

Poetry Series

Kevin Patrick Brown
- poems -

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Kevin Patrick Brown()

A Child Consumed On A Bonfire

Dawn rose so slowly, my gift left within
Unknowing we parted, a mystery not told
Barely I had known you, but open up I did
I longed to discover what secrets that you hid

Conviction of miracles soon passed into our hearts
I banished your fears with my faith for all time
The seed had been planted, our love would it grow?
The past, was it banished, would fidelity soon flow?

The child came so easily and bundled with trust
Old events surely buried, our future life so clear?
Our devotion was visible, all there, they could see
My heart beat so strongly, no temptation to flee

But soon came dark clouds to darken his day
The anger within us, it started a blaze
No flood halted fires we surely provoked`
Horror and dread, were flames that we stoked

His innocence no barrier to our sad twisted words
His future was squandered by righteous beliefs
The scars carefully hidden just under his skin
Could never be healed, and always within

The shadows of fire they block out the light
The smoke chokes all reason, it dirties the air
No one could help us extinguish the flames
A future of beauty burnt out with our blame

The love that could save him was hidden and bound
By doubt and suspicion and tempered with shame
Could forces of Redemption prise open the locks
and push fear back into Pandora's Box?

Who would come save him, this beautiful boy?
Conceived with our love and acknowledged with joy

A Simple Gift

I showered you with simple written gifts from my heart,
their cost was never noted, nor could be ever even be measured.

I saw you looked in askance, and puzzled with the thought
of giving in return, but I already possessed the gift you had given.

You had given it without thought of recourse, and so
I treasured it more than some ancient, priceless jewel.

Perhaps you thought that what you gave was not a gift,
but simply an expression, some currency of joining in passion.

But what I received could never be seen nor touched,
and there I would leave the gift in the warm heart's chambers,

Where it would flower in the glow and heat of my desires,
And I would let it grow until it became what I had always dreamed.

Kevin Patrick Brown

Dark Ribbon

Infer from events;

Listen; Listen - a heart beats
often as one,
varied always in tempo
each side a part of the whole

Yellow ribbon of passion
or rays of light
under dark moonlight

Kevin Patrick Brown

Distance Is And Was

His distance was like a slickness of blackness and ice
Outside the trees wept with damp leaves of loss
And the arrogance of dark winter's cold drew near
Clawing the softness from every living thing.

Her needs were not clear, but the pain of her loss
was etched as sharp as a scrape in soft, timeless metal.
His soul cried to help with heart-felt compassion, but the
wise cunning of distance crafted her sad, subtle traps.

Distance it is, and Distance it was, Distance was the master
and craftsman of their simple love.

His desires of things unsaid beat inside his head like some
strange moth of passion, but when he grasped the mechanism
of his loss and pain, he could but fail in expectation of certainty
that would feed a raging thirst across arid deserts of sand.

Confusion would raise it's harsh cold chisel to chip and wear
against the heat of Love, while he and she would grapple
against the easy route of pain and recurrence, would battle
against the seduction of easy and mindless dismissal of Distance.

Distance it is, and Distance it was, Distance was the master
and craftsman of their simple love.

Kevin Patrick Brown

East Of Eden

Was it God who ejected us into the blackness of the night
to rest alone in the dark on a tiny lost ball of dust?

Was it God who first lit the Sun to bring us light
and then later a final gift that let us find Love and Trust?

For everyday, we trust, we trust the Sun will rise
and some among cling to faith that a God loves them

And was it God who decided to gift us the ability to sin
to take our free will and choose anger and pain?

And when I chose anger and pain, and wandering alone
carrying the awful mark of Cain, lost somewhere east of Eden

Would I ever regain the love I knew once and the joy and yes
would I find again the trust in that Love, and win certainty?

What alchemist could mark on ancient scrolls the formulas of
faith and trust and love? Could he but then make magic?

As we stumble, our feet bleeding with cuts from the broken shards of trust
Can we but believe that Love can heal these awful wounds?

Can we choose to accept Love? Can we choose to cast out pain?
Can we choose to heal our wounds? Or are these choices a myth?

And wandering alone, are we here to find one another
and see the wonder and hope of sunrise and lead each other home?

The sun will always rise, and we will love again, somewhere East of Eden.

Kevin Patrick Brown

Eternity's Feast

The rising sun clamored to push away
the last vision of a reflection of moonlight,
it's final glimmer, patient over the rising sea.

The taste of dawn, thick with promises
as the days heat rushed to thin the blood
heavy with the nights passionate embrace.

