

# Blue Inferno!



A Poem Book ... By: Mr. Kevin West



\* PURE INTENTIONS \*

"A POEM BOOK"

BY:MR.KEVIN WEST SR.

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I PRAY THAT THE POEM'S CONTAINED IN THIS POEM BOOK  
BRINGS YOU AS MUCH PLEASURE, AND INSIGHT TO A NEW THOUGHT PROCESS  
WHEN READING THEM, AS IT DID TO ME, COMPOSING THEM.

VISION WHAT YOU VISION WITHIN THESE WORDS, WITH AS  
PURE INTENTIONS THAT YOU CAN MUSTER.

\* PLEASE ENJOY \*

COVER ART: BY THE AUTHOR.



**\*PURE INTENTIONS\***

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**\*\*\*\*\*THANK YOU NOTE.**

\* THE ARTIST \*

THE LOOK OF HAPPY & SAD FACES,  
WITNESS THE JOY AND WONDERMENT-OR-PAIN AND STRIFE.  
A FROWN OVER HERE, OR A SMILE OVER THERE,  
THE CURVE OF A NOSE, THE STYLE OF A FACE.  
THE DEPTH OF SHADOWS & TONES  
THESE MISTAKES YOU SHOULDN'T ERASE.  
I SEE WHAT I SEE, PAINT WHAT I PAINT,  
EVERY EXPRESSION CONJURED  
THE RARE ESSENCE OF BEAUTY  
THE BEAUTY OF LIFE  
SEEN THROUGH AN ARTIST'S EYE  
THE EARTH, THE GRASS, THE CLOUDS, ALL UNDER A STARRY SKY.  
NO MATTER DULL OR VIBRANT, SHINY OR STALE  
WALK THROUGH THE VISION OF AN ARTIST  
DON'T BE SURPRISED, IF THAT LOOK IN YOUR EYES  
BECOMES THE TARGET.  
EITHER BRIGHT AS NIGHT  
OR DARK AS DAY,  
SOME TIMES TRAPPED IN THE REVERSE WHILE  
YOUR MIND-STATE GOES ASTRAY.  
THESE ARE YOUR VIEWS  
PLEASE PAINT YOUR OWN PICTURE,  
SEE LIFE THROUGH YOUR OWN VISION  
NO ONE ELSE CAN SEE IT FOR YOU  
THERE'S DIFFERENT COLORS, BUT,  
IT'S ALL FROM ONE PRISM.  
FOR THOSE THAT LACK VISUAL  
SIMPLY OPEN YOUR OTHER SENSES  
LIKE EARS WIDE, CONCENTRATE AND LISTEN,  
THERE IS JOY SOME WHERE TO BE FOUND OUT THERE,  
WE HAVE TO RE-DRAW OUR MISSION  
AND PRAY FOR GUIDANCE, LOVE,  
OVERSTANDING, HINDSIGHT AND WISDOM.....

BY: MR.KEVIN WEST SR.

**\* THE CATCH OF A BREATH \***

STUCK IN LUST  
A STRANGLER STATE  
UNABLE TO BREATHE  
LUNGS FEEL AS IF  
BEING GRIPPED  
BY SURPRISE, WONDER AND ENCHANTMENT  
HELD WITHIN A TIGHT SQUEEZE.....

THE SOFT TOUCH  
TANGY TASTE  
AND ENVELOPING SMELL,  
HAS ONE CHOKED UP  
BY HER INNER BEAUTY  
FROZE AT THE INHALE.....

THE EXHALE TRAPPED LIKE A DEER,  
AMONGST  
THE HEADLIGHTS OF ON COMING TRAFFIC  
YOUR EXPECTATIONS FORGOTTEN, AND  
YOUR SITUATION SEEMS DRASTIC.....

WHAT IS THE CATCH OF A BREATH?

IT'S THE FEELING YOU GET  
WHEN SOMEONE CATCHES YOUR  
HEART!!.....

WELL.....

I GUESS MY BREATH WAS CAUGHT  
AT THE VERY  
START !!!

BY: MR.KEVIN WEST SR.

**\* A LOVERS CARESS \***

LIKE THE LANDING OF A BUTTERFLY, WINGS FLUTTER,  
DELICATE AND BUTTERY SMOOTH, SENDS A TINGLING  
SENSATION, FROM YOUR THOUGHTS TO YOUR SHOES.

A CHILL RELEASES GOOSE BUMPS, BUT YET YOUR  
ENFOLDED IN WARMTH, THE HEAT OF A FINGERS TOUCH  
INVOKES GIGGLES OF PASSION, YOU BLUSH YOU FLOAT,  
FROM THIS TITILLATING MAGNETIC ATTRACTION.

YOU'RE LOST WITHIN YOURSELF, WITHIN THE LUST  
WITHIN THE HEAT OF THE MOMENT, OH, THE SENSUAL RUSH.

IT TICKLES, IT TEASES, IT LEAVES TRAILS OF EROTICNESS,  
AS YOU'RE PHYSICALS TRACED, ALSO A GENTLE STARE  
CARESSES YOUR FACE. NO ONE DOES IT LIKE YOUR LOVER  
CONSISTING OF AWE, AMAZEMENT, SENTIMENT AND WONDER.

YOU LANGUISH IN THIS FEELING, THIS BLISS, THIS RAPTURE,  
NOTHING ELSE CAN MIMIC WHAT A LOVERS CARESS CAN CAPTURE.

