

# ROMANTIC POETRY

The 5e4 SI students went to Parc Diderot on Friday 11th to write a piece of Romantic Poetry. Each one shows the importance of nature, emotion, imagination and imagery.

Autumn love  
Cold morning,  
The red leaves bright,  
Wondering how I can summon  
my might.  
Your eyes bloom,  
Just like the moon,  
Waiting until the time is right.  
You take my breath away,  
As much as it means to say,  
I love you.

-anonymous because I don't want  
you to know who I am ❤️



## LOVE

Life might be as hard as a rock,  
And asking for love makes me still like a block.  
My heart is asking for you,  
Do you, my love, feel this too?

The sky turns pink to yellow to blue,  
The leaves have on them, wet dew.  
This feeling is enclosing me like a forest.  
The cold air is filling my stomach with butterflies.

I pick purple flowers  
Like these ultimate powers  
That prompt me to say this to you.  
I have been waiting to open up.

All this time, my desire  
Has finally decided  
To say this, my heart  
Wants you.

Dhatri



## Forever

A beautiful purple flower  
Pumping its joy out to the world  
A beautiful purple flower hanging in  
glee

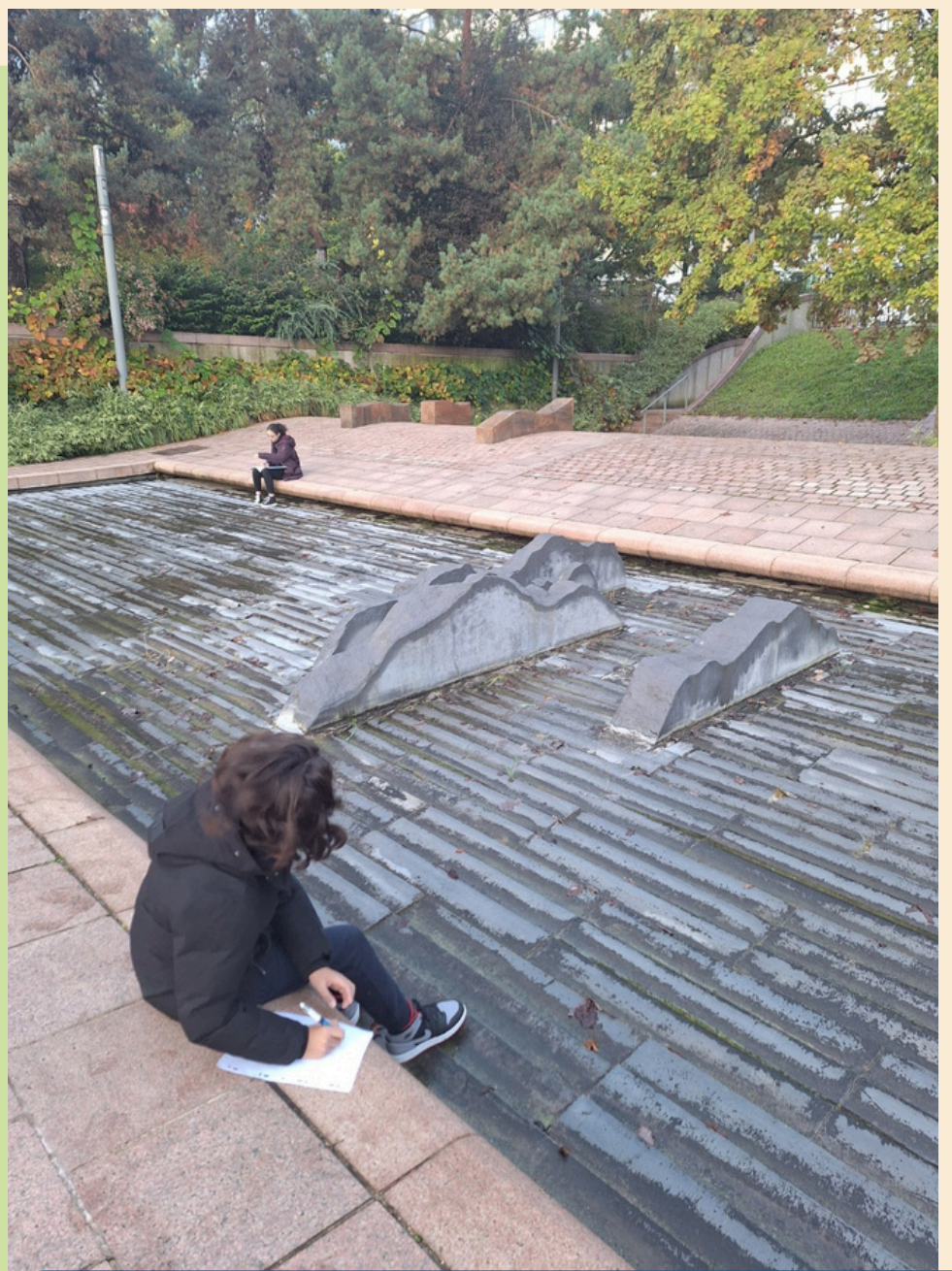
Surrounded by flowers all withered  
and brown  
As a light that shines in you darkest  
hours

