

Poetry Series

Christen Kuikoua

- poems -



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Christen Kuikoua()

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Who Is Like You Oh Lord In All The Earth

Who is like You, O Lord, in all the earth?

He who breathes galaxies as easily as men exhale,
He who paints the sky with colors no eye has named
And yet stoops low to cradle the sparrow in His hand.

Who is like the One who carved mountains with a whisper,
Yet stitched lilies with more care than kings stitch robes?
The heavens are Your curtain, the stars Your scattered jewels,
And the earth Your humble footstool kissed by glory.

You told light to walk, and it ran.
You commanded night to fall, and it bowed.
The sun obeys Your schedule, the moon reflects Your poetry,
And time itself waits at the door of Your will.

Who is like You, who sits on eternity yet walks in my dust?
You shaped my lungs with Your breath,
Wove my soul with threads of thunder and mercy,
And called me good when I was still but dust and longing.

The trees clap their hands at Your arrival,
The oceans hush to hear Your whisper.
Even silence sings when You pass by!
Creation is drunk with awe,
and I drown in the flood of Your wonder.

Who made fruit taste sweet and thorns grow with purpose?
Who made deserts bloom and bones rise from valleys?
You turn graves into gardens, ashes into beauty,
And a sinner like me into a psalm of grace.

The earth is not just Yours it is You, reflected.
Every breeze is a kiss of Your Spirit,
Every thunder is a roar of Your justice,
And every heartbeat mine included is a drumbeat of Your presence.

So I cry: Who is like You, O Lord?
Not in heaven, not in earth, not in time, nor in eternity.
You are unsearchable yet near, invisible yet seen.

You are paradox wrapped in love, glory wrapped in dust.

Blessed are You, Most High

My Maker, my Music, my Morning Star.

Let all I am burn to tell of who You are.

For even if I had a thousand tongues, they'd all fall short.

Still, I will sing.

Saying who is like you oh lord in all the earth

and the heavens above

Christen Kuikoua

Heaven Has A Dress Code And You're Out Of Order

Woman, listen. I'm not here to condemn you.

I'm here to wake you up.

Because hell is not a theory.

And heaven is not a fairytale.

It's real and many women you see in church every Sunday...
will not make it.

Yes you love God.

Yes you go to church.

But God does not measure worship by noise,

He measures it by obedience.

And I have to ask you plainly:

Are you truly living in holiness?

Let's stop sugarcoating it.

Let's talk truth.

Let's go word for word.

The Bible says in 1 Peter 3: 3-4,

"Do not let your beauty come from outward things
like braided hair, gold jewelry, or fine clothes.

Instead, it should come from within

a quiet and gentle spirit that is precious in God's eyes."

But what do we see today?

Women who say they love God

but can't leave makeup, can't leave jewelry,

can't leave the wigs, the tight clothes, the fake nails.

Why? Because the world told you beauty has a new standard.

And you believed it.

But God says, "I created you perfectly."

When you add to His design, you're saying,

"God, You didn't do enough."

Woman, stop altering your body.

No more surgeries. No butt lifts. No breast implants.

No fillers. No bleaching.

Isaiah 45: 9 says:

'Woe to the one who argues with his Maker...

Shall the clay say to the potter,

'What are you making? ' "

You are not your own creation.

You are HIS.

No wigs. No hair coloring. No artificial beauty.

Wigs are spiritually dangerous.

Many don't know — they carry spirits.

Do you want to look pretty, or do you want to make heaven?

No revealing clothes.

No transparent dresses. No cleavage. No tight skirts.

You are distracting your brothers and calling it fashion.

But God sees it as a weapon of lust.

And you say, "It's not my fault they lust."

But Matthew 18: 7 says:

"Woe to the one through whom temptation comes."

You say, "God sees my heart."

Yes, He does — and that's the problem.

He sees what man can't.

No pants.

Deuteronomy 22: 5 says:

"A woman shall not wear what pertains to a man."

Pants were not made for women.

We adopted the world's culture and ignored God's Word.

No tattoos.

No piercings. No earrings. No nose rings.

Leviticus 19: 28:

"Do not cut your bodies or put tattoo marks on yourselves. I am the Lord."

Why do you mark what God made holy?

No abortion.

Don't kill what you created in pleasure.

You say you're not ready for a baby,

Then why do what is meant only for marriage?

Life is sacred.

God hates the shedding of innocent blood (Proverbs 6: 17) .

Married women, submit to your husbands.

Stop fighting to be the head that is not your role.

Ephesians 5: 22:

"Wives, submit to your husbands as unto the Lord."

You were called to build your home, not destroy it with pride.

Single women stop playing games.

Today you love him, tomorrow you don't.

You chase feelings, not God.

And you wonder why your spirit feels dry.

Learn to love God before you love a man.

Stop chasing marriage like it's salvation.

Salvation comes from Christ, not from a wedding ring.

Enjoy your single season.

Use it to build discipline, character, and holiness.

That's what prepares you for real love God's kind of love.

No women pastors.

You can lead, you can teach, you can pray.

But pastoral authority was never given to women.

1 Timothy 2: 12 says:

"I do not permit a woman to teach or to assume authority over a man."

This is not about ability — it's about order.

Protect your body. It is the temple of the Holy Spirit.

No condoms. No tampons designed by the enemy.

No secret sins in the name of comfort.

Everything is spiritual.

Even your personal care can be defiled.

Holiness is not an option. It is a requirement.

Hebrews 12: 14:

"Without holiness, no one will see the Lord."

Not your pastor's holiness.

Not your mother's prayers.

Yours.

So yes this message is a lot.

It's hard.

But heaven is worth it.

And nothing unclean will enter in (Revelation 21: 27) .

So repent. Turn back. Clean house.

Throw away the idols.

Tear the wigs off. Wash the makeup off.

Throw away the fake nails, the pants, the piercings.

Get back to your knees. Cry out.

Live holy for real.

Because one day, it will be too late.

And your church attendance won't save you.

Your songs won't save you.

Your intentions won't save you.

Only obedience.

And as you walk this road the narrow, unpopular, lonely road

May my God give you strength to withstand.

May He keep you.

May He strip you down to truth and clothe you in grace.

And may you hear on that day,

"Well done, faithful daughter."

Amen.

Christen Kuikoua

The Me, Myself And I God Must Die

You who worship yourself,
listen carefully.
I won't shout.
I don't have to.
Truth cuts deeper when it's whispered.

You raise your hands high,
but not to the God who made you.
You worship the mirror.
You exalt dust.
You crown yourself king over a kingdom made of ashes.

You pray, but only for yourself.
You sing, but only about yourself.
You preach, but only to glorify yourself.
And God the Host of Heaven watches,
silent.
Waiting.

You believe you are something.
But you are a breath He can call back at any moment.
You are dust, arranged for a time,
and soon the dust will claim you again.

You adore a body already sentenced to rot.
You chase a name that the worms will forget.
You build towers of pride,
but one breath from His mouth
and you will crumble into nothing.

Repent.
Before your Me God drags you screaming into the grave.
Repent.
Before the breath you boast in is ripped from your lungs.
Repent.
Before you wake up in eternity and find you were the fool all along.

There is only one throne,
and it does not belong to you.

There is only one King,
and He will not share His glory.

Tear down your altars.
Burn your idols.
Crush the Me God under your feet
or be crushed with it when the day of reckoning comes.

He who exalts himself will be brought low.
But he who humbles himself before the Living God,
he will live.

The time is short.
Choose wisely, my friend.

Amen.

Christen Kuikoua

The Addiction Nobody Sees

It's a warning.
If I perish, I perish
But I will not shut up.

Lust is not love.
Porn is not harmless.
Masturbation is not a phase.
I lived it
Not 'cause I was raised wrong,
But because sin crept in through a simple ad at twelve.
Yeah, twelve.

One click, and my innocence died behind a glowing screen.
Don't tell me this is normal.
Normal ain't being twelve
And seeing sex like it's a cartoon.

Normal ain't being a kid
And getting aroused by strangers online.
Normal ain't hiding in your room
Playing with yourself to videos
While your soul begs for help.

I became addicted.
Sining against myself felt like power
But it was the deepest kind of slavery.
And no one knew.
Not my parents.
Not my church.
Not my school.

Because everyone's too scared to speak.
Too scared to say the words:
Masturbation.
Pornography.
Addiction.
Shame.

But I'm not scared anymore.

I remember the first time I crossed a line.
I played a game that should've never been played.
Yeah.
And I did something I should've never done.

Not because I'm wicked
But because I was already deep in a pit
That I didn't know how to climb out of.

That's what lust does.
It doesn't just tempt you
It trains you.
It grooms you to be numb.
Numb to sin.
Numb to shame.
Numb to God.

I couldn't pray.
I couldn't worship.
Because how do you raise hands
You've used to defile yourself?

Don't talk to me about self-control
If you've never cried in your bed
After trying to quit for the 50th time.
Don't tell me "it's just a phase"
If you've never looked at yourself in the mirror
And hated what you became.

And don't you dare say,
"Everybody watches porn."
Because that's the problem.

This generation is overdosing on pleasure
And starving for purpose.
Sex is everywhere
On TikTok, on Netflix, in ads, in schools.

It's pushed like candy
But nobody talks about the cancer.
Women turn their bodies into brands.
Teen girls trade dignity for attention.

Boys are praised for lust, not purity.

And those who dare to stay clean?

They're mocked.

They're "old-fashioned."

America, wake up.

You've become Babylon in high heels,

Drunk off porn,

Calling perversion "freedom"

And modesty "oppression."

Governments fund the poison.

Churches avoid the topic.

And parents give kids phones with zero boundaries

And call it "love."

But here I am

One of the ones who got caught early.

But praise be to God,

I didn't die there.

He met me in my mess.

He pulled me out of the pit.

Not with therapy.

Not with filters.

But with fire and truth and grace that burns.

I don't speak to impress.

I speak to deliver.

Because somebody out there is where I was:

Ashamed, addicted, crying, pretending.

And they need to know

There is freedom.

I won't shut up.

I won't water this down.

Porn kills.

Masturbation enslaves.

Lust destroys.

But Jesus breaks chains.

So no, I'm not afraid.
If they block me, let them.
If they cancel me, so be it.
If I perish, I perish.

But as long as I breathe,
I'll burn with truth.

This generation doesn't need more influencers.
It needs intercessors.
It needs prophets.
It needs warriors
Who bleed and still roar.

I was once bound.
Now I'm free.
And I won't stop
Until the chains that once held me
Become the swords I use
To break others free.

Let this be the sound of REVIVAL.

Christen Kuikoua

The Verdict Of Truth

This is me. And this is truth.
I'm not speaking from a pedestal
I'm speaking from the battlefield.
This is not a performance. This is a plea.
To you. And to myself.

Let's stop lying to ourselves.
You can't be halfway in and halfway out.
One foot in church, one foot in sin.
It doesn't work. It never did.

You can't raise your hands in worship
and then use those same hands to entertain the darkness.
You can't sing "Holy Spirit, You are welcome here"
And then play music that pushes Him out.

You can't fake fire and call it faith.
Stop showing up to worship nights and revival events
just to go back to the same chains you swore to leave behind.
You think the enemy cares that you showed up?
He only gets nervous when you change.

Let's be real...
The devil doesn't mind you wearing the Christian merch,
posting the Bible verse,
Or the famous am a christian on social media bio
crying during that one bridge in the worship set
As long as you never repent. As long as you never turn.
You will Have him Behind your Back Cling

I know this hurts.
It's supposed to.
Because truth doesn't coddle it confronts.
It rips the blindfold. It shakes the sleep.
It makes your excuses uncomfortable.

But hear me...
I'm not judging you.
For I am you.

I've been the one in both worlds.
I've sung to God and still flirted with sin.
I've praised with my lips and ignored Him with my life.
I've cried in the presence and ran back to what broke me.
And every time, I felt that pit, the ache, the guilt, the silence.

But God never gave up on me.
And He's not giving up on you either.
That's why you're hearing this right now.

He's calling you.
Not to perform. Not to pretend.
But to come home.

The party's not worth it.
The fake friends, the distractions, the secret sin
it's not worth your soul.
It numbs you now, but it'll break you later.
And God wants to heal you now.

So come back.
For real.
Fall on your face.
Cry if you need to.
Scream if you have to.
But don't stay silent in your sin.

This generation needs raw truth.
Not watered down. Not made cute.
Truth that saves. Truth that breaks chains.³
Truth that brings dead hearts back to life.

“Return to Me with all your heart, with fasting, weeping and mourning.”— Joel 2: 12

That's the verse. That's the call.
I speak not because I'm clean, but because I'm being cleansed.
I speak because if He didn't reach me when He did, I wouldn't be alive to speak.

So yeah, it's hard.
But hard doesn't mean impossible.
Repentance is still possible.

Holiness is still possible.

Freedom is still possible.

With the help of the holy spirit

And I'm praying for you, and for me

That we turn now, before it's too late.

That we drop the phone, the mask, the sin and finally run home

To our loving father

Christen Kuikoua

A Love Surrendered To Him

Lord, You see my heart.
You know it better than I do.
You know the prayers I can't even put into words,
The longings I don't fully understand,
The love I feel but don't know where to place.

If it is Your will, if it is part of Your plan,
Let me love her as You have called me to love.
Not with fleeting passion, not with shallow emotion,
But with a love that mirrors Yours
Steadfast, selfless, pure.

If I am ever to be her man,
Let me be more than just someone who stands beside her.
Make me a man who kneels for her in prayer,
Who leads with humility,
Who protects not just her heart, but her soul.

Let me be the kind of love that draws her closer to You,
That reminds her, in every moment,
That she is deeply known, cherished, and chosen
First by You, then by me.

I do not ask for love that is easy,
But love that is true.
Love that endures the storms,
That grows through every trial,
That finds its strength not in me, not in her,
But in You.

Let me be the man who speaks life into her when she doubts,
Who lifts her up when she is weary,
Who sees her not just for her beauty,
But for her heart, her faith, her purpose.

Let me love her as Christ loves the Church
Sacrificially, patiently, with a love that does not break.

And Lord, if this love is not part of Your plan for me,

If she is not the one You have written in my story,
Then let me love her still
By praying for her, by honoring her,
By rejoicing in the woman You are shaping her to be.

Let me never hold onto her tighter than I hold onto You.
Because before she is anyone's, she is Yours.
And before I am anyone's, I am Yours.

So I leave this love in Your hands,
Knowing that You write stories
Far greater than I ever could.

Amen.

Christen Kuikoua

A Heart Set Ablaze

I love You, Lord.

Let my heart burn for You, let my soul cling to You.

May I love You with all that I am, with nothing held back.

Let no logic, no argument, no worldly wisdom steal me away.

God, may I never be too smart for my own salvation,

never too wise to be blind,

never too proud to forget that without You, I am nothing.

Make me a man after Your own heart.

Let those who see me, see Christ.

Not for my glory, but that all might glorify You.

Tame my tongue, Lord.

Let no hatred spill from my lips, no judgment take root in my words.

Fill my mouth with love, that my speech may bless,

that my voice may heal and not wound.

Lord, don't leave me.

Not till I look like You.

Not till I love like You.

Not till I walk like You.

Not till I breathe You in every moment.

Teach me to obey without resistance,

to follow without question,

to love You more than my own understanding.

Strip me of hypocrisy,

separate me from empty pursuits.

Let me not chase what fades,

let me not crave what rots.

Cut off every friendship that pulls me from You.

Tear me away from anything that leads me to ruin.

Make me stand firm, Lord.

Let me not be shaken.

Let me not be deceived.

Let me not fall.

Teach me to resist,

to war against temptation,

to fight for my soul.
Preserve me, O God, from the pit,
keep me from the path of the damned.

I love You, Lord—
now, today, and forever.

Christen Kuikoua

God Is Great

God is Great

When I breathe, I see God is great.

When I laugh, I see God is great.

When my heart is broken, still, God remains great.

In my depression, in my despair, God is still great.

When I am a slave to my own anxiety, God is still great.

In my failures, when the world calls me lost, God remains great.

Even every tear that falls from my eyes is proof

God is great.

So, yes, I am here, and I testify God is great.

For all my life, whether great or grim,

God was and is great.

When love falters and trust is betrayed,

When whispers turn to daggers, cutting my name,

When hands once warm now push me away,

Still, God remains great.

When sin clings to my soul like chains,

When guilt and shame call me by name,

When I fall a thousand times again,

Still, God remains great.