YOU SWIM WITHIN INDULGENCE, AND BASK WITHIN  
THIS GLORY, THIS STAYS TO YOURSELF, THIS POEM OF  
A FINGERS STORY, USING ONLY THE BLADE, THE TIP  
OR THE APEX, TO TRACE THAT LOVE SYMBOL FROM EVERY  
EROGENOUS-ZONE TO THE NAPE OF YOUR NECK.

ALL TEN DIGITS PLAY THEIR "PART" AND DOES THE JOB  
OF CREATING SENSATIONS LIKE RAPIDLY PANTING, AND  
SEEING "SPARKS".

THE CARESS OF LIPS IS A DIFFERENT STORY, GENITALIA NEGLECTED  
JUST EMOTIONAL BLISS ENHANCED AND SATISFACTION IS  
RESURRECTED.

INFATUATION AND ANTICIPATION, CAUSES AN INSATIABLE PLOT,  
UNTIL LOVE, PASSION AND LUST IS ENTICED  
AS I TENDERLY PLAY CONNECT THE DOTS  
WITH ALL OF YOUR EROGENOUS SPOTS !!!

BY: MR. KEVIN WEST SR.

**\* ECSTASY'S BREECH \***

**JUST FOR THE TOUCH, JUST FOR THE TASTE,  
FOR THAT SENSUAL HIGH,  
AS WELL AS,  
THE EXPRESSION ON YOUR BEAUTIFUL FACE !**

**EVEN THOUGH IT'S NOT SEEN, BUT, DEFINITELY SENSED  
JUST FOR THE HEADINESS OF YOUR SCENT.**

**FAR BELOW I DIVE, AT THOSE DEPTHS I LINGER,  
AND YES, BELOW I STAY.**

**GENTLY CARESS, NAVIGATE AND EXPLORE  
INHALING YOUR BREATH AWAY-----**

**WONDERING ?.....**

**HOW MUCH CAN YOU ENDURE, HOW SATIED IN BLISS--**

**QUESTIONING ?.....**

**MUST YOUR MIND FEEL - ALL-  
WHILE ENTANGLED IN THE RAPTURE OF WARM  
TINGLING SENSATIONS AND EVER SO SEXUAL  
MIST !!!**

**YOUR BODY BECKONING  
NO NEED, FOR VERBAL SPEECH,  
EVEN SURROUNDED BY WATERY FLUIDS,  
AT THE TERMINATION OF MY EXPLORATION  
AND ECSTASY'S BREECHED,**

**REMAINS THAT BONE CHILLING VIBRATION  
FROM YOUR EAR SHATTERING  
SCREEEEECCHHHHHH !!!!**

**BY: MR.KEVIN WEST SR.**

\* SKIN TONE \*

THROUGH THE DEPTHS OF MY VISUAL CORTEX  
I TRAVERSE MOUNTAINS, VALLEYS AND HIDDEN CAVES  
BUT, NOT OF STONE, SLATE, GRANITE, DUST OR ROCK  
BUT A SHOCK OF CHOCOLATE, MOCHA, AND CARAMEL CREAM  
A QUEEN OF VISUAL DREAMS.  
COMPLEX SHADES OF TANS, BLACKS AND BROWNS.  
MILKY PATHWAYS, ALONG SIDE TERRA COTTA'S  
PLUS UNDEFINED ONES HIDDEN BEHIND VEILS  
YOU'LL NEVER VISION UNLESS YOU QUEST  
WITHIN SHAHADA.  
SATINY SMOOTH, THE OASIS OF BEAUTY,  
EYE'S CLOSED, I SEE YOU WITH OTHER SENSES.  
AS MY FOCAL STANCE ENHANCES,  
WITH ONE TOUCH  
IT BRIGHTENS THAT SENSUAL PATH, FINGERS GLIDE,  
FROM THE SOFT FLESH OF TWO-TONED MOUNDS  
DARK MILK CHOCOLATE ONTOP OF BUTTER CHOCOLATE  
TOWARDS THE DELICATE SKIN OF YOUR GLUTES  
OR, SIMPLY CALL IT THE CURVE OF YOUR ASS  
DON'T FORGET LAUGH LINES AND CROW'S FEET  
THOSE ALSO PRODUCE TONES AND COLORS UNIQUE  
NO MATTER IF YOUNG OR OLD  
NO MATTER IF EYES OPEN, OR IF EYES CLOSED  
ONE WILL FOREVER BE TRAPPED  
IN THE RAPTURE OF SOFT SENSUAL, EXOTIC  
AND OH SO.....BEAUTIFUL  
SKIN TONES !!

BY: MR.KEVIN WEST SR.



**\* CHASING SHADOWS \***

**A NIGHT TIMES GLOW AND A TWILIGHTS SPARKLE,  
DARKNESS RISEN, ALL FROZE IN AN INSTANT.**

**THE DEVILS PLAYGROUND, AND GOD FORSAKES,  
THERE'S NO SHAKE-OF THIS CHILL, AND STILL  
YOU CONTINUOUSLY SMOTHER AND DROWN.**

**BECOME ONE WITH THE DARKNESS, WHILE YOU  
RESIDE WITHIN THE BLIND SPOTS, AWAY  
FROM THE LIGHTS, ALL MOVEMENTS COMES  
TO A STOP.**

**SHADOW TO SHADOW YOU DWELL, OUT OF VIEW  
OF ANY STARE, ANY GLARE, ANY GLANCE OR GLIMPS  
YOU'RE VOID OF A FRAME, YOU CAN'T BE SEEN  
BUT, MOST DEFINITELY, YOU'RE SENSED.**

