

BFAME POEMS 2020 – UNDER 14 YEARS OF AGE

I Want To Be...

by Deshaun Roberts

I want to be your favorite hello,
And I want to be your hardest goodbye.
I want to be the one who never makes you cry,
The one who puts that sparkle in your eye.

I want to be the one you trust,
And I want to be the one you can tell all your secrets
to.
I want to be the one always by your side,
The one you're stuck to like glue.

I want to be the one who makes you happy,
And I want to be the one who makes you smile.
I want to be the one waiting for you as you're
walking down the aisle,
The one to whom you'd say, "For you, I'd walk a
thousand miles."

I want to be the one you truly love,
And I want to be the one who fills your heart.
I want to be the one who's always there to hold you
in the dark,
The one who loved you from the very start.

It Couldn't Be Done

By Edgar Guest

Somebody said that it couldn't be done
But he with a chuckle replied
That "maybe it couldn't," but he would be one
Who wouldn't say so till he'd tried.
So he buckled right in with the trace of a grin
On his face. If he worried he hid it.
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done, and he did it!

Somebody scoffed: "Oh, you'll never do that;
At least no one ever has done it;"
But he took off his coat and he took off his hat
And the first thing we knew he'd begun it.
With a lift of his chin and a bit of a grin,
Without any doubting or quiddit,
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done, and he did it.

There are thousands to tell you it cannot be done,
There are thousands to prophesy failure,
There are thousands to point out to you one by one,
The dangers that wait to assail you.
But just buckle in with a bit of a grin,
Just take off your coat and go to it;
Just start in to sing as you tackle the thing
That "cannot be done," and you'll do it.

Wind On The Hill

By A. A. Milne

No one can tell me,
Nobody knows,
Where the wind comes from,
Where the wind goes.

It's flying from somewhere
As fast as it can,
I couldn't keep up with it,
Not if I ran.

But if I stopped holding
The string of my kite,
It would blow with the wind
For a day and a night.

And then when I found it,
Wherever it blew,
I should know that the wind
Had been going there too.

So then I could tell them
Where the wind goes...
But where the wind comes from
Nobody knows.

Still I Rise

By Maya Angelou

You may write me down in history
 With your bitter, twisted lies,
 You may tread me in the very dirt
 But still, like dust, I'll rise.

Does my sassiness upset you?
 Why are you beset with gloom?
 'Cause I walk like I've got oil wells
 Pumping in my living room.

Just like moons and like suns,
 With the certainty of tides,
 Just like hopes springing high,
 Still I'll rise.

Did you want to see me broken?
 Bowed head and lowered eyes?
 Shoulders falling down like teardrops.
 Weakened by my soulful cries.

Does my haughtiness offend you?
 Don't you take it awful hard
 'Cause I laugh like I've got gold mines
 Diggin' in my own back yard.

You may shoot me with your words,
 You may cut me with your eyes,
 You may kill me with your hatefulness,
 But still, like air, I'll rise.

Does my sexiness upset you?
 Does it come as a surprise
 That I dance like I've got diamonds
 At the meeting of my thighs?

Out of the huts of history's shame
 I rise
 Up from a past that's rooted in pain
 I rise

I'm a black ocean, leaping and wide,
 Welling and swelling I bear in the tide.
 Leaving behind nights of terror and fear
 I rise
 Into a daybreak that's wondrously clear
 I rise
 Bringing the gifts that my ancestors gave,
 I am the dream and the hope of the slave.
 I rise
 I rise
 I rise