

Parkview Epiphany

Christmas Edition - 2020

Ode: a poem of celebration. For this issue, the senior level English class students wrote odes to something meaningful to them. These poetic tributes shine as beacons in the COVID darkness that has enshrouded our world. We have much for which to be thankful; these poems reflect our blessings. May you enjoy and appreciate these artistic gems and have a wonderful holiday season.

Ode to Christmas Wuol Lol

The countless carols ringing through the ear
The sparkling banks of snow shine bright at night

Indeed, we know it is that time of year
The time of year with chilling winds that bite
But love at home provides a warming shift
Lit up in red along with green and white.

A rich and lively fragrance sets adrift
The scent of pine releasing from the tree
And right below, there gently lays a gift
The time of year that many do foresee
The count is thrilling as it quickly nears
The happy children let excitement free
The day that all have waited for appears
An Ode to Christmas Season; I say cheers!

A Season of Giving and Grace Olivia Williams

Bright twinkling lights, they light up the night sky.
It's Christmas time, so much to thank God for,
before it's gone in the blink of an eye.
All things adorn with such dazzling decor,
while echoes of laughter float through the hall.
When loved ones are near its never a bore.
Don't let these moments pass you by at all.
You don't know what you've got until it's gone;
a space in time left only to recall.
Soft snow falls like a feather from a swan,
while people gather by the fire place.
Late into the night waiting for the dawn.
Take it all in, slow down and fall into pace,
during this season of giving and grace.

The Sparkle of Christmas Shasta Morton

Snow: the sparkles across the land so bright.
It shines with the full force of the North Sea.
The frozen fractals unveil the coming daylight --
lights of all colours shine to thee,
the hunt for a suitable host.
All rush to secure the best fir tree.
Families gather to perform a toast.
They assemble around each other for dinner;
all are able to feel the Holy Ghost,
although no one leaves thinner.
Many can hear the jubilation.
Everyone feels like the best gift-giver;
gestures of heartfelt affection.
All gather for the restful time of reflection.

An Ode to Family
Haylee Bruins

Without my family who would I be?
I would be a lost and forgotten soul.
I would have no one who would keep me -- me!
They keep me grounded, and under control.
I love them way more than words can express,
moving through life, with the punches, we roll.
My family helps me achieve success
and they support me and my ambition.
They help clean my life when it is a mess.
When we argue, it's with great conviction.
Always giving each other a hard time,
often correcting each other's diction!
Life is always tough and always a climb,
But with family, life is a sweet wine.



Ode to Summer Break
Janelle Glover

To sit and wait for time to slowly pass,
to shiver at the sight of falling snow
is tough while dreaming of the green of grass.
The season where all life begins to grow.
From school, we're fin'ly free to take a break.
For now, all students keep to lying low.
Computer screens all day, it's hard to wake,
but soon the sun will rise and show us day.
So soon it's time to break, the rest we take.
To make it longer we will find a way.
The days drag on it feels so close and near.
And once it's here we want to make it stay.
At last, the two short months of break are here.
Enjoy it well for school comes every year.



Ode to My Family Sitting
Around the Christmas Fire
Helaina Heimann

The family does sit by fireplace.
Hot drinks are held within each person's hands.
The fire's warmth fills up the cold, cold space,
There's no one stressed and busy with their plans.
To talk about this here and 'bout this there,
While all the candles flicker in their stands
There's lots of laughter; hugs they all will share
As fire's flames do dance into the night.
Relaxed and cozy this cannot compare,
To happiness that this does soon ignite.
The love for family I do extend,
Those worthwhile moments shared. Yes! A delight!





Ode to Golf Seth Marriott

Golf is a beautiful passion for me.
 Watching a perfect shot as it flies straight
 down the fairway. The delight shot off tee.
 Sunlight shines on the morning dew, so great.
 It fills my heart with so much happiness;
 for this great game, I find I cannot wait.
 In funny pants and goofy hats, we dress
 To go have enjoyment one minute and
 frustration another. No more, no less.
 Our difficulties: trees and grainy sand.
 Our triumphs lie with sinking on a putt
 An endless battle, when won, will feel grand.
 A Little draw or maybe a high cut
 watching the ball go close, making you strut.

A Cherished Season Alexandra Buttler

The Christmas season with its splendid gleam
 Comes every year to roost upon the Earth,
 Renewing, with man's praise, a new year's dream.
 With unseen force, this season sparks with mirth
 The hearts of people glimpsing twinkling lights.
 To multitudes, it shows what life is worth.
 Fond feelings, flavours, sounds, sweet scents, and sights
 All bless the senses with nostalgic glee.
 In customs, old and new, a soul delights.
 While gath'ring close to dress and light a tree,
 Faint carol notes and spirits start to climb.
 Along with these grows bonds of family.
 The nations softly feel in every chime,
 The blessed, festive joy of Christmas time.



Ode to Wintery Days Emily Morency

Within the Christmas days, blue I am not.
 I sit beside the fire inside my place,
 I'm trying to recall what I forgot.
 I contemplate my treasured little space
 Oh! What a blessing, this I do confess.
 Do close the door, and warm your goodly case.
 Inside the forest; there's my sweet success
 The powdered snow does cave below my feet
 In noiseless heaven, where we play some chess
 now, with the fire; makes the scene complete.
 Now I can lay my head down smoothly, still;
 My dreams begin in warm and cozy heat.
 At present, it attempts to ease the thrill --
 My mind, it does conceive a giant hill.



Ode to Mom
Jessica Harrington

Her heart as pure as crystal mountain streams
she gives all that she has to everyone
and even though she helps out all the teams
she forever downplays what she has done.
She stays on the side lines behind the scenes;
watching others get credit one by one.
She is almost like an angel in jeans,
she works and runs and teaches the whole day.
And yet, she still comes home and cooks and cleans,
and when everything seems so dark and gray
she works and slaves to make everyone food
it helps to take all the sadness away.
But she passes on all the gratitude;
we all love you mom – it's the way you're viewed.



Ode to the Christmas Season
Orla Kayonga

Snow shines at the heat of the bright sun.
The ringing bells wake the sleeping people.
Cheers of children screaming in joy and fun
as they run to the Christmas tree and creep-le.
Garden of presents lie down to be bare,
as the children stare in excitement, as a hippo.
The colourful paper flies in the air.
Carols and candles that glow at night;
red suit with white hair on a chair.
Every little child gathers around tight --
just to sit on Santa's slaps and ask.
Look, someone is taking a long flight,
Something steaming so hot in a flask
In snow, giant and tiny, in snow masks.

Christmas tree
Paxton Heather

It grew and grew until it was so tall.
The lights are wrapped around the Christmas tree.
The Christmas Tree is bringing joy to all.
The Lego set is under branches green,
all paper thrown around towards the ground.
Today, the little faces shine with gleam!
The tiny pieces scrambled on the ground.
The snow falls down outside the window now
Ta-da, the head for Emmet has been found!

