

Poetry Series

Kylee Wells
- poems -

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Kylee Wells(March 4th,1984)

Kwess

Kylee Ann Wells

2 Pencil

Love is a mystery unknown to speech
poetically we conclude that there isn't enough words in language to touch on the
possibilities of love
although we seem to sum it all up in three small words
that being of course, I love you
gifted does are souls sing
rhythmic to the ways of lustful moons enchanted by the sounds of inquired love
stories
he loved for so long
never asking why
only knowing it was next to nature
like the way mothers feed their youngin'
as often does the moon slide to shadows
so does the end of that natural ways of her smile
which once was a sought refuge in those wilful nights of prolong pleasure
distance could play no role in a love story set in the hills of the heart's beat
and he traveled for a sleepy hollowed night
to kiss her lips by dawn's whimsical birth
I narrate a story of told passion, and the enclave of dreadful grief I was not their
to witness
so like all great stories some aspects are left untold
I speak volumes on the hurt he was left with in her hollowed presence
she sings a soul of absence that does not make his heart grow fonder
how he writes of the mystery of love in beyond me
his apology that it does not come in the form of a number 2 pencil
and his words then follow empty streams of a love's lake
that of tears, as he writes these words to she
a lake filled of contaminated waters
love's current is all but settled
a writes still
implying his hurt openly
unconventional for the man's stature of tall beings, tall
he some how fills the page of collected thoughts he openly admits to not
normally being able to do with out 'losing his cool'
her heart is cool
his mind is thawed to you
he speaks on her hurting him
as if it is casually her second occupation
he unloads contemplation

of returning the favor by being equally as rude
love is a tricky thing
one indeed we can't help of who are heart does seek
cliques converge in his words
of classic human jealousy
of not knowing where this love is standing
in the ways of someone, something else
he burns alone still crying
I assume the lead of a #2 pencil would be a mess mixed with tears
like the combination of love proofs also to be
although we lead it out so regularly
but he nevertheless conveys his love
acknowledging it being quite hard to admit
as for any man I am sure
discounting the love for a daughter
if the marks of a #2 pencil could be replaced with the mark of blood
would it be more so tragic?
Constantly the heart bleeds for this unmoving, unwavering accounts of true love
picked from the souls harvest so gracefully it was you sweet girl
he speaks of you
sweet girl
while in your absence he has splendidly tried to replace you
I come to grow knowledge of him
while you are after the fact
his story I tell well, you well enough to convey shall remain unto this next pencil
I hold my heart to him
he loves you
neither you, nor here, nor there
I speak somewhat of this
and include the ode to love lost as personal to thee
I miss him
like you miss her
and the # 2 pencil bleeds for both of thee
I agree with his story
but not the beginning
when he conveys to her that he might understand that his letter to her, he
simply titles Hi
doesn't mean that much because it is typed, and not in ink, or pencil
it doesn't matter to that
it matters that you said it
it matters that you felt it
I gainly respect you sweet friend

because you seem more enlightened to the victories of a woman's heart

Kylee Wells

A Long Time Coming

This shall be a long time coming
a drum, drum, drum, drumming
where I show justice to you
a beat, break, break, breaking
where I show love to you
a horn, blow, blow, blowing
where I dedicate this song to you
a song, sing, sing, singing
where I show pride to you
a poem, ryhme, ryhme, ryhmming
where I show how much I miss you
a guitar strum, strum, strumming
where I show substance to you
you heart, no long beat, beat, beating
but I miss, miss, missing you
a tribute to you
from Kwess to Big Daddy Lima
the reason for some
is the meaning for none

Kylee Wells

A Squandered Tuition...

