

What I'm made of

My hatred is made of iron gloves
That smash through walls of mockery
My friendship is made of parchment that
Writes down all solutions
My sadness is made of hot air that I
Can capture and float away with
My happiness a pool I can swim
In whenever I want to
This is not fantasy crud
This is me

Soda Can

Sea of gold
Clouds of silver
Rippling in my soda can
Emerald green waves
Pound against my rocky
Taste buds
The bubbly froth,
Swishing around like a horses mane
Fizz tickles the cave that is my throat
Swirling down the cyclone tunnel
My stomach screaming dare I say wailing
And chanting for more
But as the aluminum hollows
The tidepool of acid is filled
With delicious fizz
Like a sloshing sea current
And I sadly mourn
Wanting another
Yet the day is done and I wait.
Sea of gold
Clouds of silver
Sloshing around in a new soda can.

Flying

Who am I to mess with Mother Nature
But sometimes I have a hunch
That few men were meant to fly
And I was one of them
To feel that wind rushing
Is to feel God and glory
His power shining onto you
But that is fantasy
It is not real
Oh but what a wondrous thing
The feeling to be flying

Pebble

Inanimate but tells a story
Doesn't have eyes but I'm sure it can see
The world for the nice place it is
My name is Patrick
It's name is George
The wise pebble that has no brain
Do to it what you want
It will still remain a pebble
You cannot hurt it for it has no nerves
To feel any pain or sorrow
There are endless possibilities
To what you can do with
Just that one little pebble
Just open your eyes
And believe (it's a pebble)

Books

A good book pulls you into the pages
And lets you walk along the text.
A good book can awaken your emotions
And suck them out like a leech.
A good book spits out dilemma
In the form of rays beating down from the sun.
A good book teaches the pain of sorrow
As well as the pleasures of joy.
A good book is never closed
Until it is completely finished.
A good book is a door to
Another distant world.
So go pick one and get lost in your own little fantasy.

Starship

I built a starship out of legos
I thought it would be cool
It has 108 Laser barrels
On 38 different detachable ships
But as my wonderful creation
Grows, my memories of Hogwarts
Shrink as I dissect the costes remains
You might see it as mutany
But I learn that my Hogwarts
Lego set that I've had since
I was 5 is now a whole new world

(No title)

Appreciation I name after you
For it is in your soul
I get the feeling of luckiness
Inside
Whenever I'm around you
Your work tells a story
That speaks to me
And tells me wonderful things
You do for me
The things you sacrificed
For me makes me scratch
My head in bewilderment
Staring off into space
Wondering why you do the things
You do for me

Origami

Origami tells a story
About the dragons and the knights who fought
Them a hundred years ago
Each fold represents the pages
In a book we long to read
I had made a ring that consisted
Of eight links
Wait I see only seven which means
It's time to make the eighth
Almost done there perfect!
I had made a lucky ring
I had made a story

Science

Why do people wonder about
Stuff they don't know
When they can question what
They do know and change it
And discover something new
Maybe rethink an equation
Or disprove A.E.'s theory of relativity
So take a beaker
Snatch a flask and go
Out there and find some new
Chemical compound reaction
It feels nice knowing you
Put something into the world
That wasn't there before

Rabbit

The air I breathe
The food I eat
I shared it with you when you
Were around

The moments I cherished
The TV that I watched
I shared It with you when you
Were around

My mother that loves
My father that works
I shared it with you when you
Were around

The house that I live in
The games that I played
I shared it with you when you
Were around

My Broken Arm

RRR! The metallic grind
of the saddle ring. I jumped. I sprawled
on the ground, motionless. My sister was
next to fall. Suddenly my concussion
started messing with my sight. In and
out with blackness. I barrel rolled
to the side. But not quick enough.
She fell on my right arm. Then I
heard it. A crack I'm sure broke the
sound barrier. And a scream that
could turn blood marble cold. That's
the last thing I remembered before
I blacked out.

Pedro

I thought you were the good guy
One more friend and yet
All of my tolerance for you you took
With a grain of salt
You remind me of Lord idiocy
And you taste like his lunch, stupidity
I see no goodness in you
Your soul is made of evil
So keep away from me
And keep me unprovoked