

Poetry Series

**Patrick Derilus**  
**- poems -**

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# Patrick Derilus(11-23-91)

just a kid looking to make it out in life.

# A Sample

After laying dormant in that cave of despair,  
The angel has just started to spread it's wings  
Don't lock the door now, the show has just begun..  
Again, I have underestimated my mind and what it can do  
Imagine the pinnacle of my power, being reached to unknown odds  
I begin to understand how to do this assignment  
I must add on and never subtract..  
Death, I may be at your mercy but the whispering stops!  
I will hug mother earth with a smile  
Not only does the healing begin..  
But I shalt bring about life anew, Ablaze purifying my body  
No more will my children scurry freely in the flowers  
They shall be trained to be the best they can ever be..  
Rebellious I stay, Cooperative I leave.

Patrick Derilus

# Animosity

My thoughts rage with an irritability....

Whether the intention is bad or good, I conceive to myself that no one or anything shall get in my way....

When something enlightens my concerns It's as if time it's self is running out....

Patience does not exist in my mentality....

In the state of mind, my wants somehow turn into needs....

And Irritation Turns into anger....

My conflicts are faced internally...

Seeing now it is a new day, i relax the tensions of my body and mind....

And try to maintain what i cannot contain.

Patrick Derilus

# Blasé Universe

As my journal abides to overflow with words on my life, my thoughts scatter...  
and still i am unsatisfied with what i have to endure constantly....

Unsatisfied with how things function....Life is one thing i still Pursue to  
misunderstand....

That life is one of the things you make of it...

And that it is rare to find it tedious at all.

Patrick Derilus

# Blood Is Thicker Than Water

You may never know when a friendship is waiting to shatter into the glass  
Friends may come and go.....but family is eternal.

Patrick Derilus

# Blood On Literature

The words are so convincing it can cause someone to die...  
The words are all but truth for humanity to place their eyes on  
The more my pen pressures the paper, the more it suffers  
But I have a message to put out and with that I shall write until the paper is  
shredded...  
I shalt leave with a smile on my face...  
My words shall leave literature in liquidation.

Patrick Derilus

# Caribbean Heritage

My country was one of the first to gain it's independence...

Humid days and arctic nights...

With conditions like these...

It's almost seems hard to stay away...

Frequent feedback i get about my country now always seems to come out from Satan's perspective...

Thoughts transform into assumptions...

My heard bleeds out red and blue....Regardless of what Position my Country is in,

I shall not turn my back on it.

Patrick Derilus



# Days Of A Week.

Mondays i am suspended from consciousness...

Tuesdays i am ready and willing....

Wednesdays it is a mellow dawn to dark for the young inhabitant...

Thursday is the era for forgiveness...

Friday is the time for finalization....

Saturday is the age of jocularly...

Sunday is the zenith for devotion.....

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Patrick Derilus

# Death On A Rampage

Death, this word is used in many different terms

Death is also described as an evil entity

This year it has somewhat run it's destructive path across the depths of the earth...

We have lost many icons at random

I begin to wonder if this is a sign

What has caused this phenomenon to happen so frequently?

Am I the next to meet my fate?

Only the lord may know.

Patrick Derilus

# Destined

The bad doubt my foreshadowing endurance  
The good discretely put confidence in my ability...  
That shining day with the sun growing it's allies...  
A covenant was developed, I cannot lie...  
Once I was let into den of the lion, I turn away to closing the cage  
Alas, I must go back to be the best in this universe and the next  
Distractions pull me off the right route  
I don't want them to think for me, It is something I must fight  
Is it Satan again?  
No, the sanctum is fine for the moment but I still worry...  
It is known I embrace the darkness because the light is dim  
Humanity is black and white, I am the saturation  
My evil ego tells me she is not my mother  
Please, the band aids on my body do not recover my logical sanity  
Between the yin and the yang, there shalt be balance  
Lend me the shovel, for as I am dropped upon my feet I must try again  
To see my true self.

