

~~Get Over It~~



~~Poems by Jesse McDaniel~~

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The Haunting

Haunted by voices, the only child sees shadows pass by. When he closes his eyes, he can still see the demons haunting him. Noise fills the still air. Haunted by those who won't leave, he stays up all night. One night, the only child hears his name being called. Afraid and awake, he walks toward the voice calling his name. He gets close enough to see a ballpoint pen lodged between a blank journal. The only child picks up the pen, filling up the blank pages. He writes, "I'm not real" over and over. The voices stop, and the shadows disappear. The only child closes the journal, then the curtains are thrown open. The shining light illuminates his transparent face. The light shines right through. Surrounded by life, the only child sees his future then jumps into the past. It felt so real for him. He almost forgot, he was a lurking shadow, once alive and well. The only child visits the blank journal now and again to encounter memories once made, remembered, and forgot.

Same Difference

You and I are not that different.
Our lives are just as valuable as
the next. The places we've been
help us understand the common
struggle in life: things we juggle.
Our experiences help us become
open-minded. They help us see
when others are stranded. We
have suffered all the same. We
understand that context matters
when we see mirrors shatter.
We feel similar pain and joy,
whether you're a girl or boy:
a young woman or an old man.
Whether sitting or standing,
life is still a canvas that must
be painted to be viewed later.
As I say, life unfolds every day
in miraculous ways. Together,
we can weather every storm
that comes. To be with you
and survive the storm helps
me find what I'm looking for.
Although differences divide,
we must strive to look inside
and see what tries to hide.
We will live on all the same
unless we change the game.

Underwater

It's been raining for 26 years straight.
I haven't gotten tan since my life began.
Soaking wet, I had to learn to stay afloat.
I even built myself a boat. In my life,
I have seen friends, family, and strangers
encounter dangers only few understand.
I have seen some sink to the very bottom.
I never liked swimming, but it's what I had
to do to keep living. I learned not to be
afraid to swim around before I sink down.
Some days, I'll dive down to see buried
memories and underwater trees. The rain
never goes away as nature does its thing.
I am drenched, cold, and tired as I paddle
in place, creating ripples in time and space.
The water will rise higher, so I practice
holding my breath. I inhale first. I hope
for the best and prepare for the worst:
no air. I am underwater, over my head,
but I am still alive, just extremely wet.

One Left

A school that once thrived
is now a page in the history
books. A hospital that once
stood strong is long gone.
Many fled the tiny town,
and some stayed to face
the inevitable destruction
coming their way. Lives
were lost in the small war.
All I could do was watch
as fire surrounded, leaving
me stranded. Many years
later, there is only one left.
I am the man who made it.
I survived life's greatest
test, and I see the world
for what it is. I am blessed
to be the only one left.

Down the Road

I see flowers growing
down the road. I see
them shooting through
the concrete. Under
my feet isn't a street;
it's a dirt road only
the roughest feet know.
I hear birds chirping
down the road. I see
the sun shoot rays
down the road. Now,
I stay in place, as I
take up space. I see
what could possibly be
in front of me. Down
the road is where I'll go.

Stuck in Space

No way of getting home,
I float endlessly throughout
the vast galaxy. I see nothing
but stars and planets. Human
life seems to be so far away.
I can't be the only one inside
this place. There should be
another face, but that's not
the case. My spacesuit and I
hover over sea and land.
I've seen the dark side
of the moon far too soon.
It's a beautiful view above.
It's not something that I love,
but it's not something I hate.
It is me: stuck in space
with many moons to face.

Upside Down

Life has turned upside down.
The king has lost his crown.
The skies turned grey. The light
blinded those who could not
look away. Time still escapes
youthful hands every single day.
The ground is falling upwards.
The sky stayed beneath the feet
of those who never took a seat.
Worlds can turn upside down,
but adjustments can be made.
Life is a hard game we all play.
Some win. Some lose. Some
live to die. Some die to live.
Life's gift is the time it gives.

