

If I was a crane

By Audrey Pierce, Fifth Grade

If I was a crane

I would be very tame

I would be all gray

I would be very smart

I would be able to make art

I would eat lots of berries

I would even eat cherries

I would have a comfy nest

It would be the best

If only I was a crane

I could fly with an airplane



If I Were A Crane...

By Kaya Kouba, Sixth Grade

If I were a Sarus Crane, I would stand taller than any other bird, and be the queen of birds!

If I were a Siberian Crane, I would live to be older than Wolf, who was the oldest documented crane that ever lived.

If I were a Black-Crowned Crane, I would be protected because I would get rid of livestock pests and guard waterholes and swamps.

If I were a Black-Necked Crane, I would be the last species of crane discovered by ornithologists.

If I were a Blue Crane, I would allow everyone to wear Blue Crane feathers into battle.

If I were a Brolga Crane, I would have a salt gland so I could drink the thirst quenching salt water.

If I were a Demoiselle Crane, I would be named by Queen Marie Antoinette for my delicate and maiden-like appearance.

If I were a Eurasian Crane, I would fly over the 80 countries that I occur in, gracefully.

If I were a Whooping Crane, I would have the loudest whooping sound in the whole world.

If I were a Red-Crowned Crane, I would be known for luck, longevity, and fidelity.

If I were a Sandhill Crane, I would peek into the windows of people's houses to see what they are doing.

If I were a Hooded Crane, I would nest in forested wetlands in southeastern Siberia.

If I were a Wattled Crane, I would be proud of my outstanding wattle hanging just below my upper throat.

If I were a White-Naped Crane, I would have critical problems with habitat loss and degradation.

If I were a Grey-Crowned Crane, I would be very proud of my crown and pretend I am the king of the world!!



If I Were a Crane

By Alex Needham, Sixth Grade

If I were a crane I would soar far and wide above the countryside

If I were a crane I would not be doing this poem

If I were a crane I would protect my wetland from trespassers.

If I were a crane I would live as long as my friend Wolf

If I were a crane I would search for Adventure

If I were a crane I would protect myself from hunters

If I were a crane I would holler to my kind all day

If I were a crane I would use my crown to terrify my enemies.

If I were a crane I would fly forever

If I were a crane I would be happy.



If I Were a Crane

By Dominic Dornburg, Sixth Grade

If I were a crane, I wouldn't be writing this poem

If I were a crane, I wouldn't have any worries.

If I were a crane, I would dance my fears away.

If I were a crane, I would stand up to anyone.

If I were a crane, I would soar past everyone.

If I were a crane, I would travel through my
dreams and not come back to the real world.

If I were a crane, I would be a symbol of strength.

If I were a crane, I would be braver than a lion.

If I were a crane, I would walk into Culver's and say, "What's up?"

If I were a crane, no more cranes will become extinct.

If I were a crane, no one will get in my way.



If I Were A Crane...

By Kira Goldbach, Sixth Grade

If I were a crane, I would be the stars of the night, searching for an adventure.

If I were a crane, I would dive into the deep blue sea looking for a friend.

If I were a crane, I would be the words to the book sharing my stories.

If I were a crane, I would explore the jungle and its many mysteries.

If I were a crane, I would fly to the mountains and face my fears.

If I were a crane, I would relax and follow my thoughts.

If I were a crane I would be the paint that covers my world.

If I were a crane, I would fly across my land, watching it disappear.

If I were a crane, I would be the leaves falling off the trees, each time a piece of land vanishes.

If I were a crane, I would drink the ice cold water from Superiors Falls.

If I were a crane, I would soar around the highest point of earth.

If I were a crane, I would feel the air hitting my feathers as I fly by.

If I were a crane, I would feel the ground beneath my feet start to disappear.

If I were a crane, I would be the sun that brightens the way to your new journey that awaits.

If I were a crane, I would be the pencil writing on the paper, saying my final goodbye, as my home disappears.



If I Were A Crane...

