

Poetry Series

**Trevor Schulte**  
**- poems -**

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## Trevor Schulte(7/28/87)

I am a poet that is Divinely inspired. I have lived a life of many woes but have come to peace with each one, realizing that each curve in my life wasn't necessarily the end unless I decided to not change my path. The poems that I write are about three things: life, love, and God. Most are about the incisive faith that has helped shape who I am. The love that I have experienced and hope to experience, are written to dive deep inside my feelings. This is so that one can feel the pain and joy that has came through each period in my life. And the life spectrum of my poems usually reflects life issues, or everyday worries. I write what I feel and feel what I write. My intention isn't to gloat or mope about my life but instead to rejoice with the many blessings that I have and will forever endure. My advice in reading the poems I have is to not look at it through your own closed off mind, but to see it through my eyes. My eyes who have seen God work in amazing ways and seen the many unnoticed blessings that are often unseen. If you can see the joy that I see in everyday occurances, then you truly see God on Earth. Blessings! ! !

# A Divine Wedding

Two souls  
separately beat for each other  
yet they continue to persist  
not knowing one another  
They do not realize  
they were meant to be tied  
and exist as one  
till they fall and die  
This unity that's to be  
brought by something divine  
will leave each person  
feeling fully refined  
That one day  
when these two are wed  
will be the day  
when new ground is to be tread  
They will walk the new path  
that merrily emerged  
as their ways of life  
gloriously began to merge  
The purity vows are broken  
as they take their token  
to a wonderful world  
that was, until now, unspoken  
This new world  
to which they depart  
will tie a knot  
that's unwilling to part  
This divine union  
that has built a communion  
will stand till death bids each  
a much wanted reunion  
Their unfailing love  
will be enough  
because it was inspired  
by the Immortal above  
As they begin to dance  
in the endless romance  
they will be connected

in the melody of a single trance  
These two separate souls  
that are now one  
have entered a three-legged race  
that has officially begun  
Though their path may have  
a divot or two  
they will finish the race  
through and through  
Because this divine duet  
will never fret  
but will be a couple  
the world will never forget

Trevor Schulte

# A Moment With You

A moment with you,  
is like a dream come true.  
You make me feel like  
I am worth something more.  
Like I am here for a reason,  
and meant to open new doors.  
I may not see how you look,  
or be able to envision.  
But I know the real you,  
and that makes an incision.  
The love you have shown  
surpasses all my understanding.  
It can only be described  
as forever withstanding.  
The day we meet  
face to face,  
may be the only time  
I understand your grace.  
Throughout my life,  
I attempt to be true.  
Because all I long for,  
is a moment with you.

Trevor Schulte

# A Promising Girl

There's a girl I know  
that brings a smile to my heart  
reflecting a life that is  
a beautiful work of art  
Her captivating smile  
brightens my day  
making my inner-pain  
flutter far away  
The feeling that she leaves  
makes my heart believe  
that her love  
need not be achieved  
Yet, its given with  
an act of simplicity  
with no attachments  
or wanted publicity  
The friendship  
that she does bestow  
makes me comfortable  
like I'm now her bro  
If she only knew  
the impact she gives  
on each and every life  
that will forever live  
She transforms  
each broken heart  
making it feel special  
like its set apart  
The mere smile  
of this unique girl  
can brighten  
even the darkest of worlds  
When she walks into a room  
spirits begin to lift  
setting each and every  
mind adrift  
She makes people feel inclined  
to do something greater  
pushing them to strive for it now

instead of later  
The feeling she does spread  
lifts every head  
and each pain and worry  
are now dead  
But left in its place  
is a new set pace  
to push onwards  
and finish the race  
Little does this girl know  
what she has done  
and the pride that she gives  
God's only Begotten Son  
For she is  
and will always be  
something much greater  
then she will ever see

Trevor Schulte

# Abstinence

I will wait until the vow is made  
before I let my chastity fade.  
I save myself for the right girl,  
the one that will wait for me.  
It may take a while for the time to come  
but that is the decision I chose to be.  
I dream of that one day,  
we will be united.  
We both will enjoy the reward  
for which we foughted.  
This person is a challenge,  
for whom I'll pay the cost.  
Praying that she'll live only for me,  
before she lets herself become lost.  
I consider this ambition  
an unclosed seel.  
Whoever this promise is made for,  
thank you for waiting for me to kneel.

Trevor Schulte

# Adopting Life...

I stand and watch the bitter-patter  
of their calloused feet  
Paining deep down inside  
as my heart and empathy meet  
To watch the poor progression  
of those who were never loved  
my heart turns the leaf,  
towards a new perspective I'm shoved  
One turns his head and looks at me  
nods his head as if to agree  
that both of us know  
that it may never be  
My heart shatters into pieces  
as I turn my face  
Knowing at the core of my heart  
I can never replace  
Replace the parents they lost  
in the tragedy of life  
The true existence  
that brings endless strife  
To walk by an orphanage  
where all eyes are downcast  
I continue my meaningless stroll  
tearing as opportunity is passed  
Day by day, its the same routine  
passing by a consistent scene  
where all of the characters  
remain unseen  
But one day I'll pick up  
what society has dropped  
One day, I'll step in  
and I will adopt

Trevor Schulte

# Alone...

Standing in a room of people  
feeling all alone  
concealing this want  
to be known  
I yell at the top of my lungs  
for me to be heard  
Yet nobody listens to me  
not one word  
I'm barely breathing  
at this stage  
and there's nothing left inside  
except this intense rage  
Why do I walk this path  
that wraps around and around  
wearing this hole  
into this familiar ground  
This feeling continues to arise  
unwilling to taste demise  
but continually  
blinding my hopeful eyes  
I see so many people  
digging their own ruts  
all repeating the same question  
of what  
What will define me  
make me into something more  
what is it that will open  
these sought after doors  
What can lengthen my step  
and broaden my views  
pushing my hope  
to make it through  
If I could just toss this routine  
into the abyss  
I would feel like so much more  
like I finally exist  
As I continue to wander  
my head starts to ponder  
that maybe its my own self

that I continue to squander  
Maybe if I could put my hopes  
into something much larger  
then my desires and dreams  
would stretch much farther  
Maybe my downcast eyes  
should start to look up  
and maybe to Him  
I should pass my cup

Trevor Schulte

# Be Still

When the sunsets gone  
and it seems like nothings alive  
All my dreams are fading  
beneath the dark skies  
Every hope that is in me  
is looking for something more  
As I watch my anticipations  
hitting the floor  
You stand  
with Your arms open wide  
Waiting for me to join You  
at Your side  
You whisper  
'Don't worry, the pain is gone,  
I will hold you until  
you reach your new dawn.  
Your heart, pain and worries,  
will no longer fill.  
Just hush my child  
and be still.'

Trevor Schulte

# Beauty...

In life, all people seem to strive  
to be beautiful in someone else's eyes.  
They put all they have  
into being something of beauty.  
Trying to beautify petty aspects  
in an attempt to be something they have only dreamed.  
Their countless attempts  
never seem to be enough for their confidence,  
yet, it beats them farther into their self-made pity.  
All that's wanted by us, is to be beautiful to everyone else  
but why can't I even be that to myself.  
Oh how we beg the Lord, to change the us  
into a mere optical illusion;  
figuring that this is the one and only solution.  
I look at the mirror with such hate on what I am  
because it just doesn't seem to be enough.  
I look around as others stare in their own mirror,  
not with curiosity, but with mere shame.  
With all my hope gone, I figure 'What the heck?  
Why don't I just look again, and stare at me, the wreck?  
But wait, Why don't I just listen to God's voice, that in me confides,  
that maybe my true beauty, lies inside? '  
This Hope sees the inner us and builds from that  
instructing us to look deeper than the skin  
and to really grasp what lies within.  
This distant voice from above, sees beauty in our love.  
The fairness He sees is in all that is done  
not for ourselves, but for our friends.  
The things we give to those who need, the smiles  
that transform the darkest of days into the brightness of praise.  
So much excellence that is unseen by our own eyes,  
but shines brighter than we can fathom in the hearts of those  
that walk with familiar shame.  
Why do we choose to see  
something of which we disagree  
and set aside our true beauty.  
An attractiveness that breaks the bounds of our sight  
and lets the love flow in and out, destroying our doubt  
and bringing promise in the midst of this drought.

Cause everyone is beautiful  
in a very distinct style;  
showing that, even the greatest sight of beauty  
can be brought with a simple smile.

Trevor Schulte

# Beauty's Last Breath...

Beauty need not be given,  
nor is it bought at a price.  
One need not seek it out but find it in one's self.  
The beauty that speaks the most  
is found in the depths of one's soul.  
The care you give, the passion you spread;  
the encouraging words that lifts each head.  
The touch that can heal the deepest wound  
and comfort the mere infancy of one's soul.  
Oh, how beautiful you are  
when your life is lived for something more.  
To turn the leaf and break the silence  
that downcasts your existence of unspoken deeds.  
But instead, yell with pure joy,  
fleeing from fallen feelings that fray beauty's identity,  
and reaching the outcasted serenity  
of a soul's work that breaks the bounds of disgust;  
loosens the limits of iniquity;  
and furthers oneself to stand forth with true entity.  
Not afraid of what beats the broken,  
but steadfast in belief that beauty will exist  
as long as one makes it persist.  
For to find beauty in a fallen world,  
the definition must be disclosed;  
and the ever infinite answer of love  
will finally be exposed.  
That if love will ultimately be,  
The mumbles of your last breath;  
than beauty, my dear friend,  
will never taste death.

Trevor Schulte

# Being Real

If you were real  
you would be yourself  
You wouldn't walk in doubt  
trying to mimic someone else  
You'd hold to what  
you truly believe  
These beliefs would be concrete  
and not just perceived  
Is it that hard to stay true  
to what you now trust  
Why do you give in  
to all that material lust  
Isn't it funny that you fake  
the only thing that's real  
Giving into thoughts  
that are nothing but surreal  
When you truly find yourself  
you won't want to be someone else  
Cause you'll be real  
and not conceal  
the reality which you feel

Trevor Schulte

# Bested By The Better

Bested by iniquity,  
my heart begins to drown;  
as my Holy beacon  
makes its last sound.  
Stricken with dismay,  
I fall to my safe place.  
Oh, how I take advantage  
of this given grace.  
All I tend to do  
in these rollercoaster days,  
is grief my existence,  
ignorant to where my heart lay.  
The given peace  
of my pierced salvation,  
is far from my mind,  
as I give way to temptation.  
How I love one,  
and despise the opposition;  
but shy my face,  
from my Holy Intuition.  
Blessed are those  
who walk in step,  
whose day is lived  
with eternalized pep.  
Oh, how my envy goes out  
as I prolong this drought,  
where my beliefs are based  
in my own doubt.  
But savor the day  
when that will change,  
as my fallen times  
become exchanged;  
and in its place,  
a new set pace,  
for now as I walk,  
I limit my grace.  
For now my needs  
are centered on rock,  
as I strengthen my legs

and further my walk.

Trevor Schulte

# Bettered Love

We lay there looking beyond life  
and onto the future.  
So many mixed feelings in me,  
begging to be released on account of  
pure pain pressuring peace.  
So many unsaid words,  
dancing in a self-made cage,  
tamed only with my pride's overbearing voice.  
I am content with the hope  
that my mind has read your true feelings  
and that I need not crush this potential love  
that is unrestrained in my own eyes.  
I know that this love pounds the cage;  
demanding acknowledgement and understanding.  
I, however, cower back,  
with no intention on defining the true definition  
of this extensive love.  
This imitative passion dwells  
on presumptions and a given friendship.  
Why...Why...Why...must I lie,  
and deny, that I die, in my uptake of a self-made truth?  
Dare I? Yes, I venture beyond my self-applied boundaries  
and stand face to face with a truth that I fear;  
a truth that will defy all my presumptions  
and smack me with what I dread to hear.  
Will this bettered-breath utter feelings that speak it?  
The moment has come...  
my downcast eyes are furthered into my soul  
as your words beat it with actuality.  
Wait...but what is this?  
Could it be?  
A bettered love than I had built?  
A more honest connection that can do nothing but build  
a love stronger than all that was thought possible?  
Yes, for it was this friendship  
that had not yet been finished  
that won our hearts, as the lie I built  
was finally diminished!



# Beyond My Sight...

Time slips away as I live on.  
So many countless days spent  
doing what I thought to be good.  
Why oh why couldn't these days  
be spent doing something that would outlast it.  
Why couldn't my mouth emit  
words that showed my spirit's depth.  
These hidden secrets that weighed my heart  
have not seen another soul  
due to my arrogance that has blinded more than just my eyes.  
My mute mouth mumbles a mutilating message that stills  
fallen feelings of failure from furthering a fellow's faith.  
Hollowed-hope, worthless, brokenness  
define my existence in my own eyes.  
Yet, beyond my mere mortal soul  
I see a power that considers me whole.  
A Love that dares not see a life of destruction  
but pictures a simple step that has yet to be finished.  
A Promise that fills my hollowed-hope,  
A Life that has paid for my worthless creation,  
and a Maker that pieces my brokenness  
into a bettered-mold that can now resemble something better  
than I have ever seen.  
I could not think of a better story  
that has made my life serene.

Trevor Schulte

# Birthing Love...

My heart beats with the utmost excitement  
as I begin to meet my dream.  
Her smile enlightens my days  
as I pass by the negativity with reverence  
that oversteps any doubt.  
The rebirth of my hopes brings light  
to a world that was thought to have been  
overshadowed for eternity and a day.  
My eyelids wince to the new light  
that has never been seen  
on a slate so clean  
while all my life I have been treading  
on the midpoint between  
Oh how this beauty that has blinded my eyes  
finally takes off its disguise  
to reveal a form that takes my breath away.  
I utter the feelings that I understand  
as others listen to a muted mouth.  
It is well worth the wait to withstand while others  
basked and boasted about breaking the barriers.  
For I see promise in the beauty that fills my eyes  
and a future built of trust and longing.  
This unity of time is building to be  
something better than hollowed relationships  
that blink while we stare; whisper while we shout;  
splitting while we join.  
For the day is young on this newborn  
as the world it slowly begins to adorn.