**YOU CAN HIDE IN A CORNER, IN THE CUT  
OR IN THE DEPTHS OF YOUR OWN BRAIN  
THE COMING OF THE LIGHT, CAUSES A FRIGHT  
YOU FIGHT FROM GOING INSANE.**

**ONE DAY YOU WILL HAVE TO STEP FORTH, AND,  
LET YOURSELF BE SEEN, BECAUSE YOUR  
SOUL HAS A SCENT AND VISUAL GLEAM.**

**YOU CAN'T CHASE SHADOWS ALL YOUR LIFE  
FOR SOMEONE IS BOUND TO SEE  
I PROMISE NOT TO TELL A SOUL  
IF THAT SOMEONE HAPPENS TO BE ME.**

**BUT FOREVER NEVER LASTS, YOUR NOT WITHIN  
THE DARKNESS, IT'S ALL IN YOUR MINDS EYE  
OPEN UP, AND GAZE UPON THE LOOKING GLASS.**

**OR SIMPLY BECOME A NIGHTMARES TARGET.**

**BY: MR.KEVIN WEST SR.**

**\* GASP \***

**AT THE GLAZE OF A TONGUE, THE HYPER SENSITIVE  
SENSATIONS OF ANTICIPATED CONTACT  
CAUSES A GASP**

**THE THOUGHT OF A WHIPS TAIL, OR SURFACE  
OF MASTERS PADDLE  
THE RATTLE OF CHAINS, THE CLINK OF CUFFS  
CAUSES THE BRUSH WITH ANOTHER GASP**

**YOU RELEASE YOUR INHIBITIONS, SUBMIT TO THE WILD  
YOUR KINKINESS MAGNIFIED,  
ONE TOUCH  
CAUSES YOU TO GASP OUT LOUD**

**A PALLET MASSAGES EROGENOUS-ZONES, EYES WIDE SHUT  
YOUR CAUGHT IN THE CLUTCH OF A MOAN  
THAT'S STIFFLED,  
BUT,  
ACTUALLY CAUSES A GASP**

**THE SUCK OF A BREATH, OR BREAST  
THE LIP TOUCH OF A CLIT  
OR THE ROUGH GRIP OF AN ASS  
CAUSES ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR, AND YET ANOTHER GASP**

**BUT, DON'T TAKE MY WORD  
START FROM THE TOP, COUNT THEM  
THROW YOUR HEAD BACK  
CLOSE YOUR EYES, AND SIMPLY GASP !**

**BY: MR.KEVIN WEST SR.**

**\* WILD ESSENCE \***

A GENTLE BREEZE IN THE SUMMER TIME  
A WARM CARESS DURING WINTERS DAYS  
ALL ELEMENTS WITHIN THE PHYSICAL,  
EVERYTHINGS CONNECTED, IT SPAWNS FROM THE  
CENTER

YOU LOVE HARD AND CHERRISH LIFE  
BUT YET AT DAY ONE YOUR BORN A SINNER  
NO WORRIES, NO CARES, WIDE EYED  
AND READY, YOU'RE A NATURAL BORN  
WINNER

FULL OF PASSION, FULL OF LUST  
YOUR HEART BEATS SPORADIC, THE  
SIMPLE JOY OF A LOVERS TOUCH  
THE FEEL, THE WARMTH, THE CHILL,  
THE CARESS

THE WONDER AND EXCITEMENT, THE  
SURGE OF ECSTASY PUT TO THE TEST  
YOU HOPE, YOU PRAY, IN SEARCH OF  
OVERSTANDING, BUT IT'S NOT EASY TO  
DIGEST

THE ESSENCE OF WILD EMOTION, ALSO  
THE OTHER THINGS THAT IT TRIGGERS  
NO MATTER WHAT YOU LEARN, NO MATTER  
WHAT YOU TEACH, IN THEIR EYES YOUR  
STILL A NIGGA

CENTURIES DO PASS, TIME HAS ELAPSED  
WE PLAY ALONG THE EDGE OF CIRCUMFERENCE  
THE CIPHER REMAINS COMPLETE NO MATTER  
WHAT, WHAT THE FUCK.  
GO FIGURE.

BY: MR.KEVIN WEST SR.

**\* CAUTIOUS \***

VOID OF A SOUL  
VOID OF A CARE  
VOID OF A DUCK FOR A TEAR  
NO WORRIES, NO THOUGHTS, NO PASSION  
ONLY A STARE.

VOID OF LAUGHTER  
VOID OF A GUIDING LIGHT  
NO MEMORY, NO SADNESS, NO JOY & NO PAIN  
ONLY THAT WATCHFUL EYE.

VOID OF DESPAIR  
VOID OF DESPERATION  
VOID OF GUILT  
NO HOPE, & NO PRAISE  
BUT YET, CONSTANTLY AWARE.

VOID OF DESTITUTION  
VOID OF AN EMBRACE  
VOID OF TACT OR TENSION  
BUT STILL A STONEY LOOK UPON A FACE

VOID OF VALUE  
VOID OF SENTIMENT  
VOID OF A LOT OF THINGS....

BUT....

CAUTION IS NOT ONE OF THEM  
CAUTIOUS IS WHAT CAUTION BRINGS !!!

BY: MR.KEVIN WEST SR.