No matter where it is  
It still keeps on blooming and  
showing

No matter where you are, hope lasts  
forever, forever, forever

Hope always lasts no matter what  
Just keep on hoping and eventually  
You will find what you are looking for

By: Elias Pargney



## Park

In the dark and wet park  
The dew is like snow upon the grass  
It's cold

What was once a nice and romantic  
place

Is now miserable and sad

There is no more hope

-Eden SHEER

## Falling

Leaves falling on a fall evening  
The dark sky is as black as ink  
The flowers are dying like our relationship  
As each leaf falls something breaks in between us  
I love you but

Love is like a branch if you put too much pressure on it, it snaps  
Maybe love doesn't always work out

-Gabrielle ROMEO

The view from the top of the plants,  
reminds me of your heavenly eyes.

The reader of this poem may also be a true healer.

The worth of living  
in this planet Earth is different.

The peace of breathing  
the trees air, is amazing.

Everyone waiting for the Moon  
in the Afternoon

-Y-

Strange people loving nature  
Rabbits running in grass  
Trees singing songs of nature  
In a rectangle of trees  
Nature is showing it love  
Animals thanking nature for it's  
goodness  
Pigeons flying to their life

The sun rises, painting the sky gold,  
A piece of heaven for eyes to hold.  
Leaves turning red, for autumn is  
here,  
And into your eyes I peer.  
In them I see beautiful summers,  
Along with spring's peaceful  
flowers.

The air is chilly like a winter night,  
My heart is filled with heavenly  
light.

-Althea

The buildings ,the trees , the  
peoples ,  
everything is there .  
water is there ,even when i'm  
writing  
A new day is starting  
and even the water is reflecting  
this day.  
-Jean POLLARD

### Cold breeze

In the cold morning sunny but  
not sunny  
walking in the grass green, fresh,  
lovely.

waterfall falling like a heart  
melting  
roses are red, hearts are pink,  
when you sit down, you think.

the water falling freshly,  
my heart bouncing rapidly.

the flowers' smells getting on  
your body  
body? you're pretty

you smell good  
you smell like food

let me get into your heart  
so we enjoy our lives

-anonymous



The leaves , like the colour of an old brick house.  
The flowers , as thick as the branches and the colour of a  
purple sky in a 4 O'clock sunset.

The trees are green like the greenest of jades.  
The water fountains , spit water transparent like a glass  
window.


The pine trees' leaves are as long as a green snake.  
The spiderwebs in every single corner as complex as a video  
game's data network.

The white cold snowy mist exiting from people's mouths.  
The lamp posts , the outcasts of nature.  
Crazy people walking everywhere around this Romantic Park.

-Arsalene Ghanmi



## Nothing is truly ever lost



The water source flows with a gleam  
Through underground tunnels to a stream  
Withered flowers, dead for days  
Flowing in the wind anyways

The river flows into the night  
Until the sun rises with a ray of light  
The flowers feel a glimmer of hope  
Water rushing down the slope  
Fast as a snail, moving with grace

The withered flowers begin to fade  
The water glistening a blue jade  
As it chugs along at a snail's pace  
Through the river, into the heart; the center; the main chamber

The water reaches the peak  
The flowers fate is looking bleak  
Until the waterfall drops down

The lake is filled, the flowers live  
Because you can always save what seems lost  
Even when your heart seems to frost.

-Anonymous

Wandering out in an autumn night,  
With leaves stained bloody bright,  
Lavender plants did not smell tonight.  
Nothing to look at but your lovely eyes.

Your lovely eyes touched my soul,  
And sang me an earthly song,  
Although your gaze did not last long.

I wandered how our love would grow,  
But I begged for it to just be slow.  
And afterwards when our time passed,  
Spring and summer could not compare the slightest bit to my  
dispear.

-Mahdis

In the cloudy blue sky  
The bright sun comes out  
Of a patch of clouds  
Beaming on an eaten leaf  
Like an eyeball looking upon the plate  
That it is going to be eaten by a theif .  
The lady bug crashing upon an infested plant.  
The invalid species serves as bate for poor  
Lady bug shall soon meet its fate!

**The Fake Meal**  
-Philippe

## MELANCHOLIC NATURE

There is silence over me,  
Loud skies are full of rain  
I look at them with melancholy  
With no more pain.

And now automne is calling  
Stealing days of love and eternal spring  
So the dying leaves keep falling.  
Wild wind carries them along the streets.

All the skyscrapers reach to the skies  
Their cold eyes glanced at the alleys  
I see the window where live your lies  
And feel on my cheak dancing tears .

LORENZO MIOTTO