Pure Intentions!

A Poem Book ... By: Mr. Kevin West
* PURE INTENTIONS *

"A POEM BOOK"

BY: MR. KEVIN WEST SR.
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S.C.I. BENNER
301 INSTITUTION DRIVE
BELLEFONTE, PA 16823

I PRAY THAT THE POEM'S CONTAINED IN THIS POEM BOOK BRINGS YOU AS MUCH PLEASURE, AND INSIGHT TO A NEW THOUGHT PROCESS WHEN READING THEM, AS IT DID TO ME, COMPOSING THEM.

VISION WHAT YOU VISION WITHIN THESE WORDS, WITH AS PURE INTENTIONS THAT YOU CAN MUSTER.

* PLEASE ENJOY *

COVER ART: BY THE AUTHOR.
*PURE INTENTIONS*

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*******THANK YOU NOTE.

XX
THE ARTIST

THE LOOK OF HAPPY & SAD FACES,
WITNESS THE JOY AND WONDERMENT—OR—PAIN AND STRIFE.
A FROWN OVER HERE, OR A SMILE OVER THERE,
THE CURVE OF A NOSE, THE STYLE OF A FACE.
THE DEPTH OF SHADOWS & TONES
THESE MISTAKES YOU SHOULDN'T ERASE.
I SEE WHAT I SEE, PAINT WHAT I PAINT,
EVERY EXPRESSION CONJURED
THE RARE ESSENCE OF BEAUTY
THE BEAUTY OF LIFE
SEEN THROUGH AN ARTIST'S EYE
THE EARTH, THE GRASS, THE CLOUDS, ALL UNDER A STARRY SKY.
NO MATTER DULL OR VIBRANT, SHINY OR STALE
WALK THROUGH THE VISION OF AN ARTIST
DON'T BE SURPRISED, IF THAT LOOK IN YOUR EYES
BECOMES THE TARGET.
EITHER BRIGHT AS NIGHT
OR DARK AS DAY,
SOME TIMES TRAPPED IN THE REVERSE WHILE
YOUR MIND-STATE GOES ASTRAY.
THESE ARE YOUR VIEWS
PLEASE PAINT YOUR OWN PICTURE,
SEE LIFE THROUGH YOUR OWN VISION
NO ONE ELSE CAN SEE IT FOR YOU
THERE'S DIFFERENT COLORS, BUT,
IT'S ALL FROM ONE PRISM.
FOR THOSE THAT LACK VISUAL
SIMPLY OPEN YOUR OTHER SENSES
LIKE EARS WIDE, CONCENTRATE AND LISTEN,
THERE IS JOY SOME WHERE TO BE FOUND OUT THERE,
WE HAVE TO RE-DRAW OUR MISSION
AND PRAY FOR GUIDANCE, LOVE,
OVERSTANDING, HINDSIGHT AND WISDOM......

BY: MR. KEVIN WEST SR.
* THE CATCH OF A BREATH *

STUCK IN LUST
A STRANGLED STATE
UNABLE TO BREATHE
LUNGS FEEL AS IF
BEING GRIPPED
BY SURPRISE, WONDER AND ENCHANTMENT
HELD WITHIN A TIGHT SQUEEZE.....

THE SOFT TOUCH
TANGY TASTE
AND ENVELOPING SMELL,
HAS ONE CHOKED UP
BY HER INNER BEAUTY
FROZE AT THE INHALE.....

THE EXHALE TRAPPED LIKE A DEER,
AMONGST
THE HEADLIGHTS OF ON COMING TRAFFIC
YOUR EXPECTATIONS FORGOTTEN, AND
YOUR SITUATION SEEMS DRASTIC.....

WHAT IS THE CATCH OF A BREATH?

IT'S THE FEELING YOU GET
WHEN SOMEONE CATCHES YOUR
HEART!!!!

WELL.....

I GUESS MY BREATH WAS CAUGHT
AT THE VERY
START !!!

BY: MR. KEVIN WEST SR.
* A LOVERS CARESS *

LIKE THE LANDING OF A BUTTERFLY, WINGS FLUTTER, DELICATE AND BUTTERY SMOOTH, SENDS A TINGLING SENSATION, FROM YOUR THOUGHTS TO YOUR SHOES.

A CHILL RELEASES GOOSE BUMPS, BUT YET YOUR ENFOLDED IN WARMTH; THE HEAT OF A FINGERS TOUCH INVOKES GIGGLES OF PASSION, YOU BLUSH YOU FLOAT, FROM THIS TITILLATING MAGNETIC ATTRACTION.

YOU'RE LOST WITHIN YOURSELF, WITHIN THE LUST WITHIN THE HEAT OF THE MOMENT, OH, THE SENSUAL RUSH.

IT TICKLES, IT TEASES, IT LEAVES TRAILS OF EROTICNESS, AS YOU'RE PHYSICALS TRACED, ALSO A GENTLE STARE CARESSES YOUR FACE. NO ONE DOES IT LIKE YOUR LOVER CONSISTING OF AWE, AMAZEMENT, SENTIMENT AND WONDER.

YOU LANGUISH IN THIS FEELING, THIS BLISS, THIS RAPTURE, NOTHING ELSE CAN MIMIC WHAT A LOVERS CARESS CAN CAPTURE.

