



He skateboards in the summer heat  
And kicks to do a flip  
He shifts his little birdy feet  
To get a better grip



The truth typed out will set you free  
But will the people hear?  
You've shown them patterns that you see  
Can words break through their fear?



The cheese is steaming melty white  
I take a giant kiwi bite  
It almost makes me want to cry  
To taste a perfect pizza pie



He wraps a sturdy, heavy box  
And tapes it all around  
The box is full of ticking clocks  
It has an eerie sound



28

Reclined in my comfy chair  
The cushions are so deep  
I close my eyes without a care  
And quickly fall asleep

21



A paint-dipped brush is in my beak  
To make a happy scene  
A tiny house, a bubbling creek  
A landscape quite serene



My fuzzy cat jumps on my lap  
And gives a little purr  
He takes a lazy noontime nap  
I gently stroke his fur



The candles on my bookcase  
are all lined up in a row  
Lavender and rose and mace;  
the scented wax burns slow