

Poetry Series

Keith Sly Simpson
- poems -

Publication Date:
2012

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

Keith Sly Simpson(26 January 1997)

A Wrinkled Sun

A wrinkled sun I see
With all its golden thread like
Covering
Around like a spring
All golden and ash
All amber and dusk.
All bright and brighter
All beautiful and quieter.
She's descending down,
The glory of the skies
Her blush is amiable
And her blush nor pink
Nor red
But orange and gold.
She's carrying her
Everlasting
Burning glow
Of neon and red.
Oh! How everything is
Subtly different,
Subtly different.
Her unchanged form of ever.
Eternal for me now and forever.
Her slow motion, in her
Quite steps like walking
Down an aisle.
She disappears slowly behind the
Musky clouds of white and grey
Leaving a trail of light
To follow
To miss.

Keith Sly Simpson

Beautiful Death Comes With A Pleasant Life

It was a tensed moment
When I felt suddenly, someone was going far away from me.
At a moment I felt I was running backward,
But I didn't know, that time was slipping away from me.
As I lay on my bed, thinking then thanking the things that time I was grateful
for.

Just then I found two beautiful angels calling me.

One was in her black gown,
Dead as dark, beautiful as night.
As she called herself, she was the queen of end.

Whatever she covered was never born again,
Whatever she touched was never able to be found again.
She told me that we are born to die,
As she was the one to put an end to everything.
When she called, I found the death near me.

I closed my eyes,
And just then again on the other side,
It was life with her arms wide open, just for me.
Telling there's much more, there's a lot more for me to see.
She was as pleasant, like morning rays touching the ground.
She was other name of love, and all that was beauty.

Both side laid two beautiful goddesses of existence,
Demise of lovely things and creation of beautiful life.

As I was wheeled in emergency,
The two followed me.
Both with a motive to take me,
As I was a victim of one thing,
Sarcoma.

Everybody came out, except me,
I was taken to thee,
With the black beauty I went up to heaven,
With beautiful life leaving me.

In this simple life we all head for currency.
We forget the simple philosophy of life,
That we arrive naked handed, and depart.
As someday we all gave to say goodbye,
We are born in this world to die.
Always beautiful death comes to a pleasant life...

Keith Sly Simpson

Broken Or Still

My perfection is broken,
Just like the shattered mirror.
Million reflections to one soul,
But just one perception.
Truth is unmisted and privileged
Its purpose never almost as true.
The visage is still clear in the broken pieces
Its intentions not.
The glass serves its purpose
Broken or still
The reflections mostly as never.
I am an observer of reality,
The mirror is seeing my reality.
Almost perfect. Completely crushed.

Keith Sly Simpson

Chapter18 (A Dream)

I lend my emotions to you which you just sold away
Frozen heart knows how to beat, just lost its way
Just like there's a thought, a thought within a dream
There has always been a hidden part of your soul in me

You may find many but none as unique
Though after moving on, hearts stay where it used to be
And in the end we all share the same destiny
From our love till its death

So in the end I defeat all the odds
Just to find the evens beat me
And now I feel like living somewhere I don't belong
And being someone I don't want to see.

Unknown sins of yours but I took the blame
Yet I know you'll smile watching me burn into flames
I question the identity of some who never use it
Whereas some like you who just loses it

So instead of the beginning show me the end
Happily ever after, a message I always resent.
Make a wish and I'll wish for it to come true
If I couldn't be the vice then you don't deserve to be the virtue

A hidden part of your soul I see
Now it seems blood-thirsty
Just show me the truth, stop hiding
Cuz I don't want to wait on forever
It is happening now or never.

Keith Sly Simpson

Don't Matter

My wishes don't matter because
They are burdened,
By yours.
And as it pours,
I see you in my lightning
Tears.
You are not here,
Its dark but there's,
A lonely light
Near.
It's sad but I am
Happy because I
Loved you.
It's not perfect
But beautiful
Because I thought,
I thought,
You love me.

