

Poetry Series

Boston Kelley
- poems -

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Boston Kelley(04-07-2002)

I was born in Fayetteville, Arkansas in the United States. I have mild autism that affects my social skills, but recently, I have started getting control over it. I am 18 years old and a Christian, going to college at Oklahoma Christian University. My major is Mechanical Engineering. I have considered poetry but never fully taken it up, but here I feel like I can express myself and indulge my creative impulses. I do not have a general topic, except one: life.

A Time For Thanks

What things can we not be thankful for?
How can we not express gratitude?
There is a time to give thanks,
to know what we are grateful for.

I give thanks to my college,
for providing me with a godly,
encouraging, and supportive community.

I give thanks to the Honors Program,
for enlightening me and opening my
mind to a world unknown.

I give thanks to my friend, Elizabeth,
for showing me the joy and value of reading.

I give thanks to my girlfriend, Emily,
for opening me up to new experiences,
and giving me confidence in places I lacked it.

I give thanks to my mother,
who has been an inspiring figure in my faith.

I give thanks to my step-mother,
who has encouraged and guided me,
and influenced me to seek God.

I give thanks to my father,
who has shown me what it means
to be a godly man and a father.

To my God, I give the greatest thanks,
for teaching and guiding me,
saving me from my sins and loving me
when I didn't deserve it,
and giving me a new life.

Boston Kelley

Goodbye, Kindness

I look upon your tomb and weep.
I gaze upon the hole that the casket
will be lowered into and wail.
I look out at the audience,
full of sorrow,
and sob loudly.

Kindness, how sad we are that you
have gone!
You were the wind beneath Love's wings,
it's mighty carrier.
You were the inspiration for people to
respect and cherish each other.
You were the greatest peacemaker
the world has ever known,
a voice that preached a doctrine
that spread like wildfire.

I want to leap into that grave with you,
leaving this world to spend a blissful
eternity with you.
Since you have fallen in battle to Hatred,
what hope is left for us?

Hatred has lured people in with flattering
speeches and temptations,
preaching a doctrine of pride through
tearing others down.
You could not stand to watch him succeed,
and faced him head-on.
You brought your army to face him,
a massive force that has never been equaled.
You fought with all your strength,
Driven by the passion of your doctrine.
However, Hatred won the battle,
standing over your bloodied corpse.
He could now preach across the world,
poisoning all that you sought to cure.

The tears flow down my face, never-ending!
I weep and weep to the point, I can't even speak!
Your presence brought joy to my darkened world.
Meeting those who followed your teaching,
put a smile on my face.
But now you are gone, with only a few of
your followers left.
Who could hope to save us from
Hatred's evil followers?

Boston Kelley

Like Sheep

My God, I have gone so far.
Oh, look at how far I've wandered!
I once was so close to you,
I was enveloped in Your Presence,
But now I stand on the opposite
End of the canyon.

Like sheep, we all have gone astray.
We've all wandered from the truth,
Taking pleasure in immoral things.
Willingly, I have walked away from You.
I have ignored Your voice and disregarded
Your commands.

When one sheep wanders off,
You leave the ninety-nine and
Chase after it.
Yet, as you chase me, the further
I wander away.

How can I find my way back to you?
How can I turn back to you and
Away from my wicked ways?
How do I come back to you
When these temptations
Seem so sweet?

Boston Kelley

My God, Where Are You?

Where has my love for you gone, my God?
My zeal and passion that once burned so bright
Has been extinguished.

I once enjoyed reading Your Word,
Prayer was my greatest delight.
I could not get enough of you,
Your Love was better than anything.

Now, I feel so far from You,
Despite how close You reside to me.
Through prayer and meditation, I reach out,
Grabbing onto whatever I can touch,
But, soon after, my grip loosens,
And I fall away.

Like a mountain climber, I climb the rocky cliff,
Eager to get close to you,
I reach the top rock with one hand holding on to it,
But when temptation and hardships come,
Like a mighty wind, they loosen my hand's grip,
And I am sent tumbling to the ground.