Trevor Schulte

# Blessing Indeed

My eyes wince to the sight  
of a stunning young miss  
as my feet stumble to a rhythm  
that's run amiss  
Blinded by this vision  
I make the true decision  
that something of greater sight  
I could never envision  
Yet, I stand in her midst  
with not a word to utter  
but am caught in the confusion  
of truth that I stutter  
Oh, how her soul shines  
the purpose of creation  
dismissing dismay daily  
by avoiding temptation  
She stands against trials  
with hakuna matata  
passing each worry on  
without any drama  
Blessed I am  
to know a girl so fine  
that she blesses each life  
even the Divine  
Her eyes pierce my soul  
as she whispers hello  
a much awaited word  
that a reply I now owe  
Bewildered I reach out  
for a hand to hand embrace  
staring in complete awe  
at true beauty's place  
For now I have met  
a girl who brightens each day  
someone who will always be  
a praise when I pray

Trevor Schulte

# Blinded Faith

I can't help but think about you  
every time I do something wrong  
I know that I all too often  
venture to a place I don't belong  
Why is temptation so appealing  
and the joy is so instant  
While the happiness and joy You offer  
always seems so distant  
Every where I look  
all I see is sin  
Am I that close minded  
that I can't even feel You within  
Every time I do Your will  
I seem to lose the fight  
Can't You show me the good  
in all that is right  
When I have sunk to the lowest  
of places I have seen  
Could you forget all my wrongs  
and wipe me clean  
Right now my trust  
is at the lowest its been  
Its as if my faith has  
been blinded by my sin  
Oh my God, please restore my belief  
give me all the relief  
I so desperately need

Trevor Schulte

# Blue Eyed Girl

There she sits  
the blue eyed girl  
Little does she know  
that she is my world  
Her beauty consists  
of multiple dimensions  
Each mirroring that she's  
God's greatest invention  
When she looks at me  
her eyes pierce my heart  
As my mouth starts to utter  
words that fall apart  
The feeling she drives  
into my soul  
Makes my mind  
lose control  
She is by far  
the definition of perfect  
Even the sound of her name  
makes my feelings surface  
Oh to be one  
with God's finest creation  
would cease this frustration  
and would ultimately  
bring my salvation  
So as I continue to stare  
deep in her blue eyes  
I slowly and painfully  
put on my disguise  
Why does it have to be this way  
where I can't show who I am  
All these colorful feelings  
that are growing from my stem  
I guess if I take a step  
and face my fears  
I can possibly move  
to a brand new frontier.

Trevor Schulte

# Broken Trust

That certain trust  
that We had bestowed  
has been ripped out  
with no purpose in mind  
but with a fickle destiny.  
Oh how it burned  
to know nothing and everything  
at the same time.  
The mere bond  
that we had confided  
and built on morality,  
was broken into millions of lies;  
that rained to fill  
my empty affections.  
If only I could turn the clock  
to reverse my feelings;  
hollowing my humbled heart  
of false hope.  
Forgiveness beckons my heart,  
while hate floods my mind.  
The pure intensity  
in this internal battle,  
mixes feelings  
to a point of no return,  
but just choice.  
Both options  
offer an appealing resolution  
that is conflicting  
my humanly single choice-chance.  
Which oh which,  
will offer the last dance?

Trevor Schulte

# Characterized By Idiosyncrasies

Sitting still  
not a finger moving  
but conforming all the same  
Pressure pushes perfection  
from the simplistic mind  
Diminished in my presence  
is my importance  
but left is my  
artificial self  
built merely on others'  
opinions  
Facade after facade  
breaking down  
Stop, individualize  
the Idealism Movement  
catching butterfly-thoughts  
in the net of idiosyncrasies  
Fixating myself  
as a revolutionary  
Then and only then  
is my soul deepened  
and my step lengthened

Trevor Schulte

## Choice Of Choices...

Did you ever think that your life  
was bought with blood  
that your Savior's death on a cross  
was the second flood?  
Have you ever pondered  
on how much you mean to Him,  
the Prince of Peace  
who carries your sin?  
Has it crossed your mind  
that the scars on His back  
make up for your imperfections  
and the repentance you lack?  
At which point  
will it become crystal clear  
that Salvation's blockade  
was pierced with a spear?  
How much more proof do you need  
how much blood does He have to bleed  
until you take the Lord's request  
and His sheep, you begin to feed?  
The good Shepherd  
has shown the way  
to the place of grace  
where you'll forever stay.  
Take the challenge  
to be His voice  
look at your two options  
and make the right choice.  
For if you continue to live  
in the sin you create  
your back will forever bear  
sin's lasting weight.

Trevor Schulte

# College Life

As we hit college  
we are lost in society  
We hit a point  
of endless anxiety  
All the pressure starts to kick in  
as we try to fit in  
when the real us  
seems to be trippin  
I enjoy the nice cafeteria food  
every minute I'm not cramming  
but when my vacation time comes  
the cafe hits some type of famine!  
After it hits students appetites  
start to become common  
in a sense that  
our diet is centered on top ramen  
The sleepless nights  
start adding up  
As our old hello  
turns in to what up!  
Us homies  
start going clubbin  
but somehow end up in nevada  
after some envious troublin  
Our old playing of sports  
become a intriguing game of stratego  
and the more we start to win  
the bigger gets our ego  
As the freedom hits  
as we become too old  
Our common defeat phrase  
becomes 'Dangit, I fold! '  
The laws leaves a certified note  
that we are now eligible to vote  
well excuse me Mr. Govenator  
but I'd rather milk a goat  
During this time  
life is so-so  
Until we find that our old best friend

is now a homo  
You'd think at this point  
I could reach for the stars  
But freakin Avis  
wont let me rent a stinkin car  
That ticks my clock  
and makes me pissed  
It starts to excite  
my anger catalyst  
So us young adults  
may not be completely free  
But at least us poor students  
gets all the adult debris.

Trevor Schulte

# Condemnation

Dear Lord,  
it hurts me so much,  
every time I ignore  
the Master's touch.  
This pain splits my spirit  
into two pieces.  
The more I continue,  
the more it increases.  
My affections are hollow  
and so passing.  
Couldn't I just stop  
all this procrastinating.  
Can't I just focus on,  
all that is right,  
and start a fire inside,  
that my spirit will ignite?  
My heart breaks,  
as I turn my face,  
and do You such a disgrace.  
Strike my heart Lord,  
make it pure!  
Give me the will power,  
to resist for something more.  
Hold me as I fight,  
for the thing that is right.  
Push my existence  
to soar to new heights.  
If all I can do,  
is continue to condemn.  
Then I will remain,  
in my own sin.

Trevor Schulte

# Confidence

Ever shrivel back to the state  
of being second class  
where opinions don't matter  
but are just the mist of an ocean  
Idea after idea, shot down  
not with optimism but pure pessimism  
What is said is said  
and what is dead is dead  
To walk a road of potholes  
with no roadworkers for miles  
where grim faces turn their heads  
refusing to break any smiles  
Stuck in your own ideas  
equaled with peer rejection  
A point where little is said  
for the yeast in your bread  
is thinned out  
and appears to be dead  
Fiddle-faddling is what seems to be left  
as the whole world remains smugly deaf  
When will your vote count  
and body be risen  
to the full extent  
as to break free this prison  
How can a man of few words  
better his voice  
to utter thoughts of pure wisdom  
where his output be the input  
where his words fill the voids  
where his breath be cherished  
How far must one travel  
to get out of the second class  
reaching a degree  
where all assumptions are surpassed  
Confidence be the key  
in this riddle of esteem  
where pride and belittling is overcome  
by the simple word of team  
Grasping life not with earned pride

but appreciating the fellowship most hide  
To find one who walks not in chains  
but with authority that is shared;  
for all to often, little is that cared  
Confidence need not be limited  
to the confines of a single soul  
No, it should be experienced  
and celebrated as a whole  
A milestone where love be the basis  
and pride be overtaken with pride  
Need one shoot for the stars  
without lights leading the way  
and need you walk on someone else  
in the present day

Trevor Schulte

# Contented Life...

Life is  
an interesting thing  
containing moments of despair  
and others that make you sing  
The trick is making joy  
out of whatever you face  
Looking at situations  
with intentional grace  
Life is to be lived  
to the full extent  
Grasping your current condition  
with a feeling of content  
To know that you're at  
your position for a reason  
and maybe these feelings that arise  
are only for a season  
Maybe during these times of despair  
where you feel that life isn't fair  
is a time of character building  
of which you're well unaware  
Maybe when these distraught feelings  
seem to worsen  
you are actually growing  
into a more stable person  
It is said that character builds most  
in difficult situations  
strengthening you even more  
on your emotional foundation  
So live it out  
sending forth a shout  
that you will no longer dwell  
in this prolonged drought  
Look at this life  
like an open book  
and speed ahead  
to catch it's hook  
Make others around  
see joy that's profound  
letting your contented life

become renowned  
Don't hold out  
for a day that's hidden  
Keep pushing forward  
to a promise already bidden  
Because all you need  
is what you believe  
and that which you sow  
you will also receive  
So jump the gun  
and start the race  
run to the comfort  
of the Divine embrace

Trevor Schulte

# Cravings...

Cravings for satisfaction  
solidify my dreams  
as I hold them inside  
tainting their scream  
I toil the times  
maintaining a hopeful ambition  
chained in security  
sitting in vague disposition  
Chances whisk their way  
as I continue to fray  
trusting myself  
only when I pray  
Where oh where is the courage  
for which I strive  
when can I recover  
the heart that beats me alive  
Must I wallow in fear  
living through a career  
or quit this continuous fall  
with courageousness to adhere  
I chisel this stoned feeling  
with a hammer of a heart  
shaping a fearless journey  
which I choose to now impart  
For no longer will I remain  
in this state of shame  
but will speak out with trust  
that I have lit the flame

Trevor Schulte

# Dancing For More

Why can't one dance  
as the sun fades away  
Bringing the beauty of night  
as the moon begins to sway  
All the fears and worries  
fading in the light of the moon  
Joy pouring from our hearts  
as our spirit He begins to swoon  
It leaves us free  
free from all that troubles us  
Bringing back our initial joy  
from when we first found Jesus  
Why do we need beauty  
to connect us with our past  
When He is always inside  
but our mind it somehow does surpass  
Can't we dance  
so that others will see  
Leaving them bewildered  
with our joy's simplicity  
Holy our heart is  
in His sight  
But when the world hits  
so fades our light  
Our one perfect truth  
leaves our mind  
as we search to find  
something to make us whole  
leaving us feeling refined  
This day may be vague  
existing only in our dreams  
But must we wait to start this dance  
until we see Heaven's beams

Trevor Schulte

# Divine Duet

Brought together  
by something Divine  
Held in complete unity  
in perfect design  
They were meant to walk  
side by side  
As two different worlds  
start to coincide  
The beauty found in  
their hand to hand connection  
Has given pure definiton  
to the word perfection  
The way they walk  
with such grace  
traveling off  
at their own set pace  
Oh if only creation  
had what they had  
then this distraught world  
wouldn't be so sad  
Instead passion would be  
the only thing alive  
and the world's ideal love  
would be revived  
The streets would glisten  
as the rest of the world listens  
to this promise of love  
finally being christened  
This love would overshadow  
the pain and guilt  
of which this world  
has artificially been built  
Instead they would bring Earth  
a glimpse of Heaven  
and to this vision of love  
it would finally give leaven  
So if you want to see  
what love should really be  
look at this couple

that was divinely decreed

Trevor Schulte

# Divine Eyes...

Oh Lord my God  
clear my vision  
Make me focus on  
closing this division  
Let me see with Your eyes  
allowing feelings to surmise  
and refining my sight  
to reveal a perfected surprise  
Wash my blind eyes Lord  
make them clear  
Expose them to a beauty  
that prompts joyful tears  
These eyes tend to see  
nothing but pain  
In a world that is  
flooded with rain  
Let me view this world  
with a heart like Yours  
Looking past the distaste  
of all the internal wars  
Let my mind focus  
on each and every highlight  
shining forth new stars  
into the black of the night  
Make Your flowers bloom  
and my mind consume  
nature's beautifully enhanced  
seasonal costume  
Push my vision  
to exceed the afflictions  
brushing them against my hopes  
creating positive friction  
God what must I do  
to see through Your view  
and construct a future  
that You want me to pursue  
Please make the answer simplistic  
but with a result that's artistic  
cause I know in the end

Your design is optimistic  
So I wait here with an open mind  
to hear Your advice  
knowing that in the end  
the answer will be concise

Trevor Schulte

# Divine Forgiveness

The path of forgiveness  
was hard to find  
it inspired an act  
that became divine  
This one act  
in which He was exchanged  
should of inspired you  
to really change  
You may try your hardest  
and continue to fail  
but if you always apologize  
you will forever prevail  
When your forgiven  
you ought to be driven  
into an on-going presence  
for which you should of been living  
Asking God to wipe your slate clean  
shouldn't be a routine  
but should be followed  
by getting off the sinful trampoline  
Give your wrongs  
to God who always pardons  
Do it before  
your heart completely hardens  
His continual grace  
will wash you white  
and the Spirit which you accepted  
will make you right  
Your worries will become faded  
temptations will be jaded  
and your life will become  
much more consecrated  
Just take the step  
and begin to repent  
making God's forgiveness  
live out to its full extent  
For God gave you  
grace through His only Son  
and the forgiveness He offers

can never be outdone  
God always asks  
if you want to be washed pure  
and it will always happen  
if you just reply 'For sure! '

Trevor Schulte

# Divine Intervention

Here I live on Earth,  
for something much more.  
Something for which I'd fight  
and even die for.  
This certain Existence,  
always seems so distant,  
yet is and always will be  
forever persistent.  
A power that makes  
me fight the great fight.  
A God who's mere presence,  
makes my heart contrite.  
He gives me this feeling,  
that I cannot contain.  
Making my wrongful intentions,  
become abstained.  
His own will He gives,  
for me to uphold,  
and in return,  
I give Him my life to mold.  
He has every right,  
to shape my spirit,  
and I'll make sure when He's done,  
others can hear it.  
He makes me alive,  
and thrive,  
for something more  
in this life.  
I'll forever be His,  
and He'll forever be mine.  
And though my life's path is twisted,  
with His path it is intertwined.

