

## The Skateboard Park

One day I rode to the skate park  
with some of my friends  
on my bike I went.

Riding round and round,  
and chatting with my pals.  
We went to the convenience store  
a number of times  
and bought ourselves some snacks.

Next to the park is a baseball field  
and a game was being played.  
One team wore black shirts,  
the others multicolor.

After roughly 30 minutes  
from the nearby church I heard  
the joyous sound of honking car horns:  
a wedding had just occurred.

From the direction of the noise  
rose the steeple of the church,  
tall and white, peeking out through  
a gap in the row of trees.

The bright sun peeked out  
from behind a curtain of gray,  
and the wind was blowing  
as I raced around on bike.

Though 3 of my friends were there,  
I couldn't concentrate on reality,  
for by poetry that day I was utterly  
and completely overcome.

I tried walking with my friends  
but still the poem flowed through my mind  
making it near-impossible  
to listen to their voices.

So I got back on my bike, and  
I roared 'round the park  
fast as I could go  
trying to bury the poetry  
so I wouldn't miss out on the present.

I finally managed to cover up the poem,  
but as it often is in life,  
I soon realized that I  
wanted to remember.

I found a way to concentrate and  
think at the same time,  
and when I got home  
I wrote the poem you're reading.

By Matthew Williams