

Poetry Series

kyvin Nash
- poems -

Publication Date:

2021

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

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Kyvin Nash is a researcher, writer and artist...He lives in South Africa in a small town out-side Nelspruit, began writing in His teen years mostly music and doing artwork and lately poetry.

A Happy Child

Tickles the soul worthwhile,
They don't only smile.
Pain and hunger-
Will make them cry,
Surely they'll bring a hard trial,
Forgive them and try,
Now and then, they do turn awry.

A happy child

Show love and care,
They'll giggle not aware-
As they run around in a dare;
Here, there, and everywhere.
I have three: endeared!
That I've raised from inception,
Numerous sleep abstention-
I was drained to exhaustion.

A happy child

They have nowhere to go-
But here to test,
To play, cry, and nag,
If tryin' time is done they'll attest.
I have all the reasons to brag!
I could have ran wild-
But No! Thank God, I've stayed,
To raise a happy child.

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If Our Love Is True

We would be free,
So our happiness...
We could love one another:
I mean living in peace,
Health and wellness.

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All The Wealth Is Poison

What are we? ...just common,
Blind folded sheep to be slaughtered,
All to appease a biohazard demon,
So they get rich and our life is authored.

The opulent have counted no losses,
Pleasure is all they have for worries,
Living in mansions and penthouses,
They do as they please flashing monies.

This gratuity of ethos and echoes
This staged reality of a world thus cold,
Yielded accidentally on purpose,
Unspeakable gluttonous choke-hold.

These are the only ones,
Killing intrinsic nature with greedy measures,
Trampling priceless resources for paid ones,
All they do is to dictate and oppress us.

Money made knaves and slaves,
Feeding on crumbs under lavish tables,
Lusting as our craving souls raves,
Voiceless and brain-washed with fables.

I've seen the deceptive filthy hands,
As the world grovel at their mercy,
But a heart-less devised plan stands,
Prevalence of silver and gold agency.

'All this wealth is poison'

kyvin Nash

Nguni: A Tribe Bloodline

A DNA of wonders!
We became this evidence,
From our forefathers,
Gathered from a coincidence.
Nguni's pride under a feather,
Like a bird's nest...
Thou knitted us together,
Like a fine digest.
We were vein deep,
From tip to toe:
Thy roots took to creep.
As vast as the land stretched,
From a giant tree:
We branched.
Thy navel strings from north-east,
Whence ancestors did breastfeed:
Hence to the plains in the south-east,
Now abodes of thine breed.
Despite the hostility and adversity,
We sort amicable:
Just about a unity in diversity.

I'm talking to you...

Fascinating Xhosa with unyielding spirit (andi bulele ndithi camagu kweleka Xhosa)

I'm talking to you...

Humble Swazi always looking to make Peace (maSwati lamahle ngempela niligcabho lesive)

I'm talking to you...

Feisty Zulu, with your intimidating image (Zulu uyesabeka, umabhesh'ankone)

I'm talking to you...

Generous Ndebele, with your Ubuntu-ness (Izwe leNdebele, sitjhaba esimnene)

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Vessels Of Truth

Who art thou?

Innocent souls:

Drape with vehicles,

Verily dead bodies,

With spirited souls.

These Angels on earth:

Walked with readiness...

From a time and a place,

We need saving grace.

The spirit of Christ!

These are treasures-

In jars of clay!

Carrying a message-

In such times.

Verily brethren-

Unhindered cause-

In their quest...

Stood firm in alms.

Devout earnestness,

Zealous intentness.

Their atmosphere-

Beyond any fear,

They were brave

Crucified in stake...

Hanged like a thief

Facing the world

With nothing

But the Truth...

Spoke proudly-

Against the church:

Standing for Christ-

Against the world.

Where art thou...?

Children of God,

In the stream of time

Where do you stand?

Hopeless and Truth-less!

Rebellious generation

Ever careless!

At the crossroads,
Against all odds.
In enemy territory...
Facing persecution-
Facing apostasy-
Worse prosecution.
Can you hold in faith?
Until His Kingdom comes
If thy life be lost!
Better for Heaven...
Than for this evil Raven.
Oh dear Laodicea! ! !
Open thy eyes,
Listen if you have ears.
Is it a Church...?
If there's no Christ:
Nor His complete law.
Hence for money...
You've forsaken-
For Peace:
You've abandoned.
For fame:
You've compromised.
On behalf of Christ:
You've consented.
For infamy:
You've been rewarded.

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Not Love-Shy, But Clumsy

I don't love well
I'm too kind...
The type easily blind,
The kind:
Thus hard to find.

This emotion is sickness
Maybe my greatest weakness,
Though I utter no slickness...
To this I stumble like weak-knees.

When I'm in love...
I fall in deep:
Like a stupid glove,
I lose my grip.

