

5M & 5B

Rage poem – world book day

My rage is invented from-
Hands of haunting hell,
the crushed chaos through battling bones,
The hateful night crumbled into dust
Falling from the deep,
The clowns laughing lungs,
and the spell of the eagle's soul.

I discovered it –
Caught on the tip of a chillies spice,
Curled cautiously aside a flamed dragon,
Locked in a ravines raspy throat,
Corroded around the Earth's core
where the hairs on your neck stand proud like an emperor penguin.

This rage can –
wrench apart the strongest love,
Flatten the deserts doom,
trap the hounds howl
in a subtle atmosphere,
and split aside Mars in two
till it is flour
in a purse

If abandoned this rage–
Eventually it will rot into an abyss of nothing
Where even the fly will scream...