The Heart

Concrete Poem

Filled with hopes and dreams, our hearts always

 guide us through thick and thin. They give us emotion and

 instinct, truth and life. Our hearts make us who we are. But the heart is

a double edged sword, you know. When all your life is ripping at the seams, they

 make us fall in love with an evil grin. Like a puppet master, who holds the

 strings so high above our heads, we can never reach. We see it in

 the colors of red, pink, sometimes white. Red, of anger, or

 love. Pink, of passion or lust. White, of purity or some

 unattainable object. The heart covers our eyes

 with blindfolds and then spins us around,

 much like small children with a piñata.

 But the heart means well, and

 isn’t that what counts

 in the end?

Rain & Fire

Diamanté

Rain

Gentle, Peaceful

Dripping, Dropping, Moving

Water, Tears………Burn, Flames

Burning, Grabbing, Eating

Hot, Destroyer

Fire

Ode to America

Ode

The land of the free,

To go on a shopping spree.

Ode to America.

For the home of the brave,

With all those Big Macs you crave.

Ode to America.

To the lawyers who jump through hoops,

For crazy activist groups.

Ode to America.

Our parties are the elephant and donkey,

And our president looks like a monkey.

Ode to America.

We have a right to choose,

But our choices always lose.

Ode to America.

There isn’t a scandal,

A good press secretary can’t handle.

Ode to America.

A free credit card,

Then you get bared.

Ode to America.

Our children will make a difference in a while,

But right now they’re dancing to Gangam Style.

Ode to America.

Other countries do what we say,

While we sit here and play.

Ode to America.

We won’t last much longer,

Unless we get stronger.

Ode to America.

Life…

Prose Poem

Life is seen in a series of random moments, the ‘firsts’ are usually the main part of those snapshots. First date, kiss, wedding, child, death of a loved one, they all are permanently engraved into one’s skull. There’s no chance of them leaving, and no way to make them go.

The others just follow along behind the primaries. They’re still important, they just don’t possess the same importance of standout effect that ‘firsts’ do. They don’t leave as much impression, but that does not mean they are any less appreciated than the originals.

This life passes by us at the speed of light, though we don’t realize it as it’s happening. We see it in hours, days, years, never in the non-uniform term of a lifetime. That doesn’t keep life from passing though, and if you blink, you just might miss the most important part.

Ice Dancers

Sonnet

Like beauties hidden in the dark of night,

They are the graceful swans of a moon lit lake.

Elegance cast by the finest of light,

Always the highest never having break.

But a wanderer was out of his place,

Stealing away the dancers of the ice.

No more priveledges of frills and of lace.

The days passed a grand total of thrice.

Now was their time, there was none left to bide,

A wicked trap was no longer their lore.

Knowing their talents they knew they must hide,

So the dancers of ice dance no more.

And now some wonder if these girls are real,

Only by sheer luck we can break their seal.

Here I Sit

Elegy

Here I sit,

Rain pouring down on the window.

I think back to all the times we shared,

And I feel a stinging hit my eyes.

Time doesn’t exist while I wait here.

Seeing the shadow of a black widow.

You said you’d come back, but you never really cared.

I curse at myself for my stupidity.

But every time I try to say goodbye

I feel a ripping across my chest.

It hurts too much to move, speak, or even breathe.

So here I sit.

There once…

Limerick

There once was a man named Obama,

Who supposedly killed Osama.

Really, he sat in a chair,

Probably fixing his hair.

He didn’t want to deal with drama.