Between my head and my heart...
Sweet words, I mumble and scramble,
Me and love get drifted far and apart,
Love is a struggle or a fumble.

I panic in love:
I blow hot and freeze,
All my charming suave...
Seize to exist.

When in love, I become timid:
I can't smile neither do I jump for joy,
When in love, I'm clumsy and rigid,
Love please...teach me this ploy.

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A Thorn From A Rose

Hugs and kisses,
Our forever:
Love brought us here,
Our endeavour.
I beseech a whole heart,
For kind words.
Though I've found none,
Inspired verbs.
Not even a tiny kindling;
I'm retiring...
To my heart's fairness,
I'm inquiring.
For a fitness to witness;
I'm acquainted.
My weakness is meekness;
Am I defeated?
Do you have a soul with a hole;
Or a part missing?
I can't let beautiful memories go,
I'm not fantasizing...
I'm wrestling;
Until I'm no longer searching,
I'm hurting.
My heart is beating with pain,
It's aching.
I'm asking for love to be kind again,
I'm asking,
For a chance to revive our place,
For a stance,
To stand with love face to face.
For a fact,
For us to take this giant leap of faith,
On knees...
I want to ask for your hand in marriage.
In this part;
I will speak love to your heart.
My forever...
I mean until death do us part.
My endeavor.

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End Time

Lord please come soon
Before we do more damage
Like we did with this planet,
Please save my lineage...
From this dark blanket.
Blindness is the new vision
This science from Darwin,
We losing our children...
To this evil devouring raven.

Lord come soon! ! !
The world is changing
Men are women...
And woman are men,
Boundaries are fading.
Lord come with your law
Rules have changed
What we use to know
Is not in use anymore.
Between truth and lies,
There's no line...
People share fake smiles,
Its all cruel and sublime.

Lord come this nick of time
Satan has taken your seat...
With his gratuitous feat,
He fed wine to your kids...
Blasphemy is all they eat.
Lord come for us! ! !
The world has nothing to give,
But lies and sins.
We are all trapped in this den,
Slaving to buy things.
We are nothing...! ! !
We are nothing...! ! !
Without you life is nothing!

Lord come please! ! !

We can hear the church bells,
The fake calls of peace.
In the church trouble resonate...
Rumblings of an ancient fit!
Protestants no longer passionate,
Now they preach a silent rapture,
Trampling thee sola scripture.
Evil is not in nook and cranny,
But secular schools bring frenzy.
Everything possessive to the touch
Perversion of the end-time,
Lord come soon we don't have-time.

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Prisoner #841205

I was born in this jail
Except, I didn't do crime
In this kind of a cell
prisoners don't get time

My father was a good slave
Well I guess my mother as well
Here it is very stupid to be brave
One of the things taught by the wall

I was raised with no choice at all
Clearly this is my only heritage
Everywhere I look there's a wall, tall
White and heavily armed to intimidate

Ready to squash playing and giggling
Any funny sound is dead and silenced
Chains and tools never seize tingling
All jokes are whipped when glanced

There's no life here, that I can tell
We were only raised to be better tools
Not even by chance think to rebel
Lest you be sent to the burial of fools

This coming season is my turn, I reckon
I sense the bid on my head endeared
In fact I might even break the record
Wish on luck this road ahead be cleared

In case I push my luck and make a friend
In this enslaved lands days are uncertain
Look not forward to the other end
There's work and leashes can be tighten

The slave route is a dead evil hone
As to where to from here, I don't know
All I know is, I'm going to a new home
To a kind owner this quality I shall bestow

Only if I could be a person not just a prole
I was born for this, all my life I was told
They've beaten all the pain out of my soul
Compelling blows dealt me a lesson cold

Out here obedience is the only rule
Cross that line you won't see a day to rue

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These Drugs Will Kill Us

I thought I've seen it all
But No!
There's more...
Just yesterday-
Many were put on trials-
Some lost their lives,
Others were given more drugs.

Legal or not-
We're suspended on this ledge of a bill-
Just to cope,
This demanding age will need a pill
Or else a rope.

I thought I've seen it all
But No!
Just the other day-
My daughter and my wife,
Sick from a drug...
Injected to protect!
In fact, they're tired-
Fed up...
Infected and disappointed.

Nobody wants to die from a thrill,
Scientifically enticed, its a big deal-
Now everyone has an edge to kill,
People are using drugs for real.

Just the other day
We all heard the President-
Speaking delusional, Under the influence,
Am I irrational, Well think about it,
It'll depend if you're on drugs-
Or you need drugs.

Oh shit they'll be more drugs!
-to buy time for happiness,
Even to kill depression-

-or to feed life's craziness,
Let's escape this evil oppression.

