

Poetry Series

**khadija bouterfas**  
**- poems -**

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# A Dream Of School Supplies

I had a dream of school supplies,  
where paperclips could talk;  
where poster paper hung around  
with marking pens and chalk.

The stationery idled  
while the pencils madly raced.  
The clocks went 'round in circles,  
and the glue sticks merely paced.

The binders were inseparable.  
They bonded with the tape.  
The workbooks exercised  
and helped the stencils stay in shape.

Some calculators added  
to the numbers in this land,  
and music was provided by  
a singing rubber band.

My dream was strange and truly cool,  
but this was even cooler:  
The dictionaries all looked up to me.  
I was the ruler

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# A Pug Is A Dog

A pug is a dog  
with a curlicue tail.  
He eats like a hog  
and he snores like a whale.  
He's flat in the snout  
and his belly is big.  
The pug came about  
just by misspelling pig.

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# Cancer Poem

When you're happy or you're blue,  
you can wear it on your head,  
'round the house or in your bed,  
you can wear it in the dark,  
while you're strolling in the park.

You can wear it going to Church,  
or by the tele watching Lurch,  
you could wear it to do the wash,  
or when cooking stew or squash.

Frosty Freeze is like Carvel,  
always had this great old smell,  
frozen custard, ain't it grand,  
lots of trips to that old stand,  
Werner Brooks and A & W,  
didn't have Wawa or VW.

Thought this shirt might have some power,  
to take old cancer to the shower,  
to make you laugh and push that bug,  
with a big old 'Frap' and a giant mug.

Whatever it does, it's inspired from above,  
and sent from your brother with a whole lot of  
LOVE

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# Her Fellings!

we all love each other but some pepel  
dont bother and she felt left out  
but she disseid to trow a chair  
behind her her she got angry and  
this includs you

pepel call names like braceface  
it rude and her name is shirn and call them by their  
names thats what pepel like and thats mean  
no calling names

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# Love Poem

When darkness falls and we're apart  
Can love heal this lonely heart  
I love you dearly that I do  
Sleep is good when dreaming of you  
With all my love I give to you  
You are so sweet I know not how I'm with you

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# My Hert

my heart longs for u  
my soul dies for u  
my eyes cry for u  
my empty arms reach out for u

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# Santa Got Stuck In The Chimney

Poor Santa got stuck in our chimney.  
I know it sounds weird, but it's true.  
His feet made it down, but his belly  
was one size too large for the flue.

His reindeer are up on our rooftop.  
His sleigh is still loaded with toys.  
And Santa, that kindly old fellow,  
is making a whole lot of noise

We called the police and the sheriff.  
They showed up with ladders and cranes.  
They brought all their winches and pulleys,  
plus bungee cords, cables and chains.

They're working right now to remove him  
by hoisting him slowly back out.  
It might take all morning, for Santa  
is more than a little bit stIf you don't have presents this morning,  
we're sorry that you have to wait.  
But Santa's still stuck in our chimney.  
He may be a day or two late.

Until then, please hide all your cookies.  
Though Santa may find this severe,  
at least then he'll fit down the chimney  
when he comes on Christmas next year.

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