



The Night

The night was beautiful, stars twinkling, like distant flashlights.
The moon, reflected on the pool, casting a glowing light for nights creatures.
The owl, the crickets chirping their lullaby, and the sleepy kids who drift into dreams about many things made of pure imagination.



Homeless

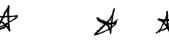
that one day,

I wait for someone to come, someone to come and help me. I sit in an alleyway lighting fires to keep me warm because my old jacket doesn't do me any good. A ripped sleeve, buttons missing. I try to wrap it around me, like a mummy.

All I do is think and pray



just one day someone will be kind enough to help me.



Memories

Those little trinkets My grandma's crucifix that I now where proudly around my neck because she is with me wherever I go like an abandoned puppy that followed you home. A picture of my brother and I when I was little which is important because he doesn't live with me. A ring my mom gave me that shows true golden love. The key chain my dad gave me that will watch me from my book bag like a lion protecting her young. Little trinkets, N my little trinkets, some stuffed in the back f my drawer and the rest going wherever I go. My little trinkets, a crucifix, a picture, a ring, and a key chain. These are the trinkets of life.