By Madison Glaser, Sixth Grade

If I were a crane I Would, soar high enough in the sky to touch the softness of the white clouds,
If I were a crane I would dance in the dark night under the glimmering stars,
If I were a crane I would feel the cold and refreshing water under my silky feathers,
If I were a crane I would, show off my red flesh to my obnoxious siblings,
If I were a crane I would fight for my wet against the Yellow warning men,
If I were a crane I would sleep endlessly in the long night
If I were a crane I would fear the tall walking trees carrying guns to shoot.
If I were a crane I would protect my young like mother protecting her babies from the outside dangers
If I were a crane I would never go by the power lines that gives my friends a big and long zap, and
knocking them to the ground,
If I were a crane I would love the international crane foundation for keeping us safe.



If I Were a Crane

By Halie Decker, Sixth Grade

If I were a Sandhill crane, I would scour each field in search of a delectable platter of bugs.

If I were a Whooping crane, I would sing and dance all over those sticky marshes.

If I were a Black Crowned crane, I would be the best of all cranes with my golden crown of feathers, sitting atop my head.

If I were a Grey Crowned crane, I would play in the savannah with all my friends and show off my crown of feathers

If I were a Brolga, I would dance all over the rocks and do pirouettes in the air and twirl through the clouds with my graceful wings.

If I were a Hooded crane, I would hide beneath a hood until I find my soul mate.

If I were a Eurasian crane, I would sit in the sunflower plains and wait until a juicy bug flew past my beak and then, *snap* it's in my mouth.

If I were a White-naped crane, I would soar above the vast landscape and land near a beautiful pond and take a drink.

If I were a Siberian crane, I would wish for snow to fall so my glistening white coat will blend in and predators will never find me.

If I were a Sarus crane, I would try to swim in the dark and muddy wetland water to escape the predators that chase me.

If I were a Blue crane, I would scare away my enemies with a hiss and a flap of my head.

If I were a Demoiselle crane, I would parade around the savannah and act like the princess of the crane world even above those Black Crowned cranes who think they're the rulers.

If I were a Wattled crane, I would waddle around the marsh bugling a happy tune.

If I were a Red-Crowned crane, I would show off my red patch to scare away fierce predators,

If I were a Black Necked crane, I would soar through the sky and swim through the clouds.



If I Were a Crane

By Wynn Stang, Sixth Grade

If I were a crane, I would dance until my legs gave out.

If I were a crane, I would fly until my wings hurt.

If I were a crane, I would play games with all my friends during migration.

If I were a crane, I would fly south every winter for migration.

If I were a crane, I would stop If I Were a Crane

If I were a crane, I would soar high in the ocean-blue sky.

If I were a crane, I would show my beautiful wings off.

If I were a crane, I would relax in the ice cold water.

If I were a crane, I would change the world.

If I were a crane, I would scream my high notes.

If I were a crane, I would stop at the Platte River to relax before we start our migration again.

If I were a crane, I would fly to a mountain to watch the sunset.



If I Were a Crane

By Gabby Lloyd, Sixth Grade

If I were a crane, I would soar above the trees and houses without a care in the world.

If I were a Brolga crane, I would dance around with all of my fellow crane friends and show off my awesome dance moves.

If I were a common crane, I would impress all of the people watching me by flapping my huge wings and shouting out my loudest calls.

If I were a Sandhill crane, I would squawk at the heartless, bird-hating people that are taking my land away.

If I were a Sarus crane, I would tower over all of the tiny birds around me, since I am the tallest of all of the flying birds.

If I were a Blue crane, I would prance along the wetlands as light as a feather, since I only weigh about eleven pounds.

If I were a Black-Crowned crane, I would show off my gorgeous golden feathers on the top of my head while perching on my long hind toe.

If I were a Black-Necked crane, I would brag about being the last species of cranes discovered and described by ornithologists.

If I were a Demoiselle crane, I would pretend to stand as tall as all the tree tops, even though I'm only about 3 feet tall and I'm the smallest of the crane species.

If I were a Siberian crane, I would make sure I stay healthy because I would want to be in the Guinness World Records for being the oldest crane - so I could replace Wolf.



