

ANCIENT POEM

I look within my broken mind,
knowing that in my creation,
I'm a human-being scared of change,
I have strayed from the sacred wisdom,
finding strength in my weakness.

I know that my spirit is divided,
travelling the earth
to find the sacred one
so it can heal within and return
to the human body.

I pray to the ancient ones
to teach me love
and compassion towards others,
heal my broken soul
so I can walk this sacred path of righteousness.

CANVASS OF THOUGHTS

Sunlight bending through raindrops,
fear rising in a handful of dust,
my imperfection yields to its rhythm,
I pray for the stillness of my mind.

In the raw wind,
my breath rests
in the shawl of clouds,
in fields of yellow
I and my father become one,
within a canvass of tears,
I commune with the forest.

It's here where the
barnacles of doubt,
sink beneath the calmness
of my thoughts,
in prayer I linger
with the divine presence,

releasing the last refuge of the ego.

DIVINE PRESENCE

Within you
changes come,
silence of the heart
when you're gone,
you've worked the earth
into your bones,
blood remembering
what the mind forgets,
silent shuffle of dust
in the summer rain,
love songs for the crickets to sing,
stones call for the spirits
to embrace you,
on this beautiful morning
I take hold the visions of you,
placing you in my arms,
until I can feel the rhythm
of your soul.

EVERYTHING EVOLVES

I stand naked in the ashes,
fingertips opening accepting my time,
unmarked by the fire of wolves,
I am the freshness embracing harmony,
shedding tears into the pearls
that keep the highway bright.

It's all the same to me,
this deep silence of gods peace,
a moon struck child
communing with stillness,
calling to the Angels of life,
finding my prayers
drifting in uncharted winds.

Fear flowing with the

waterfalls of peace,
arriving without judgment,
A transformation of
natural change recognized,
all reflected without resistance,
I hold my breath
waiting for the sunlight
to twist around my flesh,
awakening the spirit within.

FLAMES OF CONSCIOUSNESS

This journey
towards providence
comforts
the source of my being,
all the colors
start to burn,
I need the fire
to know I'm awake.

INTO THE HORIZON

There's a peaceful sense
of not knowing what lies ahead,
I march for miles
with concrete under my feet,
facing the darkness of stormy seas.

I walk towards the rising sun,
my eyes settle on a hunger,
feeling his mighty breath upon chest,
I leave behind an empty grave
so I can move forward without fear.

LIFE POEM

A part of my soul
feels tarnished,
unrepairable,
like an ageing tree

yielding its blossoms,
each new sound
has faded away with time,
tomorrow's sun will
spread the wings of light.

NAME #47

Kindness is the color of rainbows
Yearning for simplicities of life
Living in the moment of truth
Enlightened by the power of giving.

SEARCHING FOR ME

My dreams once faded
into the murky world
of your biased opinions.

I feel the sun
burning through my soul,
through the silver lining of my heart
I have survived the eye of the storm.

With tears like sand,
I rest my tired heart
in the warm hands of my healer.

These are simple moments I like best,
no voices to command me,
just sheer quietness
filling empty spaces.

A morning sunrise
warming the senses,
exposing a gentle truth
of one's own mortality.

I've danced in the middle
of freezing rains,
I've looked for the promise of my future,
I am a wanderer
in search of my better self.

SOMETHING IN HIMSELF

There's a place I go to
where emptiness defines me,
a place where I can sit in stillness
and ripen the mind,
smoothing out these black waves
forming shadows around my soul.

There's a place I go to,
where fear is no longer
pressing against me,
in the centre of my mind
an ocean of regret washes away,
like footprints in sand.

In the presence of the sun,
a summer breeze
dances across fingertips,
while waterfalls chime
in the space between rocks.

My soul stands pure behind
this wall of spiritual truth,
flowers radiate an unyielding rhythm
of love and forgiveness.

In this place
my spirit dances with the wind,
and emptiness
becomes what I want it to be.

VERACITY FROM WISDOM

I am a tree,
standing on the edge of a cliff,
alone in thought,
listening to the waves
crash upon rocks,
feeding patience
into the roots of my being.

UNFINISHED SELF

I got lost in the storm
of my stubborn ways,

digging holes,
pushing the sadness inside,
traces of blame
buried in the cold roots,
my journey begins
with one step forward.

VOICE OF REASON

When midnight
corrupts the soul,

Gods hidden desire
searches the shadow lands,

shattering icy fields
where black crows
pray on hopeful hearts,

with unbroken sunlight,
whispering waters
cleanse irritable minds.

KINDESS IN NATURE

Time is what it takes to be here,
all the leaves around me start to fall.

Asleep on my windowsill
are the golden embers of sunlight.



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