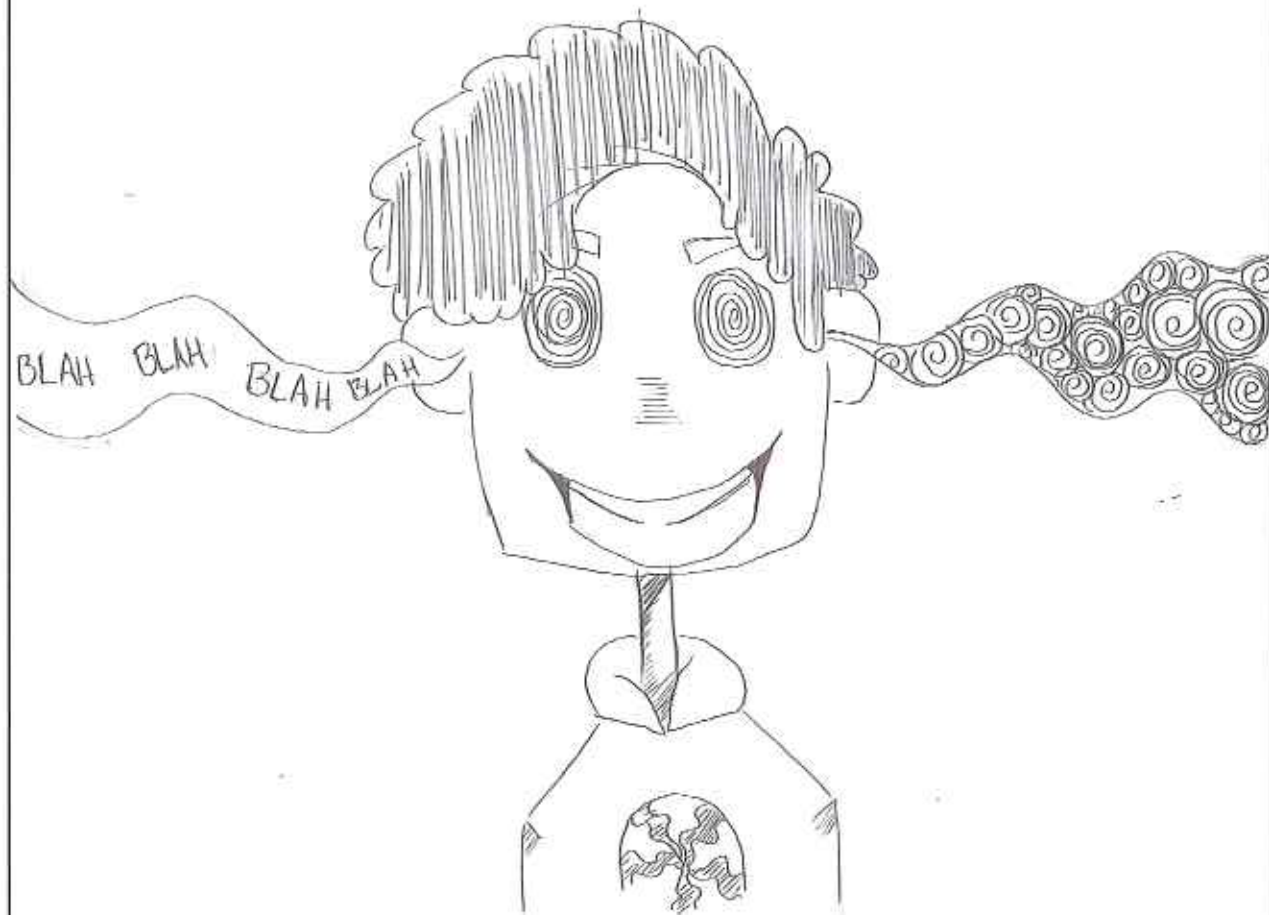


# NOT-SO-ODD POEMS

## ABOUT ODD THINGS



**INSTRUCTIONS:** Step 1: Use markers to fill the box above with your cover illustration. Include the book title in your design.  
Step 2: Fill out Author's Name & Book Title in boxes below.

