

Poetry Series

Boston Kelley
- poems -



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Boston Kelley(04-07-2002)

I was born in Fayetteville, Arkansas in the United States. I have mild autism that affects my social skills, but recently, I have started getting control over it. I am 20 years old and a Christian, going to college at Oklahoma Christian University. My major is Mechanical Engineering. I have considered writing poetry, but have never given it a serious approach. I like to think I have a way with words and a deep understanding of my feelings which I think it suitable for being a poet.



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The Divided Heart

The heart does burn with love and passion,
Yet it may also seethe with hate and apathy.
Oh! How this is such a great opposition!
Let this fact, for all, birth much sympathy.
Is love, thus, not something so trivial?
For I see how this conflict is pivotal.

Boston Kelley



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Sonnet - Can I Love Her?

Who is this woman that I love dearly?
She is more lovely than a flower;
Yes, I see her and yearn for her deeply;
Oh! The pain of our separation this hour!
My heart longs for you, yet I'm opposed;
A conflagration stirs in this psyche.
A clear truth before me is imposed
And renders my ordered thoughts untidy.
To the world of sensuality, you belong
Which blocks the stream of my passion.
A harlot you seem as men have sung;
Men you have ensnared, your own congregation.
A Pharisee I may be as I think this;
Let us hope love makes this thought amiss.

Boston Kelley



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Ode To Loneliness

A mighty lion awaits at my door;
His fearsome roar shakes the ground.
In this heart of mine abounds fear galore;
Oh! How that roar is such a terrible sound!

Into this home does the predator advance
And finds his prey, weak and shuddering.
Preparing to pounce, it takes its stance;
From my mouth, comes endless stuttering.

Such is loneliness that it hunts me down!
It drapes about me as if it were a gown.
Its claws pierce and tear my fragile heart;
Suitable am I to it, that it will never depart.

So great a living hell it is to my poor soul
And a great burden to my weary shoulders.
Its dreadful power, on me, takes its toll;
I am crushed beneath its torrent of boulders.

To a river of sin, it has led me
And forced me to drink the water.
From it, I desire to desperately flee,
Yet it has made me an animal for slaughter.

Boston Kelley

Sonnet - The Desired Encounter

A great woman does my heart desire
That all else falls from my sight.
Upon her, my eyes gaze and admire
For she has turned this dark soul bright.
Day by day, visions of her comfort me;
O! How she is my greatest treasure!
I look about and nothing else I see
Except my beloved, my magnificent pleasure.
A lovely figure surrounds her soul
And steals the strength in my knees.
I long to embrace her and be made whole
For she has shown me all that we could be.
Without her, this heart withers and grows cold;
Come to me, my loved one, and let our love be told.

Boston Kelley



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The Repentant Criminal

I am a lowly wretch, a despicable thing;
Do not look at me and let me remember my failures;
Unbearable they are like flies buzzing about my head;
Their unpleasant odor and hideous sight offend me
And I swoon in remembrance of them.

Who can redeem this detestable soul?
Where must cleansing be found for such a dirty rag?
They bear upon with the earth's terrible weight;
My knees buckle under the strain.

Cover me with darkness or hurl me down to Tartarus,
So my sin and I shall be unseen.
Lonely was I that I became weak;
Foolish was I that I chose sensual pleasures;
Guilty was I that I desired to be punished;
Grief-stricken was I that I wanted redemption.
Step forth and erase my crimes;
Come forward and wash me clean;
Do not hold my failings against me
Lest I die as a payment for those many wrongs.

A Savior I ask to remove my iniquities;
This torn man awaits the redemptive touch.

Boston Kelley

Thanksgiving (2022)

O! Let the whole earth rejoice!
Let all that live speak in one voice!
This is a day that begs gratitude;
Do not seethe with a sorrowful attitude.
Gaze upon the days and years of life;
See not the great moments of dominating strife;
Remember the merry smiles and tears of joy
For, by the power of woe, they can be destroyed.

Those who mourn and detest their blessing of existence,
Do not be led to the blackest pit of despair.
Endure the suffering with continuous perseverance
And find thankfulness that your crushed soul can spare.

Give thanks to God and be of good cheer;
His ways are righteous; from them, we should not veer;
He moves with gladness, seeking to restore and reconcile;
Praise His goodness, and abandon what is vile.

A mist, a flicker, a speck is the human,
But how cheerful he can be for his given span.

Boston Kelley

Weariness

These eyes of mine crafted to see,
Fail to be as the eyelids fall;
A tide of weariness crashes over me
Stealing my strength and mighty gall.

The land of wonder and mystery beckon
As the land of living wish farewell to me.
Awake must I be! This I reckon;
Yet Slumber has issued his powerful decree.

Alas, a broken body will no longer stand
As a man cannot resist being led by Lord Dream's hand.
To the realm of my innermost ego I venture,
But, I have not departed, for there is still of me, a tincture.

Boston Kelley



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Psalm - A Roiling Storm

A tempest of emotions surround me
bathing me in grief unimaginable.
A flood of hopelessness rises from this
tempest's downpour; I drown beneath
the waters.

Dark is the world within those waters like
the blackness that consumes my mind;
shine a light if you are eager and see
it extinguished like a fire.

A hopeless man am I, my God;
the years before me do not lend me joy.
A long life you say is a reward,
yet a struggle it only seems to be.
Rejoice should we do for this is the day You
have, but grieving is all I long for.
Knocked down am I by the powers of despair
that no will is left in me to rise.
Optimism has left this body with pessimism
eager to take its place.
Unique interests and desires have you given
me, Lord, but none can appeal to this
saddened psyche;
The great happenings in life that shine with
great joy cannot pierce the pitch-blackness
of this mind.

Great are Your truths, Lord,
that no heart can stand unmoved.
Amazing are the joys that come from following
You which transform the most twisted souls.
All this I know, God, but do not feel in my heart.
You exhort us to love You with our whole being,
but I shudder.
A path of devotion many take and find You,
yet my feet do not yearn to tread that ground.
The spirit of a truth-seeker resides in me,
but it shudders when it hears Your Truth.

What has become of me that I
cannot will myself to pray?
I long to be compassionate and forgiving
not for You but for me.
Have I transformed into something You abhor?
Where could this sudden dislike and irritation
of some have emanated from?
A kind and caring individual I've been told I am;
I wail at my ability to do evil.

Storms will pass,
Disasters come to an end,
Conflicts fade away.
Let the storms that surround me, God,
break at Your command.
Let the blackness that has overcome
me flee at the sight of Your radiance.
Even in these dark days, I believe and hope
that I will be put back on a firm foundation.

Boston Kelley

Psalm - This Lonely Heart

This lonely heart of mine;
so greatly it longs to be comforted.
Anguish and despair are my companions;
hopelessness and loneliness its forebears.
A helpless prey am I that any predator
could easily vanquish.
Dark thoughts cover my mindscape;
powerful torrents of shame rain down
on my psychological gardens.
They poison the fields of happiness
and rot out the plants of joy; what was
once a flourishing land is reduced to
swamp.

Lord, you are near to the brokenhearted,
yet you seem so far.
You bandage grievous wounds yet mine
remain open.
A God of comfort you are, who comforts
all who experience troubles; comfort is an
unwelcome visitor in my heart.
Why do you feel so distant?
How can I feel so far from you?
A pit I have dug myself into, far removed
from the soothing light of your presence.
Shame and guilt delight in their tormenting
power, exercising it in full upon me, their
most cherished victim.
A divide sits between you and me, Lord;
one that I fail to cross and seem unable to.
How could even you conquer that canyon
and reach your suffering creation?

Naive, I call myself,
Trusting, I think I am,
Compassionate, I take delight in being,
Lonely, I wail at being.
A female companion does my heart long for,
my God, a woman who would cherish me.

You know my every desire and thought,
as you know my comings and goings and
risings and fallings.

All parts of my being you know and made in
great detail; all of my suffering and anguish
is before you.

Temptation creeps about me, stalking me
like an obsessed lover.

His eyes look upon me and see a potential
will he can sway; a formless lump of clay
waiting to be shaped.

The sensual he carries with him whose
pleasing nature makes all knees buckle.
I cannot evade him, God, nor can I vanquish
him.

Battles with him I wage,
many of which I do not fully surrender,
but he triumphs even in my partial surrender.

I know your promises and truths, Lord,
they are delightful and great in awe and wonder.

They are written on my mind and firm
in my knowledge, but my heart
is calloused to their power.

I know them and see them
while my heart fails to be moved,
unable to experience their emotional power.

A light to my dark room are you, God,
A guide to my wandering self.

Direct me back to you
and wipe clean this great aloneness.

Let my soul be comforted in your presence,
knowing you are all I need.

Boston Kelley

To A Love So Strong

Two people united in holy matrimony,
joined by a love unequaled.

Two souls becoming one,
led by the Creator to each other.

Two minds melded with each other,
their thoughts strong in unity.

Two beings complemented by one
another, their love unrivaled.

Let those in the heavenly realms shout
with joy!

Let the earth resound with glee!

The mountains bow in reverence to their
love and the oceans part in adoration
before them.

The joy for their beloved shines with
an unearthly radiance; these eyes can
only wish to see their happiness.

Where can I wander and find others who
surpass them?

Who would stand and protest to having
a greater love?

Let those who would jest be silent in
their wonderful presence.

The Heavenly Father looks upon them
and marvels at the wonder He has
performed.

Two of his creations who see Him in
each other's being; two devotees
making Him as their foundation.

His eyes glimmer with cheer,
His face brightens with merriment.

'Hallelujah!' cry His heavenly choir.

'Praise be to the God of Love!

Boundless and powerful is His
great kindness! '

Fifty times around the sun have they

remained faithful to each other.
Fifty times have they lived 365 days
and been united in marriage.
Fifty times have they seen the four
seasons while being in each other's
arms.
Fifty times have they lived twelve
months, the Lord as their bond to
one another.

Shout for joy, the unmarried ones!
You have seen the love you can have
for a fellow human!
Shout for joy, wedded folk!
They are a symbol and an inspiration
to you!

My soul cries in admiration for them
while I wait for the day my beloved
is revealed to me.

Boston Kelley

Where Have I Gone?

The darkness surrounds me, pulling me in
with its hopeless power.

I fall to the ground, my eyes welling with
sorrow. The tears beg to come forth like
a torrent; their desire for release rings
in my mind.

Oh, who am I that I suffer loneliness?
Who am I that I must endure such lovelessness?
My heart aches and yearns for affection,
yet it suffers heartbreak.

Oh, where, where is someone who loves me?
Why, oh, why must pain be within my reach?

Once has the earth moved round the sun,
and the same man stands in my place.

He is a lonely, broken man full of wounds;
so many mistakes has he made that he
cannot learn from them.

The dark clouds cover the sun of my mind
and they deliver their rain of pain.

What is my life that it must be this?

Where have I gone?

Boston Kelley

Oh, Bright Shining Sun

Oh, bright shining sun, where have you gone?
Where is your light that once lit up my soul?
Where is your gleeful smile that could turn the
saddest heart into one of joy?
Why have you left me to sit in this darkness?

Darkness surrounds me on all sides;
I am crushed beneath its melancholy power.
I try to rise only to fall; I see a light
only for it to fade.
The land has fallen into despair; every inch of
it cries for you.
If I should see your face, I will know joy again;
Yet joy is but a distant memory.

Your light once shone upon this realm;
it permeated all that was within your grasp.
The grass stood tall and the trees stretched their
branches, eager for more of your life-giving
power.
The animals frolicked and strolled; never before
had there been so many.
The water reflected your brilliance and supplied
us with a bountiful harvest.
Now look upon this land and see its misery!

The grass and trees slouch in suffering;
they have no face to stretch towards.
The animals hide in fear for their enemies
lurk within the darkness.
The waters do not supply us with a blessing
of rain and have left us without harvest.

The clouds rolled in and hid you from us;
not a ray of your brilliance could pierce
that sheet.

Oh, bright shining sun, come back to this
suffering domain!

Let your light shine forth and restore what
has been broken!

Boston Kelley

Slave To Love

Powerful Love has taken me captive;
here, I sit in this prison of passion.
A tormented man has he made me
that all efforts to repel him have been
for naught.

Day after day, he haunts me with visions
of the ones I desire; night after night, his
endless dreams of seizing the ones I
desire leave me a saddened being.
Bound by these shackles and slowed by
their weight, I cannot move until his voice
has uttered.

I chase the one he points me toward and
endure a knife to the heart.

Fiery passion has he put in this heart
that no other pleasure can quell.

Even the pleasures of the intellect
fall asunder to his might; they are not
a worthy ally.

When shall he release me and I will
step away from his all-consuming power?
Let that day be soon lest this heart
crumble from its imprisonment.

Boston Kelley

The Mysterious God

Great are Your mysteries, O Lord,
that they leave this mind puzzled.

The depths of Your understanding know
no bounds for an infinite mind reaches
limitless ends.

Magnificent are You that even the wisest
mind does not come close to You;
I hunger for Your everlasting knowledge
for You have awakened me.

The Father, the Son, the Holy Spirit, are
three in one; wonderful is it the communion
they share!

Your ways are above our ways as Your thoughts
are above our thoughts.

Who could understand the mind of God and see
the workings of His hands?

Each moment does He reside in for Time is
an unknown to Him; His presence is inescapable,
an ever-present refuge to the brokenhearted.

Above the heavens He sits for the earth would
crumble in His wake.

His face I could not gaze on for who could see
the Lord and retain his life?

This eye of mine was once blind but now is able
to see.

A thick fog did that eye find himself enshrouded
in that has been carried off.

The light of Your truth enlightens this ignorant
creature and he is full of passion for You.

He seeks more and more of Your mysteries
ever hungry to possess Your understanding.

Boston Kelley

The Mind Vs. The Heart

A war rages in this corporeal form,
and I am caught in its wake.
Two voices hammer away at me
as their offenses grow ever stronger.
A heart of burning passion flares up my soul;
a reasoning voice in the mind extinguishes
passion's flame.
A fiery love rising up in my being
as my mind blows it out like a candle.
Oh, the voice of reason, will you see this
pounding heart of mine?
Love, why have you placed yourself
in my being?
A great tug do I feel from her as she brings
her whole heart to me.
The mind's eye gazes upon her and
refuses to offer her a kiss.
She is great in beauty, a goddess in a
human shape; her words are like the
sweetest honey, moving and powerful
are they to my ears.
A story of pain does she share with me
that breaks my soul.
Darkness hides beneath her skin,
unwilling to be seen.
One voice will triumph and the other will
fail; let it be the one that guides me
and shows me the earnest path.

