

Poetry Series

Devon McElveen
- poems -

Publication Date:

2011

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Devon McElveen(April 3,1993)

I was born in Norwalk Hospital in Norwalk, Connecticut on April 3,1993. I started writing in 1st grade when my teacher gave us a writing assignment to see how well we wrote. Most people wrote nursery rhymes, but I wrote a short story of a crime that I had witnessed with my very eyes. My teacher had not seen such writing from a child of my age and I was soon transferred into academically talented classes. I found that I was a gifted child who could write at the level of middle school pupils. As I grew older, my writing began to strengthen and I began to write even deeper and leaned into the field of poetry. Now, I am continuing to write as a practical way to relieve stress. Hopefully, my hobby will become something that I can pay bills with, and my name will be written into history as one of the best poets of my time. Also, my name, Devon, means poet (Celtic) .

2 Roads

There lies two roads before me,
One right, one left.
They seem to call to me
With every little step.

This is proving to be a conflict
Quite difficult to decide.
I'm having problems finding
Which one with which I should side.

What lies ahead on the right
Is a life of immense fame.
While the one on the left
Shows pride all the same.

But the problems that hide in each road
Are yet to be seen.
So I walk in the tall grass
That lies in between.

Devon McElveen

A Dream, An Influence

Why must I dream
Only when I am asleep?
A dream should be seen
During conscious hours.

I want my wishes
To become real.
However, dreams
Can not be reality.

Yet,
Is reality
Just a dream?

(April 6,2011)

Devon McElveen

A Note

She brought me here,
A place I have never known.
A place in which
I will become grown.
In time I will learn
Who I am speaking of.
A bond will form
And evolve into love.
Her smile is wide
And her eyes fixed upon me.
The bright light is blinding,
But I still feel hands on me.
The noises I make
Are greeted with laughter.
But somehow I won't remember this
The morning after.
I am still too young
To comprehend their words.
But I try to reiterate
The things that I've heard.
I soon grow into
The man seen today.
And for a special woman,
A thanks I pay.
Thank you.

(February 25,2011)

Devon McElveen

A Way With Words

When they say a man
Has a way with words
It means that his voice
Is easily heard.

To own this voice,
Trouble it brings.
Not all people like
When canaries sing.

Devon McElveen

Alone

Why do I enjoy this feeling?
Is that really a question?
Do you see the anguish that they have caused?
Do you see the strife?
The terror in their eyes?
The corruption that runs rampant?
Why do they cause war?
What do they fight for?
Is it their morals?
What morals?
Aren't morals nothing but words thrown away near death?

Why do I live in the dark?
Aren't the lights so blinding?
Don't they shed light on our inner truths?
No matter how gruesome or terrifying?
Do you not like the dark?
Doesn't it rid us of pointless thoughts?
Do you not feel serene here?
Do you not find salvation here?

Aloneness. Is it not a wondrous thing?

Devon McElveen

Alpha Beta

Another day creeps in
Becoming part of our history
Clustered with the other forgotten days of our past
Days we long for
Especially with anticipation for a promised goal during
Finished by the setting of the orange sun
Gaze upon the multicolored terrain above
Held by the pictures that our mind stores
In it, our deepest wants and thoughts
Jade colored grass under our soles
Kind nips at our ankles
Like children fighting for attention
Might we go back to the once happy days of childhood
Not knowing of the harshness life brings
Only then would we know true happiness
Peace and tranquility
Quiet surroundings and soft worries
Reading only of the greatness our world has
So wonderful those years were
Troublesome are lives have become
Unknown problems arise from nothing
Vivacious others may seem
While their inner truths hold bitter
Xceptions to no one
You're only fighting for yourself when
Zealous people are no longer alive.

Devon McElveen

Alpha Beta Ii

As we move into the unknown
Be wary of the things we may face,
Challenges that may be difficult for us to overcome.
Deeper we move
Even with the danger becoming more apparent.
Fear,
Growing ever so strong.
Here we will test our will.
In time we will succeed,
Just in time for the next generation to take over.
Knowing the dangers they may move ever farther
Leaving their own marks in history.
More of them will be born in this world
Nothing will tear them from their campaign
Of progress, pride, and
Perseverance.
Quitting will no longer be heard of.
Rushing and advancing will be the one thing we will agree upon.
Still,
This world is full of anger and greed.
Until we can cure this plague
Violence will prove to be prevalent in this world
Where One must fight to stay true to one's beliefs.
Xceed your expectations,
Yield to no obstacle,
Zoom into the unknown

Devon McElveen

Am I Good Enough?

Am I strong enough?

Am I smart enough?

Am I fast enough?

Am I good enough?

Why do these questions plague my thoughts?

Why must I endure this criticism?

Why is it that I loathe myself?

Why is it that I can not accept myself?

Do I really need to think this way?

Do I really need to feel this way?

Do I not understand that I am unique?

Do I not enjoy being who I am?

Am I so eager to change myself so readily?

NO.

I am who I am.

No one shall change me.

If I can not be accepted

Then I do not want acceptance.

I am good enough,

And you can not change me.

Devon McElveen

An Unknown World (Haiku)

A sea full of glass
The ground covered in metal
Brown rust in the air

Devon McElveen

And Then There Was One

The first is for you,
And your constant lies.
The second is for her,
To break her ties.

The third is for him,
A man so cruel.
The fourth is for protecting him,
Like a fool.

The fifth is for another,
His mind so sick.
The last is for me,
But there is only a click.

They all begin to fall,
And then there was one.
And I look back and think,
What have I done?

(March 2,2011)

Devon McElveen

As A People

As a people we live.
Live to see a brighter day.
AS a people we rise.
Rise towards the sun's golden rays.
As a people we weep.
Weep and share many woes.
As a people we work
Work to allow bonds to grow.
As a people we fight.
Fight to move on.
As a people we stand.
Stand where others have gone.
Together,
As a PEOPLE

Devon McElveen

At Peace

Most of one's life is filled with worry,
But mine has taken a turn.
I have never felt this joy,
This ease.
Am I finally
At Peace?

What can a person describe as peace?
Is it a time where no stress is felt?
A time where everything makes sense?
A time where our we can be careless.

No.

I am not At Peace.
To be At Peace,
Would mean my death.
If that is true,
Then I am far from Peace.

Devon McElveen

Autumn (Haiku)

Diverse leaves on trees
They fall with ease, as wind blows
Fly like free angels

(March 2010)

Devon McElveen

Awaken

I used to think sleep was a way to escape.
A way to live happily, a way to find ambition.
But these images we conceive are merely fake
Once we break hold of this motionless position.
Within this, reality is but an illusion.
Though we believe this not to be true.
And to understand this may bring about confusion
But doing so we can begin anew.
To lie asleep, we can never live our lives.
Asleep, we have lied too long.
It is time that we open our eyes
So that again, we may move along.
Rise. We may never be given another chance
To be able to build, discover and advance.

