



Why

Do we always

Need to put things into

Squares and never into triangles.

I think that's a big problem in today's society.

Happy or Sad

The tree wants a hug.

That's why its arms are out.

The wants to cry,

But it holds its tears inside.

The beach loves to smile.

That's why it spreads its warmth.

The beach loves to spend time with others,

But it can't in the winter.

I Love Pyramids

I

Love pyramids

More than anything else

Sometimes I go to Egypt to see them

And sometimes I just make them in my room

Untitled

I am a flower standing

By the side of the road,

Watching all the cars drive by

And I feel the wind blow.

All I have ever wanted to do

Is walk around and feel free

Because everybody stares at me.

I hope they like what they see.

Poem About Nature

Grass green, green grass, it watches time pass.

It got ignored as time passed, oh the poor grass.

No matter what it did, no matter the color or time, people acted like mimes.

All the pretty flowers, even those with thorns got praised, while the poor grass tried to rise.

It did its best to try and be like the pretty flowers, to be noticed and praised.

But no matter what it did, no one was fazed. They all just acted in a daze.

Oh, the poor grass, it got treated like trash. It tried its best, but with no success.

It's funny how in nature, too, we only look at the pretty things, no matter the thorns, no matter the thing.

Local Sanctuary

There is a huge hill

Symbolizing pride and glory

On top of it is a crown

Make of trees and flowers

Like a king it's standing

Scouting its surroundings

Having an army of animals

Lurking in the hill's palm

I'm a Dandelion

I'm a dandelion

A weed

That hold impossible wishes and dreams

Overlooked by most Ruined in rain

Flowing in the breeze

Stepped on in fields

Some find me beautiful

A miracle

Some find me annoying

A waste

I am a dandelion

A weed

That holds impossible wishes and dreams

Gemstone

I'm a shiny gemstone.

I want to be found by a person

And shine like a big star.

Some believe I can protect.

Some want me because I'm shiny.

Many will pay millions even though I'm shiny.

I am deep in the ground.

It's too quiet here.

I'm sure I'll be found some day.

I've been here too long.

When will I be found?

For now I sleep peacefully.

Someone is walking over me.

Is this my lucky day?

I'm getting desperate.

My tears turn into dust.

I've given too much trust.

At this point, I just feel disgust.

Untitled

A friendship could be very strong,

But will it be forever long?

Cowgirl Life

I'm a cowgirl from the Wild West.

I ride my horse and never rest.

I like to shoot my gun

Because it's really fun.

The cows I hunt

Have horns in the front.

I'm the best at throwing a lasso

From here to El Paso.

I love to sit by the fire.

The sundown I admire.

I sing a song

And the birds sing along.

I put the saddle on my horse

And ride into the sunset, of course.

I love the free life

And be someone's wife.

The Tour to the Moon

I flew into space in my spaceship,
And I bit my lip.
The spaceship was very fast
Because of the blast.

Sometime I wish I had a clone
Because it can be hard to be alone.
Being alone is very sad,
But being in space is not that bad.

Somewhere up in space
There is a base.
The sun is warm and bright.
It's what gives us light.

At night we see the moon.
It can already be seen in the afternoon.
The moon is the biggest satellite.
Mainly we see it at night.

Space is full of stars.
They are there with Mars.

2 believe in f8

1 time I went 2 the park,
Where I met an alright m8.
I could easily see us 2gether,
Though I don't believe in f8

I wanted 2 get 2 know him,
So, I asked him on a d8.
God 4bid I think I like him,
He's just way 2 gr8.

He really likes 10nis,
He believes in f8.
First, I couldn't rel8,
But now I 2 believe in f8.