Boston Kelley

Obsession

All-day long I think about her.
Almost all my thoughts are focused on her.
I cannot turn away from her,
For my heart is attached to her.

I desire to focus on other things,
To put my energy into something else.
But my thoughts always go back to her.
All my emotions go back to my love for her.

Infatuation has a grip on me,
One that appears to be unbreakable.
I try to lose myself in other things,
But my focus is failing.

Why must I be so infatuated?
It fills me with wonder and awe of her,
But steals away my time.
I cannot escape it.

Boston Kelley

Ode To The Rising Sun

O Rising Sun! How you herald the new dawn!
You signal your arrival,
With a colorful stream of red, orange, and yellow.
You bring forth a new day, new opportunities.
Who could be sad to see you ascend into the sky?
How could anyone be full of despair,
To observe your paintwork in the sky?
You give us a chance for change.
As you come, we can step away from our past.
You give definition to new,
As you change the twinkling, black sky,
To a peaceful, baby blue.
Let us cherish each day that you bring,
For we are not promised you will always come.
Do not dread the rising sun,
Instead, thank it for giving us another day.
Rejoice in the new day given to us!

Boston Kelley

Petrarch

O, Petrarch! How great is your work!
How marvelous are your verses!
Your sonnets fill my heart with joy,
I swell with glee.
Your talent knows no equal,
Who can hope to rival your skill?
I see your poems and am bursting with
Delight, I read your canzones,
And adore your penmanship.
I can find no other to compete with
Your ability.
You remain unchallenged in your poetry.
Let your writings be remembered
For all generations to come,
So we may adore the beauty of your verses.

Boston Kelley

Psalm 1 - He Opened My Eyes

Lord, look at the distance
I've walked from You.
See how far I've strayed!
I was blind to my sin,
but You opened my eyes.
You removed my self-deceit
And gave me clarity of mind.
The raging storms and gale winds
That once thundered in my mind
Are now silenced.
You revealed who I had become,
You allowed me to persist in my sin,
So I could come to this realization.
Thank You for doing such a thing!
How great is the way You work
Even when we can't see You working!
I am now cleansed because I confessed my sin,
I now know what needs to be done.
Because of Your guidance, I am renewed.
Thanks to this epiphany, realization
has dawned on me.
My sin is gone and I am washed white,
Thank the Lord for purifying me.
Thank You for Your guidance!
It has led me to great understanding!
Lord, guide me all the days of my life,
So I may walk in closeness with You.

Boston Kelley

Psalm 2 - Be My Guard

Lord, why must I commit this sin?
I know it is wrong, yet I do it anyway.
I hear Your Voice, telling me to do
what is right, but I ignore it.
Because of this, I am a slave to
sexual sin.
I go throughout my day without protection,
sexual temptation knows how vulnerable I am.
Lord, I know I should find no pleasure in it,
but it gives me great joy.
Be my guard, protect me, shield me from
sexual temptation's promising voice.
Silence it and its companions so they
cannot have a victory over me.
Act as my shield, so I can follow Your Will
and remain holy.

Boston Kelley

Psalm 3 - Fear Is All I Know

O Lord, hear my cry.
My soul is in anguish.
I am consumed by anxiety,
worry dominates my thinking patterns.

Like a ship that is tossed by the waves,
I am thrown back and forth by fear.
Fear has gotten a grip on me,
one that I cannot break.
Lord, I fear the future, despite knowing
that it is in Your Hands.
You are already there, but I fear anyway.
The future is like the present to you,
so why should I fear?
You know everything, from my innermost atoms
to my decisions 30 years from now,
so what reason do I have to be afraid?

I cannot help but imagine myself as homeless,
in poverty, without having my needs met.
My imagination is bright with optimism,
but my realism is darkened with pessimism.
You are my Provider, the One who supplies
my every need.
I should trust You to supply my needs,
but why don't I?
You have proven yourself trustworthy beyond
all measure, yet I am still anxious.
Why do I feel this way, God?
Despite the plain evidence of how you come
through in our lives, why am I afraid?
I have seen Your Hand move, Lord,
yet I am still full of uncertainty.

