

Poetry Series

Michael Devant
- poems -

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Michael Devant(14-09-1986)

In the blistering sound of remorse, i die....

In the glimmering post of light, still, i die...

i died so many times that i have come to enjoy living

i gave up so many times that have come to enjoy giving...

and in the end, we eventually died...

A Pagan Mind

Endless stream of loneliness flow inside me,
So deep and cold and there is nothing to see...
Sorrow,
Fear,
All the dark and painfull sense,
Blinding thought singing in my deepest trance...
No shadow nor light nor anything in between,
All is plain; not pure...
Reminds me what kind of pagan i have been...

Michael Devant

Another Day...

As I lay awake on my warmhearted bed
The soft lighted air left an early mark on the verge of day
For every tears and joy that I have shed
There would be Hope to be followed within the grasp of that radiant golden ray

As I stand still and breath the fresh earthly air
I felt heaven was close as close as the mist may fall
From where we are and what we could not bare
There will be a time to tell and told, and a place to hold for it all

Be praised oh dear life!
Upon this day of dancing light and color
Where the beating riddles dance and thrive
Where the hills and the trees sent such bewildering odor

And when the sun is ready to make his journey ahead
Our mortals do is to make melodies that no other could
Different then the hymn of a legend that I have read
I had sworn to create a new song from where I stood

When the time has come for the day to bend his knee
I sat across an unspoken land
Where sorrow evades and sadness flee
I picked up the pieces i intended to mend

Before we rest and spoke our dreams loud and clear
Let the day awaited our fate a little while longer
For there are so many beautiful whispers to hear
From the moments of hope until the dreams we hold near
To the second the lights died and the time to think it over

Michael Devant

Another One For The Road

Don't you know what i want the most?
An air to breath and a nice space for me to get lost
On this lemon lime flight across the rooftop
Where those glass blended clouds flip and flop

Have i waited too long before, that i started to startled?
The deep maroon color that i painted purple
Have i searched too far that i cannot predict the near future?
Or is it human insecurity that have just made a name for a new culture

Oh how i weep for the whole line of grace between time
Every dear memories are being replaced while i wrote this uncertain rhyme
I am lost, beaten and cursed against those great words of promise
When all the pure intention i have are already on that stupid list

At least i made you smile for a while
Just to move across the half coated mile
Then again i didn't want you to jump and leap
Just a little bit of me that i wanted you to keep

Michael Devant

Bewildered

With every comet that pass through
All I can think in those spectacle is you
Each color of the rainbow
Say something about how my feeling show

I wrote this in the occasion of how morning is
Full of hope and precious little happiness we call bliss
On every footstep we take to complete,
Everything that has been done on our other feet

Every time the rain falls down now and then
I remember how it was to hold you again
Each one of those rain drop
Told me the time hasn't come to stop

I wrote this upon the moon and the stars you adore
Whenever the night comes they never failed to shine a little bit more
And on every twinkle we cherish
We wait, and faith will come once again and flourish

Michael Devant

Distance

With every soft voices that whispered to my ear
The distance we held between our heart have made it clear
I need you much closer than every inch of air that touch your lips
I need you here, close and present to finally felt again your bare fingertips

Can you feel how the wind played with every scent that is yours and mine
The morning after, the morning before...the night after, the night before we dine
How is it to fooled the moon and failed the sun when nothing is complete
I am here but none, it is not so easy to enjoy the view when I step too far away
from your feet

But how time will wait and tell is another matter to fulfilled
Our memory have deceived us, without any warning that they can be so skilled
So look forth and try to embrace what our journey has to offer
A chance to take another step anew, to meet again after a few...and to make our
hearts warmer...

Michael Devant

Morning

As the morning unfolds it's glory
The remnant from what the night has left behind
Was nothing more than an old story
A simple memory from which life intertwined
Of which how the darkness made us blind
and how precision of time could be so kind

This is not just the day after
It is a blessing to start anew
Whenever humans failed and falter
Paths are given to the chosen few
Like a fresh pure early dew
When the day began to brew

Exhale all the free spirit above
And touch the kindred moist below
When it felt like another love
It's still the same inside wherever it flow
Spreading far and wide in a countless row
And made the wisp move until they glow