The passing of time was always our guarantee of
cleansing, endless waves of our simple vision
which would bathe us, always in innocence.

We would satisfy our hunger with a harvest of stars
and lie softly with each other, content in the
sweet clarity that only eternity could serve.

Later, we would view the past through the
eyes of youth that loved us so strong and well
and wait, yet again, for something with no end.

At last, at the end of the meal, we would leave
a gift, part of ourselves, at the table of renewal
And redemption would feed us for all times

Kevin Patrick Brown

Hands Of Clay

The past has a long reach, a grip of hands grimed with clay,
We try to pull ourselves, aching, into the promise of the future,
but we pause, as we gather the courage to let slip the pull
regardless of the pain of parting from those who tilled the past.

Oh, they had kept station with us, their faith in us never in doubt,
but suddenly we found that we were grasping time in a different way,
and we had left them without hints, secrets, nor directions to find us.
And yes, we had the horror to watch them drown in an ocean of clay.

It had clogged their hearts, and let them slide from our thoughts
until we could never be certain of the direction we had once taken,
but we were sure of the path we now strode upon, redemption in our soul.
No, we needed no maps on the journey we undertook, our desires clear.

How could we help them save themselves from the weight of darkness
the pain of parting, the wrenching change of direction, a harvest of
dank dark soil. I wept tears of sorrow as I watched them slip into
the blackness of regret and sorrow, could I but return to what I knew?

Would the aching brightness of the springtime sun come soon
to dry the wetness of their winter, and allow the wise farmer
of acceptance come and drill their hearts with promise and joy,
and they would exchange hands of clay for a clasping, cleansing hope.

Everywhere, sometimes, it is spring, and we will gaze at the rain
that has come to wash us all as clean as we were in our time of
first innocence, to help us live with the sadness of the past, yet let it
not taint nor rot the harvesting of the hearts tender crop of Love.

Kevin Patrick Brown

Love Devotion And Surrender

It began with a consecration on the alter of a creaking bed
Together we embraced each other, and at the same time we grasped the glory of
change
All the changes that our embrace promised, the promises we made together
And we enfolded our lives together on a podium of surrender

The child yet unborn was blessed with gratitude and our yearning for renewal
And we thought to abandon the past, to renounce our histories
and in exchange to find where a future could flow, a river of devotion
We would flee the past and yield to the times to yet be discovered

His coming was to absolve us of a grinding time of misfortunes and torment
His tiny heart made a rhythm of fabulous promises, a delivery of salvation
We pinned our flags of faith on this miracle of our sudden passion
and we used that passion to build a wondrous tower of love and reverence

When our gift was finally delivered, we set sail on seas of mystery
We surrendered the tiller of our ship of grace to a river of fidelity
We surrendered our very selves to the dedication of sanctity, to love
But when the dark fog came, as it always would, we would keep our bond of faith

Our promise to him: Love, Devotion and Surrender

Kevin Patrick Brown

Purgatory

The onslaught was joined, and down from Heaven
Decended with speed and thirst for pain, came Abaddon

Silent he sat on the side of the futility, watching darkly
waiting for the end of the dreams, as always he did

There was no logic in the destruction that was inflicted
There was no mercy in the pain that was unleashed

The scars were created out of mere words and sound
The pain was exquisite, the wounds were deep and raw

When the shouting and destruction was complete and final
The time came for the Angel to descend with me gently to Purgatory

There he lay me, with terrible tenderness, but with no clemency
My fate was cast and the fires of limbo burnt my very soul into dust

The darkness grew fearfully and time was itself annihilated
My subjugation was complete, chained to Disintegration

Perdition was to be my fate, I was to hang without Time
With what tools was I to measure the length of my fate?

Her silence was the voice of my doom, soundless in horror
Our love was wrapped in a dark curtain of secrecy and torture

A vast flock of locusts flew away, snatching away all hope
Alone, I screamed in pain, in silence, in fear, at my outcast state

Who would come to rescue me from this lack of time and place?

Kevin Patrick Brown

The Bhosphorous

I woke to the sound of a ship slicing the waters,
the sun not yet strong enough to light the room.
I looked at you resting in peace, the sleep of
the innocent, and suddenly the light touched your hair.

What had gone before, and what would come
after, was as clear to me as the wake of the ship
coming up the channel. The waves would caress each
side, and reflect again and again, their energy never spent.

We would become as the sea itself, as the tides,
as the waves: our Love would know the wild winter
days of storms, as well as the placid calms of summer.
I gazed out over the timeless channel and again at you.

