

I Don't Mind



Poems by Jesse McDaniel

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Warning: Each poem contains real emotion. Really, each one acts as a memory or milestone. Enjoy them as I had you, *the reader*, in mind while writing. Peace & Love – JM

Ups and Downs

What goes up must come down.

What goes right has never left.

Some never come down when they
go up and away. Those lucky enough
come down with a new found love
for the sky above. Hills and valleys –
streets and alleys – sad and happy;
we must feel it all when we fall.

When we slip up, we must never
look down. Look around, and think
of those climbing the same mountain.

Wise Eyes

I look deep into your wise eyes.
I get lost inside you: your stare.
I see myself when I look into
your wise eyes. My ego shrinks
in size and dies when I look into
your wise eyes. I can see a life —
a growing soul: only half—full.
Your wise eyes tell me to be
the person that I want to see.



Hi / Bye

Hi: It is nice to meet you –

Bye: It was nice to meet you

–

Hi: It is nice to see you again –

Bye: It was good seeing you

–

Hi: It is so good to see you! –

Bye: Until next time, old friend

–

Hi: I will never say “bye” –

Bye: I say “goodbye” before the next

–

Hi: I knew to say “hi” – before a good –

Bye: to the one who is sure to rise.

One Stone

One stone can break
a bone or it can kill
two birds with a throw.

One stone can shatter
a glass home or it can
help build a house
of one's own. One stone
can make the difference
between what is known
and what is shown.

One stone to never be
left alone: as strong
as my own backbone.

Stones are thrown
till' they are needed for
statues and tombstones.

Choices

What we do: what we say
comes into play everyday.
The choices we make take
form and can transform
into the start of a storm.
The choices we make
can clean or poison
life's existential lake.
To be or not to be? See?
There is a choice to be
made – an option to take.
Which way will we go?
At times, we don't know.
Make the right choice
or don't. Either way,
the life we live shows
us we are in control
of our delicate souls.
Life or death? I choose
living a life – feeling
alright. I choose to live:
an option we all get.

Windows

My eyes are windows,
and my mouth is
a door I slam shut
here and there.
My feet are floorboards.
My body is the house
that my mind powers.
I live here; I try to keep
it nice. I have my own
back. It supports me.
My arms reach out
to my neighbors.
My soul lives inside
the air that we share.
My heart hides beside
lungs that breathe
and preach peace.
My eyes are windows
to an unknown world.
Are you ready to go
to a place only I know?

Dead of the Night

The sound of silence — feelings
of loneliness. The sight of darkness.
The seclusion of time. The power
of stillness — lacking movement.
The memory of day. The joys
of spending the night alone.
The ability to think — to envision
the future. The willingness
to reflect. It must be the end
of the day. The sun has died
to no one's surprise. The moon
has risen with precision.
With a retired sun, lost souls
have the time of their life
during the dead of the night.

Kingdom of Light

It's up the stairs and to the right.

Welcome to the Kingdom of Light.

We have been waiting for you.

We left the door open hoping
you would explore the other side.

We are filled with joy to enjoy
what life is left. The Kingdom
of Light accepts all walks of life.

Darkness fleets in fear of being
exposed by beams of white found
inside the Kingdom of Light.

You and I will work as a team
to resurrect a dying dream.

Let me be the first one to say
that we can turn black to grey,
grey to green, green to white,
and white to bright lights.

Welcome to the Kingdom of Light:
a happy place far out of sight.

A Closed Book

Each day, an old book closes. The story is finished; the pen runs dry. Each page is filled with a bunch of smaller stories: memories: words that echo through the skulls of its reader. One day, the story we are navigating through will expire as we retire – as the fire dies – souls will fly into open skies. Lies will become truths. Rough will become smooth. Old age will become youth. We are the characters inside an open book that will, one day, be closed – to be open once again by a different pair of hands. Until the book closes, look closer at the plot and decide your ending: one better than you ever thought. Keep writing your story. Make it a good one. We are still writing; let's make a book that someone would want to pick up and read: a plant grown from a small seed.

The Spiral

There are those who make laws
and those who break laws.

There are those who fall
in the middle: standing on
the thin line dividing the two.

Laws are made – and broke:
changed – rearranged – repealed.

There is man's law, and there is
God's law. The law of the land,
the law of attraction, the law
of inertia, or the law of cause
and effect are just some laws
in place to keep all life safe.

Both sides of the law form
a perfect circle: a cycle of sorts
that will continue to spiral.

Good will always be at war
with evil, and love will always
fight hate. Destiny will always
challenge fate. Lawmakers
will always need lawbreakers.

The vicious cycle goes full circle
regardless of the side we choose.

Questions

Many questions come to
mind — some with answers
some without. Questions
about life gives insight.
Questions keep most going
without anyone knowing
answers — How annoying!