Boston Kelley

Alone

Our bright blue sky turns black,
and the moon is awakened from its slumber.

He sits on high with only his light to
shine upon the land.

He gazes around the vast blackness,
amazed at his sole presence.

Oh, how he longs for those twinkling
companions who have left him to sit alone.

Lost, does he feel, wondering why those
beautiful stars have abandoned him.

Who will come to comfort him and join
him in casting the light?

Find such a companion to match his
glory and he will be appeased.

Gather every star that burns and see his
murky soul awaken to life.

Alone, will he sit enthroned in the night
sky, tormented by only his light that shines.

Boston Kelley



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A Day Is Coming

The sun casts its light upon the land
and the lilacs bloom in its wake.
The early birds chirp their cheerful song
as the majestic dawn wakes from its slumber.
The signs have come, signaling who is to
follow; he wakes the entire earth, preparing
them for this glorious day.
He brings joy to the world and gives peace
to every troubled heart; all men cannot
resist bowing in his graceful presence.
Earth quakes in the proximity of his
amazing power and the sun is surpassed in
all its brilliance.

Look to the heavens and eagerly wait for him;
the signs will fill every believing heart with joy.
Chaos will grip the earth and humanity will
seemingly be lost.
The time will come when every doubt will
be washed away.
All tears will have no place in the joyful presence
of his grace.
As one, all humanity will bow their knee to him.
Look forward to that day, and find your pain a
mere pebble; for every tear will be washed away.
Sing with joy at his blessed return and trust in
the promise he has given.

Boston Kelley

A Tale That Is Told

I once met a man who told a great tale;
a story of a man whose pain had no equal.
A sorrowful heart he was cursed with
that poured forth fountains of misery.
Never-ending streams of tears gushed from
his eyes as his wails sounded around the world.
His voice would only permit a guttural sob
for any happiness within him was wrung out.
Chained by his own melancholy he was that
the chains drove further his pain.
Day and night, he cut himself to cease his misery
yet could not find the sweet release of death.
A cave was he confined to that his sobs
would not reach others; loneliness does he find as
his sole companion.
He hopes for death and cries out for an end, yet
the end does not reach out to him.
Death has denied him, cursing him to a grievous
existence.
Within that cave, his wails cut forth the rocks and
his trembles shake the walls.
No man dares rescue him for his sobs are like
poison to the ears.
The tale ended and the man left, yet he did not
know that man's cursed sorrowful heart lie
within me.

Boston Kelley

Darkness Rising

The farthest reaches of the universe
are a bleak, cold wasteland.

Look into my heart and see how it
is much colder and darker.

A storm of fury rises up within me and
I am caught in its inescapable wake.

Consume me, it does, as I sink deeper
into its quicksand of darkness.

So detached am I from the world that
all my love has been wrung from me.

So great is the pain it has brought that
I embrace its power.

This dark side of me I see now; a twisted,
wretched man who lies in wait.

It fills me with horror to see such a personality
for how could such darkness exist within me?

These eyes look at life with pointlessness
and my soul finds an unwillingness to go on.

Rescue me, if you can, from this blackness
before my humanity is lost forever.

Boston Kelley

A Lost Generation

A new generation is born
and the world rejoices.
New descendants do they so
wholeheartedly welcome,
eager for humanity's new direction.
Yet, their hope is placed in
a lost generation that does
not offer hope for the world.
An irresponsible, reckless race do
they view with such delight,
unaware of its dangerous flaws.
Find one righteous member of that race
if you endeavor to do so and you will fail.
Seek out a noble young man or graceful
young woman and be met with utter
disappointment.
Humanity stands still as this generation
roams the earth; they desire to move
forward, yet are held back.
A simpler time we must be reminded of;
a time of advancement must take place.
Let us soar to the stars and grow beyond
ourselves lest we remain as primitive
as the wild beasts.

Boston Kelley

The Uncharted Path

The path before me seems so clear,
yet I stumble and fall at each step.
I try to seek out the course that is laid
before me, yet the bushes and shrubs
block my sight.

Where I have gone is a mystery to be
solved; a riddle I am presented with that
seems outside my knowledge.

Where shall I go when the destination
is not before me?

Who will guide me back to the place
of green, peaceful pastures?

Surely, my days do not look upon me with
kindness as they bring forth many troubles.
Perplexing questions swirl inside this mind,
eager to find any solution.

The thorns butcher away at my skin as the
branches struggle against me; the place that
lies before me, they do not wish for me to see.

Alone, I stand here, given my knowledge to
guide me; a fickle thing it is when I cannot see.
I must move forward and press on the journey,
for the forest must give way to greener lands.

Boston Kelley

Gone Is My Beloved

There she stands, my heart fluttering
at the sight of her; my soul sings with
joy in her presence.

Those beautiful eyes capture mine;
her alluring form enraptures me.

All look on us with envy and are awed
at our love; legends remain told of our
burning passion.

Oh, how that passion has fled!

Where have you gone, my beloved?

I search and do not find you; I call and you
do not answer; I hunt and find no prey.

Why must we be so detached, my love?

How could we have lost such a sweet love?

These eyes no longer look with pleasure,
but with a lack of ecstasy; this soul no longer
burns with zeal and is extinguished as if it
were a spark.

Gone is our love, my beloved, as will the tales
of our passion.

Boston Kelley

The Light Is Gone

The world is consumed by darkness
as the light from my soul vanishes.
All of humanity descends into madness
as the love within me is wrung like a sponge.
I look at the world and sense a detachment;
where is the love I once had?
Captured by hopelessness, my heart is held
prisoner; these eyes no longer look through
the same lens.
Oh, my heart, how can you be rescued?
Who will free you from your wretched prison?
Pitch-blackness consumes me as the darkness
overwhelms my mind; an irritation do I feel toward
my fellow man.
Too far do I seem to be saved for this man has
lost his passion.
He wanders the land searching for himself
and is met with an impostor.
The impostor is skilled at deception and masks
his true, wicked nature.
The man holds tightly to him, desperate for any
remnant of his former self.
Like the sun, I once shone bright, a light too
difficult to extinguish; alas, the light is gone,
and the cold, thick blackness has come.

Boston Kelley

The Plunged Soul

My soul plunges into the dark abyss,
as the light that consumed it fades away.
Those gentle whispers that once gave it joy
have turned to mournful wails and screams.
No light exists there for all goodness has been
wrung from it like a sponge.
This once bright soul has had its peace ripped
away; under a heavy weight, it struggles to stand.
Toward the surface, my souls looks, remembering
the innocent, gleeful child I was.
How simple was I as a little boy, free from the crushing
concerns of my current life.
An aged person am I who has seen and encountered
much in such short years.
Where will this soul go that it won't be weighed down?
How can it escape a pit with no bottom?
Alas, it aims to climb out and finds itself pulled back to
the deep; the darkness seizes it and brings it back
to where it belongs.
A fountain of tears it makes for itself in the abyss; a home
crafted from moans and cries it manages to construct.
Its own grief is its most trusted companion as all its
best emotions have abandoned him.
A hopeless world it takes refuge in, knowing it is what
feels stable to it.
My soul, where can you escape such blackness? Is there hope for your weary,
weakened state?
The light sits above, awaiting for this weary soul to return
as the darkness gnaws away it, eager to hold onto its prize.

Boston Kelley

Emotional Onslaught

The sun now sets and nighttime comes;
the bright, shining sphere is now put to rest.
Blackness overtakes the sky as its blue shade
is gone;

Day's rule has come to end as Night establishes
its power.

Oh, how this barren soul matches the darkest night!
Its once lush land has been reduced to a lifeless
wasteland.

Night brings its servants of Grief to conquer this once
joyful realm; all peace and prosperity are crushed
like insects in its wake.

I am a weakling against it as Grief attacks me on all
sides; who could stand against such soul-crushing
strength?

I wander through the dark night, hoping to find a sliver
of light; alas, all light has been extinguished in the
pitch-black night sky.

Deeper into the night I go, only to meet Jealousy and Envy;
biting anger do they pour into my soul, turning its
barren land into a rotting marsh.

I sink in the quicksand they pour at my feet as they
smile at my weakness.

Below the quicksand, I find a void of blackness with
gruesome Despair as its lord; he bounds me in his chains,
asserting his control over my mind.

What a pitiful journey for me to take! Who could survive
such grotesque sadness?

A mixture of emotions does Night drive into my heart
as I collapse in weariness.

A defeated man, I feel, who cannot rise above his troubles.
Oh, pray that Night will fall and his servants will be thrown
into the deep, that his emotional onslaught may trouble
me no more.

Boston Kelley

The Reflection

Once has the Earth moved around that bright star
that casts a light for our world.

Once has a man aged once more and the year he
has spent is now open before him.

An open book is my previous age to me now as I see
all that I have wrought.

Oh, how defeated I once was! A wretched, lost soul
was I!

Defeat after defeat, mistake after mistake, failure after
failure does my memory bring to the mind.

How can I redeem my past? What wounds could I still
mend? Is there hope for such a painful year?

I walk, yet don't know where I'm going; I think, yet confusion
still resides in my mind; I reach out, yet no one is
present; I search, yet find nothingness.

What pleasure could this life bring? What could outweigh
so many failures?

If only the flow of time could reverse would I find appeasement for this wistful
remembrance.

A past I then could right; failures I then could stop and
create a better present.

The deadline approaches before it is too late and I look
ahead with agony. Time works against me to remind me
of my awful shortcomings.

I cannot go on farther if nothing is promising; my feet do
not permit a path toward hopelessness.

Should I find hope, my feet will gladly tread on lest they break
in rebellion against me.

Boston Kelley

The Desert Sun

I walk from the world of civilization into a land
that none dare enter.

Here, life exists in scarcity; only the
strongest of beings can survive the gruesome
trials.

Among them, I do not feel the strongest
for I am a frail, little man.

The desert sun shines upon the auburn sand;
my feet are scorched with each step.

Like those burning particles, so does my heart
flare with rage.

A lonely man am I as I sit on these sand dunes,
rarely to see a living creature.

If only these particles could speak, then would I
find my suffering appeased.

If only their words could bring comfort would my
breaking heart be mended.

Millions of them surround me, yet they remain
silent. I cannot give them life for I am but a man.

Feel the desert's sun scorching power and see
how it matches the most boiling rage.

Feel that rage and compare it to my own infuriated
heart.

I look out to the dunes and let a cry reverberate; no
voice returns to comfort me.

The awful melancholy in my tone returns to my ear
as the anger in my soul swells.

So little am I in the face of this land; a powerless man
left to the unconscious forces of nature.

Attempt as you may to see who journeys here as I
have done and face the grief gnawing at their soul.

Boston Kelley

Sonnet I

These eyes of mine long to gaze upon you;
A heart of boundless love am I filled with;
Our hands should join, one made from two;
Oh, how this passion seems but a myth!
Who would dare separate such ecstatic lovers?
What power could break our everlasting bond?
The connection with you I hope to rediscover,
For you, my darling, am I ever so fond.
I look up to the heavens and see its wonders;
Those twinkling stars remind me of your beauty.
This romance between us can never be torn asunder,
For our souls have been made red as a ruby.
Come with me, and take my hand,
Embrace me with your loving warmth,
Let us leave this corporeal land,
And be one with the heavens thenceforth.

Boston Kelley



PoemHunter.com

Reaching Out To Me

Great is your compassion and comfort, my God
that you stand with me through all trials.

Life brings forth pain and tribulation, yet Your Presence
fortifies me through it all.

In every season, Your comfort calms me, Your loving
hand is always holding on to me.

I reach out to the void, hoping anyone will reach back,
yet I grasp at thin air.

Your hand takes mine and never lets go; like a loving
partner, You always walk by my side.

O God, see how much this servant needs Your comfort;
his heart breaks in continual agony.

My eyes look to others for comfort and find emptiness;
I look to You and see peace without measure.

Human things offer little pleasure and the satisfaction
dies as soon as it is born.

In You, I have found contentment unequalled; no other
can fulfill me as You do.

I may walk through dangerous storms and face unconquerable grief,
but Your comfort sustains me through it all.

Boston Kelley

These Eyes Look Upon The World

These eyes look upon the world;
this heart is greatly troubled through what they see.
Everywhere I walk, I see nothing but hopelessness;
a world that cracks and breaks under its wickedness.
A broken heart it gives me, yet it has shattered
more than it can bear.

The women are pleased by their lewdness for they
possess no modesty; display of their bodies they
so willfully practice, excited by their beauty.
The men hunger for physical enjoyment for they
do not see women as equals;
tools as a means to an end do they make of females.
Death and suffering abound to no end as human
slaughters human; compassion and kinship with their
fellow man is emptied from their hearts.

Deceitfulness reigns within every life as falsehood is
brought before every person.

Innocent are children born as, but a tragedy that they
are corrupted by the evil of others.

A pointless existence do I seem to live; what purpose is
there in my birth?

Curse the day I was born! That I entered a cruel world
such as this!

Little did I know as a child and a greater understanding
I have as a man.

Curse this understanding! That I should know what evil
is! Greater curse is it that it resides within me!

Let my tongue halt and my hand cease as this wave
of sorrow overwhelms me.

Boston Kelley

Flawed Man

A righteous man do you call me, my God,
yet an imperfect thing am I.
Your eyes look upon this form as holy;
a wretched, twisted person I am.
How can You call this creature a righteous one?
What eyes could view me as a perfect being?
With Christ, You have given me right standing;
a new covenant have you established.
Without Christ, I am such an unholy man,
yet unholy with Him do I still feel.
Many mistakes and wrongdoings can I still commit;
the Enemy's grasp still lays hold of me.
In this fallen world I live surrounded by all manner
of dark sinfulness.
Oh, Lord, how can You view me as righteous? What
could say I am made perfect?
Wrestle with this must I till Your truth illumines my mind.

Boston Kelley



PoemHunter.com

Worn Out Am I

Worn out am I, my God, for your love I do not know;
I have been your faithful servant, yet not known you.
So heartfelt were Your truths to me that I found
comfort within them; heartbreaking it is that I
had not loved You.

A sense of obligation do I feel towards You;
this heart does not house reverence.

So great did those childhood scars mark themselves
upon my faith that they have seized me.

A weary spirit I possess and a willingness that fades;
this frail body fails and drops in weakness.