Keith Sly Simpson

Don'T Wanna Be The Stars

I don't wanna be the stars but a moon
I don't wanna be the planets but rather sun
I don't wanna follow anyone
But just portray my inner self soon
Don't wanna become the echo but rather remain silent
Don't wanna show my back and turn
But rather stay and learn
Don't wanna become unique but rather me
Don't wanna hear or just see but rather feel
But all above I just want to
LIVE, LIVE, LIVE!

Keith Sly Simpson

Lean On

You lean on me, she leans on me
I am burdened with your responsibilities
I enjoy, I love it too
But this is always not what I want do
With all this I wanna be sad today while I still have time to stand in my shoes
So that I could be in yours tomorrow and be sarcastic for you
I am the entertainment, the support, the love
Or the number you can call anytime for any help
I know you are broken and need comfort
Confused and need guidance
Scared and need a light
Wounded and need a break
Sad and need to cry
And every time you are in any of this
I have always been there to become the medicine.
World teaches me to be selfless and never think for alone
But this is giving my life a bad tone
You call me and I come running for you
But you never asked if I needed something too
To you sometimes I'm like a plastic- use and throw
Or like that 'yes' from different 'no's'
I wake up every morning like me but sleep like you
The parts I had some time ago are vanishing away slowly too
I am nothing more than a puppet, while the strings are in your hands
If I have some time alone, you fill it up with your thoughts
Whenever I enter a relation, I don't find any support space
Because they are already a broken case
I love to give every piece of mine to you
But that's all that happens, me burning for you.
My life has become a predicament
Maybe you never knew your fault or maybe you never wanted to
Maybe you don't see it or maybe I am overreacting
But I know one thing,
That I am tired
Exhausted
Lifeless
All I want is do things for myself sometimes
With your help or even without it in desperate times
I need a hand,

A shoulder,
A light
A support
And now I question when I am alone
Is this a responsibility or a burden?
Is this help or compromise?
Is this your life or my life too?
Is this pain or anxiety?
Is this using or exploiting?
Is this living or existing?
I am human being and need a stick too
A girl who gets wounded, broken and shattered by you
Though I love you all, but this is not what I always wanna do
I would love to give you support but I would be grateful if you'd support me too!

Keith Sly Simpson

Moon

So pale
It looked today
Of a sad countenance
That portrayed only
Grotesque memories.
The moon of the night
Not so bright
I see it's spots of hits
And blows.
So cold it seems
And so lonely.
No love would compare itself
To him today.
It is defeated and full
Low and lonely.
I smile for its full
Formation
And sigh for its intended sadness.
Only he's standing
Without hiding behind
Only he's is still complete
No matter if lonely.
It will shine in a light of appreciation
And look it just did.

Keith Sly Simpson

Ode To Love

'It was time of the spring when she fell in love
The flowers bright and in the beautiful night they stared like two doves.'
Said my grandma to me,
When I wanted to listen to a story

'She was a young girl in her early 20's
And the boy, with on his head a world of duties.
While she was writing out of emotion,
He, on the other hand was protecting his nation.'

But how did they meet tell me `ma?
Or what happens next grandma? '
As she added further she told me,
What happened to the girl she and he!

'My sweetheart, they were just two ordinary,
Who met out of coincidences whose lives became extraordinary.
He met her eyes when she was writing unknowingly in her city.
Under the tree of cherry her cheeks seemed so pretty.

He could not resist but went up to her,
Asked her name and got her to be Esher.
The man turned and went back to his duty,
Thinking and thinking about the pretty young lady.

But this was not the end rather just the starting,
All they both had to do was waiting.
Then one fine day Esher met the young man,
In the spring doing his job more than he can.

Esher asked- 'May I help you? '
The young man said- I'll be pleased if you'll too! '
As they fixed the broken parts,
They didn't know when they connected their hearts.