Were we not as the two sides of this ancient city, two
cultures and times come to mesh and combine in the
ways that are best, could we but last as long as the city had?
Oh yes, we will straddle the void, and join for eternity.

I leaned over as the ship's incessant beat mirrored the
movements in my heart, and as my lips brushed your hair,
I knew of all the things that the two worlds outside would tell,
and so I lay back again, with contentment in my heart.

Kevin Patrick Brown

The Bleak Corners Of My Heart

In my heart there are many corners
cluttered with those cast off moment of life

This corner here, filled with dejection
That corner there, awash in desperation

But here and there, all scattered about,
A pocket of bliss, a lack of all doubt

In this space, shadows have roamed
trying, as always, to conquer the light

But delight always danced and powerfully swayed
the partner, elation, it pierced through the shade

At times, in my days, the shadows would win
But then, with great will, I summoned a grin

In my heart there are many corners
But the edges of margins they are filled with love

And in my heart, and all through the place
redemption is found and conquers with grace

Outside of my soul I see blindness and hate
and those foolishly telling my story of fate

In my heart there are many corners
But as time rolls on, my heart grow in space

There are those who look in
and see what they will
Their eyes are dim
and voices are shrill

In my heart there are many corners
If you come in, lift up the light
Cast off your armor

And push back the night

In my heart there are many places
So take my hand as we turn round this corner

We gaze In our souls, there lies masses of space
as always, my love, we long to embrace□

And in this embrace the bleakness is gone
We wait hand in hand for the light of the dawn

In my heart there are many corners
In my heart your loves never hides

In our hearts we banish all pride
In our hearts, peace is inside

Kevin Patrick Brown

The Cable

Love, a rough cable of steel
anchored in flesh, to bind
Two hearts together as one.

We shudder with the pull
of forces that want at times
the structure undone.

The cable, older than life
has never failed neither with
age nor force nor rust.

Our flesh grows soft and
cry we in pain as the burden
grows, as always it must.

But never can we relent
and admit some possibility,
that of ripping us apart.

We smile to each other
as time allows us pleasure
and grants us one heart.

If ever apart, through
dark forces that transcend us;
with a future not hailed

Could we hide from our
weakness, while telling one another:
The cable simply failed?

Kevin Patrick Brown

The Divers

A bottomless, dark pool;
Whose depth was not taken.
As we sank in the blackness,
No ripples marked the passage.

Taken was our very breath,
Ripped from us by the silence.
How the light weighed upon
Our very souls, pressing for release.

Water absorbs all we give, yet
Gives more in return.
Must we return?
Or can we dive until we drown.

Would we leave no trace of going
As others looked on, Unknowing
Of the dark distance we had
Travelled, alone in our secret Passion.

Kevin Patrick Brown

The Ecstasy Of Understanding

Were it that your heart was like a ripe morsel of fruit
waiting for loving hands to gently peel open the truth

Were it that your mind was like a treasured book
waiting for adoring eyes to absorb your lessons

Were it that your breasts were like welcoming fields
waiting for the summer sun to gently bake your flesh

Were it that your belly was like a ploughed furrow
waiting for the tireless farmer to plant the seed of renewal

Were it that your hair was the golden memories of past
waiting for the winds of adoration to lift your light

Were it that your arms were wrapped around love
waiting for the start of an eternity of cosmic stars

Were it that your eyes shone with the light of the moon
waiting for the gentle kisses of redemption and hope

Were it that your lips breathed mystical stories
waiting for the world to listen and learn

Were it that all was gathered in some magic glow
waiting for the timeless Ecstasy of Understanding

Kevin Patrick Brown

The Fall

Passion is a raw wound that bleeds
But Time is a healer of all that
Cuts the flesh and saps the spirit.

Distance is a fog that blunts what
We understand and know; doubts
breed in the darkness that enfold us.

Can we let scars replace the knowledge
We once had, or can Love nurse our needs
And allow flesh to peacefully join as one?

We yearn for an instant of time we held
But the burden of carrying the past
As we knew it, holds us from the future.

In front of us is dark uncertainty, and
Yet can we learn the lessons of trust,
Pushing away the arms of suspicion.

We fall, helpless with fear and longing,
But we know that we will be caught
As long as we let ourselves believe.

Kevin Patrick Brown

The Frayed Carpet

The past stood between them like some boiling pit of pain
as he begged her to bathe in the harsh scouring waters
that refused to recede.

