

Poetry Series

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- poems -

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A Day Away From School

Everyone hates school. From the little, minute kids to the huge bullies of the school. Oh how I would wish to just run away and never see the sight of the huge prison where children are hit and scared stiff.

I sat thinking in the ugly, uncomfortable chair the 'school' provided. What would I do first if I ever DID run away?

Well, that was obvious. I would do everything which the monsters told me was bad for us. Ice-cream! I would go to the ice-cream van and buy the biggest cone of Freedom. Then I would tear all of my test and exam papers and throw them where they belonged. In the dustbin. Now, for the worst trick of all called 'The Student Speciality.'

I would take my pet mice from my room and put them in a box wrapped beautifully with a cute ribbon on top. Teachers are literally in love with beautiful boxes. I would then send it to the school headmistress. And then then the cruel woman would open it and what would she find? Mice. Mice all over her. Haha. That would teach her a lesson.

I would get all of my friends to join. I imagined all of us wearing our helmets and swords and our shield. I imagined all of us running towards the school like in a war. And CLUCK. There goes the Maths teacher's head. And now for the English teacher. The horrible, mean, rotten egg who has no mercy at all. I would find her and make her pay for the horrible time she gave us. Oh, how bliss life would be! 'Pay attention.' I jumped into the air. My rotten english teacher was on my head. Trouble. But I knew a day would come when I would have revenge. But for the time being I had no intention of getting detention. So I smiled and said in my sweetest voice, 'I'm sorry, miss. You look very pretty today.' The magic line. The typical line which makes teachers happy and smile. But not this one. She narrowed her eyes and looked at me like a piercing knife. But thankfully she thought I was telling the truth. She walked away with her big feet and I was left sniggering behind her.

No point in telling her that my friend had pinned a sign on her back which said, 'I'm a bully. A cruel mean gruesome monster.' Lets hope she goes like that during break time so that everyone could see the sign. My friend and I exchanged a malicious and cruel smile. I had the perfect plan as to what to do next to her. Put cockroaches on her table!

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If Only

If only I could have been a tree
I would have turned all my leaves
Yellow in autumn,
Green in summer and spring,
and I would have been bare in winter.
If only I could have been a bird
I would have flown high over mountains and hills.
If I were a bird,
I would have reached the height of the clouds and become free.
If only I could have been a river
I would have flown gently across a mountain or a hill.
How lovely it would have felt.
If only I had been one of nature.
If only.

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Wonders Never Cease

The days go by,
And I wonder,
What is my attitude towards life?
Towards friends?
Towards family?
Towards my life?

The weeks go by,
And I wonder,
When will this end?
When will the wars cease?
When will peace be brought?
When will we all live in harmony?

The months go by,
And I wonder,
How the seasons change?
How it turns from sunny
To numbness,
From bareness to coolness.

The years go by,
And I wonder,
How did this world create itself?
How did the soil,
And water form?
How did man come to being?

The centuries go by,
And I wonder,
Are we really destroying our Earth?
Are we really causing disasters?
Are we really planning our own death?
Are we really the cause of deaths?

The millenniums go by,
And I wonder,
Are we honestly that bad?
That horrible?

That merciless?
I sit and wonder.

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