Devon McElveen

Beast

There lies a beast within,
My body its den,
The monster all but awakened.
Its anger comes through me,
Ferociousness consumes me,
We are locked in continuity.

What I would do to rid myself of this curse...
The demon that shows not to be of this earth.
I am losing control, its power too strong.
Its cry the successor of the Siren's song.
To rid myself of this evil, one thing must be done.
So I look to the sky, at my last glimpse of the sun.

Devon McElveen

Been A While

A few months,
I must say.
Since I last
Picked up my pen.
A lot of those
Who know me
Ask
'Where have you been? '
Good question,
I should
Ask myself
The same.
What happened
To that dream.
Of making known
My name.
Have I lost
That fire,
That passion
I once held?
Now,
Time is my foe
And it will
Only tell.
It has
truly been a while
I am
Ashamed to say.
But poetry
will be the thing
I focus on
Today.

Devon McElveen

Betrayal

The cloudiness that holds within your mind
You allow it to reside there?
Your judgment is biased, your speech unruly,
Yet you run through my words like they are your air.
You can never understand me
You will never know my pain,
You will never be able to walk with me
For you are not worthy to possess our name.

Devon McElveen

Black Bird

They see you as evil,
Your dark feathers make you so.
They clip them
So you can not rise.
Shunned by others,
You fly alone.
Who would want to be seen
With one who is despised?

You show no fangs,
Yet they fear you most.
Such a peaceful being,
Yet the symbol of death.
Fly as hard as you might,
The wind continues to grow strong.
Your wings grow tired,
Though there is no time to rest.

Your feathers give you strength,
The color,
Much more.
Ride the gale pretty bird
And be brought to soar

Devon McElveen

Blanked

The whiteness,
It seems so pure.
Such a sight that arouses ideas of creation.
It waits for your move,
Yearning to hold your wishes
And accept your feelings.

It shows to be empathetic,
Understanding your many woes,
Releaving such feelings with revealing color.

But what you see angers you,
You can not allow for others to see what has bled there,
So you force it to disappear
And it becomes a lost memory in your mind,
Blanked from your past.

Devon McElveen

Blind

I know I am in a field alone
Because I hear no one in the background
I can feel the wet grass as I am prone
I sniff the grass as if I were a hound
I hear the wind howl as I stand
It buffets my face without pain
I feel dirt and grit in my hands
It suddenly begins to rain
I hear the pitter-patter of it hitting the dirt
It feels so cool and refreshing on my skin
I stick out my tongue and it quenches my thirst
I never take granted the world I live in
I don't need sight
To enjoy my life

(April 2010)

Devon McElveen

Body

No body is more pure than that that lies before me.
The colors it reflects prove to be alluring.
No body is more vast than that that I am stranded upon.
It is my only companion when all held dear is gone.

No body is more beautiful than that that I am lost.
I forget all of my failures and the events that they have caused.
No body can evoke these feelings that I have failed to perceive.
It continues to hold my attention from morn to eve.

No body can relieve these pains that I have endured.
This peaceful, serene moment I have long waited for.
No body can show dark dancing with light.
Oh beautiful sea, what a magnificent sight.

Devon McElveen

Broken Man

Its not his body
That lies broken by hatred
But his open heart

Devon McElveen

Calling (Epic)

This calling,
It is not my own.
This calling is for those who are willing to step forward.

My brothers and sisters,
Those who walk the same earth as me,
Breathe the same air as me,
Hope the same way as me.

Our numbers are great,
Though we fail to realize it.
Our colors are much diverse,
But our blood flows the same red.
Our many differences bring us together.

Fight with us
For us,
The way we are not accustomed.
Make us believe that our violence
Can be shifted into something,
Much more.

Walk with me,
Alongside me.
Show them your absence of fear,
The pride that we can portray to them.
Lay to them the stories of our triumph,
The overcoming of our woes,
As a people, a generation, an innovation.

Make note of our progress,
For we are not even close to our goal.
I can,
We can,
Bring forth the wishes
Of those who stood before us.
Show them our tenacity.

I hope to shake hands with you all

And greet you all with a smiling face,
But the time for that has past
And our future
Nothing but awaits us.
Leave behind your worries,
Bring only your will.
I will see you on the battlefield,
Our battlefield.

Devon McElveen

Calmeſt Evening

It is a beautiful night,
Don't you agree?
It may be freezing,
But we maintain warmth.

Watch the ſky,
How many ſtars can you count?
Thoſe lights up there,
They're lit for us.

The wind kicked up,
You grip me ſtrongly.
You're cold, as well?
Might we go inside?

You may be right,
Why waſte this moment?
The night is perfect,
As are you.

This cold is reaching me.
My face grows numb.
May I reſt my lips
Where yours reſide?

I've waited very long
To announce my love.
And here you are
Awaiting my words.

My breath forges clouds
With every ſingle term.
Are you able to catch
What I am relaying?

Tears run down your cheek.
Are they that of joy?
I hope and pray
That it may be ſo.

And I stand here

Alongside you

Awaiting your answer

Will you be my wife?

Devon McElveen

Childhood Dreams

I was once a child,
A phrase all of us may say.
As children we dream,
Dream as high as the sky is blue.

We dreamed plenty,
Every night was magical.
Dark nights of wonder.
Hopes to make these dreams come true.

As time passed,
Our dreams soon faded away.
Those thoughts in our minds
Disappeared as we all grew.

These new nights of sleep
Seem to feel so much more empty.
Blankness clouds our minds.
Where are those dreams that we once knew?

We used to aim so high
Always aiming for the stars.
Now our aim is off
What could be obscuring our view?

Should we make a change?
Awaken the child within?
Let the child run free
So that we can dream anew.

Devon McElveen

Comets

These entities in the sky,
What ever will we call them?
They move across the night swiftly.
How about shooting stars?
How about we wish upon them?
Give us hope that dreams may come true.
Maybe they aren't even stars.
What if they are actually angels
Falling from grace,
Becoming one of us,
Playing a role as our guardian.
What makes us so special
To see such a wonderful sight?
Is there someone out there
Speaking through these tailed rocks?
Maybe they are giving us hope.
Maybe they are our guardians.
Maybe...

Devon McElveen

Crossroads

Not once were we warned of our future's campaign.
Through time we have become lost souls.
We held goals which were impossible to attain.
We wander searching for the fabled Crossroads.
Lessen the pain with a mere object
Our hearts mended for short times.
Feelings we fail to openly project
Memories we try to erase from our minds.
We share the same direction,
Though the destination may differ.
Our clothes hold little protection
As the path grows much bitter.
Men grow old searching on this path
And succumb to Nature's harmful wrath.