This life, Lord my God, I cannot live, for without
love of You am I unsatisfied.

Teach that unconditional love to this unloving servant;
impress upon him a reverence and awe of You.

Write into my being who You are that I may know You
in full measure.

The mind knows Your nature, yet the heart is lacking.

This life I cannot live without You as You are my peace
and joy; a steady foundation I found in You that I could
build without sinking.

Boston Kelley

The Stormy Day

The clouds blanket the sky; a gray gloominess
do they bring with them.

My soul plunges in despair at the sight of them
for the joyous sun is hidden from me.

The cheery, sunny days are not with us; their
warmth and passion I long for.

Tiny droplets pelt my skin; cold, blistering breezes
cut to my bones; I quake at such a freeze.

The puddles may wet my feet and the rain
may dot my face, but it is with me today and
dissolved tomorrow.

Wonderful spring does not grant everlasting sunny
days for the rains must come to nourish the earth.

The cherry blossoms bloom in peak health and
the grass brightens its green hue.

Mornings arrive with fresh dew and the evenings
carry warm-colored banners in the sky.

Alas, this day is not granted such a blessing; a curse
has fallen upon the sky.

Gray does my soul feel; a paradise it clings to.

Let this day pass and the blue sky emerge once again
as the past is left and the future comes.

Boston Kelley

The Abyss

I look out over the canyon and a deep abyss
sits gloomily beneath me.

So dark are its depths, so soul-crushing its
very nature; the brightest spirit would turn
melancholy in its throes.

The light of hope awaits on the other side;
its gentle voice calls to me.

Yet, so strong is the abyss's wailing temptation,
a desire to surrender to disregard hope.

I kneel down, gazing further, finding its promises
much more fulfilling.

What hope could I cling to? How could it pierce
the hardness of my heart?

Even the slightest joy cannot reach me; it has
been wrung from me as if I were a sponge.

The abyss delivers hope of suffering ending; a
numbness to the strain of life.

Hope's light has grown dim as the abyss's blackness
consumes my sight.

Should I plunge I will find relief, yet will I regret
that choice?

The years ahead offer no joy; tedious and cycling do
they appear to be.

Lest I pass life by and find myself on my deathbed,
what will I have not seen?

A quick life I will have lived, but will it be a fulfilling one?

The abyss grows louder and its promises tug on my
heart; its alluring pull I cannot resist.

I tumble into its depths as Hope's light fades away.

Boston Kelley

Joy To The Kingdom

Alas, the earth has lost a soul, a treasured one
that touched the hearts of man.

Departed from us, we find ourselves lost in
sorrow and slaves to grief.

This joyful spirit, a lover of heavenly things, we
must mourn, for we have lost a kindred woman.

Woe to the earth and its inhabitants! A gentle and
kind spirit have we lost!

Joy to the heavenly kingdom for another has finally
come home!

There is where you belong, O Spirit; the home you
left, has reopened its doors to you.

The earth grows dark and gloomy at your departure as
your loved ones grieve what has been lost.

Look upon your daughters and see their sadness;
the love they have for you is beyond measure.

Heaven shines bright at your arrival as the angels
praise your name.

The arms of the Father open to you as He welcomes
you to the home He prepared for you.

My own spirit turns black as night as I muse your death;
a tragic thing for a life to be lost!

My joy is renewed at what God has promised, eternal
life to those who believe in Him.

Eternal life were you promised and have now received;
everlasting communion with the Lord God Almighty you
shall spend in eternal bliss.

The inhabitants of the earth may grow weary in mourning,
but let their hope be renewed in God's promises.

Boston Kelley

A Futile Life

This life do I live, yet understand it, I do not;
it seems but a fleeting thing like sand that is taken
with the wind.

All human pleasure but lasts momentarily, leaving
lack of hope for something satisfying.

A human body I possess, subject to all manner
of pain and limitation.

A path for my life is chartered before my birth; I am
left to follow the ways of society.

What pleasure is in this life when everything seems
so hollow? How can I find true satisfaction?

A lifetime stands before me, yet I am not granted it;
the great human possessions I can be promised,
yet have taken away.

Even the faculties of my mind seem futile; were I to
spend time in pursuit of learning, would that offer
contentment?

Bodily pleasures produce great excitement; among
human pleasure they stand as the greatest.

Yet, even these, have dangerous consequences, for they
are not without their effects.

I gaze into the window of the future and see nothing; those
later years shall remain hidden to my eye.

Ponder I must, what will I encounter? Will I obtain
that eternal contentment?

Boston Kelley

Weight Of The World

The weight of the earth cripples my shoulders
and I, like an insect, am crushed beneath the
weight.

A heavy stone I must carry as my legs quiver
in weariness.

This frail body is only human, and does not
know eternal strength.

A finite mind cannot handle the greatest mental
challenges of this limitless realm.

Look upon this weary soul and have pity, for
it has seen its extents.

It knows how far it can go and what tests it will
succeed; its limits it seeks to transcend only to
greet failure.

Exhaustion afflicts him as he struggles to muster
his strength; his senses grow dim each passing
minute.

Who else knows such struggles? Who has passed
through the fire, unscathed?

Those flames touch the skin and sear the body;
leaving one scorched and charred.

I walk through those fires and feel the sting; the heat
inflicts unbearable agony, yet I press on.

Press on I must, for I can only move forward. If I run back,
what will I have accomplished?

The stones may cripple my back and the flames may
scorch the skin, but, through it all, I am a conqueror.

Boston Kelley

Sonnet - The Flowers Do Rot And Decay

The flowers do rot and decay,
their life without thee does not exist,
their gasps and pleas beg for thee to stay;
like them, my heart is in a twist.
It pleads for your warm, loving hand,
without thee, its life cannot remain.
My body buckles and these legs cannot stand;
in you, every malicious thing abstains.
The lushness of spring and its fairness
fail to compare to thee,
for your beauty leaves me breathless;
who is more loving of you than me?
This love unsung shall be unknown,
between us, it will be grown.

Boston Kelley



PoemHunter.com

Envy Of Lovers

This fragile breaks in the sight of you;
it sparks with immense love ever so true.
The lovers envy our pleasant passion
for they know of our powerful attraction.
The forest is dead and rots with decay,
yet our presence springs it to life as if it were May.
Those nocturnal animals can no longer hide
as our gleeful smiles will change the tide.
Do not leave me, lest I shall mourn;
your presence away from me shall leave me torn.
In you, doth I find every joy and pleasure;
you are my heart's foremost treasure.
Let those envious lovers hold their tongues
as our love shall remain sung.

Boston Kelley



PoemHunter.com

Love At First Sight

With these eyes do I view the world;
a wondrous gift I have been given.
Everything I find pleasing can I view
and admire for its subtle, serene beauty.
Alas, my vision of beauty is not the world's
for each one looks from a different lens.
What could be said of love is bred with the sight?
How is it love, when it can't be right?

Lust comes forth upon looking with these eyes
as my innate nature breeds those sexual desires.
It is without a foundation; it sits on weak, shifting
sand.
I cannot love with just the eyes for it is incomplete
and imperfect.
Lust is accompanied by many dangers, inciting men
to act irrationally.
Look upon a woman and admire her beauty, yet that
admiration is not complete love.
A piece is missing, the puzzle is unfinished; it is fragile
and shatters easily.

Blindly do men invite lust into their homes,
solely aiming to please their eyes.
They do not have respect for their fellow man;
selfishness is bred within them.
If I love at first sight, who is say it is love?
If I love with only the eyes, how will it be brought
to fullness?
These eyes I see with and can please, but, alas,
that pleasure, must I be wary of.

Boston Kelley

Nature Of Man

The nature of man is but a fickle thing;
an endless mystery never meant to be solved.
Many faces and personalities does he possess;
ownership of numberless thoughts he is given;
control over an infinitude of feelings does he have.
A different man walks this earth, no man will ever
be like him; his own uniqueness gives him a place
for he should aspire to be his own self.

An ignorant babe he is born as; here, he rests at
his most innocent state.

Advantageous is it that he does not know the destruction
of evil, yet the wonders of virtue have not touched him.

If he is but unknowledgeable, how he is a sinful
creature? Who would accuse him of evil?

His innocence he should treasure most; a life of virtue
should he aspire to.

The filth of this world he has not yet known; his later
years shall test his resolve.

See how this world corrupts each soul, steering them
away from the values of virtue; dreadful it is that he is
born at all!

Knowledge of good he should be raised with for knowing
evil incites temptations within him.

His very nature remains innocent; he would do well
to guard it.

Boston Kelley

Generation Of Youth

This youthful generation I speak of, yet my words
fail me to describe of.

I open my mouth, in criticism or praise, but pause me
for I am at odds.

Odds am I to say what is of the youth for how
could I truly tell of them?

They are a mystery yet to be solved, a man difficult
to declare innocent or guilty.

Immorality and pleasure reign among them; in
those youths, they have found their home.

A breeding ground the youths provide for them,
unknowingly giving power to these hated entities.

An unreasonable mind they seem to possess, further
poisoned by their elders; innocent were they once,
turned filthy by this world's dangers.

Their health and vigor do they damage; every harmful
substance have they invited to consume.

The later years are met with regret at the debauchery
of their earlier times as they ponder on every debased
choice.

See how the culture has touched them and poisoned
the posterity; ere should this generation continue to deteriorate, hopeless should
be the descendants.

Smoke and drink in debauchery do they do; pleasure is their only goal. The boy
and girl come together and the
excitement of lust seizes them.

The young woman gives birth; early motherhood does
she obtain.

The nights are filled with late merriment as peaceful sleep
consumes the day.

The wonders of nature have been discarded for the
pleasures of the artificial world.

A brilliant mind do few of them possess as the rest descend
into an animalistic state.

Foul talk and abusive statements escape their lips; words
of kindness, I find not in them.

Twisted ways do they invite, unaware of its corruption;
a malicious companion have they sought.

A path has been chartered for each of them; the road to

life they walk not the same.

Observe how they wander and arrive at desolation,
peering back to the days of their prime; here, they desire
a reform that has left them.

What of this generation shall I say? Could my words
be more difficult to speak?

Let this generation seek knowledge and wisdom, lest
pleasure deteriorate the whole of humanity.

Boston Kelley

Lonely Little Moon

Alone, in the sky, does that bright pearl sit;
without a companion does it live.

See how it changes throughout the years
moving from phase to phase; changing as it is,
so is my own nature.

It revolves about this bright blue marble,
envying all that enjoy its blessings.

No life can it support; no being could it house
for its blessings, it possesses not.

A dusty, dark surface it has; no trace of life
could be found.

Absolute silence reigns on its surface; the slightest
voice could not be heard.

Journey here and find true solitude; come to such
a desolate place and know actual loneliness.

For none knows such loneliness as me; like that
lonely little Moon, such is me.

Boston Kelley



PoemHunter.com

Too Far Am I

Too far am I from you, Lord my God;
the span between us is greater than the largest canyon.
My eyes have been opened and my heart convicted
as I see my true self in this reflection.
Your love, reach me it does not;
Your joy, within me it resides not;
Your holiness, living out I do not;
I am left as this pitiful, suffering being.
Within this dark valley lie many temptations;
their voices echo all around me.
I turn this way and that, staring into the faces
of my darkest desires.
The shadow of my former self attempts to guide me,
yet his words cannot reach my ears; they are but
sand that is carried by the wind.
Try as I might, to climb from this blackened realm,
I tumble back to the lowly ground.
My strength fails me and weariness becomes my sole
companion; the night comes out and the temptations
steal my might.
How could I have come here? Where did my feet take me?
Those pleasant meadows I once walked in I recall
for the sun would shine its brightest each day.
The dark valley surrounds with blackness
as every worst thought becomes reality.
Here, I see the most immoral aspects of my nature;
I am frightened by these unknown secrets.
My God, so great is my struggle and greater my wrestle
that I have been brought here; my heart yearns for peace,
yet looks not to you.
This fragile soul clings to temporary joy, only to shatter
when it leaves.
I have sunk to the bottom of misery's sea; it has bounded
me with chains at the bottom.
Bring me back to you for I am at my end; take me back
so I can stand on solid ground.

Boston Kelley

Queen Of My Heart

Great is my passion for you, Queen of my heart;
The sight of you jolts my joy with a start.
Your beauty is fairer than the brightest day;
with you, I desire to forever stay.
From the sparkle in your eyes to the gleam in your smile,
I burst with joy, knowing you are ever so worthwhile.
Every man is drawn to you, filled with such love;
from the heavens you descend, coming to me like a dove.
Love has shown me who is fairest;
he has named you as my dearest.
Every woman envies you
for this is all too true.
Kiss me and build up our passion;
a thousand kisses will reduce the world to ashes.

Boston Kelley



PoemHunter.com

Lost Sheep

A lost sheep, am I, who has wandered from the herd;
mindlessly do I travel, not knowing the pathway before me.
Life charters a journey for each soul, yet the journey
I know not the final destination.

The winds bluster into my face and the sun blinds my eyes;
any clarity I once had has become distorted.

These grasslands offer much, but last little; each strand
has a delicious taste, but a bitter aftertaste.

Where have I gone? What is this new land I arrive to?

Direction I had been given which has been lost; my
loving shepherd, whom I knew, I have abandoned.

His voice echoes across the plains, urging me back to him;
the call of the other sheep do I hear but refuse to turn to.

What arrogance could consume me, to believe I can
survive on my own?

What could possess me to think I am capable of
this way of living?

Life's troubles hammer away at me; melancholy pours
forth from each crack.

As I wander, this life will not be orderly; I am a slave to
my every whim and desire.

As shifting as the winds I am, for one place this sheep
cannot be.

Lest I find the herd, peace and prosperity I shall regain;
lest I wander, a doomed existence I am promised.

Boston Kelley

Oh, My Dear Emily

Oh, my dear Emily, your blades have pierced this heart;
I am surrounded by the pleasant fragrance of your love.
So great is my desire to be in your presence,
for every day I long to seek your face.
Your beauty knows no bounds; no man could
look upon you with disgust.
Seized by this love, I am made your slave;
your every whim and desire I long to fulfill.
Lest your love leaves me, I will be a wretched man;
no greater happiness I find than you.
Captivate me and I will be full of joy;
kiss me and I shall be lifted up.

