

Poetry Series

M.W. Styner
- poems -

Publication Date:
2016

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

M.W. Styner(08/22/1991)

Born in the great city of Houston, Texas

In my childhood, I was gifted in writing and I begin writing poetry in the 5th grade. Each year, my poems evolved. I recite in M. C Williams Middle School. Also, publish my poems on Texas Southern University Newspapers in 2011. Over the years my writing has inspired and motivated many. My poetry has its own journeys and mystery waiting to be revealed and inspire lives around the world.

At the age of 17 years old, I receive a gifted in playing the piano. I been playing for eight years now. I also perform and minister of music Birth Place Church for two years. I graduated from Nimitz Senior High School with a High school diploma in 2009. Also, attended Texas Southern University in Houston Texas where I majored in marketing.

In College, I volunteered several organizations

Texas Southern University Baptist Student Ministry (2010 - 2014) Houston Texas

Writer: Texas Southern University newspaper (2010- 2011) Houston Texas

Minister of music: Harvest time Church (2010 -2014) Houston Texas,

Marketing& Media: Birthing Place Church (2013- 2015) Pearland Texas

Artist & Musician: Zoo house Entertainment (2010- Current) Houston Texas.

During my college life,

I found my love in photography been doing so for a year in a half.

Through my writing and photography, I hope it will be a blessing in your life.

Peace and Love

Nation's Ink Production present Styner's Studio

A Rose Diamond (2014)

I can admit at times I get afraid on how somethings will look ahead, but every time I look in your eyes I see a vision of our future and I began to have a strong feeling on how beautiful and enjoyable the journey ahead will I lay my head on your chest, it is astonishing to listen to the unique ocean of your heartbeat and knowing mines beat exactly the sound the same; nervous but strong enough to touch and uplift the spirit.Incredible, to discover that we share the same reflection in our minds about each people see you smile, I hope in those moments they can paint an image of myself behind them just so they can feel how unconditional and powerful our connection is when it changes the ng, to see how God shine his anoints on our soul is combining as faith is to grow stronger through this world that blinds the ng at our depressing and inspiring moments.In time, it will become our best memories as we nurture the pain and people, we make ideas and set God, he make masterpieces and , while I blow you a kiss through this wind of you move closer to me, I hope you would catch it close to your heart. So as I love you, you will no longer see my mark, but destiny in the morning light. By: Milton Styner, Jr.

M.W. Styner

Affection (2014)

When you think about me, what comes to your mind?

Do you truly feel the strong connection like oxygen does to the flesh?

Do you feel special like a mother giving birth to God's beautiful creation?

Do you express love like God loves his creations?

When you close your eyes,

do you see your future with me in a blind man eyes?

Is it your beauty from the inside really speaking?

Speaking to me in a direction of love, hope, kindness.

Are is it your natural beauty taking us for granted?

No longer do I want to live in this direction of envy, fear, proud.

At this moment, I want to understand you as a woman not just treat you like a flower

that can die if it don't have the amount of nutrients.

I want to take your hand and appreciate you in this moment for a lifetime.

Not putting you in a position that would hurt you eternally but

Bring love, protection, hope, and change.

When you truly love someone

Do you really commit?

Are you willing to look past their faults only to be a light in their life?

I want to be that light. am I another shadow following you at a dead end?

No longer do I want to play the background.

But share a special part in the reflection of your heart.

So I ask you, ' Do you love me? '

Are do I really love you more than my next breathe?

Because if you think I dont.

Then close your eyes and picture me as the wind and take a deep breath.

When you open your eyes I hope you no longer see me in the physical.

but someone spiritual dwelling in your heart.

M.W. Styner

Amina (2016)

The conscience hold the memories by the day that holds time.

The tears crumble slowly by love demise.

The wave of her emotions is like perfume to the bones.

The scars on her knees hold the keys to the soil.

Arise, a rose that blossoms the core to her soul.

By: M.W. Styner, Jr.

M.W. Styner

Black (2016)

Her essence numb my presence.