Devon McElveen

Dear Instructor: June

Dear Instructor,

Have you ever looked back at a photo of you as a child. I recently did. I cried, a lot. Someone as 'tough' as me crying... Its funny, really. I watched as I smiled from ear to ear. To think I was once happy...It pains me to think so. Looking through those pictures I saw my mother hugging me with a smile as bright as mine. I haven't hugged my mother in 4 years... Those pictures made me realize, the transition through adolescence has greatly changed me. At times I just wish I was a kid again...

Sincerely,

Devon McElveen

Devon McElveen

Death Of A Nation (Haiku)

Men's blood on the ground
Marked guns firing all around
Death of a nation

Devon McElveen

Dreams, Langston Hughes Tribute

As we dream
We are forced to believe
That anything we wish
Can be conceived.

And as we wake
what will ensue?
Will we make these
Dreams come true?

Devon McElveen

Dust

Some find peace in their seclusion.
Most must accompany others.
Peace they find is merely an illusion.
Yet, groups tend to smother.
We've yet to know what is need of us.
What our destiny may hold.
This destiny shows to be shrouded in dust.
Contrary to what we've been told.
This dust is thicker than first expected
And searching is no easy task.
The will of most is quickly tested
And most fail to last.
Not many know the contents of the dust,
Yet, most of it is those we trust...

Devon McElveen

Emotionless

I hate my hate, though I love my love.
And I despise my regret.
I feel warmth for my wants
And disappointment in my failures.
I feel coldness in my guilt,
Fury in my jealousy,
And power in my pride.
These feelings bombard me,
Often daily.
I yearn to escape them,
But,
Our emotions make us human

Devon McElveen

Faces

Staring, wandering, watching,
These faces.

Full of life and happiness,
Pain and regret,
Unknowing of their future.

All of these faces,
Staring through me,
Wandering about,
Watching from a distance.

They constantly judge me
With all seeing eyes.
They know not their future,
But seem to know mine.

Devon McElveen

Fantasy

This world we live in, it is reality, yes?
How is it we can determine this?
Have we been led to believe that this is all real?
This is mere fantasy, a dream
And it is time for us to wake up.

Devon McElveen

Far Away

Hmm, to think I still think of you
On the other side of the world.
What were you to me?
A friend or even more?
As you left I felt little anger or sadness
But joy that you were following your dream.
And when you come back here
I will be waiting, the same as I ever was.
A pity how little progress I have made.
To slack off and just roll on each day.
Where is my drive, my motivation? !
Why can't I be more like you? !
What is holding me back? !
I wish We could trade places,
If only I could move as far as you...

Devon McElveen

Far Too Long

It has been far too long
Since my pen has touched this pad.
to let my words spill onto this papper once more.
It truly is,
A wonderful feeling.
So many days I've let this paper gather dust.
My mind ached to speak through my hands.
This ink seems so ancient.
Unmoved for what seems to be millenia.
And now I move to the next piece
For it feels nice to do what I love

Devon McElveen

Flowers

It is a thing so fragile
To hold such beauty.
Petals of many colors
Subdue my eyes.

A symbol for love,
Why has this been so?
Is it because the lady
Enjoys the many colors and how they grow?

The mixture of red and yellow,
Blue and violet.
They prove to be a combination
Quite worthy of sight.

But soon they lose life
And wither away.
For time shows that beauty
Will always decay.

Devon McElveen

Fly

Look to the sky.
See the beautiful cyan color.
The clouds move as snails do.
Drifting about needlessly.
The birds sing their songs of harmony
And flutter about so elegantly.
Oh, what I would give to join them.
To float with the clouds of ivory.
To meld with the skies of blue.
To sing with the careless birds.
To flaunt my feathers in the cool breeze.
If I could take flight,
I could finally be free.

Devon McElveen

Fool's Gold

All that glitters,
One's sight obscured by such beauty.
Or is it seen as vanity?
Who am I to judge?

When does one throw away their beliefs
In exchange for money?
For fame?

Fool's Gold.
That's all it can be seen as.
Selfish killing,
Working to an unlawful goal...

Once more,
Who am I to judge?

When this life is glorified
It is difficult not to
Become a follower.

But not impossible...

Devon McElveen

Forbidden (Epic)

Part 1

Celio, a man of many words. Born
Into a corrupted and troubled time,
His survival was questionable. At
A very young age, his family was
Slaughtered by an unknown force. During this
Time he was taken in by his uncle,
Who later died in battle. Now alone
Once more, he set out to avenge all those
Who lost their lives protecting him; but how?
He was unskilled, unrecognized and much
Too young; but Celio wanted revenge.

He wanted to cause pain to the one who
Caused him pain. Soon, he set out to learn the
Ways of his blood thirsty people and be
Consumed by the greed and corruption that
Infected them. During his travels, he
Stumbled across an old man. "I know you, "
He whispered. "I know what you think...and want."
"You speak foolishness, sir, " Celio spoke.
"I speak foolishness, you say? Do you know
The ways of your people? " Celio's eyes
Widened with anticipation. "Tell me
More." The old man snorted. "Do you see the
World around you? " Celio turned his back
To notice his surroundings. "All I see
Is sand." The old man laughed. "Do you know why
You only see sand? " Celio shook his
Head. The old man grunted. "It is because
Of YOUR people. They took the green world from
Us. They caused this grey world." Celio was
Silent. "There are only two types of us
Left. The Destroyers and the Creators.
Your people were Destroyers. They waged a
Civil war with the Forbidden Weapons.

The weapons were immensely powerful.
They were also unstable. In time the

Weapons became impossible for your
People to control and they began to
Destroy cities. Then continents. It was
Not long before we were brought to the brink
Of extinction. Those who were left alive
Devised a plan to rid the world of the
Forbidden Weapons. Destroyers as well
As Creators made new weapons that could
Cause the power of the Forbidden Aura
Within the weapons to destroy the parts
Of the weapons that kept them together.

When the Forbidden Weapons were destroyed,
The Destroyers took the weapons made by
The Creators and continued their war.
You seem different from your ancestors.
You have the fighting spirit of them, while
Containing the heart of a Creator.
You have the blood of both clans. You are the
One to end this war." Celio had not
Expected this. "How do I do this? I
Can not fight. I have no experience! "

"WE will teach you." Voices came from around
Celio's feet. Then, people began to
Rise from the sand. They were the Creators.
Their skin tones were diverse, but they all had
No color in their eyes. It was a pale
Grey that seemed to have been robbed of color.
A strong looking man approached Celio.

