

## Logan's Free-spoken

By Logan Klein

### Blank Verse

#### *"Black and Blue"*

Who knows what will? I wish it well.  
Everyone will hunt it. Find it.  
Within a wheel, turn. Burn, illuminate the way.  
Too much to reveal and hide.  
Enjoy. Be sublime.

### Free Verse

#### *"Eventide"*

Viewing the clouds in miles,  
Within, a hazy electric fire.  
Sand coats the skin,  
Thin water stretching into stars.  
While fragrance dances in the trees,  
To transform into a smile.

### Limerick

#### *"The Spoiled Brat"*

There was once a girl who had a bald cat.  
She could be a gem, but she was mainly a brat.  
She got anything she wanted.  
Her parents were never daunted,  
She walked all over them like a doormat.

### Lyric Poetry

#### *"Madison"*

Becoming my friend by mistake,  
Add time, now I adore you dearly.  
Your beauty is impossible to remake,  
Like the love that strikes me clearly.

Seconds are short, yet the world has more,  
Still, you cause pause to savor my state.

You've finally found the key to that door,  
To open a future and destiny, I eagerly await.

Now words are last and actions first,  
Seasons past and future collide in fate.  
This is all unrehearsed, my dear,  
To time's love as well as its hate.

The mind's eye and heart will always be at war,  
Yet what greater pleasure than this one to explore?

### **Pastoral Poetry**

#### *"Midwest"*

Beautiful, lush, emerald trees,  
Desensitized by the deepest freeze,  
Eternal fields of corn and soybeans,  
Landscape altered with wind machines,  
Still, the American way is more than a dream,  
Despite those that scheme,  
That most peaceful middle in the land,  
It will help anyone grasp the unplanned.

### **Rhymed Poetry**

#### *"Façade"*

I'm the only one here,  
Immaculate insignificance.  
So, behind the façade, I appear,  
And examine the indifference.

### **Sonnet**

#### *"Blues Rising"*

Guitar solos are what I love,  
And the bluesman never fails to deliver,  
Connecting and summoning higher powers above,  
I adore it when a note gives me that shiver.

Fundamental to the blues is a melancholy theme,  
Mercy will be brought via a grand scale and electrified string,

The harmonies and layers are like a dream,  
It's strange, but I'm still in the mood like it's cursed me.

I'm just a lad from a San Bernardino town,  
Who's never seen a drop of the soul in this city,  
Maybe the guitar sun will beam down,  
And supply everyone with much needed pity.

From a Saturday night to a church Sunday morning,  
You cannot find music this wonderful to deliver the informing.