Like a caterpillar in a cocoon,

Her heart is shielded from love, but patiently she waits for life's warm embrace.

Generations are created from her womb, but forever breathes hope within her skin.

With compassion, she embrace our destiny with hugs and kisses.

Though our vision is unnoticed, she wipe our eyes with a white rage just so we can see the silver lining.

When the day comes for her beauty to be force into institutionalism,

Then that will be the day our color changes By: Milton Styner Jr

M.W. Styner

Ceraunophile (2016)

Love O Love

Love O Love

Love O Love

Delegate within distance but frozen to the essence nearby.

His stings polish by her beauty.

His steps hypnotize by her sway.

His sub- conscience gravitates by her mystery.

Cherish is lost in the mist of ancient's sea.

Love O Love

Love O Love

Love O Love

Fate starts at the range but hope stops at the touch.

By: M. W. Styner, Jr.

M.W. Styner

Cherish(2014)

Imagine, the wind being my last breath. If you listen closely, you can hear the beautiful melody in the night sky. As the wind blow past your heart, suddenly you feel the agony inside slowly cease.

When I think about you, I don't think about a woman I want to be intimate with. When I think about you, I think about a woman who I want to take her pain, anger, and guilt. Holding and loving the very things which make you feel ugly. Amazingly, awake the inner beauty.

When you smile, in that moment the world slows down. With astonishment, I look up and I thank God for the opportunity to put a gorgeous smile on his beautiful creation. Your sweet voice is like peaceful hands embracing me, comforting me, and loving me past my sorrow. When you cry, I wish my voice could be the cure to heal and comfort the tears that bleed within.

When you're in my presence, relax your mind. Allow me to swim in the ocean of your emotions for the chance to grow in love with you. As I look in your brown eyes, it would break a soft spirit not to love you eternally. So, while I take you by the hand; I hope your heart is willing to walk on this journey of compassion. By: Milton Styner, Jr.

M.W. Styner

Conquer (2016)

Where I stand is no coincidence.
On top of this mountain with the snow marking every emotion.
The body is numb
While the heartbeats a million.
The conscious is strengthen.
While the vision have accomplish the mission.
I'm here.
Here pass the echoes.
Here pass the rattles.
I'm here above all
which truly matters.
The journey itself felt like forever.
With faith and prayers kept me together.
I have arrive with my arms stretch wide.
This year is the year.
I conquer what's mine.
By: M.W. Styner, Jr.

M.W. Styner

Dreamer (2014)

She is like the wind breathing life into my dead body.

She is like the sun that shines on my forever.

She is like the rain that wash away the emotions of my brokenness.

She is like a shooting star; in which I only have one wish.

With one wish I wish for her to be like the Civil Rights Movement to

look pass the texture of my skin but stare into my eyes and see us breathing as one

while listening to my heart hearing our future.

She is like snow that covers me with her intimate imagination.

She is like my conscious that carries the history of our Legacy. By: Milton Styner Jr

M.W. Styner

Fireworks (2014)

My mouth is zip shut.

My eyes are stitch close.

My ears are cover with thee hands.

While my emotions have a life sentence.

My thoughts no longer images the destiny but the destination.

My love is at a stand still.

I can't accept abuse as three letter words.

My skin is pilling.

Unanswered questions, now my vision is blurry..

The venom is continuously flowing up my heart

making the willingness afraid to feel freedom

The spark is dying.

I'm suffocating.

Where's the good smell of life?

Or do I have to relocate to smell it at its best?

Should I put my best foot forward?

Or will I place my foot on a sharp nail?

The poison spreads like a burn fire, but my

blood still erupts forever for her because

Her spirit holds the cure to my insanity.

True Luv

~ Milton Styner Jr

M.W. Styner

I Am (2016)

I am more valuable than judgement and the inequities.

I am never timid by the past that tries to haunt me.

I am neither rigid or spoiled with a silver spoon in thee mouth to fill my tummy.

I am more at peace with thee tears.

More at peace with thee fears.

