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Age: 14, Grade: 9

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Category: Poetry

Warm Socks, Florida Trip

Warm Socks

I'm sorry I took your fuzzy socks
I thought they were mine,
Turns out we have similar taste in fuzzy socks
It was a cold morning and I was in a rush
My feet felt like icicles. Each step
Felt like a drop coming off
When I finally went to the dryer I saw them
They were so comfortable and warm
And soft and cute and just what I needed
Put the red Santa hat on my left foot
Put the green Christmas tree on my right
Took a step and half the icicle fell down
Took another and it had melted off the roof
I went and got my hot chocolate
Said, "Good morning. Watcha doin'?"
You said, "Getting my Santa hat and Christmas tree socks,"
You had put them in the dryer
To melt your icicle feet
I said, "Here" as you held my hot chocolate
and I took off your socks
They had gotten cold again
No longer would they melt your icicle feet
You stomped off to put them back
I followed to make you a hot chocolate
As I'm sorry for taking your fuzzy socks
To melt my icicle feet

Florida Trip

I walk and see a castle
Inside the castle there are mice and dogs
I eat a handful of popcorn
Conversations walking by
Take a sip of lemonade
Not sweet
Nor sour
It's just right,
What I needed on a warm november afternoon

A shop with shining mouse ears glare in the light

I walk inside and buy the ears
They shine on my neck

I ride my way up a mountain
A log and I slide down
Cold water splashing in my face
I make it to the bottom

The sky looking like blizzard stone
Returning to the castle
Colorful sparks light it up
Each one exploding with a boom
The last ones goes off
Lighting up the sky so much it looks like noon
I walk back under seeing a duck,
I wave,
It waves