

Poetry

Blank pages filled with lines,
Words fallen from our minds.

Emotions and feelings,
Depicted by symbols,
Written by those with an intricate scribble.

Poetry is like:
Symphonies of notes combined
Splashes of paint described
Colourful photographs signed.

Rules or none,
Equally sung.

Haiku, Sonnet, Limerick, Ode,
Each syllable a singular code.

Couplet, Epigram, Elegy, Cinquan,
Each letter a singular drop of rain.

Alliteration, Allegory, Metaphors,
Written with dire passion from our cores.

Similes, Hyperboles, Imagery,
A way to finally feel free.

The ideology of wrongs and right,
Finally assuaged,
By those who stand in the spotlight.

Each stanza a rudiment for our voice,
Our gallantry talent,
Our defiant choice.

Poetry is what brings me awe,
What generations of pride have fought for.