**\* ROSE PETAL \***

SHE HAS HER MOTHERS SMILE  
SHE HAS HER MOTHERS BEAUTY  
SHE HAS HER MOTHERS SASS  
AS WELL AS HER GLOW AND CLASS.....WOW

SHE HAS HER MOTHERS INNER PEACE  
SHE HAS HER MOTHERS PERSONA  
SHE HAS HER MOTHERS GRACE  
AS WELL AS HER MOTHERS CHOCOLATE BROWN FACE

SHE HAS HER MOTHERS SMIRK  
SHE HAS HER MOTHERS DEVILISHNESS  
SHE HAS HER MOTHERS ATTITUDE  
AS WELL AS HER MOTHERS SPUNK.....  
YOU ARE A PETAL NOW...

THEY SAY THAT THE APPLE DOESN'T FALL FAR  
FROM THE TREE.

WELL, NEITHER DOES THE PETALS FROM A ROSE  
YOU SEE.

THATS SIMPLY WHAT YOU ARE IN MY EYES  
A ROSE PETAL  
THEN, ROSE TO BE.

TRUELY BECAUSE YOUR MOTHER HOLDS THE SPOT  
AS THE ROSE.

AND SURELY.....  
ONCE YOU BECOME A WOMAN,  
IN YOUR OWN RIGHT

YOU'LL BECOME YOUR OWN ROSE...!!!!

BY: MR.KEVIN WEST SR.

**\* DREAM STATE \***

THE CLOCK TICKS, YOUR BREATH PACE STEADY  
IN FOCUS, OUT OF FOCUS, EYE LIDS HEAVY  
WHILE WRAPPED IN YOUR OWN REALITY

TRYING TO COPE

YOUR SUB-CONSCIENCE SCREAMING AT YOU,  
NO LONGER A CONVERSATION  
THE VOICE SPEAKING HEATEDLY, REPEATEDLY  
DASHING YOUR HOPES

EYES WANDER, BUT, COVERED BY  
A THIN LAYER OF SOFT TISSUE

HIDDEN WITHIN THE DARKNESS, AMIDST  
THE DANCES OF SWIRLING SHADOWS  
YOUR BREATH STOPS RUNNING  
YOU FINALLY CATCH IT  
YOUR MIND EXPLODES LIKE A MILLION MISSILES.

LIDS FLUTTER, NOW, SURROUNDED BY SWEAT & LIGHTS  
YOUR THROATS TIGHT  
BUT YOUR FINALLY AWAKE  
THE WORLDS REALITY SETS IN  
YOU BREATHE A DEEP INTAKE

FOR NOW.....

WHO EVERS LISTENING, YES YOU, YOU HAVE ESCAPED

BUT I PROMISE.....

NO ONE EVER HAS REALLY ESCAPED THE  
DREAM STATE

BY: MR.KEVIN WEST SR.



**\* NAKED \***

THE SOFT CARESS OF YOUR SACRED SKIN, THE TEXTURE OF SILK,  
MILK, MOCHA, VANILLA-CREAM, DARK OR LIGHT CHOCOLATE,  
A SOFT GLOW, A SHEEN, THE ESSENCE OF SENSUALNESS,  
EROTIC THOUGHTS, A GLIMPS OF EXOTIC PHOTOGRAPHIC POSES,  
YOU STYLE AS IF NOTHING CAN STOP IT.

POSSESSION OF THE POWERS OF ANCIENT MEDUSA  
WITH ONE WINK OF AN EYE, PHALLUSES OF MEN TURN TO STONE,  
SKIN TONES, CURVES, AND BODACIOUS FIGURES,  
ECLIPSES AND OVER SHADOWS FEELINGS OF BLISS,  
BUT LEAVES PURE ECSTASY IN IT'S WAKE,  
NOW FOREVER TRAPPED IN IT'S MIDST  
NO MATTER IF IT'S MR. OR MS.

EYES OPEN OR EYES CLOSED, YOU CAN'T HELP BUT TO SEE,  
TO LUST, TO LOVE, TO LONG FOR AN ENDLESS TOUCH,  
HOUR-GLASSES RE-DEFINED AS IF IT'S BEEN TO THE GYM.

THE LOVE OF NAKED SKIN.

BEAUTIFUL FLESH, THE RAPTURE IT CAUSES  
THE SIGHT THAT CAPTURES YOUR BREATH,.....

FLAWLESS !!

THIS IS HOW YOU ARE BORN, THIS IS WHAT YOU CHOOSE,  
SECRETLY TO BE AN EXHIBITIONIST, NAKED, ATTIRED  
ONLY IN HIGH HEELED SHOES.

ALWAYS AND FOREVER INTRIGUED AND INFATUATED,  
YOUR BEAUTY'S PERSONAFIED,  
SACRED !

OH SO GLORIOUS.....AND NAKED !!

BY: MR. KEVIN WEST SR.

\* ENCHANTED \*

SO INTOXICATED, A VISION SO PURE  
TRAPPED IN A WORLD OF WONDER, NOTHING BUT BLISS  
ECSTASY TAKES OVER AS YOU BREATHE IN THE PUNGENT  
MUST, AROMA, AND SCENT.

A PANORAMIC FIELD OF BEAUTY.....DAMN.....

SO MUCH TO CHOOSE FROM,  
ROSES, DAFFODILS, DANDELIONS, PUSSY-WILLOW AND MORE,  
LIKE TULIPS, DAISY'S, LAVENDER AND SUNFLOWERS,  
MESMERIZED WITH THE ABSENCE OF TIME,  
HOUR AFTER HOUR.