Trevor Schulte

# Divine Path

I walk the divine path  
that is straight and narrow  
I take step after step  
with agrovating pain  
pushing my limbs to the limit  
as my strength begins to drain  
Yet I walk with eyes  
focused on the prize  
looking past each problem  
that does arise  
Continuing I stumble  
over the divoted course  
with aguish haunting my mind  
I hold no remorse  
Inch by inch  
my stature increases  
as my broken heart  
unites all the pieces  
When oh when  
will I end  
each intentional sin  
making peace within  
At which point  
will my pace of pride  
be in step  
with the Humbled Stride  
On and on  
the path extends  
as my wandering mind  
is making amends  
My patience  
seems to wear thin  
as I gradually  
strengthen within  
Satanic Wants yell at me  
to merge off the path  
as the Godly Needs lead me  
away from Satan's wrath  
Willingly and unwilling

I tread this route  
ignoring the Wants'  
fading shouts  
The longer I walk  
the faster I go  
the stronger I become  
as the love base grows  
I will push, press, and perservere  
through each and every tear  
to the promise  
that is ever near

Trevor Schulte

# Every Graceful Touch

Every broken smile  
every endless mile  
every divine call  
which we forget to dial  
We want that moment  
when we can be free  
a graceful touch  
that is forever guaranteed  
As we shoot for innocence  
and continue to miss  
Our sight becomes hazy  
and we forget this

Every graceful touch  
that we are given  
Is divinely inspired  
by the God Who's forgiving

Your heart cries out  
your faith's doubt  
as your heart strives  
to become devout  
The purity that you desire  
is burned by Satan's fire  
as you continue to walk  
the dividing wire  
This dividing wire  
blocks the one thing that's true  
Breaking this promise  
that we continue to lose

Every graceful touch  
that we are given  
Is divinely inspired  
by the God Who's forgiving

To wash your hands pure  
clearing sin from your mind  
is to experience a moment

that is divine  
A touch of grace  
that purifies your existence  
and an endless second of mercy  
that is forever persistent  
Again and again  
we battle this fight  
and again and again  
we lose this sight

Every graceful touch  
that we are given  
Is divinely inspired  
by the God Who's forgiving

Couldn't you just give it all  
up to your God  
no longer putting your trust  
in this material facade  
Oh to be one  
with the only Creator  
and beginning to work on  
making your path straighter  
If you just give Him your all  
breaking down this wall  
He will save you  
from the endless fall

Every graceful touch  
that we are given  
Is divinely inspired  
by the God Who's forgiving

Trevor Schulte

# Fading Light

As humanity sees the last glimmer  
from the sun of its time  
reaching a point where eternity  
lays in the hand of the Divine  
A mere second when the years  
of one's life are brought out  
with a judgmental consequence  
based on one's questioned doubt  
Where mortality is based on reality  
and one's extended vitality  
will not cease a fatality  
because of the morality hospitality  
Instead, this point of choice  
holds its own voice  
of utter agony  
or an endless rejoice  
Choose wisely  
oh shipwrecked friend  
for the time will arrive  
when you seek amends  
Be the moral man  
that your life is made to be  
and choose to follow  
what you cannot see  
Faith be the basis  
on which you will walk  
Love be the motivation  
in which you talk  
Base life on a promise  
that was bidden through a cross  
make something plentiful  
out of all that was lost  
Hold to what you know to be true  
being one of the contracting few  
that will see a new light at the end  
when you meet the Jew

Trevor Schulte

## Faith Be The Basis...

My heart is racked  
as I fall back in repeat  
Tasting the lure of sin  
that remains oh so sweet  
Conflicted to the point  
of self-drawn pity  
rescripting the prolonged  
idealistic ditty  
Cut to the heart  
I journey on  
passing the hope  
of the breaking dawn  
Guilt stakes its claim  
boasting its troubled blame  
as my mind whirls round  
unwilling to unframe  
Doubt blurs my vision  
as darkness takes its toll  
blanketing the Word  
as it drowns my soul  
If only there were a way  
to break free this routine  
changing the characters  
and brightening the scene  
A way in which everything is lost  
yet all is found  
When my back is freed  
and to another burdens are bound  
Where my eyes are cleansed  
as I seek my amends  
joyful times where sins  
are no longer penned  
The only way in which  
I can reach this far off oasis  
is to take my belief to heart  
and make faith be my basis

Trevor Schulte

# Falling Forward

Day after day  
I fall flat on my face  
relying wholeheartedly  
on God's grace  
These burdens that trouble me  
this pain that stings  
pushing me deeper in a whole  
burying the hope I cling  
All I tend to do  
in these horrifying situations  
is approach it nervously  
adding more complication  
Oh, I hear this remorseful sound  
as I continue to pound  
this guilted stake  
deeper in the ground  
Falling back  
again and again  
wallowing in pity  
that beats my vein  
Must this be the way  
in which my life ends  
or dare I search an alternative  
and seek amends  
Can a mere mortal soul  
such as myself  
seek repentance  
pushing wrongs off the shelf  
Blessed be the day  
when I learn from my mistakes  
and uproot this  
ever paining, grounded stake  
Where opportunity kisses my face  
and my wrongs are erased  
only to bring me  
to a state of eternal embrace  
A place where stability  
will make me stand tall  
where forward be the only way

in which I now fall

Trevor Schulte

# Flowers' Purpose

The flower sits in the shadows  
as the sun begins to fade  
Slowly the darkness arrives  
in the heavy dark shade  
It waits one more time  
for the light to come again  
Preserving its beauty  
for the children to stare within  
As the new light reflects  
its fervent attempt to glimmer  
The flower's purpose  
grows even slimmer  
It's desire to be a niche  
in the beauty of God's mold  
Is the same as being the object of affection  
for somebody to hold  
Every day it begs to be picked  
and every day its endeavor is kicked

Trevor Schulte

# Going Back

To hold you  
one more time  
To know that deep down inside  
you are truly mine  
If only I could feel  
the warmth of your embrace  
and feel your forgiveness  
making my wrongs erased  
If I could just love you  
the same as I did before  
being that one person  
who you aloned adored  
All the times we had  
the happy and the sad.  
That certain way  
you made good from bad  
The passion that formed  
inside our souls  
Making us feel  
like we were finally whole  
The intensity that made  
my life a treat  
The way your simple touch  
could lift me off my feet  
You made my life complete  
and my character proud  
because everytime I was with you  
my head was in the clouds  
If only it could go back  
to the way it had been  
Then our friendship  
wouldn't be so thin,  
and maybe...just maybe  
we could start over again.

Trevor Schulte

# Hakuna Matata

The hope for tomorrow shines its beacon  
as I fall back into the comfort of angels  
Blessed I am, and Holy I feel  
For the day has just begun  
on a life of passed sorrows and new origin  
where I will bask in the heavenlies  
brought with pure ecstasy to meaning  
Why break myself through trouble  
inside a worried bubble  
when a life based on promise  
makes importance double.  
'Hakuna Matata' I say  
as I welcome the new day  
No worries, just trust  
No regret, just learned lessons  
True I walk in myself  
scattered with thought  
mingled in a battle of truth  
yet to be fought  
But heavy my shield of faith  
and strong the sword of love  
as it pierces the concerns  
that burden my life thereof  
For to pace a life in negativity  
I confuse a chance of change  
For change is the only thing  
that remains of permanent exchange  
Must we drag out the day  
in a state of pure pain  
or strive for the worry-free status  
so difficult to attain?

Trevor Schulte

# Handiwork

Two flowers sway in the wind  
to the breath that speaks.  
The beauty surpasses customized destruction  
brought by the fault of man.  
There they rock, back and forth,  
no worries, no regret,  
no mistakes, no threat;  
pure innocence to the real truth.  
These flowers show more sincerity  
in their short-lived existence  
than many show in man-made mistakes.  
This handiwork from the Immortal above,  
was shaped with the feeling of love.  
The beauty found in simplistic things  
breaks all barriers that condemn us.  
Yet here we stand, oblivious to these facts.  
Must we wallow in such pain,  
in search of peace so easy to attain,  
and in this passing confound,  
we'll forever remain?  
Oh, just to pass by an opportune moment  
missing the power of His work  
guided through this fault  
with a prided smirk.  
Or do we relinquish our superbia  
to the sound that shakes the leaves;  
conforming in righteousness to simplicity's value  
as to pick the flower,  
feel the power,  
and the handiwork of God,  
ultimately empower.

Trevor Schulte

# Her Humbled Hope

I see her sitting  
while the whole world  
breaks apart  
with hopeless anguish  
shattering its existence  
into material matter.  
Her vision stays steadfast  
as these issues  
attempt to force a wince  
out of a steady assurance.  
Yet, she holds her head high  
looking beyond the  
bitter past  
and onto the bright future.  
Her character  
defines her life,  
pushing the afflictions  
off the edge of realization  
and onto  
the floating clouds of hope.  
Her focus breaks the bounds  
that pain draws,  
opening the doors of opportunity  
and letting nothing  
but joy and happiness in.  
This distinct life  
of love and trust  
brings forth  
a promise that goes beyond  
every promise ever made.  
She is not the author  
of this promise,  
but a mere reflection  
through a life that sees  
what others choose not to see;  
influencing what others  
have not already influenced.  
What I really picture is a light,  
that shines so bright,

that it brings her Hope  
an immortal delight.

Trevor Schulte

# Heroes

In life we all strive  
to be something essential  
Trying to stretch our limits  
to the full potential  
We want to be that one person  
who others admire  
becoming the idol  
that will always inspire  
We all carry this flame  
to better our name  
and be the influence  
that is always proclaimed  
Yet we cut ourselves short  
throwing our ambitions aside  
Having a self-condemnation  
that makes us fall back and hide  
We feel the world creeping up  
and saying that we can't  
putting a dimmer  
on our idealistic rant  
They say no  
you can't be the hero  
you have and always will  
amount to being a zero  
Its like they put a label  
that heroes only save  
Only heroes will fix the problems  
and keep people from their grave  
But did you ever think  
that maybe your life is  
that maybe your superpower  
is being a whiz  
All the time you spend  
out helping others  
teaching, disciplining  
friends and brothers  
may actually save them  
from their own sin  
making them feel whole

and refined again  
Perhaps all the time  
you sit and humbly listen  
Maybe the time  
that you most glisten  
All the countless hours  
you kneel and pray  
can possibly be pushing  
your friend's cancer away  
Maybe the modesty  
that you carry out  
Is turning you into a hero  
without a doubt  
And maybe you should give yourself  
more credit than you get  
Because you will always be a hero  
even if you don't want to admit

Trevor Schulte

# Holiday Humor

Joy fills the air  
as smiles plaster the faces  
in the season of rejoicement  
of many graces  
The bells chime in unison  
as the choirs echo the church  
gifts are unraveled  
for the true treasures search  
So much joyous effort  
put into a time of love  
as the birth of the Lord  
takes position thereof  
The many bells jingle  
as the townfolk mingle  
with the paramedics awaiting  
Santa's slip on the shingle  
Carrots and fruit bits  
line the roof in a peculiar design  
for little Tommy is feeding Rudolph  
and is nearing life number nine  
Fredrick peeks down the stairs  
to look at his newfound skis  
received with the hint of a circled magazine  
and a month of eaten peas  
Alice awakens to find a shiny tea set  
at the bottom of the tree  
That'll last a month I do bet  
as Baby Joey goes on a tantrum spree  
We see the True Saint Nick's attempt to spread cheer  
being stopped by the cops  
with the claim of drunk driving  
and a sleigh of Egg-Nog cups filled to the top  
Frosty the snowman follows his hat  
that flies into the 24 Hour Fitness womb  
he bends over and trips into the sauna  
where he meets his puddled doom  
The elves rejoice as they take their trip  
into the California's Disneyland  
but come out depressed and rideless

for they did not reach the hand  
Mrs. Clause works her buttocks off  
on the Slimfast diet  
For it was her husband's yelling infomercial  
that started this riot  
The lighting of the Menorah  
by the accompanying Christmas tree's branch  
burns the universalist's living room down  
in this wide spectrumed ranch  
But oh the joy of the season  
will continue to forever lift  
until Mama will eventually find  
Rudolph's unwrapped gift  
Take this time of joyous overflowing love  
and try to be a blessing  
For don't be downing His season  
with a time of constant depressing

Trevor Schulte

# Homework!

Oh why do you pain me  
driving me to the point of insanity  
You're way too big  
for my little mind  
Your complexity and length  
are starting to intertwine  
But I will defeat you  
at my own set pace  
I'll be sure to wipe that smirk  
off your revealing face  
You will feel the wrath  
of my tiny little pencil  
as I reconfigure your  
failure stencil  
You will try and fail  
and I will push and avail  
You are short to live  
you poor, poor, classwork  
Because this week  
you will have your last smirk!

Trevor Schulte

# Imagination

When you start  
to sit down and imagine,  
you are reaching into a world  
that you can't fathom.  
Creating a sense that goes,  
beyond the common thought.  
Making some distant dream,  
yearned to be sought.  
If only we could travel down to our hearts,  
and reach for our passions,  
it will create a desire  
that is your soul's only ration.  
In this unique moment,  
you are gazing beyond reality,  
and digging down to what you feel,  
is the ultimate morality.  
It is a time,  
when your soul and mind touch,  
Creating an imagination,  
that becomes your dream's crutch.  
It is beyond words,  
to imagine your ambitions.  
These unusual hopes,  
give your life its definition.  
So don't be afraid  
to think out-of-the-box.  
Because sometimes its those brilliant ideas,  
that will leave others in utter shock.

Trevor Schulte

# Imagined But Unfathomed

I sit back and wait my time  
Waiting for someone to be mine  
I pray with all my heart  
That she'll be faithful to the end  
Anticipating that she'll become  
My very best friend  
Even though it will  
Take an extra day  
It's well worth the wait  
And of value to pray  
I hope to have a fervent love  
That doesn't walk the wire.  
But to have someone set in my dreams,  
A love I truly desire.  
I want a sincere love who'll share my belief  
But differ in opinion.  
A girl that will not follow  
Or embrace dominion.  
All I want is a girl I can never fathom.  
So far, this person I can only imagine.

