

4-14-2021

## Experiences of Existence

Christopher M. Kidwell  
*Nova Southeastern University*

Follow this and additional works at: <https://nsuworks.nova.edu/digressions>



Part of the [Art and Design Commons](#), and the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

---

### Recommended Citation

Kidwell, Christopher M. (2021) "Experiences of Existence," *Digressions: Literary & Art Journal*: Vol. 18 , Article 7.

Available at: <https://nsuworks.nova.edu/digressions/vol18/iss1/7>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the Digressions at NSUWorks. It has been accepted for inclusion in Digressions: Literary & Art Journal by an authorized editor of NSUWorks. For more information, please contact [nsuworks@nova.edu](mailto:nsuworks@nova.edu).

---

## Experiences of Existence

### Author Bio

As a science focused student, I enjoy poetry as a puzzle that I can create through words, references, and personal reflection.

# EXPERIENCES OF EXISTENCE:

A POETRY COLLECTION



CHRISTOPHER KIDWELL

## TO COMES AND GO

Coming from  
Far away lands  
From horizon's crease, he travels.  
Trekking land, below night's icy lights  
Navigating over the deep depths of dark waters

Over wafering waves,  
Out of caves,  
An eye for adventure.  
An episode to be added to life.

An explorer,  
True to his nature, in such;  
Exploring, but never searching.

Lusting the love life leases,  
Surveying sights of serenading seas,  
Walking wonders of the world.

Converging on communities of compassion  
Connecting with circles of companionship  
Cultivations of colorful cultures

Meeting those that mourn at sites of misery,  
Martyrs of Mercy  
Mothers who attend no marriages  
Fathers forming farewells at funerals,  
To heirs they are meant to outlive.

The pure pursued, the chaste chastised,  
Sinless stained, those innocent impaired.

A witness of women wounded by  
Vampires of Vestals  
Voyeurs of Violations

A life which makes no promise of safety, of balance,  
Nor guards a guarantee of redemption.  
But composed of a single promise.

Of dawns following dusk, directly after daybreak.  
Worlds which one will never find corners  
No boundaries, No end,  
No lack of frontiers to forage.

A world for an explorer,  
Its purpose to experience.  
To give love, To have trust  
Of kinships & kindness; it is a world which offers  
love.

Our conscious crusades not for  
Spirits nor Shrines.  
Nor to find a soul,

But to build one.  
To craft and create it.

Reflect on the journey ventured.  
Hoping souls, don't leave essence fallow

So we may follow our version of  
him whose name has no vowels.

Then as our seventh day comes,  
When our eyes drop not to open again to morning  
milk clouds,

We may rest on our sabbath.

Ending with enjoyment of all we've explored  
Sanctifying it;  
For we have hope our soul may transcend  
And more exploration may be to come  
As we go.

## **TO KNEEL IN APPEAL**

I've learned to pray.  
I know what the priest speaks of,  
I know faith, I've come to find it.

Lovers know faith, they pray, they beg  
Their higher order to orient them.  
Lovers kneel, often fall after facing facades,  
forgetting how to stand.

Sitting up top the mountains as our ancestors,  
We see the mountains serve not  
As staircases to meet our masters of divinity.  
But ministers of reassurance that horizons have no  
end.  
That seas do not cease nor can stars be summed.

As long as the mystery continues without end, there  
is always hope.  
There is always more, the exploration of experiences:  
An infinite enterprise.

I deify love, as all of man does.  
It is what we share, the desire to discover it,  
The will to weave it out of wealth.

I implore my execution to be by the bow of Eros,  
Its arrows be the means of my mortality,  
That on every Athenian summer night Puck's poison  
finds my eyes.

One's adoration of affection  
Conceives the breath of animation,  
The curiosity for one to chase the pursuit of his pas-  
sion.

Which is the seed of one's spirit.  
Without such, one may never truly live lavishly  
Or with laughter.

In Veritate et caritate,  
May my consciousness continue!

## **SEA STARS**

Is this it?  
I believe so.

Is this what they speak of?  
I'm inclined to conclude it is.

I feel it. I can sense it.  
I've discerned it so.

It is this. I hold this as my conviction.  
A sureness I know.

My instincts assure me.  
My head confirms me.

It's the tingling of my fingers,  
The warm sensations caressing me with care.

I am obligated to believe, to presume true,  
To dream and have faith in this feeling.

This must be,  
The entailment of enlightenment,  
THE gospel of goodness, of god.

This is Love. This grateful attitude which beleaguers  
my day.  
This trust, that this is the lust of life,  
The esprit that spring brings.

My young love calls to make her my wife.  
I find music makes this mystery as well as  
The ruby sunsets over autumn afternoons.

It fills me with the sensations of  
Skipping in sunlight spotlights.  
It smothers my soul upon morning motivations.  
This, aforementioned impetus of espied purpose.

Upon dawn:  
Diligence I find to design dusk.  
And pioneer a perception of perspicacity.

Hope to reach where skies of stars, fall into seas.  
I have no frailty in the faith that  
I have become baptized in its bliss.

Love,  
In it I have fallen.  
Into it I shall dive with hopes never to reach its depth.

Like the stars which live in the sea,  
The ocean surrounds them, gives them life,  
As such love does me.

A star changed,  
Not fallen,  
Truly among life,  
Love no longer a distant wish.