Because through the raindrops that fall down my eyes
hope always appear.

I am optimistic for the future ahead.

I am forever speaking life over myself and keeping my worries dead.

I am close - minded to foolishness.

I am open - minded to intelligence.

I am

I am

I am

Victorious

By: M.W. Styner, Jr.

M.W. Styner

Inanity (2014)

Awake Up!

He's chain to the bed with whiplashes from his past addictions.

Awake up my Son!

He wakeup with a puddle of sweat blinded from the reality.

He's broken.

So he walks to the restroom to try to wash away the permanent stances so he can make it through another day without facing his insanity.

Suddenly he looks into the mirror and the only reflection notice is his shadow enjoy what his heart desires.

He gets dress & grabs his keys to find hope.

He cruise and see the white castle down the road.

Delivered!

He sits in the last row with his ears open for wisdom to speak to his soul but only hears growling behind the MIC.

Awake up!

He glazed at the crowd numb like mummies staring at the man behind the pulpit; while the fur is hidden behind his bow tie.

As every eyes close to pray,

With no hesitation he leaves.

As the darkness cover the night sky; while the rain compliments the ground.

He takes out his keys but face with a forty five to his skull.

Awake Up!

He notice behind the gun is his shadow enjoy what is heart desires.

Awake Up!

He notice behind the gun is his own agony.

Awake Up!

Before he can plead his case

Bang!

He wakes up with a puddle of sweat

with a vision for the beauty of life but stranded in the delusion of his haunted tears. By Milton Styner Jr.

M.W. Styner

Jeremiah (2016)

Walking on her conscience
Stumbling over petals that fall on breathless vessels.
Branches raptures by shade of grey.
Only darken by the injections of unknown weathers.
So she rest on white snow.
Only awaken with no portrait capturing her feathers.
We was created out of her lungs.
We was birth out of her womb.
We dwell within her ages.
Only to find collateral beauty with uncovered pages. By: MW Styner, Jr.

M.W. Styner

Legacy (2015)

As a body, we have lowered our standards.

As a body, we consciously weaken our abilities to be known
To a nation who are blinded by our success and open- minded
To the failure we put on as individuals.

It sadden me

It sadden me to understand that we are God's most beautiful creation, but too
stubborn to walk towards our purpose; when the opportunity position itself.

It sadden me to understand that we are quick to grab acceptance of violence
within our minds, body and soul.

While destroying the information that can help us reach the next level.

It sadden me to understand that we are quick to accept the hypocrisy of our
characteristics like wolves in sheep clothes to a congregation.

Our mission are no longer seen to impact the community but drain it.

Our mission is like taking a idea of a child; though they are beautiful

As parents, we fail to realize that they still need to be nurtured.

As a body, we need to be nurtured again.

Today the opportunities have awaken.

As a community, we neglect ourselves from reaching greatness.

Though our minds have a connection to our bodies.

Both share no engagement in taking wisdom as a adversary to excellence
towards our careers.

As a community, we are the brand to the next generation

So for our reputation

For the men, we should carry the spirit of a lion

Showing leadership and great abilities to achieve greater in our education; while
creating guidelines to lead the nation with hope & confidence.

For the women, you should carry the spirit of a white swan

By showing focus more towards the beauty in your character.

And not just the outer appearance.

By also showing that you are a great asset in your own skin.

And if we show those characteristics

No longer will we be disrespected with our foolishness but respectful by the right
decision we make as a unity.

In order for us to change the atmosphere. We as the community, have to change
ourselves individually.

Once hair turns gray,

Your sons and daughters can look back towards your legacy

Having the same desire to start their own astonish legacy with their children.

I believe we as people need to remind ourselves of what our Ancestors constantly

express to us.

Equipping not only knowledge but character.

They not only have shown wisdom but life lessons that help us reach our highest potential.

I believe we should have programs where we can reach great favor in expanding our nation.

I believe we can be equal if we work together.