"So you are half Destroyer, huh? We will
Train you in the ways of OUR people. Got
It? " Celio understood. This marked the
Beginning of his grueling and painstaking
Training. It took years before Celio
Was ready for combat. One day, as his
Training was coming to a close for the
Day, a large explosion came from the west.
"It is Him." A young Creator said. The
Rest of the Creators began to meld
Their bodies with the sand and disappeared

From sight. Celio had not learned how to
Do this yet, so he was left to face Him
Alone. As He approached, Celio came
To be more frightened. He was not facing
A mere man, but a thing of which he has
Never seen. With every step He took,
Explosions erupted around Him. It
Was clear what He wanted. Destruction.
As he grew closer, Celio knew what
He had to do. Celio must slay Him.
Celio raised his weapon. He began
To laugh. "I can take Him. You are nothing! "
Celio came to be filled with rage. The
Rage was from all who he lost. He focused
It into his weapon and discharged. The
Explosion created from the blast was
Extreme. The Creators were forcefully
Unearthed instantly and were tossed a great
Distance. The monster the Creators called
He was obliterated. Celio
Was unaware of the power that he
Had just unlocked. It was the Forbidden
Aura. The power, however, was too
Much for Celio to control. He was
Too inexperienced to wield immense
Power like this. He soon allowed himself
To be engulfed in the malevolent
Forbidden Aura. He then yearned for all
Around him to be destroyed. He craved more
Power as well. As he went to use his
Weapon, he saw a man approaching him.

It was the elder Creator. He grabbed
Celio's weapon and it began to
Fall apart. "I will not allow you to
Be consumed." With those words, the Forbidden
Aura escaped Celio's body and
He dropped to the ground, violently. Some of
The uninjured Creators rushed to his
Aid. "We must nurse him back to health, " A young
Creator stated. The elder shook his
Head. "We cannot." The young one began to

Sob. "If we don't, he will die!" The elder Chuckled. "He will heal on his own. He is Stronger than we thought. With more training he May even be able to defeat the Forbidden aura itself." Everyone Shared smiles at the thought. "Let us just hope he Stays on our side." With that, the Creators Vanished into the sand, leaving the young Warrior to sleep, resting himself for His destined battle with the dark aura.

Part 2

Months raced by as Celio only grew Stronger. His style of fighting changed as well. He now knew the ways of the Creators And could use their powers at will. He was Regarded as the most powerful in The Creators' bloodline. His powers could Even be more powerful than that of The entire clan itself at it's near full Potential; however, he still could not Use this power or the true Forbidden Aura may arise to take hold of him Once again. During a training session, Celio Noticed fast moving black clouds above him.

"The Forbidden Aura, it is back." The Elder approached Celio. "Here, you will Need this." The elder tossed Celio a Weapon. It was an incredible piece Of machinery, created only For Celio. It contained the blood of Every known surviving Creator Causing it to be the most powerful Weapon ever constructed by any Man, Creators and Destroyers alike.

The cloud lowered from the sky and came face To face with Celio, but soon dispersed.

“What is this? ! ” Celio raised his weapon
In anticipation. The Creators
Watched with the same anticipation. Soon,
Figures came to be recognizable.

It was Celio’s family. He dropped
His weapon. Tears began to run down his
Face and he leapt into his awaiting
Mother’s arms. As he grew close, her smile soon
Began to fade and her face grew mean and
Minatory. The others shared the same
Facial expression. When he went to touch
Them, his hand passed through. Then, their faces and
Bodies became distorted. Celio
Knew he had been trapped. He extended his
Arm for his weapon, but his sight was now
Cloudy. “You are MINE, ” an unknown voice spoke.

The black cloud now circled Celio and
Embraced him with sickening smog. He could
No longer breathe and was close to losing
Consciousness. The Creators could only
Watch in horror as Celio became
Engulfed in black smoke. “Celio, ” a young
Creator cried. There was no response. The
Forbidden Aura spoke in his place. “The
One you call Celio is under my
Control and when I am done with him, I
Will slaughter him as I did his uncle
And everyone else! ” Once he heard this, the
Brave warrior Celio awoke and
Broke from the dark cloud’s grasp. He ran towards
His weapon with incredible speed and
Launched his first attack against the aura.

The weapon loosed an amazing aura
That shined all colors. It moved with unreal
Speed and struck the dark cloud. The cloud dispersed
Instantly. “Is it over? ” Celio
Was astonished at how easy it was.

He did not understand that he only

Weakened the Forbidden Aura and it
Was staging a counterattack. Days went
By as Celio and the Creators
Enjoyed the Forbidden Aura's absence.
On the fifth night, as Celio slept, the
Vicious aura attacked again, but this
Time against the eldest Creator. His
Cries were heard throughout the area, but
Before anyone could help, his soul had
Already been taken. Celio rushed
To his body to find it lifeless. Tears
Began to roll off of his cheeks; but soon
His sadness turned to rage and the only
Thing he wanted was vengeance. Sensing such
Emotions, the Forbidden Aura was drawn
To him, and rushed back to the area.

"You WILL die, " Celio yelled. He ran at
The dark cloud and launched an amazing attack,
Punishing the murderer of his new
Master. It was a magnificent sight,
Light and dark aura clashing in such a
Dazzling array of colors. The darkest
Aura soon disappeared...then, the lightest.

As the battle ceased, it was evident
That Celio had accomplished the task
Of defeating the Aura, at the price
Of his life. At the end, there could be no
Victor. His actions, however, did not
Go unseen. Those known as Destroyers, were
Soon freed of the dark aura's grasp and went
Back to their ancestral roots. Creators.

Devon McElveen

Forever

Forever I will be by your side.
Forever my love will never subside.
Forever you will be a part of me.
Forever you will be the only beauty I see.
Forever I will continue to love you.
Forever nothing will come above you.
Forever, forever...

Devon McElveen

Forgiveness? (Haiku)

Why must we forgive?
They will never be sorry.
I'll never forget...

Devon McElveen

Forgotten (Haiku)

We're soon to forget
Our most cherished memories.
Yet, they still linger.

Devon McElveen

Forgotten Intellect

As we come from the days that we would crawl and speak broken words
We acquire emotions and intellect that took much time to learn.
These skills that we have acquired are but some things we have earned.
With these skills mere problems we are able to discern.
Or perhaps I am wrong since this has not been confirmed
In some who have failed to allow their intellect to return...

Devon McElveen

Free

Am I free?

Free because I am not locked in a cage,
Because I hold my own ideas,
Because I possess my own will?

My ancestors knew the meaning...

They strived for it every day.

To them,

I am free;

But I do not feel this way

For it is hard to break chains

When they are attached to the roots...

Devon McElveen

Go Deep Within Your Mind

Go deep within your mind
And embrace what you find
Because on different lines
You will see the same signs

Devon McElveen

Gold And Silver

Such precious metals
They gleam in the light
Some would kill for them
Others work for them
Beautiful pieces
They drive men insane

Devon McElveen

Graveyard Shift (Haiku)

They begin to dig,
Moving soil and living grass
For a dead man's tomb.

(March 1,2011)

Devon McElveen

Haiku / Our Leaders

Corruption runs deep
In those I call leader.
For power, corrupts.

Devon McElveen

Happiness (Haiku)

What makes us happy?
Could it be those we hold dear?
Sometimes I doubt this.

Devon McElveen

Heritage

I look through history,
At all of the greats.
I then sort them all
And read only of my race.