YOUR EYES SETTLE ON A ROSE, HER PETALS SOFT AND,  
GLEAMING WITH DEW, AS IF FRESH OUT OF THE SHOWER.

THE DAFFODIL SHOWS OFF HER CURVES, IN HOPES  
TO ENTICE,  
WHILE YOU TRAVEL DOWN THE PATH, A SMALL SASHAY  
CAPTURES YOUR VIEW, THE BEAUTY OF A WILD EYED  
DANDELION, SHAPELY, BUT HER EXTERIOR JAGGED, THUS,  
YOUR HEART BEATS RAPID.

BUT YOU ARE DRAWN TO THE SPIKES ADORNED BY THE  
LITHE FRAME OF THE PUSSY-WILLOW.  
AND AS MRS. TULIP SHOWS HER STUFF  
AND DAISY'S SMALL FIGURE GIVES ENOUGH TINGLE  
TO MAKE ONE BLOSH.

YOU SENSE A SENSUAL SUNFLOWER, WHO, CATCHES  
THE RAYS OF HER NAME SAKE, GLOWING  
SEXY AND VIBRANT.

BUT, YOU'RE LURED BY THAT INTOXICATED SMELL  
OF LAVENDERS EXOTIC EXISTENCE.  
SHE LOOKS AT YOU, YOU LOOK AT HER  
YOUR STUCK ROOTED, AS IF "YOU'RE " PLANTED  
NOW MAKE A WISH.....

"TRUELY ENCHANTED" !!!

BY: MR. KEVIN WEST SR.

\* GONE ASTRAY \*

AIN'T NOTHIN LIKE, WHEN THEM TEARS FALL  
CARESSIN THE FLAME, STRESSIN THE PAIN  
OF WHEN THE DEAD CALL, FIGHTIN THE  
DEMONS PLOTTIN & SCHEME'N FOR WHEN  
THAT BREAD CALL, THE ANGELS FLEEING, & WEEPIN  
SCREAMIN, FOR US TO  
FEAR ALLAH, FOR US TO FEAR ALLAH, I WAS TOLD  
STAND TALL WHEN YOU WALK THE EARTH  
LIVE BY THE CODES WRITTEN IN THE VERSE  
INSHA ALLAH THE MESSAGE STOPS THE HURT  
FOR WHAT IT'S WORTH, WE ALL, BORN WITH  
THE GIFT OF BLESSIN,  
LETS SKIP THE STRESSIN & FOCUS UPON  
THE THINGS IN LIFE  
LIKE BETTERMENT, FLOATIN A COUPLE  
MEASUREMENTS ABOVE THE STRIFE  
WAKE UP THE HOPELESS  
& REDEEM THE PRICE, PLUS BETTER DAYS  
LIE AROUND THE CORNER, CAN'T SAVE'EM ALL  
BUT, REPLACE THE CARMA  
REPLACE THE FOG WITH A CLEAR VISION  
THE PRISM, LOOKS ALOT BETTER  
WHEN YOU FIX THE LENS, SO DOES THE  
WORLD WHEN YOU FIX YOUR FRIENDS  
SO IT BEGINS, TIME TO EASE THE PAIN  
OPEN YA EYES, OPEN YA EARS AND LISTEN  
THE PAINTED PICTURE, HAS IT'S OWN VOICE  
LIKE EVERY MAN HAS HIS OWN CHOICE  
YOU MAKE YA OWN WAY, NO MORE EXCUSES  
FOR WHAT THAT TRONE' SAY, ONE FOOT  
INFRONT OF THE NEXT, WE TAKE IT DAY BY DAY  
DEALIN WITH THE PAIN AND PREASURE OF THOSE  
THATS GONE ASTRAY.....THATS GONE ASTRAY !!!

BY: MR. KEVIN WEST SR.

\* THE MINDS EYE \*

SOME VISION SUCCESS, SOME VISION FAILURE  
IN VAST DEPTHS  
SOME EXACT ACUTE AWARENESS, AND OTHERS  
ARE SIMPLY BLIND TO THE WHOLE MESS.  
SOME SEE WITH THE REVERSE OF A VISUAL CORTEX  
WHILE OTHERS JUST LOOK BUT DON'T SEE,  
OR,  
STARE BUT DON'T BLINK  
SOME STRAIN TO BREACH THE HAZE, THE FOG  
OR THE SHADOW OF ENDLESS DAYS  
TRAPPED WITHIN BROKEN SUNS RAYS,  
SOME, STUCK IN PRISON, BUT THEY'RE NOT  
EVEN INCARCERATED,OR,  
SOME, STUCK ON THE STREETS, BUT HAVE PLUSH  
HOMES,WHILE  
SOME ARE STUCK IN OUR REALITY, BUT HONESTLY  
THOSE ONES BE MENTALLY, VISUALLY GONE.  
ENTER THE ZONE AND OPEN THE EYES OF YOUR  
THOUGHTS,  
VISION THE TRUTH, OR SIMPLY VISION THE ONES  
BEFORE US, THAT ENDURED THE PAIN,  
THE LASHES, OR SIMPLY FOUGHT  
NAIL AND TOOTH !  
VENTURE AWAY FROM YOUR OWN MIND  
AND TRY IF YOU MUST  
TO TAKE A WALK THROUGH THE  
EYES OF MINE,  
MAYBE TIME RUNS, OR MAYBE IT STANDS  
STILL,  
ONCE YOU ENTER,  
IF YOU CAN  
TRY AND TRY AND TRY  
TO FIGHT THE CHILL !!!