If I Were a Crane...

By Lindsey Taylor, Sixth Grade

If I were a crane, I would dance freely in the prairie, unafraid to be alone.

If I were a crane, I would appreciate the time I have to myself.

If I were a crane, I would fly in the wide, open sky, free and joyful.

If I were a crane, I would leave all of my worries behind while calmly drinking in the cold, thirst quenching lake.

If I were a crane, I would protect my young like a mother rabbit protects her babies from the dangers of outside.

If I were a crane, I would explore my areas and roam without a care in the world.

If I were a crane, I would attract others to me with my crazy but graceful dancing.

If I were a crane, I would not want to spot hunters while alone in the wetlands.



If I Were a Crane...

By: Ella Frelka, Sixth Grade

If I were a Sandhill crane, I would hope that the people would not make it legal to hunt the Sandhills.

If I were a Eurasian crane, I would wish to have my wetlands back so I could run free in the wild. Where everything is calm, no cars, no busy sidewalks, and no city lights.

If I were a Blue crane, I would fly high in the sky and look down at all the mean people who are against cranes.

If I were a Black crowned crane, I would walk around with my crown like I am the queen of the world.

If I were a Brolga, I would spread my wings, show off my dance moves and dance like nobody's watching.

If I were a Black-necked crane, I would walk the wetlands of Asia enjoying the moment because I would not know the next time my land would be taken.

If I were a Demoiselle, I would look up to the other cranes and hope to be like them one day. I would pretend to look down to the other cranes instead of looking up.

If I were a Grey-crowned crane, I would pretend to make my crown bigger than the Black-crowned crane and act like I am the queen.

If I were a Hooded crane, I would go to a pond and take a sip of the nice cool water, satisfying my thirst.

If I were a Red-crowned crane, I would show off my beautiful snow- white, black-tipped wings, and my majestic red patch, as red as a rose.

If I were a Sarus crane, I would stand tall and look down over at everyone and I would dance with my impressive long wings.

If I were a Siberian crane, I would be the wise one. I would pretend to be Wolf as I flew in the sky, passed all the other cranes as they watch me fade away in the distance.

If I were a Wattled crane, I would feel unique with my wattles and I would not care if anyone snickered about them because they are special.

If I were a White-naped crane, I would wish to be better known. Not as forgotten, I would wish to be like the tall Sarus crane because who doesn't know what that is!

If I were a Whooping crane, I would feel cool to be rare and unique. But at the same time, I would be very worried because what happens if we become extinct, I just learned to enjoy and to admire our beautiful world.



If I Were a Crane...

By: Emily Henrichs, Sixth Grade

If I were a crane, I would drink from the freshest, clear blue water that fixes my thirst quenching appetite.

If I were a crane, I would be a loving feathering friend to all I greet, even those wild beasts.

If I were a crane, I would hope that people don't take my home, my beloved wetlands that I spell H-O-M-E, and hope not ever to spell G-O-N-E.

If I were a crane, I would dance in the freshest grass, for my friends that could work on their wing-flapped nose in the air, pirouette.

If I were a crane, I would escape the natural disaster that appears as every cranes nightmare, the worst part is coming back to see humans patrolling the ground with bags, that have something in it. I am not very good at detective skills, but is that chocolate, yum.

If I were a crane, I would find a way to live with humans, not in the same house of course, but find a way to get along, to make a compromise.

If I were a crane, I would never give up to try to fly, because I know soon I will learn and that when I do I will fly for joy.

If I were a crane, or even if I am not, I will try to make a difference in our world.



If I Were A Crane

By Julia Rady, Sixth Grade

If I were a crane, I would fly to the clouds and look over my land as the evil humans take it away.

If I were a crane, I would find my soul mate for life.

If I were a crane, I would dance and dance until I couldn't dance anymore.

If I were a crane, I would show peace and love. I would show the world the importance of my species.

If I were a crane, I would want the hunting of all cranes to be illegal.

