

The Adventure Poem

(By 4H)

My adventure is made from –
the growl of the forgotten stone,
endless tears from the Sahara,
a tunnel the depth of middle earth,
the thimble of a dark summers night
and a shard of the crashing wave.

I found it -

Abandoned in the starry sky of the oblivion night,
completing the zip-line of fortune,
tangled in Antarctica's carbonated lava,
underneath the popping candy rain
where the curious child rolls in the dust of possibility.

This adventure can –
combine past and present,
break the bellowing breeze,
pinch the envy of wonder
from the horse's mouth,
and dance with the vacant mountains
of the coral reef.

If lost this adventure –
will be resting in the solemn suitcase of tomorrows dreams.

