

Poetry Series

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- poems -

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Ashley Bucher()

Balloons

Life often seems like a balloons.

Some balloons fly high to the sky,

But some keep to the ground,

Tied by string.

Some may be popped early in life,

And some fall slowly down.

But in the end,

We all shrivel up,

Filled with stale air.

Ashley Bucher

Black Birds

The black birds fly by,
Across the open sky,
But why?
Why do they fly?
Is it the merry weather?
But alas, from them drops a shiny feather,
It flutters through the new spring air,
And lands where children play without a care.

On the ground,
The lonely feather is found,
By a girl,
Whose hair is without curl.
She puts it in her lovely Easter hat,
While baby brother chases a gnat.

Mother and Father are dressed in their Sunday best.
They all squeeze into their tiny car,
Like birds entering their nest.
As they drive to the church,
Past the blooming birch,
The black birds fly by.

Ashley Bucher

Doors

What lies behind closed doors?
A monster lurking in the shadows?
Or a bed laden with pillows,

Maby a playroom flooded with toys?
A desolate attic full of lost joys,

A closet filled with winter coats?
Or a magical land with dragons and moats.

But, you will not see the playroom's cluttered floor,
Or hear the dragon's thunderous roar,
Unless you choose to open the door.

Ashley Bucher

Roots

Like a seed we were planted,
Many years ago,
Forced to somehow grow,
In an Earth that is enchanted,
Where sun my suddenly turn to snow.

Nevertheless we have grown,
From that tiny seed that was sown.
Our roots are strong,
From the winds that have blown.
The years have seemed long,
But they soon will be gone.

The road in the distance,
Is calling my name.
My eyes burn bright, like a wonderous flame.
I long to travel that road in the distance;
I dislodge my roots and am gone in an instant.

As i look back to that place,
The place i was grown,
I treasure every second,
For i must never forget where i was sown.

Ashley Bucher