Glen Gordon

Poetry Project

Mr. Gosselin

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***Glen Gordon’s Poetry Project***

**My Life As A…**

All Charged Up

I feel like I have all the intelligence in the universe

The games I play can never be reversed

I am always watching you through a lens

I am always with you no matter how much you cleanse

You and I sing while content or heartbroken

You and I get distracted together even if there is nothing spoken.

**Haikus**

Miserable Day

Rain is coming down

**Like it’s pouring cats and dogs**

I am very wet

My Skull Thickens

Textbooks are useless

**They are thicker than the Earth**

I don’t learn from them

Arguments

When my mom is mad

**She becomes a volcano**

Then I feel bad

**Mimicry**

Crocodile Rock (Original)

*By Elton John*

I remember when rock was young

Me and Suzie had so much fun

Holding hands and skimming stones

Had an old gold Chevy, a place of my own

But the biggest kick I ever got

Was doing a thing called the Crocodile Rock

While the other kids were rocking round the clock

We were hopping and bopping to the Crocodile Rock

Well, Crocodile rocking is something shocking

When your feet just can't keep still

I never knew me a better time and I guess I never will

Oh, lady, mama those Friday nights

When Suzie wore her dresses tight

And the Crocodile rocking was out of sight

Procrastination

My routine for every morning

May be seen as very boring

Always starting off with a coffee

Then I jump in the shower to get all cozy

And before I get to eat some breakfast

I get changed and make a brand-new checklist

When I go to pack my backpack for the day

I am faced with all of my unfinished projects

Well, procrastination is something shocking

When your pen just cannot write

But when I can’t write I usually start to feel very uptight

Oh, **Robert Frost** this Friday night

I wonder how you can recite

And the procrastination was out of line

**Back of the Cruiser**

My Last Breath

I’m left in shock sitting all alone

My fate forever set-in stone

My mind travelling a mile a minute

I still cannot wrap my head around it

This nightmare my parents warned me about for years

Has now become real and brought me to tears

The fear that I feel inside cannot be described

Nothing but the **searing screech and shriek** of sirens leaving me confined

I hate the sound of road passing under the wheels

I couldn’t even get shoes over my heels

Before I was thrown into this car

Which now seems to be driving so far

Thrown out of the car and left in the snow

With only socks on and nowhere to go

I do see a factory off in the distance

I think I could make it there with enough persistence

“Stay strong” I keep saying

“It’ll be okay” I keep praying

Yet somehow, I know that not to be true

I notice my fingers starting to turn blue

**The petulant Police placed to protect people** like me

Treat the victims like shit while they beg and plea

For security and safety which is what they’re supposed to be for

And yet they leave so many shaken to their core

**Secret Path**

I’m Cold

I’m all out of matches

The matches that were keeping me warm

A part of me catches

A glimpse of my old norm

“Just keep walking”

I repeat that in my head

I find it quite shocking

How much I miss my residential bed

It’s getting colder

I’m feeling quite numb

I’m afraid I may never grow older

Because I was feeling brave and now dumb

**THUD!** I crumble to the slick, cold rails

The frigid breeze overtook me

I regret not taking the other trails

Because now I sit here lonely

I **look up to the sky to feel its embrace**

I begin to feel some sense of comfort

I see **a dove** lead me to a staircase

Knowing my days were numbered

**Best Dada**

Appreciate the World

**Embraces from my affectionate grandma are warm and loving**

**The smell of her lavender perfume filling the room as I rest my shoulder on her smooth skin**

**They feel sweet and kind**

Conversations are effective when sharing and they are good to be creative

Through failure comes success

Through calm comes wild

My parents have grace and empathy

Time is short

**Roses Are Red**

Sweets

Roses are red

Violets are blue

Everyone enjoys eating candy

I’m assuming you do too

Exposé on Schools

Roses are red

I am left wondering

If school’s not for sleep

Then why is home used for studying?

**Slam Poem**

The Oppressors

Hate

Hate towards the passion of others

Others whose lives have been shaped by this thing they love

The love that has lasted so long until death

Hate

Hate because “it’s just a show”

Yet for some reason it can mean so much to so many people

I wonder why?

Hate

Hate because you have nothing better to do than to ruin someone’s day

That day in which could have gone good or bad

But what is your objective?

Hate

Hate through the internet in which you stay anonymous

That anonymity that you abuse to hurt others

Can’t you just leave them alone?

Hate

Hate because it makes you feel better about yourself

Yet it tears everyone else down

Why not build them up?

Hate

Hate because it boosts your ego while destroying theirs

And yet you show that you don’t care

Hate

Hate but why not love?

Just as the old saying goes

If you have nothing nice to say, don’t say it!