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 nights creatures.
The owl,
the crickets chirping
their lullaby,
and the sleepy kids
who drift into dreams
about many things
made of pure imagination.

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,
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.

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.

Traci’s published poems.