

Disturbing the Peace

by Soul Bound

An amusing conversation in rhyme. I should really seek professional help...

An Insult to Poetry

Chapter 1 of 2

An amusing conversation in rhyme. I should really seek professional help...

Okay, forgive me this indulgence... I should explain why I'm subjecting you to this madness. My older brother, Josh, came home from church one day and told me a story that I thought was funny, so I decided to turn it into a poem. I highly doubt anyone will find it as funny as I did, but then again, it's definitely one of those things where 'you had to be there.' I know the people involved, and my brother is a wonderful storyteller, so I got a laugh out of it... Still, that doesn't explain why I felt the need to make this travesty out of it... I blame it on not enough sleep and too much caffeine.

DISCLAIMER: This poem has no intrinsic value whatsoever; you've been warned. Any eyeballs injured through excessive rolling are not the responsibility of the author.

"So, how you doin'?" said Josh to Mike.

"I'm cool," was Mike's reply.

"I didn't get to bed 'til four o' clock;

I'm seriously gonna die."

"That sucks," whispered Josh. "I got up at eight.

Mike, good sir, why were you up so late?"

Mike grinned and raised his brows a bit.

"Well, Josh, I had a date."

Josh understood but spoke anyway.

"I take it that's a good thing."

Mike nodded a little and grinned a lot more.

"I finally gave her a ring!"

"Right on!" said Josh. "What did she say?"

"She said she'd really love to!"

"Congratulations, Mike, my man!

I knew you had it in you."

"Thanks, Josh. You know, I'm so excited!

She's a truly amazing girl.

I didn't think she'd say 'yes' to me.

I'm the luckiest guy in the world."

"Scuse me, dudes," said their pal, Jeff Aird.

"I couldn't help overhearing.

Just let me say that's really cool!

Wish I was gettin' married..."

Mike looked at Josh; Josh looked at Mike,

their amusement just barely unsaid.

"Jeff," said Josh, "I'm curious to know—

Just when did you get out of bed?"

They chuckled together and Jeff was confused.

"Fairly early, I even combed my hair."

At this, Mike and Josh couldn't stand it anymore;

Their laughter filled the air.

"Really?" asked Josh, barely containing himself,

for Jeff's hair was quite askew.

"If he combed it at all," Mike said with a snort,

"it must have been with a shoe."

The boys doubled over; the Bishop ambled over.

"You know, you're really disrupting your friends."

They were silent for a moment, but then their eyes met.

The disrupting started over again...

I did warn you...

Not Yet

Chapter 2 of 2

A poem I wrote when I was fifteen. I had spent the year living away from my family, and as the end of the school year approached, I began to dread leaving the place I'd become attached to.

I cannot depart, not yet; there is so much left undone.

My home is calling from across a distance –

Why do I feel such resistance?

They say that home is where your heart wants to be.

Maybe my heart has found a new place;

To leave it – that, I could not face.

My family wishes me to go, but I long to stay.

If only I had more time to let it all go –

What I've come to love so...

The day is approaching; it's nearer than I can bear –

The day I must leave this all in my past.

I knew this couldn't last.

I've been searching for home, a place to rest my head.

From a distance it calls, like a song.

Now I know –

It's been here all along.