

Poetry Series

Ryan Brooks
- poems -

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Ryan Brooks(June 24th)

Ryan Brooks enjoys reading books. His favorite genre is science fiction, and his favorite author is Sir Arthur C. Clarke.

His favorite poet is Lewis Carroll, because he really enjoys made-up words and fantasy worlds.

His favorite poem is *The Hunting of the Snark*, by Lewis Carroll. His second-favorite poem is *The Jumblies*, by Edward Lear.

Ryan lives in Missouri, and enjoys writing poetry with his brother, Aidan Brooks.

A Question From A Young Child

A housemouse lives inside a house,
A bedbug in a bed.
Does that mean that headlice
Live inside a head?

Ryan Brooks

A Rumpus

Dog and Cat,
Around they go.
Dog is excited,
But Cat takes it slow.

Cat runs off,
Dog is closing fast,
When the Cat decides,
That it's time for a nap.

Dog isn't sure,
What, oh what, to do,
Hears a purr,
And cuddles up, too.

Ryan Brooks

Clouds

Tumbling under and over,
Endlessly rolling on,
Above a field of clover,
Forever heading toward the dawn.

White and puffy,
Large and weightless,
They look so fluffy,
But are no more than mist.

Dark below and white above,
With rain enough to fill the creeks,
All that water could give a shove,
To anyone in the path of the flood.

Ryan Brooks

Fall

Brown to light green,
Light green to dark,
Dark green to red,
Autumn has come.

Ryan Brooks

Grains Of Sand

How many grains of sand are there?
Five jillion and seventy-tenner?
Maybe I should count them all,
Though it might take forever.
I'll count for a trillion years or more,
Through storms and bad weather,
And I'll never stop counting through the rest of time,
For there's no such thing as forever.

Ryan Brooks

Leaves Of Green

The TV just shows blood and gore,
What have we to be happy for?

The sweet breeze that smells of dew,
The bird that cries toodle-oo, toodle-oo.

Butterfly wings, dandelion flower,
The stars resting in their sweet bower.

Leaves of green, petals of red,
The moonlight after the clouds have fled.

Ryan Brooks

Newton's Dilemma

Mirror, mirror,
On the wall,
If I push you,
Would you fall?
Would you hit
The ground
And break?
Or would you
Simply
Levitate?

Ryan Brooks

Next To The Demands Of The Universe

(next to the demands of the Universe, even our most important errands are)

INCONSEQUENTIAL.

(give up)

Ryan Brooks

Ode To The Earth

Twinkling light
In a field
From stars
From water
From our planet
The Earth

Ryan Brooks

Reflections

A tranquil pond is a mirror in which
A person's heart can be truly seen.
Only in reflection can we know
Ourselves and each other.

Ryan Brooks

Storm

Brilliant white light,
While thunder rolls across land,
The lightning arrives.

Ryan Brooks