

Poetry Series

Emerald Griffin
- poems -

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Emerald Griffin()

I AM INSANE INSANE INSANE! FEAR FEAR FEAR MEEEEEE! Wow, a lot of people have this name!

Fanfiction Is Taking Over My Life

Poetry, poetry,
what does it mean?
I only know fanfiction,
Stories
Tales
And poetry is alone.
I don't write it.
How does it go again?
Poetry, poetry,
what does it mean?

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Sanity Is A Lie

What is sane?
What is insane?

Why do you say,
You are insane,
I am sane?

Are you sane?
Am I sane?

Are any of us sane?

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Stealing From Ee Cummings

creep through the small door
the large door
towards the sleeping poet
large on the small bed.

Poetry is something
you say
to take for yourself
not to steal

but i do not listen
i go closer closer
so many bells in the background
i walk to his side.

Poetry abounds in his head
i snatch an idea
bells ringing
and run

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The Hyptonizer

A child is in a trance.
he does not blink
or breathe
or eat or drink.
The leering machine
that has trapped him
is in front of him.
It blares commands,
it glows,
'Buy XXX Soap! '
'Get your dog this! '
Until finally,
A rescuer appears.
His mom,
resplendent in apron
and dress
and wielding mop.
She lifts the mighty
control
and with a click
shuts the television off.

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To Fly

To fly,
Is grace.

Humans,
Are fools.

To say,
Flying?

It is
A science.

To fly,
Is grace.

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Why War?

Why war? cried the eagle,
Flying over the barren land.
You have killed the plants,
What shall I hunt?
My children are still weak,
They cannot fly to find more food.

Why war? cried the hedgehog,
Ambling onto the bloody field.
My people were crushed beneath your feet,
How shall I live?
My family is dead,
I may be the last of my kind.

Wwwwwhy wwwar? hissed the snake,
Jewel eyes scanning the carcasses.
Your evil meat hasss no good tasssste,
What sssshall I ssscavenge from the ground?
My children hunger,
I ssssshall not eat until they do.

Why war? cried the child,
Innocent eyes confused as she looked at the ruin.
My father and brother did not return,
Who will work for us?
My mother is blind,
And I am still so young.

Why war? they all asked,
The question burned their minds.
Our families are dying,
Will we survive?
We are few against many,
Why? why? why?

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