YOU SWIM WITHIN INDULGENCE, AND BASK WITHIN THIS GLORY, THIS STAYS TO YOURSELF, THIS POEM OF A FINGERS STORY, USING ONLY THE BLADE, THE TIP OR THE APEX, TO TRACE THAT LOVE SYMBOL FROM EVERY EROGENOUS-ZONE TO THE NAPE OF YOUR NECK.

ALL TEN DIGITS PLAY THEIR "PART" AND DOES THE JOB OF CREATING SENSATIONS LIKE RAPIDLY PANTING, AND SEEING "SPARKS".

THE CARESS OF LIPS IS A DIFFERENT STORY, GENITALIA NEGLECTED JUST EMOTIONAL BLISS ENHANCED AND SATISFACTION IS RESURRECTED.

INFATUATION AND ANTICIPATION, CAUSES AN INSATIABLE PLOT, UNTIL LOVE, PASSION AND LUST IS ENICED AS I TENDERLY PLAY CONNECT THE DOTS WITH ALL OF YOUR EROGENOUS SPOTS !!!

BY: MR. KEVIN WEST SR.
* ECSTASY'S BREECH *

JUST FOR THE TOUCH, JUST FOR THE TASTE,
FOR THAT SENSUAL HIGH,
AS WELL AS,
THE EXPRESSION ON YOUR BEAUTIFUL FACE!

EVEN THOUGH IT'S NOT SEEN, BUT, DEFINITELY SENSED
JUST FOR THE HEADINESS OF YOUR SCENT.

FAR BELOW I DIVE, AT THOSE DEPTHS I LINGER,
AND YES, BELOW I STAY.

GENTLY CARESS, NAVIGATE AND EXPLORE
INHALING YOUR BREATH AWAY-----

WONDERING ?........

HOW MUCH CAN YOU ENDURE; HOW SATED IN BLISS--

QUESTIONING ?........

MUST YOUR MIND FEEL – ALL-
WHILE ENTANGLED IN THE RAPTURE OF WARM
TINGLING SENSATIONS AND EVER SO SEXUAL
MIST !!!!

YOUR BODY BECKONING
NO NEED, FOR VERBAL SPEECH,
EVEN SURROUNDED BY WATERY FLUIDS,
AT THE TERMINATION OF MY EXPLORATION
AND ECSTASY'S BREECHED,

REMAINS THAT BONE CHILLING VIBRATION
FROM YOUR EAR SHATTERING
SCREEEEECCCHHHHH !!!!

BY: MR. KEVIN WEST SR.
*SKIN TONE*

THROUGH THE DEPTHS OF MY VISUAL CORTEX
I TRAVERSE MOUNTAINS, VALLEYS AND HIDDEN CAVES
BUT, NOT OF STONE, SLATE, GRANITE, DUST OR ROCK
BUT A SHOCK OF CHOCOLATE, MOCHA, AND CARAMEL CREAM
A QUEEN OF VISUAL DREAMS.
COMPLEX SHADES OF TANS, BLACKS AND BROWNS.
MILKY PATHWAYS, ALONG SIDE TERRA COTTA’S
PLUS UNDEFINED ONES HIDDEN BEHIND VEILS
YOU’LL NEVER VISION UNLESS YOU QUEST
WITHIN SHARADA.
SATINY SMOOTH, THE OASIS OF BEAUTY,
EYE’S CLOSED, I SEE YOU WITH OTHER SENSES.
AS MY FOCAL STANCE ENHANCES,
WITH ONE TOUCH
IT BRIGHTENS THAT SENSUAL PATH, FINGERS GLIDE,
FROM THE SOFT FLESH OF TWO-TONED MOUNDS
DARK MILK CHOCOLATE ONTOP OF BUTTER CHOCOLATE
TOWARDS THE DELICATE SKIN OF YOUR GLUTES
OR, SIMPLY CALL IT THE CURVE OF YOUR ASS
DON’T FORGET LAUGH LINES AND CROW’S FEET
THOSE ALSO PRODUCE TONES AND COLORS UNIQUE
NO MATTER IF YOUNG OR OLD
NO MATTER IF EYES OPEN, OR IF EYES CLOSED
ONE WILL FOREVER BE TRAPPED
IN THE RAPTURE OF SOFT SENSUAL, EXOTIC
AND OH SO....BEAUTIFUL
SKIN TONES !!!

BY: MR. KEVIN WEST SR.
* CHASING SHADOWS *

A NIGHT TIMES GLOW AND A TWILIGHTS SPARKLE,
DARKNESS RISEN, ALL FROZE IN AN INSTANT.

THE DEVILS PLAYGROUND, AND GOD FORSAKES,
THERE'S NO SHAKE—OF THIS CHILL, AND STILL
YOU CONTINUOUSLY SMOTHER AND DROWN.

BECOME ONE WITH THE DARKNESS, WHILE YOU
RESIDE WITHIN THE BLIND SPOTS, AWAY
FROM THE LIGHTS, ALL MOVEMENTS COMES
TO A STOP.

