

Poetry Series

**Stephen Denny Paul White**  
**- poems -**

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# Stephen Denny Paul White(1-23-1991)

My life is a search. I am not searching for things, I am searching for people. I look for the people who won't let me down, for the people who I can count on no matter what. Do I seek romance? No. I seek love. I seek something more than friendship; I seek dedication.

Want to know what's weird? ... besides me, of course. To me, friendship is the most important thing on this earth. I try to put my all into friendships, and I care about the people who do the same in return.

I want to journey around the world... figure out who I am, what I am, where I belong. I haven't quite found the right place yet, being stuck here, but I am still searching. Life is a journey, and I am ready to go... not that you care =]

So anyway, I am Stephen White. I am a senior at Coyle & Cassidy High School... I can be annoying, or cool, depending on your preferences, but it's all up to you whether or not you hate me or like me. I'll try to change your mind a bit, but if you prove to be immobile in your opinion, I will accept it and move on.

I am single and gay. I'm not looking for love at all, and I would rather it come to me, however unlikely and stubborn that seems.

I don't know what I want to be anymore. A masseuse. A poet. An author. A teacher.

I'm kinda dry in the career area.

I am a poet, though. I have a different perspective on the way the world works, and that perspective can be sometimes gruesome and at other times happy. You never know what mood I'll be in, unless you are psychic.

I don't really know what else to say about me. I am me, and me is not something that I can look in a thesaurus for words to describe.

Generally, I expect a lot out of my friends. Being a friend to me is complicated... I expect things, and feel let down if I don't get what I expected, kinda like if you order a brand new book and you get it and it's all tattered. I don't want friendship if it's not going anywhere. If you don't see me in your future, don't include me in your present.

Another generalization is that I can't stand when people expect me to keep a

conversation going. I don't always want to be the one to initiate conversation, and I don't want to have to be the one to keep the conversation going. That shouldn't always be my job.

And finally, I don't like being let down. Actually I hate it, and I just don't stand for being let down. Letting down is not something you do to someone you care about, and if you truly care about me, you won't let me down; if you let me down, obviously I must not be that important. First chances are like water in the desert; it evaporates, and there's rarely enough left for a second chance...

# Beautiful Stranger (Impressive Instant)

I cannot stop this lust; this urge  
to kiss your perfect lips  
i cannot stop this lust for you  
i've never felt like this

i know i cannot walk away  
you have me hypnotized  
this new emotion that i feel  
i need you in my life

so sudden and abrupt, it is  
this love for such a man  
a beautiful stranger standing right there  
and i can't help but stare

an instant of illusions  
of what i dreamt of all my life  
laying in my bed alone  
- crying every night

my heart beats every breath you take  
and the you start to move  
our eyes meet for an instant  
then you walk out of the room

you walk fast down the hallway  
and i want to track you down  
instead i stay in place  
and i move on without a sound

Stephen Denny Paul White

# Beget This Love

Thine eyes that shine like summers sun  
a hope held in my hands begun  
with simple words come from thy mouth  
and so our love begins...

it took a dream to make this true  
it takes a heart; thy love whilst do  
and ever-lasting hope redeems  
a truth undreamt for thy to please

you ne'er take my heart  
and smash unto the burdened ground  
for our love's kindled within  
a stronger, evergrowing passion

you watch thine eyes as i just stare  
whilst things once lost are now repaired  
a time of calling, a time of hope  
thou lingered presence will ne'er go

could you see me o'er the hills  
as i could see the heart thy fills  
thenceforth all time will cease to stop  
as we will be one at the heart

the two will ne'er find sere love  
we ne'er will betray the trust  
thou chance hast ne'er come before  
together ascertain we canst ignore

a thoroughgoing love will last  
until the day our lives shall pass  
and thine eyes fuel the love enough;  
just a word begets this love.

