

Poetry Series

Michael Stevens
- poems -

Publication Date:
2014

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Michael Stevens(December 14,1989)

I was born and raised in Bloomington, IN. Growing up, I was an introvert. My teachers taught me that it was important to express myself and gave me a book to write my thoughts down. Eventually I came to writing rhymes and verses and for some reason people supported me in the endeavor. After highschool I joined the Marine Corps where I served for a term of five years. It was a difficult and stressful period of my life that I would gladly repeat many times over. During my time in-service, my writing became dark and at a point stopped. Now that I am a civilian once again, I feel that it is a good time to begin my writing again.

It is my belief that everyone has beautiful words hidden inside of them if only they took the time to understand themselves to find them.

A Call To The Minutemen

Hear me, ye fellow Dogs of War,
You who call yourselves Patriots,
Hear me so that I am known,
Fore, we are not to be ignored,
Not to be discarded without a second thought,
Not to be used without proper necessity,
We are the blood of the nation,
The beating hearts pulse of our people,
When all is lost, when all is bleak,
It is we who stand strong, who are tower over all,
and weather the coming storm that casts dark shadows on the gentle people,
And it is our burden, our promise..
To defend Liberty and her subjects, her citizens, her constituents,
From the doom that the storm threatens to bring,
We stand united,
We Patriots all, We MinuteMen, Us Defenders of Home and Land,
Till there is nothing left,
Till the end of time.

Michael Stevens

A Day At Work

i get here and sit down ready to work
yet my mind detests the idea
it tries to wander to better places
but i wrench it back to reality
with full determination and a mighty will
i fight to keep my eyes from closing
and with a sigh of false exhaustion i wipe my brow
fore it seems that Ive won for now
so i go back to work for the time being
all the while, counting every passing second
as if i can see the very grains of
the sand of time
an eternity passes and at last i snap back
to find the end of my work day at hand
and the shackles of my paid confinement released
my aged self becomes young again as if by magic
and with every step away from my workstation
i gain that much more hope
for the light at the end of the tunnel
and the freedom that it brings

Michael Stevens

A Indiana Summer Night

The air is stifling, hot Like when an oven door opens and the gust of wind like something from the Saharan Desert blisteringly embraces your face like the fingers of a lover on your cheek.

With crickets that take up their violins in the evening to dull the pain that heat inflicts on man and beast alike, Singing and chirping and dancing with the fireflies that provide the lighting for the party,

Off in the distance, heat lightning flashes, a war in the sky, The Angel Michael and his armies of the Light facing Lucifer's Fallen. Great flashes arching across the sky, yet no sound reporting to my ears,

The Indiana sun sinks behind the horizon, setting the whole of the sky on fire. Clouds catching as if the wildfire was spread by the northerly winds. Deep shades of orange and violet and red and pink, the sun slowly sinks with a sort of determination that even the most ambitious men covet.

Its an Indiana summer night, just like all the others. The same as yesterdays, the same as last years. An Indiana summer like that ever came and is and will ever be for the rest of time. And yet, its something so beautiful that you cant just leave it Indiana Summer Night.

Michael Stevens

A Long Road

A long road, I have traveled
and still longer must I walk
before the end will be ever in sight,
A long road, have I traveled
with aching feet and weary body
with determination and undiminished might,
A long road Have I traveled,
a long journey with few friends
brothers that shared themselves in the hard fight
A long road Have I traveled,
and still farther my feet have to move
move until at last home is in sight.

Michael Stevens

A Soul Redeemed

i once heard a song a melody full of grace
so beautiful and serene and lovely a smile was moved to my face
and i would sit and i would listen and i knew all was well
and then i was issued my spear and a shield and my world it became a hell

and i listened. i heard nothing.
no gentle breeze, not the sounds of the mountains or trees.,
nor the noises of beasts...and with its absence i am indeed lonely.
for i am lost to the essence of this world
and without the beauty of it i will surely die.
and my soul will corrode and rot.

