POETIC DEVICES

1	The flames of sunset tore across the sky.
2	The Peacock with its hundreds of eyes stared at me fiercely.
.3	Full fathom five thy father lies with bones of coral made.
4	Stay, stay until the hesting day comes in May.
5	The grass lifts its heart to the heavenly sound of day.
6	I heard the thunder rumbling in the sky as rain pelted down upon the roof.
7	"If you've got no passport," he told me, "then you're officially dead."
8	He had come to us like a guest in quiet.
9	He seized it, sprang on board, and seated there.
10	The lake was streamed with the hissing of millions of iceflakes.
11	It was icy cold but the hot sweat rolled down my cheeks.
12	That Napoleon of crime, my cat, that thief of the night as he steals his way into the kitchen.
13	
14	She played with such beauty that a thousand violins fit in the palm of her hand.
15	Red they were and glistening too like blood.
16	Fierce love he possessed for his lord.
17	The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls searching for a victim to possess.
18	I sat shaking my eyes in my skuit tike false teeth in a cup by the bed stand.
19	For if dreams do not come true, life is a broken winged bird who cannot fly.