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, 
catched 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.

Dyllon's published poems.