

Poetry Series

Michael Sedique
- poems -

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Michael Sedique(February 21st 1990)

I am a skilled writer. I been writing for my whole life. I only write for a reason and for example everything here on earth is here for a reason but for I write please enjoy it, and comment back and make more view, it makes me feel happy for those who like my writing. At that same time, i desperately oppose one writer. Sophia White. (hate her, and give her bad ratings with bad comments) .

Darkness

Darkened dreams
Become modern grapes of wrath
reaping a bitter wine

Michael Sedique

Graduation

The day has finally arrived,
It's our graduation time,
From now till then, we'll look back on this diploma,
Knowing that we reached this far, knowing that we can do anything if we just put
our minds to it.
So let's enjoy this very moment,
Dreaming things that we never dreamed before,
Dreaming that we will fly away with the birds to reach our goal in life someday.
So just remember this diploma lying in each of our hands show our parents how
much we accomplished a great deal.

Michael Sedique

I Am Winter

Winter is here,
For which I come to be
Reborn from the shallow blanket of wicked, white layers of
Ice.
There lay a spot that sits there like as if you were center stage.
On that very spot lay a willow.
A wise one they say,
The willow points its noble branch
To a pack of brigand wolves.
You stare at the pack of tactical brains but
Reigns the lands of snow.
You cover your eyes for three seconds to see if this is true
So then
'One'
'Two'
'Three'
You open your eyes and the timber wolves are gone.
You run up to the hill at which they stood.
Your eyes widen at what you gaze at.
Fire
The guardian of warmth and the key of survival.
You walk up to the fire and sit by it.
Your just so idle at this very moment.
You gaze at the fire,
Just staring at it and you became hypnotized
You see that the fire is telling you a message.
The blazing fire drops a chunk of fire on the snow and what remains of that spot
is a
Rock
You pick up the rock and frown and
With all power you throw it at the noble tree.
You sit back down and call out to the wild
'Why do you do this to me. I want this cold season to end so I can see life all
over again. I lost a lot in life, and now I am the remainder. Please help me'.
You look back at the fire and see that it's telling you go pick up that rock near
The willow.
You walk over to the tree and you seek for the rock and you find it.
Cracked
You pick up the two pieces and observe it.

It's amethyst.
Luckily you remember a story about it
You are valuable in not out.
You look back to the fire, then the tree and finally
The sky.
You see that winter ended.
Snow is melting, and
Life is returning.
You call out to the stretching sun
'Hello sun. Welcome back'

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Life And Death

Birth,

Life,

Death.

Our cycles that have limits for all living things.

We wonder who else can die.

All things on Earth dies.

But if we look up at the skies of heaven,

We think of angels.

When we read their stories of conflict that maybe the way they die.

All life is like a seed that grows into a mighty tree.

Maybe gods can die.

If we all look back into Egyptian history,

We may think of Osiris's story of his death.

He was killed by Set, the brother of Osiris.

But though nothing can last forever,

We all have a cycle,

And that is the way it is.

But at the same time, one mighty man will live forever.

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