

“Mother’s Day”

Little girl grabs her pink princess pencil,
Little girl grabs a small piece of paper.
On her paper, with her pencil, she scribbles
Happy Mother's Day, I love you.

Little girl goes out to her backyard,
With her father holding her hand tight.
He ties her note to the string of a balloon,
Because she hasn't learned to tie knots.

Quietly she lets go of her balloon,
With her message of love floating with it.
She blows a gentle kiss with her small hands,
Wondering where the balloon is going.

When is mommy coming home asks the little girl,
Looking curiously up at her father.
Noticing but not understanding the tears,
Running from his eyes looking down.

In twenty years that little girl
Is not so little anymore.
And tears run from her eyes,
When she ties her own notes.

To colorful balloons
That slowly drift away.

“Revolution”

A teenage boy with no regrets
started to question belief.

A teenage boy with no pretense
slowly began to seethe.

A teenage boy with new-found hate
avoided his parent's control.

A teenage boy with desperation
sought to find his roll.

A teenage boy with slow descent
began to sink to the ground.

A teenage boy with few options
started popping when he got down.

A teenage boy with spirits rising
began again to hope.

A teenage boy with much surprise
was starting just to cope.

A teenage boy with manic depression
tried to hide his pain.

A teenage boy with breaking resolve
slowly became insane.

A teenage boy with less caring
tried again to heal.

A teenage boy with numbness spreading
tried again to feel.

A teenage boy with hope shattered
lost the light in his eye.

A teenage boy with one less friend
unashamed began to cry.

A teenage boy with a lovely knife
attempted to feel again.

A teenage boy with blood dripping
then picked up his pen.

A teenage boy with fleeting breath
wrote to those who cared.

A teenage boy with his eyes shut
simply could not be repaired.

“What Could Be Better”

There was a young boy somewhat sad and alone
who lived in a very small town.

One day heard that a circus was coming by,
claiming to show a big dog and a clown.

Excitement filled the hopeful young lad
as he dreamt of going to see them,

For joy often eluded this little young fool,
happiness was a much needed serum.

The child talked for days of a humongous dog
and its companion, the funniest clown,
and at last, the biggest dog in the whole world
with the wildest clown came to town.

He raced as though fleeing brimstone to see them,
with the slightest hint of a dance.

He'd waited a lifetime to see the world's finest,

and now he had found his best chance.

The knee-high dog's bark was worn and weary,
the clown's humor far from blessed,
So he murdered them both, fulgurated himself,
what's to live after knowing the best?