Poems by Luca

You Better Belize It
T he 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
Phsssssss
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

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

 Luca’s published poems.