

Poorly Portrayed Poetry

**Written and felt by:
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Welcome...

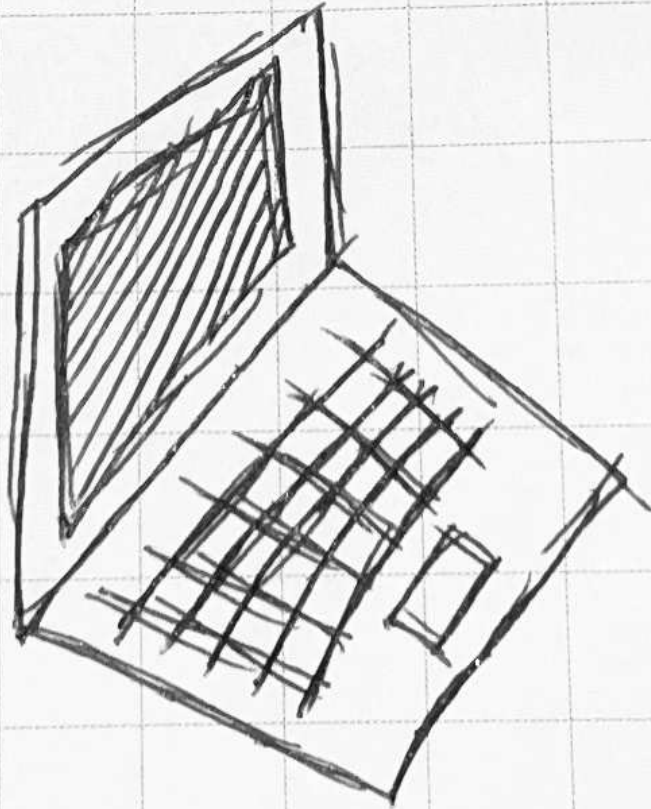
This is my first ever poetry book and you're (probably) one of the first ever readers!

Before you start reading, I just want you to:

Sit back, take your time and relax.

Sincerely,
Me, the "poet"

Enjoy the poetry by poet-me.



Living behind the screen

Sometimes I wonder,
what is behind my screen.
A place so magical,
after years I've never even seen!
I go get my tools,
for I'm about to cause a scene,
to finally find out:
what's living behind the screen.

“Just some computer parts.”

Oh well.



Inexplicable you

Are you the you who does the things you do in a sky so blue?

If it's true, can I, the fool explain the feeling I do feel for you?

I can try to do the explaining of you and my feeling towards the doings of you,

but I have no clue how to describe the inexplicable, indescribable you so I hope this will do.

Yours truly,
the who describing you in a poem that took a minute or two!



Diet Coke

Love yourself.

You're brave, you're beautiful.

Love yourself.

When you're empty, when you're full.

Love yourself.

Pick your favourites, life's too dull.

Love yourself,

Until they ask you:

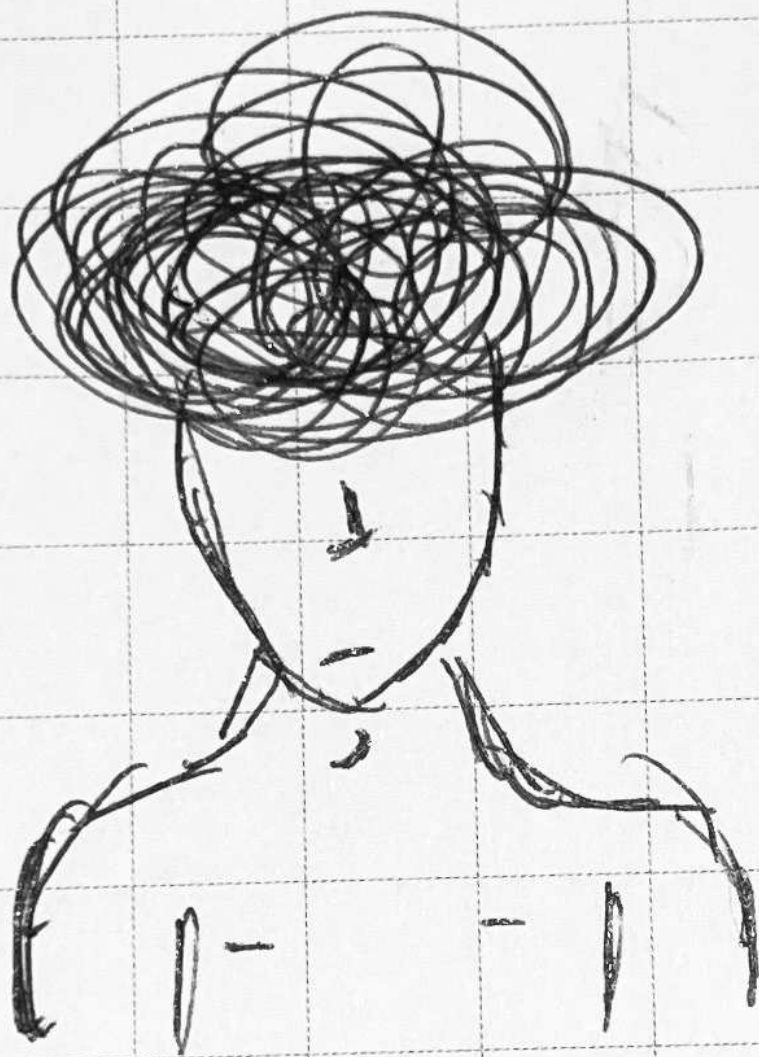
“What will it be?”

Because I'm telling you,

While not loving me.

...

“One Diet Coke please.”



What a mind can do

As the weight of my blanket consumes me,
a voice in my head says 'get up and start your day.'
But I'm still in bed, letting everything be
listening to the clock, tick all of my time away.
I close my eyes
'cause I don't need to see!
I just know once I open them,
people will say:
Look at this loser, just laying alone.
Look at this loser, fate set in stone.
Look at this loser, he is prone to fail.
The clock keeps on ticking...
Tick. Tick. Tick.
I can't get up,
I don't even want to.
The clock starts to speak
and asks if I'm sick.
And now I'm aware of what a mind can do.