

Poetry Series

Mike Gift
- poems -

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Mike Gift()

tell me if you want to read my blog, ,
it is me.

these black and white keys in front of me,
will play all the possible melodies.
but fer now it is a place i can never be,
please, time, grant this myth to me, let me drown in ecstasy.
and you can walk with me, walk with me.

Mike Gift

Babe Listen To My This Last Song Ever

this last symphony we shall play,
here goes the final song,
rhythm of heaven, tempo of hell,
chorus of my love, despise of yours?
this song i sing, i sing with ardent affection,
and helplessly devote in it,
never will i concern whether there'd be applauses,
my fondness i could not conceal,
and would you concede?
please just once, my dear,
look into my eyes even if it was never pretty,
listen to my words and not neglect any of it,
this awful song perhaps, would not be played again.
as this hymn reaches the last note,
my breath ends with it,
even the bleak light would soon be gone.
to become the dew that quenches your heart,
i offer thee this silent sacrifice.

Mike Gift

Baby Blue

sing this song, not that long
when it ends, i will land
give me more, never sore
never new, it is you
show us smile, we're fragile
look up high, in the sky
it will rain, without pain
i was born, not to torn
stomp the ground, mess around
this is earth, without nerve

Mike Gift

Beautifully Made

it is pretty indeed,
for you are His lovely child,
you have made me love you in every possible way.
have i been blinded,
not that i would still care,
the most graceful scene i have already seen.
say the word would you,
silence me once and for all,
or let me boast how much i have for you.
one sound mind owns infinite thoughts,
apparently right, shall i doubt then,
as the only thought i have is you.
once more i am here,
a place that i do not know,
despite the unknown destination, i have no fear in me.
i did not trade my love for yours,
i love you,
cause i just do.

Mike Gift

Dreadful Sins

these souls corrupted by sins,
lust of selfishness tempted us effortlessly,
guided us far away from bliss,
allowing this world to be in craze.
homes that spent ages to construct,
not excluding the firm God-made mountains,
doomed at once,
refusing to let families stay in whole.
dough and dough were bestowed,
endowing all possible aids,
only one with a wicked heart would turned away,
yet lives had evanesced,
tragedy remains tragedy.
griefs trespassed our hearts,
tears sailed on many cheeks,
infinite cries were heard,
louder and louder,
as blood spilled, flowed, and flooded,
taking over the streams.
we mourned, thus we give our hands,
not neglecting the smallest one,
wishing this hardship will soon end.
some unities evidenced by our eyes at last,
hardened-heart began to love,
despite the uncertainty of its length,
it makes no difference.
if the world seeks for its own destruction,
it goes with it,
the world is in craze.

Mike Gift

Hey Girl, I Am Here. Here

the twilight's sunshine permeates the room,
it shines over you, making your smile so irresistible,
and i saw an angel.
as the song begins to play,
your foot too started to move so lightly,
there you would sway,
dancing with no flaws.
on this dance floor, this is where you belong,
your moves so gently, matches the song perfectly,
you close your eyes, indulge in the music,
your hem coincides the floor like the leaf sailing on water's surface,
under this dazzling sunshine, embosom with this lovely song,
so beauty a dance i have ever behold.
every steps you take tell a story of yours,
manifesting such graceful nature you possess,
enchanted all your acquaintances.
you hum along the dance,
smile on your face had never once fallen,
and this is paradise.
if i could be the other half that is barely tolerable,
and only i could join in your dance,
to hold you in my embrace,
we shall dance to the end of our stories.

Mike Gift

I Didn'T Mean To Waste Your Time

my friend,
your desire i know not,
had i know you more,
shall not there be such despond,
yet these futilities, i'd never learned.
my friend,
when the final word brings about the end of acquaintances,
the torments everlasting,
but my love, fond of ignorance,
such abhorrence, how pathetic.
my friend,
you'd allowed me no dreams,
strike my faith to evanescence,
hindsights of mine,
claimed its victory over my absurd foresights.
my friend,
for you are the most amiable,
senses of yours have my utmost esteem,
had you not been such beauty,
this soul would not bewitched with this dearly affection.
my friend, my dreams,
even if the morrow is barren of promises,
nothing shall forestall my return.

Mike Gift

I Have A Dream, Mr. King

hey king,
i have a dream too,
a dream that is as grand as yours,
at the very least, i think it is,
i have a dream,
that her hand would be in mine,
and we shall walk this path of life,
together thither,
i have a dream,
that every morning when i open my eyes,
i could see your smile just beside of me,
and we would smile till the end,
i have a dream,
that even when you face the biggest obstacles,
you would find my shoulders the most comfort place to lean on,
trust me, i will overcome all things for you,
i have a dream,
that one day we would sit down side by side,
share every of our stories,
whether it is joy, sorrow, embarrassment, it never mattered,
i have a dream,
that you would be in my arms,
where you could close your eyes and rest on me,
and we would wish this will be for ever.

