

A poem showing how thankful I am for human art, animation, and creative imagination

When I was *born*, I'd be like any *newborn*..

At first it was only *SLIGHT*, but soon to show my LIGHT.

Starting off small, on this planet that has it all...

We continued to grow, gaining more awareness, you and I show.

But once the arts are what I see, it feels like something pleasant to me...

Art became my truest fashion, something more creative and my dearest passion..

It grew into a **bigger** bond, something new I'd consider **fond**..

Seeing many styles so unique, so much variety, like a boutique.

Expressing all such creativity, gaining me much more activity...

The longer I have expressed, the STRONGER I have then progressed.

Whether I was **ENERGETICALLY QUICK**or more **slow-paced**, regardless of which I stick...

Showing the world such **entertainment** might just be my perfect attainment.

If I make something WARROWING. then I would make it more ECHOING...

Then give me something light and funny, and then I'd EXPAND it to something bright and sunny.

Regardless of the themes, it shows bright lights with their beams, giving me grand dreams, even those with LOUD SCREAMS!

Something more **FUN.** stunning, and a **TON**. Nothing is done unless we're **Jumping** in our **RUN**.

All colors **BLAST**, fast and real classed, with a **cast** so **vast**, with a **story** at last!

I've now made my Sqy, but that doesn't mean you *go away*, keep looking and stay, for I've made something you'd say "hooray!"



by Raphael Profit (RJ)