they taught me to march to the beat
the ratta tat tat of that horrid drum
and they showed me what it meant to kill
to thrust my spear with devilish will
to end ones life and not shed a tear
when ive stopped someones father from going home there

and as i became what they wanted of me
a monster spawned of man but raised a demon
my soul it little by little deminished and i never knew
and now as i ponder this through and through
i realized that i cant hear it anymore

and i listen and i hear nothing
no wind in the hills or the trees
nor have i even seen any wild beasts
and i grow weary and i feel sad
these people have made me into a monster
something i didnt want to become

and my soul has evaporated disappeared in a wisp
my heart crumbled as it was crushed
and my soft tongue for lyrics turned to a harsh lisp and im hated
as i try to make amends for the deeds i was forced to accomplish

and now with nothing left but emptiness
a void filled with the voices of the damned

the innocent that ive taken and i wonder
if i can make it better by a simple trade; my withered soul for theirs
so i turn and slayed them demons who once commanded my every move
i ask for forgiveness as i fall on my own sharp blade
and i know well it wasnt in vaine

and a vision is bestowed on me before all is silent again
the trees move in the winds gentle breeze
and the mountains echo with an eagles mighty call
and around me people mourn as i fall and close my eyes
and the sounds move me as i hear them once again
if even for the last time i heard them and at last forgiven of my sin.

Michael Stevens

All Snow Does Not Fall The Same

The night is dark, the air is chilled.
In the shadows, snow begins to fall.
Some flakes large, some are small,
All are ice, but some more beauty distilled.

Then comes the morning and on the wind blows,
more snow on the horizon, more smiles to come.
Many children awake then, many more still sleep,
once they look outside the air meets their joyous bellows.

And the morning is filled with young and old,
each enjoying the weather in their own ways.
Each one a child at heart, each one bursting with joy.
Each differently made according to his mold.

And like man and woman and child be-liked
in form or intentions true,
no single flake of snow is alike.
All snow does not fall the same.

Michael Stevens

Brother Shadow

Shadow, both in name and nature,
Following me to Earths end,
Tail wagging, waving, him trotting with flapping ears

His warm wet tongue a reminder of his undying love
After a long day away, covering me in energetic kisses, pawing at my arm
I can do naught but smile and call 'Good Boy' from above

His eyes all knowing, shining slightly with comprehension
Understanding each other fully, finally, comrades at heart,
He is no pet, no mere friend. But my brother, this canine companion.

Michael Stevens

Death Comes

Who is it? Who beckons me whilst i sleep this night?
And calls my name with such force and weary despair to cause such fright
Who is it, who lurks there there, fearfully I plea
Whose unbearable force can i sense yet can not see
The air chilled more than normally so
such as no frigid wind could possibly bestow
And the breath drawn in felt ever sharp and pained
As if a blade had run me through and my energy was spent nay drained
Then unseen yet strong hands gripped at my throat
And at the time so, Death was unshadowed as if removing his coat
His pale aged face was wrought with suffering
Perhaps for knowing he'll ne'r hear them messengers sing
Along with the unending sadness showed
A tremendous anger, for what unjust rule said it just to work in his damned
slumber faux
And now with Deaths hands already wringing the life from my still yet undead
corpse
my weakened heart palpitating like nonsensical morse
I fear for what may behold my soul when it leaves this forsaken place
Hopefully when i come to rest, i truly rest and my soul not be displaced
This is the end of my tale, the end of my life
How easily defeated with Deaths hands alone, no gun nor a knife
I bow to thee from beyond the grave
saying boldly from afar to stand tall and brave
For Death comes to each of us and to all
from the lowly weak to the choicest might, all man shall someday fall.

Michael Stevens

Emotions

A word that carries power.
smuggles secrets that no one can unflower.
as destructive as some meteor shower.
Love

A word to mean the end
makes you shudder and then descend
into a world you cant defend
Fear

A word to turn you red
explosive at any words said
oblivious to the truth that is shed
Hate

Love Fear Hate all are emotions and originate
in the heart, from the fire, from any depressed saddened state
be you at any rate.

Michael Stevens

End Of Service

At last, it has come;
The most anticipated moment of my short lived career;
The point that all men in my shoes await;
A destination towards that which life steers;
It has the power to renew life,
or equally demotivate and destroy all morale,
As if time itself is as a hot bladed knife,
yes, indeed, the time has come,
My service is ended, an oath once given with time expired
Time has come for me to leave, to embark on a new journey from,
into the unknown, into the mysterious world i shall go,
Never knowing where exactly it will lead

Michael Stevens

Fighter's Will

With crimson fury, his heart was filled,
To combat the shadowed void in his soul,
Through Violent exchange he thrills,

And With bloodied knuckles and sweat upon his brow
He fought with his entire being
To prove it was indeed his show,

Lightning speed and thunders force behind him,
Dodging and slugging, dancing and jabbing,
His opponent slows, the lights growing dim,

Persisting the barrage, his opponent falls,
Down but not out, the warrior rises,
With a fist like Excalibur, his foe falls,

Down for the TEN! and down he stays,
Our Hero roaring with pride and smiling eyes,
Falls to his knees and thanks God, he prays.