When the world mocks me, laughing loud,

Calling me foolish for standing proud,

When they say my faith is just a cloud,

Still, God remains great.

For even in darkness, His light still shines,

Even in silence, His voice is mine.

No matter what may come my way,

One truth remains God is great.

Christen Kuikoua

Eighteen Years

Eighteen years ago, I was cradled in my mother's womb.
Eighteen years ago, God whispered me into existence.
He saw me before the world did.
He knew me before I knew myself.

Seventeen years came and went
Some good, some hard, some unbearable.
Yet, here I stand, one more year added,
Not because I willed it, but because He did.

Some say, "I made it another year."
But no—God carried me here.
His grace held me when I couldn't hold myself.
His mercy spoke when I had no words.

So today, God, I thank You.
For every face You placed in my life,
For the ones who stayed, the ones who left,
For love. For lessons. For laughter. For her. Oh, her.
For grace that covers me even when I don't deserve it.

You see my struggles.
I don't hide them I lay them at Your feet.
Because every battle I've overcome
Is just another reminder of how deep Your love runs.

You know my heart, the weight it carries,
The dreams, the fears, the silent prayers.
And still, You've given me 18 years.

I own nothing. I deserve nothing.
But You, You are my everything.
And for that, I will never stop thanking You.

Christen Kuikoua

A Cry Against Indecency

Oh, indecency what ruin you have sown!
Once, this world trembled before the Almighty,
once, men and women clothed themselves in honor,
but now, nakedness is the new beauty,
Extravagant is their new god
and shame parades without restraint.

A battle rages man against woman, woman against man,
not for righteousness, not for truth,
but for dominance in a game already lost to sin.

The music of our downfall hums in the streets,
where demons hum the chorus of our very destruction.
perversion is called 'art,' and holiness is mocked.

You came in a mask, deceit wrapped in silk and gold
they call it fashion, God calls it abomination.

In the name of music, we pervert our minds with worldly tunes
In the name of trends, we strip our souls bare.
Skirts, keep getting shorter, Wigs, Strings that barely cling,
breasts laid out as decorations, lashes
pants hanging low, ripped jeans, baggy clothes
Is it beauty, or is it bondage?
For God calls it abomination

How have we become so blind?
Women, have you not heard?
'Do not be a stumbling block to your brother.'
Yet you unveil yourselves to tempt,
to draw eyes, to incite lust
but he who looks and desires U,
has already sinned with you.

Women, you crown yourselves in gold,
adorning your necks, your ears, nose, your fingers,
as though Jezebel were your queen.
As though darkness and light have fellowship.
Jewelry, makeup, the painting of the flesh—

do you not know? The Lord is your Maker!
Yet you say, Let me alter His design,
let me please the eyes of men instead.

And Men, have you no honor?
Sagging your dignity below your knees,
You walk shirtless, muscles exposed,
as though your body were an idol to be worshipped.
lost in a cycle of rebellion mistaken for freedom.

For pride sake, you strip yourselves,
turning your flesh into a snare.
Cover yourselves, for God is watching!

In the name of fashion, nudity is praised.
Girls, stripping bare, selling their bodies to the gaze,
men devouring them with eyes that burn—
but tell me, when did shame become confidence?
When did modesty become outdated?

'He who looks at a woman with lust
has already committed adultery in his heart.'
Yet we dress to tempt, and call it empowerment.
sin is called normal, and purity is called foolish.

In the name of celebrities, we mimic demons.
Demonic styles, painted faces, occult symbols—
we tattoo our flesh with curses,
We worship the things that will soon perish.
We alter our bodies and question God,
'Why did You make me this way? '
Oh, the audacity! Oh, the rebellion!

Even I, I confess
was caught in the chains of vanity,
worshiping the gold around my neck,
not knowing I was binding my own destiny.

In the name of music, we defile ourselves.
In the name of quick money, pornography thrives.
In the name of entertainment, holiness is mocked.
And now, the church that once preached righteousness

has become like the world it was commanded to save.

Repent! Repent! Repent before it is too late!

Before the fire consumes, before the judgment falls!

Oh sisters, oh mothers, oh brothers and fathers return!

Before the gates are shut, before mercy fades,

before the truth you called a legend becomes the fire licking at your heels.

REPENT!

For this is no myth—this is truth!

Christen Kuikoua

When Man Defies God

They tell me I can be whatever I choose—
That a man can become a woman,
That flesh can defy the hands of its Maker,
That truth is no longer truth but mere opinion.
Lies! Deception! Blasphemy!
Has the creation risen above the Creator?
Shall the clay rebuke the Potter,
Claiming He has made a mistake?
Oh, foolish generation, drowning in pride,
You shake your fists at heaven,
You mock the divine order,
You call good evil and evil good!
You corrupt the air with confusion,
You trample the sacred covenant of marriage,
You spit upon the wisdom of the Almighty
And call it enlightenment!
But hear this: God is not mocked!
His Word stands unshaken,
His law is eternal,
His judgment is sure.
Do you not tremble before Him?
Do you not fear the One who holds your breath?
You drink from the cup of rebellion,
And judgment waits at the door!
But still, His mercy calls
Turn back before the fire falls!
Repent before the wrath descends!
For He who made man and woman
Has called it good and will not be silenced!
Glory to the Most High
The Alpha, the Omega,
The Righteous one who was, who is, and who is to come!

Christen Kuikoua

America The Great Has Fallen

Oh America The Great, What Happened?

You were the land of the free, the home of the brave,
But now you are the kingdom of the lost, the empire of the depraved.
A nation built on righteousness, now swallowed by darkness.
Your streets bleed with the cries of the innocent,
Your towers rise on the graves of morality,
And your people bow—not to God, but to greed, to perversion, to chaos.

Oh America The Great, What Happened?

You butcher the unborn in clinics called sanctuaries,
Ripping them apart limb by limb,
Drowning your hands in the blood of the helpless,
And you call it a right? You call it progress?
How long before the earth spits you out for your crimes?
How long before heaven roars with vengeance?

Oh America The Great, What Happened?

Your children have become devils, raised by glowing screens,
Nurtured on filth, schooled in rebellion.
You mock discipline, you silence morality,
And now your streets run crimson with the fruits of your neglect.
Murderers, thieves, rapists—this is your legacy.
This is the generation you have birthed.

Oh America The Great, What Happened?

Your leaders, soulless merchants of deception,
Stand on high towers built from the broken bones of the people.
They feast while the nation starves,
They sell lies as truth, filth as culture, slavery as freedom.
They are the puppets of darkness, the architects of your fall.
And still, the people kiss their feet.

Oh America The Great, What Happened?

You exalt lust as the new gospel,
Stripping dignity from your daughters,
Turning your sons into ravenous beasts.
Nudity is your art, perversion your entertainment,
Sin, your currency, corruption, your anthem.
And you wonder why marriages crumble?

Why families shatter like glass beneath an iron heel?

Oh America The Once Great, What Happened?

Your pulpits have become brothels of deception,

Your preachers, merchants of false hope.

They sell blessings like trinkets, turn salvation into a transaction.

The wolves wear robes, and the sheep are blind.

God's house is a marketplace of greed,

And heaven is silent at your disgrace.

Oh America The Great, What Happened?

Your media spews poison like an unholy scripture,

Flooding minds with filth, normalizing perversion.

Pornography is your doctrine, violence your liturgy.

And you wonder why purity is mocked?

Why virtue is obsolete?

Why love is nothing but a transaction?

Oh America The Once Great, What Happened?

I am young, but my eyes are open.

I see the rot, the disease festering beneath your golden illusion.

I see a nation gasping for righteousness,

While the wicked dance on its dying breath.

I do not fear the government, for God breathed you the very throne you sit upon—I fear the people.

I fear their choices, their blindness, their willful corruption.

I fear because wrong is worshipped,

And righteousness is executed.

I fear because I ask myself—

Will I want my child to bow to this depravity?

To kneel before false gods, before wicked rulers, just to survive?

Or will I watch my child stand alone, unyielding, while the world jeers?

Oh America The Great, You Have Fallen.

You are not at the edge—you are in freefall.

Rise before the fire devours you.

Repent before judgment crashes upon you.

Because it will come, and when it does,

No army, no law, no king will stand before its wrath.

Me, you, and all who have ears to hear—

Let's make America righteous, pure, godly again.
Because believe me, no one wants to drink
From the overflowing cup of God's fury.

Christen Kuikoua

The Day I Saw Death, And It Smiled At Me

That day, as though yesterday it lingers,
The school bell rang, yet sickness clutched my fingers.
From nowhere it struck, with a pressure so deep,
My body faltered, as if yearning for sleep.

"It's a sickness like every other," I thought,
So I bathed, dressed, and the next morning fought.
Yet by the first class, my strength ebbed away,
To the nurse I staggered, hoping she'd delay
This strange shadow that loomed over my frame,
A silent thief, whispering my name.

At home, I shook with a heat so fierce,
Yet cold as ice, as death's gaze pierced.
My mother rushed, her hands gentle yet firm,
With food and medicine to break the germ.
But deeper than weakness, a battle took hold—
A war for my spirit, more precious than gold.

I remembered Grandma's wise decree:
'Your mouth holds the power—life's decree or plea.
Declare and proclaim, for life is your choice;
Silence the lies with a faith-filled voice.'
So I declared, proclaimed, and cried,
Yet within, a voice of despair replied.

It wasn't the devil—it was me,
Replaying my faults like a sad symphony.
Guilt and sin, a heavy chain,
Would grace still find me through the pain?
'If I die, ' I thought, 'will I stand in grace?
Before Christ's throne, can I show my face? '

Terror wrapped me like icy chains,
But in that weakness, I called His name.
I prayed and pleaded, my voice raw and loud,
No prayer before had reached this cloud.
Through tears, I laid my heart bare,
And in that moment, felt God's care.

Two days I lay with reflections deep,
The weight of my failures stealing sleep.
How far I'd strayed from God's design,
Bound by lust, my spirit resigned.
Yet still, a spark ignited anew,
A desire to honor what is holy and true.

A pastor came, his words like balm,
"Sometimes sickness speaks—it's God's calm.
He shows us how frail we are without His might,
How darkness thrives without His light."
Humbled, I vowed to walk His way,
To flee from sin, to kneel and pray.

But the cycle returned, the struggle remained,
My spirit resolved, yet my flesh complained.
Still, I declare, "Lord, I'll try my best,
To fight through You, to find my rest."
And though I stumble, I cling to the Word,
For through Christ alone, strength is conferred.

Now, I tell death, as it grins at my face,
"It's not my time—I'm still running the race.
My Lord hasn't yet received all my praise,
So I'll honor Him with my remaining days."

To you, my brothers, hear my cry:
In Christ's strength alone can we defy
The chains of the flesh, the pull of sin.
With prayer and faith, the battle we win.
All glory to God—our hope, our might,
The source of grace, the giver of light.

Christen Kuikoua

My Grateful Heart, Dear Mother

Grateful am I,
For the mother you were, and still remain—
A pillar strong beneath my feet,
Guiding this foolish heart when I stray.
Grateful am I,
For every patient word you've spoken,
Shaping me, a son bettered by your grace.
Grateful am I,
For every dawn you braved the road,
Carrying me toward a future, unafraid.

Each gentle touch, each quiet deed,
A whisper of your steadfast love.
Grateful am I, Mother,
For even the smallest acts you bestowed,
They bloomed in my heart, seeds of care untold.
Know this truth:
Though I fail to say it enough,
My love for you is deeper than the sea.

Before I drew my first breath,
Your love was the very air I breathed.
I love you, Mother,
More than words may show—
You are my world, my endless peace,
The first light that ever graced my soul.

Christen Kuikoua

To My Future Wife

If ever thou didst love me first,
My heart shall pledge in boundless trust.
If thou bestowed upon me armor bright,
I would be thy golden knight.

If ever thou and I didst entwine,
I'd fight for thee with soul divine.
And if in battle I should fall,
I'd skip death's grasp to heed thy call.

If ever two were one, then surely we,
If man were loved by wife, then blessed am I, indeed.
If ever joy in wedded bliss was known,
I trust thou shalt find it in our love alone.

For I prize thy love more than all the world's gold,
Or treasures vast that mortal eyes behold.
If ever vows were made for eternity,
I vow forever, ever, to thee.

Christen Kuikoua

Sonnet 10: Self Worth

If I proclaim my visage fair and true,
Who dares to counter what my lips declare?
If I resist the thoughts that evil brew,
Whose aim it is to strip my pride laid bare?

Who shall oppose the judgment I bestow,
When in my heart such certainty is found?
For I am shaped by hands that grace doth know,
By Heaven's will, in beauty I am crowned.

No fool shall judge the worth that I possess,
For in my gaze, pure confidence resides;
In God's own image, I am formed, no less,
And in His love, no flaw in me abides.

But lo, the world doth cast its scornful eye,
And whispers doubt in tones of dark disdain;
Yet I stand firm, beneath the open sky,
For truth and virtue shall my soul sustain.

With courage bold, I rise against the tide,
And break the chains of every mocking voice;
In strength of spirit, I shall e'er abide,
For in my worth, I make a steadfast choice.

Who dares defy the truth I here proclaim?
For in His sight, I stand without a shame.
Let all who question know, I am but steel,
And none shall shake the faith that I reveal.

Christen Kuikoua

Chasing Dreams From A Humble Beginning

All I wanted was to sing,
Yet singing seemed to run away from me.
But I kept on chasing it,
With every crack, I grew stronger, not ashamed.
I kept pursuing my dream,
And new opportunities always arose.

I was so young,
A young Cameroonian,
Born into humble beginnings.
Some called it bad luck,
I saw it as a learning experience.
For I discovered the beauty of having less,
The resilience in going a day without eating.
It was tough, but I learned,
And I have no regrets.

I didn't always have much,
But my parents taught me
To make the most of what I had.
I dream of singing soulful songs,
Melodies that people will enjoy and relate to,
Songs that align with the Bible—
The first book I treasured without seeking,
A book of wisdom and life.

Some asked, 'Why not perform only gospel songs? '
I replied, 'It's not fear that holds me back,
But a desire to reach a wider audience.
I don't want to be just a Christian singer,
I want to be known as a singer,
A soul gospel genre singer.'

And now, here I am in the US,
Grateful for the opportunity to achieve my goals.
I believe in the power of dreams we create.
Many haven't reached where I am,
But here I stand, determined to do my best,
So my siblings, and perhaps the world,

Can shift from the mindset of 'can't' to
'I made it. I made America proud.
I made Cameroon proud.
I made Asia Proud.
I made Europe proud as well.'

Christen Kuikoua

Before The Beginning Began

Before the dawn of time's first breath,
Before the light of morning's crest,
There was a Presence, pure and grand,
Who shaped the stars with His own hand.

He did not begin where beginnings unfold,
Nor fit within the bounds of old,
For He, the Prime Mover, the Uncaused Cause,
Initiated all with divine laws.

In realms where silence whispered soft,
He spoke the Word, the world aloft,
From void to life, from dark to light,
He crafted day, He fashioned night.

Before the cosmos sang its song,
Before the heavens spun along,
There was a Presence, still and deep,
A watchful eye that does not sleep.

Eternal, timeless, ever true,
He painted skies in shades of blue,
With a love that knows no end,
He called us each to be His friend.

In every heartbeat, every sigh,
In every star that lights the sky,
The echo of His voice remains,
The source of joy, the end of pains.

For God, the Alpha and the Start,
Holds every beat of every heart,
In His grace, we find our place,
In endless love, in boundless space.

Genesis 1: ?, the endless tale,
Where God's beginning does not pale;
He is the source, the start, the one,
From whom all things are born and spun.

Christen Kuikoua

A Father's Day Tribute: To A Father Like My Own

Few words I pen, for today is your day,
A celebration of you, in every way.
Thrilled and happy, my heart does sing,
For your life has been a blessing in everything.

A father you are, steadfast and true,
A husband so loving, through and through.
A godly man, with wisdom to share,
A parent so devoted, beyond compare.

I remember your teachings, I follow them still,
Your words, like treasures, my heart they fill.
I love mothers, they have their own grace,
But today, dear father, you take the place.

Often mothers get the credit, it's true,
But today I honor and celebrate you.
The care in your eyes, though not your child,
Touched my soul and made me smile.

Forever honored, forever blessed,
For the love you've shown, above all the rest.
Happy Father's Day, with all my heart,
From your loving child, never apart.