Patrick Derilus

# Emotion Behind Consultation (Written In Anapests)

In the light...  
In the dark...  
In the beginning...  
In the end...  
You used to be my enemy  
Now you are my friend  
Killing and anger is of mother earth...  
Quickly feeling the voices of ended souls...  
Jumping freely with joy  
Like the childhood of a little boy  
The media getting colder and colder  
breathing in the polluted air  
hard to live in this cold world  
Never warm enough to being peaceful  
With psyches lying on the earth's chest  
Along with her degenerating  
Who knows what we'll have for tomorrow.

Patrick Derilus

# End Of Time?

It still manages to puzzle me...  
The clock still seems to tick...  
The sand in the hour glass still continues to run...  
It's amazing how long it's been going...  
As time runs, i still continue to question Time's abilities...  
I turn to see it is 5: 00pm...  
My back is turned it is now 7: 00pm....  
Time is something you never be able to rush....  
But it is able to rush you....  
Who knows when it will be the end of time....

Patrick Derilus

# Enlightened Perspective

Big words leave diminutive definitions....  
leaving people dumbfounded on what these terms mean....  
my pen bleeds out logic as to presuming that it doesn't matter  
how intelligent words bleed out from the ink of your pen..  
As long as your literature induces some philosophy and wisdom to the mind...  
Your small Words have created a big alteration to someone's life.

Patrick Derilus

# Everlasting Stamina

The level of your vitality has no end...  
Throughout life, it seems you are able to do anything....  
Without Tiring out....  
As if a million hearts acted as one....  
And you were forever immortalized....  
Prepared to take whatever comes your way....  
Only when your last day arrives....to this earth...  
Stamina is no longer needed.

Patrick Derilus

# Everything I Am

I am afflicted upon with too much to worry....  
More everyday demons I carry on to vanquishing  
Come with self consciousness...  
When in the mental, My insides are easily penetrated...  
Afraid of rejection....  
Insecure about the way I am....  
I pray on to the next dawn to dark that I Must change...

But nevertheless, the turtle's shell is not so easily cracked....  
Too close minded of a being that blocks out everything that comes my  
way....  
Physically one of the mightiest...  
But Mentally a feeble deer in the woods....  
Intending to fix what is wrong is easy....  
But with endeavorance, It feels as if it is  
To change to better my own.

Patrick Derilus



# Imperfect Perfection

They all never cease to amaze me  
With a minor stain on my shirt, why can't I take it off?  
I think differently, the drips are still there...  
On and off it will happen, Why can't I stay clean?  
My clothes are off, but I cannot cheat  
The development in the ultimate warrior is in progress  
Misunderstood, It is hard to understand...  
Laziness and 50% effort is giving up, can I do it?  
I am my worst enemy  
Albert Einstein, how did you do it?  
Leonardo Da Vinci, teach me the ways  
I wish to go back in time, fixing the errors in my life...  
The number one covenant is to never go out without a fight...  
Thus, my new life will be constructed  
You all have taught me a great moral  
A vision is portrayed, with enough pain I shall reign  
My imperfections will bring me to perfection.

Patrick Derilus

# Infinite

From the day of my existence, I have been through plenty of foreshadowing tragedies...

But I do not persist in giving up so easily

I am half way towards my destination

Already the journey is brainwashed into my mind that it is effortful...

But nevertheless, that shall not be my excuse

I am the one of a kind that shall eternally live onto the afterlife...

My body will forever be scorched into flames

But the anima shall stand 'INFINITE'

Always.

Patrick Derilus

## Laura St. Cyr (Tribute To My Grandmother)

Placed on mother earth in 1938....

And has left her trademark in 2003....

My insides still mutilate with agony....

Knowing you are now gone....

I still reminisce on memories from time to time....

You had departed with faith....

And left me with your rosary beads to hold onto....

I sometimes look into the vault of heaven and know when my days are expired...

We can forever Peacefully roam in the Afterlife....

R.I.P.