Michael Stevens

Gunshots

patrolling through the wasteland
me and my platoon do go
when as of thin air lethal steel appeared
my men and i dropp to the dirt
lying flat to avoid being shot
i raise my rifle and squeeze the trigger
a loud report meets my ears
and a cry escapes my victim and i burst into tears
how can we do this to other men
to those who lived just as i live now
and then one of my comrades fall in the dirt
the gunshots pierced all but his faith
he prays to his god in hopes of afterlife
then composing the words ill say at his grave
i take aim without flinching remembering to be brave
pull the trigger and listen to the whistles of all the gunshots

Michael Stevens

Here I Sit.

Here I sit, in my head,
in silence, in darkness
and furious hateful red
Here I sit, in my mind,
Not understanding why Im so alone
searching but without hope, love ill never find.
Here I sit, absent a heart,
Torn asunder with Capuletic circumstance
Romance a dream for those who can still dance
Here I sit, with tears on a stony face
emotions quick to hard, like a stayed heart
but a mask i must adorn till the end of the chase.
Here I sit, shrouded in mystery
Never knowing, never believing
But understanding fate is part of a chaotic sea.
Here I sit...Here i Sit.

Michael Stevens

I Love Her But She Doesn't Notice

I love her yet she doesn't seem to notice
my warm eyes full with her and she doesn't even know
when I touch her arm I know no bounds of joy
and when she laughs my heart leaps from my chest
and to see her upset turns my world to apocalyptic gloom
I love her and yet she doesn't seem to notice.
I do my best to show her a good time
to make her applaud at a funny rhyme
and every day I smile faintly as to a hint
to the fact I love her and still she doesn't seem to notice
I might as well live out my days
living in a stormy haze
because the one girl I wish would care
can only point and laugh and stare
but to me it is as hell should be
to know I love her and she not me.

Michael Stevens

Idk What To Name This

I hear it
it moves in ever so closer to my heart
i know it
my name is written within its chapters
i try to avoid it
it clings to me like fine dust
i find it disturbing
yet because who i am i cannot give it rest
i say things to him
it cannot hear me
i try to picture a world where it isnt
but it seems the pages would be blank.
i think i am insane
it seems i might be correct
i am bombarded with visions of truth
for some reason i am still lost
i want to end this
it would be ill fated
i dont know what to do
my mind is downward spiraling into oblivion...

Michael Stevens

Live On

a rainbow disappearing in the summer heat
realizing that you were unprepared for that most important thing ever
or winning the lottery and getting robbed the next day
my inspiration is also doomed here

when simple things such as living become burdensome
and the mind is tormented with such horrible things
that leave you weak and sobbing and wish
for someone to just come hold you in the night

to reassure you that everything in fact will be ok and
yet with the dawn of tomorrow comes new hope that
everything will eventually turn itself outright as it should be
so you just have to smile and think

your luck just to be alive in such a harsh world
and that everyday you live more, you have a chance to smile again
to hold that one that gave you comfort at night
when you were stricken with grief and despair

and to see the fresh rainbow after a summer rain
to smell the grass in the morning dew
hear the birds as they sing their daily tunes
we have to keep moving on

it is our path, our purpose, our desire
no matter what shall become of us here,
we have to see tomorrow or else youd never know
what couldve been

Michael Stevens

Long Distance Love

though ive met her not in person
ive not touched her skin
nor do i know the scent of her hair
but ive fallen smitten and tis no sin

ive spoken to her on occasions few
but ive written her on much more
and as time passes with each day
my love of her grows a score

and i count the time till we meet
it will be a wonderful day
for the girl i met on the internet
no price too large ill pay

