

My Poems!!! SQUEE!!!!

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YAYAYAY my poetry shtuff!!!!

read my sonnets and limeriks, por favor!!!

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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...)