Patrick Derilus

# Leave Me Alone

Your evil intentions will not phase through me, Satanic entity....

Your purpose is only to bring nothing but fear, hate and destruction into everyone you come into contact with...

The evil you have brought into the world...is even contacted through Conscience...

someone feels as if doing good is no use to them...they retaliate in doing bad deeds...

Which is when you arrive on the person's right shoulder.....

I even wonder sometimes when this chaos will come to an end..

Patrick Derilus

# Life On A Mission

Humans, animals and things all alive....

Are here with a sole purpose....

we have succeeded thus far in this Corrupted planet...

Not a job, but a mission....

Making assured that the world can become a better place....

Even through all the turmoil,

We shall do everything in our power to save the world.

Patrick Derilus

# Loss Of Her Touch

Growing up as a young one,  
it was hard to tell what caught attention to your ears...  
But then it was her who outrageously caught my attention...  
As years go by she seems to get surprisingly worse...  
She was more rigid than an unbalanced desk....  
She had more logic and legitimate words and ideas...  
My touch within yours is fading away...  
Is it that of the environment around you....  
Or is it the fact that you are incapable of loving anymore?

Patrick Derilus

# Meaningless Words

Most of where i pace, Humanity is immune to never creating a second mouth for this beast to feed upon....

It is constant for humankind to screech pessimistically about a certain being or something that does not even exist...

The tiger is never affected by words that mean nothing to it.....

Beliefs of society can always be opinionated....

But almost never proven fact.

Patrick Derilus

# Mind Playing Tricks On Me

It feels as if it is more powerful than a conscience that comes into play...

It feels like more of an entity that tries to take control...

Willpower also has a role in defeating evil monstrosities that come my way....

Only if you give your will the power and confidence that you need....

Also feeling as if some times there are 2 sides to my mind....

Good facing off against evil...

Forever cursed to facing internal conflicts...

Evil wanting to let it's negative judgments corrupt my entire mentality....

Feeling as if my mind is playing tricks on me....and i have voices roaming around my head...

Patrick Derilus



# Modern Melodies

Potent words coming from musical virtuosos...  
Most of what humanity's attention is caught by.....  
Music diversifying from amazing cultural artists...  
those that no longer roam this earth still continue to bring music to society's  
ears...  
The aura you receive from adopting to different varieties of music....  
attempting to find the meaning behind it....  
Residing from rock 'n' roll to hip hop.....  
How songs have more than meaning and the incredible samples these musical  
artists use...  
Most of what humankind is attracted to is listening to musical tunes...  
Whatever sounds melodic your own opinion....  
It's also as if music can easily alter your emotions just by listening and relaxing...  
Music is one of the elements that make us go round.....  
Without music there is no trace of life....  
Hearing different beats, rhythms, notes and choruses get you wondering....  
Why the song is so great...?  
The musical tune brings so much joy to a person's life,  
constant replays of the same hook and verse...  
The joy of it just doesn't end.

Patrick Derilus

# Mother

Dedicated to my creator, the one who has raised me most of my life  
I dedicated this poem to my mother, Fernande Saint - Tulas...  
Even though most of my life, it was complicated to understand....  
I have slowly grown to learn that you were my sole protector, as i was yours....  
Also knowing you have had a hard knock life trying to raise me and my sibling...  
having numerous encounters with heart conditions and still managed to live past  
all the negatives....  
I have underestimated your capabilities...  
You are a real woman.....  
I know when you finally meet up with Laura....I look foward to living in the  
afterlife with you in the Vault of heaven.

Patrick Derilus

# Mutilating Literature

He begins to scrape huge amounts of ink against the tree's branches...  
He writes words that could touch many people....  
anger is showing it's essence though what he is currently perceiving...  
He impacts the crowd with eminence...  
As long as humankind is there to support him...  
There is nothing he can't do.

Patrick Derilus

# My Birthstone

My November born inhabitants

I feel as if we have lost touch with each other

We are a unique people, Known to protect others minds from being corrupted...