'What's your good name' asked Esher,
'Well my name young lady is Usher.'
'Do you live here in this city? '- asked her.
'Well I will now' -said Usher.

They now didn't know how they started to feel,
Something which was neither ordinary but unreal.
As they started to meet they got to know,
What it feels like to be love and so.

The city was filled with their name on every lip,
Every person who would speak of love kept them at their tip.
This summer couldn't have been much brighter,
As the city merged into their love's chapter.

But the summer calls for the monsoon,
In each day there's night which comes soon.
In the lives of these two something different was to happen,
All the long days they spent together was now going to get shorten.

As the war broke everybody was called for their duty,
Into the two nations, who was once part of one city.
As Usher now had to leave,
Esher wanted to grab all the memories and keep.

Usher bid a kiss of goodbye,
He turned his back on her for the duty's sake in deep sigh.
And Esher watched him going down his way,
She kept her eye, until he disappeared from her eyes away.

Esher was now a loner in this crowded city,
She was now losing but was waiting patiently.
Time tested her patience and the monsoon soon turned out,
Autumn came in with another shout.

Autumn brought a letter on his ways,
'To Esher with Love' it says.
'Dear Esher, here I am in your thoughts too,
Maybe I'm far but still close to you.

War is now pacing up its speed,
So for now I won't be coming back as I am in the lead.
My love will certainly travel to you no matter what,
But when I'll come maybe there might be something I would have got.'

This ended the letter with his signature,

But this made Esher to fight back against the nature.
She had a hope in her now that she kept,
In her story even the city now wanted to go to the dept'.

Letters became mirrors of their pain,
In which they both could see each other's vain.
No one knew when would this end,
But as for then they knew that god would bend.

One day then new news travelled through every door,
News which made the city to know about it a bit more.
A letter from Usher had just came,
Written in just for Esher's name.

As it stated it went like this,
It was news of returning of his.
Usher was now going to come back,
This gave new energy to the city which they then lack.

Esher was on cloud nine,
Ecstatic as a breeze, happy beyond the line.
The letter stated usher getting a surprise for her,
But nothing more mattered than his arrival to Esher.

Finally now the city heard the laughter
Which seemed like music to their ears so brighter.
Now all overjoyed as the chapter was taking a new turn,
That marked these two as an idol from which generations will learn.

Winter was the season then but it seemed not so,
All the merriness and love made the gloom to go.
But can the winter resist seeing anyone happy,
So she gave them such a blow, which wasn't so happy.

In that same month of gloom,
A letter flew in for Esher which nipped that bloom.
The post man said the war to be in the favor of the opponent,
They have lost and this is a letter which has been sent.

Esher didn't want to hear anymore or see,
But for Usher's sake she opened up the letter to read.
'To the prettiest of all,

Esher, my love is only for you and all.'

As it stated further only this could be seen.

That the person writing the letter was now never to be seen.

'I am maybe now going to see you no more,

So here by taking a chance want to say I loved you till my hearts core.

We have always shared everything through this only,

So for the last time listen to me in the name of the holy.

All my last words would be

Look into the envelope and search deeply.'

As the envelope was opened something fell,

It was round and had a diamond on it I can tell.

A ring for the love from love was sent,

A surprise which he wanted to give as he would bent.

But now winter had won in restoring its gloom,

The flower of the city will now never bloom.

The hope now that she had kept,

Went crashing down; as with her even the city wept.

'What happened next grandmother? '

I asked to which she said- 'my sweet nut in cover,

Now Esher lives in a life she has compromised with,

But no one knows what kind of pain she has hid.'

'Goodnight grandma' as I said,

She put the blanket over me and kissed my head.

'My granddaughter will never know what really happened to her,

With me as I am still my Usher's Esher.'

Keith Sly Simpson

Once Upon A Time In Love

My friend asked me –

“Tell me why do you always come here in the park?

