

Poetry Series

**kevin mireles**  
**- poems -**

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## kevin mireles(Sept.1.1982)

Born and raised in Long Beach, CA. Ethnic background of Mexican American decent. Writing is rooted in experience and universal appeal. KEVIN MIRELES expresses with an honest voice relatable to all perceptions world wide.

# "beautiful Baby: Peace Of Mind" By. Kevin Mireles

She is 9 months overdue,  
Toss'nTurn rituals.  
Lunar sky Subdued  
by infinite hallucinations  
Of a sleepless birth,  
born behind her eyes.

Swallowed by silent pillows  
she conceives A simple kiss  
that feels so right.

A kindred eclipse of touching lips  
becoming in her womb.  
A taste so sweet, she could delve  
in its pout forever.

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# "Blacktop Kiss" By. Kevin Mireles

On a casual weekday,  
with a gentle breeze  
and somber sun,  
strong-versus-weak  
world of kickball  
fields and blacktop,  
I learn  
of playground cruelty  
from a face splat!

Strolling  
from the equipment shed  
to the  
tether-ball ring,  
careless  
candy-thoughts  
wandering  
through my  
elementary mind,  
I make an oblivious  
fatal turn  
into the  
Lafayette Lion's den,  
a vicious pack  
of unmerciful boys.

Push!  
extended foot.  
Falling,  
yanked  
from my lollipop  
daydream.  
Falling,  
To my grammar  
-school grave.  
Smack!  
Down.

Flushed

with a  
thousand colors:  
Crimson Fury,  
Sapphire Pain,  
Pink Humiliation;  
Cackling swarm of echoes  
as I kiss the ground,  
gravel-lips.

Push-off  
the asphalt  
to rise  
from the trauma,  
stomach to knees-  
knees to feet.  
I never raise  
my eyes  
to behold  
the teasing  
crescent circle  
of crooked teeth  
encompassing.

The tears begin  
to bundle up  
behind my eyelids.  
Run!  
I can't  
let them  
see me cry.

Scampering away  
across the blacktop  
to the shade  
of the shed,  
a growing feeling  
drenches my ego,  
Revenge!  
Not my ethics.  
Swallow of pride,  
I die a little.  
No redemption.

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# Book Of Love

Suddenly the smile makes a lot of sense.  
Life is about dollars and cents,  
but it doesn't make sense  
when your life is senseless  
with no common sense.

Can you catch the sent  
Of success creeping up behind you?  
Can you taste the failure?  
A scent a little more familiar.

You have to earn a million,  
or you don't have  
any self respect in life,  
no prestige in society.  
Try to wrap your mind around the fact  
that the true value of a man  
isn't in what he has, but in what  
he can make from of nothing.

You must be, creativity,  
originate everything  
and make everybody happy.

so lets bring  
a loving music into their lives  
and lets spring from the ashes  
like the phoenix sun  
rising because we're never done.  
Like the resurrection of Christ  
Spill blood and taste for years,  
baptism by fire,  
endearment of reciprocated love.

life can be as hard  
as youu want to make it  
or as easy as you want to let it be,  
so lets be.

love isn't everything  
but it can be if you let it be  
true and pure

how do i know?  
because the book of love  
told me so.

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## "day: Damian" By Kevin Mireles

Sleeping within delicate  
dark wonders,  
Warm womb  
of docile waves,  
intimate sound water.

Eyes tenderly embrace  
Fluid light,  
Tiny lips seek  
a taste of life.

Delightful vignette  
of changing days.  
Birthday gift  
of an October sunrise.

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# Freedom And Love

Freedom and love meet together in her eyes.  
a fluttering elegance on a whimsical wind.  
Expanding wings of soaring insight,  
Her grandiose stories are like  
poems of rhythmic zeal.

Undressing before my very eyes,  
she reveals her naked soul,  
bruised and curvaceous.  
Her words soothe with  
eloquent vivacious words  
baring truth to the only sound  
that remains a whisper.

All of a dream she is like  
an opiate swell of billowy rest  
for a weary heart to find peace.  
Longing silent embers  
burn from everlasting sage for her.

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# Good Morning

Sunday coffee alongside  
a crowded collection  
of newspaper conversations.

Toasted bread scent fills the bedroom,  
The sunlight undresses the night  
through the bay window.

Sluggish and uncombed  
for a few more  
colorless articles.

