**Ignis metallum (Ballad)**

It’s hard to express how heavy a gun is,

Until I had held it in my hand.

The simple acknowledgement the danger inside,

Was enough to send my mind to no mans’ land.

I knew it was silly to be afraid,

There was no danger in the gun’s self,

After all, it’s not an ancient hand grenade,

Read to explode as it sits on a shelf.

Perhaps it is my mind that I do not trust,

Even though that makes beyond no sense.

With myself I’ve already much discussed,

and I know myself to not be dense.

Perhaps it’s not wrong to feel in danger,

The fear of a weapon is only sane,

As I know that I am no Texas ranger,

I just with that with the future, I could preordain.

**On Regret (Villanelle)**

I just wish it wasn’t so,

To have hurt so many friends,

To then have to just let it go.

I provide an endless supply of ammo,

To each and every person I care about,

I just wish it wasn’t so.

It’s cliche to hear so many songs on the radio,

And to have each remind me of those friends,

To then have to just let it go.

It gives me a feeling of vertigo,

With everyone else I hold dear and,

I just wish it wasn’t so.

On my phone are those photos,

Of which I should go and delete,

To then have to just let it go.

It is all a rather painful combo,

To lose and then so often be reminded,

I just wish it wasn’t so,

To then have to just let it go.

**Meow. (Limerick)**

What if I was to become a cat?

I’d bet I’d become even more of a brat.

I’d write more limericks,  
Speak even more gibberish,

And, somehow, grow even more fat.

**Self-Reflection (Acrostic)**

Alright then,

Really, I should admit,

This whole poetry business,

Even now,

My gods,

It annoys me,

So, so much.

**Eyes (Sonnet)**

Is it so bad that I do not see now,

That which is the colour of your eyes?

Using old photos feels like cheating somehow,

It does deny myself something: a prize.

I hope that sometime soon I will see again,

That wonderful colour which serves as a light,

And once again realization will be a train,

And I will see those eyes shine so very bright.

That is the power of so forgetful,

It will always leave me with a mystery,

Maybe sometime I will be more careful,

But I do know my own history.

After all, perhaps, maybe I too will surprise,

You yourself with my own very own brown eyes.