SHADOW TO SHADOW YOU DWELL, OUT OF VIEW
OF ANY STARE, ANY GLARE, ANY GLANCE OR GLIMPS
YOU'RE VOID OF A FRAME, YOU CAN'T BE SEEN
BUT, MOST DEFINITELY, YOU'RE SENSED.

YOU CAN HIDE IN A CORNER, IN THE CUT
OR IN THE DEPTHS OF YOUR OWN BRAIN
THE COMING OF THE LIGHT, CAUSES A FRIGHT
YOU FIGHT FROM GOING INSANE.

ONE DAY YOU WILL HAVE TO STEP FORTH, AND,
LET YOURSELF BE SEEN, BECAUSE YOUR
SOUL HAS A SCENT AND VISUAL GLEAM.

YOU CAN'T CHASE SHADOWS ALL YOUR LIFE
FOR SOMEONE IS BOUND TO SEE
I PROMISE NOT TO TELL A SOUL
IF THAT SOMEONE HAPPENS TO BE ME.

BUT FOREVER NEVER LASTS, YOUR NOT WITHIN
THE DARKNESS, IT'S ALL IN YOUR MIND'S EYE
OPEN UP, AND GAZE UPON THE LOOKING GLASS.

OR SIMPLY BECOME A NIGHTMARES TARGET.

BY: MR. KEVIN WEST SR.
\* GASP \*

AT THE GLEAM OF A TONGUE, THE HYPER SENSITIVE
SENSATIONS OF ANTICIPATED CONTACT
CAUSES A GASP

THE THOUGHT OF A WHIPS TAIL, OR SURFACE
OF MASTERS PADDLE
THE RATTLE OF CHAINS, THE CLINK OF CUFFS
CAUSES THE BRUSH WITH ANOTHER GASP

YOU RELEASE YOUR INHIBITIONS, SUBMIT TO THE WILD
YOUR KINKINESS MAGNIFIED,
ONE TOUCH
CAUSES YOU TO GASP OUT LOUD

A PALLET MASSAGES EROGENOUS-ZONES, EYES WIDE SHUT
YOUR CAUGHT IN THE CLUTCH OF A MOAN
THAT'S STIFLED,
BUT,
ACTUALLY CAUSES A GASP

THE SUCK OF A BREATH, OR BREAST
THE LIP TOUCH OF A CLIT
OR THE ROUGH GRIP OF AN ASS
CAUSES ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR, AND YET ANOTHER GASP

BUT, DON'T TAKE MY WORD
START FROM THE TOP, COUNT THEM
THROW YOUR HEAD BACK
CLOSE YOUR EYES, AND SIMPLY GASP!

BY: MR. KEVIN WEST SR.
* WILD ESSENCE *

A GENTLE BREEZE IN THE SUMMER TIME
A WARM CARESS DURING WINTERS DAYS
ALL ELEMENTS WITHIN THE PHYSICAL,
everythings connected, it spawns from the
center

YOU LOVE HARD AND CHERRISH LIFE
BUT YET AT DAY ONE YOUR BORN A SINNER
NO WORRIES, NO CARES, WIDE EYED
AND READY, YOU'RE A NATURAL BORN
WINNER

FULL OF PASSION, FULL OF LUST
YOUR HEART BEATS SPORADIC, THE
SIMPLE JOY OF A LOVERS TOUCH
THE FEEL, THE WARMTH, THE CHILL,
THE CARESS

THE WONDER AND EXCITEMENT, THE
SURGE OF ECSTASY PUT TO THE TEST
YOU HOPE, YOU PRAY, IN SEARCH OF
OVERSTANDING, BUT IT'S NOT EASY TO
DIGEST

THE ESSENCE OF WILD EMOTION, ALSO
THE OTHER THINGS THAT IT TRIGGERS
NO MATTER WHAT YOU LEARN, NO MATTER
WHAT YOU TEACH, IN THEIR EYES YOUR
STILL A NIGGA

CENTURIES DO PASS, TIME HAS ELAPSED
WE PLAY ALONG THE EDGE OF CIRCUMFERENCE
THE CIPHER REMAINS COMPLETE NO MATTER
WHAT, WHAT THE FUCK.
GO FIGURE.

BY: MR. KEVIN WEST SR.
* CAUTIOUS *

VOID OF A SOUL
VOID OF A CARE
VOID OF A DUCK FOR A TEAR
NO WORRIES, NO THOUGHTS, NO PASSION
ONLY A STARE.

VOID OF LAUGHTER
VOID OF A GUIDING LIGHT
NO MEMORY, NO SADNESS, NO JOY & NO PAIN
ONLY THAT WATCHFUL EYE.

VOID OF DESPAIR
VOID OF DESPERATION
VOID OF GUILT
NO HOPE, & NO PRAISE
BUT YET, CONSTANTLY AWARE.

VOID OF DESTITUTION
VOID OF AN EMBRACE
VOID OF TACT OR TENSION
BUT STILL A STONEY LOOK UPON A FACE

VOID OF VALUE
VOID OF SENTIMENT
VOID OF A LOT OF THINGS....

BUT....

CAUTION IS NOT ONE OF THEM
CAUTIOUS IS WHAT CAUTION BRINGS !!!