And sit right here until the dark!

Plus what’s so special about this diary

That you read it every day without getting tiery! ”

And I replied-

“My friend this isn’t just a diary rather a hope that I keep

Hope on to my faith for love of mine which is deep

And now as you ask, let me tell you how it all started

How my love story was crafted.

It’s her diary which I found

While walking in this park on the ground

I opened it and could read

Her thoughts which her heart bleed

The diary stated-

“I saw him today and my body was on heat

My eyes became still while my heart skipped a beat

His words appeared like music to my ears as he spoke and glance

Over me to which all my heart did was dance

I wasn't really a love at first sight thing

But his presence could make my mind to blink

I wasn't able to recognize or even think

As my mind and heart weren't sharing a link

But as I planned to walk away

I just wish to see him again on my way

Again so that my mind gets the answer□

Who had now become my heart’s dancer.”

“After I read this, my friend I thought

Who was she but on turning the page- Kate Jensen, name I caught.

And as I read further I could understand

What was going on Kate heart’s land.

Further-

"Dear diary" it said
"I am so confused over all this as my head
Is jumbling my thoughts away
Why isn't anything happening to tell me the right way?"

It has now have been almost a week since
I met him and now I almost feel like doing the sin
Of falling in love with him
But still my heart's been searching for answers since I met him.

I don't want much but just another chance
A chance, so that I get another of his glance.
Of course I love him and want him too,
And say those three words- I LOVE YOU! ! "

My friend said-
"But my pal you don't even know this girl,
And still cherish this diary like a pearl.
I mean why do you even bother to look?
Or have you fallen in love with the person who wrote this book? "

I replied-
"My friend that's the question I ask myself too,
But as for now I would probably say yes I do.
Just as she fell for one stranger,
I too have fallen in love with her without seeing any sign of danger

Though I haven't seen her but I know
That I'd see her soon, until then I can hope so
And I know when I'll find her my whole world would glow
And I'll love her even if she says 'no'"

"Well my friend it's getting late so I think I should leave
But I hope you find your love, as today being Valentine's Day eve.
And I am sure you'll find your love
And I'll soon see you both paired like two doves."

My friend left and I again sat there until the dark
Then afterwards I started to leave, waiting for another date
Felt disheartened, as again I couldn't find her,
But as I started to leave, a voice called out- 'Sir'

The voice said-

"I know sir that this is late,
But I am searching for my diary, as I am Kate.
I lost it a few days back,
While I was searching for my love, which I think now I lack."

I turned around and only I could see
My love standing, unlocking my heart like a key.
But on seeing me she too became numb
Seemed like her heart had again started to beat which had become dumb.

We both stared into each other
Even the snow falling cold didn't seem to bother
I found my 'her' and she found hers 'him'
We both didn't know what to do as our minds had become dim.

I said-

"I am Richard, miss and you are Kate!
I have been searching for you for so many dates."
But before I could say anything further she paced towards me
Later we both were into each other as I see.

She said-

"Richard, you have been the one I have been searching
As I have fallen in love with you since the day I saw you without even knowing.
This diary is all what I have written for you,
And before you say anything I want to say- I love you."

My ears were absolutely something like honey
Even though it was night but I could find my night becoming sunny.
Her meeting me was something indescribable
Something more than any words which I could scribble.

I held her hands and said looking in her eyes
But looking at which I could only take sighs.
"Miss Kate, just like you I too have been searching for you,
And as you have said it first- I love you too."

Then kneeling on my knees I asked just out of the line
"Dear Kate, will you be my Valentine? "
And we both had the answer guess,
It was nothing more than a beautiful 'yes'

Her eyes widened as my breadth shortened
And for that moment nothing mattered more
As we both had just found our share of love to our heart's core.

She held me as I did the same
And probably this love story might even seem to be lame.
But our love story got a happy ending as my heart found its dove,
It all happened just because two people like us fell in love,
And at last all I can say is that this was my story of love.