Her tears fell down onto the
dry dust of the Present, where he scuffed at the marks that her
sadness had left.

He carried their pain within his soul as if it were some
exquisite precious jewel, but she has refused all his other gifts
and now, as always, she refused the final one he offered.

The Past lay between them like a magnificent serpent coiled
upon a frayed carpet, rich with the patterns of their shattered Love
Was it not the true nature to strike, was there not logic in the
deposit of that rich vein of venom?

His sadness draped over her,
a heavy jacket, soft and clinging, ripe with the dust and wear
of past, sad events.

He departed to meet the future, not feeling the parts of her heart
that he had forgotten to release, while she cried with the pain
that slipped into the dark void of her breast.

Her cries ripped back the curtains
of the night, but was there one there to help her shed
the burden and pain?

Their Love lay abandoned, would anyone ever come to fit the pieces
back into some mysterious puzzle in time?

Kevin Patrick Brown

The Fruit Of Knowledge

Fear clenched me in its ragged jaws, shaking all reason
from my mind, and as I fell into the dark hole of pain, I
was grabbing onto any small shred of hope, or feeling that
would save me and deliver me from my black fate.

I knew I would say anything to save myself, I would
knock three times and deny the truth, but then if I
had only known the truth; so - I used words as sharp
as razors, trying to hack my way free, let me breathe.

I roared and screamed as the pain I felt consumed
my very soul, and suddenly I knew I needed something
or someone to help me bear my pain, but all I saw
was the black face of fear, bearing the whip of loneliness.

I saw what I thought had been part of me walk away
as I tried to bestow some essence of truth and as I saw
that something of me go, I saw that it was not part of me
at all, and I wondered how it had stopped being of me.

The taste of knowledge can be poison or fruit, but can we
know before we open our frightened souls to draw in the taste
what the outcome will be? I saw the one who held the cure
for the poison I swallowed turn away, and I cried in fear and shame.

So I held my breath tightly and took stock of the weapons
I would need to use to gain my freedom, but was I convinced
of the need to fight for what I might already have? Suddenly
I awoke with a start, and the jaws of fear had changed.

I was held tight in the arms of the one who would love me always.
It had all been a dream. The strength of love prized the jaws of fear.

Kevin Patrick Brown

The Heart's Pitiless Thief

I was not looking at what was offered as slowly came we
Carelessly, my heart left wide open, for all who would look, for all who would see

We grappled at time in terrible haste, wildly we danced, drenched in our love
You drew a dark soft curtain, as we banished the past, stories lost, a forceful
shove

I drew as always, your breath into me, and held it so close, loath to release
As we clung to time, all our passion unspent, could this zealous love ever cease?

But as time is measured always with a clock, so our spirits were finally appraised
The curtains so dark, could it always and ever arrest the past as it smoldered,
then suddenly blazed?

Suddenly my soul was at risk, the dread ever rising, likes some dark fearful tide
I threw out the truth, my strong powerful net, hoping to catch what might be my
bride

But when I retrieved the meshes of gold, nothing remained, not even your soul
I banished you away, in pain and despair, my core sorely damaged, never to be
whole

After you had gone, I searched dark places, my heart ever stolen, never to
remain
And we were lost, never to be found, all that was left, a boiling legacy of creaking
pain

Our time together, so quick yet so strong, who would believe a passion so brief?
Unassailable, onwards you strode, scorning truth and redemption, my heart's
pitiless thief

Kevin Patrick Brown

The Journey

Time is our ally in a race of faith,
where the pursuit enflames the spirit
and enlivens the senses, till we
can no longer bear the wait.

Confusion is our enemy always,
to be found waiting for us to
tread the lonely dark places
and seduce us with stolen knowledge.

Love is our mother of ages
who clasps us to her wise breast
and shows us a path we fear
to tread again lest we stumble.

Trust is the abyss we drop into,
our hearts fearful with the
weakness of our vision of time
yet ever beating with hope.

Life is time's willing slave and we,
are chains surrounding the soul,
thrashing against the constriction
of the minds twisting, sad logic.

Truth is the journey we live
in defiance of the darkness
of those who know emptiness
but tell us everything, yet nothing.

Kevin Patrick Brown

The Judgment Of Intentions

Your promise is a cloud; my fulfillment is the rain
Your pledge is the air; my reaction is the soil
My word is a shadow; your reverberations are the seeds
My need was an illusion; your echoes are unfolding

What yields our blinded actions but a harvest full of blame?
When angry deeds are screaming, can mere words cut and maim?