BY: MR. KEVIN WEST SR.
* ROSE PETAL *

SHE HAS HER MOTHERS SMILE
SHE HAS HER MOTHERS BEAUTY
SHE HAS HER MOTHERS SASS
AS WELL AS HER GLOW AND CLASS......WOW

SHE HAS HER MOTHERS INNER PEACE
SHE HAS HER MOTHERS PERSONA
SHE HAS HER MOTHERS GRACE
AS WELL AS HER MOTHERS CHOCOLATE BROWN FACE

SHE HAS HER MOTHERS SMIRK
SHE HAS HER MOTHERS DEVILISHNESS
SHE HAS HER MOTHERS ATTITUDE
AS WELL AS HER MOTHERS SPUNK....
YOU ARE A PETAL NOW...

THEY SAY THAT THE APPLE DOESN'T FALL FAR
FROM THE TREE.

WELL, NEITHER DOES THE PETALS FROM A ROSE
YOU SEE.

THAT'S SIMPLY WHAT YOU ARE IN MY EYES
A ROSE PETAL
THEN, ROSE TO BE.

TRULY BECAUSE YOUR MOTHER HOLDS THE SPOT
AS THE ROSE.

AND SURELY....
ONCE YOU BECOME A WOMAN,
IN YOUR OWN RIGHT

YOU'LL BECOME YOUR OWN ROSE...!!!

BY: MR. KEVIN WEST SR.
* DREAM STATE *

THE CLOCK TICKS, YOUR BREATH PACE STEADY
IN FOCUS, OUT OF FOCUS, EYE LIDS HEAVY
WHILE WRAPPED IN YOUR OWN REALITY

TRYING TO COPE

YOUR SUB-CONSCIOUS SCREAMING AT YOU,
NO LONGER A CONVERSATION
THE VOICE SPEAKING HEATEDLY, REPEATEDLY
DASHING YOUR HOPES

EYES WANDER, BUT, COVERED BY
A THIN LAYER OF SOFT TISSUE

HIDDEN WITHIN THE DARKNESS, AMIDST
THE DANCES OF SWIRLING SHADOWS
YOUR BREATH STOPS RUNNING
YOU FINALLY CATCH IT
YOUR MIND EXPLODES LIKE A MILLION MISSILES.

LIDS FLUTTER, NOW, SURROUNDED BY SWEAT & LIGHTS
YOUR THROATS TIGHT
BUT YOUR FINALLY AWAKE
THE WORLDS REALITY SETS IN
YOU BREATHE A DEEP INTAKE

FOR NOW......

WHO EV'ERS LISTENING, YES YOU, YOU HAVE ESCAPED

BUT I PROMISE......

NO ONE EVER HAS REALLY ESCAPED THE
DREAM STATE

BY: MR. KEVIN WEST SR.
*NAKED*

THE SOFT CARESS OF YOUR SACRED SKIN, THE TEXTURE OF SILK, MILK, MOCHA, VANILLA-CREAM, DARK OR LIGHT CHOCOLATE, A SOFT GLOW, A SHEEN; THE ESSENCE OF SENSUALNESS, EROTIC THOUGHTS, A GLIMP OF EXOTIC PHOTOGRAPHIC POSES, YOU STYLE AS IF NOTHING CAN STOP IT.

POSSESSION OF THE POWERS OF ANCIENT MEDUSA WITH ONE WINK OF AN EYE, PHALLOSES OF MEN TURN TO STONE, SKIN TONES, CURVES, AND BODACIOUS FIGURES, ECLIPSES AND OVER SHADOWS FEELINGS OF BLISS, BUT LEAVES PURE ECSTASY IN IT'S WAKE, NOW FOREVER TRAPPED IN IT'S MIDST NO MATTER IF IT'S MR. OR MS.

EYES OPEN OR EYES CLOSED, YOU CAN'T HELP BUT TO SEE, TO LUST, TO LOVE, TO LONG FOR AN ENDLESS TOUCH, HOUR-GLASSES RE-DEFINED AS IF IT'S BEEN TO THE GYM.

THE LOVE OF NAKED SKIN.

BEAUTIFUL FLESH, THE RAPTURE IT CAUSES THE SIGHT THAT CAPTURES YOUR BREATH,......

FLAWLESS !!

THIS IS HOW YOU ARE BORN, THIS IS WHAT YOU CHOOSE, SECRETLY TO BE AN EXHIBITIONIST, NAKED, ATTIRE ONLY IN HIGH HEELED SHOES.

ALWAYS AND FOREVER INTRIGUED AND INFATUATED, YOUR BEAUTY'S PERSONIFIED, SACRED !

OH SO GLORIOUS..........AND NAKED !!

BY: MR. KEVIN WEST SR.
* ENCHANTED *

SO INTOXICATED, A VISION SO PURE
TRAPPED IN A WORLD OF WONDER, NOTHING BUT BLISS
ECSTASY TAKES OVER AS YOU BREATHE IN THE PUNGENT
MUST, AROMA, AND SCENT.
A PANORAMIC FIELD OF BEAUTY.....DAMN.....
SO MUCH TO CHOOSE FROM,
ROSES, DAFFODILS, DANDELIONS, PUSSY-WILLOW AND MORE,
LIKE TULIPS, DAISY'S, LAVENDER AND SUNFLOWERS,
MESMERIZED WITH THE ABSENCE OF TIME,
HOUR AFTER HOUR.