Those who experienced
Pain and oppression.
Born in the Renaissance
And the Great Depression.

The struggles they've encountered,
The bars they've set,
The pride that they've had,
The absence of regret,
The words they've spoke,
The lives they've changed,
The followers they've had,
The sacrifices they've made,
The strength they've showed,
The prestige they've held,
The goals they've achieved,
The way they've excelled.

We want a place with them,
Our names next to theirs.
For we are all proud
To be our ancestor's heirs.

Devon McElveen

Homesick (Haiku)

Am I really here?
This place, I'm not familiar.
May I please come home?

Devon McElveen

Human

As humans we are unique.
Unique within our features.
Our bodies, minds and souls
Indeed unique creatures.
What is it that occurs
Once we lose sense of self?
In time we lose humanity,
That can not be helped.
Our minds and bodies,
Temporary parts.
Because it is our souls
That prepare for a new start.

Devon McElveen

I Am...

The flame that brightens up the day.
The gust that blows the storm away.
A golden dagger, a blade of glory.
The paragon of the spirits of those before me.
The language breaker, from China to France.
An urban poet with the soul of the Renaissance.
A starving artist with the hunger for words.
An activist whose voice must be heard.
The seed that carries life on.
The sun that rises at dawn.
The voice of the mute, the eyes for the blind.
The keeper of life and the sands of time.
I AM...

(February 2010)

Devon McElveen

I Never Knew Him

I never knew him, only knew of him.
He was a great man, a man who knew many things.
Caring, Compassionate, Cool, Collected.
Lies. All of it lies.
I knew the truth...who he really was:
He was a coward, and ran before I saw this side.
He never Took Time To Tell Tales of his past,
He never showed his emotions,
He never told his thoughts,
He never spoke words to me,
He never looked at me,
He never knew me,
I...never knew him,
Only knew of him.
I never knew him,
And I never want to.

(February 16,2011)

Devon McElveen

Illness

What we see as disease can be cured,
however, medicine can not cure all.
We fail to realize that we can not eradicate
The virus known as Temptation,
The condition known as Greed,
The disease known as Violence.
As these common colds of our minds multiply,
We lose sight of who we really are
And become barbaric nonhuman beings.

Devon McElveen

Inner Demons

Our lives seem meaningless,
Insignificant even.
What are these demons
with which we must reason?
Is it in ourselves
That we kill all joy?
Why is reformation
Something we avoid?
It is within us that we must find peace,
It is then our inner struggle may cease.

Devon McElveen

Knowledge (Haiku)

My mind feels empty
I must fill it with knowledge
For knowledge is key

(March 2010)

Devon McElveen

Last Moments

I once looked into the eyes of a man
Who had very little time left.
Every step he took,
Every moment was savored.

His eyes glistened grey
As he took my hand and spoke,
'I'm glad to have you here.'

Devon McElveen

Learning

All of these words used around me,
I do not understand them.
What has been said, I wonder?
Could they be speaking of me?
Lowly or highly,
Could someone somehow tell me?

Teach me their tongue,
So I can interact with my brethren
And understand their ideas.
Can I empathize with these people?
Allow me to do so
For I want to know who they are.

But do they feel the same?
Do they care of my existence?
Do they find me useful?
I know not their names
Yet,
I feel I have known them from a time past.
They speak,
But I can not answer them,
I only nod in approval.

Teach me their tongue,
So I can tell my story
From eyes of my own.

So I can answer coherently,
So I can enjoy their presence.
So I can love my brethren.
I yearn for the knowing of their times,
Of their struggles,
Of their lives.

Teach me their tongue,
I am willing to learn.

Leaving The Nest

A young bird leaves the nest,
Searching for his calling.
A calling that has elluded him
While he has resided in his birthplace.
He longed and yearned
To find his own
And found that the calling
Was always at home.

Devon McElveen

Legacy

As our souls depart from here,
What is it we leave behind?
Can we say we have left something
That will stand the tests of time?
Who can say they've changed the world
Or even changed a life?
When can we say undoubtedly
As humans we've reached new heights?
How is it
That we will rest in peace
If we can not
Leave a Legacy.

Devon McElveen

Life (Haiku)

I enjoy my life.
Why do you not feel the same?
Do you embrace death?

Devon McElveen

Like The Seasons

Like the seasons we will change.
There can be no doubting this.
And although we attempt to fight
We fail to ignore the shift.
From the day we are born
We are destined to develop.
In the shadows of our parents
In this 'love' we are enveloped.
And as the spring ends,
Our summer comes along.
Where all of our problems begin
And we become mentally strong.
The days begin to cool
As we move into fall.
Our adulthood begins
And we answer life's many calls.
And then we shift to the winter
The cold, endless nights.
Where we end our chapter,
And pave the way for a new life.

Devon McElveen

Living And Dying

I will meet my fate
As you will yours.
Our lives will wash away
On the earth's forgotten shores.

Our minds do not think
Our last day can be today.
But as we grow old
This idea all but decays.

Some of us often
Live life as an art.
And see death as
Just a new start.

Devon McElveen

Living In This Time

We live in a time where time flies by.
We live in a time when everyone lies.
We live in a time where life is hard.
We live in a time where we're easily scarred.
We live in a time where we fight to win.
We live in a time where few of us grin.
We live in a time where love is confused.
We live in a time where life is abused.
We live in a time where we need a sign,
A sign to allow us to change this time.

Devon McElveen

Losses (Haiku)

In time we lose sight
And our hearing, taste, smell, touch
And then, emotions.

Devon McElveen

Making My Mark

I yearn to leave this earth with a name that others recognize.
For them to know my ventures,
My greatness,
My achievements.
Only then will I know I have made a difference
Other than those I leave unnamed.
I feel that this is more of a promise than a goal.
To see people enlightened by my work,
This will bring me true happiness.
From there I can rest,
I can leave peacefully.
But those days are not upon me,
For my wisdom holds young
And I am unable to see my name well known.
I have years to practice,
Years to grow better,
Years to show you Who-I-Am!
I will work to my dream
I will not fail,
I promise you,
I WILL make my mark!

Devon McElveen

May I Say Goodbye?

There was a girl that I knew, I knew her very well.
She was a strong and beautiful girl, through soul, body and mind.
As much as I knew her, I never thought she knew hell.
She hoped her hell would disappear with time.
But things never changed, she still hid behind her smile.
She never thought someone may be able to help.
And when we asked how she was, she became hostile.
And soon she could not live with herself.
She then thought of ways to end her pain.
Pain to end pain, she became her own bane.
Vile plans began to infect her brain.
Anything she could do to break her rusted chains.
Then the day came, she could no longer endure.
It was time for her to relieve all doubts.
Darkness filled her soul, and corrupted her core.
While love became something she came to be without.
Could it be that she had succumbed to her pain?
And became someone who had given up on hope?
Was the friendship we had something she had feigned?
Did she really reach the end of her rope?
In the end she could not carry out her days.
And she found herself without color in her eyes.
Her soul left her body at such a young age.
And I never had the chance to say my goodbyes.