Gone For Now

My grandma died of cancer
Hope I won't go the same way
I feel like something is missing
But I think I just have to wait
I've never seen her in real life
And pictures just don't feel right
My dad tells me that she would be proud
And I think he is right
We could have been happy
But instead, we feel empty
I lost my granddad about 2 years ago
And sometimes just can't let it go
I wish I spent more time with him
But now it's too late
I wonder every day what they might be doing
And they will always have their own special place
In the middle of my heart

Poem About Pollution

There is trash in the ocean

The fish choke on the plastic

The ocean is polluted by oil

The birds and fish get killed by the oil

There is trash on land

The plastic gets stuck in the trees and the grass

There is trash spread around the nature

A lot of people don't care

Metal cans are pollution

Plastic bags are pollution

Mopeds are pollution

And glass is pollution

Dreams Smell

A dream can be peculiar
To that we're all familiar
That is pretty regular
But what we don't know
Is how it's smell would go
Maybe musty?
Maybe dusty?
But I'll sure tell this
About my dream's smell that is
It is rotten
It is sweet
It has been forgotten
Kind of smells like meat
Smells a little musty
Sure, does smell dusty
Smells a little wet honestly like a cigarette
To put it simple
Smells like a pimple
To put it widespread
Smells like a pet
A tree
A bush
Say flee
Say hush
It's all about the smell of my dream

Not Much Family

I live in a little town in Denmark

With not much family

I have my aunt, uncle and cousins near me

But the rest is on the other side of the planet

On a continent far, far away

Known as North America

If that wasn't tragic enough

My grandma passed away

Without a goodbye

He rose to the above

In his grave he must rest in peace

But I know it was best for him

The last time my dad heard from him

All he wanted was to be with his mom

I hope he found her and is happy now

The Fish

My dad went down the stream

Down the stream to catch the fish

The fish was a trout, a beautiful trout

He looked a little closer and now it was a salmon

My dad went down the stream while my brother went up the stream

My brother went up the stream to catch the fish

The fish was a beautiful salmon, clear and shiny

He looked a little closer and now it was a trout

My dad and my brother sailed at the river

They looked up and saw my mother, sister and me

When they looked a little closer it was a stone

A big grey and black stone

The boat turned around and they now went down the stream but not in a boat

They swam all they had learnt, but it wasn't enough

They drowned between the beautiful fish

While the big grey and black stone stood dark and lonely

We Live on the Street

We all still live on the street.

We all still love each other.

We all are still hungry.

And we all are trying to survive.

All those rich people with their mansions

And expensive cars

And some even have private jets.

My family could live in a "van."

We can pray as much as we want.

We can hug each other.

And say, "it will all be OK."

Still...

It never does.

We live on the street.

We won't get far in our lives.

And we are always hungry.

Everybody else thinks we are stupid.

Because we live on the street.

No Title

The majestic old tree,

Stands proudly in the garden.

Branches broken by the heavy snow.

I'm afraid I don't have the strength for any more snow.

It sighs sadly.

I hope spring comes soon,

So I can grow strong again.

Clowns Are Funny

But my cousins are too

We like to laugh our way through

And I think that is the only right thing to do

My granddad had a best friend

He took most of his things

It was like he was going to make a museum for all the kings

Sometimes I see him like an elf

But everyone sees him like the painting on your shelf

There is a lot going on

But mostly just an old man named John

My aunt is like a bomb

She just waits until you click "on"

Don't tell her

She won't be like your jacket made of fur

She will probably click on herself

And then you will end up just like John on the shelf

All Alone

All alone in my house, no one is near

Suddenly there was a squeak, what was that I could hear?

Maybe a robber trying to get in.

Maybe a racoon searching in my bin.

I hear three knocks on my door,

One quick, and later two more.

A killer knocking in the middle of the night.

At least the killer's polite.

Telling myself I will be okay,

And I won't die today.

Even so, I hide in my bed,

Covering my head.

I hear a vase smashing on the ground,

A horrible sound.

The killer seems to have fun,

Slowly I tap my phone dialing 911.

I go downstairs with a broom in my hand,

Holding it tight while I stand on my mat.

And then right before a hit could land,

I remembered - I have a cat.