Stephen Denny Paul White

# Elegy For Loss Of Love (A Poem In Five Parts)

I: Loss

It's been three years that we've gone out  
And now you chose to let me go  
You crushed my dreams, you burnt my soul  
—A picture that's been torn apart

Your smile haunts my memories  
The words you spoke still lingering  
Among the crystal mist I breathe  
—I wish that you were here with me

And love will never be the same  
If you're not here to hold my hand  
I've tried so hard to let you go  
—I'm sure you're never gonna know

And for so long I know I'll mourn  
Because of love that lives no more  
You ripped my heart with shards of glass  
And all the blood gushes out fast

Our love was once a rainbow  
But now it is a raging storm  
And blue had made me think of peace  
—but now, it makes me mourn

The waters upon which we laid  
Were troubled by the raging waves  
The lifeboat just had room for one  
And so you've thrown me overboard

And now you have become old news  
And somehow, still, I'm feeling blue  
The night has set upon our love  
I should've known what was to come

Routine is now routine no more  
The days drag on. Condition: poor

My heart still beats, but without you  
It's empty—I drank all of you

I wish I didn't waste my time  
With what would never end up mine  
Why fate has slapped me in the face  
—by taking all my joy away?

## II: Grieving

Tears fall slowly to the ground  
The dripping melancholy sound  
An empty room, a broken heart  
The pieces scattered in the dark

I lay upon this empty bed  
The lust once strong was struck down dead  
The hope that once made me believe  
You'd never leave a girl like me  
—gone...

So many ways I could repress  
So many ways to harm myself  
Somehow, the pain makes me feel good  
—it makes me think it hurts you too

But I know you don't feel a thing  
You don't care that I am hurting  
You have moved on, forgot three years  
While I still wish that you were here

The brightest mornings, now so dark  
—The empty echoes of my heart—  
The eyes that hold such loss, despair  
The pain in knowing you don't care

The hottest showers give off no warmth  
The couch does not give me comfort  
The foods I eat— they're bittersweet  
Since you're not sharing them with me

The pain courses through bloody veins

My cheeks cannot tell tears from rain  
My dreams are merely memories  
That now resemble fantasies

It seems I'll never let you go  
Each time I try, the pain just grows  
I delve into my misery  
—the future agonizing me

I'd give it all for one more kiss  
Or that we'd never even met  
—if only I could change the past  
But in stone it's forever set

I know that it has been too long  
—I couldn't help but keep holding on  
When I was tossed, I grabbed the side  
Holding on to save my life

## iiI: Seasons

Season by season, day by day  
I hold onto each memory  
—The snow that melts, the clouds that fade,  
The love that had to separate—

In winter— frozen  
In spring, it thaws  
But now it blends into a song  
Instead of joy, it raises strife  
The season's now cause death, not life  
The emptiness of nature, too  
Means it too mourns, it is the proof

And once you chose to carry me  
And now I walk alone.  
And once you'd promised everything  
The power you don't own.

And as each movement freezes  
It's glacial doom it can't avoid  
I'll find the strength that's needed

To free me from this dreary void

#### Iv: Letting Go

As far as my brain understands  
A life hangs between won't and can't  
It's balanced by the paths we choose  
A delicate process we all must go through

To suffer merely is to live  
No soul on earth is near perfect  
Not every path we take is right  
It's just a given in this life  
And if we have the need for joy  
We must know what we're striving for  
We need the pain to know it's bad  
So we know joy is opposite that

Fate gave you to me  
Taking you back at the end of three years  
It seems so unfair in the state we exist  
But what joy would life have if it lacked any twists  
There's always the bright side  
—of which we never seem to see  
We only see the bad side  
Drifting far from near happy

We're blind to the things that could brighten our soul  
For we fear losing meaning to our current joy  
And we turn our left cheek for a slap on the right  
But the ending's the same, for we're all gonna die

If you're going nowhere, then you're standing in place  
—the least you could do is attempt this one race  
You'll never succeed if you don't let him go  
You will not prove him wrong if you can't stand alone

This man was no crutch, he was merely a wall  
You lived without him once, there's no difference at all

And pain and regrets  
They just anchor you down

And it's over— he didn't catch you  
Surely, he won't pick you up off the ground  
And you have to walk on  
—walk on all on your own  
For you'll die in the ocean  
If you have no lifeboat

But at the site of disaster  
Help always is found  
Oh! And soon, they will find you  
It shouldn't be long

And there's more than one lifeboat  
There's five... ten... fifteen!  
There's plenty of room  
And that'll hear if you scream

V: Hope Floats

There's hope found in the lifeboat  
It isn't the end  
You get up and move on  
—this life is precious, don't waste a moment  
You must take full control  
Row the boat, with your oars  
You've cried—already—a sea  
There's no need to cry more

Hope floats in the ocean  
So get on the lifeboat  
And now on your own  
You can make your own path  
And you won't let him back  
The memories you've purged are gone  
The love you held is forever gone  
But you are strong, you will survive...  
Let go of him ...—...—...—... Hope is alive.