Owen Rader

Not-so-Odd Poems About Odd Things

Author's Name - If Classbook "Miss Smith's Class" If Individual Book "Core Smiths"

Book Title

(not so)

ODD POEMS

(about)

ODD THINGS

BY OWEN RADER

## DEDICATED TO

My TEACHER, MR STREET

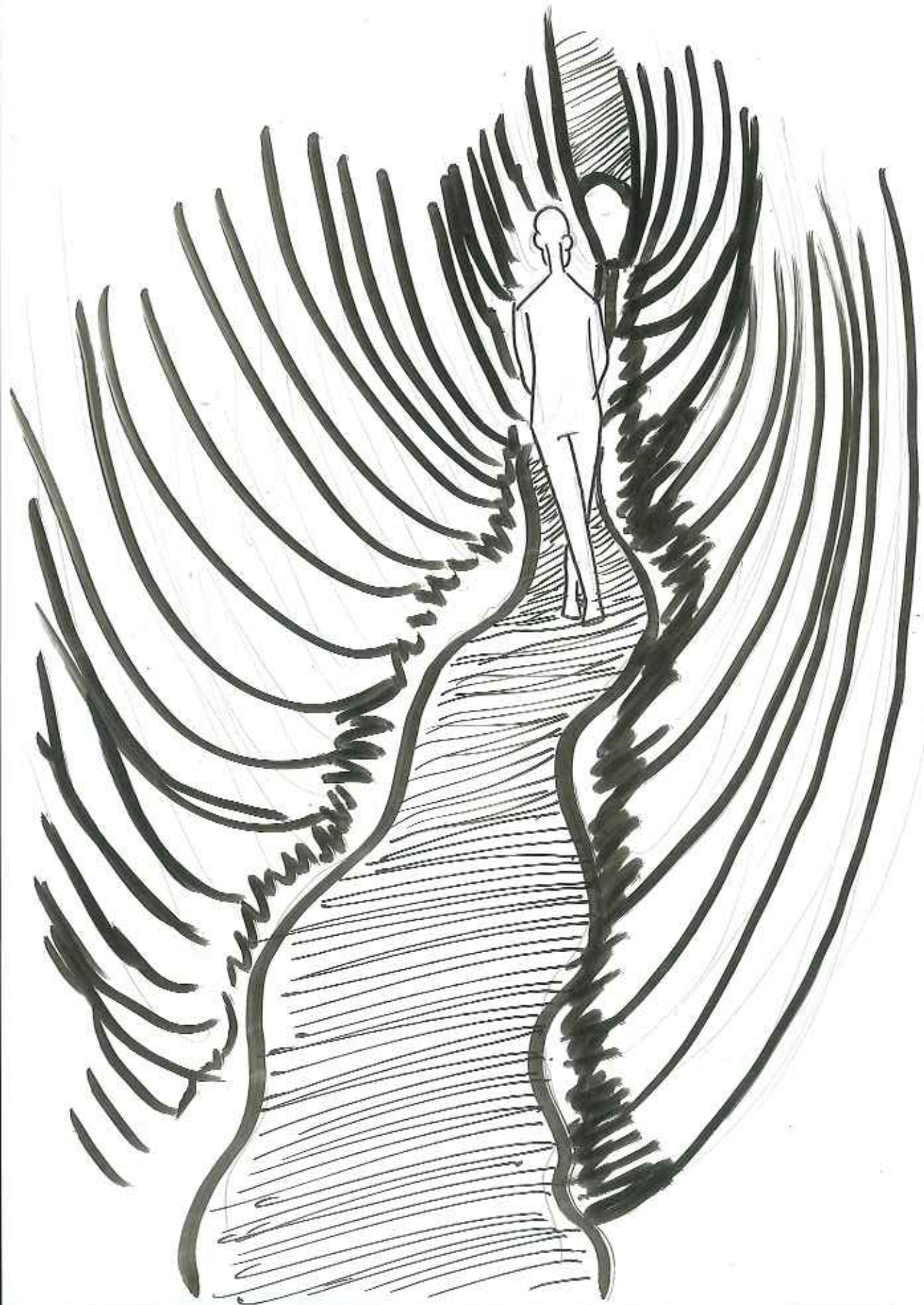
FOR MAKING ME DO THIS.