Mike Gift

I Love You

you call me a stranger,
after i have long been here,
i hope its not over,
for you are my saviour.

tell me i am pretty,
say that you love me,
even if it is insanity,
be frugal with my dignity.

i thought things went better,
and our bond greater,
so we could be together,
show me it is possible.

sing to me this melody,
never end our journey,
make me father of your baby,
let it be eternity.

pass me a paper,
get rid of my suffers,
stop this wander,
no more les miserables.

Mike Gift

I Love You First, I Love You First.

The pen has left the paper long ago,
Along with it went the soul.
There he lived his life that he had tried to mould,
Like Chris sings, if you never try, you'll never know.

Tidal, tidal, tidal flow,
The waves may be ruthless but the sound mellow.
Amidst the tides he has lost even his shadow,
Worry not unworthy being, the moon's still shining, it's yellow.

Yesterday he smiled again,
Yesterday the joy was born out of pain.
World and words came tumbling on him but in vain,
You can't shut his mouth, mute his songs, it's all in vain, all in vain.

So you see, so you see,
Les miserable doesn't exist. He is sober.
On his grave you will pee, you will pee,
He'll reply with a smile. St. of Calcutta has become his Her.

Mike Gift

I Need You, I Do

my friend,
your desire i know not,
had i known you more,
shall not there be such despondence,
yet these futilities, i'd never learned.
my friend,
when the final word brings about the end of acquaintances,
the torments everlasting,
but my love, fond of ignorance,
such abhorrence, how pathetic.
my friend,
you'd allowed me no dreams,
strike my faith to evanescence,
hindsights of mine,
claimed its victory over my absurd foresights.
my friend,
for you are the most amiable,
senses of yours have my utmost esteem,
had you been such a beauty,
this soul would not be bewitched with this dearly affection.
my friend, my dreams,
even if the morrow is barren of promises,
nothing shall forestall my return.

Mike Gift

If Every Morning Could Be Like This.

been a long long time.
saw your face.
felt like the blue blue sky,
that clouds and clouds wander by.
no boundaries, no lines,
seen it all. that's a palpable lie.
you smile&cry laugh&sigh,
wanna picture those moments make it all mine mine,
for all the while i am thy.
on the morning that's lovely,
Prince is not all that scary,
you made sandwiches that's not salty,
jump&bellow roar&thump when telling your story,
speak&talk scream&shout with all the smiley,
grin like a chubby baby,
point and say fat was your belly,
i said nah. you yelled i'm round really,
jeans are not fer fatty,
in my head there're voices saying you are no babi,
you waved to the working daddy,
kissed by the motherly mummy,
you are still and always the beauty,
the drama and the pleasant lady.

Mike Gift

If Tomorrow Is My Funeral, Do You Think That You Could Come?

for the soul that has been drained,
you will not be filled.
for the love that has died inside,
why did you hide.
for the place that never was and never will be,
would you ever let me make her see.
for the girl that live a life i could not share,
when will we be breathing the same air.

you'll probably not see this.
still. i find myself in love with you.
totally.

Mike Gift

I'M Naked

and the wind blew
fallen kite was pulled up high to the sky again
dancing with the clouds
smiling with the sun
floating above all blues
please run my dear
run
thus i'll fly

let me sing
a song of yours
deep down from the inside
putting smiles on you is something i am eager to do
let me tell
a story of yours
from the beginning
till no end
even there is no touch, i yours. still
let me scream
a name of yours
as if i am welcoming the angel
up from above
in my eyes, there is wing on you
let me hold
a hand of yours
when you smile and when you cry
despite of the numbers of hands on yours, i believe my turn will come
let me share
a joy of yours
with me
without me
the world is dark, you've just lit it up
let me rant
i love you

Mike Gift

Into Thin Air

tell me what's the song,
that we used to sing.
when i get the pitch,
indulged in the melody,
fingers on the key,
my eyes closing,
breathing and breathing,
the song i'll play.
there wouldn't be any lyrics,
for only the symphony,
could tell the story.
did it permeate your heart?
if it did,
let me be your tears of joy,
born from your eyes,
sailed on the cheeks,
died in your lips.