Devon McElveen

May This Song Reach Your Heart

A strong young woman sings,
Her voice so divine.
'May this song reach your heart.'

She showed the epitome
Of soul, body, and mind.
'May this song reach your heart.'

She sang to the heavens
With uplifting spirit.
'May this song reach your heart.'

Her song was made
So the world could hear it.
'May this song reach your heart.'

The song she sang
Was that of fine art.
'May this song,
Reach your heart.'

Devon McElveen

Might I See My End?

I can finally see my end...
Are those words a man should speak?
Should a man know the date of his demise
Or how his body would suffer?

If one would know,
Would that not prompt premature death
By the exact man who owns that life?
Would he consider the consequences?
The possible sadness he would leave?
The minds he might scar?

His children...

How could he not see their tears,
The anguish he might cause?
The marred life they would live
Without their dear father
Would be such a heavy chore.
Wouldn't those children yearn-

To join their father?

How selfish you are! !
To end your own life so easily
Just because you are troubled!
Doing what is best for a life
By destroying it? !
How foolish...

You think you have it figured out
But not one person knows,
What awaits you after you have performed a deed
That many frown upon...

Devon McElveen

My Brother

Today, my Brother
We fight together.
Show no fear as We
Take on the enemy.
Show them that
Together We are strong.
We are but One
As We show Our persistence.
We no longer
hold doubt in Our minds.
We show the power
That We both possess.
And as We fight
to Our very last breath,
I will be glad to say
I died with my Brother.

Devon McElveen

Nightmares (Haiku)

Twisted dimensions
Visions of a broken world
Linger in my dreams

Devon McElveen

Nights

Days turn to nights,
Nights turn to days.
As everything vanishes
Only time stays.
To find peace in this world
Means to break hate.
But what must one do
To reach such a state?
I feel that there is
Something we have missed.
Since there is no such thing
As true bliss.
If life is light,
And death is darkness and peace.
Then the night is where
I would always like to be.

Devon McElveen

Our World

In this world full of hatred,
May we find a glimmer of peace?
This death, fear and anguish,
Will it ever truly cease?
As humans we wage war,
War that tears apart our nations.
And we wait for it to end,
Through misguided patience.
For centuries we have fought,
Fought against sisters and brothers.
Shedding blood, spreading hate
Killing one another.
But it seems we are growing,
Growing as a whole.
This peace that is dreamed of,
One day we shall fit this mold.

Devon McElveen

Patriot

The battle wears on
And it may seem rough,
But do not worry.
I have faith in us.
Though we quake in fear
We prove to be strong.
And facing these odds
We will not steer wrong.
Truly an honor
To stand with you all.
And I will stand here
Even as we fall.

Devon McElveen

Playing The Hand

Everyone is dealt a hand,
But you decide how its played.
You must play this game,
With little to no aid.
No one knows the rules, however.
Some say there are none.
There is said to be no winners,
But you can only know when you're done.
This hand is unique to you,
So there is no way to cheat.
This is no competition,
So there is no one to defeat.
The game is hard to play,
But play as well as you can.
For we are forced to play this game.
When dealt a cruel hand.

Devon McElveen

Pleased To Meet You

Your face is new to me.
Whatever brings you here?
May I meet your acquaintance?
You have a foreign accent
May I ask where you are from?
This is not your first language
But you speak it so well.

I enjoyed our conversation,
I wish it would not end.
I really hope
That we will once meet again...

Devon McElveen

Pop

He is here, but he is not alert.
He is in his own world, away from us.
He does not speak, though people want him to.
His eyes are closed, and they will not open.
He will not move, he is no longer strong.
His skin is cool, though the room is warm.
I look down and wonder
Will he ever come home?

(March 1,2011)

Devon McElveen

Power

Am I the first to fall victim
To the hand with power bestowed by my peers?
A power which reeks with corruption
That we blindly look past.
A blind man knows more
Without the ability to see.
We must lose this ability to find
The true meaning of power.
A power that should never
Be possessed by mere men.

Devon McElveen

Promises

These promises we make
Can we really keep them all?
These spoken words
Only soothe those we love.

These words are just that.
Empty verbs and meaningless nouns.
Why must we feel obligated
To soothe those we love?

Feelings thrown in the air.
Do we let them fall?
It is troublesome to catch objects
That we can never see.

A promise is a promise.
Without action it is only sound.
Why fulfill something
That we can never see?

Promises are words.
They can be nothing more.
Now tell me,
How many have you worked toward?

Devon McElveen

Reality

When does one lose sense of reality?
Is it normal to hold onto a crushed dream?
How is it that we may find joy
When this reality is not what it seems?
Do we imagine because we fear reality?
Or do we merely yearn to escape it?
Can't we ever find the strength?
The strength we need to face it?
Will there ever be a time
Where all life stands still?
Or must we find within ourselves
The power that is our will?

Devon McElveen

Recipe For War

1 Kilogram of Corruption
1.2 grams of Hatred
3 grams of Government
231 milligrams of Nationalism
7 liters of Bloodshed
27 deciliters of Misguidance
A block of Immoral Values
1 False Cause
A Heart (frozen)
Extra Taxes (optional)

1. Preheat oven to 500 degrees F.
2. Place the Government and Corruption into a shaded bowl (do not mix) .
3. Pour in the Misguidance slowly and steadily. Make sure the Government falls to the bottom and the Corruption floats to the top.
4. Dump the Nationalism into the bowl quickly. It is now safe to mix the contents.
5. Within 20 seconds of mixing, pour in the Bloodshed. There should be a loud hiss sound. Refrigerate mixture.
6. Chop up the Immoral Values into small pieces. Add some to the mixture every few seconds for best results. Keep mixture refrigerated.
7. Once the Immoral Values are all in the mixture, remove from the refrigerator and add the frozen Heart and Hatred (at the same time) .
8. Pour the mixture into a large pan and place the False Cause on the top (will melt while cooking) .
9. Place the pan in the oven for exactly 3 days. No more, no less.
10. When the 3 days end, remove the pan from the oven and sprinkle the Extra Taxes on it. Enjoy your new war.

We are not responsible for any deaths that occur during your war.
If you need to point a finger, point it at your president.

(April 2010)

Devon McElveen

Remember Me

Years it has been, since we have last met eyes.
Do you feel joy in seeing me once more?
I must admit that I've missed you as well.
May I pass some time within your presence?

My memories of you were near fading.
Your great smile, your adorable laughter.
Your laughter is one thing I could recall.
Might we share humor before you leave me?

It is time once more for us to depart.
My feelings for you will never waver.
I'll always keep you in my memory.
I can only hope you will do the same.

