

Poetry Series

francesca parnigoni
- poems -

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Ode To The Paper Shredder

Jazzy Jazzy,
I love you, but your a spazzy.
You could not have been any lamer,
to have ripped up my paper.
Now you know, cause I don't hate,
but my science homework's late.
Your meowing keeps me up at night,
and it gives me quite a fright.
But when I look into your eyes,
I feel warm and fuzzy inside.
If you never got a scare,
you could be a teddy bear.
Your fur as dark as night,
shines extravigantly in the light.
You are a mouse,
when visitors com to the house.
Your fur as soft as minx,
as you play your little hijynx.

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Reflections

When you're mad at someone
or even happy too
they may have helped but it's all you
emotions are reflections
of what you feel inside
so if you're feeling angry
please don't run and hide
you're only running from yourself
just let it out,
no matter what
you're only hurting you

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We Are One

Tell me it can't be done,
and I will do it.

Tell me the goal is too high,
and I will reach it.

Place an obstacle in front of me,
and I will leap over it.

Challenge me, dare me or even defy me,
but do not underestimate me.

For on the back of my horse,
anything is possible! ! !

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