

Poems by Traci

The Night

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

Homeless

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

Memories

Those little trinkets
My grandma's crucifix
that I now wear 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,
my little trinkets,
some stuffed in the back of 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.

