

Poetry Series

Kevin Mireles

- poems -



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Kevin Mireles(Sept.1.1982)

Long Beach native Kevin Mireles aims to connect with readers through poetry that explores the complexities of human experience. His work, infused with both insight and understanding, challenges societal norms and reimagines creativity. His collection is entitled 'FancyTalkMagic.'



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Libretto

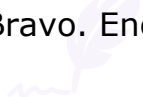
Ready to impress.
Something new.
Something fresh.

Designer labels,
imported stones,
fables of a non-fiction heroes.

Narcissistic linguistics,
simplistic specifics,
sex driven diction.
percussion seduction
Melodic precision.

Woodwind instrument,
symphonic poem
lay waste to dissonance.
Moaning Opera.
Encore. Bravo. Encore.

Kevin Mireles



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Motion, I Don't Know

Don't you think I know
that my life is going nowhere,
comparable to a parable
of fucking nonsense.

I suppose I can find
the motivation to get up
and go, go somewhere.
But the horizon
is unforeseeable
amongst the city lights,
the city nightlife.
The day after one night stand
panties draped all over
my nightstand. You know!

Don't you think I know
that this shallow attempt
to express
is mundane at best.

An illusion of grandeur,
more like
a delusion of greatness,
rapture blessed.
Yet Well equipped
to skip out of any project
And into corporate America.
Oh no, there I go again
speaking about motion
when I am motionless.

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Water

While waiting for his son on a visit,
she speaks nonsense:

'You're a loser, a worthless piece of shit!
Not worth a damn. Look at you,
sitting on your ass! '

From her deflated desolate oasis,
she belts:

'Why would anyone
even want you around? '

Baby Mama-in-law smirks at the words so cunningly transcending,
as she wails:

'What good are you anyways,
if not doing what I want! '

He coolly responds:

-I am water! I move and flow
with every hate you spill,
every curse you spell.
I contour the shoreline
of all your emotion.

I am encompassing energy
like water, Gods water.
which he blessed upon this earth
so others may drink
and care of one another.

I am a reflection
of it's sheer righteousness.
Blessed by he
who is more righteous.

My Lord Father protects
his well of splendid water.
Giving substance to all those
who deserve a quench.

And all those who do not,
shall drown in the water
of their own vindictiveness.

So, I offer you a cup,
a seat, a talk.
Replenishing like water,
so also, can we be.-

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Juju Beads

On juju-bead stages,
tangerine girls in sizzling
see-thru lace dance elegantly
under neon lights.

Giraffe eyelashes, press-on.
While legs adorned
with cascading diamonds
spiral down platinum poles.

Boom Bottom,
Boom Bottom,
Booty poppers,
Ass and thighs.

Swaying g-strings hump
Cadillac keys
like ocean currents tease
along the sandy shoreline.

Empty Hennessy bottles corked
with washed up money
reveal a message: 'NO! Touching
in the Boom-Boom Room!

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Fuego

Fuego, fuego.
Words burn to ash
then are born again.
Like dandelion flower-beds
laid to rest
bare stemmed and bent,
wishfully spent
In gusty stone meadows.

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True I Know Not

Don't you think
I know?
That my life
is going nowhere.

Comparable
to a parable
of fucking nonsense.

I suppose I can find
the motivation
to get up
and go,
go somewhere.

But the horizon
is unforeseeable
amongst the city glow,
the city lights,
the city nightlife.

The day-after
one-night stand
panties draped all over
my nightstand.
You know!

Don't you think I know?
That this shallow
attempt to express
is mundane at best.

An illusion of grandeur,
more like a delusion
of greatness,
raptured blessed.

Yet, well equipped
to skip out

of any project
into corporate America.

Oh no,
there I go again,
speaking about motion
when I am
motionless.

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A Thought

What's it all worth?
Some may say
its worthless.
Others, priceless.
When society's shackles
are broken and lies
are no longer
a dazzling false light,
will the moment
be measured
and determined
to be rotten,
potent,
or perhaps
never to have
happened at all?

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Pussy Flowers

I tremble when I think
of all the pretty wild flowers
beyond my window pane.

Origami pussy-flowers
orgasm alongside me
as I play with myself.

No invitation,
No lingerie,
or lipstick on my neck.

Just a lot of
horny pretty flowers;
Hear them as they
beg and moan
In the wind.

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Foreplay: Fun

Ambrosial oil
drips slippery turns
on every tight curve
of her succulent silhouette.