BY: MR. KEVIN WEST SR.

\* LOST \*

YOU RUN THIS WAY, YOU RUN THAT WAY  
YOU STUMBLE AND TRIP  
YOU TURN THIS CORNER, YOU TURN THAT CORNER  
INAUDIBLY YOU MUMBLE "OH SHIT".  
I THINK I TOOK A WRONG TURN,  
DEVOID OF ALL SENSE OF DIRECTION  
NO COMPASS, NO MAP, AND THE LACK OF,  
AN INTERNAL G.P.S.  
YOU STOP, BACK TRACK AND RE-TRACE YOUR STEPS,  
YOUR THOUGHTS COME IN RUSHES,  
BUT YET, YOU WALK WITH A STEADY PACE,  
YOU WANDER AND MEANDER ON IN CONFUSION  
DESPERATE TO GATHER YOUR WITTS.  
ALL THE WHILE UNAWARE OF THE STEADY  
TWITCH OF YOUR FACE.  
YOU PINCH YOURSELF, JUST TO CHECK IF YOUR  
SLEEP,  
BUT, YOUR WIDE AWAKE, EYES SEARCHING, AND  
ROAMING , THE DEPTHS OF YOUR MENTAL,  
YOU TAKE A DEEP BREATH TO GATHER YOURSELF  
YOU CHECK YOUR PULSE AND YOUR VITALS  
TO ASCERTAIN THE STATUS OF HEALTH  
BUT YET YOUR LOST,  
LOST, LOST, LOST, WITHIN ONES OWNSELF !

BY: MR. KEVIN WEST SR.

**\* A PORTRAIT OF LIFE \***

**AS I PREPARE TO CRAFT THIS PORTRAIT  
THE WORLD IS A PERFECT EASEL  
THE BASE TO REST MY CANVAS  
STRONG AND COARSE, THOUGH INTRICATELY  
WOVEN WITH LIFE**

**I MUST ENDURE, FOR ENDURANCE IS  
MY PALETTE  
THE PAINT REPRESENTS THE STRUGGLE  
SPLASHED IN DIFFERENT HUE'S  
WHERE HOPE IS THE BRUSH, WHO'S,  
STROKES PORTRAY AN ASSORTMENT  
OF VARIOUS VIEWS**

**THE EARTH'S PAIN IS THE BACK DROP  
BECAUSE IT WILL FOREVER EXIST  
BUT JOY SHALL BE THE FOREFRONT  
ON WHICH TO DISPLAY YOUR GOD  
GIVEN GIFTS**

**ONCE THE PORTRAIT IS PAINTED  
AND THE WHOLE ESSENCE COMPLETE  
YOUR VISION IS YOUR VISION  
EITHER OPEN OR DISCRETE  
THIS PORTRAIT OF LIFE BECOMES  
THE MUCH WANTED, AND  
OH SO SATISFYING**

**ULTIMATE RELEASE !**

**BASK IN THE SOLITUDE, AND EMBRACE  
YOUR INNER SELF, A MASTER PIECE  
IS A MASTER PIECE, YOUR AVENUE  
TO COMMUNICATE, WITHOUT THE USE  
OF VERBAL SPEECH !!!**

**BY: MR. KEVIN WEST SR.**



**\* WARM EMBRACE \***

TO GAZE INTO YOUR EYES, IS AS TO GAZE UPON  
A SUN SET,  
TO GAZE BETWEEN YOUR THIGHS, IS AS TO GAZE UPON  
A MILKY WAYS PARADISE.  
ALL TERRAIN BETWEEN, BECOMES MY FIELD  
OF PLAY  
OPEN UP THAT BEAUTIFUL ABYSS, THATS SO EXOTIC  
UPON DISPLAY  
I CARESS YOUR PETALS, AND DRINK OF YOUR  
SWEETEST OF SWEET NECTAR  
STUCK IN YOUR WARM EMBRACE AS IF TRAPPED  
IN A POETS OUT SPOKEN LECTURE,  
I DIVE DEEPER, AND TRACE SEXUAL SENTENCES  
WITH ONLY THE TIP OF MY TONGUE  
CLOSE YOUR EYES, INHALE, EXHALE, AND RELAX,  
WE'VE JUST BEGUN !  
I YEARN FOR YOUR EXQUISITE, EXUBERANT,  
& JUBILANT TASTE,  
LEGS AROUND MY NECK, FACE DOWN, ASS UP  
OR SIMPLY, STRADDLED UPON MY FACE  
YOUR SCENT , IS WHAT DREAMS ARE  
MADE OF  
I KISS YOUR LIPS, THEY KISS ME BACK, WITH  
THE SOFTNESS OF A WING OF A DOVE  
I KEEP MY EYES OPEN, AND WELCOME THE INTOXICATED  
SPLASH OF YOUR WATERY FALLS.  
IT FLOODS, IT ROLLS, IT TUMBLES, WITHOUT THE  
SLIGHTEST HINT OF A PAUSE  
YOU CUM, CUM, CUM AND CUM JOYOUSLY  
TIME AND TIME AGAIN.  
IF YOUR READY FOR ROUND TWO, JUST,  
CLOSE YOUR EYES AND LETS BEGIN  
AT THE BEGINING  
AGAIN !!!