Keith Sly Simpson

Phenomenal Soul

How easily she hides her voice behind
Smiles; all smiles and hugs.
How easily she hides her cuts behind
Confidence; all eyes and eyebrows.
Perpetual state of suspensional echt
Living;
A struggling beauty of beautiful soul,
A troubled mind of commanding thoughts.
Her dimensional spirit made of
Interim conversions like placid water.
A spoiled soil of her
Phenomenal soul with colourful countenance.
A set of innocuous eyes of noxious sadness,
Almost too perfect to behave mysteriously.
She is ordinary, is common
No doubt.
But,
She's not lived so ordinarily,
Creating phoenix out of her ashes.
No name defines her,
Yet every name is hers.
No man has tasted her,
Yet her soul is ravaged by time.
She stands for all she is
Proud. She stands for all she's been through
Defiant. Her gender is only a category,
But she's
Phenomenal
Soul.

Keith Sly Simpson

Piece

What's a paper?
Just a mere piece, or a place to write poetry.
A lover's note and its passion.
A child's scribble with innocence.
Sometimes becomes a man's best friend,
Keeping all its clandestine, or
Just recordings of its routine.
White is the only colour he was born,
With no print on it!
It has no fragrance of a blossom,
Or the luster of the sun or moon,
But reflects an artists' obsession for his art,
Or sometimes becomes a fatal part when torn apart.
Enclosed with love for the loved ones.
History or chemistry
Or just contains millions of mysteries.
But as I see this,
It's a poet's treasure, all his creation made for beautiful seasons.
A secret to share, a letter filled with care.
An art to show, or sometimes just let it go.
A sweet love note written for the admirer.
Sometimes becomes a mystery or solves the secrecy.
This piece of paper has everyone's lives intact
Sometimes becomes a messenger,
Or just sometimes is left,
Abandoned in a corner.

Keith Sly Simpson

Quirk Of Fate

Let me tell you something,
That once upon a time,
There was a man who did nothing, but only crime.
As he was poor 'n' didn't know, what to do 'n' where to go.

He stole tiaras 'n' diamonds,
But hey, in turn wanted to go to prison.
"I don't care about money"- is what he said,
"All I want is food and shade".

Now his home was this jail,
Where he was deprived of love 'n' care,
But it didn't mattered to him
Until that one day.

It was winter, grimly-gay,
Wind blew hard with tough air
Snow covers the milieu, whereas leaves abandoned the foliage.
And the man sat lonely on the park bench.

It was cold 'n' he was feeling pale
Started thinking where to steal next,
So that he can go home, to his jail.
Where he'll get warmth and shade.

As he walked slowly, wishing to do
Bad and cruel, which will give him ticket to go to
A safe place, his jail.
Which he finds a lovely place.

He walked in a restaurant 'n' ordered food
And when he was full
He tried to walk away without paying penny, which he should.
The manager bet him with plates instead calling to the jail.

His day was bad but again he tried
To break into a shop and commit a crime
But the owner thought he's not the thief
So he didn't call the police.

The man lost hope, and went in grief
Felt bad as no one thought him of a thief.
But old memories flashed his way,
He reached place where he became young 'n' gay.

He watched the house where he used to live-
Where his mom used to sing lullaby for him,
Where he had scolding' but also shrimp,
Where he wrote poems and songs too.

As he watched the old address,
He went back and thought for a minute,
Did he made the best of his life,
And could he do what his mother might.

Did he ever think of change?
In these years he had made,
Many mistakes which wasn't in his rage.
But still he made many mistakes.

With such questions around him,
He found opportunities surround him
He now knew what's right,
That could take him towards light.

He swore on his life
To become someone greater than death,
He'll prove himself to be the best.
With this he started towards his talent chest.

With great passion in his heart 'n' sparkle in his eyes
The man started to feel everything right.
He started to see insight.
Where he saw his future bright.