Her hips press softly
against my wandering fingertips.
Thigh-high stockings send
sensations of thickness,
invoking a love sickness.
Anecdote unknown.

Red Vines licorice wraps
around her heart-shaped box.
Sultry peek-a-boo candy
lace teddy tastes
like peppermint schnapps.

Wavy auburn curls
flow like rivers down
to her dimpled bottom.
Cheeks bounce elatedly,
begging, for my eager bigness,
so kindly i oblige.

Slowly bent over a plush
acrylic and suede,
bearskin rug.
Bare skin feels sweet against
her warm buttery nectar.

Her nipples harden
tantalizing, supple and wanting.
So deeply, I push up
behind her belly button.

She moans.
PLEASE...DON'T STOP
LOVIN ME!

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405 Fwy

Palm to Palm, pray your
frantic mind escapes the
HonK! hONk! HONK!
traffic jam honky tonk.

Toes scoff on pedals,
imagine toes mingling
in far-off meadows,
And diamond sandy beaches.

Where no breaches
of calm tranquility,
No potted asphalt.
No speed bumps
on daydreams.

Just a steady flow
of imagination.
So close eyes, let go
the steering wheel,
and cruise.

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Toxic Love

I hate her. I hate her!
I fucking loathe her! !
Such a disrespectful whore.
An antidepressant
pill popping-whore.

Whose sole motivation is
to seek the approval
of estranged men.
Pathetic narcissist.

Poor Thing!
Maybe that's why she prefers
an opiate LaLa-Landscape
to her I'll-fraudulent reality.

"Wait! Is this that same bitch
who verbally attacks you
every time you try to work out
both of your problems? "

"The same girl who avoids
any conversation about
her role in the whole mess.
The whole time blank-faced,
Day-dreaming about her
next plastic surgery? "

Yes, it's true. She hates her
own reflection. Though,
she takes my breath away.

Master of the blame game.
A seasoned manipulator
trained by the best. Who uses
insecurity to lure men.
Unknowingly laying
the flower beds
Of her inevitable demise.

A demise brought about by
karma. O karma!
My only friend.

Karma, my trained assassin.
Who will rip out her heart,
along with her plastic
torpedo breasts,
right out of her hollow chest.

As empty as her head.
No soul. No love.
Just hate.
I fucking love, loath,
love her.

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Paradox

Foundational wisdom
warped by philosophical prose.
Four corners of a square
define the true limits of the soul.
Boisterous anecdotes for dopes
who are aloof to find truth.
Relevance is irrelevant
in the long winded
euphemisms of the youth.
Empty promises
like liquor bottles intoxicate
the less prominent.
Powers at be recycle jargon
to leech a narrow profit margin.
Lies beget lies
American eyes set on the world.
Ready to open her wide
and f*@k her dry.

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Me Gusta Tu Amor

Me gusta tu amor
Cuando me lo das Simple
Cuando complicas cosas
La situación se parece tonto
Dame tu cuerpo pronto
Pero no dejas de ser puro

Puro de alma
Puro se sol
Con puro cariño
Pero con pero amor.

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Rebels

They say its consciousness,
or coincidence.
I say its consequence,
that will be our deliverance,
from this planet of circumstances,
where the situation
overshadows the outcome.

Living in a world
of greed and lust.
Love, is somewhere in the middle,
lost, lost.

Trust is never lost
as long as you can trust yourself.
Stand tall, stand apart,
and you'll find yourself
by yourself.

United, and all that revolutionary talk;
but when you spark imaginations,
do you really standing for something,
or is it just a bull shit cause?
Because we are rebels,
with out a cause.

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Good Morning

Sunday coffee alongside
a crowded collection
of newspaper conversations.

The scent of toasted bread
saturates the bedroom,
as the sunlight envelopes
the night through the bay window.

Sluggish and uncombed
for a few more
colorless articles.

Her naked skin teases
my morning sunrise to shine.
searching for sweet jelly,
between those strawberry thighs.

I love this exhaling
sigh of the week.
Sundays, a pure delight.

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Freedom And Love

Freedom and love meet together in her eyes.
a fluttering elegance on a whimsical wind.
Expanding wings of soaring insight,
Her grandiose stories are like poems
of rhythmic zeal.

Undressing before my very eyes,
she reveals her naked soul,
bruised and curvaceous.
Her words soothe with eloquent vivacious words
baring truth to the only sound that remains
a whisper.

