

Poetry Series

**Kilee Burton**  
**- poems -**

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**Kilee Burton(04/23/1991)**

# A Bag Of Pencils

He threw the bag at my head  
I screamed so loud you would think I was almost dead.  
I am not sure what I did wrong  
Maybe I was singing a really annoying song.

Angry as ever in this certain case  
He got so mad, he was red in the face.  
He squinted his eyes with all his might  
He swung the bag, as if in a fight.

It felt like I had just got stung by a bee  
Or even quaintly scraped my knee.  
I got so mad and started to cry  
And knocked him down as I strode by.

So Remember not to throw pencils with sharp lead  
And don't mess with a little redhead.

Kilee Burton

# A Dog Named Drew

He was always known as Drew  
He really enjoyed eating my shoe  
Drew had a hidden pile of bones  
And possibly a few of my cell phones.

His fur consisted of black and white spots  
My neighbor called him Mr. Spots  
He was a man's best friend  
Loved and cherished to the end.

It was a blistering cold day  
Can you believe it was the month of May  
The snow was packed so high  
Chilled to the bone, you just wanted to cry.

Drew decided to go outside  
Nonone could find him and we cried  
Drew was found later that day  
Still this day we are all still okay

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# Bamboo

She sits quietly staring above  
The stars are like candles lighting up the sky  
Memories drift deep into her mind  
Of a childhood she left behind

Deep in a jungle in Africa  
A small girl by the name of Bamboo was born  
She had curly hair  
A smile that could warm a heart

It would take a kind person  
One who could care for her  
A special someone

She remembered her mothers voice  
It echoed in her thoughts  
She remembered the day they took her away  
She left forever

She sits quietly staring above  
The stars are like candles lighting up the sky  
Memories drift deep into her mind  
Of a childhood she left behind

Kilee Burton

# Carts

Solid heavy metal

Stubborn

Touched by many

Sliding through the snow

4 Wheels

Makes life easier

Carts

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# Forrestt And The Clown

Forrestt Bloomington loved to talk  
So bad one time he was pelted with a rock  
One day he was walking straight into town  
He met a half frowning pink hippie clown

They both enjoyed pulling simple pranks  
And eating charbroiled mini franks  
One by one each house was damaged  
They fled each time from their warlike rampage

They received much happiness from there mess they made  
Forrestt and the clown had become the master of the trade  
They soon got old and sprouted grey hairs  
Resembling old tattered teddy bears

They retired from there disastrous pranks  
And continued to eat there little charbroiled franks  
They lived happily after  
And still cried happily with laughter

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# Hamburgercheeseranchbacoburger

Sitting back taking a break  
Staring at this stale piece of cake.  
I ponder what to eat for lunch  
Or shall I call it brunch?

Tacos, pizza, or a salad  
This is one crazy ballad.  
I usually don't go out to eat  
Walking that far would hurt my feet.

Finally it has been decided

a

Hamburgercheeseranchbacoburger

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# Oh So Scared

I really hate the dark  
I run fast past the park  
Creepy monsters lurk under the bed  
I gave him a special name 'Fred'

Scary things lurk out in the dark  
Even that little Chihuahua's bark  
The winds' whistle chills me to the bone  
I am almost afraid to answer the phone

When scary stories are told I run and hide  
And hate the thought of a dark cloud surrounded tide  
The boogie monster is a child's worst nightmare  
Carlos McBooger adds a little more flare

To this day I am still afraid of the dark  
And hate the sound of that little bitty bark.

Kilee Burton

# Senioritus

Sitting here waiting  
Watching the clock slowly tick  
Tic toc Tic toc  
The days go by slowly  
It's April and May is nowhere in sight

It is getting harder to wake up in the morning  
Pushing the snooze button once again  
Trying to find reasons to stay home  
The mind is elsewhere, floating in the clouds

May is finally here  
Graduation is full speed ahead  
Senioritus is getting worse  
The heart is set on graduation  
The mind wants to sleep in 'til noon

BAM  
Graduation is finally here  
That was the cure needed all along

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# Sleep

Much needed

Recharges

Z's

Droopy Eyes

A pillow

Required to live

Sleep

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# To Walk

It all starts when you are a child  
The first steps matter the most  
It is a tough concept to learn  
One in front of the other  
Don't fall  
Soon it is grasped  
Learning to run  
Run, Run far  
Pretty soon you learn to drive  
No fun in walking  
Many years pass  
Wheelchairs are better now  
Zooming around the corner  
No more driving  
Riding is more fun

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# Waiting For Summertime

Sitting here  
The sky can't be anymore clear  
The birds dance and sing  
I am waiting for the bell to ring

Summertime has knocked on the door  
And the children can't take it anymore  
Everyone just wants to be outside  
Soaking up the sun and getting fried

Cooped up in a stuffy building  
We could all be outside grilling  
Let's dance and sing, summer's almost here  
Rain fall is our only fear

Conserve energy with all your might  
Go outside, take flight  
Smell the fresh air  
It's almost summertime and we don't give a care

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