Her naked skin teases  
my morning sunrise  
Searching sweet jelly,  
between those strawberry thighs.

I love this exhaling  
sigh of the week;  
Sundays, a pure delight.

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# "guitar Askew" By. Kevin Mireles

Standing here  
in the darkness  
hidden before  
an unknowing  
audience,  
one image  
prevails;

That of  
a blemished  
instrument  
whose varnish  
chipped body  
and fret-less neck  
maligns  
underneath  
the uncovering touch  
of the spotlight,

My pseudo stance,  
a boisterous opus,  
announces  
my imperfections,  
music note  
messages  
reveal  
unseen cracks  
in my facade.

As I serenade  
silent eyes,  
tiresome strokes  
coronate  
into a life  
I've always  
dreamnt,  
honest music  
that makes  
all eyes speak.

Vibrant rifts  
of expression  
expose me  
as oblique,  
born and raised  
in the shards  
of broken lives,  
a tainted song.

Strumming release  
vulnerable  
beginning  
melodic tones  
from worn out  
strings  
validates me,  
true harmony  
unbound.

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## "live Light" By. Kevin Mireles

As I approach the speed of life,  
I realize my radiance  
of light is relative;  
as if it bears heavily on  
my state of shine.

Whether it be god-blessed,  
or divinely undermined,  
its essence is found  
gaining progression  
from stagnant silence  
to halleluiach I am I, Light to Life.

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# Majestic

Majestic, Majestic.

Love terrific.

Tragedy, explicit.

Vulnerable, naked skins.

Passion and lust.

Alcohol, drugs.

Short days, long nights

Sober and booze up.

Opposites they say attract,  
but I want someone opposite.

I love the way you act,

Adlib, improv.

Spectacular, Dracula,

Romantically leave you

empty inside. no heart,

Dry like a raisin in the Sun.

No lotion, no motion.

Just these words running

through your head

Crying over lost emotions

Can I win, win,

win once again.

Majestic Majestic

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# Me Gusta Tu Amor

Me gusta tu amor  
Cuando me lo das Simple  
Cunado complicas cosas  
La situacion se parese tonto  
Dame tu cuerpo pronto  
Pero no dejas de ser puro

Puro de alma  
Puro se sol  
Con puro carino  
Pero con pero amor.

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# 'Muddy Waters' By. Kevin Mireles

Mannish boy  
everything  
gonna be alright.

Blues guitar  
speaks strum  
rhythm  
and truth  
realities of he.

I am  
the greatest  
man  
a child  
oh boy  
i am a man.

Ain't that  
a man  
on beat.

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# Now

Somber thoughts fade like poetic love,  
While inspired doves dance  
The night away in the laden sun.

Sensations in the eyes of a dawning light  
Awakening sleep from a vague day dream.

Nightly fixtures whisper apologies  
And farewells from  
The dark corners of yesterday.

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# Rebels

They say its consciousness,  
or coincidence.  
I say its consequence,  
that will be our deliverance,  
from this planet of circumstances,  
where the situation  
overshadows the outcome.

Living in a world  
of greed and lust.  
Love, is somewhere in the middle,  
lost, lost.

Trust is never lost  
as long as you can trust yourself.  
Stand tall, stand apart,  
and you'll find yourself  
by yourself.

United, and all that revolutionary talk;  
but when you spark imaginations,  
do you really standing for something,  
or is it just a bull shit cause?  
Because we are rebels,  
with out a cause.

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# 'Untitled: Reason' By. Kevin Mireles

I believe I sense a growing depression  
upon my consciousness,  
it is forming an imprint on my mind  
with images surpassed,  
heavily weighted with regret and ego,

I know my body shows signs of its toll  
but I cant seem to let go of seasons lost,  
Time tossed aside for a temporary smile.  
I must be dead.

Life cannot exist within this realm of self pity,  
pathetic swallowing of trivial days spent,  
completing nothing  
because I refuse to compete for something.

I excuse all my failures  
as failures made by the world,  
their failure to recognize  
my insecure point of view,  
their shortcoming of moving opposite  
to the way I move.

If I could,  
magically transcend this moment  
and transfer myself to a majestic place;  
unwavering to the past  
not yet eager, for the future.

A place where it only takes a single moment,  
one monumental second  
to create a lifetime of happiness,  
I would choose to be there.

Only for one reason.  
I cant seem to make me be anything  
but broken here.

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