



## The Snail

Don't tell me I'm slow  
I know, I know, I know,  
But that's just how I go  
It's just my type of flow.

But it sorta makes me blue,  
That it's the only way to do  
The things I want to do,  
But then I run into you.

You grab me and hold me  
So I can't flee,  
And if I can't get free  
Then I will not be.

So next time you see  
Something that looks like me,  
Listen to my plea  
And let me be me.

# Deeper

It sinks in deep -  
My soul it will keep,  
The deeper it dives  
The more it thrives.  
I try not to let the tear  
Fall free, it is what I fear  
That, because of this  
In my life, I say goodbye to bliss.  
That happy day  
That is now pushed away  
Down deep,  
Is something I cannot keep.  
The deeper it dives  
The more it thrives  
And now I live  
But, it's something I cannot forgive.

*Charli says, "This is a sort of deep poem. It's hard to say what it is about, writing poems about it is so much easier. "  
Other authors will understand what she means.*

## New Shoes

I sniffed at the new shoe smell.  
I wriggled, they were too tight.  
Why did she always choose the small ones?  
I curled and eyed the shoes, would they bite?

They seemed so innocent,  
It could've been an act.  
I squirmed unlovingly,  
Couldn't she just put them back?

I thought longingly about the old shoes.  
Their familiar smell and feel  
I loved those ones.  
Even if they were starting to peel.

Now they were thrown in the corner,  
Where they were sitting and sulking.  
Oh how I hated those shoes,  
They were too big and hulking.

My sweat poured out and ruined the smell,  
Of manufacturing shops,  
Packaged gloves,  
And horrible wooden doorstops.

I sighed,  
I guess I could live with it.  
But please, think of the smell next time,  
And make sure they fit!



*I could imagine this poem as I was reading it. Charli has a great way with words don't you agree.*

## Burnt Sausage



I fingered the burnt sausage with a look of great disgust  
It was curling at the edges with a crispy fried crust

The insides were pink and mushy  
And had swirling colours like a slushy.

It lay on my plate, guarding the knife and fork  
I decided I had to do it, I'd pretend it was pork

Or I could give it to the cat and let her gulp it down,  
But if Mum found out, she'd do much more than frown

She'd punish me for weeks and give me nasty food  
Like probably burn more sausages and put them in a stew.

I glanced at Mum, she was watching me,  
"Go on Charli, at least eat your peas,"

No, not the PEAS, the PEAS of all things  
They were still sprouting and had merged into rings.

They were a horrid colour yellow  
So yuck I nearly bellowed,

But I stayed calm, I couldn't let Mum see my defeat  
She was still looking at me, telling me to eat.

I had to make a run for it, there was no other choice  
As I ran out of the kitchen I rejoiced!

I was free at last, the wind in my ears  
When I saw something that reduced me to tears,

There, sitting on the gate, balancing perfectly  
Was a bowl, filled high with burnt spaghetti