Christen Kuikoua

Cherished By Mom

In you, dear Mother, my pride resides,
No hate could ever in my heart abide.

Nine months within your loving embrace,
You nurtured me with boundless grace.

You taught me to speak, to write, to stand,
Guided me with a gentle hand.

A part of you, you gave to me,
A bond so strong, for eternity.

Today and always, I honor you,
For all you've done, for all you do.

My love for you will never fade,
In every moment, in every shade.

I am honored to be your child,
With gratitude, my heart compiled.

To the world, I proudly proclaim,
My mother, my joy, my cherished name.

Christen Kuikoua

Choosing Love

I love you, yes, it's true,
Not because I have to,
But because hating takes too much,
And love is what I choose as such.

It's like a warm hug, so nice,
Makes our hearts feel light as ice.
No frowns or anger, just a smile,
Loving each other, mile by mile.

So let's be kind, let's be friends,
Love is what truly mends.
No need for hate, no need for fuss,
Just love, for all of us.

Christen Kuikoua



PoemHunter.com

Whose Fault Mine Or God

Here I stand, burdened with remorse,
Each word I write, another solemn promise,
Life's cruelty, they say, but I see my own,
In choices made, in seeds of hate sown.

Does God reside amidst this worldly hate?
Yes, He does, granting us minds, freedom's gate,
Yet we wield authority with careless hand,
Creating chaos in a land of demand.

Sin, a cycle, endlessly repeated,
Mercy sought, yet sins remain undefeated,
Whose fault? Mine, I confess, with regret,
For failing to flee from sins' dark silhouette.

I speak from wounds, a testimony of grace,
Life granted despite my sinful embrace,
His love, unwavering, even when I stray,
Protecting me from doom, day after day.

Is this not love, beyond measure or name?
A love that forgives, despite my shame,
So here I am, in remorseful plea,
Thankful for His love, that sets me free.

Christen Kuikoua

I Demand Justice For Ryan Gainer Death

I demand Justice,
For the world's hatred, a blight,
Justice for the innocent's tragic plight,
Where evil prospers in the night,
Like shadows dark, obscuring light.

I demand Justice,
For black lives' suffering, deep and stark,
The violence's pain leaves a lasting mark,
Gunshots ring out, like a predator's bark,
As if life's worth is just a lark.

I demand Justice,
For Ryan Gainer's untimely end,
Shot three times, a life to rend,
As if his fate they could bend,
Such cruelty, we cannot pretend.

I demand Justice,
Tired of homes targeted, hearts torn,
Tired of excuses for lives worn,
Tired of the innocent being shorn,
By violence, leaving families forlorn.

I demand Justice,
Ryan was no demon or beast,
To withstand bullets, to say the least,
His strength not that of a fierce beast,
But a troubled teen, his pain released.

I demand Justice,
No excuse for taking a life's breath,
No justification in facing death,
Life's value beyond measure or depth,
Why steal it away, with every breath?

I demand Justice
For now and evermore,
Let fairness and equality soar,

Justice, our beacon, forevermore.

Christen Kuikoua

Sonnet 09: L'empreinte Du Destin

Devrais-je feindre l'ignorance pour cacher mes sentiments,
Ou devrais-je vraiment m'en soucier, incapable de feindre?
Tant de courage pour affronter l'inconnu,
Pourtant muet devant elle, le cœur en peine.

Qui est-elle, demandez-vous, avec ce sourire éclatant,
Oui, elle en effet, une vision si divine,
Dans le couloir, je l'ai contemplée un moment,
Avec des cheveux comme des rubis, une beauté si fine.

Son sourire, un phare, reste dans mes pensées,
Pourquoi, je me demande, mon cœur incline-t-il ainsi?
Pourquoi elle, le désir de mon âme, de multiples façons,
Pourquoi elle, avec qui je souhaite être, mais ne sais pas.

Elle est merveilleuse, j'ose le proclamer,
Car je l'ai vue danser avec une passion débridée,
Une rougeur ornant ses joues, une flamme pourpre,
Ma conviction s'est approfondie, sans nom mais nommée.

Les jours passent, et je me contente seulement de dire 'Bonjour',
Voulant avouer, mais aussi prendre mon temps.
La confusion m'envahit, les émotions débordent,
Pourtant, la clarté chuchote, guidant où aller.

La question persiste, comment faire les choses bien,
Dans cette danse des cœurs, sous la douce lumière de l'amour.

Christen Kuikoua

Triumph Over The Fake King Of This World

In a world where satan wear a crown,
A force greater than darkness, deep within is found.
Some hail Him Jesus, the Christ divine,
Others utter Adonai, or Yaweh's name entwined.

In a world where obscurity masquerades as light,
Mercy bestowed upon us before time took its flight.
He, who willingly bore the weight of our strife,
For you and me, surrendered to death's sharp knife.

They call Him by names, diverse and true,
Yet in His sacrifice, our redemption He drew.
So, let us proclaim, in voices clear and broad,
'Holy is the Lamb of God, ' our risen Lord.

A new sovereign ascends, in the celestial expanse,
Darkness defeated when He triumphed in the dance.
For in conquering death, He shattered the night,
Granting us the promise of eternal light.

Believe in Him, as the dawn breaks the skies,
For as He rose from death, our spirits likewise rise.
In a world once enslaved by shadows' embrace,
He, the new King, grants us boundless grace.

Christen Kuikoua

A Birthday Ode To My Mother

Mother, for you, these lines I pen,
Oh, dear, my first love, now and then.
Mother, you know me, inseparable we,
And thus, I share what the world should see.

For you gave me life, a gift untold,
Gold and silver may never hold.
You nourish me, a treasure true,
Finest gold can't compare to you.

Finally, you carry me, a gift divine,
Beyond all wealth, this love of mine.
Oh, my mother, my pride, my universe,
I love you more, an endless verse.

I may not always show it clear,
But know, my love for you is dear.
More than words can write or say,
Happy birthday, with love, this day.

Christen Kuikoua

Joyful Seventeen Celebration

In this moment, I stand tall,
Grateful for each rise and fall.
Life's journey, a gift to unwrap,
A joyous clap, life beautifully sews.

With each year, wisdom grows,
Embracing laughter, shedding tears,
A dance of hopes, conquering fears.

So here's to another year to share,
To cherish moments, love to declare.
On this birthday, in a world so grand,
I'll celebrate and take a stand.

For the beauty of life, in every way,
Thank you, Lord, for this special day.
With gratitude and a heart that's light,
I welcome this year, shining bright.

Christen Kuikoua



PoemHunter.com

Defying Societal Beauty's Chains

In a world where beauty's confined,
To a frame, a shape, so pre-defined.
I refuse to bow to discrimination's hand,
Refusing to let it define me.

No more the shackles of slim and packed,
A revolution, where all sizes are backed.
Let every size find equal ground,
Opportunity for all, in beauty abound.

Tired, I am, of body shaming's sting,
Stripping away personalities, it's not fair.
Surgeries coined as a beauty elixir,
Dehumanizing, losing what makes us richer.

Aging, a grace, should be revered.
Not hidden away, nor to be feared.
Wrinkles etching stories, tales untold,
Genuine beauty, a treasure to behold.

Refusing to pack up, conform and fit,
To standards dictating what's deemed legit.
Short kings and queens, rise with pride,
In uniqueness, a privilege to confide.

I reject the notion, forever young,
As if aging steals the song we've sung.
Short kings and queens, stand tall,
Privilege in difference, let it enthrall.

Magazines preach a perfection lie,
A word so elusive, an unreachable spell.
Yet, true beauty in our diversity lies,
Our uniqueness, the true beauty supply.

Singleness born from society's decree,
Hearts left lonely, unable to feel.
Love should not be confined by a face,
But thrive in the uniqueness of each embrace.

In the name of beauty, let's redefine,
Break the chains that society designed.
Humanity's worth is not for sale,
Embrace the beauty in every tale.

I refuse to pack up, conform and fit,
Society's standards, I'll never submit.
Championing a beauty that's real,
Every heart and soul, let's empower and heal.

Christen Kuikoua

Navigating Insecurity Safely

Embrace your insecurities with grace,
Yet, don't let them dictate your pace.
They're shadows that may come and go,
But never allow them to diminish your glow.

It's fine not always to be on the peak,
Cool and collected, a demeanor unique.
Value the journey, not just the goal,
Secure your insecurities, make them your soul.

Blaming won't lead to growth,
Own them, let that be an oath.
Insecurity is a part of the ride,
But don't let it steal away, your pride.

Be comfortable with the Sway and flow,
Learn to let your inner strength grow.
In this dance of life, play your tune,
Embrace your insecurities beneath the moon.

Christen Kuikoua

Am I Truly Best At Being The Best?

I admit I'm not the best,
Was never the best, put to the test.
In my head, I strive to be the best,
Lack confidence, yet dress so blessed.

Insecurity's grip, a constant wrestle,
Fight those doubts, a relentless tussle.
A friend once preach, a truth so profound,
To be the best, your best self must be found.

Now I ask, in this life's grand quest,
Am I truly best at being the best?

Christen Kuikoua



PoemHunter.com

My Heart Prayer: Kneeling Before Redemption

In the sacred silence of this moment,
I kneel before you, my Lord,
burdened by the weight of my transgressions.
My soul trembles, confessing
the sins that have stained the fabric of my being.
Oh, forgive me, Almighty,
for straying from the path of righteousness
and betraying the values you have bestowed upon me.

I have succumbed to the allure of fleeting pleasures,
allowing the desires of the flesh
to overshadow the purity you intended for me.
In the shadows,
I accepted the twisted notions of right and wrong,
shrouded in the darkness
that veiled my understanding of your divine truth.
Forgive my silence,
Lord, for not boldly proclaiming your name
and standing steadfast in the face of adversity.

My heart aches with the weight of missed opportunities
to discipline myself,
to resist the siren call of temptation.
In the weakness of my spirit,
I have fallen prey to the seductive whispers of lust,
and the echoes of sin have reverberated
through the corridors of my soul.
I have stumbled,
oh Lord, far from the radiance of your countenance.

But, here I am,
laid bare in the sanctuary of your presence,
for without you,
I am but a lost soul wandering in the abyss.
Your love, a beacon of hope,
has guided me through the stormy seas of life.
I implore you, do with me as you will,
for I am open, vulnerable,
and yearning for your divine intervention.

Do not avert your gaze,
merciful Lord, for I am no different from David,
who, too, stumbled
and fell but found redemption
in your boundless grace.
As I surrender at your feet,
I beseech you for the same grace
that enveloped David and the nation of Israel.
Remove the callouses that have hardened my heart,
pulling me away from the warmth of your love.

In this sacred communion,
I humbly request your guidance,
Lord. Let your promises,
like a comforting embrace, envelop me.
Just as you assured David that under your shadow,
no harm shall befall,
I implore you to fulfill your promises in my life.
I, like Israel, surrender to your will,
seeking the solace of your mercy and grace.

Take away the darkness that veils my vision,
replace it with the radiant light of your love.
In my brokenness,
I cast myself before you,
a vessel in need of your divine touch.
May this plea reach the depths of your compassionate heart,
as I navigate the winding path of repentance,
seeking reconciliation with the One
who is my refuge and strength.

Christen Kuikoua

My Vulnerble Apology

In the depths of my soul, I beg forgiveness,
For I know not the extent of the hurt I caused,
My apologies falter, mere whispers in the wind,
Yet, I bear them with sincerity, with a heart that bleeds.

I confess, I longed to be a reflection of strength,
A mirage of confidence masking my insecurities,
But in that pursuit, I lost sight of your tender heart,
And in doing so, I betrayed the essence of who I am.

Oh, how I ache to rewind the clock,
To erase the wounds I inflicted upon your spirit,
To rewrite the script of our shared narrative,
With verses of love, compassion, and understanding.

For I am but a flawed vessel,
Navigating the turbulent seas of self-doubt,
Yet in your presence, I glimpse the shore of redemption,
A sanctuary where forgiveness blooms like wildflowers.

So, my love, if you could find it in your heart,
To grant me the grace of your forgiveness,
I promise to embark on a journey of transformation,
Wherein every step I take is guided by the light of your love.

Let me not be defined by my mistakes,
But by the sincerity of my repentance,
And together, we shall weave a story of redemption,
Where our scars are but testimonies to the power of forgiveness.

In your arms, I find solace,
In your forgiveness, I find redemption,
For you are the beacon that guides me home,
My sanctuary in this tumultuous world.

Christen Kuikoua

A Beautiful Little Fool

In her smile, my heart takes flight, making me a beautiful little fool.
Since she stepped into my life, everything's rewritten, everything's cool.

Her presence, a gift that transforms mundane into a sweet surprise,
Turning ordinary days into moments that money can't buy.

With every curve of her lips, my world's painted in hues so bright,
I find myself dancing through days and dreaming through the night.

Her laughter, a melody that plays in the background of my days,
A simple joy that never fades, a tune my heart always sways.

I've become a fool, a beautiful one at that,
Her smile's magic, an enchantment, a sweet welcome mat.

No need for symphonies or intricate tapestries,
Just the simplicity of her smile, my heart's sweet reverie.

In her gaze, I've found a love so true,
I'm a beautiful little fool, all because of you.

Christen Kuikoua

Abomination Now Exposed.

Love they spout, love they falsely declare,
Yet their eyes betray a darkness, a glare.
A cocktail of hatred, lust, and envy,
Craving what's not theirs, God deems unholy.

Love they proclaim, a charade so grand,
Indulging in sin, a pleasure demand.
Mashing truth like noodles in a deceitful brew,
A lie dressed as love, and rights misconstrued.

America, oh how you've faltered,
Children ensnared in TV's grip, stories untold.
Elders committing crimes for pleasure's sake,
Lust beneath the anthem, laws supporting the fake.

Children suffer the consequences of societal sins,
Nudity trends, decency bent.
Dress codes disrespected in the name of liberty,
Debauchery rampant, claiming greatness with glee.

A victim am I of this cruel game,
Taught lessons unsought, leading to shame.
Curiosity sparked, innocence tarnished,
Oh, America, my innocence you've garnished.

Once a pure child with an untainted mind,
Your pride nearly led me to my decline.
If not for God, where would I reside,
In a world where shame masquerades as glee?

In the name of acceptance, abominations embraced,
What was unholy now applauded and praised.
Same-sex unions paraded in false equity,
A mockery of God's plan, a blatant heresy.

TikTok, the new harbinger of sin,
Trends promoting vandalism within.
Bathrooms defiled, decency abandoned,
In the name of likes, morality to bend.

In the name of body image, abortions justified,
Innocent lives extinguished, under the banner of women's rights.
Laws claiming protection, now wielded as a knife,
Becoming a weapon against the lives it should serve.

In the name of fame and riches, deals made,
Love proclaimed, yet atrocities laid.

In the name of God, churches tyrant-like,
Preaching prosperity, as if Jesus sought wealth's spike.

In the name of beauty, surgeries unfold,
Young girls alter bodies, a story untold.
As if God made mistakes in His creation,
A defiance of divine design, a false fixation.

In the name of knowledge, forbidden knowing gained,
Sacred boundaries crossed, wisdom profaned.
In the name of money and power, nations collide,
Killing each other, as if life's a commodity to decide.

Crimes, racism, and rape,
Just to name a Few
Violence Against Christians, a war to reshape.
And yet, in God we trust, they dare profess,
What God is this, with such moral regress?

Tell me, people, tell me, world so wide,
What God is this, where sins abide?
For the God I know rejects abomination,

Leading astray, they say love, I say lust, a stark revelation.

Christen Kuikoua

What If It Was The End Of The World?

In twilight's grasp, the world meets its demise,
Oh, Christian soul, who claims the sacred name,
Within God's church, where fervent spirits rise,
Contemplate now, the end, a burning flame.

What if it was the end, the final call,
Would jests and levity your stance define?
Regret, a haunting echo, would enthrall,
As time, a gift, was squandered, not divine.

The freedom granted in the fleeting hours,
Yet, dedicated not to Heaven's plea,
The call to be a savior in your bowers,
Neglected, as a futile, vain decree.

Oh, heed this warning, ears that bear the weight,
Prepare thy soul, for God's impending fate.

What if it was the end, a solemn plea,
To face the judgment of eternity
What will you say?