Devon McElveen

Remorse

What a tedious journey I have left upon
Yearning for the end to appear anon.
Remorse I feel has pained me so
And caused once friends to become foes.

Oh God! Do you not feel shame?
A mere sacrilege to your holy name?
To allow a son to rob from those who've died
And conjure a creature as grotesque as I.

The world you've created has now riddled me
And continued throughout its mutability.
Your sons and daughters seem excommunicated,
Their mind emptied and thoughts sedated.
Their abhorrence to me has only augmented
As my heart becomes more and more rented.
I can not understand this barbaric race.
Am I an evil you plan to efface?

Fear not, for I alleviate such a wish
And continue my journey with survival at risk.
I see my words presented with such guile.
These questions I have, no answers have been revealed.
They say you are the one who has created.
Why would you bring me in a world where I am hated?
I, desponded, ask for your reply.
Why would you negligently cast me aside?

Your pinnacle of achievement is the birth of man
And I am a mistake with the appearance of the damned.

(March 29,2011)

Devon McElveen

Rise

Rise brothers and sisters! Our time is now!
It is time to make our home nations proud.
No need to call upon miracles here.
Remember, we fight for the things we hold dear.
There is no one who can break our spirit.
We shout so the enemy can hear it.
And as I walk on that ground with you all.
I know that it will be them who will fall.

Devon McElveen

Self-Exile

Venom spitting from her lips,
Her words filled with rage.
Muscles very tense,
Anger built with age.

Her threats seem more violent,
Her voice lifts with strength.
Our love is like light
With a presence so faint.

She strikes with a force
That fills me with anger.
My adrenaline rushes,
As if I am in danger.

My fists are clinched,
But I do not strike.
For I will never bring myself
To participate in such a fight.

Only this causes her more anguish
And she yearns to pain me more.
She is upset that such strikes
I can easily endure.

So she raises a weapon
With such a sharp blade
And I feel an incredible agony
Where the incision is made.

She continues to thrust
The weapon through my skin
And blood gushes from all wounds
From deep within.

I force the weapon from her
And do the same.
I can not recall the account
For I was no longer sane.

As I feel my body come to my control
My heart sinks at what I've done.
As my conscience awakes, my body aches
And my first urge is to run.

Run far away from there
If it be feet or it be miles.
The only way to be punished
Is my justified self-exile.

(April 12,2011)

Devon McElveen

Serious

She proves to be so hard to break.
Her gaze is hard to get past.
I can not read her expressions.
Why must she wear this mask?
She chooses not to speak,
Her lips remain in place.
There is no reason for this harshness,
Why must she wear this face?
Although she remains this serious,
I know this will not last.
Because I am determined
To see her smile and laugh.

Devon McElveen

Shrink, The Lion

Doctor: What seems to be the problem?

Me: I can't get this vision out of my head.

Doctor: Could you tell me a little about this vision?

Me: It is of me holding hands with someone.

Doctor: A companion?

Me: Yes.

Doctor: A woman?

Me: No, a lion.

Doctor: Hmmm.

Me: The only thing is that the lion is a little different.

Doctor: I don't understand, describe it to me.

Me: He is a majestic creature, one with glistening, golden fur.

He is large, and has a regal, heroic mane.

He is saddened, however, seeing as he is locked in a cage.

I go to touch his paw and he disdainfully allows.

The epitome of pride showing none of the sort.

He looks at me, no, looks through me and roars weakly.

He walks to the corner of the cage

And settles on the cold, metallic floor.

He roars again, almost as if trying to speak to me.

I understand him too.

Doctor: What does he say?

Me: I want to go home...

Devon McElveen

Sleep Well

As I lie awake,
You sleep so sound.
My mind only wonders
Where your life may be bound.
Perhaps it is why
I can not rest.
The thoughts of the world's
Vigorous tests.
You sleep beautifully,
No worries in mind.
So innocent you are,
Though it will change in time.
Or I may be wrong.
Only time will tell.
My words to my Angel,
Please sleep well.

Devon McElveen

Song Of The Bird

As the bird sings I am filled with wonder
The wonder that youth feels on arrival in this world
A sound so beautiful echoes through the trees
And causes me to be still when danger is provoked
The bird's song is so powerful it cleanses my soul
And makes my ears dance with delight
The song bird sings with grace and ease
If only all humans were blessed with this gift

Devon McElveen

Still Alive

I walk on the edge of life
Waiting for something
to end my days,
But I am still alive.

I run without caution,
Dangers lying in my wake
But I easily look past them
Because I am still alive.

I feed on adrenaline
Make more mistakes than necessary
To show that I have no fear
Of death while I am alive.

No longer I look over my soldier
No longer I worry
No longer I expect the worst
No longer am I alive.

Devon McElveen

Struggle

For years as humans we have clung to life
And time has honed us into strong beings.
For millennia we have struggled
Waged war on ourselves for petty reasons.
To struggle and live, is this our fate as humans?
Or is there more to us, that we have yet to uncover?

Devon McElveen

The Beauty Of Two Lives

We dare, travel into the darkness of despair?
Continue to try when our limbs grow bare.
This world we see is far from fair.
While they fell around me, it watched and stared.
Cruel. One of many words to describe it.
Reality seems like nothing but a mere myth aside it.
Bliss can never be achieved in this life
With all of the pain, disdain, and strife.
Fear is but one thing it fuels.
Those who honor and cherish it are mere fools.
Its rival is seen as just a simple dream
Because its presence has never been seen.
But...
We have never thought, "Perhaps I am asleep.
A slumber in which I was brought so deep."
Meaningless is our achievements, our goals;
The work that we endure, the everlasting toll.
Our minds. Easily misguided.
But we had no defense. No ways to fight it.
Once free beings. No cares, simple thoughts.
Greed and prosperity we now have sought.
We try to depart with riches from this earth.
When all of our essences have the same worth.
Why experience it again? It has no right.
Why must we endure the pressures of a second life?

(September 2010)

Devon McElveen

The End

We know not the world we are brought into.
The war that this earth we walk has been through.
Indeed we are mere beings on a mighty rock.
Though we act as if we are immune to its clock.
Every moment we grow closer to meet our end.
Yet, we do very little to make amends.
so many think of how we can make our last stand
When we aren't even sure how it all began.
Will we lose our home, or miss our sun?
Will we separate, or work as one?
In due time, the answer will be known.
How much longer can we call Earth home?

Devon McElveen

The Flame

The flame, it burns ever so bright.
It shines so strong when there is absence of light.
Feed the flame and it continues to grow.
Watch the dancing red-orange glow.
It spreads, sways and moves with speed.
It consumes all it contacts with thirst and greed.
Flames so beautiful illuminate the night.
They rush through the air like a bird takes flight.
The burns it inflicts leave behind dark ash.
The flame gives birth as it engulfs and grasps.
It knows not right from wrong as does a young child.
Now watch the flame as it continues to run wild.