Lord, I fear the future, what will come.
I fear the unknown, what isn't within
my knowledge.
I fear poverty and homelessness, being
without shelter, and having very little.

All of these fears consume me like I'm being
devoured by a gigantic beast.

I am in pain, anguish is all I know.

I fear other people, not knowing if they will
hurt me.

I am but a twig, with too skinny a frame,
to last in a fight.

Lord, I try to exercise, with the hope
of building strength, yet my frame remains
the same.

How will I be sure of not being assaulted, God?
What can I do to ensure I won't be harmed?

We live in such a broken, hurting world,
where people commit all sorts of malice.

I have seen it in full force,
it is too horrifying to behold.

People beat each other, bruise one another,
slaughter others, without remorse.

They would do so to a defenseless,
weak man.

I am that defenseless, weak man.

I do not know much about others, who they
are, where they come from, what they can do.

How will I be sure they won't hurt me?

Save me, O God, from my fear.

Release me from my burdens, cast off this
anxiety.

I cannot focus on You, my source of peace,
for my mind is clouded by doubt.

You call us to trust in You wholeheartedly,
so why am I not trusting You?

Purge me of this, so I may trust You.

Save me from my worry, so I can think
clearly.

You are the One who saves, who we can trust
through every circumstance.

Cast off all my burdens, so I may rest.

Rescue me from my fear, for I am
weighed down.

Boston Kelley

Psalm 4 - My Overwhelming Doubt

Lord, I know what Your Word says
is true, so why do I still doubt?
I recite Your Truth over and over,
yet it does not affirm me.
It drives me to further suspicion,
as if what You say is too good to be true.
Is not what You say too good to be true?
Who could fathom such a loving, merciful God
who opens his arms to all?
Who could believe in a God who supplies every
need and is always there for you?
Is it possible to believe in Someone
who knows you better than you know yourself?
Can you doubt a God who forgives all sins
no matter how dark they are?
My God, I cannot help but be afraid and
doubt the truth of Your Word.
Despite how I have seen You move,
why does this doubt still persist?
I once was so close to you, fully enveloped
by Your Love,
now it feels so far away, and I am only
waving my hands in empty air.
You tell us to not trust our own abilities,
but it so tempting to rely on my intelligence.
I feel confidence swelling within me, Lord,
ready to give way to pride.
Protect me from pride, God, so I won't
put my judgment above yours.
Your Ways are higher than mine, so why
should I believe I know better?
Doubt, flee from me, for you are not
welcome here.
I trust in the Lord and His promises
and as I have seen Him move in my life,
as long as I follow Him, He will do it again.

Boston Kelley

Psalm 5 - His Silent Voice

My God, why can I not hear from you?
Where is Your voice?
I pray and listen for you,
yet the voice I hear,
I doubt is yours.
I can remember when You convicted me
on many occasions, reminding me
to live for you.
Your Love provided me with a way to
hear You, but I have been cut off
from it.
I am instead surrounded by my earthly
worries and weighed down with my own
fears.
There is so much to be learned from
Your Word, so much to live for,
that it seems impossible to know
it all as a human.
So many others seem to understand
what you require and have godly
knowledge while I am surviving
off the basic teachings.
I hear 'pray not as a last resort,
but as a first', 'don't worry about
anything, instead, pray about everything',
and I still don't hear You.
How much must I pray and read Your Word
to hear from You?
When will the time come when You convict me?
I desire to be convicted, to know what I
need to do differently, so I can follow You.
Please, do not hide from me,
for I wander confused and with very little
knowledge.

Boston Kelley

Rabia Al Basri

Rabia Al Basri, how I love your works!
They bring much joy to my heart!
Your elegance and beauty I deeply admire.
As I see the emotion behind your poems,
I grin from ear to ear.
You speak of love for God,
For it is your life's primary concern.
You display such a deep love for Him,
I am moved to do the same.
Who else could describe Divine Love
As beautifully as you do?
For love for God is union with God,
As you said.
May your elegant poems be remembered
For future generations,
So all may know of loving God.
I am touched by your writings,
They have changed me beyond all measure.

