

# Poems o^\_^o

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*Random poems. Starting writing them again, might continue for a while. So yeah! Poems about lots of . .  
. well, lots of whatever falls into my head when I sit down to write. Enjoy!*

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# 1 - On Cool Days When It Rains

Good feelings

why do they always seem to come

on cool days when it rains?

What is it

in the world they re from

that smoothes away all of our pains?

I look into the sky.

It s so humid I could cry.

They say that rain s like tears,

but after all my years,

it s the rain that s worth remembrance,

that strikes a clean resemblance

to green grass at its freshest

and all my life s most precious

feelings whelming over

like raindrops on a clover

until my world is spinning

and I feel a smile beginning.

So as all the world s complaining,

I shout for joy, It s raining!

## 2 - Train of Thought

What I love about poetry is the distraction.

I never get my thoughts right well I do to a fraction

But they re never quite what I think they ll be.

I never get them written totally.

My train of thought chugs on without pausing,

Never looking back on the wreckage it s causing

Allowing the rhyme scheme to lay its tracks

As my hand fumbles for all the words it still lacks.

### 3 - Blank Sheet of Paper

Just one blank sheet of paper

And a new life could be born.

Just one blank sheet of paper

And fictional lives torn.

Translucent, vast, white,

Sharp edges and blue stripes.

Poetry could be given birth

Or an epic drama to change the Earth

Or maybe just filler to feed the net

But write it down fast without regret.

Cuz you never know

What could change lives.

You never know

Where potential resides.

That one blank sheet of paper

Could become a shining beacon.

That one blank sheet of paper

Could make foundations weaken.

What do you call this bright invention

That could change the world?

This under appreciated conception,

Where words carelessly are hurled.

Paper, paper, paper

Is that good enough to call her?

I m selling canned potential,

Five hundred sheets per dollar.

## 4 - Not Yet

Leaves brushing past

I only wish this time could last.

Wind caresses my face.

Time in school is such a waste.

Science is supremely dull

When nature is so beautiful.

World History is stressful,

But the forest is so restful.

English class is lame;

The forest creatures, tame.

Algebra s distasteful

And the swaying trees are graceful.

The school bell loudly rings.

Somewhere near a robin sings.

I ll take the punishment I get,

Just don t make me go there yet.