SMILE FOR ME !!!

BY: MR. KEVIN WEST SR.

\* DALMATIAN \*

YOU LOVE ME TODAY, BUT HATE ME TOMORROW  
YOU WISH ME LUCK OPENLY, BUT SECRETLY,  
PRAY FOR MY DOWN FALL

YOU SMILE WITH ME, LAUGH AND SOME TIMES CRY  
PRETEND TO SHARE MY JOY AND PAIN  
BUT PLAN MY DEMISE

YOUR HAPPY, GIDDY, JOYOUS, A GOOD GOOD FRIEND  
BUT YET YOUR BITTER, SPITEFUL, AND SOUR  
DEEP DEEP WITHIN

YOU STAND BESIDE ME, YOU FIGHT AGAINST ME  
I HAVE TO QUESTION WHICH IS THE REAL DEAL  
OR WHAT IS YOUR REAL AIM

ONE SPOT, TWO SPOTS, THREE SPOTS, FOUR SPOTS  
ENOUGH SPOTS TO PUT A DALMATIAN TO SHAME  
I ALWAYS WONDERED HOW MANY IDENTITIES  
CAN BE WRAPPED IN ONE NAME

YOU'RE GIVEN A TITLE BY MOMS AND POPS  
YOU ALSO HAVE THE ONE FROM THE HOOD  
THAT YOU ADOPT.  
BUT FOR MY OWN SALVATION  
I WILL LABEL YOU ONE THING AND ONE THING ONLY  
TO MYSELF AND THATS  
DALMATIAN.

BY: MR. KEVIN WEST SR.

\* ALONE IN TIME \*

TRACES OF A GLIMPS OF HEAVEN WITHIN A SHOOTING STAR  
LIKE THE SPLATTER OF SUN RAYS GLOWIN' FROM WITHIN A SHATTERED  
HEART, MOON GLOW GLISTENS AS REMINISCENT THOUGHTS OF YOU TRIPPIN  
RICOCHETS OFF THE SURFACE OF GHETTO PRISMS,  
TRAPPED WITHIN THE PAIN OF LOVES HAILSTORM, THE RAIN POURS,  
INSANE MEMORY OF TANGLED AND TANGIBLE TRYSTS  
FAR FROM THE BEGINING, ENTWINED IN BEAUTY AND BLISS  
NOW SOUR, AS YOUR HEARTS CONTENTS DEVOURED  
BY THE HOPES, QUOTES AND POKES OF LOVER COWARDS,  
SCHOLARS CAN'T DEFINE, REWIND OR LEND BACK TIME,  
IT NEVER CEASES, SORTA DECREASES THE MIND STATE,  
SOME RELATE, OTHERS DEBATE, SIMPLY INFLATE THE SUFFERAGE  
NO LEVERAGE, NO SUBLIMINAL, THOUGHT PATTERNS DISCUSTED,  
DEFLATE TOUGHNESS, TO REACH OUT BUT GRASP NOTHING.  
SHE'S GONE, HE'S GONE, WHAT ONCE WAS, DEMINISHED  
YOU WITNESSED BEFORE IT BEGAN WAS FINISHED  
THE TAILS OF A BROKEN LOVE BOX, YOU GAZE UP,  
YOUR STARE LOCKED, YOU WATCH AS TIME PASSES  
IT SEEMS DRASTIC, BUT IT'S TIME TO MOVE ON  
HOUR GLASSES FLIPPED OVER, CLOSE THE CASKET  
YOU NOW STAND ALONE IN TIME, FOR THE TIME OF CLOCKS HAS SHATTERED

BY: MR. KEVIN WEST SR.

**\* ALLURE \***

A FIELD OF WONDER  
A FIELD OF DREAMS  
A MYSTICAL DYNASTY  
AND A MELODIOUS BREEZE

YOUR SUCKED INTO IT'S EMBRACE  
WOODED BY IT'S CHARM  
THAT CHARISMATIC ELEMENT  
THAT HELPS YOU WEATHER THE STORM

AN OASIS OF BEAUTY  
AN OASIS OF LURE  
A SILHOUETTE OF FINER THINGS  
THINGS THAT ARE SO RADIANT  
AND PURE

A MASQUERADE IN YOUR DESTINY  
A MASQUERADE IN TIME  
WALK WITHIN YOUR MOONS GLOW  
SO VIBRANT AND SUBLIME

YOUR ALLURE IS SO CAPTIVE  
HARD FOR AN EYE TO ESCAPE  
FULL OF ZEALOUS AND DELIGHT  
A HOLD OF A BREATH, PAUSE,  
AT THE INTAKE

AN ABYSS OF SECRETS HIDDEN  
AN ABYSS OF STORIES UNTOLD  
THEY RIDE ON THE WINGS OF LOVE  
THEY FLAP, FLAP, FLAP  
SO POWERFUL, SO JOYOUS  
WITH A SHINE THATS SO BOLD !!

BY: MR. KEVIN WEST SR.

\* INHALE \*

ON THIS OCTOBER SIXTEENTH DAY, WAS THE DAY MY  
HEART SOLEMNLY CHOSE,  
SO WITH THAT SAME HEART, I PRODUCED  
A DIAMOND RING WITH PLEASURE,  
GRACED ONE KNEE AND PROPOSED.

AMIDST ROSE PETALS IN THE SHAPE OF  
A HEART, RESEMBLING MY LOVE, OUR  
LOVE, BY THE LIGHT OF SCENTED CANDLES  
KNOWING WE WOULD SPENT ETERNITY  
TOGETHER FROM THE VERY START.