Not so long ago
we learned-
Two giants have merged,
One with seeds, I entail...
The other holding medicine,
A match made in the abyss of hell.

I thought I've said it all
But wait...
There's more in medicine-
In the pocket of science,
I've seen the perversion of life-
Paraded with confidence.
Creation distorted, botched-
Licenced and aborted,
Perfect bodies promoted-
Financed and adopted.

These drugs have killed us!

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Angel

When I think of you
I feel happy,
though...
I do, also feel terrified.
I get lost within:
I lose myself,
Your beauty overwhelms-
and your smile;
Tickles my heart.
I'm convinced,
You're the one;
If not only, I mean...
The women I should love.
All over again,
Even today;
Without a doubt, in plain-
I'll still choose you!
Even after,
so many years;
Your beauty still amaze.
Thank God:
You're still Alive,
As long as I live...
You'll always;
Be the one I love.

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Sashay

Love was not aware
We snuck outside-
To a cool evening,
Cuddling and giggling.
Our hearts-
Dancing to a love tune,
Skies vested-
With funny swaying stars,
With a lovely moonlight-
We bathed.
Under a cosy summer night-
We were silhouetted,
Love was not aware
We were all alone-
With the trees and walls,
Of this empty streets.
We could sense the breeze-
Embracing us there.
In a momentous bliss,
Love was not aware
So we stole a kiss-
A moment in our world.
We were blind to reality-
And deaf to wisdom.
So we danced for a minute-
In this kingdom.
It was me and you,
Love was not aware.

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Ode To Poets

These are my people
They come in different kinds
I love 'em too much
They share great minds
Out there in the fields
They lay down-bare their lives
Writing out feelings
Cultivating words
as they go about foraging
In broad daylight
Others in the midst of the night
Working hard-tireless
Exuberance of experience
They go on and on speaking
Their oeuvres to existence
I mean writing unbelievable reasoning
Words of evidence
Until they hit a wall
Untimely every now and then
This misfortune do occur
And when they do
It makes them feel bad, real bad
How could it be?
Just give them a comment
It will go a long way
Just give them a compliment
They'll be on their way
Nobody does it better than this people
These are my people

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Buy Me A Blessing

Buy me a blessing fill my vacant mind
Its been a decade on a job hunt-
But still, I have found none...
Its been a piece here and there, that's stunt.

Come get a blessing says the prophet, believe!
He profess I could receive absoluteness
With enough money to sow a seed and live!
He affirms cars, mansions and businesses.

Buy me a blessing I'm stuck in profanity
I've witness souls in and out, there in the oratory,
Tell me...I know, they're selling christianity
Tell me I'm wrong, I'm afraid of purgatory.

Buy me a remission, get me out of hell...
I've seen the artifacts, the relics in the shrine,
Buy me a blessing, I pray you can tell-
My hope is beat-up and my faith in-decline.

Buy me a blessing I'm dying in this penance,
I'm crying to be unleashed from this bondage
At this crossroads, only Christ is for my repentance,
Not these arrayed in colours, robes of old age.

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Beautiful Soul

These are my words
They may not mean much,
Hopefully they'll find a place-
Warm as your heart.
A fortress, lovin' patient and kind.
I hope this words can speak,
Tell you things you like to hear-
not lies and empty promises.
I wish these words can speak like roses-
and say this to you...
Kinds words are never lost
They're not spoken for pride and envy,
they're not meant to destroy.
Kinds words are spoken for love and comfort,
Hopefully they'll find favour within your soul,
be cherished, be loved and treasured.
Oh tightly folded bud, carefully wrapped-
in beautiful red petals, resemblance of Love,
Coiled amazingly in a hugging symmetry,
A creation beyond Our Border,
Unquestionable intelligence from A Creator,
colors, designs in a perfectly structured order.
Beautiful soul I wish you something-
But not the usual stuff, nor any ordinary feeling,
Not this obvious and natural appealing.
Something pure, fitting to give Life itself,
Beautiful soul I wish you Love!
I wish you Thee absolute, ultimate LOVE.

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The Famous Prophet

Lo! I had a dream,
A Broker was revealed.
He wore a fancy suit, and shiny shoes
Walking as if he owns the church,
talking as if he is God himself.
Fire, he commands the demons to manifest
He speaks, I declare miracles upon your life.
I say... Catch it, catch it...!
I speak healing and money upon your lifes...
Who wants it? Receive...Receive...Receive!
He shouts...I prophesy businesses upon your lifes
receive it...
church says, I receive! , I receive! , I receive!
He says catch it...
Then they tremble, they shake and they fall,
He declares... It is done!
church applause, man of god.

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Busy

I lied and said I was busy
I was busy;
Not in a way most people understand.

I was busy...
Relaxing, at peace...
Giving this body what it needs,
A time alone, finding myself-
Away from any influence,
Opinions and everybody's sense.