Listen to you preach
But God is out of reach
Erase the words you teach
and inner struggle will cease
to many grey days
and you are lost in the tragic memories
flashing fast, as if it is a movie
slow motion you wish it plays
soft kisses from a mother
to her child's forehead
I must of missed out on that too
these arms are empty
absent from embrace
missing without a trace
I've searched every place
gone, absent, erased
the world must be disappearing
and your eyes are tearing
all emotions are opposite of endearing
darkness is leering
and the world is now disappearing
the trees are all gone
you can't go on breathing
the ocean has evaporated
and life is negated
the stars have all fallen
and without a show
the moon is gone
and gravity is done
I am nonchalant
The human race has not been down to earth in years
and you are all alone now
in the company of delusional peers
God is singing cheers
and Satan is shedding tears
off set fears
and thrown up beers
the combination is endless
your souls are restless

you forgot to repent
you'd get around to it...
After your hook up, prime time TV, a doctor, therapist, pharmacist, and liquor
store visit
point is you are all so busy
God got tired of waiting in the car
now you seem less preoccupied by trying to minimize your plastic surgery scar
meanwhile all the grass is dying
the whole world looks like...
A Mexican's front yard
the masses are screaming in sin
at least we martyrize Scarface, the Godfather, and a steaming hot gun barrel
Get your soul saved, you're to late
the rich die without mone
the poor die uncomfortably
the educated die with knowledge at least
and time has ceased
gluten boozed out radicals of the fastest growing trend of narcissism
crowds form the pay top price to die next to Paris Hilton
what looks right on me...um lets see
is pink a good color to die in
it sure is a good color to lie in
clock expires in ten minutes
and people are getting lost in the end of the world sale
spend, spend, spend
who cares about paying off your Visa, MasterCard, Discover, American Express,
over drafted Bank of America
Uncle Sam is out screwing the poor for OOOHHH one last time
get your kicks
come on everything is going to be just fine
to me at least, it's no big deal
everything is going to be just fine
I swallowed my last capitalistic dime
three and a half years ago
I've been counting the time
waiting for it to fall fantastically
I'm just chilling on the corner of 3rd Ave.
Content in blazing the latest harvest
for you it's hardest
I got my soul back in 98
rat race, feels great
I sit, I watch, I contemplate

Kylee Wells

Bags Of Bombs On August 5th

To preserve both sides at all costs
hopes steering broken hearts
forces tried by shielded weathered flowers
ripened in poison
held by hands of Gods
The last position covered before dying
destroyed by missing lovers
in the shell of chaotic offensives
surviving the scores settled by written injuries
in the air of surrendered space
extending flying white flags in spite of a never give up demeanor
impossibility sentimental for hours during fire
a total momentary glaze seeming strange to me
most importantly was the so called way to die
in opposing poisons was the sword
between enemy lines your company was still intact
emissaries of great futures neglected in the past
high level risk takers of rudimentary intelligence
cornered your last morning with hypothetical orange cones
advanced warnings from hidden agendas began to surface
through rough waters
and the last dropp of poison
the first group out of sin

Kylee Wells

Death On A Horse

a dialog of secrets included in your capture
fighting back your anger
you were quite fierce
sought through destruction was fruitful labor
you separated yourself from what remained broken
maybe your soul
but never your mind
however small the discrepancies
you still took center stage
encouraging yourself to rectify all happenings
in your mind's eye
it's your story
no matter how brutal it most be telling
must be told
it has been such a long time since you have dreamed
only because it provoked controversy
and not the hostile kind you sought to welcome
you felt more alive when you were angry
you felt exhilarated when enraged
through the brown eyes of father
fighting back rivals evidently remarkable by journal accounts you had made
tender hearted blaspheme
and a political front line of hundred angry men
set aside by pleasure
well endowed in your personality

Kylee Wells

Elusive, Elusive Slumber

I undress in the clean air
that assisted the brilliance of the stars
my gaze of naked presence existing in the lingering dreams
this balcony tonight shall be my chateau
I dared look past what first awoke me
In his territory of wishes
I sorted through dreams that didn't belong to me
the smell of wine loomed greatly on the white silk drapes
that fanned the potent smell to me
I kept my eyes open
in what was most likely systematic dreaming
Why were the drapes flowing with what seemed like a breeze?
when there was no wind?
Could it all be but a mystery to a conscience me?
I am sure this a not a dream
For you would surely be here with me