YOU TOOK A DEEP BREATH, A SHARP INHALE,  
UNABLE TO RELEASE, YOU STRUGGLE TO EXHALE.

I WATCHED YOU JUMP UP AND DOWN  
FLOODED WITH JOY AND EXCITEMENT, THAT  
BEAUTIFUL LOOK UPON YOUR FACE, SO INVITING,  
SO ENTICING, THE LOOK OTHERS YEARN FOR.

I WAS PROUD AND I STILL AM, YOU GAVE  
ME THE GIFT OF HUSBANDRY, AND NO MATTER  
HOW LIFE PROGRESSES, AND THINGS OFTEN CHANGE  
I WILL FOREVER, WITH ALL MY HEART  
LOVE YOU STUBBORNLY.

I STOLE YOUR HEART, AND I STOLE YOUR  
BREATH, I WILL NEVER FORGET THAT  
MOMENT IN TIME, FROM NOW UNTIL,  
I'M LAID TO REST,  
AND BEYOND THAT IF WE'RE ABLE,  
TO FEEL AND THINK.

THROUGHOUT THESE TROUBLED WATERS,  
OUR SHIP WILL NEVER SINK.....

BY: MR. KEVIN WEST SR.

**\* NO MATTER \***

**NO MATTER HOW MANY BLEMISHES,  
SCRATCHES, SCRAPES, OR SCARS,  
THAT WE ACCUMULATE THROUGH TIME.**

**NO MATTER WHAT OBSTACLES WE FACE  
OR HURDLES WE TRAVERSE,**

**NO MATTER THE PAIN, THE HURT,  
AND SORROW WE BEAR,**

**NO MATTER THE STRESS, THE PRESSURE  
OR STRUGGLE WE ENDURE,**

**SOMEONE ALWAYS SEES THE BEAUTY,  
AND POTENTIAL, EVEN IF IT'S HIDDEN  
FROM THE NAKED EYE.**

**AND THAT SOMEONE, .....WELL, .....  
THAT SOMEONE, ....IS I !!!!**

**BY: MR. KEVIN WEST SR.**



\* ‡ / @ THE MOVEMENT \*

THEY OFTEN QUESTION , DO THE MADNESS  
HAVE A METHOD TO IT, SOME CARESS THE JUDAS,  
WHILE OTHERS MISS THE MESSAGE  
BUT GET THE LESSON TO IT.  
THREADED THE NEEDLE AND EJECT THE FLUID,  
THEY GAVE BIRTH TO A CURSE TO PROVE IT.  
WE'RE BORN TO DIE SO LET THE HEARSE PURSUE IT,  
A ROLE MODEL THAT THIRST THE CRUELEST,  
BUT VIRTUE RE-WROTE THE MOVEMENTS.  
MY TRUANTS CIRCLE THE EARTH, PUT A HURTIN TO IT,  
CERTAIN TO REVERSE THE FOOLISH- THOUGHT PROCESS,  
IM'MA WORK YOU THROUGH IT.  
FROM A CITY WHERE THE MASTERS GET MERCED BY STUDENTS  
AND THE TOOLS MADDER THAN THE ONES THAT USE IT,  
BUT THE BURST IS FLUENT.  
SO THE SERPENT REVERTS TO PRUDENCE,  
IF NOthings GAINED IT'S NOTHING TO LOSE IT,  
NEVER FREE'D FROM THE BALL & CHAIN INFLUENCE,  
FOLLOWERS OF MENTAL MUTANTS, FOREVER BLINDED,  
LACKING THE STRENGTH TO RULE IT.  
SOME SOOTHE IT WITH THE GIFT OF MUSIC  
WHILE OTHERS AIM, CLICK AND SHOOT IT,  
MY AIM IS TO SPIT WITH THE TRUEST  
TO PASS KNOWLEDGE TO THE SICK MEDULLA'S  
I WAS GIVEN THE GIFT TO DO IT,  
GIVE ME A SECOND, I'M RECKON TO PROVE IT.  
THREATEN TO FLEX WITH INDEXES IS FRUITLESS  
IF YOUR HEART AINT IN IT, REJECT RECRUITEMENT  
BUT REVOLUTION IS EVIDENT, RESPECT THE MOVEMENT.

BY: KEVIN WEST SR.

\* SON \*

TO A HANDSOME WONDERFUL SON  
THE PRIDE AND JOY OF A FATHERS LIFE  
A DIRECT DESCENDANT OF STRENGTH  
AND FUTURE GIVER OF LIFE.  
YOU ARE THE CREATOR OF TIME LINES  
CONTINUATION.  
WITH THE WISDOM AND FORTITUDE  
EMBEDDED WITHIN TO FATHER FUTURE  
NATIONS OF OUR FURTHERED GENERATIONS  
YOU POSSES THE PROUDNESS OF THOSE  
BEFORE YOU.  
HOLD THE BANNER OF AMBITION  
AND WIELD THE GAVEL OF AUTHORITY  
WHEN IT COMES TO BEING GREAT,  
A GREAT MAN,  
YOU WILL SIT AND MINGLE,  
WITH AN ELITE MINORITY, AND WHEN IT COMES  
TO BEING THE WORLDS GREATEST SON,  
WELCOME TO OUR DEFINITION,  
OF FRATERNITY !!!!!

BY: MR. KEVIN WEST SR.