

# Circle poems 1-4

## 1 starlings

In the white room  
With the black curtains  
Near the station  
Black roof country  
No-gold pavement  
Tired starlings

A life with no meaning  
But the black curtains in the room  
What's beyond those black curtains  
Was a purpose to live

A light flashes through  
While I sit against the wall

In the padded white  
People called you mad  
And when they did it  
Made you sad, so when  
You're sad you steal a bite  
To make sure you're fed before  
Making the people who made  
you sad, very, very dead

Seeing your reason to live  
Is so close yet so far  
running for it make it further and further  
like running through a long hallway  
that keeps stretching  
I rip my heart apart before I try  
Landing my crash landing. I go up up up  
Before I start proceeding like an old man's  
Hair receding

Scared and bleeding  
I run  
Trapped inside  
No where to go  
Black curtain surrounding

Are these walls getting smaller?

## 2 crow

The caw war unsettling as the murder of crows flew  
Over me. Their shadows passing by shrouded me in darkness  
Isolating me from the garden of life. As I can  
just barely see this  
secret garden of life.

The darkness so tempting, so convincing.

I am reminded of a prayer:

“Fear the reaper with no face.  
Beware his cold and dark embrace.  
Should death take my soul before I wake,  
Pray my body is burned at the stake.”

I shudder.

A cold wind embraces me.  
The darkness surrounding me.  
But the light ahead  
The door so close

*A poem is never finished I'm just too lazy to end it...*

In the light of summer  
People chilling at the beach  
When compared to winter  
Summer is more funner

The evil in the air was unsettling

Potatoes flew around my room and had  
The faces of Chuck Norris

Chuck Norris though

Home is where the heart is

Life is what you make of it  
Like a never-ending roller coaster

We're living in repetition  
We're living in repetition  
Living the same old routine again

# 3 bear

Trees are falling, wind is blowing  
Spirits are calling, the river is flowing  
On the hunt, the bear roars  
Trudging along the forest floors  
The storm is immense, the trees rather dense  
That the bear stumbles into a wooden fence  
What's that?  
I hear it calling  
Falling down away from life's broken back  
Shattered beings on the ground  
Changing the flow of emotions  
"Understand me" these dead beings call out  
Before I could listen to their last words  
The world shut them out  
I wake up suddenly  
One of the bears are on me  
"Hey dude," the beast grumbles  
"I need you to make food for my tumbles"  
The bear was a friend, so I made him some toast,  
He despised everything else, even a roast.  
"Thanks dude" he said, walking out  
Then I look back to my side to see the other bear pout.

# 4 ice

Gliding across the floor  
Concentrating on my movement and nothing more  
I look out into the audience  
And see my sweet mother  
But the sad thing is it's only her  
There is no one other  
Heavy breathing  
Lungs contracting  
Portray my feelings  
In the way I've been practising  
Racing along the frozen ice  
It's what I feel I was meant to do  
The touch of frost against my face  
My mother's happy cheers  
This is what really matters  
And this is why I'm here  
To make her proud and hold her dear  
For if I fail, I'm afraid I'll fear  
I look into my mom's face, she nods  
Sliding across the ice, I think of her and god  
I ask god to protect me and to give me strength  
I got up I looked at my mother she smiled