But just when he stepped forward
Towards the future, the present pulled his legs backwards,
He stumbled and fumbled,
And broke a piece of art on which he trembled.

The lady's rage was too bad for him

As then she called out somebody to help,
It was the cops, who took him to jail,
From where he started to post mails.

This quirk of fate is familiar to us all
We end up baffled when we try to resolve.
We end up in ocean of dreams without a sail
And sometimes, like the man, we end up in jail.
,

Keith Sly Simpson

The Common Crowd

And for once
I want to move around maybe in shadows
With an identity so unknown
Place the burden from the back of my head in my hands
And move around with an identity so not esteemed.
Place all the wishes on the streets that I leave behind
And move forward maybe with no turns or way
Become one of the crowd, a crowd of one
Forget the ones I know now and now forget the known
But also the question walks with me
Of all the questions that I might have asked myself
Follow me in the crowds that I move
So I move faster and run, until I lose it among somewhere back in the crowd
I walk among the stranger and strangers walk with me
With me also a part of strangeness as strange as I could be
The strangers are friends, a friend of strangeness
And the strangeness remains as long as we all don't talk or move away each time
we come close
I walk in a crowd of common people with a commonality which resembles to me
A common crowd of common people of the common wishes we all see
A common way leading to a common destination too
A part of strangeness, a part of crowd, a part of lost identity as to who are you?
But I like this crowd
This crowd doesn't question, hear or speak. Bounded by the strange commonality
But also commonalty take away the originality
But as long as someone breaks the line and makes his own they don't utter a
word
As they regard anyone who makes a way to be insane
They find the common line a boon and the single lines a bane.
But sure, I feel safe, here better than walking alone
With questions to haunt and make you wake to another call
And I know I joined this line as for everybody did so like a doll
Without any difference, all one, once and for all
But at the end of the line I did understand
That though common was common and gave common goals too
But I wanted to start a journey for me, not for you.
I look back many more joining the line of common crowd.
I struggle and cut out.
I see them see me and seeing me see them

But nothing would be worth than starting a line than mayhem
I will have to start over and from real far,
But this is a single man's line and no crowd
A line of different dreams, goals, love and doubts
Not so easy but not so great too
There'll be an end; one man says from another line, I am sure for you
I don't know what lays ahead, good or gold
But it is mine, let it make me hold.
And though a long line but I could run
Unlike the ones in the common crowd waiting and waiting until nothing's being
done
You see a line, doesn't matter if it's the finish or start
Each has its own beginning, start to start it for the sake of your heart.
Make a line and make it single, could be bottom, middle or even the start!

Keith Sly Simpson

The Fixer

I came around and I could always hear about her
Around the town she is called 'the fixer'
One call and she's there to solve it for you
She knows how to deal with problems, solve them for you.

See her and she is confident when she walks
Talk to her and she is completely polite when she talks
She is near every thing that needs fixing, meticulous while working on them
Says she loves to solve problems and make life easier for them

"Any problem you have sir call her
She knows what to do with them, she's a solver"
Everyone calls and she responds
Everyone seeks her help and shes there having no bonds

I felt curious, her act of such generousities
Wanted to know more about her from around the cities
Found her to be unknown but known by all
A stranger to them but not a total stranger at all

It was different and queer in all the way
But no one cared to know about her anyways
So I decided to chat a little with her
Miss whatsoever know as 'the fixer'

Strangely I asked to help with an issue that tick
She delightedly said yes to fix, being laconic
Her hands moved while she remained silent pop
Smiling now and then to break the cold silence

I asked if she liked doing others work for them?
She said she loves the smile when I fix something for them!
Although she used few words but her lachrymose eyes were such emotion
Seeming to say so much more, yet leaving without any notion

She said in this life to others, everyone has their share to give
Some give one percent, some twenty or some none as they live
And I knew she collected whatever given to her in return
Nothing ever compared of her one hundred percent, what a bitter run.