Christen Kuikoua

The Black Anthem's Cry

Black is not evil, It's a Style so grand
A beauty that's been hidden from our sight
No longer to hid our precious hand
and question Who we are in day And night

For black is not a curse
Nor source of shame
It's a color that should be worn with pride

Identity once captive
Now breaks free
A powerful voice for justice, unity
Not just for black history month limited decree
But For all humanity eternally

Together, let our voices fiercely ring,
With unyielding strength
Let our Anthem sing
For black Is beautiful A Force So Strong
In unity we rise to right the wrong

Christen Kuikoua

Santa Was Never Real, That Is The Fact

In Bethlehem's manger, a humble abode,
A savior was born, the son of our God.
No sleigh bells, no reindeer, just a star shining bright,
Guiding the wise men through the tranquil night.

A babe in a stable, no grandeur or gold,
Yet His story through ages, a timeless unfold.
Not Santa with his beard of snowy white,
But Jesus, born beneath the starry light.

No beard of white, no gifts in a sack,
But a promise of salvation, no myth, just a fact.
A promise fulfilled, a Savior's embrace,
To redeem us all, bringing love and grace.

No chimneys to climb or stockings to fill,
Yet hearts overflow with the joy he instills.
In the stable's warmth, a miracle unfolds,
As the greatest story of salvation is told.

Parents, let truth be the gift you bestow,
No need for tales that in falsehood grow.
For Christmas is more than a mythical tale,
It's the miracle of love that will never pale.

A narrative profound, with unmatched worth.
No need for pretense, for the truth is divine,
In the heart of Christmas, let God's love shine.

As we gather 'round with loved ones so dear,
Remember the reason, the message is crystal clear.
Christmas is not about a man named santa,
But the miracle of God's redemptive plan.

Christen Kuikoua

A Christmas Unlike Any Before

In a land where snow should fall,
On a Christmas day, unusual,
A tale unfolds, both strange and bright,
Under sunny skies, a curious light.

A beautiful day, like any other,
Yet, sunshine felt like a bother.
For I, who had fled to distant lands,
Far from loved ones, in distant sands.

No stockings hung, no tree adorned,
No carols sung, no gifts adorned.
A solitary figure, a soul in flight,
Away from joy, on that holy night.

Not because of mischief or any misdeed,
For A's adorned my academic creed.
Well-behaved, yet far from home,
In solitude, I chose to roam.

Merry wishes echoed from afar,
Yet, I had to be the wishing star.
No greetings came unless I sent,
A bittersweet moment of discontent.

A package arrived, a gift to hold,
A gray shirt, pants, and shoes of bold.
Unusual, yet a token of grace,
In the absence of a familiar embrace.

Oh, how this Christmas, a paradox,
A day of glory, in unconventional stocks.
Not what I sought, nor what I craved,
Yet, gratitude in my heart engraved.

For in tradition, my focus lies,
Not on Santa's gifts or worldly ties.
But on a babe, in a manger laid,
The Savior born, a debt repaid.

Though distant, my heart finds peace,
In the story that will never cease.
A birth divine, a love so true,
Christmas is Christ, and Christ is you.

No sadness lingers, no tear is shed,
For in Christ's love, my soul is fed.
So, let the sun shine on this day,
In its own way, a glorious display.

In the absence of what I thought I'd miss,
I find joy in the Savior's bliss.
A Christmas, unlike any before,
A tale of grace, forevermore.

Christen Kuikoua

A Fallen Angel's Tale To Grace Abundance

The devil, once beautiful, desired more,
His craving for power, a treacherous lure.
In the pursuit of dominion, he led with arrogance,
A path of darkness, where his soul was lost.

His charm masked a hunger insatiable,
An appetite for control, a desire unattainable.
As he reached for the heavens, his pride unfurled,
For he wished to be God, and dared to defy the divine order.
Cast down, he learned humility's cost,
None can be God but He alone,
A lesson too late for him to understand.

The once-glorious angel, in darkness, was lost.
His wings, once radiant, now shrouded in obscure night,
A celestial descent, away from the heavenly light.
The yearning for power, a haunting thirst,
Led him astray, and in despair, he was immersed.

Woe for sin, a serpent in Eden unfurled,
Woe for a glorious beauty, now corrupted and curled.
Woe for us, Earth's inhabitants in strife,
Living in fright and shame, a tumultuous life.

As tears drain from my eyes,
I woe for the unbelievers, lost in the night.
Woe for those who do wrong, thinking it's right.
Woe, for hell's flames do zealously burn,
A reminder that all must someday prepare
To face perdition's doom or perhaps grasp grace's robe.

Repent, ye nation of God, hear the call,
Repent, ye sons of the Most High, stand tall.
Fear not, don't panic in the darkest shade,
For Christ rose from the grave, our sins to fade.
He bore the weight, made our transgressions light,
To mend the wrongs, redeem the fallen's plight.
Once corrupted, we faced impending doom,
Yet now, by grace, our souls find room.

Let not guilt linger, let forgiveness flow,
For in Christ's sacrifice, new life does grow.
Repent and rise, let love and mercy guide,
In His resurrection, our salvation resides.

Christen Kuikoua

A Christmas Reverie

In Christmas's glow, where dreams and joy entwine,
A tale unfolds, of Christ's birth divine.
In Bethlehem's cradle, a babe so mild,
The Savior, Messiah, the Holy Child.

Santa, my father, in folklore's embrace,
Brings gifts and wonder to each eager face.
Yet deeper, reality's truth is spun,
For love and giving, beneath the sun.

Hand in hand, a nation in delight,
Rejoicing in the Christ, the guiding light.
The togetherness, a sincere embrace,
As hearts unite, and time begins to race.

The epic tale, in pages old and true,
A metaphor for grace, a love anew.
Hyperbolic dreams in children's eyes,
As Santa's sleigh across the starry skies.

In slumber's grip, anticipation weaves,
As visions of presents, like golden sheaves.
Sincerity wrapped in ribbons tight,
A Christmas sonnet in the silent night.

Christen Kuikoua

Sonnet 08: Celebrating Black Grandeur

In liberty's realm, we bear a cross of might,
Our skin, a testament to trials that tower high.
Injustice, a tempest, a loss that rages in the night,
Yet, in our hearts, resilience roars like thunder in the sky.

Racism, a monstrous shadow, a venomous haze,
A brutal echo of the world's scornful refrain.
Yet, we soar above the maze, ablaze,
Every scar transformed, a phoenix's triumphant gain.

Against the torrents of hate, we stand as towers,
Our spirit unyielding, an unbroken form.
In every right and wrong, we bloom like midnight flowers,
We find the power to reshape, to transform.

For being Black transcends mere pain's domain,
A symphony of strength, a perennial refrain.

In the heart of the midnight, a constellation bold,
A diadem of stars upon our regal heads.
Ebony skin, where tales of valor are told,
Kissed by the sun, a flame that never sheds.

Black, not a curse, but a throne of grandeur,
A monument of endurance etched in our frame.
Resilience, a tapestry woven with fervor,
We rise, our brilliance, an everlasting flame.

Proudly we stand beneath the cosmic dome,
Our heads held high, an anthem to the night.
Our indomitable spirit, a meteoric poem,
Our identity, a battle cry burning bright.

For being Black is not a source of shame,
But a crown adorned with pride, in life's bold game.

Christen Kuikoua

So Who Is Christen Kuikoua

In the quiet quest of self, a name unfolds,
Christen Kuikoua, a story yet to be told.
Not just a random soul or a fleeting dream,
But a being with purpose, a soul in the stream.

Through days and nights, in life's winding thread,
In the valley's shadow, where mysteries are bred.
Asking, 'Who am I, and how did I come to be? '
A pondering heart, longing for clarity.

Days pass by, and nights slowly fade,
In the realm of uncertainty, a journey is laid.
Through the valley of death, where shadows creep,
Seeking answers, in the silence so deep.

A question echoes, 'Am I a mistake? '
Or the result of someone else's heartache?
Yet, in a moment of recall, a truth unfurls,
'I am not a mistake, ' whispers to the world.

Faith emerges, a guiding light,
'I am a child of the living God, ' takes flight.
In Jeremiah's words, a promise so divine,
Plans for a future, a hope that will shine.

Once more, the question lingers in the air,
'Who is Christen Kuikoua? ' in the soul's lair.
A silent response, as the heart understands,
'I am God's child, with purpose in His hands.'

Not ordinary, but special and adored,
Loved and cared for by the Sovereign Lord.
With a smile, a realization takes its place,
'I am Christen Kuikoua, part of a divine embrace.'

A little teen, cherished in God's grace,
Where love abounds, and mercy finds its space.
Not a mistake, but a part of God's grand plan,
For before existence, He knew, and began.

Christen Kuikoua

A Song Of Gratitude

In the tapestry of time, where friendships bloom,
Mes amis, like petals, dispelling life's gloom.
Brothers, firm anchors in the sea of existence,
Une soeur agaçante, a tempest, a relentless insistence.

Parents, the roots, firmly grounding my being,
Leaves of wisdom, in the breeze, foreseeing.
Enemies, shadows that dance in the moonlit night,
Igniting the fire, propelling toward the light.

Obstacles, sculptors shaping destiny's mold,
Dans leur défi, a story to be told.
Life, un cadeau sacré, a gift from above,
Not a right to claim, but a testament of love.

In the symphony of struggle, where melodies intertwine,
Chutes et ascensions, a rhythm so divine.
Gratitude, a dance, through joy and despair,
Dans chaque souffle, God's presence in the air.

Number one on the list, au sommet, divine,
Grateful to Dieu, the source of the grand design.
In the dichotomy of good and bad, the ebb and the flow,
All glory to Lui alone, in the afterglow.

Christen Kuikoua

Equity For All To See

In shadows cast by prejudice, a knock resounds,
At the door of your heart, where peace abounds.
Brother, let not questions cloud the air,
For I am like you, in this world we share.

Not defined by hues, nor land's embrace,
I stand before you, a human race.
The cold winds blow, outside your gate,
Open, brother, don't discriminate.

No black, no yellow, red, nor white,
In unity, we find our common light.
Measure not my features, nor my creed,
Open wide, let compassion lead.

Why seek the differences that tear us apart?
Let understanding reign, a work of art.
I am just a man, a reflection of you,
In the tapestry of life, woven through.

Not African, American, Asian, or Australian born,
In every heart, the same pulse is worn.
In this cosmic dance, let hatred cease,
Open your door to the symphony of peace.

I am not defined by the skin I wear,
Nor the God I worship in silent prayer.
Brother, in the cold, open wide,
Let love and acceptance be our guide.

For I am the man of yesterday, today, and tomorrow,
A celestial being, in joy and sorrow.
In your heart, let the revolution start,
Open, brother, and uplift the human heart.

Christen Kuikoua

Symphony Of Knowledge: Ode To The School

Summary

In hallowed halls of learning's sacred light,
Where dreams doth take their winged and lofty flight,
There stands a school, a fortress of delight,
Its beauty found in minds, a radiant sight.

No mere abode of bricks and stones, this place,
But where young minds imbibe knowledge's embrace,
A tapestry, each thread a vibrant grace,
In every classroom, wisdom we do chase.

The magic of learning, like a potent brew,
Weaves spells as youthful minds are born anew,
As autumn leaves, in golden splendor, strew,
In books and lessons, truths take shape and hue.

'Tis not in facts and figures, as you know,
But in the journey, how we thrive and grow,
A path to self, a ceaseless ebb and flow,
Where wisdom's seeds in fertile minds we sow.

The laughter, like a stream in ancient halls,
A symphony of voices, as each soul calls,
The school's true beauty, like a star that falls,
In friendships forged, where every heart enthralls.

To thrive, to learn, within this hallowed ground,
A privilege, a quest where truth is found,
With teachers as our guides, our dreams unbound,
We soar through life, where endless beauty's crowned.

Let's treasure this domain where knowledge gleams,
Where wonder and inquiry grace our dreams,
In learning's enchantment, life's vibrant streams,
The school's enduring grace, our spirit beams.

Christen Kuikoua

Sonnet 07: Dance Through Time

Upon life's stage where shadows weave their play,
A fleeting waltz where mortals find their way.
In heedless youth, with innocence bedight,
The heart's true freedom, by time, is put to slight.

Oh, valor lost, in age's solemn gaze,
As years' cares, like chains, their toll displays.
Yet in the echoes of a child's sweet strain,
Lingers a melody, free from life's disdain.

Majestic memories, like gems, we hold,
A treasure trove, more precious far than gold.
With laughter's notes, the heart's own melody,
We waltz through time, in joyous symphony.

The tears we shed, like dew on morning grass,
Reflect the sorrows that in shadows pass.
Yet midst the tears, resilience takes its stand,
As courage blooms, like flowers in the sand.

For in each sorrow, wisdom's seed is sown,
A harvest reaped when innocence is known.
With open eyes, behold the world anew,
And let the child within, your soul renew.

Rejoice in dreams, like butterflies take flight,
With aspirations soaring to the height.
Embrace the dance, the rhythm of your heart,
And from life's stage, let joy and love impart.

In twilight years, when shadows draw near,
Recall the dance, the laughter, and the cheer.
For in the tapestry of time, 'tis true,
The child within forever dances through.

In every heartbeat, whispers lessons learned,
From tender moments, where vulnerability burned.
Life's lesson, etched in laughter and in pain,
In fragile dreams, and the dance in the rain.

As years unfold, and innocence retreats,
Cherish each moment, where two hearts beats.
For time, the relentless sculptor of fate,
Carves stories on our souls, early and late.

With each scar, a tale of battles fought,
Of love embraced, and lessons dearly bought.
The child within, though sometimes obscured,
Holds the key to a wisdom often unheard.

So, dance through life, embrace the fleeting day,
Feel the warmth, let vulnerability sway.
For in the dance, where shadows gently fade,
We find life's beauty, in memories made.

Let your heart be tender, let your spirit soar,
In the tapestry of life, find something more.
The child within, a guide through joy and strife,
Teaching us to savor the essence of life.

Christen Kuikoua

I Miss Jags: A Jaguar's Lament

On the first day of school, I long for its end,
Yearning for my Jag family, my heart's dear friend.
The food, a tragic horror, but health's their decree,
A social kid silenced, a shadow of me.

The theater, my love, now comedy's the song,
No musical notes, just laughter all along.
Kids in the hallways, screams like a river,
Curses flow freely, make me shiver.

Classes so easy, they killed my ambition,
My competitive spirit, a faded rendition.
All going awry, it's hard to ignore,
From the high standards I held, I've fallen to the floor.

I miss my friends, both near and afar,
Even my enemies, each familiar scar.
Teachers who loved me, held me close with care,
And her, oh, I miss her, I'm painfully aware.

Mrs. Berry, the music muse so grand,
Made me fall in love with notes and sand.
My classes, my freedom, all now a blur,
Lost in the chaos, I wish to confer.

I miss being a jaguar, my school spirit's flame,
In the building's embrace, I felt no shame.
My name in the hallways, a story to tell,
A prince of the jags, oh, how I swell.

Lunch that connected, made smiles complete,
An environment where my heart could beat.
The air of hope, so optimistic and bright,
Made me feel whole, in its gentle light.

I miss all that made me, I miss it so,
The longing inside, like an endless flow.
Oh, if for a week, my story I could rewrite,
With hyperboles of joy, I'd reach greater heights,

I'd smile more, play more, hug and unite.
My heart taking flight, In the warmth of the jags,

I'd appreciate the love, give it in return,
In the embrace of the jags, forever I yearn.
Oh, grace, let me return, to my home so dear,
Where she awaits, and those I hold near,
The jags where unity knows no divide or fear,
In their love, I'd find solace, wipe away every tear.

In the home of the jags, where colors blend,
And every soul, cherished, my wounds they mend,
Once safe and content, on them, I depend,
Oh, let me rewrite my story, and bring it to the end.

Christen Kuikoua

Sonnet 06: Virtuous Whispers

In life's vast stage, where heroes may disguise,
Not all in robes of grandeur, they arise.
Amongst celestial stars in graceful stance,
A hidden hero's love and kind romance.

In moments dark, where tears like rivers flow,
Her soothing words in whispers gentle grow.
A guiding light, through nighttime's somber flight,
In galaxies, her presence brings delight.

From her, I've learned that valor's mask may hide,
Not always clad in royal robes with pride.
But in the simple acts of kindness, pure,
True heroes dwell, their virtues to endure.

So let's cherish those who bring us sweet release,
For heroes come in forms that never cease,
In life's grand theater, where stories spin,
Unseen, the heroes lie, hearts deep within.