Citrine is our encouragement

Known to support the body and process energy for the weak...

We signify loyalty...

Faithfulness towards our family and friends

Having amazing mental strength

Showing bravery and courage when needed to.

Patrick Derilus

# My Death

It will be a second in remembrance when I shall be gone...  
Within vitality you are nothing as if you were never there...  
When the time comes, I ask not to cry...  
But to embrace every second of my nothingness in demise...  
When the time comes, Things may be better off without me  
I write in depression knowing I don't speak highly of my being...  
And I write in inner happiness knowing I left a trademark for myself  
As for when I go...I pray that the afterlife is alluring  
Realizing life to being abominable and malevolent.

Patrick Derilus

# Narrative [ My Perspective ]

Patrick Jonathan Derilus

Mr. Filie

Period 6/7

Poetry

## My Perspective

Patrick Jonathan Derilus is a young boy trying to turn his life around by defeating the demons that continue to destroy him....His life is somewhat different from how society sees everything else....

Feeling as if he is a cursed child ...Cursed as if he is forever trapped in a cold cell..."Understanding" reality and how things happen is one of the things that attempts to get the best out of him and ironically it is succeeding...

But Patrick tries to look on the bright side of things and persists to becoming the best of the best...but there are spawns in which the devil created that prevents the young warrior from doing so...

"Depression", "Doubt" and "Self Confidence" are some of the demons capable of easily annihilating Patrick...addressing these entity's...Patrick is half way through this mile run..

But not aware of what goes on in his Penetrable temple, Destruction carries on to running amuck..

Patrick can hardly make it through the day when these Demons try to pursue him...Blood is spilled, but the low class warrior is still persistently consistent...

The only things that keep him alive are "Hope", "Faith", and the little confidence he has left...Inside the doors of the devil, as a New Jack; Patrick was clueless on how and why he reacts to things a certain way...Also to the way he is to this very day...Feeling like he was being controlled by a puppet master, he foolishly is put into one of Satan's traps..As years went by, Patrick slowly began to picking up things in his mind and how it worked...

He learned on how to adapt and respond to these subliminal messages... but in time, Satan is able to quickly counteract on anything Patrick optimistically attempted to do. Leaving him with loopholes that would destroy Patrick from the inside..."WHY DOES MY MOOD AND PERSONALITY CONTINUE TO FLUCTUATE...?" Patrick asks himself. So many questions asked but none of them answered... Satan has Patrick right where he wants him. "If I can't rid of Patrick any other way, I can only destroy him mentally in which Patrick is easily fooled" Satan says.

Once internally defeated, pessimistic venoms leak into the sanctum of Patrick's temple and slowly it is melting..."WHY ME? !" Patrick asks. Having the ability to

even think for himself, Patrick wonders if he shall continue to fight off these Demons or become feasted upon..."Words coming from another voice will not be able to help me" Patrick says. Solutions being formed in his mind are to making the evil Entity's disappear for good by finding an antidote to purifying Patrick's mind...

But believing they are "antidotes" is too good to be true...Satan has created a loophole for everything in order to rid of Patrick anyway he can... Then realizing Patrick is seemingly hopeless on what to do for himself to Destroy Satan, He comes to the conclusion that Satan cannot destroy what does not exist... "WHEN MY SHACKLES OF DEPRESSION ARE BROKEN, I SHALL FIND TRUE HAPPINESS" Patrick sadly says. But he does not believe he shall rid of himself... He believes he shall continue to fight this everlasting war with Satan until these Demons are extinguished from the inside...Until he is Mentally Strong and is at peace with his mind...Patrick has vowed to attempting to destroy "Depression", "Doubt" and "Negativity" in order to becoming the Man that he intends to be...Trying to recover from his internal scars.

Patrick Derilus

# No Holding Back

It has somewhat developed within the first day of grade school...

A special way of education...

For certain types of people that have a disability or impairment....

but with this imperfection within my veins, i cannot hold back from releasing my full potential...

