

Entry # 9

I am from approximately 7 octillion atoms
And I can't stop thinking about these
At times, frankly, it makes me saddened
Because I still can't do as I please

I am from the land of desolation
With cowboys roaming close
Polar bears and guinea pigs make up my nation
And we smile at however life goes

I am from a meadow
Where flowers grow in only gray
You may choose that's how you see them
But to me, it's another way

I am from the pot
Put to boil on the stove
When momma adds the hot dogs
I search for treasure troves

I am from knitted frostbite
And a dozen broken bones
Whether you love them, or you hate them,
Cheer as they score more goals

I am from all of these
And roads that wind further than eyes can see
Condensed into six degrees
Now, you may know me

Whenever people see pink
I bet that it makes them think
Of the walls of my fortress
Because it's pretty hard to ignore it

Loud, bright, and just
A little too "in your face"
I've built my place
With intentions to gift grace

It's all crafted of carpet and wood
And I'd invite you all in if I could
Yet my paintings seem to suggest

Entry # 9

Something quite rude

But lead yourself to
My cardboard couch and rest
Think of the thoughts
That only enter your head before bed

If yours works like mine
Than I'm sure that you know what
It's like to come from a mind
That won't live in the moment

Still dawn comes
Each and every day
And even when I lose hope
Letting the sun in makes it all go away

I never mind giving tours
Around to those that
Try to see beyond my lines
To discover the core that

Is risen from
The dreams in my head
And painted with love
With glued on pretty gems

Turn on my T.V.
And gawk at the show
Featuring me as the star
And everyone's my beau

I learned long ago
To be careful with those
Who get to see my insides
And may decide that they know

That my foundation's still broken
And it's hard to ignore
But the details most don't notice
You may grow to adore

My house stands as me
So everyone gets to see

Entry # 9

What I truly believe
As each detail is what I bleed

Numbers, Numbers, Numbers

They've never
Made any sense
To me

Maybe it's the same for you,
But I like to feel
A little more free

I don't like
Solving radicals
Or making number trees

Numbers, Numbers, Numbers

I'll be shocked
If I pass
Mrs. D's

I don't care
About exponents
Really, can't you see?

I much prefer
To sit in class
And brainstorm poetry

Numbers, Numbers, Numbers

I pray
She doesn't
Call on me

Most days, I try to pay attention
But then
My brain yells at me

I wish I could just scream

Entry # 9

At these numbers:
Like, get a personality!

Oh, these numbers, numbers, numbers
Just keep calculating
I'll never understand
How they fill some
With glee

The quadratic equation
Is a miniature devastation
Dead-set on consuming my mind

Exponentiation
Is the most boring exploration
Of a religion made up for freaks and geeks alike

"So find this abrasion!
Using this equation!"
I'd much rather just spend my time living life

But I work through this frustration
And get an explanation
And suddenly things seem a little more bright