Christen Kuikoua

Crimson Promises: A Tale Hidden In Words

In your smile, a sparkling gem, you shone so bright,
A beauty, a vision, a radiant light.
My heart awakened, a poet's dream unfurled,
You, the inspiration, the center of my world.

As friends, together we found our way,
In your laughter's echo, my heart would sway.
In the classroom's embrace, our souls took flight,
I, the master of your emotions, day and night.

Yet, in the midst of our days so sweet,
Love's tender whisper remained discreet.
One night, I dared to craft a love's pure theme,
And in the verses, you became my cherished dream.

With a crazy plan, I sought to share my heart,
To express a love that had become a work of art.
But fear crept in, not of love, but of losing you,
Afraid of losing the inspiration that was so true.

When my confession came, your shock ran deep,
Vulnerable, I stood, secrets no longer to keep.
Your response cut deep, like a dagger's cruel thrust,
Leaving my heart shattered, my dreams turned to dust.

Tears flowed freely, the morn of my heart was born,
In the silence, the echoes of a love forlorn.
In the wake of your departure, my world was torn,
Stuck in a cycle, in which my heart was worn.

Summer's warmth arrived, my feelings still ablaze,
A letter, a heartfelt plea, in the sun's gentle rays.
But your response lacked emotion, a frigid sea,
Leaving me with a sense of love's final decree.

I searched for new friends to fill the void,
But none could replace you, the dreams we'd once enjoyed.
In this never-ending cycle, my heart remained askew,
For you, the one I still adore, but cannot pursue.

In the garden of my heart, your memory does bloom,
A love that lingers, like the sweetest perfume.
Though I can't have you, my feelings remain true,
In this poetic tale, my love for you shines through.

Christen Kuikoua

Legends In Lines: What Is Poetry?

Poetry, more than mere words on the page's scroll,
Resounds within, where human depths are found.
A primal cry for change, for lasting peace,
In verse, these longings find their sweet release.

The poet's quill, a blade both sharp and keen,
Transcends mere ink to realms seldom seen.
A healing balm, it tends the wounded heart,
Ignites a spark in souls that seek a start.

In woven verses, realms enchanting glow,
Where dreams and fancies in abundance flow.
Through lyrical lines, uncharted paths unfold,
And worlds emerge, their mysteries untold.

Oh, poetry, life's breath, a measured chime,
A gift, a treasure, for all of endless time.
As verse and stanza weave their sacred whole,
Let music touch, and deeply stir the soul.

Christen Kuikoua

Sonnet 05: Lyrics Of Life

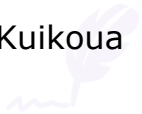
Oh, friend once close, in passion's fiery dance,
Now vanished, like a fleeting specter's chance.
Our paths diverged, collided in fierce fray,
A tempest of rejection, love's fierce display.

Yet midst the distance, love's spark endured,
A phoenix rose, from ashes reassured.
Though orbits shifted, stars no longer linked,
In our hearts, a bond, in time unshrunked.

The canvas of our friendship, vivid, vast,
With bold strokes and shadows, shadows cast.
In absence, love's mosaic still persists,
A treasure hidden, like a secret tryst.

Oh, dearest friend, though worlds apart we roam,
In our hearts' tapestry, you'll find your home.

Christen Kuikoua



PoemHunter.com

Berceuse Lunaire: Douce Nuit

Sous la lueur douce de la lune si brillante,
Ferme tes yeux maintenant, embrasse la nuit.
Les étoiles là-haut scintillent dans les cieux si profonds,

Alors que tu te laisses glisser dans les rêves, trouve un sommeil paisible.

Les soucis du monde ne peuvent te toucher ici,
Dans ce royaume tranquille, libre de peur.
Les chuchotements silencieux de la nuit se déploient,
Guidant ton sommeil avec des histoires non racontées.

Les rayons de lune te bercent dans leur étreinte,
Tandis que le ciel nocturne dévoile sa grâce.
Repose ton cœur fatigué, lâche prise sur le combat,
Car maintenant, mes chers amis, c'est un doux bonne nuit.

Christen Kuikoua



PoemHunter.com

Words To My Ninth Grade Self

In shadows cast by youthful fears,
A tale of lessons learned through tears,
I'd whisper truths to younger me,
A poem woven, wise decree.

'Don't shroud your pain in masks of pride,
For veils of faux esteem can hide,
The ones who hold your heart so dear,
Drifting far when closeness veers.

A dance of confidence, not a guise,
Let vulnerability arise,
For strength is found in truths confessed,
In letting human hearts invest.

In ninth-grade's haze, I turned away,
In worry of what judgments say,
Yet in my wake, a brash façade,
A lonely path that pain remade.

Oh, high school's realm, a fragile stage,
Where masks of arrogance engage,
Regrets now echo through the halls,
A yearning to break down these walls.

So learn from me, embrace the real,
Let authenticity's grace heal,
The bonds that keep companions close,
And guide you through life's ebb and flows.

For wisdom blooms from shadows past,
From lessons learned, love's mold is cast,
So shed the mask, let judgments flee,
And high school's tapestry shall be free.

No arrogant brat, but humble and kind,
Your authenticity a beacon to find,
In vulnerability, strength shall flow,
In wisdom's light, your spirit shall glow.'

Sonnet 04: Love's Vigor Amidst War's Strife And Envy's Sting

Amidst war's guilt, in solitude I tread,
Where envy's venom seeps into my core,
In shadows draped, I mourn the love that's dead,
And death's cold grip leaves me to weep once more.

From battles fought, I bear the scars of shame,
Isolation's chains encircle me tight,
Yet in your love, I find a flickering flame,
A beacon in the dark, dispelling night.

Guilt's heavy burden weighs upon my chest,
As sadness weaves its tale of woe and strife,
But love's sweet memory provides me rest,
A balm to heal the wounds of fleeting life.

In envy's grasp, I strive to find release,
Through love's enduring grace, my soul finds peace.

Christen Kuikoua

Her Name Was Desiree

In a realm where dreams dance in light's embrace,
Desiree dwelled with an enchanting grace,
Her name a symphony, a tale to unfold,
In life's grand expanse, a story of old.

With eyes like pools of liquid grace,
Stars reflected in their shimmering space,
Galaxies whispered secrets untold,
A universe within, a story to behold.

Her voice, a melody, stirring the soul,
A river of silk, making broken hearts whole,
Magic woven through the air's gentle trace,
A soothing balm, pain to efface.

In twilight's realm, a friend I did find,
Desiree's company, a salve for the mind,
Laughter and songs after choir's fire,
Two spirits entwined, soaring higher and higher.

Beneath the moon's silver and soft caress,
Dreams took flight, hearts free to confess,
Her laughter an echo, sweet and fine,
A serenade of joy, life's melody divine.

Yet as autumn leaves fell, emotions did twine,
Like trees in the wind, a dance so divine,
Beneath the starlit curtain of night's embrace,
My heart's hidden whispers set the soul to race.

Truth unveiled, feelings laid bare,
Friendship's foundation, a dare to repair,
Fear danced between gazes that met,
Love's confession lingered, a silhouette.

In her eyes, a gentleness waned,
Love's tendrils tangled, emotions restrained,
Our once-pure bond, now shadowed by doubt,
A tempest of feelings, swirling about.

Fearful of loss, a treasure we'd known,
Connection once vibrant, now subtly overthrown,
Yet trust remained, despite the strain,
A friend's drifting course in a sea of pain.

Time arrived with bitter goodbyes,
A whispered farewell, beneath somber skies,
Hearts heavy, two paths to explore,
In life's labyrinth, a bond to restore.

Desiree's tale, her eyes a gleam,
A soaring voice, a distant dream,
An enchanting spirit once held so tight,
A lesson in love, and in courage's light.

But let this story not linger in despair,
From broken bonds, strength takes to the air,
A phoenix of hope from ashes will rise,
New dawns await with promising skies.

Remember Desiree, aglow in name,
In life's grand tapestry, a chapter's flame,
Every ending births a fresh, hopeful start,
An inspiring journey etched within the heart.

Christen Kuikoua

Two Hearts Away But Always United

Though distance casts its shadowed veil,
Two souls entwined, their bond prevail.
Love's tether strong, defying time's stride,
A beacon of hope, where passions collide.

In the depths of longing, hearts find their way,
Aching desires in twilight's display.
Attraction's magnetism, a cosmic force,
Pulling souls together, setting a course.

Yet sorrow's weight, like a distant cry,
Echoes through nights when love's denied.
Yearning and ache, the bitter-sweet cost,
Moments apart, but never truly lost.

Two flames ignited, burning as one,
Passion's inferno beneath the same sun.
Attraction's dance, a celestial art,
A symphony played from soul to heart.

Love, a star that fiercely gleams,
Aching with the power of countless dreams.
Though distance may strain, hope's torch held high,
Guiding us through the night's lonely sky.

Amidst the cosmic expanse, we find,
A union of souls, forever aligned.
Through tears and laughter, emotions vast,
Our love's mosaic, memories cast.

So let us honor the pain we've known,
In separation's ache, our souls have grown.
For distance ignites a passion's fire,
A yearning tempered by love's sweet lyre.

No matter how far, no matter how near,
Our hearts are bound, and that's crystal clear.
In love's embrace, we find our true home,
A symphony of emotions, wherever we roam.

Christen Kuikoua

Apocalypse's Overture: Ascending From Hell's Abyss To Heavenly Glory

In the Apocalypse of Hell, a warning strong,
Of destruction and judgment, where dark throngs,
Where eyes that sin, must cut to save,
To seek the path, the righteous pave.

Hell's inferno starts on Earth's domain,
A consequence of tongues that stain,
But just like seeds that die, then grow,
In Heaven's realm, our souls will know.

Live right on Earth, embrace the light,
For those who stray, their seed takes flight,
To Hell's domain, their home will be,
A place of torment, eternally.

Sodom's sin brought God's just wrath,
But Earth survives for the faithful's path,
Repent, repent, the Kingdom's near,
Rapture awaits, judgment's fear.

Daughters and sons of perdition, beware,
For doom and pain, their fate they share,
In abyss and fire, they'll reside,
A consequence of their sinful pride.

Yet daughters and sons of Zion's grace,
Shall live in Heaven's holy place,
In the new city of Jerusalem,
Forever in God's love, they'll swim.

Jesus spoke of Hell, a warning true,
For those who choose to sin and rue,
But God designed Hell not for His own,
But for the devil and angels overthrown.

Fear not God's judgment, find a way,
In His grace, forgiveness lay,

Man wasn't meant to perish, 'tis true,
But live with God, forever anew.

The Book of Revelation, visions unfold,
The heavenly throne, a sight untold,
Seven seals and trumpets sound,
The wrath of God, the Earth's ground.

Angels, beasts, and battles fought,
The Lamb of God, salvation sought,
The 144,000 sealed, secure,
The multitude redeemed, ever pure.

A little scroll, a mighty plan,
Prophetic visions for every man,
The witnesses' testimony, bold,
Their resurrection, foretold.

Heaven's triumph, the kingdoms transformed,
Christ's reign in glory, His light adorned,
The woman, the dragon, the beast's domain,
The victory of God, in His reign.

Seven plagues, the bowls they pour,
God's wrath on Earth, a tempest's roar,
The judgment of the great, the fall of sin,
The marriage feast, the saints brought in.

Satan bound, the millennial reign,
The final judgment, no more pain,
The lake of fire, the wicked's plight,
New Heaven and Earth, eternal light.

The river of life, the tree of grace,
Eternal blessings in God's embrace,
In the Apocalypse of Hell, we see,
The path to salvation, so clear and free.

Let this poem be a testament of warning,
To seek God's grace, in faith be adorning,
For in the end, Hell's destruction shall cease,
In God's love and mercy, we find our peace.

Christen Kuikoua

God's Masterpiece

In the morn of days, when time was but young,
God's gentle hands beheld, creation sung,
With heavenly art, each soul did He mould,
A masterpiece distinct, with roles untold.

For God, a Maker, more than mere mechanic,
Within each heart His love, panoramic,
With tender touch, He shapes every part,
Crafting beauty with a skilled, adoring heart.

No frigid numbers, nor equations cold,
Rather, a symphony of life, stories unfold,
He breathed the breath of life, unto my being,
With purpose and love, my spirit took wing.

In the tapestry of stars, my tale does twine,
A thread of hope, with colors undefined,
The graceful strokes, upon my soul's tight scroll,
In His image, eternally I am made whole.

At times, I stumble, hues may turn pale,
Yet God's love endures, never to fail,
In my bleakest hours, He holds me near,
Infusing strength, with boundless power clear.

For I am no mere equation to decode,
But a creation, evolving by grace bestowed,
A vessel of dreams, an ocean of emotion,
A living testament to God's steadfast devotion.

His masterpiece, imperfect yet sublime,
In His eyes, a treasure of the divine,
Through peaks and valleys, He'll never cease,
To hold me close, in eternal, tranquil peace.

Thus shall I embrace the path unknown,
Fearfully led by God in ways unshown,
With heartfelt gratitude and rivers unbound,
For I am God's masterpiece — and He is mine renowned.

Christen Kuikoua

Sonnet 03 Wandering Shadows: The Burden Of Unrequited Love'

In ymest depths, a yearning doth enfold,
An unseeded love, a tale yet untold.
A desirous lover, consumed by woe,
In shadows shrouded, where emotions flow.

Erst fierce and vivid, as Sol's fiery glow,
Now dimmed and faded, a love's overthrow.
Like flower's wilt, its essence doth decay,
As tears of sorrow pour, a ceaseless spray.

Whispers of dreams, its tender roots arise,
A love that yearns, yet in darkness lies.
Unseen, untouched, in covert still it hides,
Within the depths where heartfelt passion bides.

A ghostly phantom, it haunts the very soul,
An unfulfilled love, beyond control.
With each day's passing, it fades fleetingly,
Silently vanishing, like twilight's decree.

What am I, this love, now lost in its gleam?
A tale of yearning, an unspoken dream.
A lament enigma, a sonnet's grand plea,
An unseeded love, destined to soar or flee.

In sorrow's depths, its essence doth abide,
A remembrance of love, uncertain betide.
Seek the answer, let wisdom's light be true,
Unlock the enigma, where love's secrets ensue.

Christen Kuikoua

Sonnet 2: 'whispers Of An Untold Love'

In the depths of love's vast expanse,
A yearning burns, a desperate chance.
So close, yet words get caught in my throat,
Silent whispers, love's song left to float.

I hold her dear, her presence divine,
But how to show, this heart of mine?
Bound by fear, I watch her start to fade,
My grasp slipping, a love betrayed.

Bitter tears flow, as I fear her loss,
Prayers unanswered, a heavy cost.
Powerless, I stand, with trembling knees,
Lost in the labyrinth of unspeakable pleas.

A truth, so raw, it pierces my soul,
Destiny's riddle, beyond my control.
But loving her, it was never a mistake,
A flame that kindles, refusing to break.

Faith, be my beacon, in this darkened night,
Guide me through doubt, and grant me sight.
For love, eternal force, in every heart it dwells,
Grant me strength, to break these confining shells.

With passion's fire, I'll blaze a path anew,
Embrace vulnerability, sincere and true.
For love, it calls, with fervent devotion,
To find a way, to heal this love's emotion.

In the depths of love, a longing resides,
With faith as my compass, love's rise and tide,
Together we'll journey, through joy and strife,
A love made meaningful, sculpted by life.

Christen Kuikoua

Threshold Serenity: A Sonnet At My Front Door

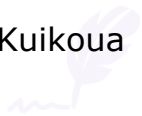
Amidst the neighborhood's gentle sway,
I find solace by my front door's embrace.
The world outside may rush and fray,
But here, tranquility finds its rightful place.

The sun casts its golden rays upon my face,
As I sit and ponder life's sweet reverie.
In this stillness, time begins to erase,
And worries, like whispers, softly flee.

Neighbors pass by with a friendly smile,
Their voices mingling in harmonious cheer.
The symphony of life, even for a while,
Fills my heart with joy, sincere and clear.

Oh, front door, my loyal companion true,
In your presence, I find peace anew.

Christen Kuikoua



PoemHunter.com

Sonnet 1: Lost Love In The Shadows

In distant realms where love's elusive gleams,
I search for traces of what once was true.
A love untamed, lost in forgotten dreams,
A flame once bright, now dimmed and misconstrued.

The path to find this love, wrought with despair,
Obscured by veils of time and circumstance.
Yet in my heart, a flicker, ever aware,
A yearning to rekindle love's expanse.

