

Poetry Series

**DARREL KINCAID**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2008

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

## DARREL KINCAID(March 26,1957 to?)

Didn't start writing until this year, age 49, when I decided all those words in my head deserved a better place to be. Still actually don't write poetry, in true form, more like I splash words down in written form and pray the flow of what I say becomes a good imitation of a true poem.

# An Angel In Your Midst

You have an angel here beside you,  
feeling vaguely familiar to you,

yet still,

quite unknown.

Your life placed serenely in his hands,  
yet aside he steps, for knowing the need you give,

to living your life,

your own.

With love deep within himself of you,  
one as tender as the moisture from his tears.

His utter existence, to be here for you,  
his purpose of want and desire,

to hold away your fears.

Wanting an eternity of bliss for you,  
but knowing the reality of the fact,

you'll settle for just a few years.

His longing to cradle you tenderly in his arms,  
away a distance from your own mistakes,

and of the worlds most painful harms.

Still he stands quietly beside you,  
constantly aching,

deeply within his soul.

Wanting to listen to a silence,  
from the volume of regrets,

screaming from your heart,

as it tries so,

so hard,

to feel whole

DARREL KINCAID

# Do You Think About?

Do you think about breathing as a source for Life,  
or do you think about Life as a reason to breathe?  
Do you think about existence as purpose to be,  
or do you be who you are, just to exist?

Do you question your Life for what is to become,  
or do you become what Life has meant for you?  
We all question. We all answer.  
We all seek a balance, between what we tell,

and what we want to be told.  
For what is right in our minds,  
and what is wrong in the mind of others.  
We all seek balance.

For the wrong in our minds,  
and the rights in the minds of others,  
that we are meant to see.  
We all exist,

for that balance.  
Of Life.  
Of Love.  
Of Faith.

Of Desire.  
Of Hope.  
Of Will  
Of All.

DARREL KINCAID

# I Try So Hard

'I Try So Hard'

I try So Hard, to see Possibilities, past the obvious.

I try So Hard, to keep the Love, always ahead of  
the Sorrows.

I try So Hard, to see the Growth, well beyond  
the Doubts.

I try So Hard, to stay Strong for them, even when I see  
the Weakness.

I try So Hard, to see the Joy, even when I know,  
the Sadness.

I try So Hard, grasping the Given when I know,  
the Loss.

I try So Hard,

Oh, I try So Hard.....

When All I need to do, is to Always try So Hard, to show,  
what I Feel for Them the most,

The Love.

Because the Love makes them go past what They are,  
and makes them go to where They need to be.

Subject: Autism

Conclusion: It would make even the Best Parent, oh So Much Stronger!

For Lisa.

DARREL KINCAID

# Just A Picture

Look above, it is,  
Just a picture, to inscribed into my being, all needs.  
Just a copy, that looks back with such Heart, as to melt.  
Just a photo, that has eyes, to burn away my restraints.  
Just an image, to evoke all imagined desires.  
Just a vision, as to put myself down on my knees, and pray.  
Just a portrait, as to portray what is truly beautiful to all.  
Just a reflection, of a face, that leaves all to want.  
Just an illusion, that conceives within in me, all my illusions.  
It is,  
just a picture.  
Right?

DARREL KINCAID



# Loser Of Life. Please Define.

What do you see as the goals of Your Life?  
Do you see riches and fame?

Do you see recognition and acceptance?  
Do you see values and virtues?

Do you see acknowledgment of who you are?  
Do you strive for who you could be?

Do you bow down to who you have become?  
Do you have shame of what you have been?

Do you have pride in what you will Accomplish?  
Before your even there?  
Do you see defeat of what is to become?

Do you not accept it is meant to happen?  
Do you yallow in misguidance, or.....

Do you know your true direction?  
Do you follow the path your given, or.....

Do you follow what you feel?  
Do you do what you've been told?

Do you follow your Heart?  
Do you follow your Head?

Do you become a Winner? Or.....  
Do you become a Loser?

In Life.

DARREL KINCAID

# Love Is Smiling

'Love is Smiling'...

...As You lay down beside Me.

My depress become hopes,

my fear becomes dreams,

what were pains, become pleasures.

what didn't exist before...

realities..

In your Faith in Me,

builds my Religion.

In your Love for Me,

my Trust.

Forever is overwhelming,

but with You, Here,

Now, with Me,

Feels,

like Enough.

Forever....

DARREL KINCAID

# Never Be Sorry

Never be sorry of your wrongs,  
However many,  
But be proud of all your rights,  
However few.

DARREL KINCAID

# The Gain Of Loss

Hardest of Lifes lessons is loss,  
In which having becomes without,  
When complete changes to shatters,  
That what was full is, just an emptiness,

And guided becomes lost.  
Security of knowing, fades to a memory,  
Images of Love, become dreams,  
Security of touch, a sensation ebbed away,

And Loneliness becomes company.  
When the weakened Heart, strengthens,  
tired from the weariness, of loss,  
Growing, of the last Love,

To become the strength,  
Of the next.  
Lesson learned, is not to Love less,  
With Loss,

lesson is, to learn to Love Grander,  
With Gain.

DARREL KINCAID

# The Whispering Of Me.

Such noise as I make, just silence to some.

My contrite emotions, in company with one.

The simplicity of Life, as Grand as I see.

Is a Miracle in itself, yet heard by only me.

DARREL KINCAID

# The Withering Of Beauty

The withering of Beauty,

the faltering of Life.

As much as we put into it,

it is cut away from us,

by blade and by knife.

Eager hope, for more than some,

Striving for virtues, only to be left,

with the insensitivity

of none.

Having Faith in your God,

your Country,

your Soul.

Yet still left with the feeling,

of being so much less,

then whole.

Endeavoring the the meltdown, the smoldering

of All,

to resound in the fact,

together or alone,

None of Us,

are that small.

Idle words, as subtle to some,

will still let to be known, as a whole,

We are but One.

DARREL KINCAID

# 'Weighted Wings'

'Weighted Wings'

Born in venture to soar,

lead in the reality,

to not.

Known to strive to rise,

yet view as seen,

is not such...

as sought.

To lift such weighted wings,

is to soar.

Beyond expectations,

high,

to something more.

Beyond such realities given,

to dreams reaching,

beyond Earth,

beyond Sky.

Beyond Heavens,

and beyond Compare.



Beyond all that sings;

'To the Determined and Deserved,

I give this, the Hope.

The Hope and Desire,

to Soar,

with such Weighted Wings'.

To that 'Something More'.

DARREL KINCAID

# When Depression Owns The Heart.....

.....It's a depression so deep it finds a way into the Soul,  
traveling through every pore of your Heart.

A depression so enlarged, it encompasses every bit  
of your Reality,  
leaving that Reality, a mere cloudy memory.

A depression so dense, it compresses every will  
you once had,  
bowing you down to accept that will, as it's own.

A depression so devious it takes you piece by piece,  
consuming, each piece,

day by day.  
A depression so truly disheartening,

it Leaves You,  
with no other emotions.

A depression so dangerous,  
it slaughters,

Everything.  
Inside.

Of You.

DARREL KINCAID