All of a dream
she is like an opiate swell of billowy rest
for a weary heart to find peace.
Longing silent embers burn
from everlasting sage
for her.

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Book Of Love

Suddenly her words
makes a lot of sense.
Life is about
dollars and cents.
But, it doesn't make sense
when you're
living senseless
with no common sense.

Can you catch
the scent of success
creeping up behind you?
Or is it failure,
a stench more familiar.

You have to earn a million
or you ain't got no
self-respect in life,
no prestige in society.

Now try to wrap
your mind around
the fact that the true
value of a man
isn't in what he has,
but in what he can make
from nothing.

Can't you see?
We have to
originate everything.
and make
everybody happy.

So let's bring
a loving music
into their lives
and spring
from the ashes

like the phoenix sun.

Rising because
we're never done.
Like the
resurrection of Christ,
We spill the blood
and taste it for years.
Baptism by fire,
endearment
of reciprocated love.

Life can be hard
or as easy as you
want to let it be,
so lets be.

Love
isn't everything
but it can be
if you let it be
true and pure.

How do i know?
because
the book of love
told me so.

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Muddy Waters

Mannish boy
everything
gonna be alright.

Blues guitar
speak strum
rhythm
and truth
realities of he.

A child,
oh boy.
I am a man,
the greatest
man alive.

My momma
told me.

Ain't that
a man
on beat.

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Untitled: Reason

I believe I sense
a growing depression
upon my consciousness.
It is forming an imprint
on my mind
with images surpassed,
heavily weighted
with regret and ego.

I know my body
shows signs of its toll,
but I cant seem to let go
of seasons lost.
Time tossed aside
for a temporary smile.
I must be dead.

Life cannot exist within
this realm of self pity.
Pathetic swallowing
of trivial days spent,
completing nothing
because I refuse
to compete for something.

I excuse all my failures
as failures made by the world,
their failure to recognize
my insecure point of view,
their shortcoming of moving
opposite to the way I move.

If I could, magically
transcend this moment
and transfer myself
to a majestic place;
unwavering to the past
not yet eager for the future.

A place where it only takes
a single moment,
one monumental second
to create a lifetime
of happiness,
I would choose to be there.

Only for one reason.
I cant seem
to make me be anything
but broken here.

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Guitar Askew

Standing in
the darkness,
hidden, one
image prevails.

That of a
blemished instrument
whose varnish- chipped
body and fret-less neck
maligns underneath
the unforgiving touch
of the spotlight.

My pseudo stance,
a boisterous opus,
announce
my imperfections,
musical note messages
of never before seen cracks
Reveal my facade.

As I serenade
silent eyes,
A coronation
of tiresome strokes
Show a life
I've always
dreamnt,
honest music
that makes
all eyes speak.

Vibrant rifts
of expression
expose me
as oblique,
born and raised
in the shards
of broken lives,

a tainted song.

Strum, release
A vulnerable
beginning.
melodic tones
Plucked from
worn out strings.
true harmony
unbound.

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Blacktop Kiss

On a casual weekday,
with a gentle breeze
and somber sun,
strong-versus-weak
world of kickball
fields and blacktop,
I learn
of playground cruelty
from a face splat!

Strolling
from the equipment shed
to the
tether-ball ring,
careless
candy-thoughts
wandering
through my
elementary mind,
I make an oblivious
fatal turn
into the
Lafayette Lion's den,
a vicious pack
of unmerciful boys.

Push!
extended foot.
Falling,
yanked
from my lollipop
daydream.
Falling,
To my grammar
-school grave.
Smack!
Down.

Flushed

with a
thousand colors:
Crimson Fury,
Sapphire Pain,
Pink Humiliation;
Cackling swarm of echoes
as I kiss the ground,
gravel-lips.

Push-off
the asphalt
to rise
from the trauma,
stomach to knees-
knees to feet.
I never raise
my eyes
to behold
the teasing
crescent circle
of crooked teeth
encompassing.

The tears begin
to bundle up
behind my eyelids.
Run!
I can't
let them
see me cry.

Scampering away
across the blacktop
to the shade
of the shed,
a growing feeling
drenches my ego,
Revenge!
Not my ethics.
Swallow of pride,
I die a little.
No redemption.

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Live Light

As I approach the
speed of life, I find
My radiance to
Be relative as
it bares heavily
on my state of shine.

Whether god-blessed, or
divinely in kind,
its essence is found
gaining progression
from stagnant silence
to hallelujah:
I am I,
Light of life.

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