

Poems by Dyllon

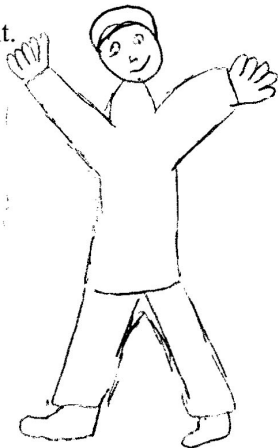
The Meadow

I walk out into the open fields,
dandelions stretch for miles
like good times, good memories.
I can just kick,
becoming a little person in a dream.
Dreams of seeing the world,
being famous
or being a basketball player.
Suddenly, they're not dreams,
they're real situations.
I am this little person in this big
meadow,
caught up in it all.
The thoughts,
The feelings,
The openness,
Like the meadow stores my dreams
and memories
so I could always come back
and pursue them.
and replay them into my life.

Writing

Writing,
expresses my deepest feelings,
my deepest thoughts,
my own perspective,
my knowledge,
sightings,
and secrets exposed
through my creative,
beautiful,
divine,
and special talent.

Writing is me.



Alone

Nature,
and I coexist,
we become one.
The huge world swirls
around us.

Me,
just a tiny part of this
world,
a small piece of the
puzzle,
an ant in a colony.

Nature,
in forest,
woods,
parks,
open areas.

To this world,
I am nothing more than a
meaningless fly,
buzzing,
buzzing.
Trying to get noticed.
Trying to be heard.

Just trying to be someone
in this large world.