I was busy...
Inviting Divine guidance,
maybe I was praying or meditating,
It could be that I was reading or fasting,
I was busy doing nothing, I guess!
I'm not expecting anyone to understand.

I was busy...
With something of great importance,
Like...Silencing irrational thoughts,
And calming a racing heart.
I was busy disconnecting from feelings,
Emotions and pleasures of this world.

I was busy...
Very...very busy,
More than I've ever been.
I know it sounds like an excuse,
But from now-on, its what I'll choose.
I won't say or explain,
Neither will I apologize for anything.

I'm busy
Very, very busy,
Not in a way most people understand.

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Broken Man

It's gone... It's all gone!
Our life and the love we shared
The hugs and the kisses,
All the happiness we had,
It's gone... Torn into pieces.

It's all gone...!
The prayers and family meetings
Our dreams and promises.
The blessings we're waiting for on the Lord,
I mean we're supposed to be married...
But now it seems a high price to afford.
All those hard times and tears we fought;
I mean we should have buried.
Our hope of renewed love has perished.

It's gone...!
Dreams of a happy home,
The love and joy in our little entity,
It's Gone...it's all Gone! ! !
now we're entangled in this enmity.
And you're ready to burry me and everything.
This heart-full of pain,
relentless anger and dejection,
The vows made in vain,
It's all gone, all I feel is rejection.

It's gone...!
Our warm home now a house of horror,
My heart is broken and ruined...
Walls empty with visible holes of sorrow.
I hope you don't miss me or what we were...
Remember I died the day you walked out.
There's nothing, there's nothing for me here.
But a hollow heart, bleeding and drained-out.

It's all gone...!
Gone... Cast into the unknown
I'm just a soul...loveless, barren and cold.

Pain by pain, I rip your pictures of this memory wall,
Here is just an empty body waiting for its time to go,
Go and disappear into the black-hole,
Never to be found, never to be seen,
Just another lost soul.

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Smart Phones

Are you all good as you claim
You lift hopes and some hanging in vain;
Enticing debonair an some a facade of shame.
you let us kill each other with looks of disdain
Fighting for a better you, others are esteemed-
Those egos and pride, well you elevated,
Sights never seen revealed, all sets-in:
Now bare emotions implemented.
Though some names carry limitations,
You wish you cared but competition:
So quick they die on the mile-age-
Leaving it all exposed imitations.
Soon we learn from that page;
Its true they say...you're as good-
As your price,
Either way you're one risk we all entail;
Any chance that comes you seize:
You had us fallen all over, in deep detail...
There in the outskirts we had to commute-
Just to interact;
There you bridged an expensive gap-
You brought the internet.
Cheap or not...you reap a note:
Its a business trap.
As good as you're -
You can destroy, kill and control,
No matter who we think we are-
You're smart for us to patrol.

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Watchman, What Of The Night?

I will not hold my peace...

And let some man determine a life for my kids,

The very reason I want to speak.

I've watched the world do as it pleases,

Who am I to speak...

Lo I am a watchman on the night:

I keep my post as men fall asleep,

As this wolves clad as sheep.

Swift and gaudy they blend-in,

Leaving no space in-between.

This very intermediate granting amends,

Selling souls to the devil's hands.

Be awake I've seen this evil era,

learn to discern truth from error.

Lest thou become sterile from this blight,

Brave-the-night and shine the light.

Let's brace ourselves for this long shift,

Darkness we'll endure, but light will be our gift,

Heed the call, something looms in our horizon,

All seems lost, but stand and speak...hope is risen.

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Pensive Mood

When all sense has dawned
I stood in the porch with a vacant mind;
Long I look where I've drowned,
Very pensive and blind.
Still without evidence,
I rifle through this vast plain of aridity;
Hoping for any resurgence,
In this painful brooding avidity.
Not one compelling avenue,
How could in my prime hit a barrier;
Guessing somethings I have-to-do,
Even kids play games for a career.
Such I couldn't comprehend or adore,
This pattern so unjust as hideous;
In all the ways I could implore,
I found life still and impervious.

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Its Not A Funeral Its A Farewell

Bye-bye now!
Don't mourn my death-
I'll be alive again, just not now.
Besides its only a short rest,
in-fact rejoice and be glad:
I pray I've done my best.
Bye-bye for now...
Heaven awaits my embrace
I couldn't wait to leave-
Believe, I'm gone to a better place.
Shush now my kids...
Don't cry I have-known,
I didn't leave you the world;
But the Word, you must have-down.
Please turn thine hearts from affliction:
The Lord's timing is perfected
Its only in human error this is bad-
You should never forget that.
Don't come to ask over my grave,
Don't cry to relive this spirit-
I'm not in that cave.
So wipe those tears-
Remember to dwell on the promises;
For God's love crushes all fears.
Bye-bye for now my kids
In-time you'll understand-
This world is nothing but trouble,
You're the only good Thing here-
Be just and humble.