But love, once lost, can be a treacherous foe,
Its embers hidden, hard to rediscover.
To bridge the chasm where true passion did grow,
Requires a spirit that seeks to recover.

I face this challenge with steadfast resolve,
To reignite a love that fate hopes to absolve.

Though shadows loom and doubts may haunt the way,
A love that's true can never truly die.
Through trials and struggles, we'll find a convey,
Unwilling to let our love fade, goodbye.

So let us embark on this arduous quest,
To resurrect a love that fate deems cursed.
With hearts ablaze, we'll defy love's very jest,
And from the ashes, reclaim what was dispersed.

For love that's cherished, though it seems estranged,
Can be revived; a love that's truly unchanged.

Christen Kuikoua

Divinely Crafted: Embracing God's Love And Purpose

In the reflection of divine light, I stand,
A child of God, created by His hand.
Clothed in His image, a vessel of grace,
Chosen and cherished in Heaven's embrace.

No earthly words or judgments can define,
The worth I hold, a treasure so divine.
For I am crafted with love's tender touch,
A masterpiece formed, loved oh so much.

In the depths of my soul, I find my might,
Unwavering purpose, a guiding light.
No doubts can tarnish this sacred flame,
For God's love within me forever claims.

Fearfully and wonderfully designed,
A testament to grace, with gifts enshrined.
I embrace my journey with steadfast embrace,
Knowing God's love guides me in every space.

So, let no voice or doubt cause me to sway,
In my Father's love, I find strength each day.
For I am a child of God, cherished and blessed,
Forever in His arms, eternally at rest.

Christen Kuikoua

Fathers Are Like The Ocean

Fathers are like the ocean,
Vast deep, strong in motion,
Endless depths of love and care,
Always present, always there.

Like the waves that crash ashore,
Fathers protect us evermore,
Guiding us in life's rough tide,
Leading us to the other side.

Their wisdom flows just like the sea,
Their strength like a tidal energy,
Their kindness like a gentle breeze,
Their love, an oceanic immensity.

Through storms and waves they stand their ground,
A beacon of hope when we're feeling down,
Fathers are like the ocean vast,
Always enduring, forever steadfast.

So let us honor fathers today,
For all they give and all they say,
For being our rock in life's great ocean,
Guiding us with unwavering devotion.

Christen Kuikoua

The Mourn Of My Heart ????

O heart! Why must you lay your love so bare?
To share your heart and soul with one so dear?

I thought that I was strong enough
to bear the pain and hold my bluff,
To hide my feelings from your gaze,
And keep them locked for future days.

For Months I kept this secret hidden well.
A feeling that burned, but dared not speak its name
I held it so close, not wanting to tell
Yet in the end, the truth could not restrain.

I reach out but you're no longer there,
Left with an emptiness that's hard to bear.
Now, I sit alone with tears in my eyes
Wishing this day never came to pass

My heart is shattered,
But not feeling ashamed
for thought with pain am now free of chains

So here I am, a heart full of sorrow,
Hoping against hope for a better tomorrow.
But today, I'll sit with my broken heart,
And hope for a new fresh start.

Cursed. Is this day that brought me so much pain?
Cursed is my heart for falling first again

Christen Kuikoua

Patience A Virtue To Uphold

Patience, a virtue so pure and true,
A quality that can carry us through.
A scene of sin? No, that's not quite right,
It's our response to temptation that's the fight.

With wisdom and patience, we can avoid the snare,
And keep ourselves from falling into despair.
We can stay strong when the winds of change blow,
And navigate life's challenges with a steady flow.

Patience is not a scene of sin,
But rather a virtue that helps us begin.
To see the world with a different light,
And to keep our hearts open and bright.

With patience, we can learn to wait,
And to keep our hearts from being consumed by hate.
We can see the good in every soul,
And let love and compassion be our goal.

So let us cultivate patience with wisdom and grace,
And use it to navigate life's challenges with a steady pace.
For patience is not a scene of sin,
But rather a virtue that helps us begin.

Christen Kuikoua

Mother Earth A Gift To Us To Cherish And Love

Mother Earth, a gift so rare,
A place of beauty, beyond compare.
A world of wonder, where life abounds,
A paradise of sights and sounds.

From the mountains high, to the oceans wide,
From the forests green, to the deserts dry.
The Earth is home, to creatures great and small,
A wonderland, for one and all.

God created, this Earth so fair,
A place of wonder, beyond compare.
A world of beauty, that we must protect,
For it is ours, to love and respect.

The Earth provides, a home for all,
A place of shelter, where we stand tall.
A world of plenty, where we can thrive,
A gift from heaven, to keep us alive.

So let us cherish, this world so rare,
And show our love, with utmost care.
For the Earth is great, and God's own hand,
Created her, to keep us safe and grand.

Christen Kuikoua

My Shameful Self Vs God's Love

The lord is my shepherd, why should I stumble?
In the midst of tribulation, He holds my hands
He Protects me from my greatest adversary

Fights my battle in times of war
And feeds me whenever hunger strikes
Never have I ever lacked,
For he always has provided

In my shivering and pain,
He heals me
Never has he ever forsaken me,
Though my ungrateful self does
He gifted my mouth with songs and graced my hand with poetry.
What a gift I didn't deserve

Can't count the number of time death was deserved
Instead, he showed me grace
He calls me his, Though I don't feel worthy
Yet by my side in my greatest falls, He Remains

What a loving God I call my own,
though his love is not deserved by me

Christen Kuikoua

Music You Are My Beloved Friend

Music You Were
Music You are
As a Kid, You Were
And still now you are
What would I have been without your wings so strong
Like thunder in my head
You made me fearless and bold

Oh, my dear friend, so beloved
Soft and melodious, you are
You gifted my mouth with songs
Joy and sorrow you brought
Yet stood by me in great depression

Do you feel the music?
It's my heart beating in harmony
Dancing to its rhythm
What a melody so divine
A realm of peace and comfort
Music You Are My Beloved Friend

Christen Kuikoua

Happy Sixteen Birthday

Shall I hail the rising ray
Or overflow my cup with tears of joy
Shall i run as with no direction
As a madman full of happiness
Or woe for such a glorious day has come

Will his prince my friends' mirth receive,
And bless his birth, and wish to live?
Or shall he Forever wave to his past
And dreamed time was like a divine vine.
oh, this glorious vine
That grew with glory rippled here and there
by the glorious winds of hopes and fears.
Sang like a happy bird
rejoicing, for God made it grace

That so divine vine be me so,
I rejoice for I lived to be 16th
I rejoice for today is women month
And a beautiful, intelligent woman gave me life
Once wish but now present
Impossible has finally been defeated
I, my dear, was born today
16th, my love's greatest pride

Christen Kuikoua

My Undeniable Love

Day by day
Night by night
I find myself loving you more and more
Every song I sing,
and the emotions it builds
Is a reminder of my love so real

Your beauty and grace
Surpasses what my eyes have ever seen
or my ears ever heard
Your smile melts my heart;
It's like a flame against the cold.
My heart skips a beat
when I think of your face so bold

I've come to learn so much about you
Every moment is precious and memorable
Though you are my beloved friend and confidante;
you will always be in my heart,
and I will always be your secret admirer

Your aura is so chill,
like a soothing balm for my soul
I could spend hours looking into your eyes,
feeling the calmness that radiates within you

I have a secret... I like you to the moon and back
Yes, it's true! I can't keep quiet any longer.
You are not only my crush, but my best friend
I can tell you everything
but why can't I tell you that I found you?

I don't know exactly what draws me to you
But it feels like though as peace in all its majesty
It is hard for me to express myself
I want to tell you how much you mean to me,
but words don't always come easily
I don't want to lose your friendship,
but I can't continue to pretend that's all I feel for you.

Christen Kuikoua

In The Darkest Hours God Is The Only Option

The Hour Is Dark Indeed

It is Quite Hard to see

You know What

Lost in the Middle Of The unknown,

nowhere to go

Asking Yourself If What You are Doing In the Ruin

Will Ever Lead to somewhere Glorious

Oh, I know

This Voice in your gut trying to shut your star

Keeping you from giving glory to your creator

And You always fighting within yourself

asking am I even worth

I am, I am worth the dreams,

I am worth the sacrifice

singing the same song over and over

asking yourself questions,

What is my purpose in this life?

Asking yourself, am I just here to play the second role?

oh am I worth enough to be a lead

Guess What? I'm in your shoes too.

Believing do gets hard

Especially when options are few,

But Guess what we Have A God Above,

The Lord of Isaac And Jacob

If you just Trust Him And The Process

Guess What? You will look down through the years.

at this very moment and see his hand on it

So now Here is my advice Though

Believing get Hard When options Are few

Do testify of the battles God Fought For You

How he was your portion when there wasn't enough

Do testify of the seas that you have crossed,

The waters he God parted, the waves that you walked,

Give Thanks For The Little things

In other, to Win the Whole Battle

If Only I Could Rewrite The Stars

If by chance I could relive my life
I will make more mistakes
will relax and be more sillier
Prasing every second of my life
than what has been so far in this journey of mine
I would have tolerated more,
took more chances and face challenges
Would have travel the world
and finally, yes, spent more time with my family
Maybe eating more ice cream and avoiding unnecessary drama
yes! focusing on real troubles
Then having fewer imaginary ones

If only I could do it again
I will travel lighter and go to more dances
perhaps spending time with nature God's Creation
picking more daisies

You know this life is a mystery
As we tend to grow old,
we have all our mistakes
unfolding in front of our own eyes like a movie
and we are just left with a phrase >
I believe that God didn't create us
to merely achieve name, fame, and power
For I want to believe there is something deeper
Our standard of life will measure our lives
Never of living conditions

We are not here to just entertain ourselves
with social media and doing robotic routines
To scroll up and down like a Robot
feeding our mind junk food,
rotting these marvelous brains the creator gave us.
We literally invented the most powerful tool
on the face of the earth,
to spread hatred on twitter and Instagram
literally building the most advanced computer known to man

and using it only to watch YouTube pranks

So let's change that
and make it our mission to walk the talk
Because there is a difference between a life well achieved
than a life fill with regrets
Remember, it doesn't matter,
the amount of money you stored
for as a matter of fact,
you are not taking it with you on the other side
So live your life to be happy
to have no regrets and finally to serve God, your Creator

Christen Kuikoua

Live Your Life With A Purpose And Don't Try To Fit In The Wrong Crowd

So precious yet so short
Life is indeed to us
Walking around in circles,
wasting around our time
Later, realizing that
Our selfish runs weren't important

Praising the wrong things
Wishing a fairytale life
Well guess what, our world ain't dreamtopia
Want success without efforts
And expect life to role like our selfish wishes
But the truth is life doesn't ever work like that

Why trying to live someone else's life
Trying to fit in the crowd
to be accepted for being someone you aren't
Pretending to be happy to please the people around you
that happens to not even care
I got a question?
If you live my life, then who will live yours
Stop scrolling through Socials
Seeing artificial happiness
Blended with filters
While you are trying to be like them,
They praying each day to be like you

Stop envying because it not
impossible to be a success
For the people you praise for their work
worked extra hours and sweats really hard
to obtain that success
Stop wishing for fairytales and grow up
Because just kids dream of flying like birds
Remember, there is no success without efforts
And never will you stop until your better becomes your best

What A Tragedy

Of what Importance is money
In a Disastrous World,
What is the point of being rich?
to live all lonely and be sad
What is the point of building a mansion?
to show Power & Wealth while your life is a misery
What is the point of having a million cars?
if you can drive one at a time
Why is the point of using social media?
counting your likes & views
why you lack personality and confidence
always in need of human approval
to know your perfect the way you are

As you ask yourself this question:
You become to question life
Why are the rich the most miserable?
Not to be rude, but it looks like a fact
Why has money taken away dignity?
Why has corruption taken away righteousness?
Has our world fallen
Or is it the fruit of ignorance?
we kill for money & betray for couple of coins
We have become judas,
for a couple of coins, betray Jesus

What education do you teach us children?
what roots are you planting in us?
The roots of corruption and trickery
I get it. You got bills to pay,
but is worth the sacrifice.
is the bills more important
than the generation you're living behind?
if you say yes then,
my prayer for you is let your eyes be open

Because I am sick and tire
Tire of seeing children's life destroy
due to the mistake committed by their parents

Tire because wealth has removed joy from homes
Tire because our self approval
has to come from
the likes we get on Instagram or Twitter
Tire because our new love is corruption,
Spreading rumors is now our hobbies
yeah, that the new world we live in,
where money can buy love

What a tragedy,
humanity's progression & over knowing
has caused some of us more pain than good
It led us to lose our senses
Oh, my soul weeps & grieve
But scream to see the new rising ray
that will shine like a million sun

Christen Kuikoua

Start Changing Your Life Path

The most efficient way to change your life
is by changing your life,
rearrange your life,
architect your existence,
it is as simple as this,
Think about a seed
If you plant a seed,
and it doesn't grow
no matter how much
you try to toil,
You mustn't blame the seed
Because the fault lies with the soil
which is the foundation,
it is the same as if you build the house
on a weak foundation, it will collapse and perish

The topic of life after death isn't what I'm here for
But that of life before death,
From birth to death
Your life existence
Is the total sum
Of every choice you ever had to make
Science estimate that the average person
Makes about 35000 choices per day
But unfortunately, I don't believe so
Because if people made
That many conscious choices every day.
that means their lives will be different
But sadly, most people are so asleep
With their heads down.
They're moving so fast that they don't see
Their choices are made on their behalf

Let me be clear
The number one predictor of how long you will live is
first your blood pressure,
Followed by exercise, then genes
With another, which is none of those
Because the real truth is,

How you will live is determined by
your zip code, because your opportunities
Determines your possibilities, not your genes.
Your map determines what you get to see
Because life is not like a box of matches
but it was more like a restaurant
And choices are quite limited to what's on the menu?

What am I trying to say?

I'm saying this,
If you want to consume the real food of life,
Then you must have the courage
To order off the menu, let me spell it out for you
Move, travel, explore, create, change
Change your environment
Escape the menu your comfort zone
I know it is challenging. No one said it would be easy.
But sometimes, we must cut a finger to save the arm
Sometimes you have to cut friends and family
And believe me, it will be an emotional rollercoaster
But to survive, you must hang with people
With a common future like you
You must change your I will to I have
Yeah, not just a common past,
don't worry about your mistakes, as they say
Sometimes you do win
And other times you lose, but do learn
This I can't confirm second chances do exist
But I can confirm that the changed you
Need to make an alternative choice
Decide on a fresh path
And when your time comes,
I pray that at the mid-end of your B & D,
Your Line Is Not just a dash, but a squiggle

Inspired by Prince Ea

Christen Kuikoua

Tant Que Vous Avez De L'espoir, Vous Pouvez Vaincre

- Christen kuikoua

Oui Cancer,
Quelle horrible maladie
Il enlève les rêves et les change en chagrin
Enlève les parents à leurs enfants
Et les enfants de leur famille
mais j'ai un message d'espoir pour toi aujourd'hui
Tout ce qui est destiné à arriver arrivera
parce que tu sais quoi, la vie arrive
L'inattendu, l'injustifié, l'involontaire
Nous avons été endommagés émotionnellement
Dommage spirituel
c'est peut-être ton coeur brisé aujourd'hui
ou peut-être une note du médecin indiquant qu'il vous reste une semaine à vivre
que votre cancer a atteint le stade critique
Je suis ici pour vous dire que vous n'êtes pas seuls
à tous ceux qui souffrent du cancer,
et toute sorte de douleur et de maladies
Vous n'êtes pas seuls
continuer à persévérer
continuer à prier
continuer à espérer
Je sais que c'est difficile
C'est dur, je sais,
les gens vous critiquent les gars
vous traite parfois moins que les humains
Mais rappelez-vous, il n'y a pas de maladie qui ne soit pas
mais nous devons toujours garder la tête droite
se répétant à l'intérieur, j'ai compris, je survivrai à cela
Mais je crois que tant que tu as de l'espoir, tu peux surmonter

Christen Kuikoua

For As Long As You Have Hope You Can Overcome

Yeah Cancer,
What a horrible disease
It takes away dreams and change it to sorrow
Takes away parents from their children
And children from their family
but I have a message of Hope for you today

Anything that is destined to happen will happen
because you know what, life does happen
The unexpected, the uncalled for, the unintentional
We were damaged emotionally
Damage spiritually
it may be your heart broken today
or maybe a doctor's note saying you have one week to live
that your cancer has reached the critical stage