Bæstet

Stilhed

Hele lejligheden var indhyllet i stilhed, ikke en eneste lyd. Ikke en fugl, ingen biler, ingen mennesker, ingen lyde. Hendes åndedræt var så stille at det heller ikke kunne høres, trak hun overhovedet vejret. Det betød ikke noget om hun gjorde det eller ej, hun vidste at døden var nær. Den kommer tættere på med hurtige smertefulde skridt, så hvis hun endte med at dø af iltmangel. Så ville det være en meget mildere død, end den der ventede hende.

Stilhed, kun stilhed.

Og dog, var der ikke en lille lyd. En lille lyd der på grund af den rungende stilhed, lød som om den var lige ved siden af den. Det lød som lange, tunge prust, det lød som om der lå en søvrig tiger et sted i den lille lejlighed. Hun ville, nej, hun måtte rejse sig fra den lille grå fold ud sofa, men frygten for hvad der lavede denne lyd, var større end hendes nysgerrighed og stræben efter at finde ud af det.

Hendes blik flagede rundt i det næsten mørke rum, der både var hendes stue og soveværelse. De hvide gardiner hang og dinglede stille, de lignede næsten spøgelser, det gammeldags tv som hun plejede at tænde så snart hun kom hjem fra arbejde var slukket. Hylderne i hjørnet bar ikke meget, for hun havde jo ikke meget. Et billede hende og Otto, ved siden af lå Ottos halsbånd og stirrede tomt op i loftet, der stod et par bøger og en halvdød potted plante. Det støvede spisebord der ikke rigtigt blev brugt til noget, stod midt i det hele, dens mørkebrune farve gjorde at den var lidt mørkere end alt andet.

Den prustende lyd var der stadig, og hun tog et valg. Rejste sig, hvilket fik sofaen til at give endnu et knirk fra sig. Og der stod hun bare og vejede lidt, usikker på hvor hun ville bevæge sig hen. Men da den stille prustende lyd blev afbrudt brat af lyden af et glas der blev splintret, vidste hun hvor det var hun skulle gå hen. Med rystende fødder kom hun ud til det lille køkken, hun holdt fast i dørkammen for ikke at falde. Men køkkenet var tomt, det glas hun havde sat ved siden af håndvasken, lå knust i flere tusinde stykker på gulvet. Men det var ikke alt, en lille pøl af noget lå ved siden af, hun satte sig på hug ved siden af, og lugten af jern var ikke til at tage fejl af. Blod, det var blod der lå der. Hun vidste ikke hvad hun skulle gøre nu, sætte sig ind i sofaen og vente på den gjorde det af med hende, eller gik hun lige ind i hænderne på døden ved at prøve at finde den.

Pludselig brummede hendes mobile, den lå inde på spisebordet men hun kunne tydeligt høre den. Hvem ringede til hende, der var aldrig nogen, der ringede til hende. De lyseblå lys fra telefonen lyste rummet op og gjorde alt synligt. Og gud hvor hun ønskede den ikke havde gjort det, 2 meter væk fra den brumme mobile, stod den. Tåre begyndte at trille ned ad hendes kinder, det var nu, om lidt ville den vende sig væk fra det lysende apparat og springe på hende og dræbe hende. Den mørke skikkelse der var direkte sendt fra helveds inderste kroge, den selv samme skikkelse der for blot uger siden dræbte hendes bedste og eneste ven. Den havde sprættet Ottos mave og med sine lange skarpe negle og imens den stakkels lille hund lå og piv og hylede. Hev skikkelsen hans indvolde ud, indtil hunden atter var stille og ikke bevægede sig. Hun havde intet kunne stille op, kun se på imens. Frygten havde lammet hende så meget at hun end ikke kunne redde den der betød mest for hende. Og nu var det hendes tur, bæstet vendte sig og sprang.

How a Deer Sees the World

"Be scared of human", I was told.

"Be scared of bullets", my mother said.