Stephen Denny Paul White

# Even Though I Hate The World...

Baby, don't play games with me, I'm just not in the mood;  
I'm angry at the world; I'm sorry if I take it out on you.  
I've had a real bad day, and somehow it just keeps on getting worse  
and I just want to be alone so I can get rid of this curse.

I love you, darling, but you have to understand my current state:  
My eyes are red, my blood is boiled; best to guess I am irate.  
I just don't want to talk right now, I simply want to go to sleep  
so I can let go of these things that have been happening to me.

So I'm not dumping you, nor do I plan to now, or even ever,  
I just need my space to deal with things that you can't kiss to make them better;

Understand my situation: school, my work, my family too,  
and understand that even though I hate the world

I  
Still  
Love  
You.

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~Stephen Denny Paul White~  
{IdTakeABulletForYou}

Stephen Denny Paul White

# Guiding Angel

You are my guiding angel  
you are my shining light  
although you're gone, it is alright  
- you'll stay here by my side

you are who I hold on to  
the memories that make me laugh  
you mean more than the world to me  
and nothing will change that

you make my heart much stronger  
you've taught me much, and still you teach  
from now until the day I die  
it's to the stars i'll reach

my eyes will always look for you  
but it's my heart that sees  
and even though you've passed away  
I know you still love me

(R.I.P. Lillian White, November 28,2006.)

Stephen Denny Paul White

# If I Was Born Beautiful

All the people on TV  
look much more beautiful than me  
their six pack chests and vibrant eyes  
they'll always be who I despise

why can't I ever be like them  
record deals, or smoother skin  
a better face, perfect complexion  
why won't I be more like them?

I wish that I weren't born as me  
I can't stop feeling so ugly  
I wish that there were many lines  
of people who'd want to be mine

my heart just won't let the thought go  
the answer only they could know  
how It Is to be perfect, how It Is to be love  
how It Is to be looked upon as If they were a god

why was I born scary  
unappealing to peoples' taste  
as far as I am too concerned  
my body Is a waste

I wish I weren't for radio  
I want to look 'TV'  
cause If I was born beautiful  
then people would love me

Stephen Denny Paul White

# I'LI Never Let You Get To Me

No, I don't care for what you think  
I'm not self-conscious every blink  
And no, I don't care what you say  
I'll live and then die anyway

Who cares at all how people judge?  
You never will please everyone  
In someone's eyes, you make mistakes  
But those are risks we have to take

Why waste my only chance to live  
With pointless, petty things like this  
Say what you wish, your words will sting  
But in the end they mean nothing

No cuts will show upon my wrists  
- No tears fall down my cheek  
You won't succeed, you won't prevail  
I'll never let you get to me

Stephen Denny Paul White

## It's Best To Just Pretend...

We spent so long constructing what went down with just a word;  
We had to blow our pyramid of cards to send them crashing down.  
I thought we were a sturdy couple, but the road we chose was tough  
And at the end of each disaster comes a moment with no sound.

\*you are my silence\*  
\*I am yours\*  
\*together we won't  
(speak a word) \*

I tried to tape together what was left of our connecting part  
But found that not enough existed, never did I touch your heart;  
I didn't know what I was doing; don't know just what game you played  
But in the \*silence\* I can see that  
{we will never be the same}

You have me here on pause but I can see what's going to be played  
And yet I'm fine while stuck in pause 'cause I don't want to face the change;  
Don't want to let this day go by and, along with it, you as well;  
I'm fine pretending as the ground comes near  
{I never}  
(even)  
[fell]

We spent so long constructing what went down with just a single word  
And in the end it's best to just pretend  
{I wasn't}  
(even)  
[hurt]

Stephen Denny Paul White

# Melting Your Heart With Words

Your baroque construction work upon my heart  
Could only baste these strips together,  
Allowing the eminent unraveling.

Elucidate this foreign wall for thine eyes,  
For once upon a moment  
I kissed thee;  
Thy guard is now high upon its saddle  
And you are smiling without me.

I fumble this one detail awkwardly  
In my hands, wondering  
How it is I fell  
Deep into your abyss.  
How could I let such a large gap  
In your perfection  
Escape my eyes?

