

# [Poems:barely fear they knew not that they](https://assignbuster.com/poemsbarely-fear-they-knew-not-that-they/)

[](https://assignbuster.com/)[Art & Culture](https://assignbuster.com/essay-subjects/art-n-culture/), [Music](https://assignbuster.com/essay-subjects/art-n-culture/music/)

Poems: Barely brave bystanders board the Rumbling Rocket Roller Coaster (alliteration)The ride slowly starts to ascend, and by the end of the climb, everyone is holding the hand of their best friend (assonance)People get dizzy, and senses of fear they knew not that they had get busy (internal rhyme)Then the car starts to fallAnd the young kid on the ride begins to bawl (external rhyme)With a Whoosh then a loud “ Aaaah” from the crowd, the rapid ride dives down below (onomatopoeia)The mad car comes back up the insane track, torturing its guests (personification)Like a flying dragon, the ride rises and dips, untamed and uncontrollable by anything (simile)Finally, the joyride halts to a sudden stop, and the passengers sigh with reliefFor the terrifying ride is over–and the riders are assured that the ride will not mean an end to their life, contradicting what they thought (hyperbole)Now an innocent sleeping kitten, the car stands still, and the only thing that can be heard is a soft purr (metaphor)Keys of LifeWell, child, I’ll let you know: Life for me has been a keychain. Full of bright shining keys, And small plushes attached to it, With little beads for eyes, And then there are the old keys, Full of rust—blue and sad, An upsetting imposition. And throughout my years, I’ve opened doors, Using the keys of life. When the doors were swung open some rooms had darkness, And mold, And cold, hard stone floors, But other times, let me tell you, dear, Those doors held, Opportunity. With shining stars, And golden medals, The rooms were filled with peace, trust, protection, And love. Sometimes the doors would refuse to open, And my keys would get stuck, I would have to pry them out, And get rattled, And shaken inside. The whole time, though, I have been curious, To peek inside and see, What room would show up, What destiny had picked for me.

So child, don’t you fret, Because, just wait you’ll see, Things will fall in place for you, Like a lock with the perfect key. Regardless of what room that door opens up to, You should just remember, That the keys of life are not here to hurt, But here to make you stronger. They will help shape you, And make you strong, And braveCourageousKindNo matter what happens, let me advise you, Just use the keys of life. For life is a keychain, Full of shiny and old keys, And with a multitude of choices. Beauty is not EverythingBeauty — ABut what about — BBeing brainy — AWhat about — BHaving courage and being mighty — ABeauty people scout — BOnly to impress society — ARather than being studious — APeople focus on applying makeup — BThey end up oblivious — AThey become stuck up — BWith their beauty and not their worthiness — APeople worry so much about how they look — BThat they fail to notice the other parts of them that are glorious — AThe true definition of a beautiful individual — AIs somebody who is pretty both — BExternal and internal — AOtherwise, they break an oath — BTo be better than normal — AAnd try their best at everything—not only at having the best clothes — BBut stick to their true moral— ADear Girls All Over the WorldMenStealing all the credit for shaping our civilization, They were gifted the chances then, The opportunity. We could not even be the founding mothers of our nation, Or have built the first airplane to into the sky send To show our ingenuity.  But now with the equal rights gestation, We have the opportunity to prove to men that we, and them Deserve to have an obligation For equal rights in an equal community.

Now we will speak, We will build great things together, we will not be meek. We can have the opportunity show men we are not weak, We will shape a new communityone that will last forever.  We will dilute the gender wall’s blue hue with pinkWe will enroll in science build machines that control the weather. We want to be given the same expectations, And work hand in hand, We will obtain The same qualifications, And march together As a band, Of women who have large aspirations. We will build the tallest skyscraper Make sturdy cement from delicate sand! To construct the future, We must first start at the base. We will together nurture, A non biased race.

We will each be A powerful worker, And get to the end of a very manly maze. So let’s get to itsnatch the chance, And shout through a huge megaphone. We will help life advance, And show that we are each a Beautiful unique gemstone. We can together prance, Across streets filled with tough cobblestone, We can tossMoist flowers in the dry airWe can make an ImpactWe will let down our hairWe can start our own actAnd prove that we reallytruly care, We will march up the stepsMake them feel the force of our feetWe will set into motion new waves of effectsWe will represent the world as A female fleetWe can do great thingsIf we all trySo as the bell ringsI advise you To not let time uselessly tick byDo things.

TelephoneRing! Ring! It rings. Blaring into my ears. I pick it up. Disbelief aboutwhat I hear.

My brother wants to talk to me…

Has been away in the military for the last four years! All the way from Nigeria. This call has arrived, music to my ears. We catch up on this and that. Then talk about whatever. He tells me all that’s happened, and I say I feel better.