YOUR EYES SETTLE ON A ROSE, HER PETALS SOFT AND,
GLEANING WITH DREW, AS IF FRESH OUT OF THE SHOWER.

THE DAFFODIL SHOWS OFF HER CURVES, IN HOPES
TO ENTICE,
WHILE YOU TRAVEL DOWN THE PATH, A SMALL SASHAY
CAPTURES YOUR VIEW, THE BEAUTY OF A WILD EYED
DANDELION, SHAPELY, BUT HER EXTERIOR JAGGED, THUS,
YOUR HEART BEATS RAPID.

BUT YOU ARE DRAWN TO THE SPIKES ADORNED BY THE
LITHE FRAME OF THE PUSSY-WILLOW.
AND AS MRS. TULIP SHOWS HER STUFF
AND DAISY'S SMALL FIGURE GIVES ENOUGH TINGLE
TO MAKE ONE BLUSH.

YOU SENSE A SENSUAL SUNFLOWER, WHO, CATCHES
THE RAYS OF HER NAME SAKE, GLOWING
SEXY AND VIBRANT.

BUT, YOU'RE LURED BY THAT INTOXICATED SMELL
OF LAVENDERS EXOTIC EXISTENCE.
SHE LOOKS AT YOU, YOU LOOK AT HER
YOUR STUCK ROOTED, AS IF"YOU'RE " PLANTED
NOW MAKE A WISH...........

"TRULY ENCHANTED" !!!

BY: MR. KEVIN WEST SR.
* GONE ASTRAY *

AIN'T NOTHIN LIKE, WHEN THEM TEARS FALL
CARESSIN THE FLAME, STRESSIN THE PAIN
OF WHEN THE DEAD CALL, FIGHTIN THE
DEMONS PLOTTIN & SCHEMB'N FOR WHEN
THAT BREAD CALL, THE ANGELS FLEEING, & WEEPIN
SCREAMIN, FOR US TO
FEAR ALLAH, FOR US TO FEAR ALLAH, I WAS TOLD
STAND TALL WHEN YOU WALK THE EARTH
LIVE BY THE CODES WRITTEN IN THE VERSE
INSHA ALLAH THE MESSAGE STOPS THE HURT
FOR WHAT IT'S WORTH, WE ALL, BORN WITH
THE GIFT OF BLESSIN,
LETS SKIP THE STRESSIN & FOCUS UPON
THE THINGS IN LIFE
LIKE BETTERMENT, FLOATIN A COUPLE
MEASUREMENTS ABOVE THE STRIFE
WAKE UP THE HOPELESS
& REDEEM THE PRICE, PLUS BETTER DAYS
LIE AROUND THE CORNER, CAN'T SAVE'EM ALL
BUT, REPLACE THE CARMA
REPLACE THE FOG WITH A CLEAR VISION
THE PRISM LOOKS ALOT BETTER
WHEN YOU FIX THE LENS, SO DOES THE
WORLD WHEN YOU FIX YOUR FRIENDS
SO IT BEGINS, TIME TO EASE THE PAIN
OPEN YA EYES, OPEN YA EARS AND LISTEN
THE PAINTED PICTURE, HAS IT'S OWN VOICE
LIKE EVERY MAN HAS HIS OWN CHOICE
YOU MAKE YA OWN WAY, NO MORE EXCUSES
FOR WHAT THAT TRONE' SAY, ONE FOOT
INFRONT OF THE NEXT, WE TAKE IT DAY BY DAY
DEALIN WITH THE PAIN AND PRESHURE OF THOSE
THATS GONE ASTRAY.......THATS GONE ASTRAY !!!

BY: MR. KEVIN WEST SR.
* THE MINDS EYE *

SOME VISION SUCCESS, SOME VISION FAILURE
IN VAST DEPTHS
SOME EXACT ACUTE AWARENESS, AND OTHERS
ARE SIMPLY BLIND TO THE WHOLE MESS.
SOME SEE WITH THE REVERSE OF A VISUAL CORTEX
WHILE OTHERS JUST LOOK BUT DON'T SEE,
OR,
STARE BUT DON'T BLINK
SOME STRAIN TO BREATHE THE HAZE, THE FOG
OR THE SHADOW OF ENDLESS DAYS
TRAPPED WITHIN BROKEN SUNS RAYS,
SOME, STUCK IN PRISON, BUT THEY'RE NOT
EVEN INCARCERATED, OR,
SOME, STUCK ON THE STREETS, BUT HAVE PLUSH
HOMES, WHILE
SOME ARE STUCK IN OUR REALITY, BUT HONESTLY
THOSE ONES BE MENTALLY, VISUALLY GONE.
ENTER THE ZONE AND OPEN THE EYES OF YOUR
THOUGHTS,
VISION THE TRUTH, OR SIMPLY VISION THE ONES
BEFORE US, THAT ENDURED THE PAIN,
The Lashes, Or Simply Fought
Nail And Tooth!
VENTURE AWAY FROM YOUR OWN MIND
AND TRY IF YOU MUST
TO TAKE A WALK THROUGH THE
EYES OF MINE,
MAYBE TIME RUNS, OR MAYBE IT STANDS
STILL,
ONCE YOU ENTER,
IF YOU CAN
TRY AND TRY AND TRY
TO FIGHT THE CHILL!!!
* LOST *