If I were a crane, I would fly over rivers at sunset and over beautiful landmarks.

If I were a crane, I would want humans to put themselves into our shoes. And stop hunting cranes and violating our land.

If I were a crane, I would make sure my family stays safe.



If I were A Crane

By Charlie Vento, Sixth Grade

If I were a crane, I would fly high into the sky to see the land below me.

If I were a crane, I would travel around the world to see everything.

If I were a crane, I'd wish not to fly into electric power lines.

If I were a crane, I would like to avoid dangerous hunters.

If I were a crane, I would eat donuts, because they're tasty.

If I were a crane, I would like to dance in the sun.

If I were a crane, I would like to sleep in a big, sunny field.

If I were a crane, I would learn how to balance on one leg.

If I were a crane, I would learn how to fly across the globe.

If I were a crane, I would like to be with others.



If I were a Crane

By Gurjot Phul, Sixth Grade

If I were a crane, I would soar above the clouds and let my worries fall.

If I were a crane, I would Wade through the marshes of the Platte River.

If I were a crane, I would fly over the Atlantic Ocean, into the bright setting sun.

If I were a crane, I would hope for the humans to not pass the law for crane hunting.

If I were a crane, I would scavenge through the forests for berries.

If I were a crane, I would not want to become endangered like the Whooping crane.

If I were a crane, I would want to fly in groups with other cranes.

If I were a crane, I would hope to look like the Black-crowned crane.



If I were a crane...

By Lucas Rinderle, Sixth Grade

If I were a crane, I would be writing about myself

If I were a crane, I would fly across the world looking at all the attractions and meeting other cranes.

If I were a crane, I would walk through the deep water until the water gets too high, that I couldn't breathe.

If I were a crane, I would reinforce the law of not being able to hunt endangered cranes or any cranes.

If I were a crane, I would hide from the horde of killing and death of fellow species.

If I were a crane, I would protect my family and kids or even a crane I don't even know.

If I were a crane, I would dance all I want because I know other cranes will join me.



I Were a Crane

By Joe McNulty, Sixth Grade

If I was a crane, I would fly through the sky peering from the cracks of each cloud, looking for my lost friend from Jr. Fly.

If I were a crane, I would prance through the soggy, sticky marsh, diving for a nice, once in a blue moon, treat.

If I were a Sandhill crane, I would search and search for hours for my family and a cozy place to settle down for the night.

If I were a Whooping crane, I would stand tall above the rest and show off my crazy new, stylish, dance moves.

If I were the Sarus crane, I would soar to high heights, standing at almost 6 feet tall, as king of the pack.

If I were a Brolga crane, I would explore the Gulf of Australia, looking at its amazing views.

If I were a Gray-crowned crane, I would venture through the great flatlands, looking for predators and prey through the tensive heat of Kenya in Africa.

If I were a crane, I would soar high in the sky light into the night.

If I were a crane, I would dive right into the cold, blue pond, to cool off on a hot summer day.

If I were a crane, I would drink from the best pond the world has ever seen and keep going until my little throat has taken in enough of the delicious water.

If I were a crane, I would eat all the fish out of the pond.

If I were a crane, I would cow and hoot when photographers take my picture.

If I were a crane, I would wait outside a young girl's home and make her day.



If I Were a Crane

By Evan Rich, Sixth Grade

If I were a crane, I would soar high in the ocean-blue sky.

If I were a crane, I would show my beautiful wings off.

If I were a crane, I would relax in the ice cold water.

If I were a crane, I would change the world.

If I were a crane, I would scream my high notes.

If I were a crane, I would stop at the Platte River to relax before we start our migration again.

If I were a crane, I would fly to a mountain to watch the sunset.



If I were A Crane

By Carson Taylor, Sixth Grade

If I were a crane, I would dance and dance, all through the night.

If I were a crane, I would soar high in the sky light into the night.

If I were a crane, I would dive right into the cold, blue pond, to cool off on a hot summer day.

If I were a crane, I would drink from the best pond the world has ever seen and keep going until my little throat has taken in enough of the delicious water.

