Poetry Series

Kilee Burton

- poems -

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A Bag of Pencils

He threw the bag at my head
I screamed so loud you would think I was almost dead.
I am not sure what I did wrong
Maybe I was singing a really annoying song.

Angry as ever in this certain case
He got so mad, he was red in the face.
He squinted his eyes with all his might
He swung the bag, as if in a fight.

It felt like I had just got stung by a bee
Or even quaintly scraped my knee.
I got so mad and started to cry
And knocked him down as I strode by.

So Remember not to throw pencils with sharp lead
And don't mess with a little redhead.

Kilee Burton

Bamboo

She sits quitely staring above
The stars are like candles lighting up the sky
Memories drift deep into her mind
Of a childhood she left behind

Deep in a jungle in Africa
A small girl by the name of Bamboo was born
She had curly hair
A smile that could warm a heart

It would take a kind person
One who could care for her
A special someone

She remembered her mothers voice
It echoed in her thoughts
She remembered the day they took her away
She left forever

She sits quitely staring above
The stars are like candles lighting up the sky
Memories drift deep into her mind
Of a childhood she left behind

Kilee Burton

Carts

Solid heavy metal
Stubborn
Touched by many
Sliding through the snow
4 Wheels
Makes life easier
Carts

Kilee Burton

Forrestt and The Clown

Forrestt Bloomington loved to talk
So bad one time he was pelted with a rock
One day he was walking straight into town
He met a half frowning pink hippie clown

They both enjoyed pulling simple pranks
And eating charbroiled mini franks
One by one each house was damaged
They fled each time from their warlike rampage

They received much happiness from there mess they made
Forrestt and the clown had become the master of the trade
They soon got old and sprouted grey hairs
Resembling old tattered teddy bears

They retired from there disastrous pranks
And continued to eat there little charbroiled franks
They lived happily after
And still cried happily with laughter

Kilee Burton

Hamburgercheeseranchbacoburger

Sitting back taking a break
Staring at this stale piece of cake.
I ponder what to eat for lunch
Or shall I call it brunch?

Tacos, pizza, or a salad
This is one crazy ballad.
I usually don't go out to eat
Walking that far would hurt my feet.

Finally it has been decided
a
Hamburgercheeseranchbacoburger

Kilee Burton

Oh So Scared

I really hate the dark
I run fast past the park
Creepy monsters lurk under the bed
I gave him a special name 'Fred'

Scary things lurk out in the dark
Even that little Chihuahua's bark
The winds' whistle chills me to the bone
I am almost afraid to answer the phone

When scary stories are told I run and hide
And hate the thought of a dark cloud surrounded tide
The boogie monster is a childs worst nightmare
Carlos McBooger adds a little more flare

To this day I am still afraid of the dark
And hate the sound of that little bitty bark.

Kilee Burton

Senioritus

Sitting here waiting
Watching the clock slowly tick
Tic toc Tic toc
The days go by slowly
It's April and May is nowhere in sight

It is getting harder to wake up in the morning
Pushing the snooze button once again
Trying to find reasons to stay home
The mind is elsewhere, floating in the clouds

May is finally here
 Graduation is full speed ahead
Senoritus is getting worse
The heart is set on graduation
The mind wants to sleep in 'til noon

BAM
Graduation is finally here
That was the cure needed all along

Kilee Burton

Sleep

Much needed
Recharges
Z's
Droopy Eyes
A pillow
Required to live
Sleep

Kilee Burton

To Walk

It all starts when you are a child
The first steps matter the most
It is a tough concept to learn
One in front of the other
Don't fall
Soon it is grasped
Learning to run
Run, Run far
Pretty soon you learn to drive
No fun in walking
Many years pass
Wheelchairs are better now
Zooming around the corner
No more driving
Riding is more fun

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Waiting for Summertime

Sitting here
The sky can't be anymore clear
The birds dance and sing
I am waiting for the bell to ring

Summertime has knocked on the door
And the children can't take it anymore
Everyone just wants to be outside
Soaking up the sun and getting fried

Couped up in a stuffy building
We could all be outside grilling
Let's dance and sing, summer's almost here
Rain fall is our only fear

Conserve engery with all your might
Go outside, take flight
Smell the fresh air
It's almost summertime and we don't give a care

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