Knowing my learning capabilities, It shall not stop me from accomplishing my Goals.

Patrick Derilus



# No More Blood

My existence is too much for my own to bare...

Trying to find more about myself I come to realize that I have yet to become  
A better person..

To my future reference, I am the one to be alone until the end..

Having someone else on the bandwagon only makes it more difficult..

I am a corrupted one of a kind soul...

A soul that shall not pollute any beauty into a development of disaster...

Making life for this soul and every other, much more

Effortless.

Patrick Derilus

# Poetic Demon

I shall ensnare you in my words that express amazing essences that shall leave you in astonishment...

My dark and mystic powers are able to make you envision things you have never encountered before...

My name is even capable of Relinquishing all deformities that Try to do harm to You...

I Am a worldly spirit of expressive rhythmic literary commitment willing to do whatever possible to bless society with my Influential words of Harmony.

Patrick Derilus

# Pools Of Depression

All of what I carry on to learning is too difficult to believe..  
I persist to question whether if I should hold myself and continue off from where  
I started...  
Till my second thoughts turn into self assumptions...  
I am nothing but a soul confused on where to continue off from..  
I sometimes don't know what to think or believe anymore...  
I don't know if I should continue to break down and cry like the weakling I am...  
Or try to fight back this monster laying dormant within my core...  
Writing in anger and misery...  
Always asking the one downstairs what he wants..  
Feeling as if he created loopholes for every action I make...  
From here, I don't know if I should continue any longer...

Patrick Derilus

# Power Of The Sun

As this bright orb shines upon the people of the earth.....  
It gives us more than the joy of a bright sky....  
It gives us energy to live life to it's fullest....  
Also the ability to stay Optimistic...  
More enabled opportunities...  
Looking at this with different points of views....  
Without the sun.....  
There is no earth.

Patrick Derilus

# Procrastination

I wake up early in the morning,  
Looking at my schedule i have much to do...  
As time passes, i still remain constricted in the sheets of my bed....  
Instantaneously, two hours have gone past....  
I am shocked!  
Scurrying to get everything done,  
The sheets are lifted upon my mattress...  
Taking time to brush my teeth,  
Time starting from 10AM....  
Before knowing it, it is 3PM...  
My thoughts run all across my mind... running around in circles, i am now in a  
slump....  
I see now getting things done...isn't one of my strong points...

Patrick Derilus

# Recognition Of Worth

Your life is lived well just as it is given to you...  
As of to this day....your assistance is taken for granted....  
It is strenuous for society to be eternally blissful....  
their happiness does not last long....  
Centuries have dissipated..and things have changed...  
Your existence and the love it distributes is no longer wanted...  
My head is turned in sorrow...  
My hopes for Society are pessimistic.....  
When a new day dawns, i beseech that one day...  
The world consolidates to the way it was.

Patrick Derilus

# Remain In The Ebony

I've told you time and time again...  
It is in my nature to be informed of an even worse outcome  
The mirror cannot be broken, sadly  
Like a bat, the light catches my attention...  
I cannot touch it as if it were lava, They laugh  
My jealousy woes and Satan was once and Angel  
My judgment is florid,  
My horns are at their summit...  
It is not their fault, blame the source  
The bayonet has cut me and it is still embryonic  
When shall I get my reward?  
Perhaps it is for the best of these creatures  
Leaving the curse mark on my neck, I know now where I belong  
'Normal' is not in my blood, So I shall spare your life  
Why hasn't this one burnt itself?  
I am fed up with the angels not knowing the truth!  
Satan, I am a slave only to you but there shall be a day I shall overcome you..  
Because the war isn't over yet.

Patrick Derilus

# Saturated World

Human beings of all kinds  
Walking the earth to this very day  
Everywhere you go, you are somehow judged from the image you give out  
These days are atramentous and people are defiled with hate  
Foolish degenerates thinking they are superior to others  
I am not in a state of astonishment  
As this generation persists to move forward  
I fear what will happen in the process of mother earth's adolescence.

