

Poetry Folio of Cassidy P.
Primary Extension and Academic Challenge (PEAC), WA, 2013

Diamond Ring

Glimmer, shimmer, sparkle, shine
A ring of diamond and metal
Beautiful jewel, now you are mine
Fragile as a flower petal
My dainty, small finger bears it aloft
Proud and full of grace
Placed on a velvet pillow so soft
I'll parade it all over the place
More astonishment than I've ever known
Such a marvellous thing
To think all my hopes and dreams being town
By the presence of a diamond ring
I'm being far too vain
I don't think of opinions of others
Through the sun and wind and rain
I think of their advice as bothers
I'm pushed and shoved by friend and foe
My clothes are all ripped and tattered
As my ring falls, I cry out with woe
My hopes and my dreams are now shattered

The Quest for Thor's Hammer

My quest will start in yonder vale
For the hammer of Thor, glistening and pale
Ways unbeknownst to good people alike
Dangerous roads will be taken and terrifying heights
Outcome known not, nor time taken to finish
Bravery must stand and despair must diminish
Not jewels I'm seeking, nor fragile diadem
The evil behind this must be broken, snapped at the stem
I must walk on my own two legs, not sailing nor flight
But I must finish this, the reward is now in my sight
For I have not earned a dime, coin or sparkly thing
For what am I but a lowly servant, a puppet on a string
Now I am an adventurer, the seeker of the prizes
But evil comes in many forms, shapes, disguises
About me only are wits, strong muscles built like steel
And a few tricks up my sleeve, many to reveal
For the hammer is too dangerous, fatal powers it has many
Zap it goes and you're dead, in the drop of a penny
The intentions of the hammer are never very wrong
I must really start searching now. Well off you go, begone!

Cabinet of Curiosities

Only things mysterious are in the curious cabinet
White sheep's wool like wisps of cloud floating across the sky
Shrivelled, old apples far from being baked into a pie
A rusty piece of metal, not known for what it did
An ugly, decaying wooden box with a golden key and lid
Aquamarine feathers from Brazilian bird unknown
A forgotten packet of seeds, unlabelled and unsown
The journeys were long and dangerous when gathering these treasures
To some a worthless box, to others, endless pleasures

Vanilla

Beans a plenty grow on a lonely vanilla bean tree
The sweetness of the smell wafts across the land
No beauty in appearance, though perfect it is to me
Rare in some places, but in constant demand
Used for many items, though known for less than few
Known throughout the ages of history
Known for being in icecream and other treats and brews
The consumption of this food is no mystery
Ice cream, cupcakes, essence, coke
There are many more to share
Not known by fair and simple folk
Not really important enough to care
It's sweet, sweet flavour
Has no bounds in culinary
Matched with unusual things
Like fish, rum and dairy
A star in the expanding food world
Known through many tastes
We'll see more of this sweet treat
It's destined for many fates