YOU RUN THIS WAY, YOU RUN THAT WAY
YOU STUMBLE AND TRIP
YOU TURN THIS CORNER, YOU TURN THAT CORNER
INAUDIBLY YOU MUMBLE "OH SHIT".
I THINK I TOOK A WRONG TURN,
DEVOID OF ALL SENSE OF DIRECTION
NO COMPASS, NO MAP, AND THE LACK OF,
AN INTERNAL G.P.S.
YOU STOP, BACK TRACK AND RE-TRACE YOUR STEPS,
YOUR THOUGHTS COME IN RUSHES,
BUT YET, YOU WALK WITH A STEADY PACE,
YOU WANDER AND MEANDER ON IN CONFUSION
DESPERATE TO GATHER YOUR WITTS.
ALL THE WHILE UNAWARE OF THE STEADY
TWITCH OF YOUR FACE.
YOU PINCH YOURSELF, JUST TO CHECK IF YOUR
SLEEP,
BUT, YOUR WIDE AWAKE, EYES SEARCHING, AND
ROAMING, THE DEPTHS OF YOUR MENTAL,
YOU TAKE A DEEP BREATH TO GATHER YOURSELF
YOU CHECK YOUR PULSE AND YOUR VITALS
TO ASCERTAIN THE STATUS OF HEALTH
BUT YET YOUR LOST,
LOST, LOST, LOST, WITHIN ONES OWNSELF !

BY: MR. KEVIN WEST SR.
* A PORTRAIT OF LIFE *

AS I PREPARE TO CRAFT THIS PORTRAIT
THE WORLD IS A PERFECT EASEL
THE BASE TO REST MY CANVAS
STRONG AND COARSE, THOUGH INTRICATELY
WOVEN WITH LIFE

I MUST ENDURE, FOR ENDURANCE IS
MY PALETTE
THE PAINT REPRESENTS THE STRUGGLE
SPALASHED IN DIFFERENT HUE'S
WHERE HOPE IS THE BRUSH, WHO'S,
STROKES PORTRAY AN ASSORTMENT
OF VARIOUS VIEWS

THE EARTH'S PAIN IS THE BACK DROP
BECAUSE IT WILL FOREVER EXIST
BUT JOY SHALL BE THE FOREFRONT
ON WHICH TO DISPLAY YOUR GOD
GIVEN GIFTS

ONCE THE PORTRAIT IS PAINTED
AND THE WHOLE ESSENCE COMPLETE
YOUR VISION IS YOUR VISION
EITHER OPEN OR DISCRETE
THIS PORTRAIT OF LIFE BECOMES
THE MUCH WANTED, AND
OH SO SATISFYING

ULTIMATE RELEASE !

BAK THE SOLITUDE, AND EMBRACE
YOUR INNER SELF; A MASTER PIECE
IS A MASTER PIECE, YOUR AVENUE
TO COMMUNICATE, WITHOUT THE USE
OF VERBAL SPEECH !!!

BY: MR. KEVIN WEST SR.
* WARM EMBRACE *

TO GAZE INTO YOUR EYES, IS AS TO GAZE UPON
A SUNSET,
TO GAZE BETWEEN YOUR THIGHS, IS AS TO GAZE UPON
A MILKY WAYS PARADISE.
ALL TERRAIN BETWEEN, BECOMES MY FIELD
OF PLAY
OPEN UP THAT BEAUTIFUL ABYSS, THAT'S SO EXOTIC
UPON DISPLAY
I CARESS YOUR PETALS, AND DRINK OF YOUR
SWEETEST OF SWEET NECTAR
STUCK IN YOUR WARM EMBRACE AS IF TRAPPED
IN A POETS OUT SPOKEN LECTURE,
I DIVE DEEPER, AND TRACE SEXUAL SENTENCES
WITH ONLY THE TIP OF MY TONGUE
CLOSE YOUR EYES, INHALE, EXHALE, AND RELAX,
WE'VE JUST BEGUN!
I YEARN FOR YOUR EXQUISITE, EXUBERANT,
& JUBILANT TASTE,
LEGS AROUND MY NECK, FACE DOWN, ASS UP
OR SIMPLY, STRADDLED UPON MY FACE
YOUR SCENT, IS WHAT DREAMS ARE
MADE OF
I KISS YOUR LIPS, THEY KISS ME BACK, WITH
THE SOFTNESS OF A WING OF A DOVE
I KEEP MY EYES OPEN, AND WELCOME THE INTOXICATED
SPASH OF YOUR WATERY FALLS.
IT FLOODS, IT ROLLS, IT TUMBLE, WITHOUT THE
SLIGHTEST HINT OF A PAUSE
YOU CUM, CUM, CUM AND CUM JOYOUSLY
TIME AND TIME AGAIN.
IF YOUR READY FOR ROUND TWO, JUST,
CLOSE YOUR EYES AND LETS BEGIN
AT THE BEGINNING
AGAIN!!!

SMILE FOR ME!!!

