

Poetry Series

**Ivan Ng1**  
**- poems -**

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# Ivan Ng1(1987/04/09)

I write poems as a hobby.

# Bliss

In the morning  
When nature calls  
I stand erect

Warm inside  
Hairy outside  
Driven by instinct

My muscles harden  
Like shells of nuts  
Sweating with passion

I can't resist  
I cry out loud  
I stick my head

Into pure bliss -  
A C l u c k i n g C o c k

Ivan Ng1

# Creak

Sleep now, child  
Today's adventures  
wore this little warrior down

Barney's song  
goes through his mind  
The boy's as happy as can be

No worries trouble  
his cute little head  
as he lies awake in bed

Creak!  
This single sound  
is enough to put  
the boy on his feet

'Mommy's back! '  
He shouts aloud  
Half awake, half asleep.

Ivan Ng1

# Daydreaming

Rough grass poking on my legs...

Prickly on my arms, too.

The sun slowly starts baking.

Swoosh!

Trees sway.

Breathing quietly, I feel alive.

A blinding blanket,

glowing ever brightly,

forces me to squint.

'It'd be so nice to sleep here.'

Heaven vanishes as I awake.

Ivan Ng1

# Poise

Cracking open the door,  
I let go of the cold metallic doorknob.  
Bang!  
Door slams.  
Quickly we hurry to the car.  
Gleaming under the streetlights,  
it awaits patiently.  
Huff! Puff!  
Visible breath.  
Jingle!  
Seated we travel great distances.  
'White Castle. How may I help you? '

Hot fries burn my tongue.

Ivan Ng1

# Promise

Ceiling so high  
Walls so wide apart  
Treading along this path  
with a gasping heart

Led by Trust  
I follow through  
dim-lit hallways  
after you

Words exchanged  
I'm left alone  
To face my fears  
away from home

Darkness falls  
too strong to bear  
My gasping heart  
leaks out a tear

Moments pass  
I wait for you  
Into your arms  
So strong and true

A kiss exchanged  
A promise made  
That I'll stay strong;  
not be afraid

Clock ticks past  
the number two  
Tearfully glad  
as I hear you!

Ivan Ng1

# Train Of Thought

Something is approaching.

Clink! Clank! Clunk!

I attempt to stand where the doors open.

A rush of warm air overcomes me as I look for a seat.

Every time the doors open again I am closer to home.

Looking down at the city gives me an illusion of power.

'This is Halsted. This is an Orange Line train to Midway.'

A rush of cold air overcomes me.

Ivan Ng1



# Voice

This voice cries out  
From within  
Pleading for  
A special place  
inside another

This voice cries out  
'I'm weak, hold me'  
Longing for  
A special place  
to grow together

This voice cries out  
for all to see  
But shunned away  
by Apathy

This voice cries out  
amidst the cold  
Searching for  
a century

This voice cries out  
beneath the sea  
For someone close  
to rescue me!

Ivan Ng1

# Wet

Rain pouring down on the windshield.

Everything's a blur.

I look out the window, all I see are orange streetlights.

Splash!

We race past the traffic lights in time for a meeting.

Squeak!

A wet hallway floor.

I am relieved to take a seat to dry myself.

'Hi! You must be Ivan. I'm Ms. Tookey. Welcome to the IB program.'

Ivan Ng1