Trevor Schulte

## In Search...

There's a feeling of isolation  
deep inside my soul  
Longing to be joined so its heart  
can beat out of control  
The love that keeps it alive  
lives only inside  
and thrives  
on bursting free  
and finding my guide  
I want it to break free  
and get out  
Changing into absolute belief  
from complete doubt  
Give me the faith  
that can move my heart  
Giving me that urge to be  
different and set apart  
All I know is that I'm lost  
and don't have a cause  
Always searching to be the one  
who gets all the applause  
Show me what it is  
that I really need  
And touch my eyes  
so the blind will finally see  
Whoever you are  
whatever you represent  
Show me who I am  
and the reason which I was sent  
All I seem to find in life  
are the material facades  
But what I truly need  
is a real God.

Trevor Schulte

# Independent Transcendence...

I stand with anguish burning in my soul.  
So much brokenness burdening my heart.  
The reason you may understand,  
or be completely clueless to.  
Its loneliness that makes my world  
seem like a life not lived.  
Yeah there's friends during times,  
pumping you up in your prime,  
but why is it that they tend to dissipate  
when your foot's set on a hill to climb.  
Oh how I despise those moments  
when I walk a solitary path;  
no stops, no refuge...just hurt.  
At some point, friends go their own way  
coming back only for brief periods.  
It brings me to the brink of tears  
to feel as if I had no one to live with, except myself.  
No one to share instances of pure joy but my God.  
True is He'll be there for you when your sails fall down,  
pushing you with His love in the sea of solitude;  
but He can't physically embrace us as our pictures fade.  
No, no, no...it is during these moments  
when we build our foundations to withstand the storms;  
to persevere past problems  
and settle in solitude with strength.  
How regretful you may feel as you're beaten down  
but why frown?  
Can't you become something greater than what you perceive;  
something that will make you light a candle in the dark  
to brighten your own world.  
If you can, if you have...you did it all  
You have become wholly transcendent,  
you have become fully independent!

Trevor Schulte

# Jesusfreak

My heart grows faint  
as my faith slips away  
no longer is my willingness  
to kneel down and pray  
All the hope which I had put  
into the umbrella of You  
has become transparent  
as if your Son, were only a Jew  
Where is the passion  
that defined who I am  
why has my life's devotion  
seem to have become a sham  
If only I could continue to embrace  
this unfailing grace  
not losing my place  
but just resetting my pace  
I know that the Lord  
will always be the same  
with His glory surpassing  
the title we proclaim  
Lord, strike me with reality  
readjusting my mentality  
to the notion that no matter how I feel  
you overcame fatality  
You touched the Heavens  
for three measly days  
rising up from the dead  
to affirm righteous praise  
Oh, what I would surrender  
to embrace You so tender  
and be brought to my knees  
humbled by your splendor  
What I have always felt  
is that I am forever blessed  
but please just grant me  
this final request  
Lord, reshape my praise  
into a never failing shriek  
proving to the others

that I'm a 100% JesusFreak!

Trevor Schulte

# Lacking Sincerity

When you need something  
it brings you to your knees.  
Praying the same old prayer,  
always ending with a please.  
Your prayers often lack sincerity  
and the offering of love.  
How could you disregard,  
something so real?  
Coming to Him  
with words you don't even feel.  
Don't you surrender every night,  
give Him your heart to mend?  
Is He not your God?  
Your serious friend?  
Did he not send His Son,  
to start the new trend?  
How much does His heart have to break,  
before you can comprehend?  
That He died for you to live.  
How much more love does He have to give?

Trevor Schulte

## Left...Or Right? ? ?

Timid hearts bow in unison  
to the resurrected promise  
blown away by majesty  
and left gaping,  
with a truth that stands.  
All doubt, overtaken;  
all presumptions, mistaken;  
all false hope, forsaken.  
The pure agony that beats  
the mere mortal souls  
as passivity takes its toll  
Overlooked chances  
in which shifts were probable  
Failed gambles  
where fortune be sought  
over compassion to be wrought  
Left are petty deeds that were done  
not for the good but for pride won  
Sin again and again  
with no question of what could have been  
Punctured problems pile  
as horrified hearts humble  
and all that's left is the question  
did you ever give the confession  
For the path to the cross  
may be rather violent  
but worse are the words  
that are kept silent

Trevor Schulte

# Let Me Be...

When You're gone  
I feel so alone  
I can see no shadow  
but I'm left on my own  
Clueless, abandoned  
is all I feel  
Everything is fake  
nothing's real  
Can I live without You  
or is that a stupid question  
Are You my life  
or just a suggestion  
Can I feel for anyone else  
or am I just chasing thin air  
Is there anyone else  
for whom I'll care  
I know You have always  
been by my side  
but why is it that when I'm hurt  
You seem to hide  
Is it cause You can't help  
the very things You created  
Or is it the possibility  
that Your love has finally faded  
At moments like these  
I'm feeling so faint  
Take my canvas, my life  
and begin to paint  
Make me into something  
that is worth while  
Help inspire me to stand  
and face my own trials  
Give me the power  
to change all I've done  
Hold me and give me  
the feeling that we're one  
Take these tears that fall  
down on the floor  
Making them alive

and falling for something more  
I need to realize  
that You'll always be there  
and that sometimes  
its me that's not being fair  
I have to be  
the change I wish to see  
and make things agree  
in the mind that oh so troubles me  
Even though I should  
take this alone  
I now realize that its on Your back  
my troubles are thrown  
But let me not fade away  
and leave You with the loss  
Let me join beside you  
and help carry my own cross

Trevor Schulte

# Life Once Again

To be a child  
once more.  
Looking at life,  
as an open door.  
Wondering with  
endless questions,  
and to examine  
each and every suggestion.  
To humble my knowledge  
and exalt my decisions.  
Experiencing once again,  
life's many incisions.  
To be loved by everyone  
and know life isn't done.  
Understanding and living to  
the full extent  
To realize the purpose,  
for which I was sent.

Trevor Schulte

# Life Struggles

Life Struggles

Life Struggles

A Parent may lose their son,  
A man may leave his wife.  
These are struggles  
We may encounter in life.  
A struggle is like a challenge  
We all must face.  
The only way to prevail  
Is to do it with God's grace.  
Sometimes you have to feel,  
Before you can heal.  
With a lack of issues,  
There would be no strength.  
You have to run the extra mile  
To reach a goal's length.  
Without hurt,  
There would be no gain.  
Sometimes the best answers,  
Come through pain.

Trevor Schulte

# Line Of Faith

Its so hard,  
being stuck in the middle.  
Its feels like my life,  
is a living unsolved riddle.  
I am at a certain point,  
in the midst of a phase.  
Where I am not in the black or white,  
but I am stuck in the gray.  
I want to choose,  
to be on a certain side,  
not jumping back and forth,  
unwilling to abide.  
I know my wants,  
and I know my needs.  
I understand what will make me fail,  
and what will make me succeed.  
There's two voices,  
and I have one choice,  
but all this noise,  
leaves me in a state of poise.  
I need to drain all the bad,  
and leave all the good.  
But often the right decision,  
is misunderstood.  
I am stuck on the line,  
between right and wrong.  
One my heart stands by.  
and the other my human nature longs.  
The one thats easy to attain,  
will bring nothing but pain,  
and make me remain  
in this state of refrain.  
Yet, if I strive for the one,  
that seems to weigh a ton,  
it will leave that easy wrong,  
completely outdone.  
So I come back to the same situation,  
caught between the good and bad temptations.  
Will I walk the straight but narrow path

or will I take a vacation

Trevor Schulte

# Lost Identity

Lost is what I am  
and what I continue to be  
Straying from facade to facade  
wondering which one is me  
Who is the one  
that I am suppose to become  
am I suppose to be intellectual  
or just plain dumb  
My eyes are blinded  
with what society stresses  
forcing me to try on  
a multitude of dresses  
Each one has its goods and bads  
swaying me from happy to sad  
but again I keep falling victim  
to the ongoing fad  
What am I  
if I can't be independent  
when will I stretch the limits  
and become transcendent  
At which point  
will the candle be lit  
and I can finally bridge this gap  
in my identity split  
But what if I am  
following the wrong craze  
and I am really lost  
in a self-created maze  
What if this ideal person  
that I stive to turn into  
Is in fact the person  
who I already knew  
Perhaps, who I am  
is what I am searching for  
and this may be the time  
when I start rowing both oars  
Maybe if I keep my desired motive  
in step with my personality  
then my mind and soul

might reach ultimate rationality  
So maybe being myself  
is the wisest choice  
because who could guide me better  
than my own voice

Trevor Schulte

# Maxed Conception

Visions cloud my head  
surpassing its very essence  
Spurting forth ideas  
that my mind does condense  
Innovative sparks  
that travel the brink of rationality  
compromising knockoffs  
and dodging originality  
Oh how I search for the right  
train of thought  
as my soul deteriorates  
as inspiration is overwrought  
The tendency to obliterate all else,  
pushing accusations off the shelf,  
and leaving my art  
as a reflection of myself.  
Shortlived may be this joy  
for it may just be a decoy  
that shots of excitement deploy  
but later are destroyed  
Push my buttons oh concious of mine  
for I will learn to fly  
and on my own willed choice  
I will begin to rely  
Pressing on with all faith  
in my own actions  
content in my mind  
that I'll reach satisfaction  
Deep thoughts and talents  
will speak the reality I make  
shooting up brows, dropping mouths  
as even professors shake  
For the true art of the human soul  
is found in the least likely place  
for it is then when mastered conceptions  
leave their lasting trace

Trevor Schulte

## Midnight Mile...

We all want to take  
the midnight mile  
where we can drive away  
from every trial  
We hop in the car  
skidding out on the tar  
ready to travel  
only God knows how far  
The trees wizz past  
blurring as we gain speed  
as we separate our wants  
from our needs  
The music blares  
and all our cares  
get lifted up to Him  
in our prayers  
The moonlight hits  
and our path is clear  
Our thoughts and emotions  
become sincere  
The worries fade  
as the joy invades  
everythings so perfect  
there's no reason to be afraid  
We discover our true identity  
as we hit serenity  
and our life becomes focused  
on these simple amenities  
Each heart beats  
loud and strong  
Dancing to the rhythm  
of its own love song  
The joy keeps building  
as we take the midnight mile  
and something appears  
is it a smile?  
Yes, its a signal  
that perfection has been found  
Its at this point

in which we can turn around  
Because the midnight mile  
has been completed  
and the distress and headaches  
have been defeated

Trevor Schulte

## Mirrored Image...

To see the face of God  
rarely occurs through a human.  
Seldom is His reflection seen so pure  
as to not know at which point  
the mirror image leaves mortality  
and becomes of angelic nature.  
At which point will her passion for others,  
for her sister and brothers,  
be seen so clean as to end up serene.  
Oh, the admiration I have  
for this expression of beauty  
that passes by mere objectivity  
and lands beyond what we call human.  
But there it lies, pure of nature  
and focused on ideal perfection.  
She walks with such grace  
and promising hopes.  
Pushing not for the simplistic answer  
but the hard striven truth.  
To seek the beyond, and press for the unanswerable  
is not of human extent,  
but is of a Godly scent.  
A fragrance that flows to the point of no return;  
a sight the blinds even the vision of angels;  
a creation that God looks to in remembrance  
of what the meaning of hope stands for.  
Need not she speak to inspire a shift,  
sending all of man's mind adrift,  
to a land of humbled words  
where her mere sight be the gift.  
The stoned footprints that she leaves behind,  
inspire many of which, haven't entered time.  
This beauty breaks boundaries that  
one ought to own;  
stirring some stimulation from  
sandprints to stone.  
Ultimately, to find oneself in her midst  
will be the answer to all questions,  
and to one day approach her face to face

will be at an anticipated discretion.

Trevor Schulte

# Momentary Joy

This joy that resides,  
down to my very bones,  
is crying out and replacing  
all the painful moans.  
All the pain is gone,  
each worry has faded.  
These memories that were unfit,  
have become jaded.  
My wounded heart,  
which had hit the very edge,  
was purified,  
as it teetered life's ledge.  
The anguish that had been haunting,  
my mind's narrow thoughts,  
have finally thrown in the towel  
and become overwrought.  
This joy that brings my smile,  
which I haven't felt in awhile,  
gives me the reassurance,  
that I have finally beaten my trial.  
The relief it gives,  
rests my innermost soul,  
giving a chance for my spirit and personality,  
to take a much needed stroll.  
The freedom that my mind has  
to be completely inventive,  
have brought back my dreams,  
giving my hopes its sought incentives.  
If only I could forever,  
feel this sensation.  
Being swept away  
by the on-going good vibration.  
This feeling may not last till tomorrow,  
but this pleasure I hope to borrow,  
when my joyfulness  
goes back to life's yielded sorrow.

Trevor Schulte

# My Inner Pain

Why does my whole world seem to crumble  
right before my eyes?  
Why does it seem that for everything I gain  
part of me dies?  
Can't I just be normal  
and have a life full of some joy.  
Or do I have to keep this fake smile on  
and act like an ok kind of boy.  
I feel like I am always the one,  
who is left on the bench.  
Thriving for a friendship and love  
that would make my pain quench.  
When I met You, oh God,  
I thought everything was over.  
That I need not stress,  
or compress, this mess, that my life  
still continues to address.  
Every night I pray to You  
that all my inner anguish would cease.  
Hoping with my whole heart  
to have nothing left but peace.  
I pray You'll fix all the worries, the fears,  
and my own broken heart.  
Helping me to look past all the mistakes I made  
and the problems that have torn me apart.  
The only thing that keeps me  
from throwing in the towel.  
Is the promise of our eternal existence  
that You, for some reason will allow.  
I know that my life's scale  
has fallen more than it has risen.  
I now understand that You are the only key,  
that can unlock this perpetual prison.  
Right now Father I'll pay  
whatever pain it may cost.  
Realizing that without You,  
my whole life would be lost.  
I beg You now, God,  
for my heart to have a different season.

And these tears that well up,  
to fall for a different reason.

