

Poetry Series

caz 123
- poems -

Publication Date:
2007

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

caz 123()

Don't mock me for my inexperience or simple language... this is just fun for me,
and i'm getting there...slowly =]

Paranoia Of Teenage Girl

She walks around and stares at her feet,
Not knowing which one's gaze to meet,
Is her hair ok? She doesn't know.
What about her uniform, her skirt's too low?
She hears someone shouting a name,
Blushes, with the greatest shame
And watches all the people laugh and stare...

yet no-one even knows she's there.

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Revenge Of Fishy

Fisherman,
what's that?
there
in the water!

With scales like silky pearls. Darting gracefully in and out of the emerald
skyscrapers.

'Get it! '

Reel jiggles
Fishy wriggles
Fisherman giggles

As he clouts fishy over the head with a blood stained mallet and chops off his
head. A bloodthirsty executioner.

Supper tonight
Fish pie.

Fishy buried in a grave of mash potato, floating in a sea of murky water.

Fisherman chokes on a Fishy bone

He wriggles
and jiggles

but there is no giggling once he's gone...

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Teenbots (Through The Eyes Of Lambs)

The teenbots have landed,
and the war is in play,
BEWARE, i might add,
this could go on all day.

The 'chavs' and the 'emos' all stand parallel
shouting abuse, stirring up hell.

'Waaas tha' in yer 'air youu stoopid fag? '
'An look a' 'is jeans! - You dressed up in drag! ? '

'Tha' hat looks like summat my gran jes' threw up'

'Why the f***k don't you jes' go 'ome.' " sharrupp! ! ! '

Then over the tarmac hill, arrived another,
And like a fog horn he cried;

'YOUR MUVVVVVAAAA! '

The chavs and the emos they all fell quiet that day
For he had broken the unwritten code and was going to pay.

They ran that offensive maggot straight outta town,
and afterwards they gathered round
the park swings and united with a bottle of vodka and some cans...

what fun life is...

through the eyes of lambs.

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Wrath Of Hormones

'How was your day? '

'....it was ok'

'What about that test? '

'...testing...'

'Was it easy? '

'...Just breezy ' ㄣ_ㄣ

'So did you answer all th..'

'LEAVE ME ALONE! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! '

'ahem, sorry...didn't mean to snap..'

.....

.....

'mum?

helloooo?

you there? '

'FINE THEN, IGNORE ME YOU OLD MARE'

A message from all teenagers:

We cannot be held responsible for our actions.

It's the hormones talking.

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