With a fist in your burning heart,  
Not only were the moments  
Ecstasies, but they -as well-  
Are ones that will be fused in my memory  
Evermore.

I need not seduce myself  
With your memory,  
For such interstices are impossible to  
Escape.

If melting your heart was like writing a word  
This poem would surely do the trick,  
But eyes of such beauty -endearing perfection-  
Would surely never look at this.

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{IdTakeABulletForYou}

Stephen Denny Paul White

# Perfect Little Flaws

You took me by surprise  
- I didn't think I'd fall in love,  
and with the chance that I had given  
found I couldn't get enough;  
it took this chance for me to see  
the two of us were meant to be.  
At first, I didn't think we'd last  
but now I am rethinking that.

You swept me off my feet,  
and yet you caught me in your arms,  
and so the risk I took was worth it  
'cause it didn't cause me harm;  
In fact, I'm proud of my decision  
- to give life with you a try,  
for I'd be missing out on quite a lot  
if I had passed you by.

It's all in how we play the game,  
and dear, you play it well  
for you've completely swooned me into love;  
to buy all that you sell.  
And I'm surprised how satisfied I am  
with you here, by my side.  
I wouldn't want it any other way  
... the way we are is right.

All that I have to say to you  
{whose eyes scan down this page}  
is that it isn't always fair to judge someone by just their face  
because there's so much more inside  
that makes a person truly shine,  
and if you never look, you'll never see  
how perfect little flaws can be.

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Stephen Denny Paul White

# Perfection, Pleasure, Peace

Utopian fantasies that  
Circle 'round your head like  
Sugarplums and candy canes the  
Night Before Christmas  
Immerse you into  
Blindness to the  
Non-Utopian reality that,  
So clearly,  
You exist in.

You've found perfection (in your dreams)  
You've found pleasure (in your dreams)  
You've found peace (in your dreams)

You wake to find you lost  
All  
Three  
...Overnight.

Waking up sometimes is the  
Worst  
Nightmare  
Of  
All.

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{IdTakeABulletForYou}

Stephen Denny Paul White

# The Gold Now Goes To Me

And here we stand, as lovers  
here, we stand as friends  
here we stand, with such a strength  
of what will never end

here we stand as people  
who, once two, became one  
we stand so tall, a noble poise  
beneath the auburn sun

and here we stand as buddies  
we'll always stand as pals  
the one who you can talk to  
when your heart is falling down

I wrote those lines some time ago  
I thought that they were true  
I stood before a liar  
all along, who had been you

and here I stand alone now  
where once I stood with you  
I stood there with a liar  
- I was standing in the truth

the truth that I'd been blind to  
I stood, but couldn't see  
that right in front of my two eyes  
the truth was before me

I stood with an impression  
-in fact, I stood with pride  
blind to what I should have seen  
- it stood before my eyes

I put you on a pedastal  
and I stood on a stool  
to you I gave a gold medal  
to me, you made a fool

I understood such little  
you'd concurred such a lie  
and what I thought was forever  
would never last the night

I spoke of you with such a love  
that only led to heart-break  
and you stood right in front of me  
and lied, right to my face

and here I stand, the spotlight bright  
the truth has been revealed  
you cheated, losing your award  
- the gold now goes to me

Stephen Denny Paul White

# The Key To Immortality (...Even When I Am Gone)

If I died this very second  
I would leave these words behind  
To anyone who'd hear me out;  
to learn a lesson of the kind.

I'm writing this in fear of death,  
In fear of breathing my last breath.  
I do not want to leave unless  
Somebody reassures me that  
Not too long after I'll come back.

I'm trying to refrain from tears;  
to keep a status through the years.  
I feel I must escape my fears;  
I have to find a place where I  
assuredly will never die.

I don't want to be left behind.  
I want to live for all of time.  
The thought that lingers in my mind  
-that sense of blackness eternally-  
...It scares the hell right outta me.

I'm fine inside my cozy home,  
Cooped up, and sitting all alone;  
with noise and light from windows shone.  
I could just sit and watch re-runs  
of Will & Grace, or Friends, or Scrubs.

I fear to leave each second knowing,  
Every one means life is going  
- can't you see, my fear is showing...  
[Claustrophobic to the death  
don't want to be in a casket]

I see me years from now in pain  
As life begins to slip away;  
me wishing I could live again,  
Knowing full well I cannot

-that in my grave I'm gonna rot.

