

Poetry Series

Yolanda Metroi
- poems -

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Yolanda Metroi()

My Name Is Yolanda Metroi I want to be a famous poet. Follow my best friend Willow Billow her macaroni is as the youngsters say, 'bomb'. I have little daughter named Juanita

55 years young, I was just diagnosed with menintits

Eliza X Scaramouche Angst

Your sweet taste

Like a sweet flower

Your like a saint

But no matter how sweet you are, it seems I'm still sour

This dull bitter feeling

Has been caused by my stubbornness

To remain unfeeling

I am now comfortless

Yolanda Metroi

Eliza X Ganyu

Deep in the night
With stars shining bright
During the lantern rite
Two girls
With their hands interlaced
Everything around them is blurred
solely focusing on each others embrace
When suddenly they stop
To watch the lanterns be released
And the fireworks pop
One of the girls named Ganyu

Gives a quick peck to the other while in the middle of a walk
As if Eliza was placed in a hex she remains in shock

Yolanda Metroi

Racism

Racism exists

But why does such a thing persist?

What could be so different from me and you

That could make me so taboo

I love my language

I am proud of my culture

So why does it make you anxious

How is it considered vulgar

I do not understand

How you made it so bad

Yolanda Metroi

School Starts Way Too Soon

School Starts Way Too Soon
Early In The Morning I Wake
Only to see the Moon
My head aches
Must I go to School?
Would it hurt to lie some more?
I think this is far too cruel
I feel so sore
Let me refresh
Before I become far too stressed

Yolanda Metroi