

EIU SUMMER CAMP SHOWCASE

Poems By Kiley Brockway

Pencil and Pen

So many times I'm asked,
“Why with pencil,
and not with pen?”

My answer is plain;
“With pencil the marks will erase.
With pen, the scars stay.”



Healed

She is sick.
She knows it.
But as you
comb her ratty hair,
and She begs you
to sing the tasteless song,
She almost feels healed.



Basketball Haikus

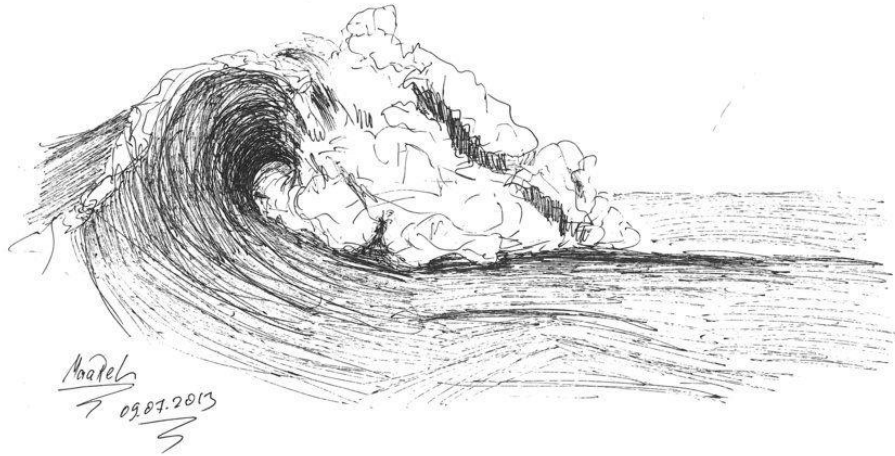


Don't you dare guard me
when I go in for the shot.
I waited my turn.

This should be my court.
But nothing lasts too long and
you dribbled too soon.

Waves

The waves
will bring
salt
in my eyes
and leave
stains
on my chest.



But they
will
burn
your cuts
and silently
heal
the wounds.

Hope

Hope is a cloud.

It collects
forgotten tears over time,
then sprinkles them
into rainbows
painting the sky
when the world
is at its darkest.