Kylee Wells

Foggy Seaside Skies, Port Of Call

To scared to run much faster
To cold to warm a heart
swept mystically over the Embarcadero
The Port of San Francisco
I see something in the morning darkness
It resembles your ship
It cuddles pier 29 in the dawn hours
I walk the Herb Caen Way
I hear the morning dew calls of a lost friend from the contrasted desert skies of
Las Vegas
I peak the side street leading to Grant
I wish to run
I walk on
A visual reminder of him
The smell of the costal air lingers in my ears and hair
It reminds me of him
I stay wishing this port of call you will hit
I look for you in the hark of the sailor's cries
You are nowhere to be seen
I know this walk well
and although you have never accompanied me on it
I think of you
I know this city well
My steps lead me without thought of where I am heading
The morning fog creeps and lingers eerily under the Bay Bridge
It flows farther out to sea
It walks over waves to bring you sight of me
Dissipating fast the fog rolls on
I know soon the sun will come
And the best place to feel the sun
Will be on the Geary side of the Square
How I wish you were there
I walk on alone
I am stuck with thoughts of these two
How deeply I loved him, how much I miss you
Lessons learned from, and love to yearn for
The city and me...
Memories of thee...
The artist and the sea

Kylee Wells

For The Love Of Money

A great enemy
prices that deny his money
you will come and see
shining triumphantly
it would give me great pleasure to welcome thee
to be found in the midst of business
but your money is no good here
sincerely written and brought for the greatest price
I could accept that
and at first sight
whatever you read granted whatever wish
captive lights shed into captivity
one to remember
your money is no good to me
passed around like love notes by school girls
and a chance meeting of the minds
my writing is shining glorious triumphantly
still trying to persuade me
I fancy that which cannot be acquired by capitol
and at the spur of the moment I suggest better yet a question
Naturally we do not take pride in putting a price on thee
so to it be wise to ask how much for me?
Surely would rather not take their money
and at the last chance to strike
I mention an expressive face covering that of youth
I offer that to be most expensive
the only thing that would be contradictory to purchase
innocence, reach out and plan these words bound in leather for a firm price
that of integrity

Kylee Wells

Four Days Tempted By The Noon

I knew I was safe
Everyone around today was picturesque in nature
Not of the ugly demeanor of who existed four days ago
I was bidden to ask what they were doing here?
The sun was shining menacing rays of heat this noon
inviting their presence was the thickness of cool air
Running to chill them
they found me standing there
They found my birth convincing
They had no reason to believe I was no longer with thee
The earth seemed damp beneath me
And I knew I no longer belonged here
I wondered how far I could extend my existence
I knew temptation from the mortal me
And I'd just rather let them be

Kylee Wells

Funky Lord Of Creation

This is a homage to life...

To my family. To my unconventional soul mate, Big Daddy Alex Lima. To Teddy, and Gina. Who I hope had that meeting of the mind before they left.

This is to empty Kylon cans

and paint stained hands

the Haight, to every train across the states

to the east coast of New York

all the Graf muralis that turned a generation into art lovers

this is to the original Dr. Octagon cover

To the b-boy stance, the brake dance, the up rock

this is to hip hop

The bass line, the break beat, and the local emcee

To the Cuban Revolution, and all the Politician that inspired me

The under developed countryside of Latin America

This is to a third world heritage that opened my third eye

This is to all the homies that choose art over gettin high

To the Haight Ashburry, Market, Embarcadero, Grant, Mission, Fillmore, Powell and, Post.

