Poetry anthology

The clock:
So much depends upon
a white analog clock
run by batteries
beside the window

“ The Dryer “
A red hot sun shining bright
Shooting its rays down on the dessert floor
Sits in my laundry and takes my clothes
It dries them out and gives them back to me

In a pouch:
In a pouch I grow,
On a southern continent
Strange creatures I know.
A pond:

An old silent pond

A frog jumps into the pond,

splash! Silence again