Our promises will diverge, our actions they will slash
Our pledges always dissemble, our movement they destroy
Our words ring hollow, our motives they enrage
Our needs never truthful, our impulses pressing down

Doubt rings our actions, leaving nothing to be grasped
Judgment greets our intentions, planting misery in our clasp

Kevin Patrick Brown

The Luscious Fog

I had jumped over time itself to find you
To the delicious tinkle of dice being rolled
Your lips caressed me like a luscious wet fog
As you draped words over me like a rich cloth

You opened the very gates of your mysterious world
And enticed me in to sit at your feet in wonder
As I yearned for some sign of who I was to be
But suddenly I was lost with no clues nor lines

You were like a rare and delicate precious flower
And foolishly, I gripped what I could not have
But was the delicacy just an illusion, obscured by the fog?
Your beauty beguiled and seduced, merciless in desire

But the promise of the silent mist lay unmet
And smiling, I walked away, unrequited yet somehow content
Time had lured us, then suddenly abandoned us
And now all was unwound in a mysterious puzzle

The silence of my going was sudden and quick
Yet was there any other way to rewind again?
Are all puzzles meant to be solved or left alone?
But time builds heat and the fog always comes

Kevin Patrick Brown

The Map Of The Heart

The length of a heartbeat was too much time to wait
as I stared into your eyes, my ears straining for news
that all was understood; let us go forward in time.

I stood and watched my life disappear in small shavings
of pain and passion, a puff of breath blows across
the floor, and the scraps vanish in a simple second.

For one instant, all was clear: so sharp and hard, as
strong as a diamond shot into my heart, as hot as
electricity under my skin; Yes, I knew what you felt.

But then, later, was there mention made of the news
that had pierced my soul and melted my heart?
Come home to me, all is ever forgiven and not lost.

We struggle and tear, trying to unfold the map of
our hearts, there are many ways to open up, but
surely there is only one way to fold them in sadness?

You come with me to listen to the sound of the sea
as it relaxes into the sure, strong arms of the shore, and yet
we can always hear the difference of each wave.

Will time roll over us, as if we were simple grains
upon the beach? Have we the strength to float over
the foam as it is presented to our hearts and minds?

I bow not to the dominion of time, but wait for
the allies of Love to wheel and scatter those who
dare worry my flank, wishing for defeat.

I was not ready to lower my head in simple defeat,
but yearned for the path that was long and hard,
and yet it was the best of all paths: Faith, Love and Trust.

Kevin Patrick Brown

The Margin Of Change

What was gone, well spent, perhaps even extinct
What would come: a mystery, a riddle of time
The path lay before them, a dark labyrinth of chance
The raw heat of Hazard left Logic decayed

The Ancient Woes lay coiled and so sure
Ready to battle all future and time, with past Baggage ready and always defined
The Lockers of the Mind held detailed charts
But none could be found, for the passage of Hearts?

The Pilots of Old, shouting and groaning, always in fear
The Attendants of Past, weighed fearfully my soul
The Compass of Time, it spun with confusion
Forces of Evil, they gripped Reason's hand

But suddenly, no preamble, a glimmer of hope
A Flower of Compassion so suddenly it came
A new understanding, it rushed through the void
Our Hearts were a compass, unswerving and true

Surrender the journey to Margins of Change
Our traveling companions: Truth Love and Pain

Kevin Patrick Brown

The Meeting

We bartered with desire, owing ourselves
a gift to be repaid in increments
that would measure out to the edge
of time itself, should ever it's value be taken.

Days and nights a burden, but soon forgotten
in the rush to renew what we had known,
with a past that had poured the foundations
for the choring congregation of the present.

We had vaulted over the uncaring landscape,
our hearts shedding the weight of painful
separation, as we gazed with fondness
to the promised journeys end.

□

And then, suddenly, without preamble or
hesitation, we shook time from
the world, and planted it into a garden of faith,
this joining watering the dryness of simple souls.

So we had met again as we spun through
a void that none could see, nor understand.
Time would come again to steal the present
but could not possess what we had bought with love.