Where the illest vibes I've caught originated the most

To those who believe in civil and social equality

to those who fight, and those who write in what they believe

To the republicans who showed me what not to be

and for that matter, the democrats too

Che Guevara, Zapata, Cesar Chavez, Tookie Williams this ones for you

To my shell toes, and Chuck Taylors

To a Tribe Called Quest, James Brown, Bob Marley, Jimi's Guitar, and Janis' So-Co, to the Alcoholics, I use to love H.E.R, Hobo Junction, and Pharcyde's runnin...

This is to who I was, and who'll I'll be

A fucking long time coming.

Kwess D

Kylee Wells

Harvests Of Salvation

a motherless child would rather stand in a thousand lashes
then to stand alone
a motherless child not deserving of another orphan's sympathy
because you motherless child, has a mother still with thee
walking a path of a mother's neglect could possibly be...
Worse than her not being among thee?
We'll wait to see
in this child's salvation is a harvest of okay temptations
to except a slightly opened heart
only because she is use to this emotion
what could she do with love anyhow?
Granted she never knew it to be so
so how could she seek it
and if she ever found it
how could she believe it
similar to a man with a mission but no memory
people cannot be familiar with something they have never known
motherless child cursed by the love she was never shown
motherless child wether you like it or not
you stand alone
a clear example of a daughter on her own
and what damage is done, when a child is not nurtured
through the years she has grown
others get lost in destructive ways
some vent artistically
but the most comforting thought is in this life you are on your own
but don't always have to stand alone

Kylee Wells

Join His Group

Casual contemplation
All that I have known seems to have vanished
Like the sun in the clouds
People converse with what seems like nothing to say
I inhale proudly
With the blessings of breath
I am content without speak
I slang contemporary verses of nothing at all
Seems a burden to my poetic mind at this moment
I was wrong about the weather today
Gone is the sun
Belonging to someone else today
I can think of nothing else but...
Who that is
who has the sunlight today?
What is their story?
There is nothing
so much around me, but nothing
I cannot speak at all
But I am still saying so much more
than anyone not poetic today
Today is my day...of contemplation
As to not disturb this recent thought
I try to clear my mind
not caring if my words hold weight
I have no idea what I am thinking
and today..I love it that way

Kylee Wells

Many Facets

I am not a poet, I am a writer

1. I am not a writer, I am an inventor

I am not an inventor, I am an innovator

I am not an innovator, I am an inspirer

I am not inspirational, I intimidate

I am not intimidating, I am infuriating

I am not infuriating, I am contemplating

I do not contemplate, I set straight

I do not set straight, I frustrate

I do not frustrate, I resuscitate

I do not resuscitate, I renovate

I do not renovate, I demolish

I do not demolish, I polish

I do not polish, I stain the hearts of many

I do not follow, I am a leader

I do not lead, I proceed

I do not proceed, I heed a stop

I do not heed a stop, I make casual conversation

I do not casually carry on conversation, I preach to the masses

My mind does not stumble, It crashes

I do not save money, I have mad stashes

I do not stash, I give away

I am not compelled, I am compelling

I am not frightened, I am quite calm

I do not run, I walk on

I do not yell, I shout

I do not shout, I am quite quiet

I am not enraged, I am outraged

I do not have a faze, I have many different ways

I care what everyone says, I hear no other voices but mine

I am not rough, I am refined

I am not blurry, I am blind

I am not free, I am confined

I do not laugh, but rather I cry

I do not cry, I speak words of a telling lie

I do not lie, I comply

I do not comment, I just sigh

I do not fight, I battle

I do not battle, I give up without a fight

I am not wrong, I am always right
I am never right, I am determined to be wrong
I have opinions of my own, I sign everyone else's song
I only have what I belong, I steal
I am not fake, I am real
I do not feel, I burn with passion
I do not act, I react
I do not choose, I am chosen
My heart is not cold, It's frozen
I question a higher power, I pray...
everyday is a new day!