Michael Stevens

Love Blossoms

Every flower begins the same, a seed buried deep,
It was the same for us, the day my heart met yours,
and our first words were the seeds sprout, love to keep
As our words grew, the bonds between us thickened
And our first kiss, the first flower of a beautiful bush
Beautiful we were, Flowers adorn and love bound rush
With time our bodies entwined, creating magical moments remembered in our
souls leaves
and then as quick it began, winter sets in and the flower wilts,
and the love that was so strong begins to become cold and brittle
Snow falls from the sky and it seems as if summer will never return
But those flowers that were so beautiful remember days past
Days full of Love and compassion and a bright future
And I long for summers warm breathe, I long for your warm embrace.
For a time our leaves will sprout again and the world envious again of our
flowers.

Michael Stevens

Love's Light

Let diamonds sparkle
like the stars in all the skies
And let no comparison set
with the beauty within your eyes
Even with nights ever moving pace
no shadow can hope
To hide your gleaming face
and in the unmerciful days
When you arent there nor near
it is only then
That i realize my fears
of a dark and lonely world
One without you
and i sit in the shadowed days
Counting them because lonely they are few

Michael Stevens

Luna's Light

A yellow moon, not quite complete,
Longing, Lonely, and Lost, she weeps in solitude above.
She lights the night path, safety beneath our feet.
Full with envy, yet also brimming with love.

Separated from Terra long before memory was formed,
A love as old as time itself, torn tattered by heavenly thunder,
The Gods above all else, Jealous, furiously stormed,
Ripped from Terras loving grasp, Luna, The Gods plunder,

Cursed to carry this love forever and anon,
Aimlessly wandering, searching the stars yet never finding,
Once a cycle, within cosmic clutch yet only a con,
Her hopes light glistening, her eternal love shining.

Michael Stevens

Luna's Love

Her name was Luna and her spirit did lift the sky,
Sought after and called upon through each changing night,
Yet only once a month did she grace awe struck eyes,

And so twas a dark night when I did call and nary did she appear,
So come next night, I cried unto the heavens themselves,
'Luna my love, there is nothing to fear,
Come on out so our praises you can hear'

And little by little she did indeed remove her cloak,
Two full Weeks I waited until the deed was done,
Then in her untamed beauty I finally soaked,

She shyly smiled and bid me a quiet hello,
Her grace momentous, her smile brilliant,
Her face warmly, lovingly aglow,

For a week our affair lasted, and further even to this day.
And in her three week absence, I deeply prayed,
that when I shed this coil, our fates destined to entwine stay.

Michael Stevens

Mirror Man

I caught a stranger today looking in at me
from across the room through a window i did see
and with a hint of recognition, something faint but something still
surely i swear i knew him, yet seemingly my shoes he could fill

I stood and studied the man standing behind the glass
and found him of low stature and of even less class;
built as a bull, clever fierce and strong, and bred for war
with looks of small capacity never knowing whats in store

And still this feeling hauntingly persisted
so i moved to better see and mirroring, he shifted
It was an outrage, this man, this mime, this mockery
moving to the door, i looked back to see him turn to flee

And so i shot at him through the window
to my suprise the whole mirage was ruined and all came crashing down below
with my mind abuzz and anger aside
i set to investigate how this new mystery tied

Where was the window and all beyond that
so perplexing it was, i had to think, and so i sat
and long i pondered, and pondered i did hard
until i walked close and picked up a glass shard

And peering down in such bitter distaste,
how could i readily miss it and be so displaced
that even though the answer was so clear, yet I could not see
that man, I am he

Michael Stevens

My Existence

im my own worst enemy, fully aware of the imaginary conspiracy, involving everyone without their explicit consent, enduring the stings of their whips, that still without physically existing, leave their welts like made up bee stings, yet worse because in my head my soul is weeping, fearing, that everyone is conspiring, everyone is hating, tortured a life where i never belong to anyone nor am i a successor of anything. a wandering man of withering meaning, what am i to do, what am i to do, is there a way to salvation, a cure all path in which i should pursue. yet ill likely never know, so, i wander ever so and ill continue till i can no more, and the demons in my head subside and so does the deafing roar, as the man who i dreamed wanted to be dies and the man i am today is born.