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All I Need Is Love

Love me now...

I'm in a dire-state,

Don't wait for tomorrow-

For tomorrow will be late.

Love me now...

While I'm still young and here,

Crying out my entreaty-

Love me while I still care.

Love me now...

Not in another time and place,

Not when I've replaced you;

Your name and face.

Love me now...

While these memories are raw,

Give me a chance to live and learn;

For me its the only way to grow.

Love me now...

That's all I could ask,

Its not a question of money or gifts;

I hope it won't be too much a task.

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Transparent Love

I've seen through the windows of your soul,
The joy and happiness firmly built on honesty and trust.
Transparent Soul...

I've seen the dedications in your heart,
They have reflections 'inspired' and 'motivated'
you endure and persevere with courage.

Dear Love, so humble to be blown,
Yet strong and grown.

You never been defeated,
Neither are you one conceited.

Oh Transparent Love...

I've looked in your heart,
There, love grows with love.

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Today I'm Quiet

I just can't speak;
In a humble way I'm drawn inside a shell,
Even with this voice, I can't speak.
I'm bottled by choice inside hell,
One like a six by nine prison cell,
Everything I say would be held against me,
Somehow I hold the right not to tell.
Today I'm quiet...
I have nothing to say
I have sold my freedom to the mind of reason,
I mean I bought this freedom at the price of treason.
So! Here I sit quiet as if I committed a crime,
Today I'm quiet sitting in this world doing time.

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Love, Our Life

A sweet life for two,
Precious valuable 'I do'
A sweet vow;
Warmly hearted in you.

Love, Our Life

Though once we were hopeless,
But love burns where hope-lives.
A state pure, loving and kind;
Our gift, treasure and pride.
These sweeping heartfelt emotion;
Uncovered and ventured,
These beaming worlds of passion;
Discovered and nurtured.
With love, our life.

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Africa Listen

A voice crying down the path-ways
Those ever flowing streams
Trees of these recent woods in deep extremes
This undying hope echoing on the rocks,
Lingering up on the misty mountains,
Flowing with the blissful fountains.
Persistent, earnest calling and calling...
AFRICA Listen, AFRICA Listen!
You're not dark or black as they paint you,
You're not inferior and tamed as they perceive you.
Africa Listen a Great Voice is calling
Has been calling
Remember when the rain was falling
When your pride was all tucked-in-Nourished
Before this blinds became your diet-Flourished.
Are you unleashed when you're quiet...Polished
When you're stuck in shadows with burdens of lures, -Published
Adorned in silver and gold, blinding chores.-Tarnished
This very death-filled-route you binge on! -Impoverished
AFRICA...AFRICA! ! !
Go back to the roots that carried your dignity,
Who do you resemble except the Holy Trinity.
How long do you intend to reject the call...?
How far will you pretend and stall...?
Like glittering toys arrayed you stand with hope,
Whilst your blood and sweat is sold as dope!
AFRICA Listen a Voice is calling, has been calling
Hovering in the deserts of the Sahara and the Kalahari,
Along the oil rivers in the west
Echoes in Gorée...the house of horrors,
Africa Listen...lest we forget!
Echoes on the hill houses in Timbuktu,
Echoing over the Pyramids in Egypt to Kilimanjaro,
Echoes within the streams of the Nile,
To the Rift Valley in the east
Africa listen as the great voice speaks.
Echoes over the Serengeti to lake victoria,
At the Great Rift Valley to Nyasa to the falls of Victoria.
on the Okavango Delta, down the streams of Limpopo.

echoes from the Orange river to the Great Karoo,
To the mountains of the Drakensberg, over to the flat mountain of the Cape.
AFRICA LISTEN, AFRICA LISTEN...
a Voice is calling you out-off the ways of the world.

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Only Time Will Tell

Whether we succeed or fail,
If this odyssey will leave a trail for a dream to sail.
Time will tell if we've tap into a new era,
Whether this past will remain on the rear view mirror.
Time will tell if we've transformed this route,
And maturely grown from this impatience of youth.
Time will tell if this road goes crooked and widely apart,
If this ever pushing progression leads to a right path.
Time will tell if this is ignorance from a naïve class,
Whether we've forged deep into a future beyond grasp.
Time will tell if this wisdom is fleeting,
If our only chances are sitting on the edges of world splitting.
Indeed I say, time will tell
If this life ends in a tall-tale

kyvin Nash

Rappers Lie And They Know It

Rappers lie and they live from this...
All I see Its Glitz and Glamour sold in Bold
As they say all that glitters is Gold.
Lavish, Fancy and Bling,
Really how much does one have to bring.
Rappers lie and they breed within this...
All we see is pride, envy and lust,
Their forked tongues spit love, life and trust,
Yet all we see is sex, guns and drugs.
What's real, always grinding for the next gig,
Living high hyped-up grinding for the best deal
Surely the rap-game looks like something to eat.
Rappers lie and they feed from this...
Turning everything into a beef...they claim a prize,
For more they'll rather their souls for a sacrifice.
Yes they'll spit a truth sometimes...
But just like politicians,
accidentally on purpose they proclaim things.
Rappers lie and they bite with ease!