Boston Kelley



PoemHunter.com

This Mortal Coil

This mortal coil I am bound in;
wrapped in its embrace I can find no escape.
A gruesome flesh I am housed in;
oh, if only I could be free of it!
Within the coil is found pain unbearable;
this flesh houses misery as a servant.
It seeks to fulfill my depressing needs
and urges me on toward further grief.
Whisper to me, it may, for its voice cannot
be shut out; the coil burns with fiery intensity
with every passing second.
Seek me out and you will find me
with thick tears streaming down my cheeks.
Try to console me and guttural sobs
will be the source of my reply.
Break me, this grief will do, and I shall fall
weak and helpless; burn me, this coil does,
and I will be left as worthless ashes.
What worth could be found in such a grievous
state? Who would take pleasure at such misery?
Only a sadist or psychopath would delight
in misery for it is their lifeblood.
A thousand scars this sadistic grief leaves
on my body and many more are marked on my heart.
Fragile heart, do I possess, that breaks
with each mournful thought.
It is weaker than glass and more vulnerable than
an insect; a sensitive nature it contains.
Let this mortal coil be unbound and my soul transcend
these grotesque limitations, for I am like a poor prisoner
taken captive in war.
These chains bound me to a miserable existence;
an unfortunate life they promise me.
Greatly does this mind long to escape this body
and ascend to the great beyond; what I would find
would stand above everything in this world.
Earth's promises and many blessings offer little,
yet they are taken with such great delight.
Let me be free of this prison, loosed from my shackles

to find freedom from this agonizing flesh
and seek heavenly blessings.

Boston Kelley

Heavy Burden

Oh, Lord, I hear Your voice call out to me;
it rings in my mind like a resounding gong.

Try as I may to blockade You, I fail at every
turn; You break down the walls I built.

I look on myself with pity and wonder how I
shall get back up.

Your eyes see past my sin and gaze upon me
with unconditional love; Your Presence I desire
to run to, but my legs halt my journey.

The depths of my mind are an open book to
you; every secret and hidden pleasure cannot
evade Your knowledge.

You know of my current struggle and the heavy
burden it places on my shoulders.

I attempt to take away its power, but it regains its
strength and further crushes me.

Thoughts of her penetrate every inch of my conscience;
I am filled with joy and misery.

Her alluring beauty I desire to see, her calming, gentle
voice I long to hear, yet am so distant from.

She brings light to my world; on the darkest day, the
darkness flees in her sight.

My love for her is great, Lord, I cannot move through
this life without her.

What remedy could You bring to ease my pain?

What cure do You have for my condition?

All human treatments fail in the face of this sickness:
the infatuation of my dear love.

Human things last temporarily, but You are forever.

Heal this sickness of mine and cure me of my grief,
so I may find peace and rest in You and You alone.

Boston Kelley

Wounds On My Heart

Many arrows have pierced this heart;
streams of blood pour from the wounds.

I shake with grief at the thought
for my body cannot bear such agony.

Tear after tear falls from this mourning eye,
yet anger holds them back.

What man can bear such frustration
and not let his rage be released?

I bear the weight of the Earth on my shoulders,
but I stand somehow.

My legs ache and wobble with the crushing
weight, using every ounce they have available.

Grief attacks me on all sides, not leaving a
single spot untouched; I deflect his blackened
arrows, yet find myself struck.

A self-controlled man would fare better in the
face of such emotions; his reason would outweigh
his gruesome thoughts.

If you could find a way to survive the storm,
what awaits on the other side?

Lest the storm bring wave after wave upon me,
I will sink and drown in the sea of sadness; lest
I batter through and stay above the water, I will
find peace unimaginable.

Bring back the sun, oh cloudy sky, restore these
waves to their calm state; have pity on me or my
will shall fail.

Reason offers comfort as the agonizing conquerors
storm the land; his voice continues to whisper.

An encouraging word does it offer me, soothing
my troubled mind and healing my wounds.

Words once failed in the face of such odds; guttural
wails escaped my mouth.

Comfort me, reason, before my mind descends
into melancholy; protect me from these wretched invaders.

Boston Kelley

Spiritual Crisis

My soul belongs to the Lord,
yet it clings to something other than Him.

I say I am His servant, but my life
appears to serve myself.

I preach what I hold dear, yet my actions
fall short of my words.

I search my soul to understand myself,
only to find an awful mess scattered all
about.

My words fail me, for they fall short of my
emotions.

This very hand struggles to move as
this confusion grips me tightly.

Temptation after temptation surround me
on all sides; their voices overwhelm my senses.

Like a warrior, I press on with all my strength,
but I am still human; I have my limits.

The stress of this life bears down on me
as my commitment to the Lord I try to remember.
Earthly things call my attention, drawing me away
from my one true Peace.

If I push on, I will, but, like every man, I will fall
when my body exhausts itself.

The heaviness of life I try desperately to hold up;
my arms quake uncontrollably to support the
massive load.

Look on me with pity and see where I have gone.
Don't turn a blind eye to my troubles.

The Lord's voice I hear and disregard; His commands
I know, yet I hold them in higher esteem.

An order-based Christian, do I think of myself; my
perfectionism do I place on my beliefs.

The perfect believer I try to be, hoping to avoid
all sin and malice. A state of complete balance
and perfection I look toward, but how can my imperfect
self ever reach there?

My God, you establish ethics for us; your commands
provide a guide for our lives. But how can we ever
truly live out your commandments?

What hope is there for us to be ideal Christians?

So many mistakes others make that I wish to avoid; where they have gone I dearly hope to never come there.

This spiritual life I deeply ponder and reveal myself to myself.

Where I shall go will be decided in time.

Boston Kelley

Dangers And Wonders Of The Heart

Look at the heart, such a mysterious thing;
Peer deeply into it and be amazed.
It offers much to be explored, much to be
understood, yet, it is not always understood.
So much stems from it, every emotion and thought.
Influence does it possess, seizing control of
whomever it resides in.
Who can say it is not a dangerous and wonderful
thing? Who would refute such a truth?
The heart is a fickle thing; the throne of every
emotion known to man.

Out of the heart come all love and hatred;
it births the cruelest and most tragic types
of evil.
Here, men harbor their love for evil and desire
to care for and be kind to others.
See how love inspires compassion and kindness
for the fellow man while pride and arrogance
produce prejudice and discrimination.
Without love, how can there be compassion?
Without pride, how can there be humility?
Each one is meant for good despite its flaws.
Love is blinding; barring the mind from truth.
Love is dangerous; fiery passion finds its strength
in it.
Love produces lust; it leads men to act
irrationally.
What better can emotions be when it reduces men
to wild beasts?
Without reason, how can there be balance?

Emotions consume and devour all they touch;
yet, they inspire and teach us.
Children are taught to respect and show kindness
for evil produces evil.
Morals exist to give reason for being noble and
pure-hearted.
If a man is taught only to hate, how will he ever

know love?

If he is ignorant of pride, how will he ever be humble?

Teach those what emotions are proper and instruct them on those not to cultivate.

What have we been reduced to other than pleasure-seeking creatures?

How have we not let emotions drive us?

They coerce men to act on impulse, to think without wisdom.

How are they not equal to the beasts?

Do animals not live solely on instinct?

Should I surrender fear and hatred, will I not lose my knowledge of it?

If I purge myself of all destructive emotions, will I lose both good and bad?

I tell you, the heart is a mystical thing, its many wonders and dangers have yet to be understood.

Boston Kelley

Crushing Agony

To the depths of my soul this unbearable
grief weighs down on me.

To the very fibers of my being do I bear
such a crushing agony.

Within the deepest recesses of my mind,
there is only melancholy.

This fragile and saddened heart has nearly
run its course.

Oh, why must I feel so miserable?

Why does this grief consume me?

The sun shines its light, yet I do not notice it.

For it is no different from the blackness of
night.

If my soul should expire, how can I look back
on this moment? If my heart breaks in mourning,
will I be fulfilled? Life has lost its luster and
offers no pleasure.

The joyous things of this world possess no taste
to me.

I look at myself and am disgusted; that reflection
in the mirror, I do not look on with pride.

In this mortal flesh, I am trapped, afflicted with every
tragic emotion known to man.

I cannot escape for it has bound me in this
mortal coil.

Should I break it I will find release; a lasting remedy
for my being.

This flesh knows only pain and has taken a fair
share of tragedy.

It walks through each day, wondering how it has
managed to survive.

Thought after thought pound away at him, confidence-
building and soul-crushing alike.

He looks on at the world and feels out of place.

He is so different from everyone, yet similar in
few ways.

Shyness and timidity are his companions for courage
and confidence have rejected him.

Where will he go if there is no place for him?

What can he do but wander?

The sun delivers its light to the world and the land
bursts with ecstasy, but, here he sits, entombed in
this shell of darkness.

Boston Kelley

This Cruel And Miserable Life

This cruel and miserable life I speak
of, that is ever-changing like the winds.
It cannot be trusted, yet is viewed as
precious.
It is cherished highly, yet, like
Fortune, shows favor where it wishes.

Oh, Life, why must you be so cruel?
Newborn souls enter through your gates,
eager to receive the body they will partake.
From your domain, you assign each soul
as you please, bestowing unique lifestyles
alike on each one.
They enter this world, innocent and ignorant,
but the life they receive they do not know of.
How tragic it is that you are so random!
From your hand, you shower blessings and
inflict suffering.
Immense favor you pour on one soul and a
thousand hardships you bring on a crowd.
Favor is found in few while rejection is in the
many.
If I should enter this life, how can I be joyful
of what awaits me?
Your ever-shifting nature is like the stormy waves,
rising and falling, tossing and toppling.
You are called a precious commodity, a thing
to not be taken. You are considered a blessing
that anyone is lucky to possess.
But how could you be so good when you are
as random as the winds?

Life favors some and despises others.
One is gifted with success and the other is
burdened with struggle.
One man enjoys a pleasant, fulfilling existence
while the other is haunted by torments.
This cruel and miserable life, as it is to some,
cannot be such a blessing.

If I go back to that realm, awaiting my new existence, how can I be cheerful of a randomly chosen life?

For it would be better to remain unborn than face a lifestyle I know nothing of.

All souls enter this world and are destined to leave it.

To the Gates of Death are they brought where no favor is shown.

He brings all to his domain, regardless of events while living.

In his cold embrace, all are equal; no one possesses greater importance than the other.

While he is looked on with fear and despair, what could be so despairing?

He treats all as equals, not extending favoritism to whom he pleases.

He slowly chips away at each one until they surrender to his life-taking power.

The hand of Life is a random bestower to all it passes over while the hand of Death is equal to those it takes from this existence.

No equality is found in existing as favor is given to the few.

This cruel and miserable life, may it pass away, will meet the face of Death.

Boston Kelley

Come, Rising Sun

Oh, rising sun, great is your majesty!
In the sky, you stand supreme bringing
your light to a dark world.
All life springs from you, for, without you
how could we know life?
Each morning, you herald the dawn, lighting
up the starry black night.
Each dawn, you signal the twilight, bringing
all to the land of dreams.
Come, rising sun, and shine upon our
blackened world!
Break through these chains of darkness that
hide the most gruesome evil.
No act goes unhidden from your sight
as all is revealed in your rays.
How sad it is that you leave us to let the night
come!
Night's darkness covers all, opening evil
to work its despicable plans.
Truth is found in your rays as no one can
deny what happens in your light.
Come, rising sun, and expose those who do
evil.
Bring relief to those who suffer under Night's
eye, for they bear the heaviest burdens.
Safety is not their companion under his watch,
for he lets evil roam free.
On the brightest day, you shine bright,
on the blackest night, we know not your might.
Come, rising sun, and bring the dawn, for
Night must pass.

Boston Kelley

Love, Hear My Gentle Cry

Oh, Love, hear this gentle cry.
Listen to the voice of one has been
untouched by your pleasant hand.

Your favor is not upon me,
I have not received your blessings.
Your hand passes over me as if
I were not worthy of you.
I kneel in reverence to you asking
much to be granted,
yet I receive nothing.
Why must I not be favored as others
are showered with your gifts?

You have instilled a passion within my heart,
but it is all for naught.
Heartfelt compassion and love I feel,
but who will I pour it upon?
Your arrow has struck me and I am
consumed by your fiery nature,
yet that fire has no one to merge with.
Why must you torment me in this?
How have those other servants received
your favor?

This gentle plea I make although I know
you will likely not hear it.
The words escape my lips but will fade
away near your ear.
My heart is consumed with the romance
that is meant to be shared,
and burden me as it does.

Look upon the attraction between two human
beings and understand the love
between them.
Can you not see how sweet and pleasing
such emotions are?
In your hands, you have the power to bring a

man and woman together.

You incite aphrodisia between them, strengthening
their passions.

Why does such togetherness evade me?

I hunt it down and time and time again it
manages to hide.

Should I die without knowing such love
what life will I have lived?

Lest I pass away, how can I say I was
fulfilled?

Oh, Love, hear this gentle plea.

Bless this begging heart for it bears
such a heavy burden.

Boston Kelley

Manhood And Boyhood

Riddle me this, who possesses more greatness?
Thou must answer, who shall be more admired?
The man or the child?
Who ranks above the other?

The boy is innocent in nature,
having little knowledge of evil.
He is joyous and cheerful in character,
for life has not been shown to him in fullness.
A blessing are they, a treasure to protect.
In them are immaturity and lack of wisdom
for they have not fully been taught.
So naive are they that they do not know of
the harshness of life.
He is fragile in composition,
and lacks experience.
Hold a baby in your arms and gaze into his eyes;
you will see an innocent soul that has not
been touched by life's tainting touch.
At their birth, they are purest,
whiter than whitest snow.
As life progresses, evil whispers to them,
revealing its most vile and immoral pleasures.
In them is no guilt or shame since knowledge of evil is lacking.
They enjoy the prime benefits of health
as their bodies grow strong and fortified.

The man is a being of power,
built strong and formidable.
His character is one of temperance
because he knows how to restrain himself.
A commanding voice does he possess;
none can ignore his words.
Sternness is found in his eyes when he
disciplines and gentleness is found when he
loves.
Experience he has been given in abundance
for the years have shown and taught him much.
Wisdom has he been supplied with as one

event passes into another.

He does not possess the immaturity of a child
for he has left the child behind.

Yet, his knowledge has left him knowing evil.

He has seen the best and worst of the world,
but the worst has caught his attention.

All immoral activities he has learned of,
being taught to avoid them,
yet as vulnerable to surrender to them.

He is the result of his years, for they have shaped
him.

Woe to those years! His character is like clay during
them!