Did curiosity kill the cat?
Did the cat kill the rat?
— or was it killed in a trap?

Did he get the promotion?
Has she found true love?
Did he lose control?
Has she lost motivation?
Did he find a purpose?
Did she make new friends?
Did he smile and pretend?
Has she reached the end?
Did he wonder when?
Did she live to the fullest?
Did he dodge her bullets?

Tommy Two-Face

Tommy has two faces.
He wears them both
proudly. He walks around
to a sound: yet to be found.
Tommy has seen a lot.
A specific place will dictate
Tommy's telling face.

When Tommy Two-Face
looks in the mirror,
he sees a reflection
of a boy stuck
between good and evil,
happy and sad, nice
and mean. Tommy isn't
sure if others know
about his two faces
that cover all bases.

No matter the direction
Tommy will face,
he will always find
his happy place.
Regardless of Tommy's
dark space, he chooses
to wear the better face.

Listen to Yourself

What are you saying
when you speak to yourself?
Do you put yourself down?
Do you say things that help?
Listen to yourself. Hear
yourself talk. Be nice;
think twice before saying
something you wouldn't
say to someone else.
Build yourself up. Go to
your happy place; embrace
the smile on your face.
Train your brain to handle
pain. Listen to yourself.
Are you talking sense?
Can you control the voice
or is it not your choice?
Listen: you might hear
someone being sincere.

Take Me

Take me home: the place I love.
Let the positive vibrations take
me away. Let the rhythm solve
my problems. Take me into
your place of refuge. Take me
to a distant place: a foreign land.
If you can, take me by the hand.
Take me, and teach me about
life, love, forgiveness, and truth.
Reggae, stay; continue to play.
Take me closer to myself —
I could use your guidance.
The waves of sound wash
away the worry: no hurry.
I can breathe and clearly see
the place you wish to take me.

Inside the Outside

I fell inside the outside.
In my mind, I lose track
of time. I have been
inside the outside. I ride
outside to find a life
lived from the inside out.
Maybe, I can find myself
in a place without a face.
From inside to outside,
true feelings will arise.
From low to high, I fly
inside the outside of life
to get a better sight.
See life from this side
before good times hide.

Still Here

I'm still here. Death mirrors
all life. I'm still here; fear
has left me. Time has blessed
me. Another year: I'm still here.

Through struggle, I have found
a common ground. I'm bound
to turn around every frown:
to return all stolen crowns.

Here, I am, still finding me,
doing my best to finally see
what it means to sail seas
and to grow tall with trees.

Through all the pain, I start
a journey of learning. I wish
to know all the places to go:
every single place to know.

I'm still here: I plan to live
a life that only I can give.

Losing Count

I'm losing count of the days.
I'm not winning this game.
Many moons have fallen
before my eyes. Many stars
have burnt out. Many nights
have come. Many times,
I've lost track – lost count.
The number of times?
I'll never know the amount.
I lose track of the time
as I pen lines that rhyme.
Sometimes, I wish I knew
how many times in life
that I have counted
the same day twice. Still,
the count is gone: lost.
Each line that I've drawn
has now been crossed.
Countless of times, I have
wasted time recounting.
Now, I think to myself:
I should've been rounding.

Wasting Away

Days fly, and they don't
say "hi!" or wave "bye!"
Days fade as memories
are made. No time to be
afraid. The world turns
just how a candle burns.
None of that concerns
me. I try my best to feel
blessed — to digest stress.
I try not to waste away,
but I must have my rest.
Like a car sitting alone
in an empty parking lot:
Sometimes, I'm all I got.
I am the bullet being shot.
Will I hurt or help? Die
or try? Crawl or Fly?
Should I wonder why?
Do I fall or do I rise?
Either way, I won't waste
time that's easily misplaced.
I choose to face the day
instead of wasting away.

Memory Lane

Today, the car is in cruise control.
I take it slow and go with the flow.
Today, I take a ride down Memory
Lane. I revisit past pain and travel
through time frames: different days.
I unravel. I tear up gravel to navigate
an unknown fate. I carry weight;
I talk to my shadows: old versions
of myself. Sometimes, I ask them
for help — words of advice. Miles
into Memory Lane, I face pain
and embrace joy all the same.
I see old friends of mine the way
they were before I last saw them.
I notice houses I used to live in;
I recognize yards I used to play in.
I begin to see places I have been.
Today, I met with Father Time
and rode down Memory Lane
before any new memories came.

The Final Stage

The final stage is in range.
The blood, sweat, and tears
were sincere. The highs
and lows that I felt
were never in vain.

I push off the shore into
the final stage. My boat
floats without resistance
toward a solitary island
in the distance. Onward,
I go: it's coming to a close.
The final stage is where
I must be. There's a final
boss that I must beat.

The last, final stage
will be the best one
I will have played
in this fateful game.