No one tried to appreciate her or take time to think
Its a good thing they use without thinking for a blink
But as good things are used they end up soon
Soon something that was called existing would be called extinct

No one had time ever to give back or see what she tried to feel
A open brain but a closed heart, completely seal
Now that I see this I understand her now, he enimatic help
She's a case of help but never get one for herself

She is known as the fixer around the neighborhood
But if only one could know that this girl under her hood
Kept something that still remains apart
Something that she still couldn't be fixed, her beautiful broken heart

Keith Sly Simpson

The Mirror

I m the one who reflects the truth; a judge which is present in you
I am precise, I am always true; never change whether its morn or noon.
Sometimes its them who think I m cruel. I always show the truth's light
This doesn't gives you delight, as my sight is never liked
By you or them as it's the truth that I've depicted.
I take what I see and show the truth indeed,
They say everything changes but that's untrue
I'm always loyal to what I do.
If you'll think you'll get, that Im always unmisted.

Each time she comes, stands and asks-
How she is? Is she perfectly fitting the decency mask?
Will she be able to retain her lost? Find her inner self?
She asks if is there something I can do to help.
To help her find her own self.
Poor lady, she doesn't know, I can only show her what she really owns.
She can look at me but I can look through you.
I can see what is hidden in you.
I can see blood in your lovely eyes; I can tell you're not satisfied.
When I look at you this is what I see; pain, anguish n love in disguised.

She knows the truth but denies; sees the reality turns back instead.
Loves herself but likes to be their self.
Knows what right but denies the fact.

Darling, you should know I m the one who never changes at all
I can show your real self, your veiled beauty, you're the one you've never met.
It's your wish if you love or you disgust, the fact, which you don't trust.
She left and never turned back, gave a sore look,
And left me aside.....

Keith Sly Simpson

Try

Sometimes it feels bad when the ones you think are with you are too far,
Like the stars in the sky which twinkle in the dark.
The ones you lean on for something and all it turns out to be a mirage,
When the world starts to seem small which appeared so large.
As the things start to fall one by one,
When debt becomes high and all you have is none.
I know the feeling of losing even after trying,
The words people use when you are crying.
At times there's a feeling-'I'm nothing but just a piece of human form',
Who has been left out by the society's norms?
You feel to cut and let the pain out,
Give rest to your voice without even a last shout?
When the dark surrounds you and you want to quit,
As giving up starts to seem a lot easier than to fight and get hit!

But is it why you suffered so much?
To quit and give up without even giving 'try' a touch.
Though the day seems dull and rainy today,
But tomorrow will be brighter with your struggle smiling in sun's ray.
Today you may face the hardest hit,
But it will only let the future smile a bit.
Easy is nothing than to quit,
But only if you want to be mere pieces and bit.
Today is tomorrow turned out reality,
Or it can become a past of incorrigible quality.
Though giving up can be done with ease,
But don't give up please.
No one's beside you and you are all alone,
It only means you're free to build your destiny on your own.
Your voice can be heard if you want
But only if you'll leave the past or it'll haunt.
When there's darkness you can light a candle,
It's your life you can and have to handle.
Live in the moment and let the past die,
It's all up to you, before giving up give it a try.

Keith Sly Simpson

Unconditional Love

He comes to see me wearing a pink shirt,
A bouquet of blue roses in his hand and cuts that might hurt.
He enters with the roses, a bit shy,
Looks at me and smiles and I don't know why?

"Who are you? Do I know you? " I ask
"No yes or maybe! I am Kayden Kent, here to complete my life's biggest
task! "
"What is it? " I ask with curious eyes and a strange rise in my
heartbeat,
"Kalyx, these are roses from our garden, which you used to find so
sweet."

"You admired them more than anything,
And I fell in love with you and your everything,
Strange that I could tell you this never,
But this is my time or I'll have to hold my peace forever."