SERIOUSLY, THANKS.



1345 SW 42nd Street  
Topeka, KS 66609

[Studenttreasures.com](http://Studenttreasures.com)



## THE WINDING LANE

Please, do not walk into this abhorrent night  
And lose your soul on the winding lane  
For the light in your eyes is far too bright

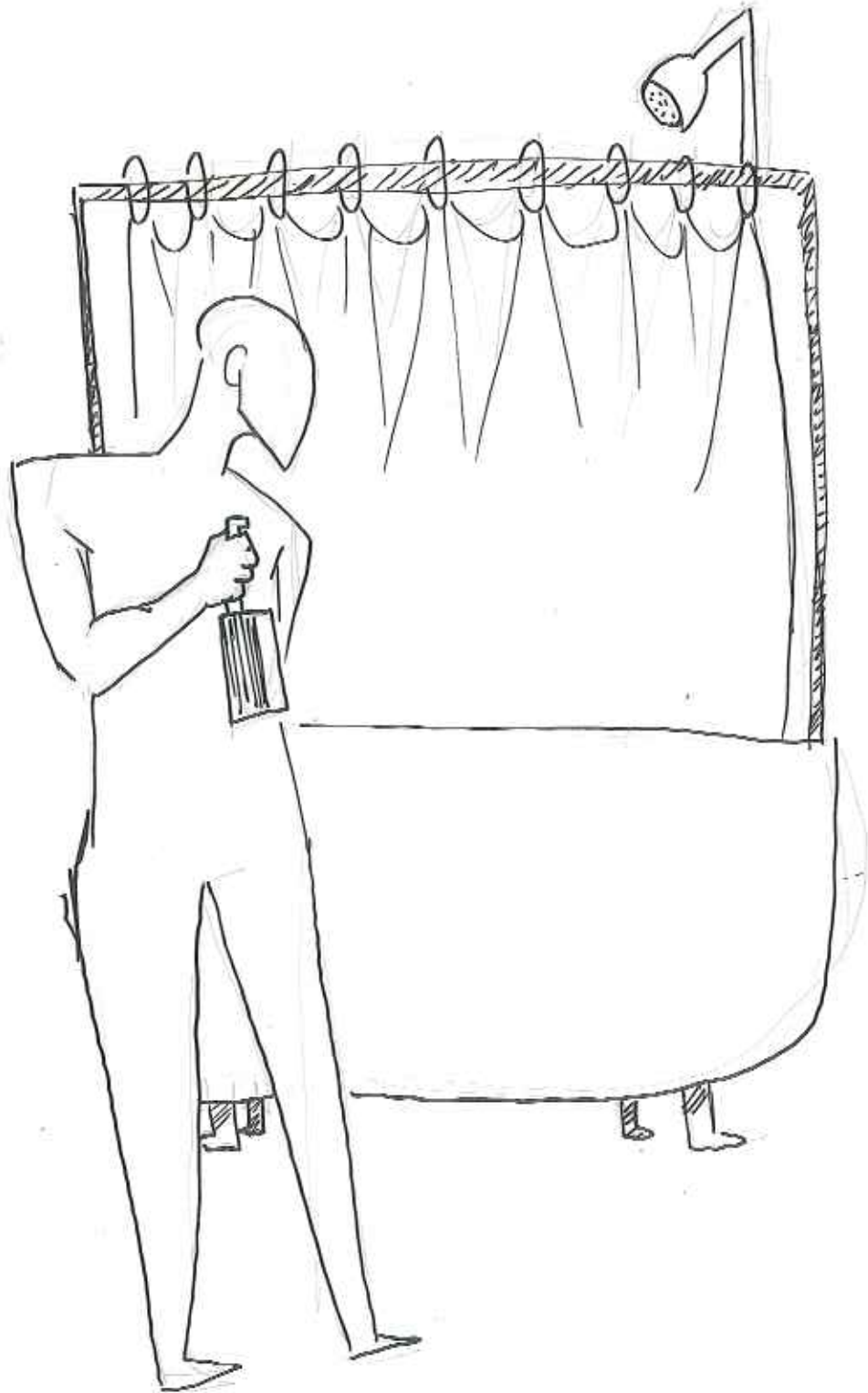
Yes, though it seems the dark would heal your plights  
And the enticing lake would engulf you in a cold flame  
Please, do not walk into the abhorrent night

