



The Fireman

Rage is like a forest fire eating at a tree!

I see the branches crumple into ashes.

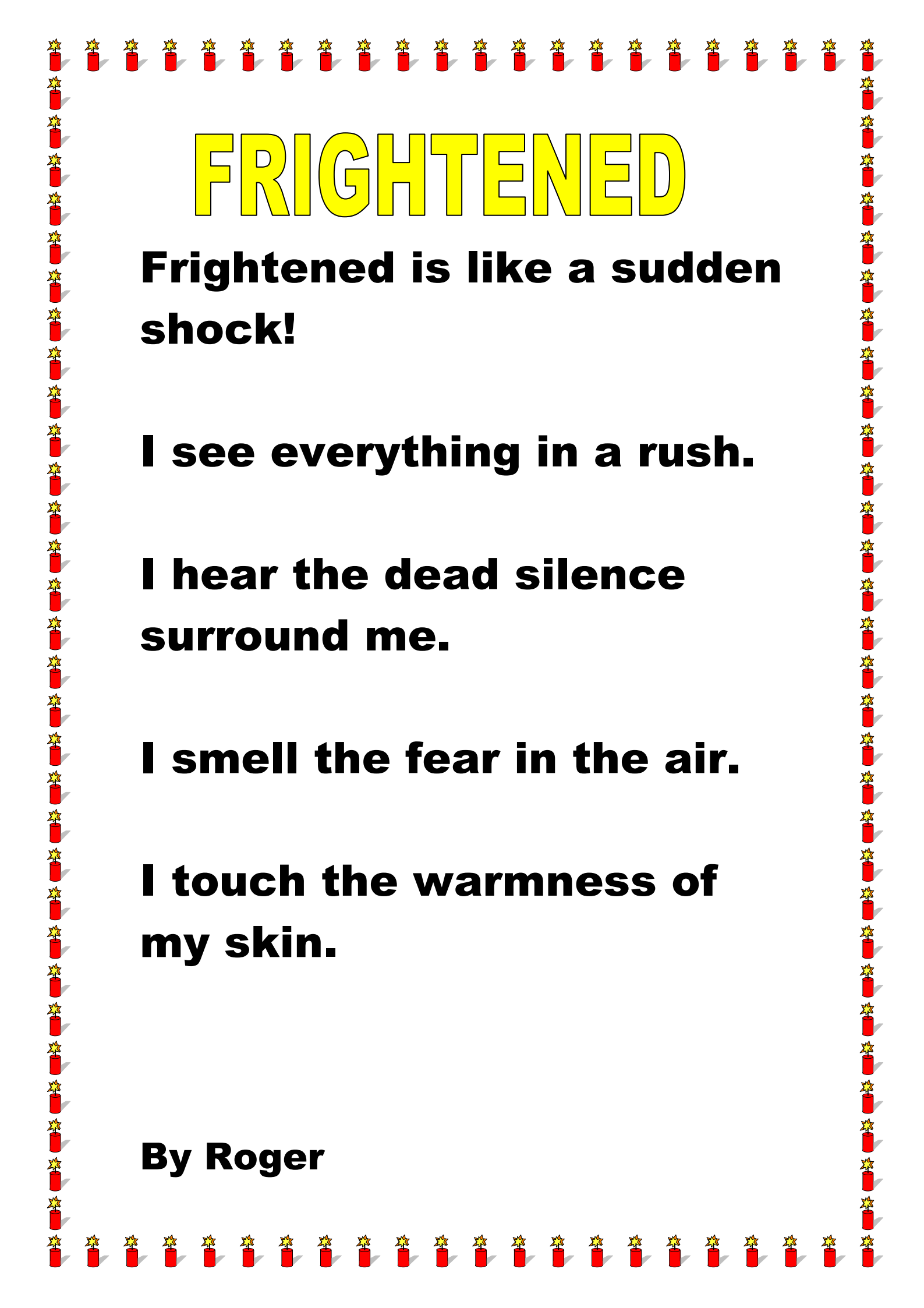
I hear the violent crackling of the fire!

I smell the acrid black smoke as it closes in around.

I touch the still warm ashes - hours have gone by.

I taste the lasting dryness in my mouth, not as dry as all that is gone.

Emotion Poems by Roger



FRIGHTENED

Frightened is like a sudden shock!

I see everything in a rush.

I hear the dead silence surround me.

I smell the fear in the air.

I touch the warmth of my skin.

By Roger



Ashamed

Ashamed is when you are full of guilt.

I see the world staring right at me as if I did something wrong.

I hear the world shouting right at me.

I smell the warm air of breath.

I touch my red face of embarrassment.

I taste the guilt of my own shame.

By Roger