

Poetry Series

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- poems -

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Nick F. Hawkins()

Emotional Locomotive

Language is never the station
Where we shall leave this train,
Words will never proceed
The elements of
Love, and pain,
Emotion keeps the Locomotive
In motion throughout the
Moments when the rails
Wither and tarnish,
The type of motion that
Words can never harness,
The type of emotion
That derails the courage
To let this train coast
And flourish once
The engine worsens,
All we need is spiritual
Stillness to keep
This train going

Nick F. Hawkins

Majestic Essence

Divine frequency
perpetually plants the seeds
Needed for the Nirvana I cherish,
My parachute seized to parish,
Nevertheless blessings from the
Elements became heaven sent
As my spirits flourish,
I can feel the connection,
I can sense divine aura as
My bubble of supreme protection
From any detrimental presence,
The more I cherish these blessings,
The closer I connect to the infinite
Lessons that beams majestic essence

Nick F. Hawkins

Misplaced Heart

I left my emotions on Mars,
I can feel us drifting apart
The deeper I float through
The dark,
Deep space seems to be as
Deep as these scars,
These scars start to make
Breathing a lost art,
Gasping for breath
Amongst the stars,
I left you a map with
The directions to Mars,
Just Incase you were looking
For the place where I placed
My heart

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Perception

Through the third eye I
Realize the perception of
Life is relative to the individuals sight,
As if paradise is a pair of dice
Hoping to paralyze the pair
Of lies that lies within the mind,
Paraphrasing the size of the
Negative voices in the cerebral cortex
Where our ego resides,
Where the ego demise and dies
To make room for consciousness to thrive,
The most paramount time is the moment
Where we awaken in these confusing
Times when the mercury retrograde
Takes the wheel and leaves our sanity behind,
We have power to fly as long as
We continue to follow the light

Nick F. Hawkins

River Of Consciousness

Divine presence is anesthesia for
For my soul,
My soul is the river that flows even
In the cold when it's 32 below,
Below my cerebral roads where
I deplete the voices of my ego
I continue to row this mental
Sailboat along the tides
Amongst the waters of growth,
This river of consciousness keeps
Me afloat,
Staying afloat is a miracle,
A miracle that births hope,
Hope is a trail that is invisible,
Yet this invisible trail is the
Life long path that I coast

Nick F. Hawkins

Silence Within The Elements

The signs and elements are
Evidence that silence is
The cure from pain
Once endowed in
The present tense,
Being proceeds essence,
The peace within being
Manifests reverence
In life's lessons,
Nature and silence
Births infinite light
Beyond this
Third dimension,
Silence along with
Earth's elements
Introduces the light
To our divine spirits

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Solitude

Solitude aligned my soul with
The universe as my spirit unwinds,
Time pours into my hour glass slowly,
Time is my unrefined red wine,
Peace within the moment of
Silence spreads the wings
To my mind,
Solitude is blissful,
Solitude is divine,
Divinity is honorable,
Honor is the divine Key
That unlocks spiritual
Wealth amidst the coils
Of this precious life,
Solitude is beautiful,
A complete escape from
The malign

Nick F. Hawkins

Soul Batteries

The power of balance
Is the battery that ignites
My spiritual compass to
Guide me in the direction
Of infinite prosperity,
As above so below the
Sounds of
Transcendental melodies,
As below so above my
Seven principles of clarity,
I see the light yet blind
To the realms of disparity,
I've discovered the balance within
The compass that is powered
By the vibrations of
My souls batteries

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The Breeze

Healing is a breeze that follows
Those that seek,
A breeze that whispers
Freedom when murky waters
Seep and the heart sinks
Below the levels
Of the purple seas,
Even when the roads are foggy
And the rout is too difficult to see
Amidst the airy calamity,
Healing appears once we seek
The breeze,
A breeze that sets us free

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The Lost Art Of Love

Somehow true love
Became a misplaced art,
It comes and goes
Just as the sun
And day departs,
What was once the
Driving nature of
Human kind,
Slowly shifted into
The dusty old painting
Shoved along the corner
In the dark,
Love isn't what exhaust
The heart,
It's the lack of faith
That we placed before
We gave love a chance
From the start

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Those Eyes

All can be resolved
Within the corridors
Of those eyes,
New realms are realized
Like the wings of
Butterflies after the
First communion
With the sky,
Those eyes are
My souls allies,
My mind elects to
Render each eye
Contact that her
Eyes supply,
I'm subjected to
The paramount gaze
That she chimes as if
Our mutual planets align,
Her gaze is paradise

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Understanding

I found wisdom on the road
Of understanding others,
Yet I've discovered enlightenment
On the journey of knowing
My true colors,
The self behind the daily mask
That society hands me
Once I arise from
My routine slumber,
I've awakened and
Now the entire
Universe surrenders,
I've come,
I saw,
And I viscously conquered
The external monsters

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