For evil and goodness have equal reign over him.

Send a man into the jungle and see what he emerges
as. What will he be?

Send a man through his childhood and let those years
build him or break him.

I ask you, who is the greater?

Who shall stand above the other?

The boy is like sunshine, a light on a dark world.

The man is like a knight in shining armor,
or a hideous serpent,

a hero waiting to rescue or a foe waiting to strike.

Alas, the flaws are abundant in both.

See how boys refuse to mature and engage
in all manner of immorality.

See how men terrify and abuse others, driven by
their selfishness.

Few children possess incredible wisdom
while few men are gentle in their nature.

Many deformed beasts are found in the herd,
yet a few stand healthy and vigorous.

The nature of both continue to be a mystery;
like clay, they must be molded and crafted perfectly.

Boston Kelley

Without My God

The source of my joy that I was once
near to,
A companion whom I could seek out
in my darkest moments,
A force that knocks down the thickest
walls,
A voice that lifts me up when I have fallen
flat,
I have seemingly lost.
My God, You are my Strength,
my Solid Rock, the foundation for my life.
In You, I have all that I need, the path of life
you have shown me.
Your wisdom has guided me, urging me to
follow You.
Your Presence cast out all hopelessness and
brought light to my darkened world.
Why have I gone so far from You?
How could I have wandered away?
I know Your commands and feel a longing to seek
You, yet I turn my face from You.
Your voice I hear speaking to me, convicting me of
my wrongdoings, but I disregard it.
Where have I gone?
What is this person that I have become?
I utter Christ's name but feel unworthy to call myself
His son.
I speak so highly of His commandments, but I disobey
them more than I wish.
I am like a piece of clay, allowing myself to be molded
by all things, moral and immoral.
I possess little defense against what is wrong
for it chips away at me with seemingly, fulfilling promises.
Bring me back to You, my God, so I can step back
onto the right path.
Lead me from this darkened place and take me back
to where Your light is.

My Wretched Heart

My wretched heart knows no depths;
reach as you might and claw for the bottom,
but there will be no bottom to find.

A gloomy melancholy has burrowed into my
soul, turning all that once was bright
to dark.

My peace has left me as I struggle to reclaim
what I can grasp.

What other words could I have for such
miserable thoughts?

Who else can describe the wretchedness that
gnaws at me?

I tell you, no one could find words for emotion.

It is so powerful and overwhelming that all
description is powerless against it.

Watch as my hand struggles against the surging
waves of sadness in my mind; control is hardly
mine when it lets itself into my heart.

Lest my pen fails me and does not release me,
let the storm thunder full-force and pass me
by like I am of no concern.

For everything meets its end as will this
indescribable gloom.

Boston Kelley

My Consolation

Of my consolation I sing,
the one who has comforted and
strengthened me.
In my darkest moments, her light
leads me out of the dark room.
I fall and stumble, but she picks me
up.
I am caught in the eye of the storm
and her hands guide me out.
I feel like the earth's weight bears down
on my shoulders,
and her words make me light once again.
I cannot help but love her,
for her sweet words are like nourishment
for my mind.
I crave her intellectual meals as my intellect
seeks greater understanding.
Through her, my voice is given passionate
expression; in no other can I speak so
clearly.
My hidden nature she has revealed,
further inciting passion for her.
Oh, my Lady, you bring yourself to full
expression in others,
touching my heart,
and strengthen my love for you by the
gifts you have given me.

Boston Kelley

Greetings, This Dark World

Greetings, this dark world, I am here
to judge you for your immorality and
praise of evil.

My heart moves with sadness at the wrong
inflicted on others, especially those
who seek to do what is right. I am a
victim of this and cannot understand
how such virtue can be shamed.

Look around and see the darkness that
covers people, inspiring them to do
the worst acts imaginable.

From simple pickpocketing to slaughter of
thousands, does humans evil know no end?
See how my heart breaks at such evil!
A deep melancholy has struck me and I am
unable to get up.

I feel like a boxer who has been hit with the
final, devastating blow and musters the
strength he can to get up, but finds it is not
enough.

Oh, dark world, why must you be so evil?
What pleasure could you derive from doing
what is immoral?

Is it the ends or the act itself?

For, if you desire the ends, how can you appreciate
the means you achieved that end?

What person could not feel guilty at stealing or
taking life from others?

Dark world, I judge you harshly for the endless evil
you have displayed. Accuse me of playing God,
if you will, but my eyes cannot turn a blind eye to
the plague that seems to spread like the
Black Death.

It floods human's minds, twisting them to seek
joy and peace at the expense of others suffering
and consumes human's hearts making them only
think of the most gruesome things.

For too long I have known humans are evil, but
it continues to astound me.

Dark world, you shall face the wrath of God and
be held accountable for your evil.

If you think you can escape His justice, it will be in
vain for He sees all actions and they cannot escape
His presence.

Boston Kelley

My Melancholy

No other feeling is as crushing as
the most negative emotions.

Compete with me, if you will, and see
if you can find anything worse than
deep sadness itself.

It has such a grip on me; in my bones,
I can feel its immense power.

Like a man who has lost his family and
feels unable to go on, fear and anxiety
impede me from moving forward.

Moving forward must I do, but why must
I go so slow?

This melancholy is almost unbearable; every
remedy known to man could not cure me.

Like a boat whose hull is punctured and filling
with water, I sink into the ocean, yet it happens
so slow as if this torturous melancholy wants
me to slowly experience my pain.

I look at the rising water and pray for it to be done,
but moves at a snail's pace to torment me.

Try as you might and find something to ease my
pain, or console me in any way, the only thing
to cease this negativity is to face what I am fearing.

Boston Kelley

The Apple Of My Heart

Wandering through the dark wood,
I cannot see what surrounds me.
Near pitch-black darkness covers my
eyes and growls and grunts pound inside
my ear.

Suddenly, a bright light appears, and my
once-darkened eyes see clear as day.
The wood's haunting sounds become gentle
and serene.

In the light, I see the beloved of my heart.
She is the one I long for, who my love for is
unexplainable.

Her hand reaches out to me, urging me to
share in the light.

My hands reach back eagerly, but shrink away
when they get near hers.

I remember the darkness and haunting sounds
as the remembrance of it seems to fill me with
comfort.

Her light illuminates my mind, breaking through
what the woods had blinded to in my consciousness
as well.

It reveals further how I admire her, yet I fight the
revelation.

I try to restore my pitch-black veiled eyes, but the
light is too bright.

What shall I do?

The truth will set me free, but captivity seems to offer
many promises.

Boston Kelley

The Truest Love

Love, your arrow has pierced my heart,
its amorous-tipped arrowhead has caused
me to fall.

I try to will myself to stand, yet no strength
resides in my bones.

Here I lay trying my hardest to fight what you
are revealing to me, but the truth is
something I cannot resist.

A greater master do you serve, a woman who
has commanded you to make me realize my
love for her.

You entered my heart when I first saw her,
filling me with endless captivation.

Her beauty was peerless, I could not find anyone
else so pleasant to gaze upon.

Shy she was, but her innocence was so alluring.

My mind did you fill with thoughts of her,
entrancing me into a deep admiration for her.

So much of her being I idolized that I could find
no other woman to match her.

Oh, my sweet Elizabeth, if only you could know
my love for you!

The day I met you I was unsure of how I would think
of you, but now I see that it is compassion I feel
toward you.

Many women have entered my life and left as
a love interest or friend, but you have taken both
positions.

I could not think of you exiting my life.

Your intellect matches and transcends the most
brilliant of minds in history; who else have I met
as studious and intelligent as you?

Your faith is an immovable force, something you
will not compromise.

I see it and am convicted, for when I am in your
presence, I desire to be a better man.

Your beauty shines brighter than the sun; it is so
amazing to look upon that I must turn away.

Thoughts of you march into my mind, setting up

camp for themselves.

I send my own force to dispel them, yet they fight
back with thoughts hidden in my subconscious.

Where I once denied how I felt towards you, I welcome
with open arms the love I feel for you.

I look at you and hear a gentle waterfall and songs
of birds; I listen to your voice and my ears are ever open.

Love, cultivate what you have sown in my heart,
strike me again so my passion will burn ever so brightly.

Boston Kelley

Intellectual Pleasure

My mind is like a ravenous beast
with a stomach that growls unending.
It searches the woods, keeping a sharp
eye for anything that could satisfy its
hunger.

The forest seems dead as if all living
creatures have deserted it.
To survive, it must feed on the vegetation
which only increases its hunger.

It could leave the woods and search for a
new place, but the most refreshing and
appetizing prey are found here.
A person's intellect is a fragile thing; it must
be cared for like a garden.

Its plants must be watered with knowledge
to ensure they grow healthy and strong.
Wisdom must be its sunshine, so the plants
are fed refreshing light.

Intellectual pleasure sits above sensual pleasure,
for what is known lasts longer than what is
felt.

The senses can remember what they experience
well enough, but the mind can remember
for years to come.

Oh, my mind, how you chase after intellectual
pleasure!

You do not desire knowledge for its use, but for
its own sake.

Understanding and insight are your primary goals
since much is not known to you.

What could satisfy your intellectual hunger?

Where else will your lustful eyes turn?

Millenia of knowledge surround you; ages upon
ages of human thought and expression wait
for you to explore and delve into.

You could collect every book in human history,
yet time would steal away your opportunity to
read it all.

My mind, where else will you lead me to?

What other topic awaits for me that you are calling me to study?

Boston Kelley

The Glory Of Epic Poetry

The length of a novel,
a journey of a hero,
full of mystical beings,
dramatic in the plot,
complex in its message,
detailed in its visuals,
all of these do I admire of epics.

See how the poets weave a story
surrounding a man or woman,
intending to put that person on a
laborious and trying adventure.
Be it full of mystery and horror,
or action and comedy, the protagonist
experiences much in a short time.
Aeneas traveled the seas from Troy
to Carthage to Latium, driven by a divine
mission.

Odysseus endured ten years of a return
to Ithaca, encountering all manner of gods,
goddesses, and otherworldly creatures.
The Greeks, led by Achilles, waged a brutal
and emotional war with the Trojans.
Satan journeyed through the vast universe,
motivated by hatred for God and men.
Gilgamesh faced encounters with the gods
of heaven and sought immortality after
the death of his friend.

How could such stories be created?
Who else could surpass such creativity
and imagination?
Each line does not lack beauty, every book
is a story itself.
In the ancient world, epic poetry is a
wonder to behold, but the modern world
lacks such poetic beauty as epics.
Novels tell stories, graphic novels follow
the actions of an enhanced character, but

the epic poem is lost these days.

If only the tradition of it could be revived,
then would its legacy continue.

What creative mind could undertake the
task and restore the glory of epics?

Boston Kelley

Satires - Government

What purpose does the government serve?

How should it rule society?

Does a perfect governing body even exist?

How can a flawed mankind rule a flawed mankind?

Men are either thrust into power or elevate themselves through honest or wicked means.

Those who feel best qualified to rule govern the people, but, alas, do not possess the character.

Justice is perverted to suit their ends; justness does not exist in its ideal form.

Numerous voices are heard, yet self-interests gridlock politics.

Hungry for power, people climb the ladder, eager to remove others from their rungs no matter what.

To decide the fate of others is their only desire; whatever way they may please themselves they worship.

Even in democracy, they work for absolute control, ignoring the voice of the governed.

Oppressive are these people; tyrannies and dictatorships do they create.

Fear they operate through; limited freedom they ordain.

From curfews to continuous surveillance, their measure of fascism is undeniable.

Think back to Hitler and Mussolini and see how cruel their governments were.

For they sought power and the world itself, believing they were destined to rule it.

The Jews Hitler did persecute; six million had lost their lives to the Nazi regime.

A holocaust that should never happen again, but is always in danger of arising once more.

People devise democracies to encourage equal participation, but each one is too selfish to concede.

Gridlock is there in such a government; little agreement

can be found.

Division arises from the gridlock, furthering hatred and distance from opposite minded people.

The most qualified people seem fit to rule, yet they veil their cruelty.

Acts of charity and kindness they use to fool others, all the while hiding wicked acts.

Only those closest to them know who they really are, yet they will not expose the truth.

Who among us is best to rule?

Who but the wisest and kindest?

Those who pursue wisdom and enlightenment should seek political offices.

The kindest and most just are fit to govern the people.

Boston Kelley

This Dark Sinfulness

The world is shrouded in darkness
for it lives in the minds and hearts of
everyone.

Immorality runs rampant as purity is a scarce
resource.

Wickedness continues to abound unending
overwhelming the forces of righteousness.

Reason seems to be lost to people's minds as
they are governed by their sweetening, evil
thoughts.

Evil compels people to do immoral things
without a care for their fellow man's well-being.

Why must this be? Why could man be such a
sinful creature?

Like the black night, evil covers the globe,
overcoming the light of day.

Nothing can stop it or prevent it since its grip
has already been established.

People kill mercilessly and slaughter fellow members
of their species.

In cold blood, they find wicked joy that is unequalled.

People take what belongs to others and steal
possessions to add to their own wealth.

They only think of themselves and desire to add
to their own by taking from others.

People insult and disrespect their fellow man.

Their contempt for others is as infinite as the universe
itself.

Those who walk in righteousness are shunned
for their morality.

Those who choose to do what is right and pure
are persecuted for their good deeds and hated
for being 'Goody-Two-Shoes'.

Why must evil things happen to good people?

What respect is left for those who do the right thing?

The world has fallen into utter depravity with uncleanness
surrounding it on all sides.

The righteous venture out into the world, preaching
doctrines of peace and purity, but are turned away

because people pursue their own self-interests.

Self-interest has sired division as governments roil with toil from divided thoughts.

How can there be governments when people are so divided?

What is a 'representative democracy' when those elected care only for themselves?

Even righteousness is found very little here.

The unrighteous push against the righteous, making them ask 'Why must bad things happen to good people?'

When will those who do evil experience retribution?

Even justice has become perverted as people of different color experience harsher punishment and vengeance and favoritism abound without limits.

See how a black man serves a longer and more severe sentence than a white man!

Further sinfulness is seen in the daily lives of ordinary people.

Families separate and hold deep hatred for each other.

Parents abuse and disrespect their children, scarring them for life.

Like a knife, a wedge is drawn between husband and wife as they refuse to find common ground.

Husbands abuse their spouses and pursue extra-marital affairs.

Women are left to care for their families alone.

Lust abounds in the eyes of people as they lie down with anyone they meet.