Trevor Schulte

# My Sister

We were born different  
in each and every way.  
Yet, without you,  
I could not live another day.  
I wish I could have been better.  
A better brother, a better friend.  
I wish that every wound I made,  
I could somehow mend.  
Throughout our lives  
our relationship has wavered.  
A lot of it should be forgotten  
but some I have savored.  
Those times when we embraced  
and you gave me grace,  
looking past my faults  
and considering them erased.  
We have had so much separation  
over a vast amount of time.  
So many hills and obstacles  
that we both had to climb.  
The great thing is,  
that we have both persevered.  
All the wrongs that was,  
have now seemed to disappear.  
The love you have  
so humbly shown me  
could never be topped.  
It seems that all  
the tension between us  
has been stopped.  
Ever since we became friends,  
I have rejoiced in my heart.  
Without you in my life,  
I would be torn apart.  
Kelsey, without you  
I would not be complete.  
I could never have a better friend,  
that is as sweet.

Trevor Schulte

# Mysterious Road

I take to the open road  
giving second thought on where I stand.  
For the man who is sure who he is,  
lies to himself and beckons recognition.  
Truth be it that we all lie  
in a state where surety falters  
to the benefit of the traveler.  
For if we take to the road ahead with insight,  
we lose depth.  
If we walk with clarity,  
we break mystery.  
To be the wanderer of pure faith  
is keen to the world's question marks.  
So walk past knowledge and into enigma;  
for the treasure you seek  
is not that which is expected,  
but that which astonishes.

Trevor Schulte

# Nature Of Evil

Evil spans throughout the Earth  
on the daily basis.  
So much pain and agony  
pounding on Mercy's door  
and painting a picture of doubt.  
Doubt not in ourselves  
but in the nature of God  
Oh how we point the finger  
at the Wise of Wise  
assuming that our own fate  
in His hand lies  
The pure objectivity that floods our minds  
blocks out the freed will we hold  
We seem to neglect the Creator  
when joy comes our way  
But when anguish breaks the bounds  
so comes hate we convey  
How can a God, Who gave us choice  
change freedom, contradicting His Own voice  
The accusation would then change  
to His faking a freed choice promise  
and we would stand with all the more fingers  
pointing His way.  
Can't you accept the fact  
that the picking of the fruit  
changed our path of eternal salvation  
to a hand picked route?  
God does not put evil in our lives  
nor does He bring intentional harm  
He does not put the gun in our hand  
or the scares on our arm  
He chose to love us  
through all the rejection  
and its up to our own will  
to mirror His reflection  
For the only evil  
that walks this earth  
are in those who don't honor  
their secondary birth

Those who choose to walk in sin  
will continue to wrong again  
But if we treat others  
the way we want to be treated  
We will tread perfected ground  
in which evil is defeated  
We'll reach a point  
where Heaven kisses Earth  
and pure ecstasy reigns.  
Where angels now walk  
and actions talk  
where wrongs are written  
in perishable chalk  
For when we can accept  
that we are the problem  
we'll have reached a status  
in which we can solve them.

Trevor Schulte

# One More

As I walk the road,  
that He has set.  
I think to myself,  
'I have not fulfilled my debt.  
I need to show one more  
the source of my hope.  
Then and only then  
will I finish my life's scope.'  
I watch others,  
filled with passion.  
While my own world,  
seems to be crashing.  
My concious tells me,  
'There is one more person,  
one more soul,  
that continues to worsen.'  
I look in the mirror,  
wondering who it could be?  
Who am I overlooking,  
that needs the peace of the Trinity?  
I studied my sour face,  
wondering who needs to be embraced,  
and acknowledge God's grace?  
Who is bone dry,  
in their spiritual love?  
Who is facing this problem,  
and can't find the solution thereof?  
I beat myself up,  
knowing there is one more.  
One's spirit,  
who doesn't soar.  
The more I look at the situation,  
the less I remember my foundation,  
and so comes more complication.  
What can I do to feed this starvation?  
God keeps telling me,  
there's one more.  
One depressed person,  
who I still ignore.

The more I think,  
the more it becomes clear.  
Maybe the person who is deprived,  
is looking at me in the mirror?

Trevor Schulte

# One More Chance

Give me one more chance  
to right my wrongs  
Please forget my mistakes  
and make me strong  
Clear my vision to see  
straight down the path  
Help rid me of my sins  
and away from Satan's wrath  
Hold me through all the pain  
and give me the strength  
Inspire my heart  
to go to new lengths  
Father, just extend your grace  
so I can see your face  
Give me one more chance  
to right all my trespasses  
Watching the glory of God  
as my understanding it surpasses

Trevor Schulte

## One More Step...

Broken and bruised  
you walk with such great intent  
Breaking all the lies  
that form your path; you stand.  
You better your stride  
as the walk goes on  
with His light leading you  
to the breaking dawn  
Oh the pain you must feel  
with each and every step  
as you fall to your knees  
without a breath left  
Holy your heart has become  
to the Light that paved your way  
as your sight was distanced  
with such aggravating pain  
His promise has held your pace  
becoming the one oasis  
in this life race  
But oh how the great the feeling  
as the living water  
streams down your throat  
Your almost there  
with calloused feet  
that force you to walk  
on your knees  
As the light grows dimmer  
you see but another shimmer  
a moving light that is coming near  
as your motivation seems to disappear  
But wait, could this be  
is it the One who signed  
the heavenly decree  
He who put Himself on a cross  
and whose signature was His own blood  
maybe you could see better if your eyes  
weren't in a tearful flood  
One more step  
to end this fate

with one more prayer  
before Heaven's gate.

Trevor Schulte

# Out Of Reach

When you hide the  
Earth stops.  
The light grows dim,  
as the air winds down.  
Colors fade, even off a clown  
Shame becomes such a consistant thing.  
The birds are silent they no longer sing.  
When you hide,  
the flowers fall aside,  
there's no longer a tide,  
It's as if the whole world has died.  
When you hid,  
I felt alone,  
as if I had no home  
and I wonder as I write this poem.  
Where you have gone,  
and how much farther I have to run?

Trevor Schulte

# Overbearing Love

Love trembles in my heart  
as I breakdown, wanting a return  
that'll piece my heart into one.  
Building a passion that burns  
purely on zeal.  
Take me and make me into a man  
that doesn't rely on his wants  
but holds to what he needs.  
Separate these countless words in my mind  
to form the perfect story of love.  
Rearrange the letters over and over  
till they appeal to my Need's heart.  
Let the words flow forth,  
down the stream of joyful tears  
that flood my heart  
to the brink of rationality.  
On and on  
my soul beckons for completion  
as my mind conforms to content.  
Break free oh love!  
Give me a passionate flow  
into a world that I cannot fathom.  
I beg this unity develops  
her world into mine,  
yet I tend to forget, that perfecting love  
sometimes takes time.

Trevor Schulte

# Paint Me A Picture...

Paint me a picture  
make it anyway you desire  
Don't worry about your design  
there is no style required  
Make it big and bright  
stretching for miles on end  
Have it reflect your feelings  
or be a sketch of your friend  
Draw what is in your heart  
at this very instance  
Don't be shy  
go the distance  
Be loud or soft  
deep or shallow  
Make it full of emotion  
or completely hollow  
Give it your all  
just answer the call  
give in to what you want  
because long is the fall  
If you want  
to risk your eternal dwelling  
To paint your picture  
to what you think is selling  
You are free to do it  
...or you could say screw it!  
Instead you have  
every God given right  
To restart your picture  
with a bucket of white  
Whitewashing away  
all the messes that left it stained  
Making a clean slate  
in a way that can't be explained  
You probably ask  
how can this grace be given  
Well my friend  
just pray to be forgiven.



# Patient Heart

I wait here patiently,  
for a friend out of time.  
What I don't take in hand,  
are facts of truth.  
Although I may fear it.  
Patience is more supernatural  
than an eager spirit.  
Even though I await with a  
warm feeling in mind,  
I have to accept that it takes time.  
The more time, the more hope.  
Yet, as time goes breezing by,  
you have to cherish every second  
for it is my,  
thoughts that count.  
Your sweet voice keeps me on my toes,  
and your extreme faith blooms like a rose.  
Although time still awaits,  
I have forgotten the calendar,  
and the dates.

Trevor Schulte

# Peer Pressure

Standing in the crowd  
feeling all alone,  
I search for my place  
my social home.  
So many ways to go,  
so little time to lose.  
I have to find my place;  
I have to choose.  
Will I be a jock,  
or will my grades be a lock?  
Will I be the emo  
that wishes he could rock.  
So many voices,  
offering so many choices,  
can't I just drain  
all these conflicting noises?  
Even though, I could be any one  
that catches my attention,  
none of them really fit  
my own personal dimension.  
All give me a facade,  
that only others applaud,  
when in fact,  
it doesn't please my God.  
The one Whom helped me shape  
who I really am.  
The Love who didn't care  
if I did or did not fit in.  
He defines my character  
and gives me my delight,  
inspiring a drive,  
to finish the fight.  
He gives me something  
I have never had before.  
Pushing me to a side of myself  
I have never explored.  
So why do I strive to be  
someone I am not?  
When the real person I am

is the person I forgot.

Trevor Schulte

# Perfected Pace

I walk in a plain of sorrows,  
each step forced with the idea of contentment.  
Burdensome features mark the path  
as I conform to the idea that nothing need be done.  
The lies hurt as I give way  
to pain that subsides even the biggest of facades.  
Again and again I persuade myself  
that these issues be put on a shelf.  
My eyes are forced down  
as I look in the dreaded mirror,  
afraid to confront the only person  
in which I fear.  
Why oh why must I lie, and deny,  
giving up all hope on a second try.  
At which point will all passivity be passed  
beyond my passive past.  
When will the desired truth be told  
and hold to being bold as my pride starts to fold.  
How much farther must I run  
with my sins on my back,  
burdening and breaking  
the only strength that holds me up.  
The lies that I form,  
seem to transform,  
into separated ways  
as my heart is torn.  
Belittling myself  
is what it has come down to,  
as I walk in my own shadow  
to the last sunset of truth.  
But must that be the way to give out  
or can I rearrange my fate of doubt.  
Could a sinner like me,  
finally break free,  
raising the heat of passion,  
to another degree.  
Yes, I will be better than myself  
shoving the issues off the shelf.  
I will begin to pack

these wrongs in a sack,  
to pass on to my Savior's back.  
I will push past relativity  
and reach for immortality.  
For now all the strides  
of my past facades,  
will fall into the footsteps  
of my Saving God.

Trevor Schulte

# Pointless Pointing

Discernment passes over  
my concentrated mind  
assuming the next steps  
with knowledge that is blind  
I call out these thoughts  
and break my perceptions  
tantalizing others' moves  
with voices of deception  
Lies swivel astray  
into situations I weigh  
when my motivation to cease  
has sadly faded away  
Brought to the point  
where judgement prevails  
as I swing the hammer  
and further the nails  
Why do I sit and gauge  
strangers behavior  
while knowing in my heart  
its distaste that I savor  
May it be my strive  
to be the best  
Surpassing mild manners  
curving the test  
Do I put my acquisition  
into divine intuition  
laying perfectly content  
in this depraved disposition  
When will the day arrive  
to which I lay down my whip  
marking the divoted path  
to which I have tripped  
Making a route  
of purified intentions  
settling falls  
with loving interventions  
Let this be the day  
in which this decay  
no longer shines darkness

but holy array  
For pointing out a speck  
in the eye of the unknown  
is pointless you see  
when there's a log in your own

Trevor Schulte

## Promising Daze...

My heart throbs  
in search of its intent  
Seeking the piece of the puzzle  
for which it was meant  
It begs for me to find  
the perfected miss  
with whom I'll make stories  
of which I'll want to reminisce  
These feelings burden my heart  
by telling me there is little time  
only a short period in which  
I can find who's to be mine  
The girl who'll bring sunshine  
on the cloudiest of days  
turning these moments of lone regret  
into a much awaited praise  
All these mixed impressions  
that are still in question  
seem to fall victim  
to a materialized discretion  
Yet, I will break the bounds  
opening both my eyes  
Facing fear with feelings  
that are willing to surmise  
Because love is not to be caught  
but is to be built on feelings unknown  
and into a crazed world  
you will be pleased to be thrown  
So I stand here, facing my fear  
waiting for my love to appear  
so we can make a perfected couple  
in a relationship that is sincere

Trevor Schulte

# Purifying Passions

Passion is built  
on the soul's intent  
Formed by the focus  
of the mind  
Shaped with the heart  
and it's beloved facets  
The mere endeavors  
sculpt the internal being  
opening eyes  
to the problematic  
evil passions  
dwelling in others  
Push past  
these fellows' faults  
not with judgment  
but a clarifying  
innovation  
made of pure passions  
that are resolute  
in the Perfecter's mind  
Bringing light  
to a darkened soul  
is the basis  
of true passion  
that ought to  
burn with zeal  
in the heart  
of the lovers of the Lamb  
So burn on  
avid adventures  
with not your own  
but God's will  
lifting your chins  
one by one

Trevor Schulte

# Purity

To live a life  
devoted to a single soul  
is the righteous devotion  
to staying whole  
Your heart, mind, and spirit  
are joined as one  
in the perfect gift  
that can't be outdone  
This dedication of wholeness  
that had been planned  
has the Godly reward  
which you will now understand  
Purity is a righteous cause  
that is hard to attain  
its one of the hardest commitments  
to maintain  
But that one second at the altar  
when two spirits merge into one  
is the time when your temptations  
are finally outdone  
Its at this point  
when you have done the unthinkable  
and that ship that you sailed  
is declared as unsinkable  
This unaltered love  
is more than enough  
and has persevered  
to be perfection thereof  
This completeness  
given in such neatness  
is received by your love  
with the same sweetness  
You have brought joy  
to you and your spouse  
So go and lock yourselves  
in the bedroom of your house

Trevor Schulte

## Reaching In Faith...

I stare in the mirror  
at the reflection that's painted  
trying to forget all the dismay  
that left it tainted  
The eyelids begin to droop  
in this pained impression  
as the hope that lies within  
is overtaken with depression  
Oh the despair  
that racks my soul  
and deepens this  
routine hole  
Blessed my life is  
to a synchronized level  
but when is the time  
when the Lord will revel  
Revel a life lived  
plastered in purified pain  
stretching beyond this degree  
of functionalized strain  
Must I wallow in this lake  
of opportunities that are faked  
or break the chains  
to this grounded stake  
Loosen the limits  
break the bounds  
unvirginize these deaf ears  
to joyed unison sounds  
Shuffle these procedured tunes  
into a remix based on love  
Showing me the light of my life  
in a unpredicted shove  
Let me dance in rejoice  
to the refined voice  
of the destined one  
that is of final choice  
This day seems so vague  
and out of human reach  
but let the Divine intervene

with a lesson of faith to teach

Trevor Schulte

## Redeemed Road...

Burdened no more I walk a free-flowed path,  
each step guided by blinded faith.  
Need not worry but embrace my stumbles.  
For if I had continued on my way,  
holding to dismay, I would have no ending,  
and be led astray.  
Yet I stroll the path with clarity and optimism.  
Clarity on who I am, who I am to be;  
with an optimistic out turn gleaming the truth.  
A truth that defies definition and loosens Its label.  
A promise built on faith alone.  
Dare I walk in His presence but lay down my knee.  
For to Him I am bought and given my path.  
Why drown in depression when I can rejoice in expression.  
Skipping my way towards the never ending story  
of love, death, and rebirth.  
I now laden my hardened heart to the point  
where its stubbornness is dulled  
and its openness is livened.  
For to walk in Him  
your free-willed step you abate;  
because His path  
leads right to Heaven's gate.

