

Best poems

By students of GGD





Acrostic 16503 (Semyon)

Gems are

Ending

Oil is

Limited.

Only

Geologists are

Interested to

See

The truth.



Acrostic 16501 (Konstantin)

Geophysicist

Explores the constitution

Of the

Planet, predicts natural

Hazards. His work gave

You

Sources of energy

Included in the

Center of

Solid core.



Acrostic 16504 (Elena)

Get

Everything

Of

Life

Or

Give

Incredible

Sources

To others.



Acrostic 16503 (Anton D.)

Geology is

Everything

Of my

Life and I

Obviously think that I'm the

Greatest

In the world

So it's

True



Acrostic 16502 (Sasha K.)

Going to nature,

Explore the world.

Of course you need

Logic.

Or you can enjoy

Green grass and

Interesting life,

Shapes of minerals and

Traveling.



Acrostic 16502 (Alyona Z.)

Gems are

Erased.

Oceans are

Losing their marine inhabitants

Only one thing has the

Greatest lifetime:

It is my

Strange love to

Tanzanite.



Acrostic 16502 (Sasha M.)

Go to learn the

Earth!

Obduction zones and

Lithosphere plates

Ore

Geodynamic processes

Investigate all this

Smoking and vodka will help you in this difficult

Trip.



Limerick 16504 (Pavel)

Hammer, drummer, rock

I wake up and put on my sock

My friend is the best

I give him a ticket to geology test

Hammer, drummer, rock.



Limerick 16501 (Anton)

My body is very tired

And tired is my mind

I go home

To my grandmom

And food on the table I'll find.



Limerick / Cinquain 16503 (Daniil)

Bed

Good and Bad

Sleeping, Eating, Sleeping

This poem has great meaning

Undead



Haiku 16503 (Maria)

Little grey dove

Walks through this beautiful street

How painful life is.



Haiku 16504 (Vladislav, Alexandr, Vova)

Mountains are snowy

The wind on the top is harsh

Hide in a tent, dude



Haiku 16502 (Vera)

Water destroys stone

It's nice in its destruction

Majestic erosion.



Cinquain 16503 (Sergey)

Gold

Brilliant, yellow

Get, wear, decorate

We are looking for

Wealth



Cinquain 16504 (Polina)

Exam

Exciting, dangerous

Cheat, despair, destroy

Turns you inside out

Challenge



Cinquain 16501 (Ruslan)

Earth

Big, dear

Rotating, protecting, loving

Thanks to her, we live

Our Mother.



Cinquain 16504 (Daniil)

Oil

Viscous, black

Fuel, richness, hydrocarbon

Creator of World War III

Power



Cinquain 16503 (Ardan)

Volcanoes

Dangerous, furious

Growing, erupting, exploding

Home of Earth and Fire

Nature



Cinquain 16503 (Semyon)

Sun

Hot, round

Shining, moving, heating

Brightest thing in our world

Life



Poems 16502 (Elona)

Do you like different gems

Or you play computer games?

If you want, I'll show one story

Promise that you will not worry

The geologist's like a king

Who enjoys having a drink

He can have all gems and rocks

And a bag with stinky socks

A hammer's something like a hand

And we can conquer the land

Now you like different gems!

Stop playing silly computer games.



Poems 16503 (Natasha)

I love our Earth

I love the mantle, core and crust

All benefit in itself is worth

We must all geologists trust.



Poems 16502 (Andrey)

Geologists are smart

And heroes are brave

I'm not like them,

I'm on my wave.



Poems 16502 (Alina)

In the street there will be rain

I leave everything and go away

I want to stop this pain

Geochemistry is killing me again.

I feel the stress I'm going to gain.



Poems 16502 (Alyona S.)

Even if the Earth's crust

Cracks into tiny pieces

Changing every life to dust

There is no miserable reason

For hating this place, trust,

So many issues haven't even been discussed.



Poems 16502 (Vlad)

If the school chemistry does not captivate

And often hurts your head

Geochemistry will be your mate,

Geochemistry will be your bread.



Poems 16504 (Matvei)

First layer is the crust

All turns into dust

This thing that geologists discussed

In oil and gas they trust.



Poems 16501 (Natasha)

All my thoughts are like sand

They are leaking through my hand

So much pain creating new

I'd rather have a barbeque.



Poems 16504 (Misha)

I am a “pombur”

I broke Earth’s crust

It is very hard

There is rocky dust

I eat a lot of meat

I live in a tent

I don’t have time to sit

A drill is my friend.



Poems 16502 (Lera)

The sun is rising now. It is the break of day.

Geologist goes to the open field, or on a rocky ridge.

It is a fantastic place.

It is the romance of the working days.

Everything contains information:

Every stone, every flower.

He will raise the rock, he will explore the piece.

He will imagine the appearance of substances.

He sees the story course uninterrupted.

He feels the movement of the plates.

Today there is a sea full of fish.

Tomorrow there will be high mountains.

The sun is setting. It is a sunset.

Business trip ends. Routine begins.

Geologists do not cease to dreaming.

It is the romance of the working days.



Poems 16504 (Dmitry)

4.5 billion years ago there was a birth -

Little planet named the Earth!

From a big bunch of dust

To living creatures on its crust.

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