Mike Gift

It's You

she was wearing a white jacket,
as immaculate as she always is.
his eyes sought hers,
she smiled,
he saw a little sun shining so brightly,
and he knows very well,
he will never find a smile like this on anyone else,
she owned this very smile called beautiful,
that God has gifted her,
only privileged to this lovely child.

today she's in white too,
but their smiles never seemed to meet again.

Mike Gift

June, The Sweetest Time

the wind blew with such a scent,
like flowers to the heart that's on the mend.
maybe after all it was a test in lent,
twisted story twisted remains bend.

little rose little rose sent to the sky,
with the wind as the sailor it flew up high.
flying to the beacon, the sunshine, the eternal light, the heaven's nigh,
since then bewitched and never left were my eyes.

so i lied on the green green grass,
played the whistle that was made of brass.
shut my sight as from this hectic i am already weary,
infinite melodies opened vast cavern of my soul as this music send the space into
endless reverie.

reached out my hand fer the sweet little flower,
air was all i held and i know there had been a dent.
smiled and hope you health and laughter,
may this wind remember the scent.

Mike Gift

June's Raindrops Falling On My Head

her light is dim but her aura's always a beauty,
it goes along with a tragic symphony,
she thought herself an unpleasant lady,
her brain and her tongue met, sang a rueful melody.

wind i fond but it is gone,
game is over, nothing have i won,
creep into your world and found no bond,
please don't sigh girl, look it is dawn.

what more can i yield?
when all this is due.
you made all things sealed,
but you've no idea i am gonna make it brand new.

dear you my unfailing muse,
girl i've wrote songs for you, i can't reveal.
but my dignity mind you don't abuse,
and if you did i'll love you still.

Mike Gift

Lovely Father's Love

my soul, once corrupted,
had seek its bliss, gifted by this loveliest Father.
wounds of mine He healed,
left scars on me, reminding me,
not forgetting to remember His love.
i was by myself, with no help,
too blind that my heart would not melt,
believing all things i could do by myself.
had i live on His words,
the faith i possessed would be so great,
and you would be amazed.
now see me in the eye,
you will see this is no lie,
this hill tho steep to hike,
nothing shall deserves a sigh,
for we would learned in hindsight.

Mike Gift

Michelle

this was indeed love at first sight
yet it is deeper than u can ever imagine
the moment my eyes found you
i knew there was no turning back
you have conquer my heart and soul completely
my confidence of resisting your beauty has vanished
the ardent love of mine is out of control
no way i could stop loving you
i cannot afford to lose you
eventhough you were never with me
notwithstanding in the future i will meet countless souls
i would only want to search for your face in the crowd
your voice only i wanna seek and listen
michelle, are you listening, can you? could you? would you?
if your life is the sea, am i just a dropp of water that doesn't mean a thing
michelle, the oceans could never fit my love for you
how ironic that you said i was prominent one night, and now you wouldn't notice
me passing by
even if the morrow is barren of promises, nothing shall forestall my return
to become the dew that quenches your heart
i offer thee this silent sacrifice
my love, my desire
could you just pause for a second
and turn back
you would see i am always and still there
michelle, i

Mike Gift

My Decision

my friend, my love,
this path i have chosen.
on my way to your arms,
which had filled with thorns,
in others' eyes.
my friend, my love,
this hadn't stop me,
and it will never do,
for my greatest desire is your love.
my friend, my love,
i scream, my dream,
my love, ma belle,
i am not pretty, please
let me be at least worthy

Mike Gift

My Dream Will Never End

this world has forbidden us to dream,
foolish knowledge diminishes countless possibilities,
the heart had lost its courage,
forgetting that we could dream.
we were created uncommon by God,
for dreams are granted to us,
indeed the greatest gift,
never shall we lose it.
this dream i have but not illusions,
and it's greater than king's,
the time it'd come true is obscure,
yet it remains in my own salvation.
i could not but to take these as memories,
for it's pasts and it's passed for ever,
my friend, yet it will not fade,
and this story, everliving.
when we met, the story has begun,
even if our souls have already departed,
you have left no wound in me,
my journey to dream you have just completed.

Mike Gift

My Sweetest Downfall

such despair i have of enough,
you will now dear for my hand,
as this is also my utmost wish.
overlooking all hills upon this,
i have seen the promised land,
and you're there yelling for me.
you might not foreseen this,
perhaps, never hoped,
for my coming.
but when this footstep of mine,
draws closer and nearer to you,
you'd be amazed of such bliss.
all these infatuations long occupied me,
left unchanged and never will,
and it's stronger than ever.
this path i once knew was filled with miseries,
dreadful past haunted my mind,
yet this is over.
on my never-ending way of continuing this story,
if you have left me behind,
it is now that you will take me with you.

