fungi.
I see trees.
I hear birds singing.
I hear the wind blowing.
I smell the fresh air.
I smell yummy food coming from the kitchen.
I taste cookies at snack time
I taste the fresh potatoes
I touch the thick bark of the trees around me.
I touch the squishy mushrooms.

By Kaylee

I think about the smell of trees.
I feel the fuzzy caterpillar.
I see two deer, a mother with her fawn.
I taste the delicious dining hall food.
I smell burning wood at the outdoor campfire.
I touch the cold pond water in O'Ryan's Pond