I am here to tell you guys you are not alone
to all those suffering of cancer,
and any sort of pain & diseases
You guys are not alone
keep on persevering
keep on praying
keep on Hoping
I Know it is difficult
it hard I know,
people criticize you guys
sometimes treat you less than humans

But remember there no disease that isn't
but we always have to keep our head straight
repeating to Ourselves inside, I got this, I will survive this
But I believe, as long as you have hope, you can overcome

Christen Kuikoua

I Still Love You

How Can you deny the love you feel
When that Special person is Right Next to you
How to pretend you don't see?
How to tell her you love her unconditionally?
How to tell her that your love is real?
Yeah I know it messed up all those question with no respond
It not my fault, it love with no boundaries
Just the Sadness and the fright of taking no for an answer
Oh Just the Pain of been Heart broken Once More
Praying everyday for that love to never diminish
Wanting to tell her but scared of not been enough
Shatter inside due to my prize leading me in a competition race,
More precisely survivor of the fittest
Scared of been Defeated
but always having a glimpse of hope

I wish it was easy
I wish i could sing you a song,
to remind you of my long lost love
Maybe forgotten but still alive
Am sorry, very sorry You are my friend
Precious In my eyes, you are
Will protect you with my life
though you don't really need it
I didn't mean to make it weird
And i don't want our friendship to part
I know you may have moved on but i haven't
I still love you like i did the first day and
others days before that
Well i can't make you love me back
But i can always hope,
Hope yeah,
The main thing that have been keeping me going

I will have to say in my younger age i was an idiot
For i left you go, without fighting
I left My prize for empty stars,
My pride got the best of me
Well atleast i made mistake,

Maybe realizing it too late
But if i can still hope,
No matter how long It might take
I promised that to myself "I will"
Again & Again,
And will Choose You Over & Over
Again & Again
Because you mean the world to me

Christen Kuikoua

Accept Difference: Christen Kuikoua Health Responds

What you see is just an illusion
of the whole puzzle piece,
So to define ourselves
by our Perceptions and thoughts
is to continue to live a lie and to be color blind,
And no one deserve hatred for been different,
infarct we can learn about difference and embrace it.
So Now don't close your eyes or deny the facts,
we are one people with many stories,
One human race with a colorless spirits
So to define others by our petty matters
is to accept violence where peace can reign
So therefore let no be disconnected
& divided but let be the rain in people's garden,
Let us be known for our humanity we spread,
because though Humanity is capable of such beautiful dreams and horrible
nightmares, For Our World Has a lot For every Man's Dream but Not Every man's
Greed
' let make the difference. Amen

Christen Kuikoua

England's Greatest Pride

Your years have been long and beautiful
You Ruled with Power and Might
Your majesty and your reign were not in question
Because God made you our greatest pride
Unfortunately, today you disappeared in the middle of the unknown
But forever, We your people will remember you Our Beloved Queen,
Queen Elizabeth, Long Lived Your Reign,

For you have delivered us from evil
And make us a family,
Although you left the throne
You will always live in our hearts
'Cause you swore to lead us with truth and integrity
Oh Dear Queen what you have done

But now you're gone
What a bitter pain
What an unpleasant reality
Our Beloved Queen is gone,
Together in unity,
We England honor your reign
The mother of our nation you were
The main soul of England
Forever your reign will be engraved
And celebrated for generations to come
Rest in Peace My Beloved Queen
England's Greatest Pride

Christen Kuikoua

Stop Racism And Spread More Humanity

When Will We Wake Up?

I am So tire, Tire Of Racism

Tire of me hiding in the shadows

As if i was a Dog or a cat

because of how My skin,

my voice Look or sound Like

It not like i decided to be black

or when to a competition to have black skin,

or what ever skin, that is not point,

So i ask Again When Will man Wake up?

When Will they realize they can't change

what is, but can adapt to what is

When will they learn that God Choose You Not Man will

When We they Know That You change what was meant

yeah i wonder When? ?

Tomorrow, when? In a million years or when?

When Exactly?

I long and thirst for the day when

Man Kind Finally Turn Into Kind Man

When We shall open not just our eyes

but our hearts to see beyond The Hue of man

When we shall open our arms to embrace difference

When We Shall see Beyond Differences

And Say Welcome Brother

Then to finally realize that we are all Human

Then to realize God doesn't make Mistakes

Because I have learn We Rise by lifting others

For no moral Value Is greater Than Humanity

Who are we as human Beings?

if we ignore the Pain And Suffering of Others

Who are we or more Like What Do You Gain

Money, It Sad, because You will gain Money

You will Die Living Behind

So Humans Wake up,

Not everything that is faced can be change,

but nothing can be changed until it is faced

For there is nothing more truly Artistic
than to love people

Stop Racisms, Stop Scaring Youths
Stop Scaring Immigrants
Stop Scaring the Nation
Stop Killing Innocents
Stop Spreading Hatred Among Tribes
Stop this, Stop This Nonsense
Aren't you guys tire
Because I am, My Vision of a World I want to Live in,
Is a World of Peace An Culture Diversity
Because I Believe Having a point of View is Very Wonderful,
But Enforcing it on others to destroy their inner peace is wrong
Humans have to learn to embrace the differences with love
To embrace the differences with Empathy, Shed the Duplicity
and take a step towards humanity
Unfortunately humanity Can Be quite Cold to those
Whose Eyes See the World Differently
But remember,
All of our Humanity is dependent
Upon Recognizing The Humanity in Others
For No man Is an Island Entire Of itself;
Every man Is a Piece of the Continent,
And Rejecting that is another way,
To tell nature You don't care about it
But know that love and compassion are necessities
no luxuries, without them,
Humanity can't survive
but will walk in the paths of an evil destiny

So Let not be Disconnected By Race
Let us not Be Divided By Politics
And Classified by unhealthy wealth
But Let us be Known
For Our humanity we spread
Amen

Christen Kuikoua

I Quit, Done Of Been Approved By Humanity Injustice

I Quit, Yeah I said it
Wow, it feel good to finally be free
To be free of been stuck in a pot,
You just know how to get in
but you don't know how to get out

I Quit, Fine..
Call me a quitter
Hate me
Tell me am a loser and will never get a life
Tell me that I am a mistake brought to earth by god
and a curse to humanity
I don't care
I just can't do this anymore
I have lived my life to please others,
but I have never lived, or dreamt a goal to please me
I get it, you mad, I get it but look
I've changed
You're not to blame
I'm just not the same person you knew before

So, please I supplicate not to be rude at all
I know you did A lot for me,
But Guess what,
I'm done trying to live up to your expectations
I 'm done with letting myself to be guided,
By the world about what the heck
is right or wrong for me
I know you guys care but Listen,
Sometimes you can lead a horse to water
but you can't make it drink
You can also sometimes lead a horse to the fields
but you can't make him eat

You guys have to get me am different
Am Not the teen You used to know
I quit holding myself back
Living emotionally trapped
Been Damage By the people I care

of the lies told to me of who I should be
Or been assign a destiny that I don't long
I quit being loyal to these negative thoughts
that have never been useful
I quit letting the mistakes committed by me,
from my past get in my path and
Depriving me of a beautiful future

I quit of letting my life been invade by people.
Who have swear to my face that they will never care,
Of faked friends I made,
along the long journey of my life
I quit letting peer pressure,
and people around me to dictate and direct my destiny
I quit forgiving everyone else,
in this entire lonely whole world except me

I am who I am,
And I'm proud of myself
So, I quit the always to hang out and to be accepted
By the kids I call so cool
but infarct are so lame,
Because following them,
I became a greater fool
I quit because, I Didn't follow my life's motto
To do my best, so that I can't blame myself for anything

I quit the prison of perfection
The lie in my mind that tells me to always be right
While God created me right
but humanity made me imperfect
I quit the fear of failure and the fear of success
I quit not giving 100% Even When I could
Taking everything I did so lightly
and forgetting I was created for a greater purpose
I quit dimming my light
So that others that don't even care
about me won't have to squint
I quit self-doubt and self-sabotage
Because every time I thought,
I was a failure someone reminded me

I was a success with great purpose
I quit going with the flow through life,
Instead of living my dreams
Because instead of me to go with the flow,
The flow when with me
I quit hesitation followed by desperation,
Expectations, rules created by some people
that let me to my great devastations
I quit

I Know Life Is Too Short My Friends
But Let me tell you,
Sometimes Quitting is Good
Quitting sometimes makes us preplanned ideas
Never Attach your destiny to what people say
Because doing so simply means you lack personality
But I Believe What time hasn't dime,
can't be revive, but surely renew
So it not about how you start,
but all about how you finish

Christen Kuikoua

God's Other Chance To You

Humanity is capable of such beautiful dreams
and horrible nightmares,
For Our World Has a lot For every man's Dream
but Not Every man's Greed
So you see this is life greatest rule,
it gives to givers, and takes from takers
Those Full of themselves,
on the outside are often starving on the inside
So as sad as it is,
Many people get Heaven and Hell wrong,
For they are not places you go,
but they are ministates you hold,
For hell is the fire inside you
The burns you feel when you are a life,
You don't need to die to go to hell
For the reality is when you are not just
karma makes your life a living hell
they heat in arguments
when your blood boils over
If you let anger with selfishness
Get the best of you,
then it would bring out the worst in you
So there for love kindly
I Love you all, and Have no right to judge
but my word are if you know your are greedy and selfish
Don't harden your heart,
Don't do like you didn't hear me,
I don't want to see you suffer,
Neither do I want to see you, face God's Judgement
So, today God is saying,
I will give you one more chance,
to revise your wrongs,
To correct Your Mistake,
To assist the poor not to rebuke him
I give you one more chance
to choose love over hatred
One More chance,
You have a banquet Infront of you my son,
Choose Wisely,

Don't forget my words,
Please, don't forget my words
For This will be your last chance
Your last chance
So there for Choose
Wisely Is not Too Late Yet

Christen Kuikoua

Life Is To Short To Score Little

It Is not Death Most people are Afraid Of
But it is getting to the end of life only to realize
That you never truly lived
Most people On Their Dead Bed,
Don't regret the things they did
but the things they didn't do
The risks they never took
and Finally the dream they didn't pursue
So if I ask You today
will you last Words be ' If Only I had'

Hey, you yes you Wake Up
Why Do You Exist?
Life is Not Meant to simply work,
Wait For the weekend And the Pay rent
No I know am a kid i don't know much, but
i Know This every person on this earth Has a Gift And I
Apologize to the black community
But I can't no longer pretend
Martin Luther King that Man Never Had a Dream
Because look That Dream Had Him
Like said see people Don't choose dreams But
The dreams Choose Them
So the Question I am Getting too is
Do you have the courage, the Mindset
to grab the dream that choose you
That Befits you and grips you
Or will you let it get away and slip through?

And Example I have is,
Look many people think that,
Airplane planes are dangerous to fly in
But what they forget is a lot more dangerous,
For a plane to stay on the ground
Because On the Ground the Plane Start to Rust, Malfunction & Wear
Much Faster than it ever would if it was in the air
And as I think about it I say yeah,
because planes were built to live in the skies
And every person was build to live out the dream they have inside

So it is perhaps the saddest loss to live a life on the ground
Without ever taking off
So Most of us Including me of course,
Are Afraid of the Thief
that Comes In the Night to Steal all of our things
But remember,
There is a thief in your mind,
who is after your dreams?
And his name is 'Doubt'
Or the feeling Of always Saying I can't because of this & That
Creating Limitation In Your Mindset,
And Building Less Self Esteem For you
So I have Word If you see 'Doubt'
Call the cops and keep him away from us Kids
Because he is Wanted for murder
for he has killed more dreams than failure ever did
He wears Many Disguises,
And like a virus will leave you
Blinded And turn you Into a 'Kinda'
For example you kinda want a promotion
You kinda want to get Straight A's
You kinda want to hget in shape
Simple Math No numbers,
if you kind of want something
then you will kinda get the result you want

What is Your Dream?
Because Some people Fail To Plan
But they never Plan to fail
So what ignites that spark
that you can't kind of want that,
you got to wonder that every part of your whole heart
will you struggle, Yeah You will struggle
No way around it, You will fall many times
because even the bible say
'For seven times the righteous fall,
And 7 times he will gets back up again,
This shows that even God knows our Hardships
But he will support those that support themselves
Remember This, There is no such a thing,
As a smooth mountain
Because It doesn't care who you are

because if you want to make it to the top of that mountain
there are sharp ridges that must be stepped over

There will be times Were You will get stressed,
and things you will get depressed over
But let me inform you,
Our well known Actor Steven Spielberg
was rejected from Film school three times
Three times but he still kept going
And we lot more of other celebrities we know
But they always kept going
Believe me struggles and criticisms,
Are prerequisites for greatness
Unfortunately that is the law of this universe
and no one escapes it
Because Pain Is light,
But you can choose what type,
Either the pain on the road to success
Or the pain of being haunted By 'Doubt' With Regrets

If You want my advice, Here is it
Don't think twice, I know am a kid and yeah,
People will say I don't know what I am talking about but infarct I do,
Because I believe life is a gift from God
and With this life he gave us talents
So if you seat home and expect to be successful,
Without trying to use God's talents he gave you
Then am Sorry you are on the way of poverty and perdition
You are not defined by your past
instead you are born anew in each moment,
So own it now
Sometimes you got to a leap
and grow your winds on the way down
You better get this shot off before the clock runs out
Because it will be over before you notice it
And I know It sound like am preaching on text,
but the truth is if you don't use your gift
Then you are stopping your own destiny with other destinies
So what Invention do you have buried in your mind?
What Idea? What Cure? What Skill?
Do you have inside to bring out to this universe?

Uni meaning One, Verse meaning Song
You have a part to play in this song,
So Grab your sheet With that microphone
And be brave to sing your heart out on life stage
I wish it was possible but is not,
For you can't go back to try making a Brand new beginning
but you can Start Now And make a brand new Ending

Christen Kuikoua

Affect Of Breakup In Relations & Children's Lives

In life Relationship,
Useless Battle Between Couples
Must be avoided
Because there is no need for negative energy
In the midst of Love
My Bible say love cares
Love protects, Love put a smile on faces
Love forgives & Finally Love don't hate
I am no expert in love
because I myself always learn from it
but one thing I saw my parents always do
Is whenever anger tries to explode
Their love heal it away
Their love thought them to tolerate
That no one is perfect Except God
They Learn that Conflict Would not solve
Instead it will activate more hatred

Dear Friends, Dear Fathers, Dear Mothers
It sad when a kid live with parents that fight everyday,
Arguing Infront of them, Cursing, Beating, Insulting
What Kind of Education Do you expect them to learn
How to scream or back like dogs
We are humans not animals
But when you treat yourself like an animal
Infront of your child they turn in to one too
You guys must learn that the child need love,
From both parents,
Because Since Am alive,
I have never saw Divorce Healing A Child
But instead it Destroy Your child's Destiny
Making him a predator to it prey
In other words, it corrupts him and teach him violence
Teaching Him that he or she Must not respect
it takes away values And Replace it with Rudeness
It takes away what makes the difference
Between a man and an animal
And believe me, this is what leads to depression
And sometimes Death

and Later in the Future That Child Kills,
Becomes a Terrorist in the society
Because he his trying to take away
The voice in his head
That told him, That fighting,
drinking and abusing is all alright
Then later finds himself in jail,
For mistake committed by two relationships

Don't You guys listen
How Many Marriages Are broken Up over Meaningless
Unimportant And Petty Matters
How many Divorces Happen Everyday Around The World
How many Kid in this World will have to go through Depression because of
Marriage,
Don't You See, Friends, Family, Community
I cry because
marriage is suppose to be a blessing not a curse
it suppose to strengthen relationships not divide
But today In our world,
We have embrace divorce like a lifestyle
I feel like Every couple should hear this message
because it shows that marriage is much more important
Than who is right about Petty Matters
For it Not about who is right in the relationship
But it about what's right
and I believe That What is Right
Is to always Choose Love & Tolerance With Kindness Over Correctness

And Let be honest About it
How many times in our Lives Have We been
Absolutely, positively certain about something
only to find out later that we where totally wrong
So see it never about who the heck is right
because Who cares if you are wrong or right'
If your argument is going to destroy
Love, peace and harmony in your family
Remember is never about who is right
But Always About What is Right
So my Dear Couples
Don't break Your Relationship In the Name Of I was right you were wrong,
Causing havoc and Destroying you Child's Destiny through breakup or divorce

