

Poetry Series

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**- poems -**

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## caleb harbach(3/30/01)

My name is Caleb Harbach and I am a young poet, searching out my dreams to write poems. I joined this website to learn many things about writing poems. This website is perfect for that. This is the place where I can be private and write poems. I need people that understand me and my work.

# Death

Once it reign superior it can't be stopped  
Nor god Nor angel can stop it.  
It feast on our souls; day by day night by night  
Once your in its grasp there's no evasion  
From the day you were born it sensed your fright  
You never had a gamble from the day you were born  
It just picks you out of the haystack  
Your soul is itching to be set free  
Then finally you were set free  
Some people say they're fearful;  
but on the inside they beg to differ

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# Five Ways Of Looking At A Cardinal

Cardinals have a beautiful color

Its vivid red fur is extraordinary,

Standing above other birds.

Have you ever heard its compelling gloss,

Making you wonder what they're saying,

Its sounds very loud, like a metallic chip.

Very conspicuous,

They stand out above the rest,

A magnet from which can't take your eyes off it.

Have you ever seen it's beak?

The beak also has a colorful beak

His beak is just a diminished nut cracker.

A cardinal's legs are like twigs.

They can snap in a flash,

Without legs, they would be extinct.

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# Under Water

Have you ever felt water  
It feels as thick as molasses  
yet slippery as ice

Sometimes it could be so cold  
And sometimes it can be warm  
The coldness can take your breathe away

Wondering how cold it is  
What do the fish think?  
What do we think?

To fish it feels like the fur of a chinchilla  
like the cleanest tooth  
but mostly like powder touching ash

At night it feels like  
a cats tongue  
and sandpaper running against your skin  
□

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