

MorePoems

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These are just like the rest, poems done in my spare time. I don't really like these ones as much as the others.

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Who is this?

I stare, bewildered, at this odd face,
It is shaped like an oval, not like our race.
The eyes are far apart and small,
Squinty and hazel, but the figure is tall.
The mouth is big and pulled into a grim line,
The girl is sitting on a chair of pine.
This person looks quite familiar,
Ah, of course, I'm looking at my mirror.

Castle

My footsteps echo in the castle's gloom,
It is eerie in here, and there's lots of room.
As I creep around in the black,
The hairs raise on my neck and back.
My spine tingles and I feel brave and proud,
Then I hear a moan and I try not to be loud.
I am scared, and I am worried that whatever's in the castle
Might come and snatch me like a small parcel.
I turn a corner and scream,
For there is something that puts off a gleam.

I wish I had said goodbye to the person I love most,
Because now before me is a knife in the hand of a ghost!