BY: MR. KEVIN WEST SR.
* DALMATIAN *

YOU LOVE ME TODAY, BUT HATE ME TOMORROW
YOU WISH ME LUCK OPENLY, BUT SECRETLY,
PRAY FOR MY DOWN FALL

YOU SMILE WITH ME, LAUGH AND SOME TIMES CRY
PRETEND TO SHARE MY JOY AND PAIN
BUT PLAN MY DEMISE

YOUR HAPPY, GIDDY, JOYOUS, A GOOD GOOD FRIEND
BUT YET YOUR BITTER, SPITEFUL, AND SOUR
DEEP DEEP WITHIN

YOU STAND BESIDE ME, YOU FIGHT AGAINST ME
I HAVE TO QUESTION WHICHE WHICH IS THE REAL DEAL
OR WHAT IS YOUR REAL AIM

ONE SPOT, TWO SPOTS, THREE SPOTS, FOUR SPOTS
ENOUGH SPOTS TO PUT A DALMATIAN TO SHAME
I ALWAYS WONDERED HOW MANY IDENTITIES
CAN BE WRAPPED IN ONE NAME

YOU'RE GIVEN A TITLE BY MOMS AND POPS
YOU ALSO HAVE THE ONE FROM THE HOOD
THAT YOU ADOPT.
BUT FOR MY OWN SALVATION
I WILL LABEL YOU ONE THING AND ONE THING ONLY
TO MYSELF AND THATS
DALMATIAN.

BY: MR. KEVIN WEST SR.
* ALONE IN TIME *

TRACES OF A GLIMPSES OF HEAVEN WITHIN A SHOOTING STAR
LIKE THE SPLATTER OF SUN RAYS GLOWIN' FROM WITHIN A SHATTERED
HEART, MOON GLOW GLISTENS AS REMINISCENT THOUGHTS OF YOU TRIPPIN
RICOCHETS OFF THE SURFACE OF GHETTO PRISMS,
TRAPPED WITHIN THE PAIN OF LOVES HAILSTORM, THE RAIN POURS,
INSANE MEMORY OF TANGLED AND TANGIBLE TRYSTS
FAR FROM THE BEGINNING, ENTWINED IN BEAUTY AND BLISS
NOW SCHAR, AS YOUR HEARTS CONTENTS DEVoured
BY THE HOPES, QUOTES AND POKES OF LOVER COWARDS,
SCHOLARS CAN'T DEFINE, REWIND OR LEND BACK TIME,
IT NEVER CEASES, SORTA DECREASES THE MIND STATE,
SOME RELATE, OTHERS DEBATE, SIMPLY INFLATE THE SUFFERAGE
NO LEVERAGE, NO SUBLIMINAL, THOUGHT PATTERNS DISCUSTED.
DEPLATE TOUGHNESS, TO REACH OUT BUT GRASP NOTHING.
SHE'S GONE, HE'S GONE, WHAT ONCE WAS, DEMINISHED
YOU WITNESSED BEFORE IT BEGAN WAS FINISHED
THE TAILS OF A BROKEN LOVE BOX, YOU GAZE UP,
YOUR STARE LOCKED, YOU WATCH AS TIME PASSES
IT SEEMS DRASTIC, BUT IT'S TIME TO MOVE ON
HOUR GLASSES FLIPPED OVER, CLOSE THE CASKET
YOU NOW STAND ALONE IN TIME, FOR THE TIME OF CLOCKS HAS SHATTERED

BY: MR. KEVIN WEST SR.
* ALLURE *

A FIELD OF WONDER
A FIELD OF DREAMS
A MYSTICAL DYNASTY
AND A MELODIous BREEZE

YOUR SUCKED INTO IT'S EMBRACE
WOODED BY IT'S CHARM
THAT CHARISMATIC ELEMENT
THAT HELPS YOU WEATHER THE STORM

AN OASIS OF BEAUTy
AN OASIS OF LURE
A SILHOUETTE OF FINER THINGS
THINGs THAT ARE SO RADIANT
AND PURE

A MASQUERADE IN YOUR DESTINY
A MASQUERADE IN TIME
WALK WITHIN YOUR MOONS GLOW
SO VIBRANT AND SUBLIME

YOUR ALLURE IS SO CAPTIVE
HARD FOR AN EYE TO ESCAPE
FULL OF ZEALOUS AND DELIGHT
A HOLD OF A BREATH, PAUSE,
AT THE INTAKE

AN ABYSS OF SECRETS HIDDEN
AN ABYSS OF STORIES UNTOLD
THEY RIDE ON THE WINGS OF LOVE
THEY FLAP, FLAP, FLAP
SO POWERFUL, SO JOYOUS
WITH A SHINE THAT'S SO BOLD !!

BY: MR. KEVIN WEST SR.
* INHALE *

ON THIS OCTOBER SIXTEENTH DAY, WAS THE DAY MY
HEART SOLEMNLY CHOSE,
SO WITH THAT SAME HEART, I PRODUCED
A DIAMOND RING WITH PLEASURE,
GRACED ONE KNEE AND PROPOSED.

AMIDST ROSE PETALS IN THE SHAPE OF
A HEART, RESEMBLING MY LOVE, OUR
LOVE, BY THE LIGHT OF SCENTED CANDLES
KNOWING WE WOULD SPENT ETERNITY
TOGETHER FROM THE VERY START.