Michael Devant

Nocturnal

a glimpse of bliss
a simple kiss

a gentle touch
and it won't hurt much

a spare lonely time
and what yours will be mine

a pace of note
in the indecision i wrote

a black and blue and grey
a flock of indigenous prey

a swift quicken whisper
a silhouette of you in silver

a piece and a bit of mist
a turn in fate and an endless twist

Michael Devant

Not Today, Not Today

Oh how I could just walk and smash that face
Buried it deep between the hall of shame and house of disgrace
Or make your smug vanished without a trace
But.. -not today, not today-

Sometimes I just think hard on how I would take it down
To burn the whole society with guilt and paved it to the ground
Or to take a revolution on a march without a sound
But.. -not today, not today-

Praise the glory on how the evening starts with a golden touch
And be thankful of how the beauty within a day is abundant as much
For it was within me, an intention so bleak in the human arch
But..-not today, not today-

Michael Devant

The Brokenhearted Boy

He takes the next flight to contradict freedom
She stole all the ticket for adolescence reason

He played the guitar and bend the sound
she listen and whispered before it starts to wail

He greet the morning with delight and puzzles
She roams around looking for glory in her head

He takes the apple
She molds the pavement

He talks
She speaks He walks
She sleeps
and then he stop to look
She step aside to see

She's running around and he flies...

HE is him and a boy
SHE is her and a lie...
The brokenhearted boy....

Michael Devant

The Enemy

And with much disturbance, believe me that i can sing,
happily grasping the essence of life...
provoke me to kill my soul, and still i can stand,
clearly enough to pay my price,
on the afternoon of the hours apart...
struggle are the means to survive,
from the enemy,
everyone around me,
everyone around me...

Michael Devant

The Sea And The Shore

A whisper through the gleaming wind has spoken
Bitter, salty and swift it came and sprinkled
Unto those footsteps you left and the promise you have broken
I spread a little bit of hope in the sand that tinkles

The calm gesture within these idle tree
Told a story ever so clear between the dawn and the dew
Of how the bonds that bind are truly an infatuation so free
Of how they would share and hold and how they would stare and flew

Under a breathless sky I wander across
The line between the sea and the shore
From each step taken, I stumble and lost
Pieces of what could be something I adore

Deep in the sound that breaks within time
A thoughtful siren made and overflowed the earth
Just as the ocean and the sky rhyme
I grew back to when I was born at birth

Take for what it is and take it whole
As the sunrise and sunset grew and spent
To make all the words that the day stole
And guide us to wherever the cloud has went

Michael Devant

Upon Silence Of Men

We wait, we wait and we wait for a brief session along
we leave and sold for whatever possible reason we have and make it a song
a part of which we bury between the guilt and pleasure
a part within our deepest thought that we cannot measure

We stay, we stay and we play alone at this long awaited sunshine
we put all the pieces together and draw ourselves closer to the line
it has been said, what is mine is yours and what is yours is mine
and when we are at ease, we share, we drink, we ate and we dine

We take, we take and we take all the good things before
we left nothing behind, but still we want it more and more
a part that we keep and hold firm, between the time we struggle until the time
we mourn
to where we stand align with faith and collide, where sorrow dies and joy reborn

Michael Devant

We Who Lived The Night

Plain and crystallin white
the stars we share tonight
under the big bright crusaders flight
those who laugh and sing could only hear the sound of delight

I can not be a sleeper who dreams away
for today the dream decided to stay
eye to eye, hand to hand, play by play
do remember, dream is what dream only may

Warm endearing thoughts made me awake
out of the madness i trully take
and for the oblivious reason we suddenly fake
we smile and grin...(oh what a radiant night we make...)

Michael Devant

What Is...

When you woke up early and saw the sun shines
Ever more brightly yet subtle and thin
And the clouds made a perfect abstract lines
As if they whispered in secrets to evenly match the earth heroine skin...

When you smell the air as fresh as the dew may delivered
Ever more bold yet warm and gentle
And the flowers sways and dance and shivered
Which was shadowed by the trees old mantle...

And that is when you start to mumble in so many different rhyme
You try to speak but all your intention is nothing more than a simple mime
That is when night and day slips away with time
And all the dark colors turns to bright blue, green and yellow lemon lime
Then you can buy the whole world with only a dime...

That is love, in it's purest nature
So oblivious and humble
Never need of a second fixture
It is for us all, for us all to stumble...

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