I believe we should put in our agenda to have time to love each other like rose planted in the garden of justice

I believe the youth can be respectful to the elderly but while inspired by the wisdom that blows in the wind. With faith you can be known around the world as the examples.

With faith, I believe by overcoming obstacles and changes we are the faces of tomorrow.

But before life blow our your eardrums, Let's first strive towards our pursuit for happiness.

M.W. Styner

Men Pledge (2014)

Our relationship with God should tie with our relationship with others.

We are leaders.

As leaders, our faith shouldn't just strengthen us but another's around us.

We are kings.

The only way queens will be willing to protect us.

Our actions are showing unconditional love and not in our words.

We are listeners & doers.

A woman's opinion is important, so pride shouldn't take over souls.

We are providers.

We are secures in our family.

We are encouragers.

We are hard workers.

Our determination should be focus on serving others.

We are forgivers.

We are supporters.

We are God's masterpiece.

We are Men of God.

We should be obedient to doing God's Will.

Also, we should walk out the plans that God have for us.

Our light should shine over others' lives.

We are loyal.

Put your loyalty is with God first.

If being loyal to a group or club creates negative influence in your family or other social circumstance, it may not be worthwhile to continue that loyalty.

We are willing to make better choices.

No matter how hard a situation looks.

Always trust in God and keep the faith.

Without Him we are nothing.

Signature: Milton Styner Jr.

How many men are willing to make a true commitment?

If so, sign your name

M.W. Styner

Metanoia (2016)

Search the past

Search the future

With poison lashing at the cure
Fold in chapters with unknown faces.

Fingerprints by permanent stains only the stars can cover with blue laces.

Search the heart

Search the mind

It is not our existence that captures the rainbow.

But only the air intertwining with our halo sees our shadows in heaven's
paradise.

Search the petals

Search the soul

Then each second clinches the tear of lost sessions.

Dwelling in the fragrance that silence the essence.

As the color fades from Jeremiah's presence.

By: M.W Styner, Jr.

M.W. Styner

Missing Wings (2015)

I'm suffocating without you.

I'm paralyzed and your love is the very nerve that kept me going.

I miss you.

I rather die fighting for you than to watch the regret cover the atmosphere so my compassion will be unnoticed.

My hand is shaking.

My mind has no voice.

When I look in the mirror, my eyes began to go blind and it's hard to see my future without you.

I began to get allergies because I'm losing the sense of smell when your shadow isn't holding me.

This must be how it feels to get shot with a gun because the sound of the bang of my mistakes and the bullet of your pain is sinking in my heart.

When you walked away, I thought about every tear you ever shed and in that one moment I shed all those tears at once.

It hurts to see you fade away. Crushing to finally say goodbye.

Heartbreaking to end our untold love story. By: Milton Styner, Jr

M.W. Styner

North Star (2017)

Captured by the wings.
Gaze above the sky.
Hearts shape like a cloud.
As the wind passes by.
Lungs embrace by air.
The rainbow drawn by smiles.
The stain articulates the legacy
While the revelation imprints each mile.

M.W. Styner

Pluviophile (2016)

Virtuously she comes,
Abstruse is the silver lining that crosses her lips
Deja vu is the pattern that rumbles one's soul.
Breathless, how her impact creeps in the room.
His atmosphere is where she dwells.
His ego is where she flows within.
Her fantasy drains his conscious so when she vanishes the fragrance still lives.
He consumes her for purity but love leaves his knees to spill.
The north star is in his vision but
Her tears abduct his cheeks keeping him in revelation's sand. By: M. W. Styner,
Jr.

M.W. Styner

Poetry (2016)

Within her eyes I saw my future.
Within her words I felt my present.
Within her tears I felt my past.
Within her hands held my birth-stone.
Within her thoughts were only dreams transforming my reality.
If you listen closely,
Within her lungs was a mic waiting to be held to speak the truth.
Within her soul wrote lyrics that touch the people.
Her bloodstream symbolize different path of stings.
Each sting was created to complete the puzzle to my world.
With each breath she takes brought light to dark corners of the highway.
With each step she took her walk brought freedom.
When she rest, time stops.
Within her imagination were unity to the nation.
Within her heart I found my destination. By: Milton Styner Jr.