Boston Kelley

Recovery

She stretches her arms out to all,
Beckoning all pain and misery in.
Her aura is so joyous
that all brokenness and anguish flee
From her sight.
Like a physician, she prescribes to
Any tortured spirit.
There is no broken mind or severe
Addiction she cannot heal.
Even the worst of habits are like
A twig to her and she is a mighty
Redwood.
No one can resist her,
For who could resist restoration?
Maiden, how great is it that you exist!
Who could find a better medicine
Than you?
Bring forth all the abused, tortured,
And addicted to yourself and remove
Their pain.
Take away their darkened spirits
And anguished hearts and fill them
With joy and peace.
Let your deeds be known to all,
So everyone will know of your greatness.
You do not offer one path to restoration,
But you open many roads to all.
Let us continue to shout your works,
So all may be healed.

Boston Kelley

Relentless, Wasted Pursuit

I look at her and admire her beauty.
I gaze upon her and my heart melts.
My heart starts racing,
Drumming faster with each minute.
My whole body shakes
As my mind races with unimaginable speed.

I approach her yet she turns me away.
To her, I am less than nothing.
I am less than worthless garbage.
Yet I still pursue her
Hoping she will love me.

Why must I chase after her?
What benefits come with such a waste of time?
She rejects me more than I can handle
But I still long for her.
In any way, I relentlessly chase after her.

Her beauty is now a scar on my heart.
Any similar type of beauty brings me pain.
If I gaze upon a beautiful woman,
I think of her.
If I meet a woman of high status,
I cannot help but feel so inferior.

It is clear these women have no place in my life.
Yet why do I chase after them
As if I couldn't live without them?
Why must I feel such a strong attraction to them?

Boston Kelley

She Has My Heart

Who am I to say I am worthy of love?
How can I say I will find someone?
All of us have met that one
Who we think completes us.
For each of us, there is one
Person who matches us.

There stands my beloved,
A bringer of joy to my dark world.
Like the radiant sun, she is
More beautiful than anything.
I long to be near her,
To never leave her side.

My mind thinks all day about her.
My thoughts cannot turn away from her.
All of my time I desire to spend with her.
How could I not want to be
Near someone so sweet and desirable?

Kiss me, to turn this pain away.
Kiss me, to turn my grief into joy.
I feel so far away from you,
Despite how near my heart feels to you.

You have taken my heart
And showered it with love.
My mind belongs to you
As you race through it all day long.

I seem to obsess over you
Never desiring to stop thinking of you.
All of my days I wish to spend with you.
Every waking moment I want
To be near you.

Boston Kelley

So Faraway

I love her with all my heart,
My greatest desire is to be with her.
I cannot have enough of her,
She is my one true love.
Each day, I long to see her,
My mind reels with thoughts of her.
Yet, the distance between us gnaws at
Me like flesh-eating parasites.
Each tiny bite is comparable
To the pain I feel.
How it tears me apart to be so far from her!
I reel with sadness at the distance
Between us.
My love for her diminishes the pain,
But it does not last long.
Every day I desire to spend with her,
But time is only so little for me.

Boston Kelley

The 'Break-Up';

'I'm not good enough for you',
she says.
'You deserve better, '
she says.
'I've dragged you into this',
she says.
'My life is so messed up right now',
she says.
'I'm afraid I'll hurt you',
she says.
'I don't know if we should keep dating',
she says.

I hear these words and mourn for her.
I look at her and cannot help but
love her more.
She is the apple of my heart,
the one it belongs to.
Who else could deserve my love?
Who else is worthy to be called
my beloved?
She does not think so.

She is unsure of our relationship,
doubt rises about continuing it.
As she says this, I shake with fear.
My heart pounds like a bongo.
Who else could I find to match her?
No one else is like her.
What qualities could I possibly bring
to earn a woman's love?
For all the women I desired
have turned me away,
to them, I am nothing.
Less than nothing.