Trevor Schulte

## Reformat..

As I pass through the walls that bound my path,  
I shudder in the fear of my Savior's wrath.  
Trembling I stand with pride holding me up.  
Pride that defeats a humbled act  
and forces my own freed will to push on.  
Must I fall victim to a lie I tell,  
as I am swept away with humanities' impel,  
polishing and shining  
the truth that I want to sell.  
Oh the prideful pain pushes perfection aside,  
as I lock my joints, continuing my stride  
To love myself is all I tend to put forth;  
so conceited I walk the walk;  
egotised to speak with reverence of myself.  
When oh when will my locked knees bend,  
at what point will I kneel to the Savior's feet,  
admitting my utter defeat,  
to the Power that surpresses my lies;  
to the Love who'll guide my life?  
Break me Lord, shatter this facade,  
let me praise the One True God.  
Hold me in content to the words I give out.  
Push my soul to the brink of rationality,  
where I will tread the verge of immortality.  
Wash my blinded eyes with purtity that stands clear,  
make my heart kneel in Your presence in awed fear.  
Pull my paths to unity  
to point towards the signalized opportunity,  
to live forever and a day  
in the humbled heaven community.

Trevor Schulte

# Regrets...

I fall to the ground  
with a feeling of regret,  
filled with painful feelings,  
of which, I want to forget.  
The longing to remake the past  
and rewind my mistake,  
is buzzing over me,  
as my heart continues to ache.  
If only there were a way,  
to relive that dreaded day,  
enlivening a positive note,  
leading burdens astray.  
What could a man like me  
who lives in his blunder,  
do to make his life,  
something of a wonder.  
How can a man of despairs,  
fix his many errors,  
and have a plea for grace  
in his final prayers.  
But must that be the end,  
to live in fault,  
or can I repent,  
and be of savored salt?  
Can I three-sixty my life,  
towards a higher destination;  
pushing my lasting strengths,  
for the better of creation?  
Could all the positivity  
that I hold within,  
abolish that clinging  
and lasting sin?  
Is a life of service  
where others form my sight,  
a sacrifice in which  
my heart is no longer contrite?  
The truth is,  
that we can never be too sure,  
but it is better to try

and live a life that is pure.  
So take the step,  
go the mile,  
transform your existence  
into something worthwhile.  
For a burdened regret,  
on your life crusade;  
may be nothing,  
but passing shade.

Trevor Schulte

# Remember Me

The sun rises  
to a brand new day  
and I prep myself  
for the sheep led astray  
The sheep who's path be led  
by its own will  
failing to conform  
and learning to be still  
Oh how you pain me  
searching for material glee  
as you strike the nail once more  
into the tree  
Can't you remember  
our love that binds us together  
or am I floating around  
careless like a feather  
What about that time  
you said that you'd be completely mine  
when you accepted the will  
based on the devine  
Must I crawl to the cross  
once again  
to love you with blood  
and forgiven sin  
At which point will it stick out  
where your faith prevails the doubt  
when will your knees be calloused  
by a passion of devout  
Remember me  
as you choose you way  
and when you find me  
please stay  
For I can never love you more  
then the way I do now  
but My mercy does not stretch beyond  
when time runs out

Trevor Schulte

# Repentance

I look to the stars for grace.  
searching for the end of the race.  
I reach for the top,  
with all my heart.  
But land far away,  
miles and miles apart.  
Its so easy to walk from,  
yet, every time I go away,  
I give in a little bit more,  
and beg for mercy when I pray.  
I know what's right  
and I know what's wrong.  
I know that I am weak  
where I should be strong.  
So I start once more,  
straying from this sin.  
Hoping not to retrace my steps  
and fall back again.  
Doubling my previous pace,  
I now walk merely on God's grace.

Trevor Schulte

# Road Of Solitude

The frustration edges me on,  
as my hollowed life persists.  
Living alone, once again,  
caught in one of life's many twists.  
Solitude beats me with dismay,  
as I continue to stray,  
looking at the worn fabric  
on this lonesome array.  
Again and again,  
I am torn with self pity,  
as I am outcasted from,  
what I deem pretty.  
Its not that others aren't of  
lovely attraction,  
but their individualized beauty  
doesn't bring me satisfaction.  
This agony troubles my soul  
as I fall deeper in this hole,  
wondering at which point,  
I will find my parole.  
Minutes stretch to hours,  
hours to days,  
at which moment  
will my glance become a gaze.  
Where is the one,  
with whom I was destined to be;  
the soul of unity  
that walks forever with me.  
But I forbid myself to fall  
into a steady trance,  
of a metronomic step,  
unwilling to take a stance.  
No, my journey in courting,  
will be better than that;  
I will pick myself up,  
after I fall flat.  
I will steadily await  
the girl of my dreams,  
and as I hold off

I'll better my esteem.  
For if I brush off despair  
and further my stare,  
I may find true beauty  
of which I'm well unaware.

Trevor Schulte

## Second Chance

Stuck in the mess  
of our mediocre lives  
Not knowing how,  
or when, or why  
it's broken.  
Yet we're the stick in the mud  
jammed against  
our own will  
Hope trails off  
like the dreams  
that are now transparent  
Want it, yes, need it, now  
give it, our second chance  
one more try to climb our rut  
and bask in the heavenlies  
of the hope  
stuck within us  
Hope can be a word  
or The Word  
altering in the midst  
of blinded faith  
Will today be  
a time of blooming  
or a day of decay

Trevor Schulte

## Shared Heaven...

Why do we tread a path  
that tends to sink every step;  
wearing a path that dissipates  
our only light from our midst.  
It breaks us up into pieces;  
pieces that shatter our hope, trust, purpose...  
When we look towards the end  
the depth continues to extend,  
cutting our hopes  
as disillusionment attempts to mend.  
Oh how I wish  
the pain could be heard  
and ears would be prompt.  
If only a cry  
could no longer be a sound,  
but a plea;  
a plea that turns heads  
towards a need that suppresses the wants;  
prevailing into hearts  
to have a day of harmonized hope,  
where the cries are jointed and pointed  
towards a shared hope  
that will forever be anointed.  
Why can't friends share in one another,  
coping as if they were brothers.  
Providing shoulders to lean on,  
words to ascend;  
lifting each chin  
and making the heart amend.  
To grasp each embrace  
to the full extent  
for which it was meant,  
would open the problematic eyes;  
clearing a path  
that leads to the land  
where love not need be achieved.  
A place where a hug be a greeting  
and a kiss be an address.  
A land where complements

be the language,  
spoken without expectations  
but mere topic.  
Oh how these idealistic dreams  
blind me with please,  
bringing forth a land  
to mimic on a basis of repeat.  
For it is this day when we congregate  
that the glimpse of this Heaven shall appear.  
Taking on each matter,  
with a hope that does not scatter,  
but tis now the baggage of pain  
that begins to shatter.  
A day of promise  
where two allies face the world as one,  
uniting under the Divine son,  
and bringing forth the phrase  
'it is done! '

Trevor Schulte

# Shooting For The Stars..

Gazing with hopeful intuition  
I am boggled with decision  
shall I step forth  
or remain in this position  
Oh so many thoughts  
flood my meek mind  
as our friendship  
continues to intertwine  
Bled dry of courage  
I mend the piercing wound  
relying purely on chance  
for visions that swoon  
Horrified by the gamble  
of expressing my emotion  
I shy back in fear  
unwilling to release commotion  
Why oh why must I  
continue to lie  
in this state of refrain  
with an invisible goodbye  
Tearing at my inner heart  
I stand unwilling to depart  
and start painting life's desire  
in an act of art  
Can I christen  
this unbirthed passion  
and further this  
limited ration  
Restrained I fall back  
and accept the inevitable truth  
that the nearest chance of a kiss  
is a kissing booth  
Stricken with doubt  
wanting to shout  
letting the world know  
what love is all about  
Must fear be the blockade  
that covers possibility  
Or dare I maneuver past

with a love of flexibility  
Yes, I will take a leap of faith  
and shoot for the moon afar  
for if I miss on my journey  
I'll at least land among the stars

Trevor Schulte

# Simplistic Optimism

What can you gain  
for being a bittered man  
held together  
by a failing plan  
What plus does a sour face  
have over a joyful grin  
that will go and erase  
your sorrowed sin  
Step from your regret  
and see the sun that shines  
blessing God's earth  
and the lives of yours and mine  
See the world  
for what it could be  
and bounce around  
in joyful glee  
Find the answer  
to your prolonged problem  
as your upturned lips  
try to solve them  
If you see a wrong  
and it does not belong  
erase the lyrics  
and begin your own song  
Negativity may continue to reign  
in certain places  
but it does not now matter  
for you walk on God's graces  
For living a life  
with a smile leading the way  
you may be the answer  
to someone who prays

Trevor Schulte

# Since Him

Ever since I met Him  
my walk has lengthened  
These legs that carry me  
have been gradually strengthened  
I walk more upright  
with a sense of pride  
Because no longer  
my fears I hide  
I am free in His love  
and consumed with his spirit  
The joy I feel cries out  
so others can hear it  
This sense of self worth  
dwells in my mind  
The gifts he bestowed on me  
I finally accept as mine  
What could I do  
without a Savior like Him  
I would be left caught  
in the my own condemnation  
If only others could experience  
His multitude of love  
They could finally understand  
that there is a God above  
If I could just show someone  
that life is not done  
but that it has merely begun  
Maybe if I mirror His character  
they will finally see God's Son  
I may not be  
the perfect reflection  
But hopefully they can see  
my true affection.

Trevor Schulte

# Smile

The ability to change someone's world  
can be in your power  
The curve of your lips  
has the ability to empower  
Your smile can mean more  
to someone else  
Then all the minor pain  
that you so humbly felt  
It can brighten  
another's awful day  
Making all the pain  
flutter far away  
The love that you hide  
that is bursting inside  
wants to break free  
and no longer confide  
I know you haven't tried it in awhile  
but why not stop and give someone a smile

Trevor Schulte

## So Much More...

There is so much more  
to look forward to in life  
Why base your hopes  
on material strife  
Oh the glory we have  
in our hopes and dreams  
that is set aside  
and pushed for in intense extremes  
How poor the phrase  
it could have been  
It is better to start and lose  
then to never begin  
As long as you give it your all  
and at least try  
You have more to reflect on  
as you say your final goodbye  
There can be so much more  
for which you can shoot for  
so many new places  
in which you can explore  
Your dreams can be brought to life  
if you try your hardest  
Those distant wishes can be reached  
even the ones that seem the farthest  
There is so much more  
in this mere existence  
But how can you strive for it  
if you don't go the distance.

Trevor Schulte

## So Tired...

Over the years  
my clean slate has been stained  
Impure motives and thoughts  
have left my cleanliness drain  
All that is left are my wrongs  
which have mirrored my intentions  
These pathetic temporary joys  
seem to be my true affection  
Yet, hope is still  
within my reach  
If I can only look past my guilt  
my contaminated heart will be bleached  
I'm so tired of walking  
and need to have embrace  
It's my own condemnation  
that keeps me from finishing this race  
I know He keeps yelling  
telling me that I'm almost done  
That all my burdens will be carried  
by His anointed Son  
He keeps reminding me to look  
past all my faults  
telling me that  
its my character he exalts  
I guess if I just give Him my sin  
I can be free and start again

Trevor Schulte

# Special One

There's a single girl  
who has opened my heart  
with a friendly love  
which she does impart  
This cozy feeling  
she bestills inside  
inspires my soul  
to take the next stride  
Taking this step  
into a place that is unknown  
is like stepping inside  
a world that is atoned  
The promise I gave her  
is wearing thin  
as I'm living a lie  
caught in my own sin  
If I only I could gain  
the courage to go beyond  
merely relying  
on the wave of a wand  
But let me take merit  
to spread my wings  
and fly into the wind  
that carries what I sing  
Break these chains  
that hold me down  
and let these feelings  
become renown  
Let my words stop muttering  
these words that are cluttering  
and let my heart take over  
all the uttering  
Let my impassioned spirit  
say what I feel  
and this question that builds up  
make its final appeal

Trevor Schulte

## Special One...

Fickle my heart sounds  
as its counter remains missing  
searching with great intent  
bettered through reminiscing  
So many battles fought  
where white flags are sought  
with an attempting peaceful resolution  
for thought  
Oh the years of wars  
that have yet to prevail  
where both sides died out  
both sides failed  
Even though I take one more baby step  
as the time does progress  
I yearn for the lovely young lady  
for which I will be blessed  
Where all else in my past  
will seem dim to the eye  
as I coexist in loving peace  
in the arms of my ally  
The steady beat of the battle drums  
slowly and steadily succumb  
to the overwhelming wedding bells  
as the bride-to-be comes  
Lost in the sense where  
the husband tears up  
as the humble loves  
pass to each other, their cup  
For this day may be but a shimmer of hope  
as the days count down  
but long live that blessed day  
that will forever and a day be renown

Trevor Schulte

# Spiritual Drought...

I fight for another breath  
as my motivation fades away.  
Here I am stuck once again  
in such turmoil that limits my views.  
The pure intensity of this internal battle  
gets the best of me as I fall back  
on presumptions and facts.  
Panting I crawl on my hands and my knees  
searching for the living water to put me at ease.  
As the walk gets longer,  
and my knees give out;  
I fall to the ground  
in this spiritual drought.  
I lose my sight, my vision is blurred,  
my ears are covered, nothing is heard.  
I am stuck in this state where all is lost,  
no promise can be push me as the threshold is crossed.  
Clueless I hold to the given,  
as my faith starts to wear thin,  
I am breaking down inside  
to the fulfillment of Satan's grin.  
Oh, just to feel the transcendence  
that I had once felt.  
A feeling based purely on wonder and awe  
where my knees would not give way  
under pressure, but to Perfection.  
A time when all else was worthless  
in my own eyes,  
and life didn't seem to begin,  
until daily I died.  
If only it would return,  
rejuvenating my soul,  
filling that hole,  
encouraging me  
to no longer walk the coal.  
To refurbish my heart  
back to sentimental rejoice,  
humbling my deeds  
to One True Voice.