Michael Stevens

My Lifes Path

Never knowing the true trail laid in theory at my feet,
I pad along, off the beaten path.
Never knowing what truly lay ahead,
Whether to face good fortune or that of Gods Wrath.
Simply trying to live my life the way i see fit,
but somehow living as a lamb being led along by some tether and a skillful
Shepard
It seems to me that the days are long.
Neither recognizing the change between morning and twilight.
I no longer have a sense of proper time, minutes could be hours and what seems
a day could only be a few drug out seconds.
and yet i walk on, knowing i have no ambitions to accomplish, searching for my
purpose in life.
Yet steadily i tread on, past towns and past people that get no more notice than
a simple glance with no real concern or care
searching for that one thing that could give me pause and quicken my heart.
And frantically i yearn for a tempest of revelation and excitement to overtake the
land
so that i can join into adventure proper and leave this false existence behind and
reveal my true colors and dreams.
And yet, i walk on, knowing not what the words are that the world breathes.
listening for the hints of something new on the wind.
knowing that it might never come, knowing that if it were real, i might have need
to find it myself.

Michael Stevens

My Love

My love is something of a treasured art,
With beauty that is mine and mine alone,
In the eyes of others, she might be overlooked,
Such love that could even melt my stony heart,
She is one that could be embraced for eternity,
With kisses full of passion and longing,
My love, she calls to me
My love, though distance is there, is strong,
She fights daily to keep my attention,
Though daily I tell her near in vain,
That she is my one and my only,
And that her love is sufficient for us to sustain.
Even now as the distance bears its weight,
My love, she calls me
and My love, through the distance keeps me strong.

Michael Stevens

My Plea To America

To America,
The land in which I was born and raised.
A place that hard work was supreme and family values were paramount,
Where people could dream to make it big no matter where their origins began,
Home to a proud people, bustling with ambition, ready to fight for what they
believed was the righteous path forward,
With astounding goals to advance our culture into the future way before its time,
But America,
What happened to the values that made our country great?
Daily, we have brothers that sleep without a sturdy roof over their heads,
families who cannot eat for days on end,
Veterans who cannot afford the medicines prescribed by doctors to treat ailments
given during times of great sacrifice,
Countrymen swindle each other over seemingly unimportant issues,
While average citizens squeeze the government for every penny they can without
even the thought of replenishing the wealth in their own way,
And Corporations with their charitable pockets become the spine of every newly
printed Constitution with all its adjusted amendments.
America! We are a sick nation! ! !
We need help, and our government cannot be the medium for this reform,
The people, you, me, our families, our friends, we are the cure!
Without a strong people, there is no hope for a strong Nation.
We are crumbling, but tis not too late,
America can be saved, but only if we all do our part no matter how large or small
the tasks be.
Contribute to the greater good of America, contribute to bringing this great Titan
of a World power back into the reigns of respect and good repute among the
worlds leaders.
Become a people worth being envious of.
If not, I fear the path that America is on, that our brothers and sisters are on,
the future of our culture is sliding so elegantly along,
Will ultimately be the destruction of everything we know and understand.
America can topple, it will topple... unless we stop it.
Brothers, join hands and bring America back to its brilliance.

Thank you.

Michael Stevens

Self Less

I feel...my blood rising,
a display of my own dislike.
a red ocean, full of unbearable self despising.
I hate myself more and ever more
with every step i take

what is my mission, my goal, and who is it for
Feeling like a clod stumbling around in the dark
without purpose to guide, without a reason.
bound by the chains of my own mortality,
will i ever find the source of this personal treason.

To break free would be to clear my head, set free my mind
but would seem too much for me to bear.
truths are meant for monks and priests
not for the normal of man to hear.
and i move into a corner in cowardice,
beaten into submission by my fear remembering

to be continued...?

Michael Stevens

Someone Cares

when i look deep into your eyes and
i not only see but feel the suffering you hold inside your heart,
i am consumed with a love, full of compassion and hope for you and
i want nothing more than to hold you close
and closer still and tell you, no, to make you
believe that things will be better
because in the end,
it is hope and love and compassion
that will let that suffering find a conduit of release
a door that will relieve all your hearts discontent
and let you realize that i love you and you are not alone

Michael Stevens

Stars In The Night

like glittering bits of broken glass
like dew that's scattered on morning grass
through the black night we look upon
to see the twinkling eyes of heaven drawn
and to fortunate seers that peer from far
behold the might and glory of every star
where they sail away in the ink blue abyss
and into a land of dreams and bliss
but one has to be careful not to get lost
or they will pay the ultimate cost
which no type of magic can ever forgive
because to stay in dreams you forget to live.