Slow and Steady

Let's rock slow and steady.
Easy does it. Nice and slow.
There's no rush when there
is nowhere to go. Slowly
moving into the unknown.
No need to speed. Let it be.
Slow and steady; I'm always
ready. Life can be heavy,
and when it rains, it pours.
I keep going steady. I move
with the current. Slowly,
I work my way towards
a new day. I keep going,
slow and steady - I think
to myself. I wonder if all
will be well. Who knows?
Really, only time will tell.

The Chosen One

You are the chosen one.
You are the burning sun
that lights up the sky.
You are the birds singing:
the sunflowers springing.
You are the love the world
desperately needs. You are,
by far, the most important
one to me and everyone
else. You know how to help
others that don't know how
to help themselves. You are
beautiful like a naked smile.
You are sweet like honey
and crisp like new money.
You are the chosen one.
It was pretty easy to choose
you because you turn grey
skies blue. I knew to choose
you, and luckily for me,
you knew to choose me, too.

Built to Destroy

Some are built to destroy,
to employ their evil onto
others. The good balances
out the bad. The happy
balances out the sad,
yet some are still mad.
Some are built to destroy
what others have built.
Some help fix problems
that others love to create.
The love balances out
the hate. There is death,
decay, and destruction
surrounding us. At any
moment, we can become
a part of the rubble, even
if we weren't looking for
for the trouble. Bruised,
battered, and broken, I
look to salvage all that
I can before I kick the can.
I look to those built to
destroy and shake my head.
All that can be said is
"Don't ruin a chance for
others to make their bed."

Reflection 2.0

I walk past a mirror,
and I stop in my tracks.
I look deep into my own
eyes and see a boy who
does what he can, a boy
making it work, despite
the absence of light.
I look into my eyes and
see a boy looking for
answers to impossible
questions. I am looking
at a boy doing his best
to remedy devastation.
I can't tell if I am seeing
my own reflection or
that my reflection is
seeing me. I look a few
moments longer, studying
my face and its history.
There is a story to be told
in each smile and frown.
Before I break my gaze,
I remember all my days.
I wave to my reflection
and walk away from
the mirror, knowing
I have nothing to fear.

Moving On

What hurts about moving on
is knowing that what you
once had is now gone. Now,
thoughts don't skip a beat,
just like a record stuck on
repeat. Flashes of the past
dash by on the other side
of our eyes. Moving on is
like skipping your favorite
song: it just feels wrong.
Pain becomes strength.
Misery becomes history.
Doubt becomes acceptance.
Moving on is going forward.
Staying back is waiting for
life to attack. Don't be a
victim to a life you're given.

Time on Earth

For what it's worth,
let's have the best
time we can on earth.
Life flashes by like
a dragonfly. Time
is beside us, and life
is inside us. Invisible
clocks tick. tick. tick.
The circle of life is
visible at night. We
count stars and sheep
from time to time.
Most of the time,
we lose count and
drift away. Days
grow wings and fly,
yet memories stay.
Life, as we know it,
is a gift: a present
to use in the future.
Our time on earth
will drive our souls
to meet unmet goals.

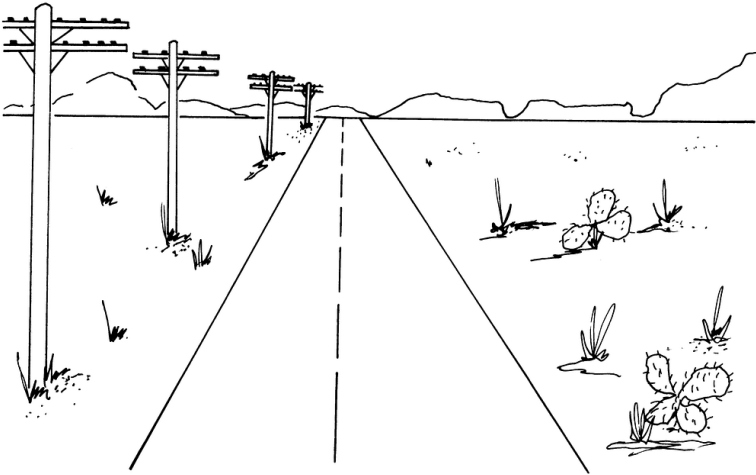
Carried Away

Today, I got carried away.
Instead of work, I play.
Sometimes I forget to live
without stress. The older
I get, the shorter the days.
Today, I got carried away
from what I was doing.
Half the time, I don't know
which direction to go.
The other half of the time,
I don't know if I should
go outside or stay in
and hide. These long legs
carry me away. One point
to the next. Feeling blessed
in my chest, I hold my head
high. I look to the sky. I see
wings carry birds away.
I feel the wind chill my skin.
I can count on my days
getting carried away.
My mind might stray, yet
my body will stay. Blue
skies littered with birds
help me find the words
needed to carry me away.
I look ahead and know that
one day, blues fade to black.