This day may be vague,  
thinning as we speak,  
but I will continue climbing  
to reach Heaven's peak.

Trevor Schulte

# Spiritual Fire

I am nothing more,  
than a mere saved soul.  
Impassioned by God's love,  
that makes me whole.  
The deeds I do on earth,  
won't last in people's minds.  
Unless they are backed up  
by something their hearts search to find.  
Something that builds character,  
where the world has ripped it out.  
Something that will make unaltered faith,  
out of complete doubt.  
If only I can represent  
a higher being.  
Then it won't be my deeds  
that people are seeing.  
The only way  
I can amount to something more,  
is to work secretly,  
where only God can adore.  
I want to make my name known,  
in heaven alone,  
and make people realize  
that their sins are atoned.  
Everyone seems to question,  
the act of repentance.  
Knowing in their hearts,  
that its never the end of the sentence.  
Their lack of faith  
makes God ache,  
paining His intentions,  
with objections that are fake.  
I have to be humble,  
showing others that start to crumble,  
that even a veteran like myself,  
tends to still stumble.  
As I live here on earth,  
I remain a mere mortal.  
But the day that death arrives,

I will become immortal.  
I spread God's love showing others  
that It makes me fervent.  
Cause all I want to hear upon death  
is 'Well done good and faithful servant.'

Trevor Schulte

# Stilled Love

Love grows steady,  
enhanced with the mere touch  
where two souls intertwine;  
I still myself to refine.  
caught in a breathe  
and held till I'm blue,  
unwilling to let growth  
testify to truth.  
Timid, I tremble;  
fickle, I fall;  
passing mistakes  
I do recall.  
With brokenness  
crowding my view,  
I can't envision  
the blessed route.  
Oh, the pained pain  
beats my vein,  
as I fall back  
and continue to abstain.  
Free-flowed passive mistakes  
leave me bewildered.  
Perplexed not with knowledge,  
but chance.  
Chance in a progressive past  
resurfacing a moment to last.  
Knees hit the ground,  
tears stream the face;  
having recurring memories,  
remembering the taste.  
Must love be of great pain,  
must it hold such disdain,  
thats probably why I'll never find it,  
remaining sane.

Trevor Schulte

## Strokes Of Innocence...

Strokes of innocence  
paint animation to this Miss  
as she spins to the beat of life  
grateful to exist  
Such a figure of pure excellence  
to liven this fallen world  
with the mighty touch of grace  
in the soft hands of this girl  
I wallow back in awe  
of the beauty she speaks  
as I am blessed  
by the mere peck on my cheek  
Oh how this day shines  
beyond all compare  
as our souls embrace  
through the art of prayer  
The joint of hopes and dreams  
the endless smile that she beams  
settling both our hearts and minds  
with bettered esteem  
For the dates have just begun  
on this journey of trust  
and to new heights  
our visions for the future are thrust  
New territory is being explored  
as seperate virtues are adored  
and holy we stroll on  
with the Divine blessing of the Lord  
Wowed to the point of stuttering  
one another is found muttering  
as the butterflys that ring her toes  
never cease their fluttering  
Eyes fixate on  
this well-rounded lady  
stirring the unanswered queston  
of maybe  
Perhaps a person pained  
such as little old me  
could carry a coupled kinship

with the lovely Laurie  
For the simple anticipation  
that boggles my mind  
searches for clarity  
in an attempt to find;  
pure pointed purpose  
as the unnumbered days await  
and as we wow one another  
on each furthered date

Trevor Schulte

# Study Break

Thoughts float round  
in your innovative mind  
as you search for the answer  
you long to find  
Idea after idea  
being pushed aside  
with doubts blocking  
the chance to decide  
Oh the agony beats the brain  
as you fall back and recite  
probing for that linear moment  
when your bulb does ignite  
Words flow in and out  
nothing being stout  
but just prolonging  
this endless mind drought  
You search for the theme  
you search for the setting  
then you tend to lose sight  
as frustration starts sweating  
Bang the table, flip the chair  
break the pencil, pull out the hair  
Nothing seems to cease this thwarted,  
distorted, seemingly aborted  
idea that has yet to be courted  
but all in all remains unsupported  
Stop the grief and take a second  
finding a solution that you may reckon  
A brisk walk around the block  
may be what calls your name  
settling the idiosyncrasies  
and retargeting their aim  
Blessing yourself through  
the idea of relaxing  
letting your thought-process  
begin its waxing  
For when you take this study break  
you are voiding a possible mistake  
and giving your brain a needed shake

coaxing all of its hurting aches  
So study on my friend  
with your sight pushing on  
replenished and refocused  
on painting a new dawn

Trevor Schulte

# Sunshine In Dark Times

Even sunshine may fade  
as time does progress  
falling victim to the ever straining  
product of stress  
Hearts may faint  
dreams will give out  
Trouble stirs  
in the question of doubt  
Eyes may turn  
in a fear of the dark  
cringing out memories  
of the initial spark  
The spark that had  
begun this impassioned flame  
fueled by the heart  
but beautified by the dame  
Oh to only hit a note  
that will forever sound  
catching a rhythmic pattern  
that has yet to be found  
For the song in the making  
has begun its aching  
in a sense that untold feelings  
are now awaking  
Dread may have the upper hand  
as the cards are played  
but little does the dealer know  
that the victims are not afraid  
No, they take the stance  
continuing the advance  
in a search for  
the art of true romance  
For the day has just begun  
on the journey ahead  
step by step  
by their hearts they are lead  
For sunshine may not always appear  
to be the source of light  
but relies on the moon's memories

in the darkness of the night

Trevor Schulte

# Temptations

There are two voices  
that speak to me at once  
One tells me what God asks  
the other tells me what I want  
They crush my thoughts  
and consume my mind  
Leaving nothing left  
for me to find  
I have to accept  
its one or the other  
A moment of joy  
or an everlasting Father  
How can I hold  
to something I can't imagine  
When there's that reachable joy  
which I can fathom  
My heart breaks  
everytime I choose the wrong one  
When I dismiss God's love  
for a little bit of fun  
There will always be  
two different voices  
The question is  
which will be my final choice?

Trevor Schulte

# Thanksgiving Day Poem

When this day comes,  
it seems we have an obligated thank;  
to a name we try and think of,  
but tend to draw a blank.  
There is so much to be thankful for,  
on this one single day.  
So much beauty  
that will carry you away.  
All these overlooked objects  
that color this earth,  
should really be counted  
as of great worth.  
The skies that change,  
as the day progresses.  
The trees that shift,  
into their seasonal dresses.  
The chirping of birds  
that awaken our day.  
God's open ear  
that listens to us pray.  
Love that's passed,  
through the simple smile;  
encouraging our ambitions,  
to go the extra mile.  
Children's joy that shines,  
blossomed flowers that intertwine,  
even the moments of transcendence  
that send shivers down the spine.  
All this beauty and awe,  
comes from our creator.  
So if you need to pass that last thank you,  
Who will ever be greater?

Trevor Schulte

# The Idealistic Moment

Waiting for the moment to come  
when I can stretch out my arms;  
I watch the world pass by  
with high-earned ambitions.  
My heart longs to be  
something bigger.  
Something that'll break the bounds  
and restructure the norm.  
Yet, each minute strolls by  
untouched, unnoticed, unappreciated.  
The seconds beckon for fulfillment  
while my stubbornness shys back with reluctance.  
I continue to sit, wasting away valuable time  
and making a contribution that matches  
oil to water.  
When will my idealistic second appear?  
When will my heart flare with excitement?  
When will my mind shake, forcing it to awake  
and face my passing mistakes; bringing a realization  
that it was myself who flaked  
the surmounting opportunities  
of which, I did not partake...and all that's left  
is the compromised last piece of cake.  
Yet, I will not fall once again  
but will dismiss the dismay in a discontinuation;  
resounding the rejected reflections  
with a thin hope built of no metabolism.  
This moment will arrive  
when I step out and choose,  
thus adjusting my heart  
to a rhythm that voids the blues.

Trevor Schulte

# The Journey

I journey onwards past the tread marks  
of a scarred past.  
Looking beyond towards an impassioned future  
marked with significant change and progression.  
A travel that oversteps my closed off mind  
and ventures toward an unproved, unperceived, unpredicated vision  
that blinds my eyes to the point of stepping in faith.  
I know not why I have chosen this adventure,  
nor why I continue to press on,  
but I do understand that it is necessary to find myself.  
To realize why would be effortless to a faithful step,  
but to base each movement on the idea of a greater reward  
is to be an avid adventurer.  
I hold myself in content to the idea  
that my path shall one day lead others  
beyond themselves to a bettered life.  
For though I am the taker of each footstep,  
I am led with the staff of salvation.  
Nervous I am, scared I will forever be,  
but excited is the word worth writing.  
Beyond my path, lies the truth that is untold  
but is presented in my actions that are bold  
For to live is nothing, to die is gain,  
for upon my rebirth, I am freed of pain.  
My journey may be years of trouble  
and miles of rough land;  
it may be steps not wanted  
and days not praised,  
but it is well worth the effort.  
For the fight I fight  
is finding my true self within,  
and the day I defeat the demon  
is the day I say my final amen.

Trevor Schulte

# The Path That He Walked

I stand here not knowing exactly  
where to go or what to do  
All of My independence  
has surpassed all I know  
As I walk this straight but narrow path  
I am burdened with indecisive questions  
about why I keep walking  
Why do I endure all this pain  
and all this suffering  
I look to it not with understanding  
but instead with confusion  
I know that what I do is right for God  
but what about Me  
Must I carry others on My shoulders  
even when they don't seem to care  
Even though My days are cloudy  
and My path is rough  
I will keep up My pace  
that runs purely on grace  
Grace that makes My heart burn with passion  
Passion that makes My deeds sincere  
If it is to be a path that is dark  
let Me walk with blind faith  
The One who leads Me is definitive  
to who I really am  
Only Him and I know who I am  
and who I am to be  
So with fearless ambition  
I strive to take the next step of faith  
I realize that My mission  
is to walk the path that God  
has set before My feet  
That path may lead to death  
but My death will lead to life  
Life for all whom shares the love I give  
Believe it or not but its for you as well  
It is not because you lived a good life  
or because you have loved Me for a long time  
But because you gave me your wrongs

and accepted My unconditional love  
I will die for you  
to live for Me  
One day we will meet  
and forever be at peace  
It is then that I will dance  
skip around in rejoice that we won  
You and I have walked the path together  
and now we'll dance  
Forever and a day!

Trevor Schulte

# The Pharisee And I

Standing on the street corner,  
his ego puffed out;  
claiming a sign of perfection  
and faith without doubt.  
Trouble does not face,  
the overflowing grace,  
of him who seems  
to spit in God's face.  
I cringe back  
when I'm in his midst,  
hitting the ground,  
as his feet are kissed.  
To be in his presence  
and not be scolded,  
is reaching a point  
where the mystery is unfolded.  
For who am I to question  
this wise man's discretion,  
because all I do  
is fish for a profession.  
But wait, Who is that,  
that comes through the crowds;  
treasured as though  
he were a Mosaic rain cloud?  
Walking in such confidence,  
He approaches the Pharisee and I.  
My knees hit the ground,  
while the Pharisee looks Him in the eye.  
His eyes scan the both of us  
as He announces His name is Jesus.  
I am brought to fear  
at the sound of His name,  
dreading the sins  
of which, I'm to blame.  
The Pharisee seems to stand in pride,  
having nothing to hide,  
but caressing his words  
with a tone that is snide.  
My wimpers are overtaken

with Jesus' overbearing voice,  
'Stand oh fisher,  
and face My choice.'  
I stood up, my knees shaking,  
ready to say my final amen;  
He then spoke, 'Come my child  
and I'll make you a fisher of men.'  
My eyes shot up  
at His startling decision!  
but maybe in me,  
He sees a vision?  
For in the eyes of this Lord  
Who will forever speak,  
His trust will lay  
in the hands of the meek.

Trevor Schulte

# The Puzzlemaster

A puzzle lays before my eyes,  
mixed and mingled with no connection.  
So many different pieces begging to unite  
under a common goal of becoming perfection.  
Each piece represents part of who I was,  
who I am, and who I am to be.  
The only problem is that my perfect picture  
does not take a single form but shifts  
as my feelings, opinions, and beliefs vary ever so often.  
My heart yells, 'TAKE ONE FORM! ! !'  
as my picture passes from soothing to storm.  
It burns to know everything of the life I wish to live  
but to know nothing about why my passions only peak  
at moments when all that is left is faith.  
How can it be, that the only thing that I have full belief in,  
is the one thing of which there is no proof?  
It befuddles my broken belief  
into nothing but mere blinded hope.  
I shift the pieces as my mind goes berserk;  
fixating not on piece by piece,  
but rather on the picture as a whole.  
My mind belittles my heart,  
'I CAN NOT DO THIS PUZZLE IF MY LIFE DEPENDED ON IT'  
...but wait; could that be the answer?  
If my life were to rest on completion of an altering enigma,  
what could I rest my faith in to make assurance in what I gamble?  
THATS IT! ! ! Flip the board, see the white  
give myself a new story to write.  
A story that is stain free and can never be converted.  
For the true Puzzlemaster, never leaves his pupil deserted!

