

Poetry Series

**Kevin Brian Wright**  
**- poems -**

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# Kevin Brian Wright(11/03/76)

By Bill McDonald, President: American Authors Association

Poet Kevin Brian Wright is a romantic in the best sense of that word. He captures the divine romance of life through his brilliant prose. His words come across as if they were written by a 15th century monk who is high on the spiritual bliss of Holy Communion. One can almost feel this inner joy and "light" he projects with images from his words and phrasing.

Wright's poetry evokes those same sacred feelings that come from the work of other divine and mystical poets such as Radindranath Tagore, Rumi, and Paramahansa Yogananda in his book of poems called "Whispers From Eternity". This is tall company but I believe Wright's work possesses that same kind of spiritual DNA.

To call Kevin Brian Wright a mystic would not be a far stretch—his words certainly convey the feeling that he is reaching out beyond the material world and has escaped the illusions of this reality. If he had been born in another time or place, he could have well been friends with the likes of Blake, Shelley, Keats or Lord Byron. He fits well into both the romantic and the mystical poet's clothing.

His words are a perfect bridge to the feelings he is trying to convey. He is not afraid to expose his heart and soul in his poems. Truly a gifted writer and one of immense understanding of things beyond the veil of life; it is no hyperbole to say that his work is that of a young master poet! This poet is destined for greater things than just poetry. He is on his way to self-realization!

# A Poets Tell

My pressing hand of a poets tell,  
Where the sweet release of her enchanting eyes are shown.  
And beauty true, haunts her unvanishing glance.  
Which breathes like an existing star on it's earthen visit.

My inward heart of love, unconquered, fell long, so dear,  
For a lovely woman who now must wing her flight.  
Oh! Weep my almighty fathers, Qh! Weep your son,  
Ease this tyrant monster that pains my bosom.

Woes renew and tread my cheek with scorching tears,  
In this kindling heart of soul pure, I lay my spirit,  
A thousand time I hold her in love, and would leave her not,  
Let this world be won.

Kevin Brian Wright

# Curse The Stars

When death has hidden her from me,  
Let the twinkling host of night be barren,  
And my heart outcries in woes to meet it,

To curse the stars and let their twilight reap in darkness  
And when heavens eyes looks for day,  
May the blackness lock the doors on my life.

It is I that should of perished,  
Buried away in a noble grave of moss,  
Never to see the light.

Why did you not receive me, my Lord  
Maybe I should of laid down  
within a pool of my own poison.

If I had rest, would I have been at peace?  
Let this servant be free from the chains of his master to join his beloved.  
Here I wait for the dead mans spirit, but it comes not,

So I search for it but the path is hidden from me.  
I have no ease but tears, no rest,  
but sighs, no strength, but woes,

How can I refrain from the ultimate sin?  
Falling upon my faltering knee,  
With the wrath of a broken man,

To free the life you have given to me,  
for the life you have taken from me.

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Kevin Brian Wright

# In Noble Beauty

In love is always my heart by love conquered,  
There my soul long renewed,  
Summons for her, where dreamers born,

Stars worn, where night descends to meet  
Her eyes a spell cast lovers wise  
A trance of beauty's heavy sleep,

As ancient Babylon ordains love to reign it's course,  
Where a poet stood, with eyes brimmed in tears  
Moved by the brooding passions of his work.

Dear lady, where every word on her exceeds,  
heavenward where love billows  
In noble beauty graced in worth.

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Kevin Brian Wright

# The Music

That heavenly window in which her dazzling eyes best seen,  
Bright like the fair sun where virtuous flowers glow.  
Within the records of eternity a poet's name renown.

Verses pour to truly tell the immortality of her beauty.  
In simple kills of comfort I write in more than the blackest ink,  
But from the hearts divine poison that bleeds from loves sweet wounds.

Of passion, of love, of war, her eyes wage truce with amorous rays,  
In sweet salute round the stars serene.  
Her eyes shall never dim, even in the cold sleep of death.

No dark planet could hide those lovely spheres,  
My hand learns to softly bend that golden bow  
When the air is still, with unchanging light

Loves darts gives so great the snares of bliss to my heart.  
Sweetly tender whom my soul desires, the lady  
The music still breathes for.

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# Ye Stars

Ye stars that burns with heavens fire,  
Wander the deep browed climes beneath the enamored moon  
And those twinkling eyes that host the tranquil night.  
Is the living heart that all power proceeds her love that lies within me.

Almighty God of heaven and your precious miracles,  
Where you made the skies open and floods of virtuous love spring.  
Oh, my dear saint out went and scales the plains of beauty,  
That passion wears, where my lady dwells.

On the sweet brow of an angel unused with a form so fair,  
Crowned in veils of raven tresses, with a model face,  
Breasts of youthful beauty, and crimson lips of gentle kisses,  
Sparkling with eyes of pearl that glows the jewels of the stars.

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