



Directions: Fill in the verbs in this poem with your own unique verbs. Think about how the verbs you choose enhance the sound and meaning of the poem.

Liquid Grace

Susa Lynne, Age 13, Oregon, Scholastic Art & Writing Gold Award 2004

An inky black shadow
weaves between leafless alder trunks,
winding slowly downhill
toward a small murky pond.

Tripping nimbly along the muddy bank,
then climbing a blackberry laden hill,
the feral cat moves effortlessly,
fluidly.

Under his downy black coat,
perfectly toned muscle ripples
like a cascading rivulet
with every agile step he takes.

White whiskers sprout
alongside his pink nose;
yellow eyes peer brightly out
from beneath secretive brows.

As his uneven white socks patter the rich soil,
his silken ears move constantly,
rotating silently,
listening animatedly.

The scents of snake and leaf-loam cling to him,
as do several small burrs and twigs;
his fur is sleek and shining,
well groomed, immaculate.

His heart beats gently
deep inside his chest,
in time with his soft,
contented breathing.

Finding the secret hollow
under an enormous cedar stump
blanketed in dense ivy,
he creeps inside.

He tucks his scarred nose under his delicate paws,
wrapping his tail around his alert ears;
curled into a diminutive ball, snug and secure,
he drifts off to sleep.