A war wages in my mind against fear
and reality.
Fear attacks using worst-case scenarios

conceived by my imagination
while reality counters with convictions
of reason.

Who do I give in to?
Who will be the victor of this war?

I fear her insecurity, who knows if
she feels worthy of me?
She is like my reflection, how I used
to be in my relationships.
I see so much of my low self-esteem and doubt
in her and want to shower her with love.
I desire to let her know I love her
even when she doesn't feel worthy to be loved.
Alas, it doesn't seem to be enough,
fate will decide what she chooses.

Boston Kelley

The Love Of My Life?

She is my beloved, the one I treasure most.
I long to near to be her, to never leave her side.
All my days I want to spend with her.
There is no one to contest with her.

But why do I feel this doubt?
Why am I questioning my love for her?
I know how I want to hold her to comfort her,
Loving her with everything I have.

Doubt continues to rise in my mind
Like the ocean waves that gradually get bigger.
I question my emotions
As if I am my own interrogator.

She asks to do things that blow me down.
Her requests seem to defy my morals.
Despite how they defy, they are so tempting.
I cannot help but want to give in.

I ponder if she is suitable for me,
If she deserves to be called my beloved.
She is so sweet and respectful toward me,
But desires things to do things with me
That goes out of my standards.

Does she deserve to be called my beloved,
Or deserve to be cast out of my life?

Boston Kelley

Thoughts Of Her

As I think of her time moves like a snail.
When I don't think of her,
I am in agony.
I desire to converse with her,
But she is so quiet at times.
I long for those lengthy talks
I obtain much pleasure from.
Why must I wait so long on her?
It fills me with so much grief.

Boston Kelley

Tug-Of-War

I am caught between two forces.
Like a game of tug-of-war,
they pull on me with
Unimaginable strength.
Like a man who has his limbs
Tied to horses,
And is torn as he is pulled,
So am I pulled, yet I do not
Tear.
I merely sway from side to side,
Having to choose what force to submit to.
Sexual temptation hypnotizes me
With its bodily pleasures.
Its wondrous mysteries allure me,
Offering so many promises.
But the Lord's voice blares against it,
His commands ring loud in my mind.
I cannot ignore His voice as He cuts
through the temptations.
Yet, why do the temptations still
Have so much power?
Why must they sound as loud as the Lord?
Lord, I know your commands, and I hear
Your convicting words, but I am still
caught between You and my desires.
I am forever locked between the two's
Pulls, unable to step onto one side.

Boston Kelley

Where Is My Interest?

Reading

Oh, how much joy I find in it!

Reading

It fills my heart with joy.

Reading

I cannot get enough of it.

Reading

It enriches my mind.

Yet, why has my interest changed?

How has my fluency altered?

I once read with passionate engagement,
fully absorbed by the text in front of me.

Now, I cannot read as I once did,

My passion is not the same.

I long to strengthen my mind.

I strongly desire to grow my knowledge.

But why do I not feel as I once did?

Why has my passionate interest changed?

I wish to find that interest again,

So I may pursue knowledge.

I pray that it will find me,

So I won't fall away.

I desire to read, to learn from my readings,

But, alas, my interest is not as it once was.

Boston Kelley

Why Can't I See Her?

When I met her, I found joy incomparable.
She was a light to my dark world.
I experienced a happiness that I had not
Known in a long time.

She is my beloved,
I am glad to call her my own.
Yet she is silent much of the days.
I wait for her response,
And I am left in agony.

Each moment she is silent,
I am in anguish.
Every second that I cannot see her
Torments me.
Grief unmeasurable consumes me
Like a flood that washes over the land.

An insomniac, she is, someone who does
Not rest consistently.
She is awake spontaneously
Leaving me to speculate when I can
Converse with her.

Why must I be so obsessive?
Where else can this obsession go?
It is all directed at her
Like a massive army converging on its target.

I am struck with love and grief.
Obsession has given them each other's hand
In marriage.
What hope do I have to cull my desire to be
Near her?
What could I do?

Boston Kelley