

Young Montanans

From colors to cowboys to the September sun, young Montanans supplied us with a colorful collection of poetry and art this month. Each youth whose work is published will receive a \$10 check as a token of our appreciation. Send art and/or poetry to Young Montanans, Box 3469, Great Falls MT 59403, e-mail rural@sofast.net.

It's Half Past Eleven

Evan, Evan,
It's half past eleven
Got out of bed,
Bonked his head,
Ate jam and bread,
Went to school
School was out!
Began to pout.
Evan, Evan,
It's half past eleven.



Emily Pipolo • Age 8 • Livingston

I am a real dark blue,
It is what I am,
Humble but not calm,
I'm not crazy but I'm verging on it.

Black is when I'm quiet,
That's when I am my calmest,
I like when I'm black,
Because I'm not outspoken.

Red is my crazy color,
I am red when I get hyper,
Red overcomes me,
It is half of what I am.

Orange is my fiery color,
I don't like it at all,
When I'm like a hungry tiger,
Ready to pounce on prey,
On the verge of bursting,
Like a balloon too full and ready to pop.

I am also rimmed with yellow,
Which is when I am really happy,
Like I just won the lottery,
Or when I got my chihuahua, Chiquita.

My final rim of color is grey,
Which means I'm really sad,
In a trench in the ocean,
A balloon out of air.

*Johanna Chapel
Grade 6 • Big Timber*

Sittin' in the September sun
Is like tastin' rays of kindness
Just a wastin' time away

Sittin' on the grass
September wind, warmed by
September sun
Blowin' through my hair, is like
an angel singin'

September sun upon my face
Feels like a brush with grace
I think I can fly

September sun warmin' me up
It goes by so fast
I wish it would last

Sittin' on the grass
Talkin' to my friend
She's thinkin' about fun, I'm
thinkin' about sun

When the sun leaves
And it's gray and cold outside
All I have to do is close my eyes
And I'm thinkin' about
September sun

*Anna Meek
Grade 6 • Big Timber*

My Hometown

My hometown is small,
But the people stand tall.

It's quiet now and then,
And then there's them.

Yes, the animals are loud,
Then at night
there's no
sound.

Shepherd is
the name
And will
forever be
the same.

*Julie
Stevens
Grade 7
Shepherd*



The Old Time Cowboy

He wears boots, a hat, spurs, and wranglers,
On those spurs are some janglers.

He's riddin the type of cowey horse,
Who won't take any force.

Sittin' in that beat up old saddle,
Herdin' in all the cattle.

Out in the desert jumpin' through brush,
This old cow poke was in a rush.

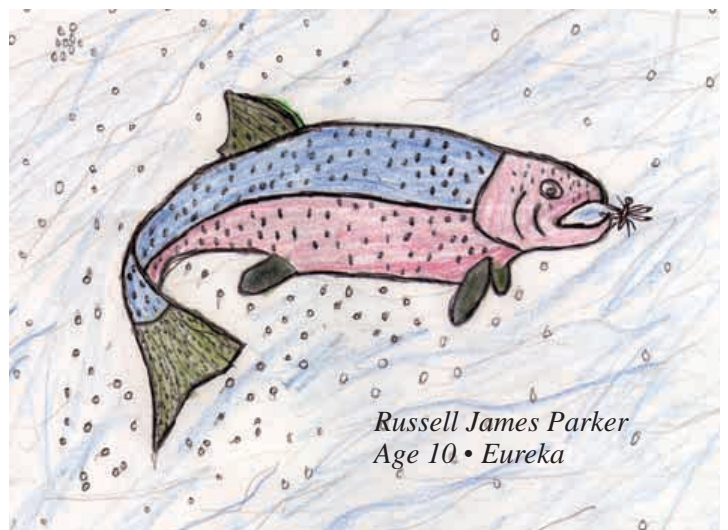
The storm was commin' deeply in rage,
So he stopped and flipped to a Bible page.

John 3:16 is what he read,
"What a sinner I am," he said.

That very minute he knelt down to cry,
"Lord please save me before I die."

When he got up the storm had passed,
Peace this old guy had at last.

Charity Harris • Senior • Fishtail



*Russell James Parker
Age 10 • Eureka*