Kylee Wells

Poetic Eyes Of Daughter

Situated next to you
I knew exactly how I have fallen for you
I look to you
Threw the poetic eyes of daughters referring to fairy tales starring you
It brings me to my knees
as if praying to the patron saints in the night
be grateful to rise
in the perfect position
I receive various true reactions to your touch
as if in the winter
like the sweetest kisses from sun rays that don't exist
in the coolest days I find shelter in the angles of your arms
a emissary to a girl's existence
is time spent with you
something very precious
enthusiasm to the matter of splendid love
you shall always be beautiful
we shall speak astounding wishes
on romantic missions
that you are here
laughing we could think of little else
but of each other to arrive
so full of life
for this I am touched deeply
but the speech of you
ancient verses I now understand
I did so, I do
encountered by understanding what I feel
I found it in the most unusual way
the object of desire
they, son of great men
no doubt whatsoever
I love you, to love you
I believe anyone could
I hurry down to tell them
as I arrived to talk to them
I must let them know you are here
as she pointed to her heart

Powell & Post

I have made this city suit me
Through out the years you stay the same...
A constant reminder
You stay the same
The noise is a blessing
It keeps my mind off trashing you
Still I find peace in your surrounding solitude
Old garbage
Although you have stayed with me since childhood
My birth place
Blessed does the streets seem
Less dangerous than these wide sidewalks
I have counted on these
To know the trick, as to seem not to care
Breather easily
You will be the same
Day once more, than day
Many times I've said goodbye
Only to be here once more
Hectic invitations to write you again
You're overwhelming to me
Buildings as high as the heavens
Prices to live, higher
Only if I care to see
Today you are annoying me
Tomorrow my heart's desire
Sweet city by the bay
Never same as the most
Is Powell & Post

Kylee Wells

Prelude To A Kiss

I watch as the night battles with the light
Soon I will be able to see you clearly
This is unnerving to me
Right now it remains dark
I can barely see you
But I know you are there
That is comforting to me
Today brings with it departure
All we are left with is memories, Of sights, and voices.
Words that were spoken
Words that were not
In only hours you will be no more of a fixture
Just a picture in my mind
Then what else can I do? I am left with words
Words I can only speak to you
Not physically describe to you
It doesn't mean that much to tell you that I love you
Let me show you
Let me open your third eye to inspiration
So much inspiration that you give me
I open my eyes again
To more sunlight
Soon they will be uncomfortable. With the job to adjust
But not only my eyes will have to adjust
It will have to be my mind
As well as my heart
In this endless battle, of matters of the heart and soul
When you are at first realization of our distance...
will you feel a heaviness? or will you look forward to our next encounter?
There is so much between us
To much art, to much soul
Let me redeem it
Give me light to fight for
I miss you already, and you are here next to me
This is the first time in my life I wish to retreat back into darkness
Not because I am afraid. Just sad
Sad that in a few hours I will be gone
I hope not to be reminded of this
but the dawn reminds me of time

I'll have to wait to see you again
My heart feels heaviness
Because I love you
And this is so much thought for me
Because between us
It doesn't seem like just saying it is enough
When two artist come together
They have to create it on their canvas
Because we are visual people
Because we are easily inspired
And the way I feel about you
Is more than inspiration
It is the ignition to a poet's eye
My heart feels heaviness with the thoughts of today

