

Poetry Series

The Poet Keri

- poems -

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The Poet Keri()

A Bridge Over Troubled Water

By: Poet Keri

September 30,2008

Freeverse

Age 11

A Bridge Over Troubled Water is a bridge that I pave.
I pave at my own pace, I pave at my own speed.
Although, when I started, I paved at a turtle-slow pace,
because I am paving a bridge over troubled water.

That Troubled Water is where I let out my troubles.
The Water is filled with my thoughts and my tears.
As time allowed me, I paved at a medium pace,
because I am paving a bridge over troubled water.

Soon, the bridge is half-way done,
and I look at the outcomes.
I visit the pond more and more, and I paved at a normal pace,
because I am paving a bridge over troubled water.

Now I am finished.
Now my troubles are over.
The Bridge is the bridge that I have crossed throwing my troubles into the pond,
leaving them behind to sparkle the water.
I pave no more, my job is done,
Because I finish paving a bridge over troubled water.

The Poet Keri

A Good-Bye Said To Me

By: Poet Keri

September 30,2008

Freeverse

Age 11

From a laughing, happy, little girl,
To a dead stone statue filled with tears, fear, and sadness.
As my parents part,
Simply saying a goodbye.
I wonder which one will it be this time...

Dad left last time, will the new Dad or Mom leave...
I turn away, fearing the next moments of my life.
Mom takes my shoulders and tells me it will be alright.
Does that mean the new Dad will leave?
I hope so as my heart tightly breathes with anxiousness.

But Mom steps away into her room, grabs her suitcase, and as she leaves the house, says a good-bye to me.
My eyes swell with tears as I try to hold them in, watching Mom wave farewell.
Now that Dad left before, and now Mom is leaving, I feel myself breaking apart into two pieces.
I cry myself to sleep every night since.
I have been seperated.

I have no one but an angel from heaven in the sky watching over me.
Since these two good-byes were said to me, my body has fallen apart in two pieces.
But after those two good-byes, the people who said them to me, they've taken each of my 2 parts.
At least now I can relieve my heart, knowing that my sould in two parts still belong to them.

The Poet Keri

A Leap Of Faith

By: Poet Keri

September 30,2008

Age 11

A Leap of Faith is a jump,
when you decide to, you feel a lump.
You do not know your decided fate,
You hope you decided right, maybe too late...
God will help,
Just like he did with Michael Phelps.
When you jump, you jump with Faith,
and you never doubt your gut feeling.
But whatever you decided, it's up to you,
Leap with Faith, like Scooby Doo!

The Poet Keri

Being A Ball

By: Poet Keri

September 30,2008

Age 11

Boing, Up, Boing, Down,
Being a ball is like fooling around,
But at the same time always being bounced around!
I hit the hard floor, boing, and counce up hight into the air,
The entertainment I give, it looks like I should be in a fair!
Kids run around, dribbling me,
When will I ever be one that's free? !
A ball is something that entertains once again,
But I do not mind, we both make amends!

The Poet Keri

Falling Leaves

By Poet Keri

October 14,2008

Age 11

Falling Leaves

Green to yellow,
yellow to red,
bright fall leaves flying by my bed.

The Poet Keri

Hope

By Poet Keri

September 17,2008

Age 11

When the sun goes down, and the sky turns gray,
some may think the world is saying good-day.
But really all it's saying is bye-bye,
cause tomorrow the crows can fly!
Tomorrow, the grass with dew will swither and sway,
and the birds and butterflies will chirp and fly away.
Now, tomorrow comes and the sun rises with hope,
and gives me the courage to continue climbing the challenging rope.
Today is a whole new day,
and yesterday is gone and lost like a needle in a bunch of hay.
But that does not mean, it is lost from our minds,
because we will always remember it,
and it will never turn to white and black fading lines.
Flowers bloom, puffy white clouds move,
giving us a beautiful sight to live in, once more.
Tomorrow will never be lost, it stays in our mind.
Today we look forward and not behind.
The world and what happens give me hope,
and it will never fade away like candy smelling soap.

