

Poetry Series

**Grace Daniels**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**

2014

**Publisher:**

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

## Grace Daniels()

My name is Grace Daniels, and I started writing when I was about in the 6th grade. My parents and teachers told me that I had a real gift for writing, a real knack, a real pull toward it.

# Blank

A pen and a page,  
No words came.  
My fingers itch to make up a masterpiece.  
But no words came.  
I can see my sister.  
Her brain is smoothly telling her hand what to do.  
On her page is an elaborate story, told not by words, but by lines and shades,  
graced together in perfection.  
But mine is blank.  
A pen and a page,  
And no words came.

Grace Daniels

# Little Ballerina

Little ballerina, I love you.  
Brown, curly twirly hair,  
And your fluffy pink tutu.  
Little ballerina, I love you.  
With your graceful leaps  
And those teeny tiny shoes made to fit your teeny tiny feet.  
Little ballerina, I love you.  
Pink sparkly barrettes  
And bows that grace your head.  
But you know what little ballerina?  
That curly twirly hair,  
Those graceful leaps,  
It's not what makes me love you.  
I love you just because you, are, you.

Grace Daniels

# The Rainbow

Red

Angry and dark, stiff and sore  
Color known red, will burn you to the core.  
Flashing with fire, writhes of desire, leaps higher and higher.

Orange

Sweet juicy citrus, tart tangerine  
Your bright radiant color, brings heat to my cheeks.  
Luminous like light, oh what a sensible sight.

Yellow

Free like a bird, swift like the rain,  
This neon yellow color, will certainly remain.  
Like the water, so pure and clean, and the sun shining on you and me.

Blue

Freedom of the moment, freedom from stress  
One tiny drop of blue, makes the world seem new.  
Captivating, sad and depressed, turns around, into a happier mess.

Indigo

Fresh like rain, then cruel like the thunder.  
It changes so fast, has so many moods.  
This cool changing color, will fill you with wonder.

Violet

Majestically calm, beautifully royal  
Its lovely and rich, pastel and full.  
It tells people a story, and makes them care.

Grace Daniels

# Thunderstorm

Electricity fizzles  
Sound sizzles  
Everywhere there's chaos.

Sparks fly  
Lightning licks the long dry grass,  
And everywhere there's fear.

People are running,  
Mothers are pulling near their children.  
No one speaks.  
And all that you can hear is the pounding like a drum  
And the beating of the storms soldiers  
On the cold damp roof.

Grace Daniels