Poetry Series

Sherbanu Molu

- poems -

Publication Date:

November 2009

Publisher:

PoemHunter.Com - The World's Poetry Archive

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Birds

Birds are god's creation,
Various of them have no combination,

They sing every morning,
Which is a refreshening warning,

To catch their early early prey,
All day they have to play,

Looking for food for their little nestlings,
Watching them do this is very interesting,

Mother bird carrying food in her beak,
Who can't see her little ones who are very weak,

Pecking their juicy worm,
Which mum brought home,

This is God's nature,
Which we can explain very well in gesture....

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My Angel

A friend is an angel,
Who's wings aren't seen from any angle,
She takes good care,
Even if your life is bare,

A friend always sees the positive side of you,
And somehow makes your dreams come true,
Tries to make you smile,
Even if it were to walk a mile,

When you were hurt once upon a time,
She guided you with all her prime,
She taught you things that were good,
Even if you weren't apparantly rude,

Whenever you would fall ill,
She would give you a 'chill pill',
She would always hug you tight,
And say goodnight,

A friend is an angel,
Because her quality is not to spread scandal,
That's why people like to say,
And love to pray,

A friend in need,
Is a friend indeed.....

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My Family

My father likes cars,
And he is a star,

My mother owns two boutiques,
And buys many antiques,

My brother loves to eat cake,
And I dont know how to bake,

My sister loves buns,
And hates a run,

My aunt knits well,
And the wool is as smooth as shell,

My uncle amdires the chinese,
And likes to feed me the 'chinsese cheese',

My cousin loves guys,
And when they come close, she cries,

However good or bad my family is,
I love my family just the way it is.....

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