M.W. Styner

Poison (2015)

Lock in a chamber.
Lungs are atramentous.
Half of the heart is beating.
The other half is trying to breathe life again.
Cloth in scars so anxious to be covered in his skin.
She abducts his emotions.
Silence each drum.
Willing to sacrifice her soul.
She consumes every memory.
While patiently waits for you.
By: Milton Styner Jr.

M.W. Styner

Queen Bee (2015)

Mesmerize by her eyes that touches the core to my religion.
Hypnotize by her curvy size,
my conscience vanish from the reality and arrive in a fanasty that only our
distant love dwells.
Honey drips from her lips but her words remain inconversable through the
shadows.
The shadow is her pain.
Her pain is my hidden treasure.
From the hidden treasure is the kiss to my dying days.
By: Milton Styner, Jr.

M.W. Styner

Rebirth (2016)

The sun shines.

The moon chills.

The reflection remains the same.

The heartbeat begins.

Another Fades.

The melody flows the same.

Smiles give comfort.

Tears hold the pain.

The cries sound the same.

The new book is wrap with a bow on top.

The dirt of the original copy is wrap with a rose on top.

The legacy is cherish the same forever. By: M.W. Styner, Jr.

M.W. Styner

Royalty (2015)

Maybe its the imagination,
For me to be soak in your skin.
Maybe its the emotions,
For love to reach deep within.
Maybe its the blur in the vision,
For you to be clear and pure.
Though your kiss reach passed these four walls,
patience constantly disguises our identity.
By: Milton Styner Jr.

M.W. Styner

State Of Mind (2015)

Many are trap in the shadows.
Drowning as freedom covers hope hostage.
Broken bones with twisted tongue proximates idiocy;
while the blind of youth propels understanding.
The curses kept purity from seeing the sunrise;
while the destination crucifies the spirit from conquering one's values. By: Milton
Styner, Jr.

M.W. Styner

Sunflower (2016)

Perish her pain.

Hold her tears.

Silence her words.

Demolish her fears.

Embrace her cares.

Remove your understanding,
substitute it with his.

His love overshadows her deepest conviction.

His love overpowers the devil's hold on her soul.

Through his reflection in my imperfection may her heart be fulfilled perfectly.

By: M.W. Styner, Jr.

M.W. Styner

Teach Me How To Tie (2016)

Grandpa wakes the heavens with morning prayer and warms angels' hearts.
Whistles sweet hymns with birds,
while the clouds spread apart.
With grandma hot butternut pancakes ready for me to began a bright start.
Suddenly, from afar I hear, 'Milton, Milton.'
I quickly take off before the last star falls from the sky.
'Come here, come here let me teach you how to tie.'
'You go like this and you tie like that.'
Hand on my head my mind fell asleep like a bat.
When he was done he gave me two silver coins to send me on my way.
With a big smile and my chest out I smoothly walked away.
When my siblings were around they talk 'til it was boring.
Then grandpa sat down and told war stories.
If we disagreed, he never picked sides.
With his love,
he made everything alright.
Grandpa never joke around when it was time to keep things nice and neat.
'No trash in his grass.'
Oh how we shivered when grandpa crept down the street.
All is well we dance to jazz.
Suddenly from afar I hear, 'Milton, Milton.'
I ran. I ran. I ran.
Flash and Dash.
'Come here, come here let me teach you how to tie.'
'You go like this and you tie like that.'
Hand on my head.
My mind fell asleep like a ring why he tie just like that.
When he was done he gave me two silver coins to send me on my way.
With a big smile and my chest out I smoothly walked away.
Now, I am older clear to understand.
You were only teaching me how to be a man.
'You go like this and you tie like that.'
Thank you grandpa for teaching me how to tie like that.
By: M. W. Styner, Jr

M.W. Styner

Thank You, Momma (2015)

I came from your womb, and cloth underneath your skin.
God truly made a diamond deep within.
Like a rose, you felt the scars.
Like a butterfly, you found the beauty in your pain.
Behind the struggles were a rainbow after the rain.
We held hands to pray with thanksgiving and appreciation.
With your wisdom taught me life lessons.
You're the shooting star
and prove dreams really come true.
When the day comes to fly away,
I will thank God for sending his angel from heaven who change my life eternally.

