

Sample Picture Poems



Traffic Jam

Ruby brake lights glare,
Like angry eyes in the sun.
Numbers and letters on metal plates,
Occupy bored minds.
Emerald trees dance,
Under rectangular mirrors.
Waves of heat hover,
Above gravel and flattened tar.

Exploding exhaust chokes the crowd,
Causing waves of nausea.
Cigarette smoke wanders,
From passenger to desperate passenger,
Infecting shared air.
Greasy aromas tip-toe from nearby vendors,
Sailing through open vents.

Curses and complaints,
Echo through lowered windows.
Honking horns,
Punctuate already hostile air.
Sirens scream,
Racing through sealed off streets.
Kids complain,
In sticky, sweaty carseats.

Tension and tightness,
Knot in tired shoulders.
Steering wheels,
Slick from gripping fingers,
Sit idle and patient.
Hungry heat drains energy,
One by one,
Soul by soul.

Finally,
Tires roll,
Windows rise,
And life moves forward,
Once again.

Camping

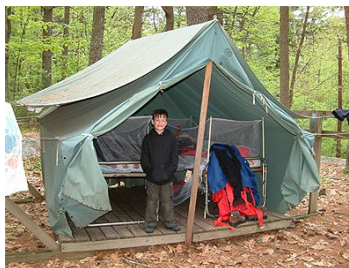
Wrinkled tents stand tall,
Staked tight into the ground.
Towering forest trees,
Cause a lacy pattern of sunlight on
the forest floor.
Scurries and stares from curious crit-
ters,
Bring careful observation.
Sunset and sunrise are like works of
art,
Painted on a scarlet sky.

Hot dogs roast,
Sending smoky aromas,
Through the summer air.
Charcoal, bitter and ashy,
Warms the dinner grill.
Succulent wildflowers,
Tickle, tiny noses.

Pop! Crackle and sizzle,
The fire labors and dances,
Into a dark, cool night.
Babbling brooks,
Snake through low lands.
Bashful birds chirp,
And sing their good morning song.
Giggles and ghost stories,
Punctuate the night air.

Mischievous mosquitoes tickle,
Then attack.
Damp dew washes away,
Yesterday's memories.
A new fire brings flames,
Like sunlight,
Warming bodies and souls.
Silky nylon houses tired travelers,
Smooth on peeling sore skin.

The time has come,
Trash is burned,
Stakes are pulled,
Flames doused,



Kiting on the Beach

Seagulls soar,
In a river blue sky,
Stitched nylon dances in the wind,
A tail swinging and swaying,
Softly in the breeze.
Cottony clouds drift,
Toward destinations unknown.

Dry sea air,
Full of salt,
Hangs heavy.
Greasy aromas waft,
From value conscious vendors.
Creamy coconut floats,
On the wind and skin.

Gritty, grimy sand,
Scours toes and soles.
Kite string like flimsy floss,
Glides through fingers.
Wind—cool and refreshing,
Rejuvenates scaly skin.
Legs quiver,
From racing the wind.

Brilliant colors flop and flutter,
Above sun bleached heads.
Waves crash,
Against a smooth, sandy shore.
Children giggle with glee,
Gazing up, up and away.

String is reeled in,
Blankets are folded,

Another summer day ends.



Traffic

Vehicles, bunched and crammed,
Like metal sardines in a can.
Hostile hands,
Fingers and fists,
Clenched in frustration.
Crimson lights,
Burn tired eyes.
Waves of heat,
Dance on cracked concrete.

Sweaty, slippery steering wheels,
Bide time patiently.
Shoulders slump,
Tight with tension.
Humid air rests on warm skin,
Hugging the heat.
Stomachs rumble with hollowness,
Nausea rises.

Exhaust and environmental chemicals,
Choke innocent bystanders.
Tobacco smoke,
Heavy and musty,
Creeps through open windows.
An aroma of grease and salt,
From nearby stops,
Makes abandoned stomachs growl.

Honking horns,
Punctuate thick air.
Sirens wail and cry,
Like children in pain.
Sputtering, stalling engines,
Fight in the street.
Kids in carseats,
Complain and squirm.

Ruby lights fade out,
Tires begin to turn,
Windows rise,
And the world once again,
Moves

f o r w a r d.



The Wedding

An ivory gown,
Translucent and fluffy.
Beautiful maidens matching,
In dress and expression.
Fresh flowers draped,
Here and there,
A festival of flora.
Bouncing bubbles,
Dance into a blue sky.

Gasps and soggy sniffles,
Punctuate the air.
Click! Snap and smile,
Over and over and over and over.
Steely strings,
A harmonious harp,
And melodious piano.
Solemn vows spoken softly,
I do,
Till death do us part.

Buttery batter baked slowly,
Smooth sugar all around.
Dry bubbles tickle noses,
After a loud POP!
Chalky mints,
Dissolve in sweet sensations.
Flaky, salty snack,
Served to an anxious crowd.

Two golden rings,
Eternal and smooth.
Silky satin and luscious lace,
Envelope fathers and daughters.
One stretchy garter,
Slid slowly down,
Shot into the crowd

The sun sets,
Empty glasses and plates stare,
Balloons fall,
A life together begins.