

leaves blowing
snow falling
the villains" eyes blaze with infernal hatred.
The thunder shook the foundations of the house very dramatically
and lightning cracked dramatically across the sky
It was enough to make me cry
My tears rained heavy from the sky

I got wet
Like if you dropped a bowling ball into a fish tank
You blossomed, you fell, you made a mistake.
Everyone knows you are just a fake.

Your mask is my façade
None know what is underneath

sky towers are crying
birds are flying
worms are crying
The silence is shattered by screams
Leaving behind a distraught soul searching for something more
But what was it? What more was there in life?
Except maybe having a hot wife
Alas,

She was more simple-minded than I thought
It was like she thought rocks were edible
Made of chocolate frozen hard.
As the snow fell on cedar
my tears didn't seem to real

A street light flickers
as the sky begins to cry
and the wind begins to howl
a chill crashes against my cold icy skin
cold sweat drips down my back as I step further.
The hamster glared at me ominously
It looked ready to chop my head off and laugh evilly after it did.
Of course I couldn't hear it, for my head was on the floor
Bangs and booms filled my ears
Save me from the gunshots
Squids could have replaced Einstein, truly
Their IQ skyrockets continuously
like a blue-blotted meticulously...

Feeling...ambidextrous?

Double jointed?

Mutli-talented

Super-protégé

Protégé-hero

Her fingers slide under the hilt.

She brandishes her sword with a vaguely cliché flourish

But then, who didn't like cliché heroines who actually thought they could fight when really they were just pathetic.

Examples I could name a few; *Mulan, Princess Leia* and maybe even you

But none I knew were so unique

Only I, but I have died

And cried like a bride that lied and fried

It fluttered, it swooped, it bled and soon died.

Twas a bright and sunny day

And all was fun and gay

There would be no rain today.

Cause the sky isn't dark

and the ocean isn't black

as my heart isn't cold

A bright flash lights up the horizon

The sun rose in in a red blaze, illuminating the devastated land

Yay for cliché sunrises!

which are almost as good as cliché surprises

Or flowerpots, or tall high-rises

They're all superfluous anyway

And flabbergasted indeed

There once was a bouncy boy

Who bounced and bounced till the day was done

Now I must say, he was only one

I could not find his equal

Among the ranks of fake warriors

Superheroes lay

while enemies defeat

His heart almost leapt to his throat.

His hands trembled violently

But no, he must resist the squid...

But he feared what would happen if he did.

If he were attacked by a giant squid!

That would be weird.

A spider's web hanging

**Dew glittering on the silken strands
of the spiderweb in the porcelain teacup**

- said Alice, oh so woefully.

- And the trees offered a soft reply...
for the wind sang softly

and the wolves belted a tune to the moon
warning its predators

His fierce glow bore into the boy's skull

At this point, they started to tango

But she couldn't see his face because he wore a sparkly Toucan mask.

She thought it made him look like the bird on the cereal box.

A yellow sun, an orange clock

the red rose, your blue heart

**the thorn penetrating the weary vessel
and a scream echoed through the day.**

It WAS...MR. BEY!

I was clutched by fear.

the light was out

the pixies danced about

Filling joy to everyone

Their faces glowed like a rising sun.

Except it wasn't sunny, it was raining.

And he wanted it to snow, so it wasn't working out too well.

Tears shed in turquoise dreams

A watered face with excessive screams

Tears are spilling on the endless flame

It dies down, and hope spring anew from the ashes

The grasses and tears and creatures come back

To great Aslan, their noble guardian

Their protector, so divine

in the light he was almost God

with gorgeous glistening blue eyes

looking at me while strolling down the hall-way

All day, he willed her to look back at her

But we really couldn't care less about her and continued to play frisbee with his dog

Because dogs are much more interesting than people, don't you think?

In the glass of the sky

I look to the moon

And enter the spitoon

Might I ask where?

In the dark of a cave?

No, sake the muoshka, the cave, 'twas in the forest

Wherein the lion with the pierced paw lay

His mournful sobs as clear as day
made the light slowly fade away

into a deep shade of grey
my heart starts to beat slower

Then the wolves bit even harder.

Then the wolves exploded, and the flames were a very pretty color.

Red stripes down my arm

I'm so patriotic, am I not?

I wear stripe and not spots.

For I've only been given tin pans and pots

For my world has shrunk beyond my shoes

to settle in the heel of my sock

the sock was blue, green, and burgundy, but

it still sorely wanted a polka dot.

one spot to cover its expanse

the darkness spread to the moon

blackness took over

as the light starts to fade

with a shimmering cascade of lights

The tree spontaneously combusted

A seagull sung its lonely tune

It dove

Into the waveless sky-pond

I fell

And I died.

And I died.

And I felt beautiful for the first time in my life

Even though my soul was ugly, when only I knew it

They came and ran a spear straight through it.

Something inside it cried out

for some love, some hope, anything

I crave my everything

not just one thing

But many others filled my thoughts.

The eternally sad raindrops of my soul
splatter on the ground in melancholy puddles

her body is now just pools of blood

From the unfortunate events that befell her dog

Her pain cried out to old or small.

For pretty things had took a fall

Love cannot thrive in such

Adverse circumstances made even the truest wither

But only those situations could stand

FEE, FIE, FO, FUM

I ATE A BOY UNDER THE SUN

for he had ticked me off

by breaking my heart

he's just broken my smile

But many others filled my thoughts.

It was a dark and stormy night

A night that gave me quite a fright

I had the choice to flee or fight

And I chose not to choose - to end my own life

To walk to the edge and to plunge into light

She fell, without hope in sight

I jumped down after her, ignoring my fright.

Then the fall did end...somehow

and I felt myself rise, propelled by a pink fuzzy trampoline!

And I fell and broke my fuzzy pink pen.

And oh! What a message such a fall may send

Something so deep, as a starlit pool

Where the moon didn't shine

his puppy will sparkle bright

Shoelaces are the essence of raccoons

for without shoelaces, raccoons would have nothing to live for.

For without shoelaces, their shoes would be no more.

Shoes without shoelaces, body without a soul

And like meat, without salt

She was just a bland, like oatmeal, no milk

No cherries, nor chocolate, nor crème of the crop

But all in all, it was a decent shop.

for there the elves did hop

They hopped upon my pop!

He screamed and fell!

Just like the last poem!

So sing along!

Little bird, sing again

Monkeys are loveable things
They like bananas and grapes
and pineapples of strange shapes
We're nothing compared to the grapes
So purple and luscious
so orange and scrumptious
just like a watermelon wouldn't be
She smashed into a million fragment of soul.
Her thoughts spilled out into the plastic bowl.
a bowl so void nothing could fill
except, perhaps, hope
trust, resolution, and determination
essential to many a knightly tale
as important as the knights first triumph

One may think I am strong.
Monkeys are obnoxious
So are trains...and your mom
...who has salmon
Who's name was Hamlet
A great man, he
never believed he was, but
Alas, we can't all have daffodils, can we?
Tulips are too noisy, and snapdragons bite.
And butterflies, and other lies.
lies. I run not in fear of them
I run in knowledge of what they can do.
Repent! 'They' cried, although they could not.
Their voices grew hoarse and their eyes were bloodshot.