Happy 50th Birthday Momma

M.W. Styner

The Black Crow (2015)

Your touch is contaminating.

In which brings chills.

The génie in your voice has silent the impulses that awake the inner skin.

Your manipulation prevents the vision to notice the fate.

The forbidden signs constantly appear in the rear-view; the GPS must be broken.

Because each generation was chosen to be inspired by the next but you criticize translating death to the ears just to belittle us; causing us to envisage in hopes to seeing beauty in every creation.

The contamination has taken away the power we void to stand for.

We substitute love with pain injecting it in our veins; preserving through life wondering if it upgrades to rage how willing we be to change.

BANG!

The wicked surrounds our lives and it's drowning the content we long for.

The darkness forms the night; while our souls are shadows in the darkness.

As a unity we must pray.

'To the most high we plead save us"!

For temptation is like a virus continuously spreading in our inner Milton Styner, Jr.

M.W. Styner

The Conscience (2014)

The abomination of his emotions have darken the visibility to the test.

The fear of being fearless causes the reflection of his heart to begin

paralyzing the intimate touch to his imagination.

Unfolding the sensitive identity to his past.

Gossip!

Lost without a voice his flesh speaks while his spirit grief in silence.

The climax to his attitude cause his attention to shiver as the venom spreads within destroying pieces to the mysterious purpose in which time haven't awake him.

His love shares no passion to his love ones no more

Making his tears fall like acid down his cheeks

Melting the memories of what was ones establish but now is a secret to his soul.
by: Milton Styner Jr.

M.W. Styner

The Crying Sheep

There was a young man looking in the mirror.
Looking in the mirror, he saw a hidden reflection.
A young man lost in his thoughts of fear.
The decelerate of his heart beats as he suffocated for love.
The dehydration of his tongue dries for the peaceful words of his voice which
doesn't speak.
Lost after lost,
The disappearance of his love ones fades amongst his eyes, but the last time he
saw them
appears on a stone.
The eruption of his anger brings pain to the chest.
His depression cause his friends to part ways.
Every night he's on his knees praying for a change
but the wicked voice covered his ears from the cure.
He always in church (Sunday 11: 00 morning service, and 3: 30 second service,
Tuesday 7: 30 usher meeting, Wednesday 7: 00 choir rehearsal, and Thursday 8:
00 bible study.) He used to sit in front with a smile, but as his days got worse.
His smile got cold and he drift to the back row with sorrow.
His self – esteem doesn't want people to see him cry.
So, when the preacher prays and everyone heads are bow.
His tears bleed down to the gate of his soul.
As his faith grew little,
He was between their secrets as his parents separated.
He found himself alone at his house.
His tears was screaming at the flesh.
Enslave by resentment,
His subconscious begin to manipulate his identity.
The insanity became mesmerize with the betrayel of his shadow.
No one to stop him.
No one to feel the inanity.
So, He close his eyes to rest in hopes to embrace hope for what's left.
Because when he arise,
he will be face to face with the kiss of death.
By: Milton Styner, Jr.

M.W. Styner

The Final Rose(2016)

These tears that fall down my eyes are no surprise.
The heart is soak in its fragrance behind my lost demise.
These tears that fall down my eyes are buried underneath the skin.
The blood bleed eternally with a small crack of comfort creeping in.
These tears that fall down my eyes are bittersweet when it touches the lips.
Drip
Drip
Drip
As I close my eyes to cry
I open my eyes and no tears fall down my cheek.
The tears are silent is no surprise.
So, I close my eyes and say my final goodbyes.

M.W. Styner

The Ghetto (2015)

Dirt turns into skin.
Word repairs the spirit.

