

The Skateboard Park

One day I rode to the skate park
with some of my friends
on my bike I went.

Riding round and round,
and chatting with my pals.
We went to the convenience store
a number of times
and bought ourselves some snacks.

Next to the park is a baseball field
and a game was being played.
One team wore black shirts,
the others multicolor.

After roughly 30 minutes
from the nearby church I heard
the joyous sound of honking car horns:
a wedding had just occurred.

From the direction of the noise
rose the steeple of the church,
tall and white, peeking out through
a gap in the row of trees.

The bright sun peeked out
from behind a curtain of gray,
and the wind was blowing
as I raced around on bike.

Though 3 of my friends were there,
I couldn't concentrate on reality,
for by poetry that day I was utterly
and completely overcome.

I tried walking with my friends
but still the poem flowed through my mind
making it near-impossible
to listen to their voices.

So I got back on my bike, and
I roared 'round the park
fast as I could go
trying to bury the poetry
so I wouldn't miss out on the present.

I finally managed to cover up the poem,
but as it often is in life,
I soon realized that I
wanted to remember.

I found a way to concentrate and
think at the same time,
and when I got home
I wrote the poem you're reading.

By Matthew Williams