"I am indeed", I said to her.

But this time it was different.

He had no gun, not even a stick.

All he had was a carrot,

A big orange carrot with the stem still on it.

I was hungry, so I moved closer,

A little closer, I can smell the carrot now,

And I took a bite.

It tasted good, another bite,

And now the carrot is gone.

The human moved closer,

And I ran away.

I ran and ran and ran,

Into the hunter's trap.

Funny poem

The little girl's name was Asta.

Her hair was made of pasta.

And her feet and hands

Were made of rubber bands.

They made a terrible noise,

Just like the boys.

Her big eyes

Were made of pies.

They were blue,

And every summer they grew.

Her short legs

Were made of eggs.

And her small knees

Were made of peas.

She wasn't good at sports,

And she couldn't wear shorts.

Her new pretty shoes

Were made by kangaroos.

They were red.

And on the side, there was a head.

The long laces

Were made of braces.

The Sound of my Dreams

My dreams have a sound,
That's hard to tell.
Maybe you'll understand,
If I tell it well.

The sound of
Cats going woof,
Frogs going moo.
All the animals escaping from the zoo.

Boiling bubbles,
An old squeaky clock,
A funky, little bunny
Listening to rock.

An owl singing pop,
Frying some grass.
A doe flying,
And hitting the grass.

The wind whispering secrets,
The sea telling lies.
A duck falling,
As it hits the sky.

The sounds are terrible,
It fills my ears.
I lock the sound out,

Holding in my tears.

I wake up in a shock,

Holding my ear.

I let out a sigh,

As I shed a single tear.

My Dream

It was a hot summer day,
Really not that special.
I heard a woman cry I wanted to
Help but bet she's dry

I went to look for my mom,
When I wanted water,
I got my water it tasted
Like salt water

I looked to the right
And saw a person
Sour cream onion chips
With whipped cream

I looked to my left
And saw a person
Eating pickles with liquorice in it,
With milk as a drink

I went outside to
Smell fresh rain and
I ate some marshmallows

Snowman

When the snow
Falls the children
Go out into the
Snow and build a snowman
They give it a
Carrot for its nose a
Scarf for its neck
And buttons
And stones for
The eyes and the smile
The snowman stands there
Happy and blessed while freezing
For some time until the heat starts to
Come and the snowman is melting
Away now there is only a carrot
a scarf and some buttons
and stones left

Flower Field

In the field the flowers dance to the cold evening breeze

As they dance in the wind they slowly freeze

The flowers moving with the wind

A symphony of colours and rhythm a joyful scenery

Amongst the flowers in the field a is lain

Her eyes gazing up at the night sky

Her chest rises once more then falls slowly

She lies in the field so still and quiet

A silent farewell

A peaceful end to her tale surrounded by the thing she loved the most

The flower field

Nonsense Poem

The fairies danced in the fields lighting the field up

The man was blinded by the lights

He was angry

The fairies surrounded him and grabbed his hands

He began dancing with them and shrunk in size

They became as tall as mice

Untitled

Being a human being is not always easy

To live in a world that is demanding and busy

The Temple

Inside a temple

Old, cold and you're going to tremble

Weird and timeless

This is rhymeless

Made by the Roman

Is it an omen?

Two thousand years ago

Build with an ancient glow

This poem is long

I am not strong

But maybe I'm wrong

They liked to build

The builder's guild

And you're getting killed

No pain/No gain/No thanks

The long school days are short and sweet

Especially when Mr. English is doing hide and seek

Nothing is more thrilling than writing nonsense poetry

Even the swim champion finds herself drowning in misery

I love being in school when it's 20.20 in the evening

When that happens even God stops believing

The Supermarket

The supermarket has a lot of things

Steak, sausages, and chicken wings

It has everything for your house

Sometimes you can even find a blouse

You can get chocolate, chips, and candy

Maybe a cart will be handy

For a party you can get a lot

Or just the milk you forgot

Untitled

I want to learn this new fantastic skill

But need money for the insurance bill

Dreaming

A tulip is sitting with a rose

Dreaming about dances on shows

The tulip wants to dance in rain

Sooner or later, she sits in pain

But why the pain should be so strong

Whatever did she do so wrong?