Patrick Derilus



# Special Mermaid

It has been ever so long since then in the deep blue sea...

I portrayed as a fish myself is looking for the one...

My congruent soul mate...

All types of creatures swim in these waters and it is often rare that i find that special one....

I have come across plenty of sharks and tuna...But they are nothing but devious creatures in my eyes...

Maybe one day i will find that special one...

That mermaid..

Patrick Derilus

# Street Poetry

Just another day in the life of a youngblood...  
Trying to thrive and survive, not aiming to be a young thug...  
Racist demons in blue trying to pursue him...  
Scandalous females attempting to fool him  
The mother is trying to subdue him...  
The father is trying to abuse him...  
From every dawn to dark, he faces street paranoia...  
From every dawn to dark, he suffers another loss...  
To relax the mind, he keeps in touch with Mary Jane  
As days go by in the streets...  
Things will never be the same.

Patrick Derilus

# Super Human [ Terza Rima ]

His laughter is malignant, Humanity is gone  
Respect spawning from admiration and fear...  
His acuity is weak but is his brawn?

With the sphere in his hand, They have a tear...  
The thought is the rough draft, the action is the final  
The villain is sadistic and so he is sheer.

Patrick Derilus

# The Consistent Tiger

Through deep jungles and humid conditions, the consistent tiger still maintains to carry on....

It's eyes are fierce while it shows no fear....

It's legs are tenacious...

as it continues to gallop...

With the tiger knowing it's intentions...

Nothing is capable of phasing it in any way....

as the time that the menacing animal makes it's way through.....

The final stage of liability...

It's goals are at last fulfilled.

Patrick Derilus

# The Devil's Doors

This site of construction dwells within foreshadowing fear....  
My first day at it already seems overwhelming...  
The building is overcrowded with inhabitants...  
I believe my stay here will be an eternity...of Twists and turns...  
Being trained to be expectant of the real world....but in time  
I shall become a guru of my own path.

Patrick Derilus

# The Man Upstairs

Everyone keeps their faith in you  
Everyone attempts to show what you represent  
Most people cannot function through life without you...  
They say you work in mysterious ways  
I on the other hand, Is starting to lose faith in you.

They say within time, you grant the wish of a prayer  
They say you are the creator of life itself  
When In Need, I pray to you  
Waiting for as long as hibernation lasts, I wait  
Nothing much has changed..Or even happened...

Everything has happened from what I made it to be  
You almighty one, has had nothing to do with anything that has happened in this  
world  
Except maybe the birth of mother earth...  
My doubts are confirmed and now start to have the perception of an atheist.

Patrick Derilus

# Violent Nation

Throughout history, I was surprised with what America had hidden beneath the sheets...

As if our only way of responding to anything...

It was to be solved with War and Destruction...

Reaching out for more facts on this nation...

It disgusts me even more....

If only the lord could erase all hate from the earth...it's self

And purify the planet.

Patrick Derilus

# Why Must We Die..?

We die because of old age...

We die because due to our destructive decisions...

We die because of our addictions...

Did god set limits to humanity itself

With inevitable expirations,

Is there some big lesson we must learn when we depart...?

It is a hell downstairs but a paradise upstairs...

A cycle of life and death...

People go to the afterlife just so other inhabitants can be born...

More questions scurry around my mind...

My only fear is being a soul

inside the body of another...

I believe once a veteran has left their trademark,

Thou shalt not do it again.

Patrick Derilus



## Words To Keep (Dedication To Maya Angelou)

'You may shoot me with your words  
You may cut me with your eyes,  
You may kill me with your hatefulness,  
But still, like air, I'll rise.'

Words like those are what I needed to stab into my chest  
Words like those put me in a trance  
I wouldn't have guessed such a human being could be so strong  
But nevertheless, I shall not only speak on what I should do  
I must act upon it  
Thank you maya...  
I shall carry these words into my veins for as long as I continue to live.

Patrick Derilus