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Today I'll Talk To You

I will tell you about love...

God the Father an Architecture of life,

Whom in utter seclusion

Grace was sawn and woven,

His Mighty dream was born and liveth.

Today I'm Talking to you!

Telling you about love...

God the Son, the heir of Heaven

The blood of the selfless soul on the cross,

The covenant act of the ultimate sacrifice,

The only way and truth in Christ.

Today I have Talked to you

I have spoken about love...

Our God the Holy Spirit

The Grace that descended like a dove,

A soft Divine voice Guiding us,

Ever speaking Mighty Spirit of God Above.

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Today Is The Day

This could have been on any other day
But no! ...today is today,
I accept the ancient of days,
As He was yesterday, so He is today
And He'll still be in any other days.
Today is the day that won't get away!
For once I choose stay,
For once Heaven will rejoice and praise,
Today is the day I choose to stay.
This could have been on any other day
But surely I say...this is my day!
Today I will stay and I will pray.

kyvin Nash

Words From A Letter

Inspiring emotions

From a heart pregnant-

Full with intentions.

Letter by Letter

Words firm and better.

Calm, collective elocution:

Jewels of wisdom ever bright,

Surely this love will elongate.

In a distinctive elegance

deep and passionate eloquence

Bold and sophisticated

Glaring in the eyes of a heart,

Fondly and dedicated.

Sweet as their wit:

All in black and white-

Well accented,

Emphasis of a heart-

Well acquainted.

This words bear a motion,

A characterized depiction.

kyvin Nash

I'll Abide In You

From heaven to earth
Rags to wealth...
Through all fatigues of health,
Uncertain or stealth,
Still you knew how I felt.
I'll abide in you...
My eyes of vision
From season to season,
A life like prison.
In all sorts of delusion,
Came a mighty reason.
I'll abide in you...
My Divine corpus,
I took pride and shifted my focus.
Embracing you-
Like a garment from Dorcus;
A purpose of enlightenment resolute,
From one just and absolute.
I'll abide in you...
My Holy Grail,
Endowed by Holy Grace:
Thus filled my soul with praise.
My escape so providential,
At your foot I rest Presidential.

kyvin Nash

Poetry In Motion

I'm music, I breathe to inspire
I'm all that engrosses the soul,
As water to earth, as wind to fire,
I breathe life into a song.

I'm music I'm all there is
I exude quality in beauty and elegance,
I'm poetry in one piece,
emanating from the deepest essence.

I'm music, I'm poetry in abundance
I speak with ease mindless of distress,
I speak forth the undefeatable persistence
My soul breathes a hearten fortress.

I'm all music that lives and breathes
I'm blended eloquently laid words,
That suppress the blues and sick feuds,
I'm poetry when my heart opens it bleeds.

kyvin Nash

Winter Is Coming

Prophetic woes plummeting across places
I've seen this misery and fright drawn on faces.

Winter is coming as my pen dwelt,
As sharp as a sword, this tremors are felt.

Its freezing embrace so vile and severe
Winter is coming like a harsh, sharp piercing spear.

These colourful flowers with their bowed heads,
Winter is coming all the bloom will fall dull in shreds.

Heartless as it comes turning everything stone,
Yes I've seen it all, unforgiving and biting to the bone.

Winter is coming how far will these-go,
Uprooting these unsheathed inner-core.

Pressing thistle chills deep in our pores,
Winter is coming surely like foes.

All fell before my eyes, ruptures across the spheres,
This unforeseen a decree frozen in nature for years.

Winter is here, alerts from the high watchers,
As we stumble to batten down the hatches.

As time shifts shadows of lights painting grief,
Winter is coming I can hear the sounds of gnashing teeth

In this thin freezing air all will vanish
Winter is coming, proclaiming a vanquish.

Creeping under our feet, cold and devouring
Winter is coming its long, dark blanket sprawling.

All this spring and heat will be dead in the past
Winter is coming declaring an unforgettable cast.

A Letter To A Silent Killer

I've heard your horrible stories,
How you invade and leave terrible bodies,

You knocked me once, neither did i grant a chance
You left me with scars and haunted memories,

Memories that will feed on my brain as long as I live.
I'm not gonna die of you that's my absolute belief.