Mike Gift

Not Falling Apart.

The pen has left the paper long ago,
Along with it went the soul.
There he lived his life that he had tried to mould,
Like Chris sings, if you never try, you'll never know.

Tidal, tidal, tidal flow,
The waves may be ruthless but the sound mellow.
Amidst the tides he has lost even his shadow,
Worry not unworthy being, the moon's still shining, it's yellow.

Yesterday he smiles again,
Yesterday the joy was born out of pain.
World and words came tumbling on him but in vain,
You can't shut his mouth, mute his songs, it's all in vain, all in vain.

So you see, so you see,
Les miserable doesn't exist. He is sober.
On his grave you will pee, you will pee,
He'll reply with a smile. St. of Calcutta is his her.

Mike Gift

Slow Down Girl

Stumbling and crawling and falling towards you
Left far behind but never will I stop
Sought you and everything was worth
You standing and harrowing there

Stretching my arms heartily
Close your eyes, rest on me, the world will lull
You lost that, You got this, You chased that, You caught this
You have all my heart

Take it.
I yield your footprints in the sand To be
Ahead of you
Open your eyes, I am here
You pulled me once
Never more shall I fall

Hop on
My back, I'll have your cross
My turn now to lead you
And I know you'll find your life

You live in my every thought, be scared no longer
In me you shall have your endless calm
Allow me to fill
All your air with Love
Sleep, my dear sleep

Let sorrows escape from tears and Die on your lips
Open your eyes and see wonderland's right here
You've not missed, Past you but coming back
Here's your heaven

Your shelter, Your holiday, Your sanctuary
I'll sing to you, let the songs overflow noise
Though the uncaring clock never stops for you
You know I will

I've endured miseries. I'll be strong for you

Always standing firm for you to rely on
Breath now the air
Just smile, light's there
I'll be your hope

Mike Gift

Snow White

this is a story you've given me
here is where it all began
i believe it wouldn't stop
and your story'll continue to tell
every glimpse on it
i'll be reborned again
there're pictures of you
i'd snap and keep in mind
which caught me blind
there's still a line
parted you and me aside
you placed a stop sign
left me behind
i'll never sigh. i'll only cry
a brand new story i wanna return
not yours not mine
it's a story where we can both share
your past i have not been there
yet i desperately wanna be in your future
it is fading away
the shadows of yours had moved on
chasing where the light is
found myself in a place
a place that i've been and leaved
here we go again

Mike Gift

So You See This World Doesn'T Matter To Me

it is my heart you steal,
the day of returning is undue,
yours i yield.
times went back ahead,
tick tock stop and stay,
thou shall not see in haze.
wings of joy spread afar,
this love to you is bizarre,
i drink alone in bar.
truth lost and found,
all bell sleep sound,
you in a wedding gown.
no hopes lived in eyes,
flood of light in minds,
this song is turpentines.

Mike Gift

Superman

it has been a while for the sky to hesitates,
to rain or not to rain,
to hide the sun or let it shines.
finally you cried,
as the rain grazes the window,
my tears slided down too.
and i desperately seek for the sun,
where the lights had been so bright once.
the bleak wind just wouldn't stop,
for my foresights are bleak also.
memories shattered deep inside of me,
leaving endless scars when it's passed.
the distance was diminished, i thought,
foolish me.
to blanket you with every love of mine,
had taken away the air you used to breath,
thus you run, out of my gaze.
i've tried to reach your hands,
and air was all i get to hold.
my last breath ends with your last text,
i believe tho, there will still be next.
it is not the same again this time,
i fall, not to the ground,
but the hands holding my back.
this love of me contains no harms,
but to see you smile,
place me at your blind spot,
where i will make no sound,
speak no words.
I love you.

Mike Gift

Tears In Heaven

oh my dear dear friend,
let me tell how great you are.
you comfort my soul,
put all troubles on hold.
and the sea is calm,
all because of you.
just like the wind blew,
you once made me flew.
just like we both know,
of you and i we don't know.
i have this one goal,
to lie on this grass with you.
when we look up high,
heaven's smiling and it's nigh.
knowing you are not mine,
it made me cry.
but when you smile again,
all the pains subside.
there is tears in heaven,
you can smile when you cry.
do you see it now?
lay your cheeks on my palm,
let me kiss you from your lips to your heart.