Kylee Wells

Solo Rebirth

If I hate you it's not my fault.
You stood there and did nothing to stop me.
If I don't ever want to speak to you again.
That is your fault.
How can I not hate you for the things you have said?
How can I not think less of you because of how you act?
How can you refute the idea that anyone could know you...
When the true you shines right through your faulty persona?
Found you in a nutshell, and knew you as a shell.
The deep inner workings of a nonetheless average human being.
Oh to know you I thought would be swell.
When I found you, I found a shell.
The harsh words seem less like an attack, and more like a revelation. Temptation
acquires relations.
Blessed be my heart, and if I could take it back I would.
Blessed be your soul. If you could fill it, you should.
Laughing sounds just slightly cynical when I think of you.
Because I laugh only at the person I was told I never knew.
It's wonderful to know you.
Oh surely it is.
It's wonderful to show you, how well you don't know me.
Your eyes are not good enough to ever see.
Oh a person of likely sources, love all who love me too.
A person of resources has enough sense to hate those who have burnt she.
Only without merit.
Like you have most surely done to me.
Unfortunately I am just gifted.
To tell you in these words.
I dislike the fact that I allowed myself to know you.
I close the chapter with a grin.
Because I know I will never make the same mistake again.
You can't fix anyone.
You can't love the redeemable.
Reckless wounded shouts from the sky, you cannot repent.
I imply your worth, and you remind me it's impossible to brake a cent.

Kylee Wells

The Elite Application

First and foremost requirements

you must meet

to enjoy the membership of the Elite

in no particular order....

Must own an extravagant amount of stuff only to impress others

i.e. latest of all technology, and preferably a hired hand to work it for you

must own property in the U.S. and on a tropical island you have no right to be

this can also be considered stuff to impress

because we are assuming you are never there

except on the times you get away to practice infidelity

must hold a position of power

but rarely lift a hand to work

for example the Presidency

Must have no prior knowledge of the "real world"

unless convicted of a felony

in which case that does apply

you must also meet these guidelines...

While imprisoned you were held in either minimum or a privatized prison

The following crimes are acceptable...

Murder for hire, or murder of spouse (but only for money i.e. life insurance or inheritance)

corporate fraud, money laundering, inside trading. Or all of thee above

Must own BMW, Mercedes Benz, Saab, Audi, Bentley, Hummer (anything Italian)

we accept

All drug and alcohol problems must be hidden

we don't like to display are ramped cocaine usage

it can compromise the image of the Elite

All drug deals are to be made in the designated areas, such as the tennis court

you must also have at least one hired hand that is white

we like our members to appear to be equal opportunity employers

although we do prefer that our members are white we will consider applicants of other races

after, F.B.I background, and credit check

Must be properly up kept

we do not like to display sadness

so if you are feeling down visit our prosac vending machine

other uppers can be purchased in tablet form located in our main lobby

just ask for Bill, and just use code word "Vitamin C"

we do expect th utmost vigilance in our member's appearances

nothing not brand name
and if it is slutty we just ask that it says Versace
of course we do have income requirements
right now, at this present time
we are not accepting applicants without an annual income of 5 million or more
and that is our lowest membership
please keep in mind if you are a lower member of the Elite
you will be asked to wear a patch similar to the Star of David
Thank you for your interest in joining the Elite
for futher information contact me...Bunny
and remember here at the Elite money is everything

Kylee Wells

Thunder's Landing

Distant thunder
flashing bolts of lightening in a ready distance
solitude that finds you
no matter how active the sky
at nights arrival it becomes a show of the best talents the sky does pose
it wakes sleeping dreams
and inquires of ebony skies to follow thee
a pigment of white traces, a line
beloved by dry land
a fire to find
or if it so seeks to strike sand
the fearful approach of lightening blast
with an instant creation is that of glass
unseen was the activity at dusk
brothers stayed situated outside
and to great surprise was this show
assistant to the light was the thunder's cry
and how majestically it maybe
long enough to catch you in the rain
it all comes down
and it's all to blame
have you no shame sweet show in the sky?
To be blessed with, am I?

Kylee Wells

While In Exile...

Laid on the other side of a large body of whatever
water, land, wind, and weather
you surrendered to the hostile invasion
knowing all well your enemies wouldn't want you dead
they would see pride in your capture
and declare you banished to the ends of the earth
this you saw fit
accompanied by a friend you made your departure
traditionally leaving home is a melancholy mind
this travel is intently pure to you
and of that emotion
you are new in your world
and content to it all

Kylee Wells