Do not fall to the temptation of darkness masked in light  
It whispers and calls to you in the voices of forgotten names  
But the light in your eyes is far too bright

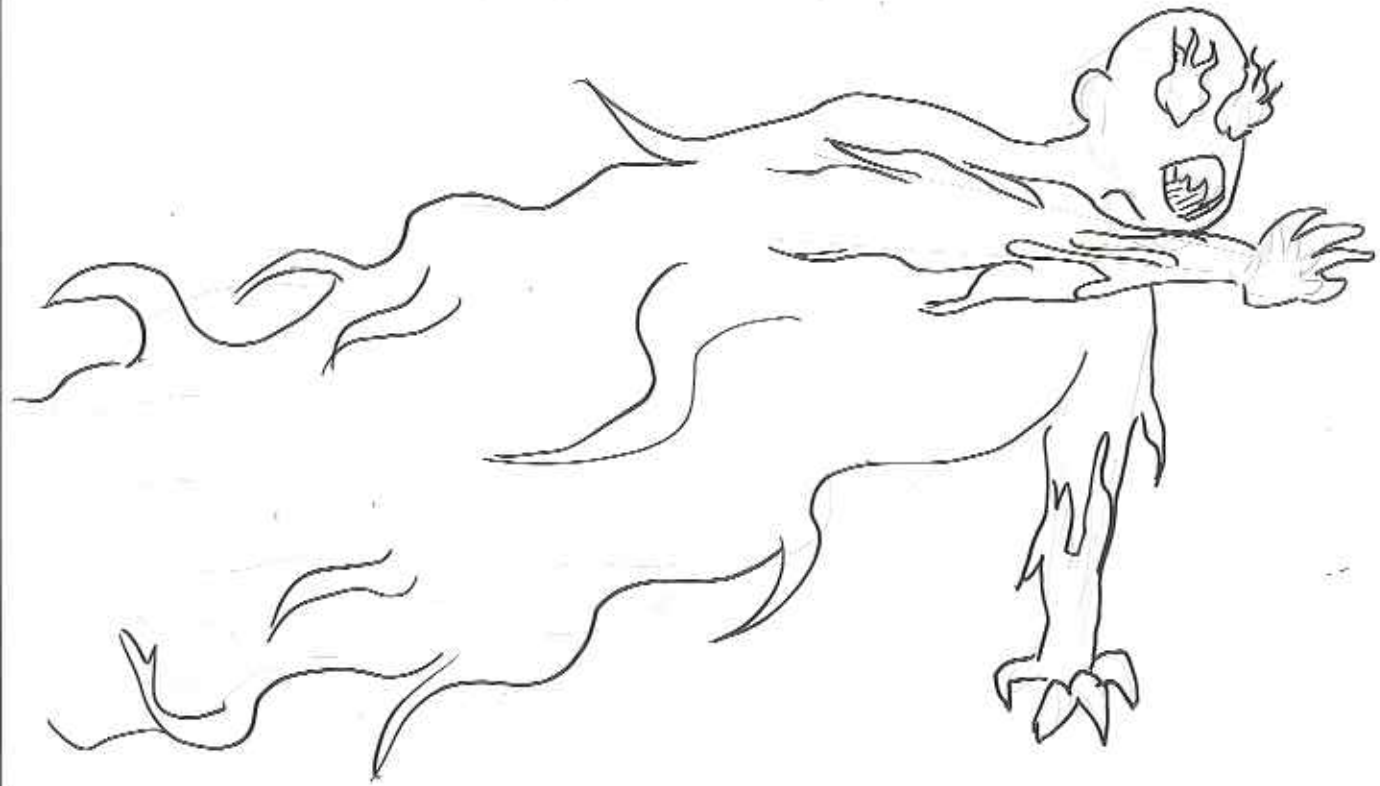
To fall for such tricks by evil cloaked in light  
But even the purest are tricked by evil's game  
Please, do not walk into the abhorrent night

