

Yu Yu Hakusho poems

By Cara

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These are some poems for the Yu Yu Hakusho guys that my friends and I made. I forgot what sites inspired us for these.

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1 - Yu Yu poems

Here are some poems for the Yu Yu Hakusho guys my friends and I made. I forgot what sites inspired us for these.

The Demon: Hiei Like a phantom in the night he came. His goal was clear, humanity on it's knees bowing to him, begging him for mercy. The task should have been simple, he should have done as he pleased. He was stopped by the hero, defended by the fox, punished by the god, and befriended by the lot. So he is left to discover humanities endearments, love, friendship, joyfulness, merriment, and sadness.

The Fox: Kurama Soul of a demon fox, body of a boy. Mind like a steel trap and humans are his toys. But this wild fox has been tamed, softened by a mothers love. While he still can be quite deadly, he is also gentle as a dove. He fights beside his friends, with a new purpose and new goals. He helps defeat evil and fights for other people's souls. But one should never forget, that behind that gentle talk He's still a demon with demon instincts and he's still a crafty fox.

The Friend: Kuwabara Sometimes he's overwhelming With his boisterous actions and loud voice. He can come across as cocky and arrogant But when things get tough he makes the right choice. He may not be very graceful or much to look at But he's got a heart of gold. He comes charging in when you need him A more perfect friend you know you couldn't mold.

The God: Koenma He's always busy with out fail. Yelling, stamping, and directing each and every soul. His body is that of a toddler or a teen Yet he maintains sight of his divine goal. For Yusuke he disobeyed his father, And went to Makai his help to lend. This young lord is a boss and a manager But not only these, this young lord is a god, This young lord is a friend.

The Hero: Yusuke Crude and violent we meet this boy, Gradually we begin to understand his plight Slowly we learn and start to cheer for his soul While eagerly awaiting his next exciting fight. Finally we learn to care for him, A boy who's soul shines with a brilliant and beautiful light We morn for his losses And we're joyful when he wins. He's our hero, our friend, and our delight.