

Poetry Series

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- poems -

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A Broken World

All we see on the news,
even tho we are not ammused,
is nucliar wepons,
guns and more.
And it is all on our front door,
so what is it now that we are fighting for?
is it life of vilonce or crime,
because thats whats on the news all the time.
If it is then what do you expect,
kids on the streets getting recked.
War was not invented by animals but by humans,
there we have a life of crime.
we are not macheans but boint blank humanbeings,
we can die, cry, feel and hurt.
All people whant is to live and enjoy life,
not fighting or crying.
people whant happieness, joy for girl and boy.

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Living Without A Friend

As we sit here thinking of the time we met,
we remember the times you made us laugh until we wet,
you were our best friend and we could ask,
though the truth you could not mask.
that dreadful day we still remember so clear,
we just wish you were still here,
without you it is so sad,
but you are in heaven were you do not get mad.
we will always remember all the fun times,
when you where you would make up silly rhymes.
Rest in peace our good friend.

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