They have no boundaries for such physical intimacy!

They do not respect what it was originally made for!

Those with weaker forms are oppressed by the strong, who do not desire to defend the defenseless.

Fear consumes minds as people are too afraid to experience worldly life.

Who is safe in these dark ages?

Every sort of evil runs free like a child skipping through an open meadow while goodness struggles to climb from the hole evil has pushed it into.

Goodness has become as valuable as gold and silver while stones of evil can be found on an ordinary street.

Why has purity become something repulsive?

Why must people reject what is good?

Look upon this dark world and see it for its sinfulness.

How could you not look at it with cynicism or sadness?

Boston Kelley

Manhood

The days of my youth pass by,
as adulthood eventually approaches.
The era of childhood could not last forever
since time moves all things forward.
Time, that mysterious thing, steals and gives
much to us.
Joyous days are brought too quickly to an end
as the mourning nights seemingly last forever.

Oh, how I miss the joys of my childhood!
Those wondrous and playful seasons!
My heart was free from worldly concerns
as my childlike joy overtook me.
Light burdens did I bear that enabled me to
walk taller and more firm.
Time did not favor me with longer youthful age
as the years passed.

Manhood waits for me around the corner like
a thief waiting to rob someone.
Its companions are not friendly for
they strike fear into my heart.
I look into their eyes and my limbs stiffen.
I gather the willpower to move but am too paralyzed.
My eyes vibrate with utmost intensity
as manhood grips me.

How long until I reach that corner?
When will the time to be a man grab me
from my peaceful walk?

Boston Kelley

Blocked Ascent

There I was walking through the green meadows, strolling peacefully along.

Suddenly, I saw a mountain range in the distance; one mountain stood taller than the others, with a dot of bright light at its peak. Eager to reach it, I quickened my pace, desiring to grasp that light.

As I neared the mountain's summit, a gigantic hand emerged from the ground.

A long arm followed it, and soon, the body of a giant came from the ground.

It tilted its head down, grinning at me.

As I was paralyzed with fear and uncertainty, my blood ran cold and my muscles stiffened.

The giant reached out a hand to grab me and I dashed toward the left, eager to escape him and make the climb, but his foot stomped in my way.

I sprinted toward the right, but his foot stopped me there as well.

He reached down with both hands and I ran through the space between his legs toward the summit.

Desperate to flee from him, I climbed with all my effort, putting considerable distance between me and him.

However, as I crossed half the mountain's height, his hand grabbed my foot.

I gripped the rock as hard as I could, digging my fingertips into any crevice.

My strength was not enough to resist his pull, so I let go of the rock.

Letting me stand on his hand, he said, with a charm in his voice, 'Come with me, and you will find greater pleasure.'

Allured by his voice and promise, I cheerfully accepted.

He took me to a marshy land with rotting plants and thick, foul-smelling water, setting me down.

Realizing I had been tricked and forgotten the brilliant light at the mountain's peak, I fell to my knees, weeping and heaving sighs.

I turned from the marsh and ran back toward the mountain,

knowing the light was better than the marsh.

Boston Kelley

Saints Of Antiquity

O saints of antiquity!
How much I admire you!
My praise of you flows
like a never-ending stream!
Be honored for all that you have
done to exercise your devotion to God!

Look at our world and see the immense
hustle and bustle of our lives.
As time has progressed, our daily tasks
have become innumerable.
Trapped within the busyness of life,
how can we hope to live contemplative
lives as you all did?

You all desired nothing to do with worldly
pleasures, abstaining from materialism.
God was your primary desire, intimacy with
Him was your only pursuit.
The world's snares had no grip on you
for the condition of your hearts mattered
more.

You gathered in monasteries to live lives
of solitude in communities of other like-
minded people.
You chose poverty knowing that a man cannot
serve two masters.

See how high I hold you in esteem!
You are the ones I desire to be like!

Alas, our world has become depraved.
The Christian life has become lukewarm
opposed to the devotion you showed.
We remain inside our homes whereas you
traveled around the world, spreading the
Gospel.
People chase after earthly things, not

knowing the goodness of heavenly things.

O saints, if only you could see our world
and teach us the proper life of a Christian.

Boston Kelley

Defenseless Prey

It chases me down with relentless hunger.
Through the thickest woods it somehow
manages to find me.

I try to hide, to no avail, I try to run,
but it always catches up to me.

Why, Arousal, do you seek me out so?
What do you hunger for in me?
You have hunted me and caught me in the past,
subjecting me to painful guilt and shame.

When you catch me, I try my best to fight
back, but you always overpower me.
When you are near, I try to run as far as I
can from you, but your speed is far greater
than mine.

Your voice always tells me to subject to
your sweet promises, but you backstab me
in the end.
Your offers seem satisfying, but they leave
me wanting more.
Because of you, I have sinned.
I have committed transgressions that I wish I
could take back.
All those days of lust and sexual sin you
enticed me to, remain as shameful reminders.

Oh, Arousal, why can I not escape you?
I enjoy a period of peace, of safety, from you,
yet it never lasts long.
What scent do I give off, that gives me away?
How do you find me when I hide behind so many
things?

Erotic predator, you have hunted down many
before me, subjecting them to the lust and
sexual sin you subjected me to.
If only I could find the strength to fight

back and put an end to your tyranny.
You terrorize people day to day, tempting them
with things no man should want.

Be repulsed by me, so my sexual sin may come
to an end.

Let the sight of me make you disgusted with me
to turn you away.

Then will I be free and at peace.

For I will no longer be your prey, and you
will not be my predator.

Boston Kelley

Boiling Rage

How can I describe the extent of my rage?
For it wells up within me,
growing stronger every minute.
Oh, how furious my whole being is!
Every fiber of it quakes with red-hot anger!
A human bone would be a twig to me,
a car would be as light as a feather.
If I were a god, my wrath would know no end.
If I were a planet, my earthquakes would
shake like no other.
Have you ever met anyone else with more fury?
Is there anyone to match my frustration?
I am a bomb with a short fuse,
the tiniest mishap would set me off.
My patience is hanging by a thin thread,
the slightest irritation would cause me to snap.
Like the Sun, my fury burns as hot as its core.
It could incinerate anything in its path.
My aura projects hot, all-consuming anger,
it spreads with every passing minute.
How soon until it burns the earth?
Let it simmer and cool with time
Until its corpse is nothing but dust.

Boston Kelley

The Eye

My eye appears, on my face, like a stain,
oh, how it swells with deep, irritating pain.

Boston Kelley



PoemHunter.com

This Is My Life?

Why must my life be this way?
It is far too simple, I say.

Boston Kelley



PoemHunter.com

Face The Storm

There I was, walking along the path,
fully enveloped in the sun's bright rays.
Suddenly, thick, black clouds rolled
in behind me, overwhelming the sunny day.
I fell to my knees, unable and unwanting
to rise, letting the storm batter me with rain.
I rose, dashing toward the part of the sky
that had not been taken over by the storm.
It was a foolish thing, for the storm had
already gotten a head start.
So, there I sat, with raindrop after raindrop,
pattering me, turning my warm skin cold.
My mind drifted from the rain into the deep
recesses of my subconscious.
Only then did the storm disperse and
the sunny day came back to me.

Boston Kelley



PoemHunter.com

Inside And Outside

Outside, there is a thick sheet of white snow,
yet, inside, blackness, that is all I know.

Boston Kelley



PoemHunter.com

Heartly Interrogation

Oh, my heart, why are you so sad?
Please don't let it be something bad.
You say you want peace and nothing more,
but how can you not get what you're longing for?

You once were so full of joy,
the way a child is when they receive a new toy.
I delighted in your company,
peace and contentment, you made into joy's symphony.

I try to make you remember the peace you once possessed,
endlessly you are being assessed.
Yet my words have little effect on you,
here, still, you remain blue.

When will you be how you once were?
Please, do tell me, sir.
Do it soon, for you are a thorn in my side.
This turmoil and unhappiness cannot abide.

Boston Kelley

Back Into My Life

The gray, ominous clouds gave way
to blue, clear skies.
The raging, stormy ocean became
calm, still waters.
The bloody, gruesome war turned to
overwhelming, blissful peace.
Such how my life was when you came
back to me my beloved.

I wandered, meditating on myself,
seeking to improve my condition.
I aligned my thoughts, trying to
better understand myself.
I found peace unequalled that only
the Lord can give us.
His peace lessened my chaotic life,
and was amplified by you, my beloved.

I love you more than anything, my heart
belongs solely to you.
You have captivated me, seizing me with
passion unending.
How could I find anyone to equal you?
Who could exist to take me from you?

Oh, how much pain I felt at how we wandered
from each other, I could not bear it
to happen again.
Hold me, my love, and let our love grow.
Kiss me, so our passion may intensify.
Hold me, so I may know of the full force
of our love.
Kiss me, and wash my troubles away.

A thousand kisses would not satisfy me,
a few seconds with you would not be
a gift.
Hold tightly to me and never let go.

Do They Matter?

There once stood a great city,
no city like it had ever existed.
The people used infatuation
as a foundation; they never ran out
since it was so plentiful.
Romance they used for the walls,
making them so thick they could not
be penetrated.
They established fear as patrols,
to protect the people from the outside.
Lust ruled over the members of the city,
enticing them to stay and luring many
more in.
Pleasure was their god and the fear of
loneliness was its priests.
They worshipped Pleasure with all their
heart for it promised much for them.
Very few rejected Pleasure,
preferring a different path to life.
Even fewer did not want to enter the
city, seeing the exterior as more
beneficial than the interior.
I looked at the city, disgusted by
what I had heard about it.
Many other cities had followed this
city's lead, spreading its culture
like wildfire.
I entered the city and was absorbed into
its way of thinking.
So long I was trapped by its lies,
only seeing the outside on few occasions.
Oh, how I wish I could leave this city
and remember what the exterior was once
like.

Boston Kelley

My Singleness

Peace is what I desire
for my heart lacks any aspect of it.
I am in a whirlwind of emotions
unsure of what to do.
If only I could feel calm and experience
tranquility, but it is light-years
from my reach.

Oh, how I wish I could enjoy singleness!
For I enjoy being in relationships.
My peace with singleness is nearly
non-existent,
only appearing in the best of times.
In my pain, temptations after temptation
to satisfy my need charges at me,
and I can only do so much to fortify myself.
I am like a brick wall with the smallest
amount of cement, only having half its
strength.
The temptations whisper to me,
encouraging me to seek something that'll
arouse me,
but I cannot give in.

Where is my peace with being alone?
Why must I feel this way?
I struggle with pushing women from my mind,
so they are not my sole focus.
Why should I desire a woman, anyway?
I am clearly not suitable for anyone.

Each day comes, reminding me of my
unsuccessful romantic life.
I ponder when my future spouse will come.
How can she come when I am like this?
If am not ready now, how can I ever be
ready in the future?

Other people have friends to distract them,

while I have none.

I fight this war with only my will
which seems to be failing.

I am a one-man army, facing a seemingly
infinite force.

Who can I rely on for help?

Who can rescue me from this turmoil?

If anyone hears my voice, do not turn
me away.

If anyone knows my crushing pain,
do not pass me by.

If anyone mourns at my agony,
mourn alongside me.

Who can stand with me through this?

Who will comfort me?

Boston Kelley

Oh, My Peace

Oh, my peace where have you gone?
Why have you left me?
Here, I sit distressed, my mind
a raging, stormy sea.
One feeling after another land blows
on me, bringing me closer to my knees.
How I used to feel joyous and confident,
assured everything would be okay,
but now I am nothing but sadness.
I cannot think for my thoughts are tangled.
I cannot experience one emotion since
several invite themselves into my mind.
Peace, you used to be my companion,
now you have abandoned me.
You act like a torturer, sitting happily
next to me, then leaving me in my distress.
Why must I be your play-thing?
Where is your consistency?
So strongly do I desire, for these attacks
to stop, giving you a reason to leave me.

Boston Kelley

Why Can't I Be Satisfied?

My heart is torn to pieces.
I am pulled this way and that by
contentment and dissatisfaction.
So much do I yearn for someone to
love me romantically,
yet why do I not receive it?

Days of desiring romantic love hit
me like a car,
knocking me down to where I cannot
get up.
I barely manage to survive those days,
my only defense being distractions.
Even those defenses eventually fall and
I am killed by the attack.
Oh, why, why must I lack romantic love in
my life?
How long must I remain this way?

Someone, please tell me why I must be this way.
This man who seems to abnormally desire
love.
It haunts me day after day, whispering to
me endlessly.
I manage to shut out its voice for a time,
but it eventually finds a weak spot.
Anger and depression accompany the voice
as I am plagued why I have to feel this way.

When will I find romantic love?
Or not, when will I finally be content
with it?

Boston Kelley

Nero

Oh, Nero, how you have fallen!
What a stain you are on
the fabric of history!
You are as dirty as the most disgusting
filth of the earth.
All who hear your name shudder
and are filled with disgust.
Who can forget the cruel, malicious
deeds you committed?
How can your own people look over
the oppression you enacted on them?
It greatly upset them, but it did not
end there.
Christians feared your name, for you were
the first to persecute them.
You tortured them in many inhumane ways,
ways that should not be spoken of.
I am overcome with fury at how you could
act towards such holy, virtuous people of
faith.
What could they have done to wrong you?
Let all hear your name and be filled with
hatred.
They must know of your evil character to
prevent another stain like you.
You will take your place in the deepest depths
of Hell, for what other place could contain
your evil?
You set fire to Rome, having no regard for your
own citizens.
You committed incest with your mother, unashamed
at your actions.
Oh, Nero, I cannot help but despise your name.
Your legacy will not be one of virtue and cleanliness,
but of vice and filth.

Boston Kelley

Christine De Pisan

Oh, Christine, you stand as a figure
for womankind!

You are an advocate for females
everywhere, voicing who they are.
You stand as a challenger to all men,
fighting the mighty forces
of male chauvinism.

There is so much to be learned from you
that all females can be empowered by.
In our hate-filled and shameful world,
women need you more than ever.
Abuse, neglect, and misogyny has broken
many women who have lost their confidence.
Men tell women what they should be and
treat them as if they were their
possessions.

Civilized men have their images ruined by
uncivilized men who mistreat women.
You challenged the misogyny of your day
and we need you to do so again today.
Who else could women find female strength in
besides you?

What author has written a better source of
female empowerment other than your
Book of the City of Ladies?

