

Firework

Do you ever feel like a plastic bag
 Drifting through the wind
 Wanting to start again

Do you ever feel, feel so paper thin
 Like a house of cards
 One blow from caving in

Do you ever feel already buried deep
 Six feet under scream
 But no one seems to hear a thing

Do you know that there's still a chance for you
 Cause there's a spark in you

You just got to ignite the light
 And let it shine
 Just own the night
 Like the Fourth of July

Cause baby you're a firework
 Come on show 'em what you're worth
 Make 'em go "Oh, oh, oh!"
 As you shoot across the sky

Baby you're a firework
 Come on let your colors burst
 Make 'em go "Oh, oh, oh!"
 You're gunna leave 'em fallin' down

You don't have to feel like a waste of space
 You're original, cannot be replaced
 If you only knew what the future holds
 After a hurricane comes a rainbow

Maybe you're reason why all the doors are closed
 So you could open one that leads you to the perfect road
 Like a lightning bolt, your heart will blow
 And when it's time, you'll know

Boom, boom, boom
 Even brighter than the moon, moon, moon
 It's always been inside of you, you, you
 And now it's time to let it through

Elizabeth Morris 5/21/11 9:59 AM

Comment: Interesting start. Is this a reference to *American Beauty*?

Elizabeth Morris 5/21/11 10:01 AM

Comment: You've lost me here. Does the plastic bag want to be recycled? Or does it just want to be reused for more groceries?

Elizabeth Morris 5/21/11 10:02 AM

Comment: I'm curious about why you've chosen a loose litany structure for this poem. What do you think it adds to the metaphors of plastic bags and cards?

Elizabeth Morris 5/21/11 10:26 AM

Comment: Why the repetition here? Are you trying to show a distinct difference between "do you ever feel" and "feel so paper thin?" The implications of "do you ever feel" as its own clause are somewhat melodramatic.

Elizabeth Morris 5/21/11 10:04 AM

Comment: This metaphor makes some sense but is a little obvious.

Elizabeth Morris 5/21/11 10:07 AM

Comment: Why break to say "scream" here while the rest of the poem is syntactically correct? Why not just say, "six feet under, screaming"? That said, this metaphor isn't really doing much. Note: why do you insist on barely punctuating and left capitalizing? I think playing with the form here could really push this poem into new realms.

Elizabeth Morris 5/21/11 10:07 AM

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Elizabeth Morris 5/21/11 10:08 AM

Comment: Are you personifying the Fourth of July as something that could own the night? How does it own it? Is this a "one if by land, two if by sea" thing?

Elizabeth Morris 5/21/11 10:11 AM

Comment: Be more formal, please.

Elizabeth Morris 5/21/11 10:11 AM

Comment: This metaphor doesn't make much sense. You seem to be trying to say that the person is worth something meaningful, but fireworks are only used once, for a brief second, and then are essentially trash.

Elizabeth Morris 5/21/11 10:12 AM

Comment: Yes, but hurricanes also cause massive amounts of death and destruction, and rainbows only last a few minutes.

Elizabeth Morris 5/21/11 10:12 AM

Comment: Again, your sense of temporality vs. long term is skewed in this poem. Also, I don't think anyone wants their heart to "blow."

Elizabeth Morris 5/21/11 10:13 AM

Comment: The moon isn't that bright. It's only a reflection of the sun.

Elizabeth Morris 5/21/11 10:14 AM

Comment: Semen?