

I am a Waterfall

I am a waterfall

Tumbling endlessly

Barely able to control my speed

I don't mean to drown those who are foolish enough to climb me,

Or scream endlessly into the night when the tides are high.

When the weather is good,

A waterfall trickles with delight to see the salmon below, and the bears that catch them.

But when the fishermen come,

My torrents of water splash down with frustration,

For when they leave,

The salmon are near gone from the mouth of the river.

And that is when a waterfall is angry.

Why be human,

When you can be a waterfall,

With deep blue waves fringed in the softest of white foam

Gathered at your feet.

I am a waterfall,

And my curiosity cannot be snuffed out

For a waterfall can see much from its great height,

And what a waterfall sees is spectacular:

One cannot live at the mouth of a river without being seen by me,

And oh,

How wonderful it is to be able to state that.

I am a Gust of Wind

I am a gust of wind.

Rarely noticed.

Usually, I'm calm,

A silent wind,

Ruffling the leaves of the trees,

Whispering in their ears.

The wind is out there,

Even though you don't see it.

I'm invisible:

There are few who sense my song.

My song is usually calm and quiet,

Soft whispers,

With the gentle shake of leaves.

But this is not always the case:

For when I am angry,

I am as angry as the sun in July,

As it burns the ground black.

I am a tornado in my rage.

You wonder why I spin webs of dust and wind,

And cast them upon you?

I am simply reminding you that I'm there.

For when you neglect wind,

You are neglecting the summertime breeze,

The autumn leaves,

The rustling of the springtime trees.

I am a gust of wind,

Earth's true friend.

People

People ain't always kind

's part of life, we learn

We learn too late

Before we've made mistakes

Like we don't know we can.

People laugh at you while you're turned round

They point and snicker

'cause you mighta said somethin'

you mighta done somethin'

But ain't that part of life?

People trip you on the street

You turn around,
There they are
Your bag's ten feet away
And now they've grabbed it up and run.

People steal your heart and love
He's cute, 's obvious
They know he loves you
And you love him to
They wield a rumor 'bout you
Flaming evil
And then he's gone.

People leave you in the dust
Like you don't matter at all
Like maybe you done somethin'
Said somethin'
Walk away
You wait lonely
'cause maybe they'll change their minds
And come a-runnin' back to you.

People learn to hate

Like second nature
Maybe it's normal
Maybe you just ain't
'cause you can't kick the little kid on the ground.

People spread rumors
You can't ever say a word
'cause if you do,
You can be positive it won't be yours come mornin'
When the whole world's a- cacklin' at you.

People love to see you cry
They'll take your tears
'n close 'em up in their twisted souls
To save for another day
When they can pull them out and dangle them in front of your face.

But ain't that all life?
Ain't it all s'posed to be just so?
Ain't we born that way-
Little devils in devil form?
Guess so. Guess it's true
Sob, go on, but it's all part of life

But if you can see the light
Why can't they see the light
Why can't they know what they've done
They world cannot be just so
Keep lookin' -
People ain't all bad
And that's just part of life

Do You See the Clouds?

Do you see them?
Those white fluffy things
Slowly sliding along in the sky?
Staring down on us?
What do they think of our kind,
And our ways?
Do they know we're the ones responsible for their polluted realm?
Do they blame us for all that we've done?
Or are clouds
Simply what they seem.
White fluffy things,

Slowly sliding along in the sky.

Never asking who, what, or why?

Maria

She was there

Now she's not

Long blond hair

That she's got

Will there

She be

When back

I go?

Who knows...

With Maria,

Who stayed

Two days,

No more

My neighbor's name

Is Maria

Is it

The same Maria

That I met

In the Park

When I was a child?

Or is Maria

Gone

Long blond hair

That she's got

She was there

Now she's not.

A Day of Sun

One always mourns when the moon departs,

The day begins,

The owls fly away to their roosts to sleep.

But every dawn, rays of light fill the sky as the sun rises,

Those rays are beacons of glory:

The moon retreats back to its shadowy daytime hiding place,

A blinding ball of light is in the sky once more.

The sun glares down upon the world all day,

Though many have tried, none can glare back at it.

A ball of constantly wiggling flames,

So far away from Earth,

The sun is truly unapproachable.

And throughout the day,

Countless white flames flicker amongst the red one in their powerful reign over the deep

blue sky.

Finally,

The sun's dictatorship over the sky must end for the day.

And as it departs,

Its rays still rage red against the evening sky,

Dying the clouds pink,

Leaving our hearts wishful for light once more.

Candle's Wax

Dark now

One last thought

A small candle should be lit

Thus providing light 'til midnight

Yes, it shall provide warmth until the 24th hour.

Light now

I'll leave it to melt

Slink to the base of its heavy plate

Hot wax sliding off the thick edges

'Til midnight.

Light now

Wax lasts but a few hours

So I shall let it burn

Spilling its slippery smoke

As I slumber by its side

'Til midnight

Light now

The candle burns

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