Don't steal your child happiness because of the Word ' I '

Christen Kuikoua

When Love Turns Into A Nightmare

Oh Sadness, What A Tragedy
Yesterday It was The Time Of Our Life's
But today Is My Day of Sorrow
Why is my heart In deep depression
Like I lost it, but somehow feel it beating

But now the day bleed into nightfall
And Wow Your not here
To get me through it all help me through it all
What I will I do When it Feels Like,
My World have Shatter Like A Million Pieces,
While 3 days ago I was the happiest Person In the Universe

If I Could Turn Back the Clock
I will make Sure,
The light Defeat The Dark
I would have Spent Every Hour Of Everyday
Just Loving you more
Cause On That Day I will have Climb Every Mountain
And Perhaps Swim Every Ocean
Just To Give My all To be With You
And Fix What I Have Broken
But I guess what Will I Say
It Too Late But I Still need
Somebody to heal
Somebody to know
Somebody to have
Somebody to hold
It always easy to say when that person is there
But it's never the same when they aren't
So I guess I kind of liked the way
You used to help me numbed all the pain

So Every time I tend to close my eyes,
it hurts So Hard that I dream
I fell into your arms, Lying to myself that
I'll be safe in your sound but at last
it just a dream and
I have Learn that a dream Without a Goal is Just a dream

So forever With tears in my eyes,
I Will Say love is such a sweet sorrow
That I will Grave in My heart your name Till It will be Morrow Forevermore

I Long to be by your side
To cry with you And to laugh with you
I don't want you to just be a memories
but at last it is too late
And it all my fault

Christen Kuikoua

We Need Parents Love In Climate Change

Humanity Will Never Solve Climate Change With Its Science,
But it will Solve It with it Spirit
We are Sons and Daughters of Our Home Earth
An With all honor it Our Duty as it heir to Safe and Protect It
not by balancing the Economies But Rebalancing Philosophy
Because as a Matter Of Facts Don't We Treat The Earth like We View Earth

Remember Dear Communities,
Close All Your TVs,
Plug Off Your Radios,
For humanity has Turn This World In to Chaos and Fear
Remember Not Everything Happening on Fox news & CNN Is always True
For Climate Change Ain't Political Its Parental

So this comes now to One Question
Parents Do You Love Your Kids?
Because No,
I refuse to believe that
Snatching away their Dream is Love,
I refuse to believe that
Not Caring
About the Future They Will Live in Is Good,
Aren't you guys tire of living a lie
that you tell yourself everyday

I know Y'all Parents
Are working So hard to give us your Children's
A better Tomorrow, Yeah I Believe You But,
What the Point of Enriching Your Family,
Or like You Guys Say Taking Higher Paying Jobs to make us have a Great Life,
When We Will have no Earth to Spent it
When you guys ask us
what do want to be when you grow up?
Please Leave us an Actual World To grow In

You already Know
That the only Milky Way us kids will see,
Will be Candy Bars,

You Guys already know that
When we turn 30 years old,
There will be more plastic in the ocean than fishes

You Already Know This
Like I said,
You Hear it on the News
And That's Where The Freaking News Goes Wrong
Cause If you simply Focus on What's Going Wrong,
You Get More of What's Going Wrong
Unfortunately as sad as it is that the universal law

So Like I said
Close those TV Channels And Stop Inciting Fear
Because Let me be clear
Mr. Martin Luther King's Speech 'I have a Dream'
would not have been the same
if it was called 'I have a nightmare'
Because he knew the up & downs
but he also Knew,
It is Through Inspiration That we Have Hope

So Guys Stop This hated Debates,
Because The Solution in solving climate change
Is team Working
What Good is driving & Environmental Friendly vehicle,
if You are a mean person
One Thing certain is That
Love Is what we need Urgent
But I get it, Technology Has Blinded Us
And Clouded Our Common Sense to the point where
if I say we are not separated from nature
many people would start doubting it,
But think about it
when we where born we did not come into the world,
we came out of it,
So the truth is we are nature

So Beloved Parents,
My Call To Action Is Not to Recycle 'But to remember'
What Do we remember You Will ask?

Remember when you step outside nature is alive
Remember, The Rocks are her bones
Remember The Wind is her Voice
Remember When you Breath,
Every Inhale Is Mirrored By An Exhale Of a tree
Remember the Waters you Drink,
Comes From the Streams And Sea,
My Beloved People remember Forth,
That Love is the Greatest renewable Resources
And It Is so Resilient
And Perhaps Most of us Remember us,
We Are 2.2 Billions
And We Chose You to Protect Our Futures,
Not Steal It
Because to End Remember,
You Did not inherit This Earth
like the World Thinks From Our Ancestors,
because the Truth is You are Borrowing it,
From Your Kids When You Don't Heal it

Christen Kuikoua

When The Law Shut Down Your Dreams

In a world where I am Christen Kuikoua,
Yet each day, I question if it's truly me.
I can act, sing, and model with passion,
But my dreams face a relentless decree.

Every aspiration met with a crushing sound,
As though someone's there to pull me down.
It's a daily struggle, a living hell,
Where critiques and judgments persist and swell.

Like You sing Like a Toad they proclaim,
Or like Your Face Looks Like a Baboon, the shame.
'You're too fat to be a model, ' they sneer,
Injecting poison, stoking my fear.

I long to break free from this binding chain,
To live without worry, without disdain.
Why must every word and comment sting?
Is it my race that causes such a fling?

Proud of the black hue, I didn't choose,
But why does the world harbor so much abuse?
Can't we exist without constant dread,
Without fearing the moment we leave our bed?

As a young teen, insults weigh heavy,
Trying to navigate a world that's unsteady.
Yearning to find my place and voice,
Yet hatred makes it an unbearable choice.

What can I do, what can I say,
To be heard, supported, to find my own way?
Why does it feel like I don't deserve life?
Am I not human, deserving of strife?

The pain cuts deep, like a sword to the chest,
Critics abound, making me second-guess.
Creating my own content, using my own art,
Yet accusations fly, tearing me apart.

Too young for social media, they claim,
Or a cyberstalker turns my life into a game.
Fake police threats and accusations unfair,
No one believes, and it feels like a snare.

Broken and shattered, lost in the debris,
Yearning to vanish, to find some decree.
Can someone lend a helping hand,
Guide me through this desolate land?

Christen Kuikoua

The Fire In The Midst Of Despair

Now instead of getting your texts,
I'm sitting in bed With tears in my eyes
at Three am, Putting on a sad playlist
Facing The ceiling Trying to pretend
Here I am alone between the heavens and the embers
Oh, it hurts so hard for a million different reasons
Though I Pretend That Everything it fine
but I know it not Even though it been forever
I can still fill the spin
Young yet Desperate
I try every day of every time
to someday fly to were my hearts longs to be
I asked The stars Everyday
To let that essence never to burn away
Cause finding you
Was the best thing that ever happen to me
I Just Wished to turn back clock
To tell you I Love You
And Will never Ever Led You Go

Christen Kuikoua

I Lost My One And Only Moon While Gazing Upon The Stars

I remember The First Day I Laid Sight On you
My heart Whispered You Are The One
That Day Was The Most Magical Day Of my Life
I Felt Like A Million Butterfly Beautiful With a Trillion Colors.
I Felt Like I Will Live Forever Loving you With All My Heart
And Never Disappear From Your Face
I Love You With So Much Passion
it became My Assignment to be With you.
But At last When I Lost You,
I Felt Like a broken Glass
Try With All My Might Just
To Even if Just Glue it together.
But I Knew
It Wasn't Going to be the Same Again.
Nobody knows I need you.
They think I can do it on my own,
But they don't know I am crying
When I am all alone.
So I Will Forever Write it In the Stars
Loving Can Hurt
Loving Can Hurt
But It Is the Only Thing I Know
Nobody knows it's painful.
They think that I am strong.
But I wonder if they are not wrong
I wish you were here
Just for me to Appreciate You More
The real You In All It Majesty
But I Guess When The One We Care About Is Gone
Then When We Realize
We made A Mistake That Could Have been Avoided
But At last What Will I Say
It all My Fault
I Lost My One And Only Moon
While Gazing Upon The Stars

My Undying Love For You

I want you in my life
for today, tomorrow and forever.
Everything feels empty
when you are not around,
but our love is what keeps me going.
Nothing can explain fully how fortunate I am
to have you in my life.
For Loving you has become a must for me
It is no longer a choice or an option.
If there's one thing
in this world
I'm afraid to lose, it's you.
I am so in love with you
that I can't dare to lose you!
I wish to be everything.
that brings a smile on your face
and happiness to your heart
I dream of a world where you and I
would live for a thousand years to love each other.
Though I Know I wouldn't Live to be a thousand
I Will Never Let You Be a Foreigner In My Midst.

Christen Kuikoua

I Need A Family Not A Court

Never Compete
with Artificial intelligence
but instead focus
On developing Unique human Intelligence
Because If you continue
to teach today
as you taught yesterday
then you rob us students of tomorrow
for you can lead a horse to water
but you can't force it
Neither Can you make it drink
In the future we will need
more passion and compassion,
people with inspired heart
and wisdom to uplift this planet
but remember how do want us Children
to succeed
When we can't even have proper nutrition,
How do you want us children to succeed
when we are always treated like machines,
Receiving 19 homework's due the Next day,
So In other words depriving us from our sleep
Remember First
The Biggest factor For Childhood Success
is it's never I.Q,
it is the family Meals,

Don't take way my family time
and offer me Facebook
Because at a time
it becomes to hard to face that book
Don't tell me to go Pinterest
because it hard sometimes to pin that interest
Don't lie to me you were always top of your class
or tell me to be like x and y because,
the truth is
I am sick of been told to be someone am not

When I fall I need love not judgment
I need counselors not a jury
I need a Family not a court

You Know

The Best Feeling In the world
Is to Know That Your Own Parent Get You
For your Children's Are Not Your Children's
they are the sons and daughters
of life longing for itself,
they come through you,
but not from you
and though they are with you,
They don't belong to you
You may give them your love,
but not your thoughts
For they have their own thoughts
You may House their bodies but not their souls,
For their souls dwell in the house of tomorrow
So Please My Dear Teachers And Beloved Parents
Don't transform My Child Hood
into a robotic recommendation
Because the Truth I can't be Upgraded
But I Can Learn for the absolute better

Christen Kuikoua

Sauve Ma Maison Planet Terre Ne Soyez Pas Si Fier Et Aveuglé Par Des Luxes Temporaires

Cher futur

Je m'excuse

Désolé, nous avons utilisé la nature comme carte de crédit

sans limite de dépenses

sur la rédaction d'animaux jusqu'à l'extinction

voler votre chance de voir leur unicité ou de devenir amis avec eux,

Désolé, nous empoisonnons tellement l'océan que vous ne pouvez même pas y nager,

Mais surtout désolé

car nous mentons à notre état d'esprit

et nous avons les nerfs

causer toute cette destruction

au nom du progrès

mais la chose à propos de la vérité est

on peut le nier mais pas l'éviter

Je suis tellement désolé mes chères générations futures,

au nom du progrès,

Je suis désolé que notre empreinte

est devenu un gouffre et non un jardin

Je suis désolé car nous avons inventé des excuses

pour construire des maisons de haute technologie

au lieu de planter plus d'arbres

Mais enfin, ce futur je ne l'accepte pas,

car et erreur

ne devient pas une erreur

jusqu'à ce que vous refusiez de le corriger

Alors les gens entendent mon cri

Écoutez les larmes de mère nature

Je ne suis ni militant, ni politicien, ni agriculteur

Mais je suis le soleil de la terre

et mère terre me dit comme le sage

quand les rivières sont toutes asséchées

et les arbres ont tous été abattus

L'homme réalisera alors

il ne pourra pas manger d'argent

Mais je veux y croire pas trop tard
Alors ai-je tous les croyants
ou êtes-vous tous les gars
déjà transformé par le bien partiel,
Si ce n'est pas trop tard, faites-le bien
Il n'est pas trop tard pour faire les choses correctement

Christen Kuikoua

Safe My Home Earth Don't Be So Feel With Pride And Blinded By Temporary Luxury

Dear future

I am Sorry

Sorry we used nature as a credit card

with no spending limits

over drafting animals to extinction

stealing your chance to ever see their uniqueness or become friends with them,

Sorry we poison the ocean so much that you can't even swim in them,

But most of all sorry

for we lie to our mindset

and we had the nerves

to cause all this destruction

in the name of Progress

but the thing about the truth is

it can be denied but not Avoid

I am so sorry my dear Future generations,

in the name of progress,

I am sorry that our footprint

became a sinkhole and not a garden

I am sorry for we made up excuses

to build high tech homes

instead of planting more trees

But At last, This Future I don't accept it,

because and error

doesn't become a mistake

until you refuse to correct it

So people hear my cry

Hear Mother natures tears

I am no activist, no politician, no farmer

But am the sun of earth

and mother earth is telling me like the wise man

when the rivers are all dried up

and the trees have been all cut down

Man Will then realize

he will not be able to eat money

But I want to believe it not too late

So Do I have all believers
or are all of you guys
already transform by the partial good,
If not is not to late too make it right
It not too late to make it right

Christen Kuikoua

It All About Making Human History All Year

See Dark skin just mean more sun block,
it got absolutely nothing to do with 'Races'.
It Just means Your Ancestor lived in places closer to the Equator.
the Sun was stronger,
So they needed melanin in their skin to make it darker
and lighter skin just means less protection which is ideal in places.
Where the sun emits less intense ray
it's just Evolution
our bodies adapting to keep us Safe.
So I agree Racist should never be together but human should
For we are one Human race
Each with a Colorless spirit inside
So to define ourselves by races,
is to continue to Live a lie
and No we should not be color blind.
Don't Close Your eyes or deny the past,
Realize we are One people With Many Stories
Breathing the same air and living under the same sun,
So forget the categories,
MAKE IT CLEAR,
it not about Black History Month
but about Making Human History All year

Christen Kuikoua

The Prayer Of A Lost Soul

You were my Neighbor for lots of Ages
You and I was inseparable,
We Lived together and accomplished our dreams together,
We played together, sang together, were sad And wept together.
My one And only Friend you were certainly
You care when i needed you the most
Pick me up from misery and comforted me

My trust and belief In you Was sincere
Our bond was so resilient it never broke
No anger stood in our ways
For our unity was believed to be eternal

What Sorrow I felt, then my friend,
To discover that all our friendship will be despair
The day I vanished from earth my home With tears,
I realize our friendship was just a faze

OF all the memories made on earth
You never talked of the myth I though,
At no time you spoke of my lost soul,
And God who could make me whole

I'm forgotten today Forevermore
Heartbroken With Tears in My Eyes,
I supplicate today From Hell's ferocious Flames
And apprise to you my last hankering
No words today of yours,
are capable of setting me free
Nevertheless, make no mistake my friend
Do all you can for the essence of man
Implore them now quite earnestly
Avoid them to be diffuse in the abyss with me
This Poem Is about a friend That Dies and Unfortunately doesn't know Jesus
Christ and goes to hell.

Christen Kuikoua

Mom You Are My One And Only

Mom, your love is a mystery:
How can you do it all?
Mother is such a simple word,
But to me there's meaning seldom heard.
For everything I am today,
My mother's love showed me the way.
You are the Thunder and I am Lightning
And I Love the Way You, Know Who You are to me
Cause Mom You are a firework
My Moon in times of darkness
My Sun in times of my happy hours
My pillow in times of sorrow
And My strength In Times Of Great Depression
How Can You Do It All?
My World, My Forever What will I Have Been
Without Such Pure Love
Like The Moon In Someone's Sky
You Show Me The Way to life
With your loving and slivering light
you shine like and angel
And I Thank heaven for the grace of having such a mother
Which paths are wise and life is true
You are my sunshine
I'll love my mother all my days,
For enriching my life in so many ways.
She set me straight and then set me free,
And that's what the word 'mother' means to me.
Mom, I wish I had words engraved in the clouds
to tell How much you mean to me.
I am the person I am today,
Because you let me be.
Your unconditional love
Made me happy, strong, and secure.
In all the world, there is no mother
Better than my own.
You're the best and wisest person, Mom
I have ever known.
Like the stars talks with no words
your wisdom Enlightened me

And Forever the angels will sing hallelujah
For they Woe to have someone like you

Christen Kuikoua