Pain run the race.
While love stays a process.

Each beat inspires the heart to succeed but
The conscious mourn for revenge.

The light heals the sick but
The shadow compliments the virus in the rich.

Though the sighs help the journey yet
The steel blocks the vision in the fog.

The rose is the legacy but
the tree is the eternal stone. By: Milton Styner Jr.

M.W. Styner

The Nation's Ink (2014)

I remember in the church preachers was teaching about the truth

I remember when people praised God and they meant it.

I remember when we sang helms we felt the melody.

But now

Some preachers are quick to sell a fantasy but not reality.

Some preachers are quick to get a buck than desire to serve.

People are closing their ears and screaming.

Hearts stop beating because we stop believing.

I remember when fathers treat responsibility to his family like a Grammy.

I remember fathers leadership gave his family hope through tragedies.

I remember fathers were the rock and God was always the center piece.

But now

Women are both parenting positions.

Some young men don't have male role models.

And now

Thugs are being the vision.

Policies are being the teachers;

While jails are being the education.

I remember women treat their bodies like a temple.

I remember women clothes had respect.

I remember women carried their selves as a queen.

I remember women love was a treasure.

I remember women beauty had purpose.

But now

Short skirts are being the symbols.

And now

Being independent is the new motto.

Focusing on outer beauty than inner beauty is the reason Because emptiness is in this season.

I remember the elderly spoke wisdom and told story's to the kids.

After kids heard them change start to begin.

I remember the community was united.

I remember when situations happen we fought for our rights.

But now

We are selfish.

We are slaves to the green.

Some people are quick to give their souls for a little fame.

And now

We wonder why the youth is not tame.

I remember Hip Hop had meaning.

I remember after the beat people desire to engage the nation.

But now

Hip Hop have no light.

Now It's only bass and The four amigos: money, cars, clothes and sex.

I remember America was base on life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness.

But now

The nation is blind and trying to see the future.

I remember Dr. King wrote these lyrics and called it a dream.

But now

The generation is in a nightmare and we call it peace.

I remember when we was so filled with hope.

But now

We are filled with unknown destinations.

I remember when love was the nation's ink.

I remember ' In God we trust ' was the nation's heartbeat.

I remember a dream was the nation's vision.

But now

Stereotyping is the bullet that kills the youth identity.

Money is the new Bill of Rights.

While the Pursuit of Happiness has relinquish the equality to the Nation's conscience. By: Milton Styner Jr.

M.W. Styner

The Nxt Generation (2015)

If words never spoke
How can life hold its own insanity?
If the birds lost their voice
How can creations recognize humanity?
If the sun stop shining
How can the roses smile countlessly?
If the clouds stop crying
How can the rainbow cover the sky?
If the stars stop sparkling
How can the moon glow in the hearts of a man?
If freeze stop chilling
How can it shake up the soul of a man?
And If the vision is blurry
How can reality see the patterns ahead? By: Milton Styner Jr.

M.W. Styner

The Past (2014)

With every scar I gave,
it will take a lifetime to heal.
With every tear shed,
there I drown in hopes that I will be rescued.
With every breath taken,
I suffocated so you will survive.
With every touch,
you felt complete while my soul was left empty.
With every kiss,
warms the heart while the imaginations reach its destination.
Knowing the last sunset will fall on our distant love
So will the shooting star fade from the night sky.

M.W. Styner

The Reflection (2016)

Inside the heart

I ask what's missing?

I wonder why happiness vanish the heart for decades?

At what time did it decide to leave from the lungs?

Suffocating!

Aggravated wishing that hope will find its way back in my eyes as I cry.

Until today

This moment

This season

The wind has soothing the skin; while the sun is blossoming the roses.

Love is back from the darkness where the soul once embrace peace in its arms.

Dreams are displaying like a masterpiece where the conscious rest.

The tears of joy are crying from the inside

But while the eyes open no tear fall from its cheeks because the vision is finally clear.

