Poems by Luca

You Better Belize It
The flamingos walk with their noses up
Like snooty rich kids on the playground,
The ants walk in sandwiched lines
Like a traffic jam on the FDR
The pelicans fly on sun stained clouds
As a rainbow mist surrounds them.
And barges and raceboats make.
Towering swells to lap against a bridge.

The End of a Book
The end of a book
Is like a flat tire on your bike,
Or a secret off your chest,
Like a tear that's hit the bottom of a lake
Like the end of a book.

Beautiful
A stained glass sky leaning on
Sun baked clouds is beautiful
Silver raindrops on
Lavender lighting is beautiful
Golden sand playing it coy with clear blue water is beautiful,

Fly
Phssssss
There it goes
I say with glee
The grass is stained with blackened sulphur
The sky is stained with smoke
My rocket soared above the trees
But suddenly it slows to a steady stop
And right when it picks up speed a silver ballerina
Spurts from the top and my little sunbeam
Lands on the ground

Luca's published poems.

Mom My mother never fails Soft skin And silky hair Flowing like mercury Eyes bright But with a stern center Of black stone And she tucks me in at night She gives me a gentle kiss A gingerly hug With soft skin And warm lips And in return I give her A sloppy kiss A clumsy hug But She doesn't care Because she's my mom