He knelt down, and sat in a familiar pose,
I didn't know what to say as he gave me those rose,
He says- "I know you find them pretty but I know who's much prettier
It is certainly you, for whom I do this, which isn't easier.

Kalyx Katherine Kurt, I believe that I have fallen for you,
Please accept my love and let me love you."
I stood frozen but I knew my cheeks turned pink,
A strange affection hit me and I knew in his love I did sink.

I couldn't stop myself of what I felt,
It all seemed so familiar and my heart just melt',
"Oh yes! But I still don't know you!
And it's weird and wonderful how I feel a strange connection too! "

"Love is the connection you feel Kalyx,
You too love me, and now those three words become six.
Now that we love let me tell you a secret Sweetie,
We are more than it all just appears; the probability for you to remember is 50:
50."

I was all confused but for to see him I did smile.
He came further and we sat on the bed, talked and talked for a while.
Suddenly placing a kiss on my cheek he rose again.
This time with misty eyes he said "remember me as we'll meet
again."

And then just like that he left after all that says
I remember myself saying "YES I will always."
A woman in white entered after him.
Asking about my health and my meeting with him.

Telling me the other side of the story she told me,
"Kayden is your husband who comes every day to see,
If you would remember him again, again and again,
Which you never do apparently, giving away the same pain again and again.

Having been diagnosed with Alzheimer for 2 years,
You have forgotten your marriage with him of 5 years.
Hiding his emotions and all his fears,
He comes everyday to see one smile from your side and that voice that he hears.

So he always proposes you the same way, knowing the result
Loving you like the first time and watching that same smile as its result."
And I tried hard to recollect every word my ears had gain,
But it was all a blank memory lane.

So before I would forget all, I penned down thoughts of my own.
"I love you Kayden, not for the past relation which seems unknown.
But for today, for now and for all the very seconds,
For the roses, words and talks we did holding hands.

I will soon forget my words for you and what you confess,
I still am trying to know all that's been between us.
But sorry for it all and love you for all today.
May this letter find you in a good shape, someday."

Folding it in two I gave it to the woman with me,
To give it to the man who comes to see me.
Taking the letter she nodded in response, making it all set.
I closed my eyes with sweet memories and a mind that would forget.

He comes to see me wearing a pink shirt,

A letter, a bouquet of blue roses, in his hand and cuts that might hurt.
He enters with the roses, a bit shy,
Looks at me and smiles and I don't know why?

Keith Sly Simpson

Undefended Beauty

She paints her demons on,
A blank canvas.
A colorful bride,
Of death wish.
She's the horror of time,
In the stroke of red.
Patronizing crime,
In a stroke of green.
Her beauty, an
Undefended agony
Her motives, plain,
Undefeated ambitious blue.
Calming yellow,
To highlight her hair.
Orange so subtly touching,
Eyes shut.
Clean the thoughts;
The plain view.
I see the picture,
Of a demonic like picturesque.
She's an undefended beauty
Of time;
A thought collision
Between,
Her motives and others crimes.

Keith Sly Simpson

War And Peace

There was a clash between
The heart and belief
The war and peace
Where I had to put a cease
I went deeper in keen
To know the difference between
War and peace.

War came
Like an explosion and eruption
It brought only sorrow
Ending the hope for tomorrow
The things which seems so simple
Gets suddenly out of reach
I was then trying to see the underneath.
Pain, hurt, cries were there
With no one or anybody to care.

Now heading towards the light
I can see the sun looking bright
It was the peace with a pace
Giving the feeling of ace.
I saw smiles with the glee,
The world was in hilarity
Love, joy, lovely were the words I had
To describe the beauty of fragrance.

War brings grief
Peace brings relief
Where the world gets rejoices
War leaves no choices.
In this conflict of war and peace
Peace opens a way to change
The life becomes magical
And so beautifully incredible
Harmony is so lyrical.

Keith Sly Simpson