For you bring to light women of the ages
who accomplished praiseworthy deeds,
helped the progression of mankind,
and displayed qualities that females can
have as well as men.

Without it, how can we know of the magnificent
wonders of women?

How can we stop the lies of women being
ignorant, weak, and cowardly?

How can we encourage people to see women
as equals and not as inferior?

We need you, O Christine, as a symbol of
the ideal woman.

We need you to provide female empowerment

in our misogynistic world.

Boston Kelley

Psalm 6 - The "All-Knowing";

My God, I cannot help but feel angry
towards You.

Boiling rage rises in my soul as
I read Your Word.

Where I should be feeling comfort,
infuriation takes its place.

You know how fueled by rage I am,
so why should I bother telling You?

You already know my heart, do you not?

We humans have an innate tendency to
romantically love.

It is what brings us together.

It produces children and unites a man
and woman in holy matrimony.

What could be greater than such love?

God, You love us, but not in the same
way.

You are our Father and we are Your
children.

You care for us as a parent cares
for his or her child,

not how romantic partners are
attracted toward each other.

How can You be all-knowing,
if You cannot feel that type of love?

How can people say You understand
and know our feelings if You cannot
feel them yourself?

Here I sit, desiring romantic love,
broken at my lack of it.

I ask to be loved, but how can I ask that
from You?

You display a parental love, not romantic
love.

You have created us to innately love
that way and it has caused me pain.

Lord, I hear Your voice, urging me to
pray, but I am so angry,
that I can't get a word in.
Instead, I desire to do other things,
not wanting to be near You.
The way You love is not the love I want,
why can't someone love me romantically?

My God, what should I do?
My anger toward You is so great
and my frustration continues to grow.
If I cannot hope to find empathy in You,
who else can I turn to?

Boston Kelley

Forever Lonely

Tears well up inside my eyes,
but I hold them back.
Heart-wrenching sobs I try to stifle,
but my throat fights back uncontrollably.
Never-ending wails and groans I want to release,
but I bury them.
Every fiber of my being wishes to mourn,
sadness is all I know.
I imagine myself on the ground,
curled up into a ball,
crying tears that I never have before.
I do not desire to move,
as if I have lost my will to do so.
I like a fighter who has no energy left
to the point that he doesn't want to fight.
Oh, only if I could cease to exist!
What purpose do I have being here?
Rejection accompanies me day after day,
I am the crippled, eye-offending lamb
of a flock.
I want to throw myself into a bottomless pit,
to fall forever.
What could be better than that?
If I lose my relationship, what do I have left?
What woman would desire to have me?
I am not the 'ideal choice' for a lady
since I seem to be their very last.
What about me could be so unattractive?
How could I turn someone away without so much
as a word?
Is it my face?
Is it my shyness?
Is it my intelligence?
Is it my faith?
What could it be? Tell me, please!
If I lose her, I push away all women,
for no one would want me anyway.
I have to vow to remain unmarried
because I am not a desirable husband.

Oh, how the tears grow so strong!
I shake and tremble as I try to contain them!
So badly I want to shout and scream,
but I can't.
I want to cry and wail forever,
but that cannot happen.
I have become sadness itself,
it has found a suitable host in me.
Who else could empathize with me?
Is there anyone who knows rejection as well as I do?
There isn't.
I am all alone in this.

Boston Kelley

The Break-Up

'I'm not good enough for you',
she says.
'You deserve better, '
she says.
'I've dragged you into this',
she says.
'My life is so messed up right now',
she says.
'I'm afraid I'll hurt you',
she says.
'I don't know if we should keep dating',
she says.

I hear these words and mourn for her.
I look at her and cannot help but
love her more.
She is the apple of my heart,
the one it belongs to.
Who else could deserve my love?
Who else is worthy to be called
my beloved?
She does not think so.

She is unsure of our relationship,
doubt rises about continuing it.
As she says this, I shake with fear.
My heart pounds like a bongo.
Who else could I find to match her?
No one else is like her.
What qualities could I possibly bring
to earn a woman's love?
For all the women I desired
have turned me away,
to them, I am nothing.
Less than nothing.

A war wages in my mind against fear
and reality.
Fear attacks using worst-case scenarios

conceived by my imagination
while reality counters with convictions
of reason.

Who do I give in to?
Who will be the victor of this war?

I fear her insecurity, who knows if
she feels worthy of me?
She is like my reflection, how I used
to be in my relationships.
I see so much of my low self-esteem and doubt
in her and want to shower her with love.
I desire to let her know I love her
even when she doesn't feel worthy to be loved.
Alas, it doesn't seem to be enough,
fate will decide what she chooses.

Boston Kelley

Psalm 5 - His Silent Voice

My God, why can I not hear from you?

Where is Your voice?

I pray and listen for you,

yet the voice I hear,

I doubt is yours.

I can remember when You convicted me
on many occasions, reminding me
to live for you.

Your Love provided me with a way to
hear You, but I have been cut off
from it.

I am instead surrounded by my earthly
worries and weighed down with my own
fears.

There is so much to be learned from
Your Word, so much to live for,
that it seems impossible to know
it all as a human.

So many others seem to understand
what you require and have godly
knowledge while I am surviving
off the basic teachings.

I hear 'pray not as a last resort,
but as a first', 'don't worry about
anything, instead, pray about everything',
and I still don't hear You.

How much must I pray and read Your Word
to hear from You?

When will the time come when You convict me?

I desire to be convicted, to know what I
need to do differently, so I can follow You.

Please, do not hide from me,
for I wander confused and with very little
knowledge.

Boston Kelley

Psalm 4 - My Overwhelming Doubt

Lord, I know what Your Word says
is true, so why do I still doubt?
I recite Your Truth over and over,
yet it does not affirm me.
It drives me to further suspicion,
as if what You say is too good to be true.
Is not what You say too good to be true?
Who could fathom such a loving, merciful God
who opens his arms to all?
Who could believe in a God who supplies every
need and is always there for you?
Is it possible to believe in Someone
who knows you better than you know yourself?
Can you doubt a God who forgives all sins
no matter how dark they are?
My God, I cannot help but be afraid and
doubt the truth of Your Word.
Despite how I have seen You move,
why does this doubt still persist?
I once was so close to you, fully enveloped
by Your Love,
now it feels so far away, and I am only
waving my hands in empty air.
You tell us to not trust our own abilities,
but it so tempting to rely on my intelligence.
I feel confidence swelling within me, Lord,
ready to give way to pride.
Protect me from pride, God, so I won't
put my judgment above yours.
Your Ways are higher than mine, so why
should I believe I know better?
Doubt, flee from me, for you are not
welcome here.
I trust in the Lord and His promises
and as I have seen Him move in my life,
as long as I follow Him, He will do it again.

Boston Kelley

A Time For Thanks

What things can we not be thankful for?
How can we not express gratitude?
There is a time to give thanks,
to know what we are grateful for.

I give thanks to my college,
for providing me with a godly,
encouraging, and supportive community.

I give thanks to the Honors Program,
for enlightening me and opening my
mind to a world unknown.

I give thanks to my friend, Elizabeth,
for showing me the joy and value of reading.

I give thanks to my girlfriend, Emily,
for opening me up to new experiences,
and giving me confidence in places I lacked it.

I give thanks to my mother,
who has been an inspiring figure in my faith.

I give thanks to my step-mother,
who has encouraged and guided me,
and influenced me to seek God.

I give thanks to my father,
who has shown me what it means
to be a godly man and a father.

To my God, I give the greatest thanks,
for teaching and guiding me,
saving me from my sins and loving me
when I didn't deserve it,
and giving me a new life.

Boston Kelley

Psalm 3 - Fear Is All I Know

O Lord, hear my cry.
My soul is in anguish.
I am consumed by anxiety,
worry dominates my thinking patterns.

Like a ship that is tossed by the waves,
I am thrown back and forth by fear.
Fear has gotten a grip on me,
one that I cannot break.
Lord, I fear the future, despite knowing
that it is in Your Hands.
You are already there, but I fear anyway.
The future is like the present to you,
so why should I fear?
You know everything, from my innermost atoms
to my decisions 30 years from now,
so what reason do I have to be afraid?

I cannot help but imagine myself as homeless,
in poverty, without having my needs met.
My imagination is bright with optimism,
but my realism is darkened with pessimism.
You are my Provider, the One who supplies
my every need.
I should trust You to supply my needs,
but why don't I?
You have proven yourself trustworthy beyond
all measure, yet I am still anxious.
Why do I feel this way, God?
Despite the plain evidence of how you come
through in our lives, why am I afraid?
I have seen Your Hand move, Lord,
yet I am still full of uncertainty.

Lord, I fear the future, what will come.
I fear the unknown, what isn't within
my knowledge.
I fear poverty and homelessness, being
without shelter, and having very little.

All of these fears consume me like I'm being devoured by a gigantic beast.

I am in pain, anguish is all I know.

I fear other people, not knowing if they will hurt me.

I am but a twig, with too skinny a frame, to last in a fight.

Lord, I try to exercise, with the hope of building strength, yet my frame remains the same.

How will I be sure of not being assaulted, God? What can I do to ensure I won't be harmed?

We live in such a broken, hurting world, where people commit all sorts of malice.

I have seen it in full force, it is too horrifying to behold.

People beat each other, bruise one another, slaughter others, without remorse.

They would do so to a defenseless, weak man.

I am that defenseless, weak man.

I do not know much about others, who they are, where they come from, what they can do.

How will I be sure they won't hurt me?

Save me, O God, from my fear.

Release me from my burdens, cast off this anxiety.

I cannot focus on You, my source of peace, for my mind is clouded by doubt.

You call us to trust in You wholeheartedly, so why am I not trusting You?

Purge me of this, so I may trust You.

Save me from my worry, so I can think clearly.

You are the One who saves, who we can trust through every circumstance.

Cast off all my burdens, so I may rest.

Rescue me from my fear, for I am weighed down.

Boston Kelley

Psalm 2 - Be My Guard

Lord, why must I commit this sin?

I know it is wrong, yet I do it anyway.

I hear Your Voice, telling me to do
what is right, but I ignore it.

Because of this, I am a slave to
sexual sin.

I go throughout my day without protection,
sexual temptation knows how vulnerable I am.

Lord, I know I should find no pleasure in it,
but it gives me great joy.

Be my guard, protect me, shield me from
sexual temptation's promising voice.

Silence it and its companions so they
cannot have a victory over me.

Act as my shield, so I can follow Your Will
and remain holy.

Boston Kelley



PoemHunter.com

Goodbye, Kindness

I look upon your tomb and weep.
I gaze upon the hole that the casket
will be lowered into and wail.
I look out at the audience,
full of sorrow,
and sob loudly.

Kindness, how sad we are that you
have gone!
You were the wind beneath Love's wings,
it's mighty carrier.
You were the inspiration for people to
respect and cherish each other.
You were the greatest peacemaker
the world has ever known,
a voice that preached a doctrine
that spread like wildfire.

I want to leap into that grave with you,
leaving this world to spend a blissful
eternity with you.
Since you have fallen in battle to Hatred,
what hope is left for us?

Hatred has lured people in with flattering
speeches and temptations,
preaching a doctrine of pride through
tearing others down.
You could not stand to watch him succeed,
and faced him head-on.
You brought your army to face him,
a massive force that has never been equaled.
You fought with all your strength,
Driven by the passion of your doctrine.
However, Hatred won the battle,
standing over your bloodied corpse.
He could now preach across the world,
poisoning all that you sought to cure.

The tears flow down my face, never-ending!
I weep and weep to the point, I can't even speak!
Your presence brought joy to my darkened world.
Meeting those who followed your teaching,
put a smile on my face.
But now you are gone, with only a few of
your followers left.
Who could hope to save us from
Hatred's evil followers?

Boston Kelley

Rabia Al Basri

Rabia Al Basri, how I love your works!
They bring much joy to my heart!
Your elegance and beauty I deeply admire.
As I see the emotion behind your poems,
I grin from ear to ear.
You speak of love for God,
For it is your life's primary concern.
You display such a deep love for Him,
I am moved to do the same.
Who else could describe Divine Love
As beautifully as you do?
For love for God is union with God,
As you said.
May your elegant poems be remembered
For future generations,
So all may know of loving God.
I am touched by your writings,
They have changed me beyond all measure.

Boston Kelley



PoemHunter.com

Psalm 1 - He Opened My Eyes

Lord, look at the distance
I've walked from You.
See how far I've strayed!
I was blind to my sin,
but You opened my eyes.
You removed my self-deceit
And gave me clarity of mind.
The raging storms and gale winds
That once thundered in my mind
Are now silenced.
You revealed who I had become,
You allowed me to persist in my sin,
So I could come to this realization.
Thank You for doing such a thing!
How great is the way You work
Even when we can't see You working!
I am now cleansed because I confessed my sin,
I now know what needs to be done.
Because of Your guidance, I am renewed.
Thanks to this epiphany, realization
has dawned on me.
My sin is gone and I am washed white,
Thank the Lord for purifying me.
Thank You for Your guidance!
It has led me to great understanding!
Lord, guide me all the days of my life,
So I may walk in closeness with You.

Boston Kelley

So Faraway

I love her with all my heart,
My greatest desire is to be with her.
I cannot have enough of her,
She is my one true love.
Each day, I long to see her,
My mind reels with thoughts of her.
Yet, the distance between us gnaws at
Me like flesh-eating parasites.
Each tiny bite is comparable
To the pain I feel.
How it tears me apart to be so far from her!
I reel with sadness at the distance
Between us.
My love for her diminishes the pain,
But it does not last long.
Every day I desire to spend with her,
But time is only so little for me.

Boston Kelley



PoemHunter.com

Where Is My Interest?

Reading

Oh, how much joy I find in it!

Reading

It fills my heart with joy.

Reading

I cannot get enough of it.

Reading

It enriches my mind.

Yet, why has my interest changed?

How has my fluency altered?

I once read with passionate engagement,
fully absorbed by the text in front of me.

Now, I cannot read as I once did,

My passion is not the same.

I long to strengthen my mind.

I strongly desire to grow my knowledge.

But why do I not feel as I once did?

Why has my passionate interest changed?

I wish to find that interest again,

So I may pursue knowledge.

I pray that it will find me,

So I won't fall away.

I desire to read, to learn from my readings,

But, alas, my interest is not as it once was.

