

Poetry:
Sonnet:

Dear Tennis Pro

Your world is enclosed by arenas large
Filled with spectators cheering loud in glee,
Their satisfaction has become your charge,
Dear tennis pro, do they make you happy?

With fame and money, Ferraris and girls,
Your life is glamorous in the spotlight,
Yet you did not ask for these types of thrills,
You played the sport because it just felt right.

Because of your skill you became a pro.
But to rise up and claim tennis glory,
Destroyed the joy, the love you once did know.
Dear tennis pro, you live a sad story.
Stuck in a web, into which you were led,
Joy fading slow, till the spider is fed.

FreeStyle:

Badminton

Stomach churning, acid burning,
Nervous about the battle ahead.
Opponent laughing, smiling, not worrying...
Makes me more nervous.
Why do I find badminton a thrill?

Before the match I shake I quail,
Like a robin, wing broken, small and frail,
Crowded, cornered by a cat.
A cat, my opponent, ready to jump, attack its prey.
I am always nervous, always, until we start the fray.

Wrist snapping, racquets flying, bird singing
As it flies through the sky.
My limbs stop shaking, I am no longer quaking,
My opponent stops smiling.
I am a cat too, after all.

The battle rages, vicious, fast, brutal,
My senses heightened, enter into a new world.
All else fades away, there is only the court, the net, the birdie, and him.
They are my world, I study them, use them, make them mine.
So, when the battle ends, win or lose,
the war is won.
I got better, overcame my fear, and had a vast amount of fun.

FreeStyle:

Fight against the Chaos

Pavements, houses, cities and roads,
Man fights against the chaos
The chaos nature wants to impose.

Tree roots crack the pavement,
Volcanoes, tornadoes, lighting,
Hurricanes, tsunami's and floods,
All spill human blood.
Nature is fighting the chaos of man,
War, destruction, extinction, pollution.
Fight against the chaos.

Image Poem:

Put-Away

It was a mangled twang, a desperate hit.
Now I see you flying up into the air.
Sunbeams strike your yellow surface,
Small reflections of light bouncing off your spinning globe.
You sail through the air, beautifully,
Like a gift-wrapped package filled with promise.
I can hear him breathe, but you stay silent,
Hanging against the faded blue sky.
I can taste the excitement in my mouth
As you grow in size.
Time stops.
Gravity defied you hang there
Like a fruit, ripe, juicy, ready to be picked.
That's when I swing.
A solid thunk, and you shoot away.
Yellow fuzz lingers before my face.

Image Poem:

Curves

Angles sharp corners straight edges,
Boxes rectangles triangles and blocks,
Young girl will have none of that.

Smooth is the line drawn down the side of your face,
With a subtle bump showing your cheek,
Like a gentle curve in the road.

Your mouth is full, round, soft,
From any angle, front, side,
Never hard never rough.
Your nose is a joy,

Circle, cylinder, half circle half circle,
Cute when it's wrinkled up in disgust.

Your eyes shine like diamonds,
But edges are smoothed stones.
Lashes lusciously curling,
Flutter like a butterfly's wings.

Hair hanging down,
Bouncing curls, curving,
Swaying, flowing, ever changing.

Curves, oh sweet curves of your face,
How beautiful they are now and always
And even more when you smile.

Ballad:

Pat Rafter

He was a late bloomer,
But became Australia's favourite tennis player,
A shame that he did not start sooner,
Because watching him was so much fun.

Winning his first Grand Slam,
They said he was a one hit wonder.
But his skill was no scam,
And the following year he won another.

Pat played out his heart,
And with the money he won,
He helped others, giving them a part
Of the bounty he earned.

A philanthropist of the highest rank,
A nice guy, a mate,
Modest enough to thank
Those who helped him get so far.

Body could not keep up with spirit
Now he is retired, dear Patrick Rafter,
Your career was much too quick,
But you will live happy forever after.