Devon McElveen

The River Reaches The End

How long until the river reaches its end?
The unforgiving waters violently rush and bend.
To ride the surface would mean certain death.
For the speed of the river does not allow rest.
Why must we take this path? Is there no safer way?
The heavy waters twist dark blue and grey.
Riding the waters means no easy task,
But to reach the end, is all that we ask.

Devon McElveen

The Will To Live

I came home to greet my mother,
She did not look well.
She seemed fatigued,
And lied near motionless in bed.
At the time I was unaware,
Of what this meant.
I now understand
She has lost the will to live.

Devon McElveen

The Wiseman

He sits there thinking,
Listening and watching
With eyes and ears
That learn more with each passing.

He has experienced much
And yearns to tell his tale
Though he has lost
The ability to do so...

Devon McElveen

The Woman In The Red Dress

The woman in the red dress
How I admire thee
How could one walk with such grace
And such beauty?
The woman in the red dress
Your comforting eyes
The beautiful color
Resembles the sunrise
The woman in the red dress
So young and youthful
A lie never leaves your lips
You are always truthful
The woman in the red dress
Your name, unknown
Your voice speaks with
The most beautiful of tone
The woman in the red dress
Why must you go?
Why don't you stay
And allow our love to grow?

(May 2010)

Devon McElveen

This Soil

A new era grows, on soil planted by the old.
Soil comprised of unknown contents.
This era knows only of events that have been told
While sealed lips allow others to go rotten.

The youth builds upon this dirt of false truths
Made by the fickle ideas of an ancestor's past.
The roads they shall pave will hold more ruth
Than that that their elders would craft.

In time they will learn to be less stubborn
Than their elders who were much more rigid.
Strife would be something they would not be concerned
The history they'd create would hold much more vivid.

Why does this youth hold so much regret
With this abundant soil their elders have set?

Devon McElveen

Through The Pen

Through the pen
I write words woven with precision.
Words that hold lesser meaning alone.

Through the pen
I share deep thoughts.
Thoughts that would have otherwise never been awakened.

Through the pen
I pour my soul onto paper.
A soul that has experienced much more than I would ever know.

Through the pen
I speak,
For those who are willing to listen.

Devon McElveen

Time

We live in our present,
Though we miss our past
And await our future.

I see myself now,
My grandfather before,
And my sons and daughters after.

I fear that I will ask myself
Too many questions near death;
Yet, I find myself wondering
Of my time here on earth.

I say I have seen my offspring,
But I do not see their faces.
Only the blood that courses through them
And the flesh they have borrowed from me.

I will leave this earth
Sooner than anticipated.
But time will carry on
With or without my presence.

Time is like the ocean,
It seems to never end,
However, we will always
Find a way to reach the bottom.

Devon McElveen

Timeline

We are brought to believe that all history is true.
What is it that we are not seeing?
Why must we inscribe these falsehoods?
When will we remove these pages?
When will we shift from our naive ways
Worrying only of the present and future
While we forget the poorly forged pages of time.
What if we could change this past
Whilst building an ever growing future.
Will we, one day, be able to do so?

Devon McElveen

Truly Moved (Haiku)

Truly Moved Am I
Seeing you move on ahead
Can I roam with you?

Devon McElveen

Vanessa

So much grief lies under
Her cheery expressions.
I did not know of
The woes she had endured.

Her family saw her
As a burden
I could understand
If her heart was torn.

The love from a mother
She could not know.
A father's smile
Was never seen.

She saw life
As troubling.
What could this pain
All mean?

Then as life grew
More difficult
And evil
Beared its horns,

A light shined
On her,
And her son
Was born.

Devon McElveen

War Torn (Haiku)

You must leave this place,
It is no longer safe here.
Our now war torn land...

Devon McElveen

Warm Embrace

Day to day anguish
Fills our routines
Through times
We are no longer gifted.

False vivaciousness
Proves to be
Salt in a wound
We have self-inflicted.

Angels, they say,
Watch our every move.
Our souls
Will be brought to soar.

They are said to walk
The same as I,
But finding them
Means quite the chore.

The fabled wings
I have yet to see.
The pureness of their eyes
I've yet to face.

In the end
We are all hopeless to them,
Awaiting their
Warm Embrace.

Devon McElveen

Welcome Home

You have been gone for so long,
I await your arrival,
To see
Your beautiful face.

As you were not here,
My body stayed tense
Every muscle
Seemed to ache.

Every night
I'd dream of your eyes
As they fixed
Upon mine.

I'd dream of seeing
Your lips,
Your smile
so benign.

A day would not
Go by
That I did not
Hope to feel your touch.

No words
Could describe
How I love you
So much.

The days I sit here
Waiting for you
Have made me
Feel alone.

I will stay here
Until I am able
To tell you
Welcome Home.

Devon McElveen

Where You Can Find Me

You can find me away,
Away from those you hold trust in.
You can find me sitting,
Contemplating my racing thoughts.
You can find me longing,
Longing for a new day.

You can find me,
When I find myself

Devon McElveen

Where's My Inspiration?

I can not think.
My mind is at a gridlock.
Where's my inspiration?

Boredom is highly overwhelming,
But then I think,
"A poem about boredom! "
Stupid, huh?
But still,
I-can-not- think.
Where's my inspiration?

I lie on my bed,
Mind empty.
I stare at the ceiling,
At the blank white wall.
Then I stare at my paper,
A blank white canvas.
But then I look closer
It isn't blank.
It's filled with lines,
And not just any lines,
BLUE lines.
They aren't even solid either.
With closer inspection,
They are dotted.
Some even have breaks in them.

Well,
Look at that.
I've found my inspiration.
"What is it? " You may think.
To tell the truth it's nothing special.
My inspiration came from everywhere around me.
My closed mind soon opened up and spoke to my hand.
It's funny how the mind works,
Don't you agree?

Winning Or Losing (Haiku)

When we fight to win
What are we willing to lose
To gain victory?

Devon McElveen

Wishing Well

Our wishes are kept within our mind
Shared only when one needs hope.
These wishes need only to lift our spirits
To pursue them would be to grope.
The well, it sits there waiting,
Waiting to hear our needs and wants.
And when it knows our heart's desire
It commences with its darkened taunts.
And with our hearts broken we leave
For we can not comprehend
Why the well enjoys to hold
Such wishes at its end.

Devon McElveen

Words

Words, they are magnificent, yes?
Without them I could not convey to you my feelings.
Without them I could not describe your beauty.
I love these words.
Words that can tell stories.
That can make someone have less worry.
Words, great things indeed.
They can give someone hope.
Lighten someone's mood.
Make someone love.
Words, How easily they are used.
How easily they are understood.
How great they have shown to be.
Words, they are magnificent, yes?

Devon McElveen

Words (Haiku)

I've written these words,
Words simplistic, made into
Fine literature.

Devon McElveen