Boston Kelley

Recovery

She stretches her arms out to all,
Beckoning all pain and misery in.
Her aura is so joyous
that all brokenness and anguish flee
From her sight.
Like a physician, she prescribes to
Any tortured spirit.
There is no broken mind or severe
Addiction she cannot heal.
Even the worst of habits are like
A twig to her and she is a mighty
Redwood.
No one can resist her,
For who could resist restoration?
Maiden, how great is it that you exist!
Who could find a better medicine
Than you?
Bring forth all the abused, tortured,
And addicted to yourself and remove
Their pain.
Take away their darkened spirits
And anguished hearts and fill them
With joy and peace.
Let your deeds be known to all,
So everyone will know of your greatness.
You do not offer one path to restoration,
But you open many roads to all.
Let us continue to shout your works,
So all may be healed.

Boston Kelley

Tug-Of-War

I am caught between two forces.

Like a game of tug-of-war,

they pull on me with

Unimaginable strength.

Like a man who has his limbs

Tied to horses,

And is torn as he is pulled,

So am I pulled, yet I do not

Tear.

I merely sway from side to side,

Having to choose what force to submit to.

Sexual temptation hypnotizes me

With its bodily pleasures.

Its wondrous mysteries allure me,

Offering so many promises.

But the Lord's voice blares against it,

His commands ring loud in my mind.

I cannot ignore His voice as He cuts

through the temptations.

Yet, why do the temptations still

Have so much power?

Why must they sound as loud as the Lord?

Lord, I know your commands, and I hear

Your convicting words, but I am still

caught between You and my desires.

I am forever locked between the two's

Pulls, unable to step onto one side.

Boston Kelley

Like Sheep

My God, I have gone so far.
Oh, look at how far I've wandered!
I once was so close to you,
I was enveloped in Your Presence,
But now I stand on the opposite
End of the canyon.

Like sheep, we all have gone astray.
We've all wandered from the truth,
Taking pleasure in immoral things.
Willingly, I have walked away from You.
I have ignored Your voice and disregarded
Your commands.

When one sheep wanders off,
You leave the ninety-nine and
Chase after it.
Yet, as you chase me, the further
I wander away.

How can I find my way back to you?
How can I turn back to you and
Away from my wicked ways?
How do I come back to you
When these temptations
Seem so sweet?

Boston Kelley

Why Can't I See Her?

When I met her, I found joy incomparable.
She was a light to my dark world.
I experienced a happiness that I had not
Known in a long time.

She is my beloved,
I am glad to call her my own.
Yet she is silent much of the days.
I wait for her response,
And I am left in agony.

Each moment she is silent,
I am in anguish.
Every second that I cannot see her
Torments me.
Grief unmeasurable consumes me
Like a flood that washes over the land.

An insomniac, she is, someone who does
Not rest consistently.
She is awake spontaneously
Leaving me to speculate when I can
Converse with her.

Why must I be so obsessive?
Where else can this obsession go?
It is all directed at her
Like a massive army converging on its target.

I am struck with love and grief.
Obsession has given them each other's hand
In marriage.
What hope do I have to cull my desire to be
Near her?
What could I do?

Boston Kelley

Petrarch

O, Petrarch! How great is your work!
How marvelous are your verses!
Your sonnets fill my heart with joy,
I swell with glee.
Your talent knows no equal,
Who can hope to rival your skill?
I see your poems and am bursting with
Delight, I read your canzones,
And adore your penmanship.
I can find no other to compete with
Your ability.
You remain unchallenged in your poetry.
Let your writings be remembered
For all generations to come,
So we may adore the beauty of your verses.

Boston Kelley



PoemHunter.com

Thoughts Of Her

As I think of her time moves like a snail.
When I don't think of her,
I am in agony.
I desire to converse with her,
But she is so quiet at times.
I long for those lengthy talks
I obtain much pleasure from.
Why must I wait so long on her?
It fills me with so much grief.

Boston Kelley



PoemHunter.com

Ode To The Rising Sun

O Rising Sun! How you herald the new dawn!
You signal your arrival,
With a colorful stream of red, orange, and yellow.
You bring forth a new day, new opportunities.
Who could be sad to see you ascend into the sky?
How could anyone be full of despair,
To observe your paintwork in the sky?
You give us a chance for change.
As you come, we can step away from our past.
You give definition to new,
As you change the twinkling, black sky,
To a peaceful, baby blue.
Let us cherish each day that you bring,
For we are not promised you will always come.
Do not dread the rising sun,
Instead, thank it for giving us another day.
Rejoice in the new day given to us!

Boston Kelley



PoemHunter.com

My God, Where Are You?

Where has my love for you gone, my God?
My zeal and passion that once burned so bright
Has been extinguished.

I once enjoyed reading Your Word,
Prayer was my greatest delight.
I could not get enough of you,
Your Love was better than anything.

Now, I feel so far from You,
Despite how close You reside to me.
Through prayer and meditation, I reach out,
Grabbing onto whatever I can touch,
But, soon after, my grip loosens,
And I fall away.

Like a mountain climber, I climb the rocky cliff,
Eager to get close to you,
I reach the top rock with one hand holding on to it,
But when temptation and hardships come,
Like a mighty wind, they loosen my hand's grip,
And I am sent tumbling to the ground.

Boston Kelley

The Love Of My Life?

She is my beloved, the one I treasure most.
I long to near to be her, to never leave her side.
All my days I want to spend with her.
There is no one to contest with her.

But why do I feel this doubt?
Why am I questioning my love for her?
I know how I want to hold her to comfort her,
Loving her with everything I have.

Doubt continues to rise in my mind
Like the ocean waves that gradually get bigger.
I question my emotions
As if I am my own interrogator.

She asks to do things that blow me down.
Her requests seem to defy my morals.
Despite how they defy, they are so tempting.
I cannot help but want to give in.

I ponder if she is suitable for me,
If she deserves to be called my beloved.
She is so sweet and respectful toward me,
But desires things to do things with me
That goes out of my standards.

Does she deserve to be called my beloved,
Or deserve to be cast out of my life?

Boston Kelley

Obsession

All-day long I think about her.
Almost all my thoughts are focused on her.
I cannot turn away from her,
For my heart is attached to her.

I desire to focus on other things,
To put my energy into something else.
But my thoughts always go back to her.
All my emotions go back to my love for her.

Infatuation has a grip on me,
One that appears to be unbreakable.
I try to lose myself in other things,
But my focus is failing.

Why must I be so infatuated?
It fills me with wonder and awe of her,
But steals away my time.
I cannot escape it.

Boston Kelley

Relentless, Wasted Pursuit

I look at her and admire her beauty.
I gaze upon her and my heart melts.
My heart starts racing,
Drumming faster with each minute.
My whole body shakes
As my mind races with unimaginable speed.

I approach her yet she turns me away.
To her, I am less than nothing.
I am less than worthless garbage.
Yet I still pursue her
Hoping she will love me.

Why must I chase after her?
What benefits come with such a waste of time?
She rejects me more than I can handle
But I still long for her.
In any way, I relentlessly chase after her.

Her beauty is now a scar on my heart.
Any similar type of beauty brings me pain.
If I gaze upon a beautiful woman,
I think of her.
If I meet a woman of high status,
I cannot help but feel so inferior.

It is clear these women have no place in my life.
Yet why do I chase after them
As if I couldn't live without them?
Why must I feel such a strong attraction to them?

Boston Kelley

She Has My Heart

Who am I to say I am worthy of love?
How can I say I will find someone?
All of us have met that one
Who we think completes us.
For each of us, there is one
Person who matches us.

There stands my beloved,
A bringer of joy to my dark world.
Like the radiant sun, she is
More beautiful than anything.
I long to be near her,
To never leave her side.

My mind thinks all day about her.
My thoughts cannot turn away from her.
All of my time I desire to spend with her.
How could I not want to be
Near someone so sweet and desirable?

Kiss me, to turn this pain away.
Kiss me, to turn my grief into joy.
I feel so far away from you,
Despite how near my heart feels to you.

You have taken my heart
And showered it with love.
My mind belongs to you
As you race through it all day long.

I seem to obsess over you
Never desiring to stop thinking of you.
All of my days I wish to spend with you.
Every waking moment I want
To be near you.

Boston Kelley

Am I Missing Out?

I look around me to see my peers
I compare my time with theirs
Mine seems so little
While theirs seems so vast

College presents many complications
Time management is an essential skill
You either are too busy or too free
There is hardly a middle ground
Me? I feel too busy

Work and school dominate my schedule
I feel as though I am moving to and fro
Without any hope for a break
Free time has become a rarity more than ever

I cannot help but break as I look at my peers
I see the fun they have
And break into a million pieces
Why must I work so much
While they get to have so much fun?

I know others have jobs as well
Yet they are school jobs
That do not take up so much time
Their schedule revolves around school events
While mine is not dependent on school

So badly I want to quit my job
But I know I have bills to pay
I could work the minimum number of hours needed
Yet I would be without a little extra money

What can I do?
What other options do I have?
What could be better or worse than
My current busy schedule?

Find someone busier than I

And I might cheer up
Or find a way for me to earn money
Without having to work so much

Boston Kelley

God's Green Earth

We live on this beautiful blue marble called "Earth";
Given to us by the Creator.
From its green, lush grasslands
To sparkling, blue oceans,
From white, twinkling mountaintops
To the mysterious depths of the sea,
From the white, sandy beaches
To the green, peaceful forests,
All can see what the Lord has made.

His creativity is on for all to see.
The whole earth He has filled with beauty.
Stand in awe of what He has done
For what He has made is good.

He spoke it into existence,
Placing much thought into each part.
And at the end of His work
He saw that it was good.

But, alas, how have we treated His gift?
Trash litters the grasslands,
Spilled drinks and oil soak into the ground
And pollute the seas,
The delightful atmosphere is now damaged
By factories that breathe gases into the air,
Landfills and dumps fill the air
With an abominable stench,
Even our efforts to recycle have not fully
Solved the growing amount of garbage.

Imagine how beautiful the earth was before
When it was first created by the Lord.
Picture walking in fields not contaminated
By aluminum cans and styrofoam cups,
Swimming in oceans free of chemicals
And sticky, bubbly oil,
Strolling on beaches without six-pack yokes,
And forests that once boasted of many trees.

Look forward to the day when this earth will be gone
And the new heaven and earth will come.
For it will be a world without our carelessness,
And free from all damage.

Respect what the Lord has made
And admire His creation.
For we have been given a gift
Crafted by the Creator's hands.

Boston Kelley

Distractions

Lord, you want our sole focus to be on you.
Our minds should not be on things on earth
But on things of heaven.
You want us to love you with our whole being,
To pursue You wholeheartedly.

But, in our busy world, how can it be done?
So much of our lives demand our attention
That we put You in the back of our minds
Or neglect You completely

O Lord, I want more than anything to be near to You!
I desire to walk in Your Ways and be close to You
However, my days are filled with busyness
My hours demand attention that cannot be fixed on You

Help me to stay aware of You
Let my mind think great thoughts of You
So I do not forget You
Walking with You is more pleasurable than anything
That I have encountered
Experiencing spiritual growth has led me
On to the right path

Jobs, education, our personal life present
Distractions we cannot evade
How can we hope to live a life
That is fully devoted to you?

No matter what comes, no matter what we face
Help us, Lord, to stay focused on You

Boston Kelley

No Rival To Poetry

What can I say about poetry?
Who could discuss its meaning and variety?
How could anyone describe its various
styles and uses by famous poets and poetesses?
It cannot be equaled in expression and beauty.

Poetry lets loose the author's emotions
All creativity can flow through one verse
Imagination is given form in one stanza
And the heart is opened through the poet's words.

There is no greater pleasure than to indulge
in poetry.
It cannot be equaled in any other
literary device.
Its variousness of structure and style is so
Wonderfully complex.
How could prose measure up to it?

What greater form of literature could hope
to challenge the wonderful art of poetry?

Boston Kelley

Desire For Isolation

Sadness fills my heart
Grief overwhelms my mind
Melancholy is all I seem to know
And yet I have endured this pain.

Social interaction is the last of my desires
I cannot be in the company of others
For my heart is cracked and punctured
And the slightest attempt for someone to
be in my company, would shatter it completely.

I cannot remain in the open, no I must
Find the deepest crevice possible, the darkest
Most remote cave and hide from others.
I must be alone and let my emotions pass
So I can enjoy the company of others.

Boston Kelley



PoemHunter.com

What Has The Internet Become?

The worldwide web is a great achievement
For it is a pinnacle of human technology,
A means of communication and information,
But, alas, our own wickedness has leaked onto it.

People use it for various heinous acts,
exercising their evil over others from a distance.
All sorts of abuse reign in the digital world
As people hide behind their screens.

Obscenity and vulgarity stand as royalty
In the world.
Lewdness and indecency have found their place
In a realm where it can go unpunished.

Deception is easily fallen for
Through fake love and false romance.

I ask, when did such a great thing become a perversion?
How could humanity do so much cruelty through technology?
Immorality has established itself as king
In the digital kingdom.
Hatred, perversity, and ambition act as
its servants.
Like an army that destroys and conquers everything
In its path, they sweep from one phone, computer,
Laptop to another, taking control of whoever owns it.

Fortunes are lost as people are deceived,
love is feigned to support another person's goals,
mockery is used to tear down,
And vulgarity is regarded as a pleasant thing.

The Internet continues to remain
As a vessel for evil.

Boston Kelley

One-Sided Admiration

She is like a heavenly vision
Too beautiful to gaze upon
When I look at her I am entranced
Like the glory of God
She is too beautiful to behold

I long to be her beloved
To be the admiration of her heart
But, alas, I am but a peasant to her
I am nothing

I desire to be the center of her thoughts
But I am the last thing she thinks about
I could declare love greater than any man has
And she still would reject me

She has my heart and won't let go
Yet I wish she could express the same admiration
Likewise, I must escape my romantic emotions
I must repress all passionate desires
For the pain of love is too great

Boston Kelley

Wild Confusion

Why is my mind so torn?

I am tossed about like the waves

One thought after another hammering away at me

I cannot think straight

My heart is this way and that

I cannot know what it is I'm feeling

Confusion dominates my thinking

It has seized me with relentless power

And an unbreakable grip

It arouses my emotions into a raging storm

Anger and uncertainty give it power

Contemplation brings it to a still

Oh my mind, center your thoughts

Let the wild storm of emotions be brought to a still

Let my joy and peace be restored

So I may not be so conflicted

Restore me to how I was before

So I can be happy once again

Boston Kelley