Trevor Schulte

# The Way

I stand here lost  
searching for a place to travel  
As I face my life's issues  
which I attempt to unravel  
I know the path  
that I am suppose to take  
But I am still worried  
that what I do will be a mistake  
I want freedom  
with my whole heart  
Yet if I walk the path  
the more freedom departs  
Its so hard to remain true  
to an invisible hope  
when my traveling  
seems to go down slope  
I long to feel passion  
in my spiritual fashion  
leaving my heart  
filled with compassion  
A milestone that will  
mark my quest  
Somewhere where I can take a breather  
and unload my stress  
When will it be God  
that my life will mean more  
When will my life's purpose  
amount to as much as the poor  
Father give me a desire  
to light a fire  
and ultimately inspire  
Maybe if I give it  
all to You, the Jew,  
you will make my  
driving motives true  
So here I stand,  
still lost,  
basing my journey,  
on the way of the cross.

Trevor Schulte

## Time Of Your Life...

Why doesn't the world  
seem to spin for me  
but continue to be set back  
by time's decree  
This ongoing feeling  
of staleness in life  
are causing my feelings  
to be closed off with strife  
When will the day come  
that life will be brought  
and I'll start to live out  
the lessons I've been taught  
When will my opinions  
finally be heard  
When will my input  
become preferred  
This continuous feeling  
of infinite vanity  
is driving my mind  
to the point of insanity  
When will my life  
mean something much more  
and my footprints won't be  
secured on a sandy shore  
No matter how hard I try  
or how much I cry  
I'm living a slow life  
in which I'll never die  
So, I keep coming back  
to the same old question of when,  
when will my life  
finally begin?  
But what if these  
are the basic steps  
in which I get experienced  
and become prepped  
What if this staircase  
isn't winding around  
but is pushing onward

to a hope that has been found  
Maybe I shouldn't  
be watching the clock  
but instead be feeding  
my increasing flock  
Because even though life seems  
like it lasts forever  
Maybe this is the time  
to push for your wanted endeavor  
Cherish the time you have  
on God's green Earth  
you'll never know how long  
until your immortal birth

Trevor Schulte

# Tomorrow

As the sun fades away  
I sit waiting for the new day  
Tomorrow is always there for us  
even in the darkest hours  
It eventually fades the gray away  
and brings us new flowers  
The hope it contains  
never seems to cease  
But is forever present  
and always inspiring peace  
If you had a chance  
to throw your mistakes away  
to abandon your troubles  
what would be better than today  
When you look at your problem  
look past the issue  
Gaze at the possible solutions  
and throw away the tissues  
You should thank God in prayer  
that tomorrow is always there

Trevor Schulte

# Tomorrow's Hope

Once and a while  
a day goes wrong  
and your joyful steps  
dance to a sad song  
All is lost  
in your mind  
as you search for the joy  
that you cannot find  
Oh how we wish  
this day would be gone  
and towards a new horizon  
our spirit will be drawn  
The painful cries  
flood our vision  
as we seek for the answer  
with pinpoint precision  
In these clouded days  
that tend to lack praise  
we search for the opening  
where we catch the sun's rays  
Our torn heart  
that begs to be revived  
may just need the hope  
of which, its deprived  
We look left and right  
for the ultimate solution  
Praying that one day  
we'll start a revolution  
What we need to realize  
is that during these instances  
is that we stretch out  
to our greatest distances  
These times that seem  
to make incisions  
may just be beckoning  
for a new decision  
A choice that will make  
your troubles abate  
and will most definitely

alter your fate  
So You can either hold the pain  
with a hopeful facade  
Or, my dear friend  
let go and let God

Trevor Schulte

## Torn But Reborn...

Why do you still yourself  
in the tread marks of the past  
bringing back bittersweetness  
in memories you beg not to last  
So much torment and suffering  
blinding your futuristic eyes  
with the remembering  
that you wish you could deny  
All the hope that is in you  
that you look to  
is erased in a new picture  
that your past drew  
Is it that hard to abandon  
a past so dark  
lighting the near future  
with a brand new spark  
Must you dwell in despair  
with feelings unfair  
and lose the promising hope  
of a faithful prayer  
Need you break your own heart  
with a past written in pen  
or start on a clean slate  
with a simple amen  
My dearest friend  
who remains distraught  
Don't you realize  
your second chance was bought  
I beg you to see  
with eyes of not your own  
but to see a future  
where you're never alone  
For the day you're reborn  
those clothes you had worn  
will be cleansed of despair  
as the new oath is sworn  
For my Messiah, Jesus Christ  
wants to be your Lord  
and begin a relationship

with your sight being restored  
So let go of the baggage  
that weighs your spine  
passing your burdens  
to the Back of the Divine

Trevor Schulte

# True Love Awaits

I wait for you  
with all my heart,  
knowing that when we meet,  
we will never part.  
We will stand united,  
throughout time.  
Brought together,  
by something Divine.  
The mere touch of your face,  
and your undeserved grace,  
will make our souls touch,  
and forever be embraced.  
Oh, to feel your love  
and to know your heart.  
To take on one more journey  
connected as we depart.  
We will wander forever,  
with no worry in mind.  
Holding hands and walking,  
till Heaven we find.  
We will dance with the angels  
watching us move.  
Swirling again and again,  
with no point to prove.  
Testifying to the definition,  
of true love.  
Showing the whole world,  
that this alone is enough.  
We will make heads turn,  
and hearts yearn,  
for that fire in our hearts,  
that will forever burn.  
So I await the day,  
we finally will meet,  
realizing its only each other,  
that we really need.

Trevor Schulte

## Unanswered Question...

Coaxing in my mind  
I search to find  
the unanswered question  
of mankind  
So many possible solutions  
that take up my thoughts  
so many sold out answers  
just waiting to be bought  
Paid for with devotion  
to its true authenticity  
I am held to content  
with its mazed simplicity  
Oh how I could say one thing  
but mean the other  
not finding the resolution  
but continuing to smother  
I lack the trust  
in my straightforward cognition  
settling back  
in a convinced, wavered rendition  
It is what our Lord  
has layed as the foundation  
What others who lack belief  
yearn in fascination  
To step out with no surety  
into a place of no security  
would be to reach the point  
of the summed maturity  
I hold out a hand  
and close my eyes  
fearing the outcome  
of pure surprise  
Can I reach for the stars  
and start to confide  
this inner trust  
that I continue to hide  
Maybe if trust and confidence  
are where I am based  
I can answer the unanswered question

of living in faith.

Trevor Schulte

# Unconditional Love

I see but a poor reflection,  
as I stare into the mirror.  
Seeing an impure man  
with nothing to hold but fear.  
I stand here wondering how I could  
be loved with such deep affection.  
Knowing that a murderer like me  
doesn't even deserve a reflection.  
How could the man I killed,  
love me to death?  
How could this man forgive me  
with His final breath?  
He gave every ounce of strength,  
to inspire my heart to go the length.  
The answer to my question,  
no one will probably understand.  
The only thing I can comprehend  
is that my wrong is written in sand.

Trevor Schulte

# Unfinished Love

I love you as if there were no tomorrow,  
but only an eternal day.  
To stand and be assured  
of your everlasting presence.  
To know that your dreams,  
are my hopes and aspiration.  
Being your desire  
ignites my inspiration.  
To walk the same road  
and at each turn diverse.  
Only to converge,  
on our self implied curse.  
To know you,  
and not to know you.  
To understand your wants  
and to want your understanding.  
Knowing the truth,  
that death to you isn't the end,  
but only the beginning.

Trevor Schulte

# Unknown Love

This love is so unbearable  
even though it doesn't yet breathe  
It is still unborn  
but in my heart it does conceive  
It bursts with a feeling  
that I cannot contain  
I want it to break free  
and release me of this pain  
Why does it burden me so  
even when I don't know  
to where or whom  
it shall go  
What I do comprehend  
from the midst of this love  
Is that it was known well before  
from the Big Man above  
So I await the day  
that it will be born  
As I quietly search  
for the person to whom its sworn

Trevor Schulte

# Unrestrained Love

Beauty that's breathtaking  
is flooding each mind  
So many virtues  
bursting forth  
with no end but only a beginning  
A start to an impassioned love  
built between  
mortals that are clueless  
as to why it's there  
But there it is  
and will be  
pounding at one another's  
meek hearts to bolden  
and take a step  
Pushing past skeptics  
focused on  
the countless amenities  
found in their unity  
Break the boundaries  
loosen the limits  
no restraints  
but resolutions  
to the fading  
bounds of true love  
originating in our midst

Trevor Schulte

# Values

Where you place your heart  
your values do follow  
whether your treasure is sincere  
or completely hollow  
Your values will cling  
to the foremost intention  
Not to what you make it to be  
or what you attempt to mention  
If you evaluate  
your heart's true affection  
You will discover  
your spiritual reflection  
It is up to you to discover  
what is your love in life  
Whether it be a time of joy  
or a lifetime of strife  
I could only hope that  
you would put relationships first  
Because material things you hold  
will not quench your thirst

Trevor Schulte

# Waiting

I wait for you  
to find your true affection  
Knowing that, in the end  
I may not be the reflection  
I know that God will give you  
the perfect person  
that makes you complete  
Someone that makes you  
wake up, eager for the  
new day to meet  
Although, It is you  
who keeps me on my toes  
As your extreme faith  
blooms like a rose  
Your love for one another  
treating everyone as your brother  
could never be matched  
by any other  
If only I could hold you  
from sunset to sunrise  
Not ever worrying about hellos  
or goodbyes  
If only I could watch  
as you dance under the moon  
Watching the beauty  
as I slowly become swooned  
Although we are still far away  
I will never cease to pray  
I know that God has a plan  
for both of us  
It will eventually come true  
as the time it does press  
Although, the time still awaits  
I have forgotten the calendar  
and the dates

Trevor Schulte

# Walk The Line

It's hard to balance two decisions  
and choose which one I'm living.  
I want to be with You,  
with all my heart.  
Yet, the longer I tread the line,  
the farther I grow apart.  
I once read from Your book  
that there is no condemnation.  
I sometimes take that word for word  
and take a vacation.  
I am so close,  
and at the same time so far.  
Can't I just give up,  
and break even at par?  
Can't I just walk the line,  
be at both sides at once.  
Or do I have to do what You say,  
live how You want.  
Maybe I shouldn't balance the wall.  
I don't know exactly where I'd fall.

Trevor Schulte

# What Am I?

I glance at your face  
each and every day  
Waiting for the opportune moment  
to come my way  
You stare back at me  
appearing to be the same as before  
Even though you slowly change  
deep within your core  
Your essence is always reliable  
and trustworthy to all points  
Your hands are constantly  
readjusting your unstable joints  
I hang your moving picture on my wall  
watching you before dinner grow tall  
When will you stop  
and cease to exist  
When will you become stubborn  
and have your final kiss  
The only time I'll give you that flattery  
is when you my friend, run out of battery

Trevor Schulte

## What Is This About?

You consume my thoughts each night,  
giving me pleasure or fright.  
The hope you give me is temporary,  
just like the fears.  
You either leave me in joy,  
or in a flood of tears.  
The past comes through you,  
to respark my memory.  
To reignite my life,  
only contemporary.  
You rest during the day  
and expand when the light fades.  
Your essence is shaped by experience  
and is not carefully made.  
I now close my eyes,  
and wait for your surprise.

Trevor Schulte

# When I Think About You

When I think about you  
my whole world stops  
Creation itself ceases to exist  
the only thing left is you at the top  
Every time you come to mind  
my heart soars to new heights  
Why does nothing else matter  
when you are in my sight  
Couldn't you just join me  
and dance till the sun sets  
cant you abandon all the past  
and open new doors, place new bets  
Your cleverness oversteps the norm  
and ventures to a place  
beyond recognition  
You are so spontaneous and unique  
like a candle in the dark  
How can you be so amazing  
yet humble your way into my heart

Trevor Schulte

# Where's Waldo?

I rip the hair  
from my balding head  
as I look for the one  
whom has fled  
How dare he continue to flee  
against my begged plea  
and take on  
this treacherous abandonment spree  
I look to every point  
and explore every angle  
as the sights blur together  
and start to entangle  
The pain you cause my head  
as my eyes start to tear  
awaiting that glorious moment  
when you finally appear  
In agony I rip out the pages  
as my curiosity still ages  
and the velocity of my chiseled mind  
quickly enrages  
My knees hit the ground  
as I start to crawl slow  
dying to the eternalized question  
of where's Waldo?

Trevor Schulte

## Who...?

Who could whisper to you  
in the faintest voice?  
'I love you with all My heart'  
as you make the wrong choice.  
Who in the midst of searing pain,  
never cry out in vain,  
but instead forgive you  
as you curse His name.  
Who would wait up every night,  
just to hear you talk with Him?  
Isn't it the same person you renounced,  
as He took away your sin?  
I'm asking who would ever die,  
just for the likes of you?  
If you haven't caught on yet,  
I'll tell you who!  
The Man who stole every sin,  
in the single greatest heist.  
The One, the Only,  
the lovable Jesus Christ.

Trevor Schulte

# Wondering Why?

I sit here looking  
at the moonlit sky,  
perplexed, bewildered,  
just wondering why.  
Why the world is  
the way it became?  
Why everyone here  
seems to only seek fame.  
All the hopes in our hearts,  
all the desires in our dreams,  
seemed to be set  
only on material things.  
The indifference and segregation  
that makes humans part,  
do nothing but reflect  
what's truly in our hearts.  
In the depths of our minds  
we have so much creativity.  
Yet it's cut and destroyed,  
with all the outside negativity.  
Why can't we shine through  
and give a clue,  
to what our souls  
really want to do.  
If it were only that easy  
to show who we are,  
our good intentions in life,  
wouldn't be so far.  
I glance at the stars  
with a curious mind,  
searching for an answer  
that I may never find.

Trevor Schulte