The Left Turn | Right Turn,  
I try to discern  
Which choice is better  
-and which is worse.

The truth's that there is not a key  
that opens immortality.  
We die- it all is meant to be;  
It's humans fate to live, then die.  
A little early, however... I still say goodbye.

{Please do not let me be forgotten.  
In the grave, while I am rotting,  
read these words, then pass them on  
so that my presence will stay strong  
-Even when I am gone...}

Stephen Denny Paul White

# The Phone Call [to The Lonely Dancer]

Calling you one thousand times  
-one thousand times you fail to answer.

Wondering if always in,  
shall love make me the lonely dancer?

Killing time by watching clocks  
as I'm awake, though dozing off;

Hoping my phone will vibrate

When not too early,

not

too

late.

Giving time to reconcile

using ESP;

Screaming your name in my head

but you don't answer me.

My heart's breaking

as I'm waiting,

merely for a quicker heartbeat

in the dark, to hear your voice

and billow in my bodies heat.

Await a demon in the day

to melt my sorrows all away

into a cup of lonely tears

that only once is suit for cheers.

And never did I ever think

such brilliant minds could make me sink

so low into my misery:

invention: cell-phones... answering?

Who'd think such love could merely hurt

by waiting where such tensions lurk?

I'm in the dark, and in the blue,

awaiting excuses from you,

ones I cannot defend.

I'm doubting,

at the same time,

Scared,

and knowingly, you're just not there;

but pressing send's too easy

to let you off-hook so easily.

And still I call, and still I wait,  
for what could surely not be fate;  
What use would life store purposely  
for calling someone uselessly  
one thousand sixty times?  
And now unconscious, I'm asleep  
as I exist by slowed heartbeats.  
And in my hand, the phone vibrates;  
I guess your call was just too late.  
Another day must pass.  
I wake to find my hands are loose  
and on the ground, the phone is too;  
The pieces scattered on the floor  
to seemingly be used no more.  
With high-pitched shrieks and wails of dead  
I jump to collect the remnants  
of what is left of the cell phone;  
Oh, Damn-it, I just should have known!  
I scramble to try hopelessly  
but still my fate seems locked and sealed;  
You'll call me and I will not answer  
leaving you the lonely dancer.

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Stephen Denny Paul White

# The Wick

Resonating candlelight  
That ebbs and flows just like the sea  
Making me remember that  
The two of us were meant to be

Filling through the atmosphere  
With light that flickers - dim...  
Searching for a match  
So I can light the wick again...

Stephen Denny Paul White

# Too Young To Be An Angel (A Poem On Abortion)

Lonely little angel  
Got her wings so young  
She never opened up her eyes  
Killed from an abortion

Little missy lovely  
Such a face we'll never see  
Directed right up to the heavens  
Life was never meant to be

Too young to be an angel  
Too young to never dance  
If she was not aborted  
She just may have had a chance

A death that has no funeral  
A death that has no wake  
A life that could've made a change  
A life that death just had to take

The eyelids will not open  
The body will not grow  
The face frozen in heaven-  
Way too young to be an angel

Stephen Denny Paul White

# What Is A Continent To Love?

What is a continent to love?  
of equal shall they be?  
a vast expanse of barren land  
stretched farther than the eye can see?

some of deserts, some of towns  
amongst a melancholy sound  
the rivers that run through the soul  
of continents yet full to grow

of what does end, we'll never know  
shall length be love, we'll measure slow  
a ruler that has yet be made  
to measure lengths not quite finite

much smaller, incoherent of  
what is a continent to love?  
a dream we held as a small child  
love, the river stretched for miles

Stephen Denny Paul White

# What Is A Life Of Bickering?

what is a life of bickering...  
so short-lived at the most?  
shall not it be filled with silly puns  
- a gracious, loving host?

shall not we look upon mistakes  
as things that are of the past?  
for what is a life not filled with joy?  
when this life will never last...

shall we happen upon a joyous celebration  
- must we turn it into tears?  
we must change the way our soul divides?  
must we learn to face created fears?

shall we walk among troubled waters  
that man-made will remain?  
shall we create our happiness  
and let lingering remorse weigh down our being?

what of us shall become when we're gone  
shall we be ghosts, forgotten with time?  
I beg of you, what is a life of bickering?  
when we only live one time...?

Stephen Denny Paul White