For long you shook the world,
took 'em out and cold with your vicious hand,

Day to day you watch me pray,
as if you care but to bring me to my day

Joking and poking in my blissful ignorance,
Uninvited you had me lapse into silence.

In deep dark bed of oblivion and trammel
There I negotiated a deadly turmoil,

Like a sick stomach I couldn't eat
Sick memories of replete

A constant sickly reminder how you aggravates
Now and then after effects still irritates.

Now and then I recall two-zero-one-zero in December,
I'm not gonna die of you, that's for you to remember.

How you crept and tempered with a divine temple,
Episode after episode resilience wasn't simple

There in my assessment,
I could see through your face the resentment.

The disbelief in your shameful salute,
The disbelief how stubborn I stand resolute.

At least now I know your finger is on the pulse,
I'm not gonna die of you and that's my advice.

kyvin Nash

Utter Disolation

All I see is darkness,
Blinding, suffocating blackness.

Our light hastily fleeting,
Leaving the undivided heart splitting.

Only a few could be salvaged,
At this point most temples are diverged.

The purest minds pushed to dispel,
And cast in deep dungeons of despair.

Out of light we stand at opposite pole,
Between heaven and earth in this giant black hole.

Without the word there's nowhere to depend,
In this world the only progress is a dead end.

What I see is darkness and division,
The only hope is blackened by confusion.

kyvin Nash

The Eminent Reign

I've spoken with a loud voice
mountains trembled without a choice.
Mountains powerful and strong all fallen and gone,
but the throne.
Grue-some and fierce
inquisitive true masterpeice.
A grist on a quest, quenching a pressing thirst.
neither brute nor crafted crude.
these just foisted focus
like a curse in purse,
lurking to uleash a purpose.
I'm a voice in the hands of youth-filled with gruff,
remorseless ambition boils-off the cuff.
I stand there between,
I stand to be corrected,
I stand to win.
my iron fist for injustice,
there at the kill inpractice.
enlisted for the listless,
the voice that darkens the minds of the fearless.
my very breath of squeeze,
in lightning speed never to seize.
strongly imposed impetious trigger,
at some point a marvellous figure.
Blazed in the biting rains,
deepen furrows still carry the pains.
there at the teeth of a charge,
in a stance unfolding a grudge.
well and impute,
a culmination in complete.
A point made to kill, not for peace
but a piece, kept concealed for dire emphasis.
from the past, till I stand fast.
My infinite roar will reign,
sharply piercing aim.

kyvin Nash

In Your Eyes

when i look into your eyes
And you look into mine,
the world shoot a smile
under one bare invitingshine.
where birds preluded twittering,
sweet melodious whispering.
There in your eyes!
signs emerge, in a swift envisage.
my mind bathed in a whirl wind.
One I couldn't spare, but share.
on mature reflection the sun danced,
trees hugging and kissing.
There in your eyes...
conjuring a safe paradise.
rosey and scented,
a path not yet acquainted.
I pictured pretty mountains,
beautified reflective fountains.
These sweetly arrayed,
Like a two ardent hearts parade.
enfolded by warm hands,
there in your embracing eyes,
sauntering bare-footed on white sands.
Sands of the bright and fine ocean,
peacefully matching the spirit in calm motion.
time stood-still completely dazed,
In your eyes...
everything stood-as-fixed as i was...
drifted in drips and drabs,
crushing in windows of druming rhythms.
of this heart bleeding passion,
beating my very nerves of compassion.
beating as though to kill,
tickling emotions exercising a will.
there in your eyes all encapsulated.
our world bit by bit,
drowning in deepening heat.
I couldn't tell...
lost within as though with a spell.

Perhaps a drowse deep,
perhaps beyond a browsing leap.
there inside i felt speechless,
with my eyes peeled searching relentless.
all questions fainted,
within the walls reflections painted.
bedazzling inevitable perfection,
by one overwhelmed perception.
emitting, inflicting...
moments of weakness totally defeating.
How sweet? Swept-off my feet!
God I plead,
there in your eyes and complete!
My perdition,
love like expedition.

kyvin Nash

If I Could, I Would

write to your satisfaction,
maybe exceed your expectation,
far beyond any destination,
there create inspiration,
greater than my imagination.

If I could, I would

tap into a space, inside your mind,
there paint a face not one you could find,
a dream, I dare say you would mind.
not partly, it'll dwell till I'm certain.
undoubtedly it'll become a part,
fundamentally a thought pattern,
I'll let you think about these more often.

kyvin Nash

Owl In The Night

tossing and turning...
through an endless night,
thoughts crossing and running
Still nothing comes to light.
But a mind's eye brightens a spark,
a mindful glitter in the dark.
Turning and turning...
Eyes desperate to shut!
Turning and turning...
a look wide and sharp
There in the dark, as if i lurk,
there in the dark night i'm stuck.

kyvin Nash

Species

we're human, we're species!
We come in all races,
shapes and sizes.
young and old
beauty and bold.
As we live we learn
our stories are told.
As we depart our legacy lives-on,
a future before the future lives-on.