Mike Gift

This Everlasting Gift Of Mine

i could not care for what's happening
as you are the only one i think
is it despair or is it something
for this love of mine has no ending

the days begin with a smile
facing you i will be dull
attendance thus hard to tick
patience for you will not get sick

would you like me, possibly love me
if i would to walk towards you again
my love does come unreserved
it has never subsided

i'll soon come once more, finally i dare
for infatuations occupied this heart
there is no pain involved
tonight, my love sprouts

Mike Gift

To Become Your Pianist

life is immense,
can you understand that?
can you imagine it?

how far can you go?
how much can you see?

why? why? why? why? why? why? why?
why? why? why? why? why? why? why?

we spend too much time wondering why,
why? why? why? why? why? why? why?

have you heard the sea cries?
the leaves sing?

did your love ones brush your hair lightly,
like the breeze does?

in this infinite world,
where is the line?
all i could do is but finite.

but on these keys of eighty-eight,
there is no end.
hey girl, open your eyes,
i can already hear the song playing.

Mike Gift

Ultimate Perfection

beautiful is you,
made me feel brand new,
caused my heart unsealed,
to put smile on you cost no bill.
perfecto is you,
the prettiest view,
like a stream and a windmill,
take my soul and kill,
i hope you knew.
it's you, it's you,
even if no wish was fulfilled,
i never thought you ill,
just i love you.

Mike Gift

White Cube

Fingers flow fingers flow
Sail on the keys of the pianoforte get my soul blown
Foots on the pedal you play slow

Room's so white so immaculate
You sing so well so angelic
This paradise so great so i need not exaggerate

And i sing along, i sing it all
Roll my joy like a snowball

It is real indeed it is real
Stare at the windows, the doors, the doorsteps, wish it is sealed
So future would not reviewed and revealed
Real for me real for you

And i sing along, i sing it all
Roll my joy like a snowball

Come, let these duets play
Lead me to the perfect say
I play dull, i you sway
Let me lay let me lay
On your bed gotten in May

Together we make sound
At moment like this we will drown
Let the world goes round and round
Our smiles need not a single pound
My fondness is simple and profound

And i sing along, i sing it all
Roll my joy like a snowball
Speaking to you not with law
There's time in a minute, i fell you saw
But we have left it behind, left it all
So there will be no downfall
Run baby run to this see-saw
Ups and downs our hands will never fall

Mike Gift

Words That Go Together Well

some said we were born as an empty book,
only with covers.
paintings, words, stories,
pretties or uglies,
filled us up as we live on our lives,
long as we hold our breath,
stories thus continue to tell.
he just stood there,
as if a book waiting for your little hand to flip through it,
for you to read, to understand, to be excited of,
will you be interested in it, will you?
some books shine through their gorgeous covers,
some do not but to hide behind the ordinary,
perhaps ugly cover.
is it the cover that draws your hand?
or just so happened, inexplicably,
that this one book made you felt it could be read,
over and over again,
and you will never get bored of it,
it's simply wonderful,
words in words,
lines between lines,
pages within pages,
you discovered more and more as you read,
as fantasy as it could be,
you would make marks on this book,
an explanation, a thought, or just symbols,
that only you could apprehend,
it accumulated as memories, replies
or maybe it would be,
a dialog.
there're lives in this book,
which you placed your lives competing with its pace,
you thought you knew the story, and you're in it,
but you are way behind it.
one may have many books,
on the shelves, under the bed, in the toilet,
and which do you actually read it?
she stood there, like a book,

that i wanted to read dearly,
no matter how wayward it is.
wishing my name would be written on it,
and there'll be chapters and chapters,
that have me as the title.
i have read those could be seen,
now i wanna read the unread, the unseen,
and this might just be the beginning of the reading.
if i were able to read this book of yours,
will you read mine too?
for this book is written for you, ma belle.

Mike Gift

Your Hands Are Cold

where is your faith? why wouldn't you wait?
just a few steps, everything changed,
tell her you came, reach for her gate.
sat on the sand, gaze at the hollow,
they vanish,
the grass, the faces, the place,
vanish like fog under sunshine.
bleak wind blew, gentle as saint,
smirk and sneer, o smirk and sneer,
candy in hand left barely a bar half.
there you go, again,
weep like a dastard, weep and pray,
finger crossed but no faith came.
do not blame the fate,
only your courage always come late,
thus nothing can be ornate.
can you still breathe?
why is it that,
your hands are cold.

Mike Gift

Your Irresistible Smile

leaves on tree had turned green and fell,
untold days passed by untold,
these eyes behold infinite changes,
as this is inevitable in lives.
this world soon to be eclipsed,
live through millions times,
suffered every lies,
yet these fools know no signs.
but as the sun still shines,
the tree still sways,
the skies and seas won't bind,
this heart will not die,
and if it does,
it would be of your smile.

Mike Gift