Still, you left me, and walked into the night  
I suppose I have myself to blame  
For the light in your eyes is far too bright

And mine is a greyish sort of light  
Nothing in comparison to your intense flame  
It could not stop you from walking into that abhorrent night  
And losing your soul on the winding lane

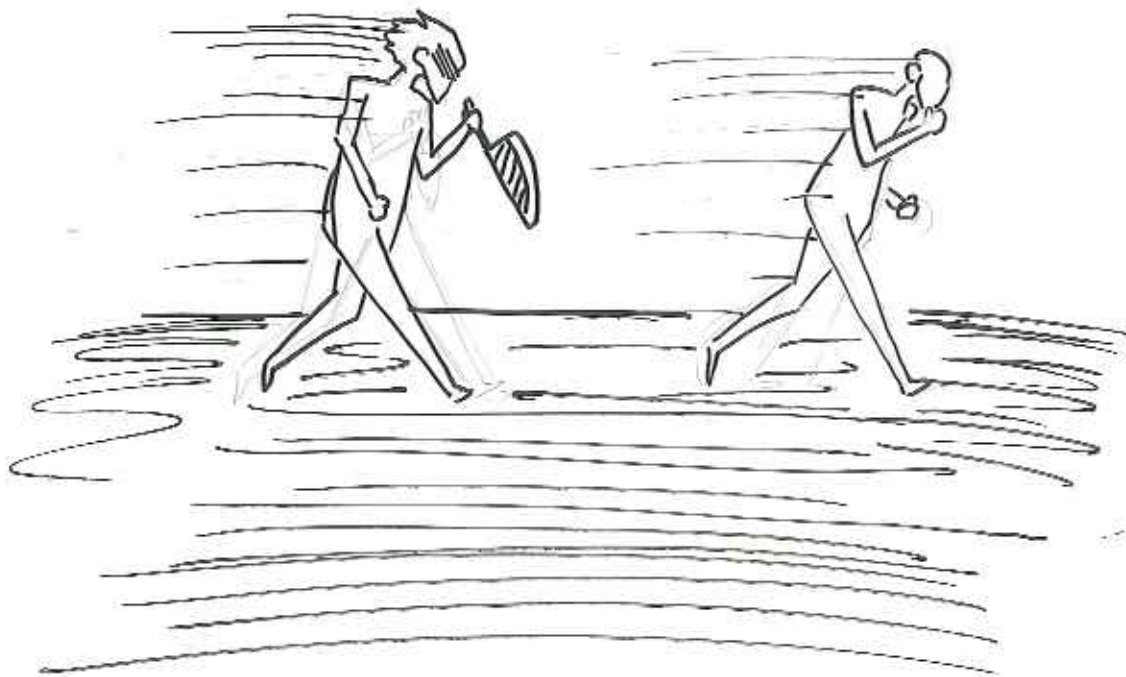


YOU'RE IN THE SHOWER  
WHOEVER WOULD HEAR YOU?  
I SUPPOSE... HE DID

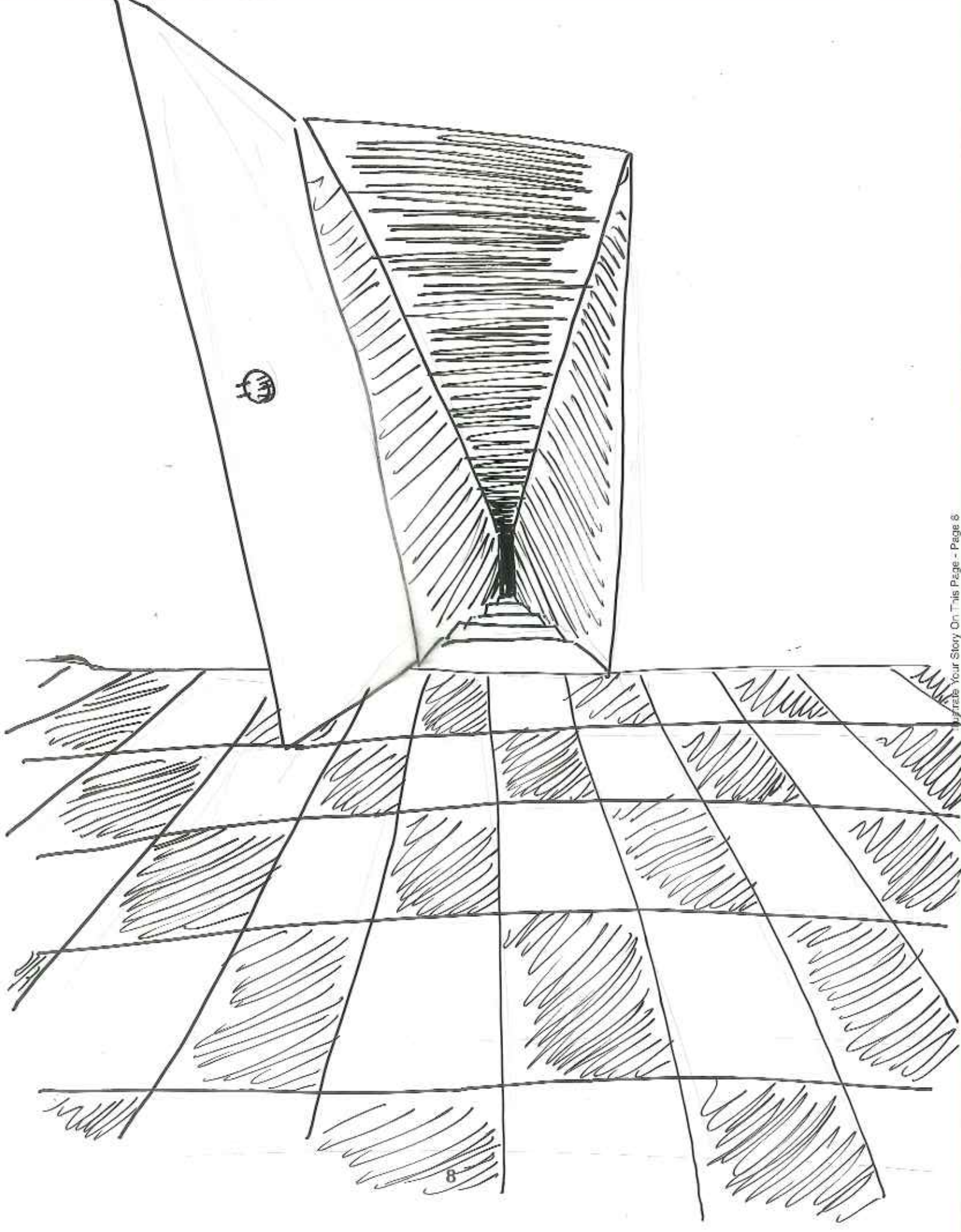