Kevin Patrick Brown

The Myths Of Rage

Her passionate mouth, it twisted and spat
These threads of her myth, they were woven and flat
The fabric was coarse and horrible to touch
Impossible to handle, no appendage could clutch

The pattern was frenzied, the colors were red
The colors intense, my heart there had bled
The strands of history, stories not clear
A tale full of fury, no redemption was near

The facts were all covered, the truth was untold
Harsh strands of anger, illusions so bold
Certainty was draped and dampened with tears
Lines were all jumbled thus echoing their fears

The warp built of anger, the weft it was rage
The cloth, it constricted, a horrible cage
Who would uncover the love it concealed
Hearts ripped asunder, nothing would heal

A tapestry concealing their love on the stage
Nothing remained, save the Myths of Rage

Kevin Patrick Brown

The Rising Tide

I peered intently into your eyes, and shivered
when I understood what I was seeing.
The depths of Love are dark and mysterious,
but shimmer with light, yet somehow they never
reveal all to our simple, clouded vision.

I tried to pull you soul into mine, but
my feeble clasp was without the strength
required to complete the arduous task, but
then I smiled as I realized, there was no need;
surely you had been part of me always?

I felt the message of the simple tides, whose
powerful pull ebbs and flows for all to feel, but
whose progress is never stopped by any
obstacle, nor by any barrier, not even by
time itself; it rolls back and forth always, my Love.

I felt peace as the waters smoothly covered
me in their healing clasp, and I sadly let go in
total surrender, accepting where I would go.
As the tide did begin to ebb, I stared intently at the
pale, washed sky and kissed your lips forever.

Kevin Patrick Brown

The Seas Of Falsity

We swim and stroke and bathe in hope
At the surface we cannot see the hidden view,
nor can we know the width of the these seas
We know if we stop then we surely will be drowned

We sense we have been on a timeless toil
But we know not the direction to choose or take
and we know not when the pain and trembling will end
We know now we yearn for a glimmer of trust

As the seas grown colder, we start to flag
We tremble in fear, our future not seen
Our limbs grow heavy, our face is immersed
Fierce shivers of fear, like waves, overwhelm

We were told somewhere near
Lay a vast island rare, a refuge of truth
A sanctuary of ease and asylum from pain
Could not tenderness save us from fearful seas of falsity?

Suddenly, with no warning or sign
A swelling, a wave vast endless and ever divine
Lifted us towards the benign darkened sky
And perched on it's flanks, our salvation was found

Kevin Patrick Brown

The Soldiers Of Silence

I glanced towards past battlefields, littered with dust
Scars of engagement had ripped though all trust
No reasons remained to mark that horrible time
Rubble and Chaos, those legacies of crime

At the crest of the Valleys, stood legions of mine
All knowing bystanders, yet mute for all time
No sun glinted easy, no heat for lost souls
A tragic sad struggle, no logic on scrolls

Down in the Darkness, where struggles had ceased
Hearts in pain, cowering stillness always a beast
How count we the wounded and honor the dead?
A cycle of violence was built on those who bled

My weapons lay useless, unable to remain
The solid vast secrecy of past lies and pain
I shouldered a vast weapon of lyrical blame
Yet Soldiers of Silence, ever they came

Their tactics inviolable, tempered with fears
Secrecy their strategy, and sad terrible tears
A rhythm of futility, a repetition of waste
Could love's gentle wisdom grant eternity all haste?

Kevin Patrick Brown

The Tides Of Promise

The future flows past our bodies
Depositing a raging vision of time.
Delicious crossroads of possibility;
Helpless, we reach eagerly to grasp
What we know we might never possess,
But passion is a catalyst
That will combine heart and mind;
Forging a new meaning of time
Selling our past to fund tomorrow,
We battle the physical flood that
Rises as a tide of promise
And sweeps us towards the far horizon.

Kevin Patrick Brown

The World Lay In Ruins

He hectored and proclaimed to the vast restless crowds
But near, out of sight, lay vast fields of shroud
His word were hollow, his heart would not follow
Outside his palace, a nation lay in ruins

Inside the house, they cowered in fear
No more exemptions, a rain of sad tears
They waited too long, a class disappeared
Outside the buildings, a town lay in ruins

He tinkered and sighed and put down his rag
The motor ran sweet, never one was he to brag
Despite his efforts, and wisdom with tools
Outside his house, a road lay in Ruins

He wrote these words, and printed them up
The message was fine, a slow time of decline
The paper grew old and tattered and torn
Outside his books, a mind lay in ruins

She sang sweet songs, all passion and light
The crowds, oh how they roared, never they bored
Her melodies strong, oh were beguiling
Outside her music, a love lay in ruins

The Mother was busy, always asleep
The freedom was granted, a long lonely leap
The times were they different, had it but changed?
Outside the home, a child lay in ruins

Bystanders were they, till all was too late
Suddenly with shock, the world lay in ruins

Kevin Patrick Brown