Poetry Series

mallory bruinsma
- poems -

Publication Date:
2007

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

mallory bruinsma(january 8 1993)

I love manatees and have been trying to save them. I am planning to be an english teacher but there is a big wait.I hope you like my poems!

3 Nature Haikus

Cold flies through the roof
Cider cools on the counter
A blizzard rolls in

Mangroves where life flows
Roots purify the water
The fish are relieved

Rushing quickly on
The blue current never stops
Falling down to black

mallory bruinsma

Paradise

Gulls drift on the wind
Air rushes past my face
The smell of salt fills my nose
Waves rush onto the white, sandy beach
The motors of boats can’t be heard
In paradise

Coats and boots are rarely seen
The heat warms your skin
Your problems disappear
And all you remember is your waiter’s name
At the all inclusive resort
In paradise

Going home to the arctic wind
Already feeling the frigid cold
The sun seems to dissolve into the never ending sea
The memories you can’t forget make you want to not leave
Plane comes and goes with you aboard
Leaving paradise

mallory bruinsma

The Way Things Work

Whether you like it or not
Things work a certain way
It can’t be altered or changed
But if I could…

Pets could talk
And even choose to go for a walk
Bats wouldn’t be feared
And lice wouldn’t live in grandpa’s beard

Bullies would stop
And moms wouldn’t be allowed to mop
Trees could breathe and live and express feelings
There could be other beings

The blind could see
People can be what they wanted to be
The old could feel young
You could donate or get a lung

Peace will prosper
Everyone can own copper
Hearts won’t break
Everyone could bake

Guns will disappear
You won’t be able to be sear
The world would be great
But it’s already too late

Greenhouse gasses are already here
And a lot of people tend to leer
Whether you like it or not
Things work a certain way

It can’t be altered or changed
But we can work with what we have

Touch Down

A ball fly’s through the air like a bird soaring above
Tackling, running about
The boys get dirty in the cold wet mud
The rain splashes about
Though no one cares
At the sidelines I watch the barbarians catch a cold
But deep, deep inside
I wish I could feel the leather ball
Run down the 100 yard grass field and be free
Free to throw the ball to a team mate or
Free to feel powerful
Powerful enough to show a boy
That I’m not as small as a rabbit
But that I’m cunning as a fox
And as strong as a bear
I wish that there could be girl’s NFL football

mallory bruinsma