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Category: Poetry

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## **A Pen in Heart**

### **Literature To The Test**

Books mean so much to us  
To the reader and the writer  
Hours we invest in them  
For little or no return

We build up fictional worlds,  
Architecture, landscape and all  
Only to never visit them  
And we wonder why we day-dream

A character we befriend,  
Knowing everything about them  
We could tell them from a crowd  
Or recognize their melodious voice

Tears are shed at most deaths  
Even more so after  
It's a feeling so personal,  
Others joke and laugh

Literature shapes our world,  
The pen is truly mightier,  
Than the sharpest sword  
It stays with us, it haunts us

But what happens when,  
A nuclear bomb drops.  
Is the pen still mightier,  
As it searches, frantic?

For the lost poets,  
Writers, dreamers,  
We couldn't live without  
In the rubble of our world

### **A Girl's Struggle**

The pressure of society plagues us  
Told different from each side,  
Girl, don't worry, wear that skirt  
Or no you're not allowed

Disapproval no matter what  
I'm feeling torn inside

Encouraged to go against instinct  
But really when is too far gone?  
Am I perfect for society?  
Or am I showing who I am?  
Some of us don't ask for attention,  
But others do, all the same  
Who are we seeking approval from?

We don't support each other,  
If anything we gape and stare  
What if we stood up for each other,  
After all, a pride is mainly lionesses  
Can we ask for change,  
Or are we just mannequins to be looked at,  
Pawns in a game?

How do we decide?  
The short answer is that we don't  
It's a matter of how we're treated  
Everything is a cry for help  
We look up to anyone who answers  
But are they really in our best favor?

### **Oh, Oak!**

Dear Oaktree, glorious oak  
Please forgive me so  
For I've slaughtered your brethren  
Just to make my home

I didn't even use them  
Just cut them to make way,  
For a city, for a nation  
Just a place to stay

I crumpled up my paper,  
Grabbed another sheet  
As if it didn't matter  
Trivial, so-to-speak

I bring you a bouquet  
I'll sing a lovely ballad  
Admire your calloused bark  
Try an' count your jade leaves

You're planted by a brook  
Ground webbed in sprawling roots  
A red squirrel, a goldfinch  
Make a home with you

Like Yggdrasil, you rise,  
Moss-covered, a linchpin  
You hold the worlds together

Without you, I gasp for breath

It's truly something sinister  
You're grievances, I mean  
We plot and build, forgetting  
What brought us to your trunk

### **Frozen Blade**

A single blade of grass,  
Once green, now stricken yellow  
Encased with spirals of ice

Nearby a flower opens, glistening  
To hear the sweet song,  
Of mockingbirds

Today is different though,  
The hard earth is cold  
The infinite sky, gray

The first frost creeps slowly  
Up the looming trees and onto  
The clouds, the world stops spinning

To embrace the somber song,  
Of the first hard freeze  
Of stilled and silenced flowers and birds