My Poems

by Alan Barlow, age 11

I am a sun poet
sitting on a ray
of streaming light
writing
gold poems.
Quickly, my poems
shine down on
the earth
and hide
in grains of
burning sand.

I am a rain poet
under an old gray umbrella
finishing wet, soggy
poems. As I finish,
my poems slowly run away
and slide in
alleys and streets
of huge cities.

I am a sea poet
riding a sea
turtle while
writing poems.
My poems slither away
and have fun
swimming with fish
in the green, dark waters.

I am a building poet
on the roof writing poems.
My poems run into cracks
in walls
and cry out
to me.

I am a space poet
riding on a falling star.
My poems fly
off
in the cold darkness
and are lost
forever in
twisting mysterious galaxies…