Keri H. September 17,2008

The Poet Keri

Nature

Nature Poem

Age 10

By: Keri H,2006-2007

The sky is ever so light blue,
The light green grass waves with mild dew.
The bees hum and buzz happily 'around the tree,
The animals roam wild and free.
The burning sun shines with delight
As its sunlight smiles so bright.
The birds chirp and play and they want some fun,
As they soar down from the sun.
The worms slither deep into the soil,
As they find some bits of silver gray foil.
The bark of an oak tree falls down to the ground,
As the squirrels run around and around.
The burning red sun sets into the sky,
As the animals play and fly.
The butterflies flutter their pretty wings,
As a group of kids huddle up and sing.
The bats fly their wings and fly into a cave,
And by the ocean, there comes a huge wave.
The evergreen trees so lush and gentle sway,
Again, the sun sets and comes a new day!
The kids outside just played a game,
As their moms place their picture into a frame.
A group of adults go out to shop,
And some kids blew some bubbles and you'll hear a POP!
The flowers bloom so fast and bright,
The whole beautiful scene is such a delight.
The monkeys swoop from tree to tree as they swing and laugh ever so free.
The birds flew down onto the ground,
As the little gray squirrels scurry up and down.
The white snowy doves fly high and soar,
And the ants scurry down onto the lush floor.
The hose leaks water and forms a puddle,
And some kids yell and heddle.
The grass gets soaked and gets all wet,

As some kids catch balls with their net.
Out a window comes some paperclips,
But then a kids falls into a puddle and slips.
A girls goes out and loses her shoe, As a huge and big cow goes "MOO-MOO! "
Then some kids go into a house that was scary,
As the Spelling Bee winner was announced, "Poet, Keri"
The owner of a house mows his lawn,
Suddenly, the firey sun sets and comes dawn.
Little bunnies scurry to and fro,
As the ants search high and low.
The old lovely grandma went out and sewed,
Her old husband went out and mowed.
Along came a cricket with a friendly toad,
But then the computer shouted, "YOU HAVE AN OVERLOAD! "
In a house someone turned on the light,
And suddenly, along came the darkened night.
A new day approaches us again,
As everyone is laughing and playing in the den!

The Poet Keri

One Drop

Poet Keri

September 29,2008

Freeverse

Age 11

One drop, trickles down my cheeks.
That drop, wetting my lips, telling me, don't worry, it'll be alright.
One drop, slowly dripping down from my eyes,
What made me start to cry.
As I think of everything that's happened,
That just saddens me more.
But that one little drop, that trickled down my cheeks.
That brought me dismay at first.
But as I thought of it,
It's just an angel, telling me, I'll be OK.
And now, that one dropp that trickled down my cheeks,
Is that one dropp that brought me hope in my tears.

The Poet Keri

Sunshine

By: Poet Keri

September 30,2008

Age 11

Freeverse

The Sunshine shines its rays up into the sky,
The Sunshine, beautiful and high.
The Sunshine, letting light into the world,
The Sunshine, what tells us is day and shines till 12.
The Sunshine, a prosperous shine, lighting the world.

The Poet Keri

The Sun And The Moon

By: Poet Keri

September 29,2008

Age 11

The Sun and the Moon shine again.
The Sun and the Moon the lights of our days.
The Sun and the Moon, making their amends.
The Sun and the Moon, shining their rays in different ways.
The Sun and the Moon, what light up day and night.
The Sun and the Moon, ones that never fight.
The Sun and the Moon, different but the same.
The Sun and the Moon, on two sides of a frame.
The Sun and the Moon, shining their rays in different ways.
The Sun and the Moon, making their amends.
The Sun and the Moon, the lights of our days.
The Sun and the Moon shine again!

The Poet Keri

The Willowing Flower

By: Poet Keri

September 29,2008

Age 11

The willowing flower in my vase,
The willowing flower on my case.
The flower that once thrived,
is now the one that bends all limp,
and now I don't no, will it survive?
The willowing flower, blown by the wind,
swaying side to side, it shall not hinder.
As all the other flowers grow in my vase,
That willowing flower, the only one.
The willowing flower, different from others,
Just like babies are different from mothers.
The willowing flower is a strange one indeed,
but its thriving beautifulness grows, we all agree!

Poet Keri

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The World Around Us

By Poet Keri

September 17,2008

Age 11

The World Around Us, one we may know,
The World Around Us, one we didn't grow.
The World Around Us, let it snow,
The World Around Us, keep it low!
The World Around Us, let it rain,
The World Around Us, it will sound like a cane!
The World Around Us, let it be hot,
The World Around Us, hot like a burnt tater-tot!
The World Around Us, one that isn't low,
The World Around Us, it's one that we all know!

The Poet Keri

Words

By: Poet Keri

September 29,2008

Age 11

Words can form by our tongue,
They can stay or they can be flung.
Words can be soothing, like a gentle pat,
Or they can be hurtful, like a loud PWHAT!
Words can be butterflies, flying in the air
Or they can be crows, full of dark in their lair.
But for all we know, we invented them
And for what can happen, things can change.
We can invent new ones,
As some old ones run.
But in the end, that is how we speak,
and conversation grows with words and will peak.

A Poem about Words today by Poet Keri!

The Poet Keri