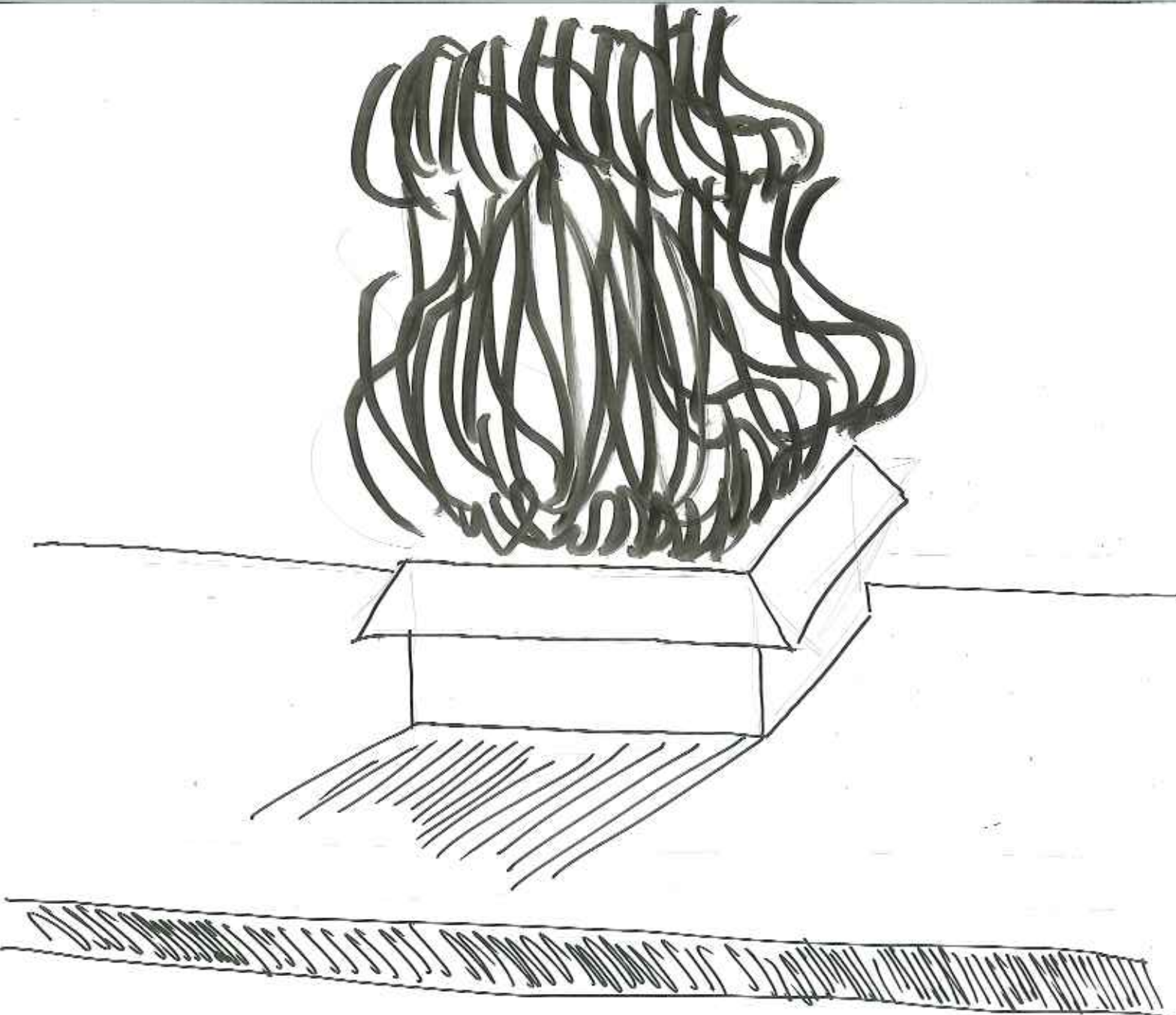
I ONCE MET A BOY FROM WELLS  
HE HAD TRIPPED ON A ROCK AND THEN FELL  
I ASKED HIM WHY  
HE STARTED TO CRY  
HE TOO, WAS CRAWLING FROM HELL



WALKS IN THE WOODS ALONE  
ARE GENERALLY QUITE CALMING  
NOT WHEN YOU'RE BEING CHASED



WHO WOULD RATHER DIE  
THAN LIVE ANOTHER MINUTE  
THE PERSON DOWNSTAIRS



I GOT A GIFT FROM MY NURSE  
A PACKAGE LABLED "FROM CIRCE"

IT WAS FULL OF SMOKE

I STARTED TO CHOKE

I HAD BEEN POISONED BY MY NURSE





OLD WITHERED AND COLD  
FROZEN UNDER FEET OF ICE  
SHE'S STANDING RIGHT THERE

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Owen Rader, the writer of this book, doesn't really like poetry. But he managed. He lives in Minneapolis, Minnesota, because that's where he goes to school. Not much else to say. Is there?



This is the About the Author page that appears at the end of the book. This page can be in color. You may include a picture of the author as well. Reverse side is blank.