She tries and tries and tries again

Until she only feels the rain

Now she is dancing in the street

Dreaming about dancing with feet

Untitled

And there it was!

The Mimbling Simbling

But who could kill

The Fimbling Dimbling?

I am not

In the word of God

To act against the blood

What about you?

Are you a gym?

If you are I am the new

I like cake

That is not fake

Nor is it thrown into a lake

The Clock Says Tick Tick

The clock
At Ticks,
Look Tick
Don't Tock.
Please Time
Tock Goes
Tick By
Tock, When
Tick You
Clock Don't
The Look

At

Your Night Light

I am a lamp

I shine your nights

I make your stories

With the shadows

Of my illumination

My Precious Little One

There you are my little one,
Round and lovely like the sun
For some you are a football,
To me you are my Winter, Spring, Summer and Fall
You look at me with your leather eye,
And suddenly you start to cry.
“Why are they so cruel to me?
Ally day they kick impatiently”
“I just want to be their friend,
But I don’t think that’s how it will end”
You stretch your arms to get a hug,
I lean towards you like a little duck
I pick you up like a piece of art
“I know, you’re deep within my heart”

My Hand

On my hand, I have a lot of tattoos.

All of them are different with special meanings.

The first one is a beautiful rose

A reminder of how much my mother loved her garden.

The second one is a simple book

A reminder of how much my brother loved reading

The third one is a red lipstick

A reminder of how much my sister loved applying it

The last one is a heavy weight

A reminder of how much my dad loved training

After I have looked at my tattoos, I look at my fingers

I have a silver ring on, which my mom gave me.

I also have two gold rings on, that my dad and brother gave to me

My nails are painted pink

just like my sister used to have

But Now They're All Gone

Burnt to pieces with no trail of them.

No one knows that was me who started the fire

I managed to run out of the house, but they didn't

Even though it was five years ago.

The only thing I have left of them is my hand

The Sad Bull

I'm sitting alone in my cage.

Waiting for I'm getting out in the stage.

Running and fighting with the men.

Countdown to ten.

Then we will begin.

It's so hard to be a bull.

Always fracturing your skull.

It's so hard to be a bull.

Always fracturing your skull.

All the people looking at you.

Laughing and enjoying the view.

I know my life is over soon.

Looking at the beautiful noon.

It's so hard to be a bull.

Always fracturing your skull.

It's so hard to be a bull.

Always fracturing your skull.

My Dear Heather

I am light as a feather.

Out here I miss my family,

Especially you, my daughter Heather.

Ground control cannot reach me.

People say that being an astronaut is dangerous,

I agree.

I think about our family.

And our apple tree.

I wonder how it is right now.

Did you give it water?

I hope you did my dear daughter.

Oh, so bright they bloom,

All those little flowers.

In one hour,

I am not here anymore.

Dear Heather

Remember to do your chore,

And don't smack your door.

Dad loves you,

And

At least I got to see the moon.

The Little Boy by the Ocean

The waves were moving,

At night and day,

At summer, at winter.

The boy was swimming,

And screaming

When he heard an old man falling

To the ground,

The boy was swimming,

Swimming, swimming, swimming.

The Sunny Day

I remember the last time I flew up in the sky.

It was a sunny day with no clouds on the sky.

Summer had just started, and my mood was higher than usual.

The wind was fresh, and the air was warm. Everything was perfect.

And I would do anything to go back in time. To go back in time

When everything was perfect. To go back to when I had

Both wings to carry me. Just like every other bird has.

But it's okay.

Times get tough sometimes, and it's not always that you can do,

Something about it.

