

The Phenomenon

By Kate Bushong

There was a woman named J.K Rowling
Yes, her name does rhyme with bowling
She was a single mother who struggled making ends meet
Why, she could barely afford heat

Odd jobs were worked; you know she's a fighter
But back then, no one saw her as a writer
So in her spare time, she scribbled in a café
And let her mind run away
She dreamed:

 A flying motorbike
 A scarred little tyke, a girl with hair
That flew everywhere, a dog and a mouse
 Who were actually men, and lived in a shrieking house
The evil man by whom our hero is belittled
She called him Tom Marvolo Riddle
Don't forget the faithful owl
 And best of all
Two gingers who enjoy a ball
 Umbridge looks like she's sucked a lime
But the twin's are just having a good time

Oh Ms. Rowling! Most publishers said
What on Earth happens in your head?
Who'd read of a boy with a scar on his face?
Now go on Ma'am, back to your place
Or find a publisher who doesn't think
Of the money he'd dump down the sink

She went to another man, but instead of slaughter
That's how we got the famous Harry Potter



A Website Loading

By Walid Quadri

Based on "Unfolding Bud" by Naoshi Koriyama

One feels excited
By a website
Loading...
With each second passing
Taking on a clear view
And new pixels.

One is not thrilled,
At the first moment,
By a poem,
That is blocked
Like a pop-up.

Yet one is mesmerized
To see the poem
Slowly loading...
Downloading its clear screen
As one reads it
More
And more.