

Ordinary Adventures

Poetry Written for Children
English Division

Blanket

It's the carpet I use to fly up in the sky,
The walls of my makeshift fort,
A hanky to wipe the tears when I cry,
And a picnic mat that isn't too short.

It's a cape that turns me into a hero,
The shield that saves me from being dead,
And, when play time is finally done,
It's my blanket when I'm tucked into bed.

Teleportation

Whenever we come home really late
And I fall asleep in the car,
I get surprised to see I'm safely tucked in—
And I'd wonder how I'd gotten that far.

It even works when I nap on the sofa,
Especially when I do so at night,
The way I always end up in my bed
Gives me a sense of delight.

I guess I'm a superhero with my eyes closed
And I can teleport only when asleep,
But I cannot confirm if it is the truth—
I suppose my sleep's just that deep.

And I suppose it only works on children,
Because when my dad falls asleep on his chair,
When I come to see him again hours later,
For some reason, he's still sleeping there!

Tea Party

I'm glad that I have a much easier time
Whenever I have guests coming over for tea,
Because, unlike those of my mother,
They never require real food from me.

My Teddy is fine with eating toy bread,
And drinking from teacups with nothing inside,
And since he and the other toys don't make a mess,
It's easy to clean up after teatime outside.

Lucky never barks at me whenever he's hungry,
Unlike real dogs that definitely would,
And he's perfectly fine with my pan-fried fish
(Though, maybe he wouldn't eat it if he could.)

It doesn't matter to them what I serve, anyways
Because the method of cooking is all the same —
Get random toy food to put into pans,
Then place them on a stove with no flame.

My mother warns me that when I grow up,
I'm going to have to learn how to cook for real,
But, for now, I'm going to enjoy
How easy it is for me to whip up a meal.

Birthday Cake

“Make a wish!” the people around me shout,
“Before you blow all your candles out!”
And so I stand, and close my eyes
Trying to think amid the crowd’s cries.

Then, when I’ve finally made up my mind,
I muster all the courage I can find,
And say, “Listen! The wish I want to make –
Well, it’s quite simple – can I have more cake?”

Cookies and Milk

I helped my mom bake chocolate chip cookies
So when Santa comes this Christmas eve,
He'll dip them into a glass of milk,
And a lot of nice presents he'll leave!

To make sure that he would find them yummy,
I took one from the cookie tray,
And then I decided that I ought to make sure,
So I took two more away!

Then I kept testing, because I was scared
That Santa would find something wrong,
And I ended up eating all the cookies
That I helped bake all day long.

Maybe two extra glasses of milk
Will help Santa feel less mad –
Because if I were to get coal this year,
I would really feel quite bad.

Socks

I love wearing the cutest socks –
Ones full of the most colorful streaks,
I have a marvelous sock rainbow
That I choose from throughout the weeks!

But for some reason, there always comes a time,
When my socks no longer come by pair,
So it becomes a daily struggle
To choose which socks to wear!

Since I rarely can find two identical socks
And when I do, it always takes a while,
I've decided to just get two at random
From my colorful, wonderful pile!

People often look at me strangely
But I think that it is an art
To add more color into the world
By letting mismatched socks play a part!

Swing

"I wish I knew how to fly,"
My friends would always say,
Little do they know how
I fly almost every day!

No, I don't have a pair of wings;
I'm not an angel in disguise,
But I still know what to do
To reach the big blue skies!

I take a seat on the swing outside
And then I count to three,
I whisper a prayer, kick the ground,
And then I'm finally free!

I dance with all the clouds floating by,
And, with the birds, I sing,
And then I reach the top of the world
All thanks to my trusty swing!

The Rain Race

A lot of people hate the rain —
They think it's just too sad
But I don't see why they'd think that way —
Rainy days are far from bad!

Sure, I can't go out to play,
And it can be quite a bummer
Especially when I have plans
To meet friends over the summer

But I love sitting by the window
Inside my room, my favorite place,
And wait for the rain to land on the glass
To mark the start of the droplets' race!

I often pick the droplet I think will win
(Usually the one that's already ahead)
And when that droplet begins losing,
I wonder if I should've chosen another instead.

I whisper my cheers through the glass,
Hoping my chosen droplet will hear,
And I can't help but break into a smile
When, to the finish line, it's near!

And when the finish line gets crossed
I feel like a winner, too,
See how fun rainy days can be?
They don't have to be so blue!

Dress-up Decisions

I can be whoever I want to be
By changing the things that I wear —
I can put on a new pair of shoes
Or add accessories to my hair!

I can save other people's lives
With a white coat and stethoscope
Or I can discover some new medicine
With lab goggles and a microscope!

I can become a country's next queen —
All I need is a beautiful crown
Or I can become a runway model
With my mom's old purple gown!

I can become a magician
With this black coat and a matching top hat
Or I can become a superstar athlete
With this uniform and baseball bat!

In fact, it's so hard to decide whom to be
That, when it's time for bed,
I choose to put on my pajamas
And go back to being me instead!

Cardboard Boxes

My dad doesn't understand why
I don't want cardboard boxes thrown away —
He says they're just adding to the mess
And all they'll do is decay.

But even if to him they're all just trash,
To me, each box is a treasure —
And, even with a weighing scale or ruler,
Its worth I just cannot measure!

All the magic the boxes can offer —
I can't even begin to describe!
If only I could bring him with me
To all the worlds that hide inside!

How else can I board magical trains?
How else can I fight hideous beasts?
How else can I become a hero,
Or be a friend, to say the least?

Plus, when I go back to my world,
The boxes can keep all my things —
My toys could form a sturdy barrier
To shield the world from all evil kings!

See, the boxes don't add to the mess —
They keep my room pretty neat!
If only my dad could see what I see —
If only to those worlds, he too could retreat!

Cloud Kingdom

When the sky is filled with clouds,
I can't help but feel much glee —
Each day has something different,
Something new for me to see!

Sometimes I see fish swimming
In the deep blue of the sky,
Sometimes I see dragons sleeping,
On their feet, getting ready to fly!

I can hear the lions roar,
And their prey cry out with fear,
I sometimes shiver and feel afraid, too,
As if it were to me the lions were near!

I long to visit the castles that float here and there,
And wonder about the people inside —
Are they kind rulers to the rest of Cloud Kingdom,
Or in their souls, does evil reside?

Would they let me visit the place
If and when I find a pair of wings?
Would they give me a place to stay,
And provide necessary things?

Even if I don't have the power to fly
And those people, I may never see,
My garden, where I can lie down on the grass,
Is a wonderful place to be.