By: Milton Wayne Styner, Jr.

M.W. Styner

The Vibe (2014)

Who believe that sticks and stones may break the bones, but words will never hurt you.

Trust me it's only a myth because words do hurt and it affects people's lives every day.

I thought it was true too until the words scar my heart but I have outgrown the words.

Adapting, to what my heavenly father says and you can too.

Some people are quick to point out the weakness of your conscious

But quick to get offended when your abilities outgrown their foolishness

Pause (Rewind)

When your abilities outgrown their foolish, they get

Offended

Attention! Your words speaks death.

But this force field of life has cover the purpose which is emerging in your soul.

Pause (Rewind)

Your purpose is protecting by the light that is shining over your life.

So speak!

Because the darts no longer brings destruction

Isaiah 54: 17

People around the world have been hurt from words and those words cause them to believe in the hype of stereotyping.

But it's time to rewrite the representation of the generation and change the

atmosphere.

2 Chronicles 5: 13-14

I pray in the name of Jesus that God will change the atmosphere in your life so powerfully that his presence will only dwell.

1 Timothy 3: 16

Listen! you are God's most beautiful creation and God took his time creating you for a special purpose.

If you don't know your purpose the bible says to pray and believe and you will receive it.

But it seems we are now in a generation that believing is now the secret to society.

Quietly, we are dying from not knowing our true identity.

Blind-sided from seeing, the world vision and not his reality.

You are stronger than you think so let your spirit breath and let your flesh suffer from now knowing the epiphany of the Lord reflection. By: Milton Styner Jr.

M.W. Styner

This Christmas (2016)

Filled with smiles this time of year.
Hearts are warm with holiday cheer.
Lots of story's of heroes who save the day.
One in particular told of a child being born in a manger, who was chosen to save
humanity.
The another cruising on a slay,
who falls down a chimney to save a special day.
With gifts chosen from His' Naughty or Nice ' List.
With presents special with beauty & bliss.
I hope you enjoy 2016 for it will be truly miss.
From me to YOU
I give you an astonishing.
Christmas kiss.

By: M.W. Styner, Jr.

M.W. Styner

Transform (2014)

I have been feeling like a dream waiting for reality to take its place.
My emotions have taking the spot of the wind just blowing my pain to my mind.
My thoughts are cruising like the birds in the sunrise, and I realize change.
My heart is like oxygen conquering my body, so now I'm desperate to share my love.
My eyes are rotating like the earth, so now my sight is the vision;
Which bring hope to the lost.
My ears are headphones send a smooth signal to my nerves, so when I speak
you will no longer see a
man, but an instrument God creates to make an impact in the world.
My blood have transform to ink, so I am no longer a poet.
I am a writing utensil that speaks wisdom to the hearts of many, and hoping a
change will come. By: Milton Styner, Jr.

M.W. Styner

True Beauty (2015)

Beauty is sweet.

It's like closing your eyes and tasting your first tropical fruit.

Beauty is unique.

It's like a diamond, but priceless towards any value.

Beauty is love with no sound but amazing enough to change one's identity.

Beauty is God's creation that reveals purpose in one's life.

Beauty is ugly twin brother.

Both of them gets attention, but

Beauty is the light over ugly that bring a smile to the soul.

Beauty is unity to a nation.

Beauty is poetry with meaning.

Beauty is the families' masterpiece that covers the problems.

Beauty is hope to the impossible.

Beauty is music emotions.

Beauty is color business man.

Beauty is the generation of time.

Beauty is America's reflection.

Beauty is the make-up of a healthy relationship.

Beauty is the rose that grew from concrete.

Beauty is a woman's hairstyle.

Beauty is a man's ambition.

When it comes to you, your beauty is like the wind invisible
but powerful enough to feel it.

True beauty is from within.

and your beauty is real.

M.W. Styner

Unbroken Promises (2015)

I give the journey my time,
The world my grind and
My past my tears.
I give life a smile,
My legacy the crown and
My death my years.

By: Milton Styner, Jr.

M.W. Styner