

Poems:barely fear they knew not that they

[Art & Culture](#), [Music](#)



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

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 — Als 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 community one that will last forever. We will dilute the gender wall's
blue hue with pink We 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 it snatch 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 toss Moist flowers in the dry air We can make an
Impact We will let down our hair We can start our own act And prove that we
really truly care, We will march up the steps Make them feel the force of our
feet We will set into motion new waves of effects We will represent the world
as A female fleet We can do great things If we all try So as the bell rings I
advise you To not let time uselessly tick by Do things.

Telephone Ring! Ring! It rings. Blaring into my ears. I pick it up. Disbelief
about what 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 Blue Above the coral A welcoming sea turtle Roams the ocean blue Delicate White Delicate flower White with soft water droplets Brightens the blue night Flower Power A small, mere flower Has the ultimate power To make someone's day Two Worlds Joined Gazing into light The tree is a mere image With another soul Mighty Lion King of the jungle Sits proudly atop a hill Guarding the forest Frozen in Flight Suspended in air Ready to protect her home The white owl flies Small but Mighty Like an eagle's soul Placed in a gecko's eye Two conjoined spirits Up on Top of Their World Standing on wheat Dominating their small world Hamsters feel free Goodbye Up past a large wave The sun bids farewell to us It sinks down below Picture Perfect Ocean Wave Perfectly in place To frame the light from above The wave still stands still Small Town Big Colors Like a small village Sprouting with mushrooms and joy A quaint gathering Up on a Mushroom Crawling over red Sensing the ground far away Snail walks around Race to the Stars Reaching for the sky Challenging their current height Mushrooms and grass grow Color A blast of rainbow Cluster of growing magic In front of our eyes A Flowering Montage Nearly surreal A mountain

stands in back
Trees flourish up front
A Life of Good Morals
Float like butterflies
But sting like bustling bees
Glide over the seas
The Ladybug
Top to a flower
But beautiful as can be
The ladybug lives
Waterfall
Cascading down
blow
Freefalling fifty miles
From trees to the ground
Good Morning
Morning, golden sun
Rises above a mountain
Blooms like the flowers
Ladybugs on a Leaf
Water drops hang down
A single leaf supports all
Three ladybugs crawl
The Beach
Waves gently wash up
The beach with palm trees in back
The sun turns golden
The Twins
Two birds sit together
One is peace while other eats
Twins of life and death
Confidence
Faceoff with a twig
I am prepared to challenge
What is in my way
Coexistence
Two lively creatures
Ready to help each other
They coexist well
Winter
Through the wintry trees
Below the frigid, cold icels
some summer hope
Spring
Butterflies are near
Flowers, pollinating for spring
It is almost here
Rainbow
Above the forest
A dash of vivid color
Lights up peoples' day
Autumn
The leaves turn orange
People are wearing sweaters
Autumn time is here!
Sea Turtle
Swimming through the sea
A streak of color in blue
Sea Turtle is free
Fox
Standing overhill
The fox keenly stares around
Intimidating Summer
The refreshing heat
The screams of joy and laughter
Summer has arrived
Out of the Shadows
Out of the shadows
Foggy day in the forest
Some pine trees come out
A Coil of Green,
Unable to be Seen
Coiled 'round itself
In a tangled mass of green
The snake hides from sight
Togetherness
Togetherness like
Mother protecting child
The beauty in love
Mirror Image
Watching the outside
Looking into a mirror
As another tree
The Fall of a Tree
the Blossom of a Flower
All through life,
someone has been there for you
But then one day, that person disappears
Cold, lifeless body of what was once a merry individual
Delicate

soul has dissipated into an Endless abyss Forever away from planet Earth
Goodness may still come from this grief-filled event Happiness because the
person is in peace In a heaven, a utopian setting Joy filled and skipping freely,
the Kindhearted person can enjoy rest at last Looming over mountains, hills,
cities, and valleys Making sure that you are sheltered during your journey
through life. You are Not alone Openly grieve, but always recognize that all
the Person you lost wants is for your life to be a gain of experience Question
life and question death, yet Remember not to let upset feelings get in the
way of your joyful self Simply recall That for every tree that gets toppled
over, a new flower will bloom and flourish Unjust 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 of Yellow and cool shades of blue and running freely
like a striped Zebra 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
standard Every other person in this room tries their hardest to meet Full lips
and perfect skin Gorgeous 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 by Love from strangers is scarce for
Me Nobody accepted me for a long, long time. Open doors were rare People
kept on teasing me into adulthood. I Questioned my worth. Repeatedly, I
would Suffer from my own hand and the ones of others The cruel inhabitants
of planet Earth went as far as to call me the " World's Ugliest 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