We're human, we're species!
We're heros, heirs,
the future after theirs.
We have freedom,
orchestrated by their wisdom.
We're big-strong not cautious,
moving with a speed-blinding our focus.

We're human, we're species!
Now a generation cursed with hunger
labouring for more for gold,
murdering, invisible and cold.
A race to perfection
as though are human machines,
this breeds undefinable inventions.
Brains run to no halt,
engineering fault.

We're human, we're species!
To creative to compare to
so complex, agile to reflex.
Egos powerful to self destruct.
This very ill humour,
to far we've gone...
a generation not human.

kyvin Nash

Gone Too Soon

our emotion,
became your passion.

Adventurous field for thoughts,
imagery feelings colage in post.

Page to page expressing talent,
we fed on your savant.

After so much development,
we had to reap disappointment.

This was never sweet to swallow,
how could a heart be shallow.

Truth be told,
from you this is uncoth.

Shortly we stood, now-diserted,
this road of memoir, now-diverted.

We wish we had tears for you,
unfortunately change is inevitable.

Niether love could make you linger,
nor curious thought could make you reconsider.

We might have tripped on your suave,
perhaps made you starve.

To drift and leave,
surposely you had nothing on your sleeve.

Either way we doleful,
some day will meet hopeful.

In a couple of days it'll be a new era,
all we say r.i.p OPERA.

I Listen

I listen anticipating a sound
Knocking my head for a reasonable ground,
I listen hoping something could be found,

I listen as this mind idles,
wondering untill it stumbles on huddles,
I listen but all is riddles and cunning edges.

I listen but all is Clouding my abilities,
This very way to overcome difficulties,
I listen but to align myself with opportunities.

I listen in the midst of sharp noise,
searching for guidance, in a subtle voice,
I listen and didn't have a choice.

I reposeh quietly and tranquil,
I listen untill all this blanks fill
I listen and i hold still.

Until wisdom falls in these ears and sink
I listen till my mind is made to think,
until I eradicate my fears with ink.

I listen to know where i stand, to better myself,
to better understand,
I listen so I could learn.

I listen as the words were coming,
Flowing and chaining down into senses,
I listen as the words were falling into places.

I listen and listen... anticipating.

kyvin Nash

A Day Without You

oh God!

It feels selfish and faithless,
as it comes unleashing a feeling pure heartless.

Dry like a wilderness,
dull and lifeless.

How could it be so mean,
regardless what I do it had nothing for me.

But salty badges of emotional grief soaking my face,
though I won't despair, love can see beyond this place.

For your presence brightens my day,
with love all the way.

Truely not one day with you will I ever regret,
but surely a day without you I will forever forget.

kyvin Nash

Prayers

prayers are like perfume to the soul/
a sweet smelling cologne that pleases God.

Prayers are food to the soul/
like a master key they open doors.

Oh! Wonderful words of praise/
my powerful plea to the world of grace.

They embark me on a journey into a higher life/
connecting me unto the high and mighty.

Prayers my spiritual bond, Like glue i'm attached to you,
like strings you tie me away from bad or anything that could.

Prayers you stood strong,
you convinced me to know where I belong.

Just like roots sustaining a foundation,
you're my route through a spiritual progression.

Prayers are a bridge of marvel,
paving and polishing a straight way for the holy spirit to travel.

kyvin Nash

Died In Faith

only those who died in faith know God's heavens
all there is and what happens.

Perhaps they could share reflective,
only those who died in faith can give a better perspective.

Through their eyes we could see what awaits-us,
as they whisper a hint to grace-us.

Only those who died in faith can shine the light in our minds,
could pass wisdom to unveil this blinds.

Only those who died in faith can keep this spirit undeterred,
As the scripture says we lie to ascend from our interred.

Only those who died in faith could carry the message to the world,
so as the key to unlock the truth, lies there in the very ways we call old.

kyvin Nash

Shamefully Departed

graves made rich from ignorance and despair/
neither by any judgement would this be fair.

Even the blossomed potential is shattered and doomed/
brains ice cold covered and roomed.

All is wasted in torment/
maybe in a spare of a moment.

Some in innocence/
others by chance, but in every way that made sense.

This future has quickly ran out of ground to stand/
dreams are burried underneath these stand.

even the powerful voices bottled in beautiful cast/
none came to past.

Now there sleeping with plenty/
that should've gone empty.

Here their headstone reads:
here lies talent and great minds/

frozen in time before they take flight/
Now tears are left to carry these plight.

kyvin Nash