

**KALEB CONROY STONE'S  
POETRY ANTHOLOGY**



# **TABLE OF CONTENTS**

The Prison	page. 2
Accomplishments of Justin Rosenfeld	page. 3
An Elegy of a Pearl	page. 4
Limericks	page. 5
The Water Flows	page. 6
The Nature of Nature	page. 7

# THE PRISON

*The prison's walls: so bleak and teal,  
Covered in objects of lessening appeal.*

*The prison's windows: showing you an old land,  
Full of horrors and terrors you hardly understand.*

*The prison's teaching: so awful and wrong,  
I don't know how anyone can truly go on.*

*The prison's halls: so lonely and long,  
What did any of us do wrong?!*

*The prison's square portal: a door to old ways,  
Showcasing humanity and all of our mistakes.*

*The prison's world: so diverse and full of life,  
The only place you can run, to escape your strife.*

## **ACCOMPLISHMENTS OF JUSTIN ROSENFELD**

Hey there Justin, you think you're slick?  
This just in, I heard you look like a stick!  
I heard you won big at the championship,  
Maybe you should channel that energy into a relationship.

Apparently you beat a grandmaster? Wow, so impressive.  
Maybe if they'd brought some eggs, things would have been more depressive.  
After all this, you must be moving on to great things. I'd bet,  
Wait, no - I'm sorry - you couldn't even get into Tech!

To wrap it up, I have some final things I'd like to claim.  
You may have done impressive things, and you may have made some change,  
But maybe if you could step things up,  
They'd actually know your name.

Note: This is a slam poem I wrote as a joke about one of my closest friends. If you do not understand a lot of this – good. You weren't really supposed to.



Many men rode through the bend,  
Into the valley where lives transcend.  
Rode on and on, never stopping,  
Swinging their blades; heads-a-logging,  
And then they all died – the end.

There once was a boy who was acute,  
He believed his own skills absolute,  
He attempted to do,  
A terrible taboo,  
And it cost him an arm and a foot.

Note 2: These are unnamed limericks I wrote based off of other stories. The first is based on *The Charge of the Light Brigade*, and the second is based on *Fullmetal Alchemist*.



## **The Nature of Nature**

Trees sway in the peaceful summer weather,  
while the bees fly from flower to flower.

Mansions built to house nobody other,  
than those who command the utmost power.

The desert sands, a calm picture they paint  
of a lost land, still thriving all the same.

Men who speak only of sinners and saints,  
tend to ignore that all men seek is fame.

A world so innocent, so tired, so fraught,  
by beings who think themselves creator.

Man: kind, vile, so superior in thought,  
they seek to make nature their retainer.

Man and beast must exist in harmony,  
else suffer under man's hegemony.