Michael Stevens

Strong Moon (Haiku)

Brave moon in the sky
strong winds bring dark clouds tonight
still the moon shines bright

Michael Stevens

The End

I see a sea of red,
An ocean of blood before me,
And i know this is the end of what i know,
I see the sky glow with fire,
and i look up and proclaim... i am with my lord, and let out a sigh,
because i know this the end of what i know,
and i see demons and the fire hounds of hell,
i see the blood of the innocent of which they fell,
and i know this is the end of what i know,
so i find me my sword and ready to serve my lord
i run into the midst of a never ending battle
and i know that this is the end of what i know.

Michael Stevens

Thoughts At The Moment; 5dec2011

just now as i sit thinking, i felt my heart stir and a tear welled in my eye,
as i pondered the reasons for everything happening i only could ask, why?
and though no answer presented itself openly to me as i sat and stared blankly
ahead,

i also asked myself to what end my hungry appetite for answers must be fed.
i feel naught but anguish as these simple ideas but know at my soul,
for how am i to live without self contempt if the truth of myself i never know.

- randomness from me

Michael Stevens

Travellers Love

my love though we may be apart,
separated by the vast oceans blue,
the distance no matter how far
wont change my feelings for you
and when night settles and the cold winds blow
and my body chills to the bone
i think about the times we had together
and those memories keep will keep me warm i know
then someday when my travels are through
and my heart has found its way back to you
together again at last we'll be
and ill reminisce about the life i had those years
and how the only thing missing was you from me.

Michael Stevens

Warrior

i am a warrior
an unstoppable force that has a will of its own
trained in the vicious and brutal ways of war
and yet i have the discipline to remain civilized
with a wave of my commanders hand i rush forward
and in a blink of YOUR eyes everything you knew was gone
your cities demolished, your vegetation burned and your cultures with it
it would be difficult to believe that where the ash lay now
used to be just another town where normal people lived
i am just one and there are many of us
we are the voices of fate, the hands of god, the determining evil of satan himself
we are the legion of past present and all future warriors
no one can understand the importance of our existence but us
when the norm populous believe war is not necessary
it is we who rush forward because we are the ones who know
peace isnt something spread by politics and negotiators
peace is earned by blood. rivers and oceans of red determination.
its unfortunate thats the truth of the world
we are the ones who earn the hatred of the things we protect
we are the ones who die for your rights
we are what we are
we are WARRIORS

Michael Stevens

What Is This Feeling?

What is this?

This feeling, this, this emotion emanating from my chest,
this unexplained warmth coming from my hearts depth.
Something I haven't felt in many moonless nights,
something of a light I thought long extinguished,
this feeling, something thought long extinct, yet here it is.
twisting a flicker of a smile on a leathered face
whose lips are wrought of iron.

And reigniting the sparkle in the eyes of a tortured soul□
who saw previously through smothered coals.

What is this feeling?

Some call it love, others infantile infatuation, but me, I don't care.
After so long of longing for a tender heart and the antidote to my despair,
the clouds above have opened up and the winds have died
and the waves beneath have calmed to a lapping on my ships hull.
My dark storm in my minds eyes
But now all that is done and I can finally be at peace,
ive found her, my saving grace,
and all I have to do to be happy,
is only think of her soft touch and lovely face.

Michael Stevens

What She Is To Me

Her touch, though cold at first,
Is the only thing that keeps my heart warm,
Quickening my pulse, and stopping my breathe,
Her kisses are gentle yet carry such passion
and her embrace is something to calm the storms.
She is to me what Betty Ross is to Bruce Banners dark side
She is to me something that if lost could not be replaced
She is my love, the only one for me

Michael Stevens

Where Is The Peace

Where is the Peace
our hearts keys
that make us invincible
unpiercable, unscathable
Where is the Peace
that lets us sleep
to up the faith we keep
and Where is the Peace
in a world of war
when we know nothing that's in store
Where is the Peace
when money rears its fangs
to divide class and race among all things
Where is the Peace
can't we all just get along
throw our money and all aside and admit we're wrong
to keep humanity strong
Where is our Peace

Michael Stevens