Then the next day, my doctor calls. He says that I can go out! My pneumonia got out of hand, but now I can strut down the street! Then the next month, the baker calls and lets my parents know my sister’s wedding cake is done! Then I call her and exclaim, “ It’s complete.” She knows just what I mean. Years and years later, I sit on this couch, reminiscing the good old days. My message from this story I told? Telephones bring joy and they bring people together in many, many ways. The Ocean BlueAbove the coralA welcoming sea turtleRoams the ocean blueDelicate WhiteDelicate flowerWhite with soft water dropletsBrightens the blue nightFlower PowerA small, mere flowerHas the ultimate powerTo make someone’s dayTwo Worlds JoinedGazing into lightThe tree is a mere imageWith another soulMighty LionKing of the jungleSits proudly atop a hillGuarding the forestFrozen in FlightSuspended in airReady to protect her homeThe white owl fliesSmall but MightyLike an eagle’s soulPlaced in a gecko’s eyeTwo conjoined spiritsUp on Top of Their WorldStanding on wheatDominating their small worldHamsters feel freeGoodbyeUp past a large waveThe sun bids farewell to usIt sinks down belowPicture Perfect Ocean WavePerfectly in placeTo frame the light from aboveThe wave still stands stillSmall Town Big ColorsLike a small villageSprouting with mushrooms and joy A quaint gatheringUp on a MushroomCrawling over redSensing the ground far awaySnail walks aroundRace to the StarsReaching for the skyChallenging their current heightMushrooms and grass growColorA blast of rainbowCluster of growing magic In front of our eyesA Flowering MontageNearly surrealA mountain stands in backTrees flourish up frontA Life of Good MoralsFloat like butterflies But sting like bustling beesGlide over the seasThe LadybugTop to a flowerBut beautiful as can beThe ladybug livesWaterfallCascading down blowFreefalling fifty milesFrom trees to the groundGood MorningMorning, golden sunRises above a mountain Blooms like the flowersLadybugs on a LeafWater drops hang downA single leaf supports allThree ladybugs crawlThe BeachWaves gently wash upThe beach with palm trees in backThe sun turns goldenThe TwinsTwo birds sit togetherOne is peace while other eatsTwins of life and deathConfidenceFaceoff with a twigI am prepared to challengeWhat is in my wayCoexistenceTwo lively creaturesReady to help each otherThey coexist wellWinterThrough the wintry treesBelow the frigid, cold iceIs some summer hopeSpringButterflies are nearFlowers, pollinating for springIt is almost hereRainbowAbove the forest A dash of vivid colorLights up peoples’ dayAutumnThe leaves turn orangePeople are wearing sweatersAutumn time is here! Sea TurtleSwimming through the seaA streak of color in blueSea Turtle is freeFoxStanding overhillThe fox keenly stares aroundIntimidating SummerThe refreshing heatThe screams of joy and laughterSummer has arrivedOut of the ShadowsOut of the shadowsFoggy day in the forestSome pine trees come outA Coil of Green, Unable to be SeenCoiled ’round itselfIn a tangled mass of greenThe snake hides from sightTogethernessTogetherness likeMother protecting childThe beauty in loveMirror ImageWatching the outsideLooking into a mirrorAs another treeThe Fall of a Tree the Blossom of a FlowerAll through life, someone has been there for youBut then one day, that person disappearsCold, lifeless body of what was once a merry individualDelicate soul has dissipated into anEndless abyss Forever away from planet Earth Goodness may still come from this grief-filled eventHappiness because the person is in peaceIn a heaven, a utopian settingJoy filled and skipping freely, theKindhearted person can enjoy rest at lastLooming over mountains, hills, cities, and valleysMaking sure that you are sheltered during your journey through life.  You areNot aloneOpenly grieve, but always recognize that all thePerson you lost wants is for your life to be a gain of experienceQuestion life and question death, yetRemember not to let upset feelings get in the way of your joyful selfSimply recall That for every tree that gets toppled over, a new flower will bloom and flourishUnjust as it may seem, death is just as valuable as life; Vivid with vociferous individuals and bright with dull points Wild and crazy, and full of corners and paths but unique as Xenon.

Blazing with bright hues ofYellow and cool shades of blue and running freely like a stripedZebra in the Sahara. As a human, I have a right to think of myself as Beautiful.  Other people disagree ‘ Cause I Don’t meet a certain standardEvery other person in this room tries their hardest to meetFull lips and perfect skinGorgeous hair with beautiful round eyes. I Haved hoped, before, to be like them, but I have come to the conclusion that I am not. Just because I have a condition, I have been singled out and bullied.

Kind souls have been hard to come byLove from strangers is scarce for MeNobody accepted me for a long, long time. Open doors were rarePeople kept on teasing me into adulthood. I Questioned my worth. Repeatedly, I would Suffer from my own hand and the ones of othersThe cruel inhabitants of planet Earth went as far as to call me the “ World’sUgliest Woman!” But just like everyone else, I have a strong identity.  Lizzie Velasquez is my name.

I have seen comments telling just how “ horrible” I am, Why?  Why is the world so against me? Xi; the fourteenth letter of the Greek alphabet. Why would anyone say that–you agree that that is a word completely irrelevant to anything right now, Yes, and, in that case, why would anyone tell me to kill myself?  It’s like I’m Zero