

Poetry Folio of Ashley M.
Primary Extension and Academic Challenge (PEAC), WA, 2013

The Cabinet of Curiosities

The cabinet was a worrisome shade of red,
stained by the blood of time gone by.
For time had spared the cabinets inhabitants,
while the outside rusted, the inside thrived.
Made more precious as time passed by,
the curiosities contently watched the door
waiting to share what they had in store.
The eyes of a newt, the skull of a boar...
Curiosities we have never seen before.

Hope

A soft, baby yellow shimmers in the air.
The size of a small toy, yet with the immensity of air itself.
Belonging to no one yet everyone at the same time.
Guiding you, answering you, reassuring you.
Everything I could ask for,
warm and fuzzy, smooth and calm.
Like tears of joy, trickling down a child's face.
A miracle, a sleeping baby.
As I cry tears of despair, I realize I have lost it.
I have lost Hope.
It lives on happiness, love belief, possibilities.
Where are they now... when they are needed the most?
I have lost them... and now I've lost Hope.
As others have before me.
Hope is lost.
Replaced by the grey cloud of despair...
The Monkey and Me
It was never meant to be: the monkey and me.
Always a mile apart but never was I of a broken heart.
The monkey was cruel, a beast at his best,
never was he calm nor under stress
A riddle he was with a heart of stone.
A barrel of mystery, all on his own.
Although his looks were sweet and arms so long,
our friendship was long gone.
It was never meant to be: the monkey and me.

The Devil

To fight with the devil
one must have courage.
But to bargain with the devil
one must have wits.
To run with the devil
is to exploit evil doings.
But when you are the devil
it's a one way ticket.

The Surreal Pig

I am an old farmer who lives on a farm,
I've lived there as long as I could.
I grew a fascinating pig, for all I knew,
but I didn't know it ate wood.

That's how it escaped.
The pig ate its barn.
It then ate the fence,
and flew to Sudan.

It got hired at a restaurant,
and cooked prawn frittatas.
Unfortunately, it ate the oven,
and the prawns didn't want to be starters.

The pig then got fired,
but with the money he had earned,
he used a few of his dollars,
and went to school to learn.

Grade 6 was a blast,
Grade 7 was a struggle.
He aced a few tests,
but the kids were all trouble.

He grew up to be a lawyer,
after years of university.
Soon enough he found a wife,
and they lived happily ever after in the city.

Now my barn has one less pig,
but needn't do I worry.
For occasionally he comes to visit,
and he's richer than my Auntie Polly!

When they Come Running
When they come running you know there is trouble.
And when they are laughing, you laugh too.
When they start crying, you embrace them with love.
And when there is rain, you lend them a jacket.
But as they sulk, you scold.
And when they come running you know they are loyal,
And you give them a hug from the soul.
For when you're a mother, that's what you do,
when a child of yours needs some control.

Forever Hopeful

His eyes
deep black pools of oil,
always watching, forever hopeful.
What can you give me today?
A bone the size of a horse, a truck, a tree.
His fur
soft shells of velveteen,
always waiting, forever hopeful.
Will you brush me today?
As handsome as a prince, a model, a painting.
His paws
cushioned balloons of leather
always moving, forever hopeful.
Will you walk me today?
As fast as a runner, a cheetah, a car.
He is
a personality of laughter, of play
a soul of friendship and silent questions..
He is my pup,
forever hopeful...

My Passion

I eat off a plate each day,
I don't even have to pay.
My mum buys the stuff from the shops,
And we eat it at the end of the day.
We do not have to conserve.
We do not have to ration.
But (I'll tell you what's really absurd),
I have a really large passion
towards people that don't have any food,
and don't always have safe drinking water.
Who have lived their lives on the streets
And haven't paid for health cover.
For them, I'd give my plate
my pillow, my bed, my Ted.
I do not need my plate.
I'll just eat off the table.
I do not need my pillow,
I'll use one of my jumpers.
I do not need my bed,
I've decided to sleep on the floor.
And as for my Ted, I've never needed that.
And I'll never need it any more.

Haikus

Possibilities

Nothing is unreal.
Everything is possible.
Or so my mum says.

Morning

A refreshing sound,
The sound of the skyward birds.
A blue skied morning.

Rivers

Rivers of diamond.
Mine is just blue. Some rivers
are for me and you.

A Cry

A frightening cry
From the deepest of valleys
A crack in Earths crust.

A Stitch

A stitch does not fix
what time intended broken,
It simply sustains.