If I were a crane, I would eat all the fish out of the pond.

If I were a crane, I would caw and hoot when photographers take my picture.

If I were a crane, I would wait outside a young girl's home and make her day.



If I Were a Crane

By: Riley Fischer, Sixth Grade

If I were a crane...

I would fly high in the sky until I couldn't fly anymore.

I would eat whenever I felt like it.

I would escape any threat that came my way.

I would wade in the water until my feet got sore.

I wouldn't have a bedtime so I would stay up until I pass out.

I would travel the world whenever I felt like it.

I would dance all the time because cranes don't judge others by their weirdness!



If I Were A Crane...

By Bryson Straub, Sixth Grade

I would fly all over the world

I would drink all the muddy water

I would eat everything

I would explore everything I could

I would do crane things

I would eat da fish

I would find Nemo

I would live with my family

I would find a friend

I would dance

I would have fun



If I Were A Crane...

By Izabella Romo, Sixth Grade

If I were a Demoiselle crane... I'd be looking up at everyone as if they were giants.

If I were a Sandhill crane... I'd be dancing my heart out of my feathers and change the world.

If I were a Blue crane... I'd be grazing under the greenest of green trees covering me from the scorching sun.

If I were a Brolga crane... I would splash around in the fresh, cool waters in the hot areas of Australia.

If I were a Red necked crane... I would play in fallen snow and sing so hard that I'd break glass from a mile away.

If i were a Hooded crane... I would peck around in muck and dirt looking for a tasty bite to eat.

If I were a Eurasian Crane... I'd sit on my warm nest protecting my eggs from mean and nasty predators.

If I were a Siberian Crane... I'd by flying way up high in the cold winds as if I were touching the softness of the clouds.

If I were a Wattled Crane... I'd waddle around everywhere with my wattle hanging down like an unblown balloon.

If I were a Grey Crowned Crane... I'd sing lovely tunes to my fellow cranes so they can hear the sounds of sweet delight.



If I Were a Crane

By Andrew Ziegler, Sixth Grade

If I were a crane, I would be strong and beautiful, like a lion in the dark jungle.

If I were a crane, I would try to avoid power lines, because one hit and I could be electrocuted.

If I were a crane, I would be able to fly forever, so that I don't ever need to come down to the polluted earth.

If I were a crane, I would dance as a silhouette in the red and yellow sunset for countless hours.

If I were a crane, I would never stop exploring, even when I am old and tired.

If I were a crane, I would never come back down to earth because there are less risks in the sky than on the land.

If I were a crane, I would fly away from everything that is troubling to me and relax in the clouds.



If I Were a Crane

By Joey Manata, Sixth Grade

If I were a crane, I would have no business going to school or writing any poem.

If I were a crane, I would fly from my home all the way to the Platte River, reuniting with my other crane friends.

If I were a crane, I would seek out the tastiest bugs and eat all of them.

If I were a crane, I would elude all of the power lines that zoom by me.

If I were a crane, I would never let my babies wander off without me.

If I were a crane, I would always try to protect my flock from any predator.

If I were a crane, I would make use of my life as a crane.



If I Were a Crane

By Rex Robe, Sixth Grade

If I were a crane, I would be remarkably worried about my species.

If I were a Sarus crane, my white patch would turn red with anger when I see a poacher near my home.

If I were a Grey-crowned crane, I would use my crown to terrify developers so they would stop destroying our wetlands.

If I were a Hooded crane, I would hide in the shadows, filled with fear of people, tearing up our prairies.

If I were a Whooping crane, I would screech and screech until the humans stop poaching us.

If I were a Brolga, I would be enraged to hear that the place I grew up in is now an observatory built by humans.

If I were a Wattled crane, I would use my wattle to signal peace to the humans taking my wetlands.



If I Were a Crane

By Val Smith, Sixth Grade

If I were a Whooping Crane, I would look down at the other cranes, and stand tall, and confident in the cool breeze.

If I were a Sarus Crane, I would walk cautiously to a pond and drink the cool and refreshing water.