YOU TOOK A DEEP BREATH, A SHARP INHALE,
UNABLE TO RELEASE, YOU STRUGGLE TO EXHALE.

I WATCHED YOU JUMP UP AND DOWN
FLOODED WITH JOY AND EXCITEMENT, THAT
BEAUTIFUL LOOK UPON YOUR FACE, SO INVITING,
SO ENTICING, THE LOOK OTHERS YEARN FOR.

I WAS PROUD AND I STILL AM, YOU GAVE
ME THE GIFT OF HUSBANDRY, AND NO MATTER
HOW LIFE PROGRESSES, AND THINGS OFTEN CHANGE
I WILL FOREVER, WITH ALL MY HEART
LOVE YOU STUBBORNLY.

I STOLE YOUR HEART, AND I STOLE YOUR
BREATH, I WILL NEVER FORGET THAT
MOMENT IN TIME, FROM NOW UNTIL,
I'M LAID TO REST,
AND BEYOND THAT IF WE'RE ABLE,
TO FEEL AND THINK.

THROUGHOUT THESE TROUBLED WATERS,
OUR SHIP WILL NEVER SINK........

BY: MR. KEVIN WEST SR.
* NO MATTER *

NO MATTER HOW MANY BLEMISHES,  
SCRATCHES, SCRAPES, OR SCARS,  
THAT WE ACCUMULATE THROUGH TIME.  

NO MATTER WHAT OBSTACLES WE FACE  
OR HURDLES WE TRAVERSE,  

NO MATTER THE PAIN, THE HURT,  
AND SORROW WE BEAR,  

NO MATTER THE STRESS, THE PRESSURE  
OR STRUGGLE WE ENDURE,  

SOMEONE ALWAYS SEES THE BEAUTY,  
AND POTENTIAL, EVEN IF IT'S HIDDEN  
FROM THE NAKED EYE.  

AND THAT SOMEONE, ......WELL, ......  
THAT SOMEONE, ......IS I !!!!!

BY: MR. KEVIN WEST SR.
THEY OFTEN QUESTION, DO THE MADNESS
HAVE A METHOD TO IT, SOME CARESS THE JUDAS,
WHILE OTHERS MISS THE MESSAGE
BUT GET THE LESSON TO IT.
THREADED THE NEEDLE AND EJECT THE FLUID,
THEY GAVE BIRTH TO A CURSE TO PROVE IT.
WE'RE BORN TO DIE SO LET THE HEARSE PURSUE IT,
A ROLE MODEL THAT THIRST THE CRUELEST,
BUT VIRTUE RE-WROTE THE MOVEMENTS.
MY TRUANTS CIRCLE THE EARTH, PUT A BURTIN TO IT,
CERTAIN TO REVERSE THE FOOLISH-THOUGHT PROCESS,
IM'MA WORK YOU THROUGH IT.
FROM A CITY WHERE THE MASTERS GET MERCED BY STUDENTS
AND THE TOOLS MADDER THAN THE ONES THAT USE IT,
BUT THE BURST IS FLUENT.
SO THE SERPENT REVERTS TO PRUDENCE,
IF NOTINGS GAINED IT'S NOTHING TO LOSE IT,
NEVER FREE'D FROM THE BALL & CHAIN INFLUENCE,
FOLLOWERS OF MENTAL MUTANTS, FOREVER BLINDED,
LACKING THE STRENGTH TO RULE IT.
SOME SOOTHE IT WITH THE GIFT OF MUSIC
WHILE OTHERS AIM, CLICK AND SHOOT IT,
MY AIM IS TO SPIT WITH THE TRUEST
TO PASS KNOWLEDGE TO THE SICK MEDULLA'S
I WAS GIVEN THE GIFT TO DO IT,
GIVE ME A SECOND, I'M RECKON TO PROVE IT.
THREATEN TO FLEX WITH INDEXES IS FRUITLESS
IF YOUR HEART AINT IN IT, REJECT RECRUITMENT
BUT REVOLUTION IS EVIDENT, RESPECT THE MOVEMENT.

BY: KEVIN WEST SR.
* SON *

TO A HANDSOME WONDERFUL SON
THE PRIDE AND JOY OF A FATHER'S LIFE
A DIRECT DESCENDANT OF STRENGTH
AND FUTURE GIVER OF LIFE.
YOU ARE THE CREATOR OF TIME LINES
CONTINUATION.
WITH THE WISDOM AND FORTITUDE
EMBEDDED WITHIN TO FATHER FUTURE
NATIONS OF OUR FURTHERED GENERATIONS
YOU POSSESS THE PROUDNESS OF THOSE
BEFORE YOU.
HOLD THE BANNER OF AMBITION
AND WIELD THE GADEL OF AUTHORITY
WHEN IT COMES TO BEING GREAT,
A GREAT MAN,
YOU WILL SIT AND MINGLE,
WITH AN ELITE MINORITY, AND WHEN IT COMES
TO BEING THE WORLD'S GREATEST SON,
WELCOME TO OUR DEFINITION,
OF FRATERNITY !!!!!!

BY: MR. KEVIN WEST SR.