Just remember that the sun will always shine for you, when

You can't shine for yourself.

My Hand's Feelings

I came home,
To my sweet apartment.
I took the controller,
And lay down, turn on the screen.
It's the only way to make me warm.

I fell asleep.
My hand just lays,
And then it slaps my face, my face.
I am cold
And I feel dead
But it slaps again and then I was awake.

The train was coming,
In my game.
It gave me a bump,
In my hand.
My hand, my shiny, little hand.

My blood was floating,
In my arm, my hand was harmless.
And I fell asleep.
Really, really deep.

Climate Changes

1. Among the storm clouds there's a fire growing.
At the end of a tunnel, I hear a little child,
Falling to the ground,
With only a sick mom in his hands.
2. A simple fact is,
If I choose,
Not to believe in anything,
Unless I wish to,
The climate will change.
3. Raindrops, sunny days,
A snowstorm,
Everything happens for a reason.
4. We need to come together,
For a reason, that is
To stick together and help our sick people,
And the planet.
5. It may be fun to swim in the warm water,
But it's not fun for everybody.

Love

True love.

The need to desire the need to admire.

Everyone needs, everyone wants. Everyone takes. Why?

I want healing. I want feeling. I want the world to see me. The needs in me.

Something else. No one cares. Unoriginal. Simple. Easy. They call me names.

But all I want is love. I am love. I am me. I want me. I want myself back.

I can't. I need. I desire. The warmth. The hug. The comforting words.

The desperate love. I am broken. Can I be fixed?

I am enough. Patience breaks me.

Understand me!

Choose

Me!

My Family Life

My mom loves to bake

And I have a sweet tooth for cake.

My little sister has curly hair

You can really see it when it blows in the air.

Even though my dad works a lot

He still has a big butt.

My dad can look like ice

But he is very nice.

My little brother looks like a monkey

And he screams like a donkey.

I am very teen

But I don't look very clean.

My sister looks like a slut

But truly she's very hot.

My little brother is a little shit

Soon he's gonna get hit.

I hope this wasn't too loud

..... (Marina) over and out.

Miserable

The chimney boy came out,
Sad as he ever was.
They said he will become stronger,
But I don't think he will live for much longer.

I glared at her,
I've got to admit I was jealous.
She got an education,
While all I got was higher frustration.

The Sir came over to me,
While I was cleaning.
His hand went down to my bottom,
As he told me that *I finally began to blossom*.

While cutting carrots,
I accidently sliced myself.
My finger began to bleed,
I became dizzy *indeed*.

A new girl came from the workhouse,
They thought they had *saved* her.
Her hands became full of blisters,
I bet she missed her sisters.

It was Sunday,
My only day off.
Although I don't think there's a god,
I prayed for a better life, *a better job*.

My Cowboy Life

My name is Joe and I'm a cowboy.

My revolver is real, it's not a toy.

I live on a ranch out in nowhere.

But if you find it, I'm probably there.

One day I rode into town

On my horse, who's brown

In the town I went to the saloon

It was midafternoon.

When I came in, there was a thief,

Trying to steal, so I took up my sleeve.

Outside we went for a duel

Oh, the thief was very cruel.

There can be a lot of danger

When you fight a stranger.

Back to back we stood.

Ten steps we had to take

This isn't good.

Quickly, I turned around

Took my gun

And *bang* was the sound

Many people around

Looking at him falling to the ground.

The town thanked me.

I got several drinks for free.

I became the sheriff of the town,

And I am never going down.

My Family

My parents are divorced,
Which makes me feel lost.
Wish they still lived together,
But sadly, it does not get better.
My grandpa here is no more,
We had the best love.
Often, I don't see my cousins,
Which tend to start discussions.
My uncle I don't see,
It's not how it's supposed to be.
Our house is cold,
That means it's cold.
My father has stress,
Which leads to him doing less.
My other grandpa's health is not great,
Which I hate.
My guineapig is long gone,
I am still holding on.