If I were a Blue Crane, I would walk along proudly, showing off my unique and beautiful color.

If I were a Black Crowned Crane, I would frolic freely and show off my gorgeous and fancy crown to everyone.

If I were a Demoiselle Crane, I would be dancing around with my flock, late in the pitch black night.

If I were a Wattled Crane, I would try to avoid the pollution and other dangerous things some cruel humans leave behind.

If I were a Brolga Crane, I would be wandering around West Australia looking at the kangaroos and many other fascinating animals.

If I were a Sandhill Crane, I would look viciously at the careless humans that want to hunt me and my species



Save the Cranes

By Kylee Stelzer, Eighth Grade

Traveling in flocks

Cranes, said to symbol success

Save these social birds



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Crane

By Kelsey Smith, Eighth Grade

Calling of kinds

Ranges of species

Astonishing tolerance of the weather

Neglecting of the animal leads

Ending of the species



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Majestic Flight

By Kassidee Hoffman, Eleventh grade

Spreading their wings to full potential
Carefully leaping in the air
Landing gracefully
Extending their long neck high in the air
Calling with all their might
Showing gracefulness in the purest form
Protecting the young with their glorious body
Chasing away any danger that approaches
Throwing their wings high in the air
Dancing fiercely to one another
Running for their majestic flight



Cranes at Home

By Leah Klammer, Ninth Grade

Cranes at Home
Two cranes, alone.
Stagnant creek, still.
Jungled marsh, alive.

Lady crane, nestled
Among her pristine
Home and feathers.

Father crane, ruffled
After a day's work
That soiled his wings.

Baby cranes, hidden
Away, looked after by a father
They've yet to meet.

White poppies, wild blooms
That live with the cranes
At peace at home.



Save the Cranes

By Carrie Griffin, Eighth Grade

Cranes with long necks and the straightest of beaks
The flocks they live in, always in herding
The constant talking of familiar shrieks
Only they are aware of their wording

The monogamous species so rare
Mating with their stretching, bowing, and jumps
To their babies they will take so much care
Their children so fluffy with little limps

Crane life span so long up to three decades
The nests grow in all marshy areas
At their homes they all like to go and wade
So many species it is various

Their gracefulness and harmless of features
Save the cranes, the world's beautiful creatures



Nothing Will Triumph Me

By Skyla Meyer, Eleventh Grade

Who could be more beautiful,
More beautiful than the ocean
And still dance with the wind?

Who could glisten as bright,
As bright as the sea
And feed its native creatures?

What can spread the Red Flower
As fast as I,
Causing destruction but giving life?

What is barren and fulfilling,
Vacant but lively,
Concealing the life under their wings, like I?

None shall be more beautiful,
None shall glisten brighter,
None will destroy and provide simultaneously,
None will be as protective,
Nothing shall triumph me.

I am the sea of the land
With my yellow waves, I am a home to a million and one creatures.



Unknown Beauty

By Clara Yoap, Eleventh Grade

Ordinary, humid summer days-
The innocent children play inside
the chatter of corn husks
behind the old school road.
Fingers pointed, jaws hungry.
My eyes peer outside the picture window
and catch a glimpse of nature's
beauty.

Standing tall with its crimson cap,
the elegance could catch
attention from miles away.
The loud, rattling bugle moan
brings in several others
of nature's calling.

The children paralyzed in
fear of being the bird's next
prey. However, a smile
manifests over my face.
Knowing a piece of work like this
is a precious picture,
not a fearful moment.



I Wish I Were a Crane

By Aidan Klammer, Third Grade

I wish I were a crane
Swooping high above the land.
I wish I were a crane-
It would be so very grand!

I wish I were a crane
With my neck and legs so long.
I wish I were a crane
With my bill making a song.

I wish I were a crane
In a swamp I'd build my nest
I'd build it nice and low,
Somewhere safe where I could rest.

Though I cannot be a crane
I'll protect their nature home
From the prairies to the wetlands
Or wherever they may roam.

