

# **My Poems!!! SQUEE!!!!!!**

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*YAYAYAY my poetry shtuff!!!!*

*read my sonnets and limeriks, por favor!!!*

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<b>Chapter 1 - Night to Day</b>	<b>2</b>
<b>Chapter 2 - Gamer, Two Worlds</b>	<b>3</b>
<b>Chapter 3 - Seasons</b>	<b>4</b>
<b>Chapter 4 - Gems</b>	<b>5</b>
<b>Chapter 5 - Universal</b>	<b>6</b>
<b>Chapter 6 - CHOCOBOS!!!</b>	<b>7</b>
<b>Chapter 7 - Red Rain</b>	<b>8</b>

# 1 - Night to Day

## Night to Day

Apache tear sky full of silver stars  
A golden moon reflects in glassy pools  
Mauve scales sleep in coral caves afar  
A tranquil, silent, peaceful night that's gloomed.

A sugared wax hanging from limb of quake  
A gold and black fat beast resides within.  
It's fast asleep, reluctant to awake  
As farmer's rooster crows at the new sun.

Stained glass erupts from burning topaz sun  
The horses flit across lace-agate sky  
To stain the tow'ring stones blue, to atone  
For the bright sphere's absense from the black night.

And to tree's alarm, the bright afternoon  
Will grow dark and reveal gold crescent moon.

**Constructive crit is encouraged!!! (no, I do not think saying "it's stupid" is constructive criticism.)**

## 2 - Gamer, Two Worlds

### Gamer

I have a joy in my heart of blood,  
Although this video game is clear as mud.  
What is *this* thing?  
It makes a sound: DING!!!!  
Oh, crap, I just got killed by a flood.

### Two Worlds

It glistens white, but pink with recent kill.  
Covered with light brown fur that's thick and warm,  
He tears at prey until he eats his fill  
While biting cold burrows at his still form.

She curls p at her master's slippered feet  
And begs for caressing hands on her fur.  
She doesn't need to hunt so she can eat  
Or fight for warmth that takes long to occur.

If they should meet, should these two worlds collide,  
What happens then to balance on the earth?  
For him to purr, for her to have to hide-  
Or come together, take part in new birth?

For now, they remain unaware of that  
The other world exists is a known fact.

## 3 - Seasons

### Seasons

Green and warm, pink and soft,  
New birth and rejuvenation,  
Ostara and eggs, Demeter and blossoms,  
Spring is the first of the year.

Orange and hot, brown and hard  
Strengthening the world for the year ahead.  
Pentacles and apples, maypoles too,  
Summer, the second of the year.

Red and cool, gold and limp,  
Preparing for the next season,  
Clouds and rain, sweaters and school,  
Autumn is the third of the year.

White and cold, blue and wet,  
This is the season of death,  
Yin and Yang, both important  
Winter is the last of the year.

## 4 - Gems

### Gems

A topaz sun  
In a turquoise sky  
Above a sapphire lake  
Full of amethyst fish  
Next to peridot fields  
With quartz roses  
Blooming from emerald bushes  
With a jetstone bee  
From a pyrite hive  
Gathering amber nectar  
For gold honey  
In an amazonite poplar  
Turning ruby leaves  
Sprouting from anhydrite branches  
Rooting from silver mountains  
Changing aquamarine  
In the aragonite sunset.  
The diamond moon  
Surrounded by galena stars  
In the obsidian night sky  
We on the onyx trampoline  
Watch the topaz sun  
Rise in a turquoise sky  
And change the world sparkly again.

## 5 - Universal

I actually got the idea for this poem from a spell in a book my mom gave me, which is supposed to give whoever you're with (relationship-wise) a good dream. If you want me to give you said spell, all you have to do is say it. And who's to say it won't work?

### Universal

A comet fair in a flashing streak  
Shedding beams, sprinkling stardust  
Reflected in wrinkled old eyes  
Gazing at the far night sky.

Silver thread, a slim croissant  
Lets go her life for one more day  
To allow a lion's mane  
Stretch across the pastel sky.

The red cloud where stars are born  
Shimmering gently all around  
I'm a silver speck of light  
Hanging, tranquil in the jet black sky.

## 6 - CHOCOBOS!!!

### CHOCOBOS!!!

Run  
Run  
Run  
Over  
Marshes and  
Streams!  
Choco  
Bos  
Are the  
Best Part  
of  
Final  
Fantasy!  
Ride them  
To wherever  
According to  
Color  
Blue  
Green  
Yellow  
Black and  
GOLD!  
Catch a Chocobo  
Today!

chocobo chocobo chocobo chocobo chocobo  
chocobo-bo

## 7 - Red Rain

### Red Rain

Come Red Rain, heal my Wounds,  
Run down my Face, flow around my Body  
Destroy all my Hurts, eliminate Despair.  
Come all Thoughts of my Doom,  
Make Everyone then see me,  
In all Elements, more than I can bear.  
Forget my Face, my pseudo Friends,  
Are You really my Friends? Or was it Pity  
That allowed You to "love" me, at all?  
Come Red Rain, come to me, end  
My Pain, my Feelings of Mercy,  
And my Will for Death, insignificant, small.

Like it implies, this poem was written when I was super super super depressed. Several weeks ago. (It's hard to imagine me as being any opposite from my charismatic, crazy, dementia-inflicted self, but it's true.) I figured I'd better put it up to go along with the picture I drew after it. (Which was also the product of depression...)