

Poetry Series

**Sean Kievman**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2011

**Publisher:**  
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

## Sean Kievman(1979)

I'm in my early thirties. I've always enjoyed writing poems. I like the way poetry twists words rhythmically. I live in Japan and teach English as a Second language. It's fun and exciting. I was here during the 9.0 earthquake. It was the scariest day of my life. I took a short two week break and went back to the USA but I'm back in Japan teaching ESL again. Hopefully there aren't anymore earthquakes like the one I experienced and where so many people lost their lives. I hope you enjoy my poems.

# Happy Valentine My Love

If you were a star shining out of a billion you would be the only star I would see.

If you were a clover in a patch of a million you would be the one I'd pick.

If you were a kitten born from a litter of a dozen you would be the one I'd take home.

If you were a rose in a bushel of many you would be the perfect one that I'd endlessly gaze at.

If you were a plumeria flower that had fallen to the ground you would be the one out of many that I would pick up and smell the breathtaking aroma from.

You are the one the only one in this world populated with billions that I would ever want to spend my life with.

I love you honey you are everything to me.

Happy Valentine's Day!

Sean Kievman

# Life

life is a mystery and we need to solve it. Unwrap the seeds of life and let our destinies intertwine into an inevitable line drawn by the fathers and mothers of time. We are here all together as one and need to embrace change and let our fears drown out through our tears and seal the only letter left to write. Let us all work together instead of against each-other and understand one another as we are all brothers and sisters in the land of light.....

Sean Kievman

# New Age

The river the sky the mountains the sea provide abundantly.

The harmonious rhythm of Mother Nature's blessing of fertility.

The genuine character to enjoy life is a given destiny.

The gift is to have it while others lack morality.

The source of life can only be grasped between the thin lines of antiquity.

The importance of knowledge is grand although it can leave you isolated indefinitely.

The choice is yours change with time knowing the past and moving forward into the future meticulously.

Sean Kievman

# Newdays

Back to the daily grind. Passive minds using my active mind. Laborious implementation of people driven by governments enforcing us to work for our salvation. Brought up to strive to survive earning that almighty dollar, pound, yen, euro, baht, and what not. Societal pressure forcing us to the brink of extermination. Our government run countries develop and make more destructive technology constantly, which will ultimately be our own man made extinction. Not much to do but sit back and enjoy the show it'll all be over soon. Life is short. Be happy. Don't worry. Don't hurry and have fun unwind and have no care. We are who are an entity on a planet out of many in our galaxy. We come into this world innocent and leave helplessly. You were given life the best thing we could do is embrace life around us and those around us. As the old hippies used to say, peace.

Sean Kievman

# The Sands Of Time

It seems as if the sky fell through the clouds again this fall.  
Bringing spring flowers rain and all.  
The bitter spice rang up a call.  
Through the rue and stew created by all.  
A melody that can't be sung at all.  
A summer tune is soon to call bringing a smiling face upon all.  
Until then all we can do is try to see through the fog.  
A smog hovers over us until solutions are found.  
If not then that will be our bitter ending melody of a sound.  
A society mislead by misinterpreting philosophical transcriptions.  
We misread between the lines counting down till the end of time.  
The bitter spice rang up a call.  
A call to reconstruct a place back to what it used to be.  
Its inevitability binds us into something we cannot reverse.  
Too much time has passed and here we are some of the last.  
For new life forms from the irritable bowels of the mother of life.  
Into the hands of time the sands of time drains out its last grain.  
New species form from the bowels of the mother life.  
Being discovered is just a small part of the new life.  
Discovery does not matter but what it's bound to replace is soon to be extinct.  
Like the hands of puppeteers playing us like beings on strings.  
Here we are in the end of time winding down.  
Just hope the last sound you hear is one from someone you hold dear.

Sean Kievman