

KELVIN BUECKERT

Conversations After Midnight

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First edition

This book was professionally typeset on Reedsy.

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Introduction



Welcome to this collection of ideas I've called Conversations After Midnight. It isn't exactly an easy ride. Many of the poems in this collection came from hard conversations, hard situations and hard times of reflection.

Once these were were separate thoughts, jotted down at different times and places...however, as time went on I compiled these particular poems into a spoken word album called, strangely enough, Conversations After Midnight. They seemed to work together well there so I decided to put them together in a collection of their own.

Despite their subject matter, I enjoyed writing them and I hope you will find some value in them as well. If they did, feel free to reach out to me and discuss them further.

Kelvin Bueckert

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1

Our World of Longing



*The poet felt like broken verses
shards of rhymes unmended
another material girl covered in credit card class
watered by the storm trickling from the corner of her eye...
all the while he was licking his lips, watching his land turning*

*like water melting away with a drought
another farmer withering under the glare of summer
another unfulfilled promise leaving him thirsty...
craving
somehow, in nations asunder
these two could each feel the soul of the other
so familiar
somehow, the symphony of a life breaking
sounds the same, no matter where it begins echoing
the longing to be known
and to become knowing
the heart peeling for something better
than the common river of sorrow
running like blood
through the veins of our humanity
the empty writer who only wants to fill another paper
the lover of springtime pleasure, forgotten by the winds of winter
the starving farmer still waiting to see reward for his labor
the adopted children wondering about their father
the banker who invested his life in money, but was only left lonely
these created masses who really only want to know their creator
to be known by the master potter
a world of broken pieces, grasping for the love of a maker
who knows, maybe life isn't really about us and the enemy
maybe those calling out, left, right, left, right, are only marching
us off to war
who knows, maybe there is no them, maybe, life really is just
about you and me
but what if there was still something greater
to consider, as a human choir wailing songs of hatred and
disorder...*

*what if our mutual dissatisfaction with the temporary
is a sign that we were all made for eternity
something far beyond what we can see
perfect sanity
wouldn't this be...shouldn't this be where we want to be
in a chorus of long forgotten harmony
and the greatest question is...how can we
how can we really be free...from our own arrogance and deprav-
ity...*

2

Predator & Prey



Ugly words

4

*like the wailing of a wolf
spill over the glass
as if a drunken bartender
were to continue pouring
despite the desperate protests
of a victim drowning
in the storm of an unnatural passion
that drives the frantic paws
the hungry clawing
digging for something to devour
and after
as the winds of lust
are fading
with the shell
lying on that soiled bed
only the wolf remains standing
tall with power
as the pictures of this predator
are shoved away
into a dark closet in her mind
where ghosts of trauma wander
those twisted words
remain, haunting
all those huddled alone
in the corner at the party
all those forgotten in the alley
all those starving themselves for a better body
but still, desperately hungry
to find identity
when the truth is, what these animals say may be ugly
but that can never change your true beauty*

CONVERSATIONS AFTER MIDNIGHT

*what they do may be lustful, hateful
but that can never change the truth that you are lovely...*

3

A Conversation After Midnight



God?

Where is God in this thunder?

You may feel that your Creator has only given you trouble...but hasn't he also given you life and the opportunity to live it?

Is this really love?

Or is it divine anger raining down in hatred?

Maybe it's time to surrender the lies you feel.

Maybe it's time to release that expensive curtain of illusion, even if it's all you know.

Maybe it's time to show your face again...go ahead...loosen the lace and see what it will reveal...

Sometimes truth is silhouetted in rain fall...

No...I can't...it hurts so...

Maybe it's time to make the call...

Should I? I don't know...

You may feel worthless, simply because you have nothing...and so you hide your identity...but the truth is, you are priceless.

You may feel hopeless, simply because you don't fit in with the righteous...and so you cover up your arms scarred with reality...but the truth is, there is a hope beyond what you feel.

You may feel broken, unlovable in a material world...but the truth is, there is a love far beyond this planet, a solution for the pain hidden behind your precious veil.

Please let the facade fall...

cry out for help

and let yourself begin to heal.

Maybe wellness begins when we can see that life isn't found in the things we can earn, but in the opportunities we have been given to love.

The Broken Circle



*Once there was a garden
full of every natural wonder
where every tree was fruitful
and all the creatures would frolic in peaceful union
but when the seeds of sin begin growing*

*they bring a harvest of division
like pride that separates itself
from all those lower classes who should be working
Once, there was a wonder
given by the Creator
the plains that ran as rivers run
through the country of caribou
before the golden calves of religious grandeur
were pounded into the corners of the land
claiming it all as plunder
spoils for a greedy invader
and to every action
there is an equal reaction
says the natural law
we love breaking
but for every salty tear we are given
we raise up a greater hatred
a storm of violence to make them pay
for the happiness they are stealing
and for every little hurt we hold on to
we cook up a bigger retaliation
then our ancestors ever saw
in their time of wandering
this troubled world
The thing is, once there is a betrayal
a breaking of trust, an ignored appeal
denial only preserves a fantasy of health
allowing us to continue, to fail
while confession acknowledges the truth of our condition
our evil, to the judge we've cursed before the trial
allowing grace to flow, like medicine out and over*

THE BROKEN CIRCLE

*those of us broken, bleeding beside the trail
the hands of the offended, reaching down to the offender
a picture of forgiveness, the Creator's will
a vision to restore the union, broken
because only through reconciliation we will heal*

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