Trails

Without fail, we blaze trails
that will help others with
their paths. Like those
before us, we're born into
life without foresight.
Like many before us,
we try harder than
those who came before.
We trust the process. We
step through unopened
doors to progress.
Whether walking alone
or with someone else,
blaze trails that will
make it easier for
generations to come.
The work is never done.
It's better to blaze trails
than to chase tails.
Look far and wide for
beaten paths. Follow
your heart, and if you
get lost, blaze a trail
like ships set sail.
If need be, try new ways
to navigate the maze.
Blaze on and reach
the top before life
stops and our vision

is gone. Without fail,
create your own trails.



Paradise

It takes a special kind
of eyes to look around
and notice a paradise.
We don't think twice
to worry or dwell on
all of the small things.
We are used to the sun,
so, when the sky rains,
we focus on our pain.
Rarely, do we let go
of the past that has
a stranglehold on us.
We choose to take
the bus instead of
taking a long walk.
There is beauty in
the things and people
we find ugly. It looks
bad if we're judging.
Open your eyes and see
a world above and below
your feet. Seek new life
in the scope of your sight.
Create the life and love
you desperately need.
Kill that voice inside
your head - kill him
dead. Seek refuge beside
those joining you on

this wild ride. Remove
the veil covering your
eyes, open wide and see
life as a fleeting paradise.



Crystal Ball

I looked in the crystal ball.
I saw my birth, rise, fall,
and death. I saw my life
with its darkness and light.
I saw roots. I saw my family
tree growing tall and strong.
I saw me as a child, exploring
unknowns, with an innocence
only children know and show.
I saw my future. I saw better
days. From an ariel view,
I saw the choices I made
and trees throwing shade.
I saw every day as a game.
I was the star player showing
no fear: grinning ear to ear.
In the crystal ball, I saw
me at the top of a mountain.
I saw that I found a fountain
of youth. It's the damn truth.
I saw it all in my crystal ball.
I know what I saw, and I saw
what I know. I saw my life
unfold. I saw me grow old.
In the crystal ball, I saw me
write deep into the night.

Fragile: Handle with Care

Like most things in the world,
I am fragile. I don't want to be
damaged beyond repair. All
life is precious and delicate.
Some of us bend to no end.
Most bend till' they brake.
Some are happy as others
pretend. Handle with care.
I am fragile. I want to last:
no need for broken glass.
I assume others are fragile,
too. Only if the others knew.
Be careful with those you
hang around; they just might
break you down. Enjoy
the challenge of growing old.
Believe in your soul that
you can avoid some damage.
Be fragile: handle with care.
We all got crosses to bear.

Gone

Trapped under the door, I did my best to push it off me. The weight pushing down on the door was too powerful, so my attempts were unsuccessful. After several hours and several brief naps, I was able to push the door off of me. Dusty and dirty, I pat my clothes, creating clouds of filth. I walk through the door frame and look back at the defeated door. Curious to what knocked down the door with such force, I continued limping forward. I look to my left and see claw marks etched into the wall. There were toughts of hair and streaks of blood clearly visible to the naked eye outlining the marks. I was not sure if the blood came from me or the creature that tried eating me. I scanned my body, and I was unscathed: only a few scratches.

What the hell was that? Many thoughts bounced inside my throbbing skull. I made it through the mess and stepped outside, making my way to the front porch. I expand my sight, open my eyes wide, and fixate on two broken trees. It looks like Godzilla came with a big ax and chopped them down. After further inspection, I notice a string of giant footsteps. I walk toward the trees and stumble into a small hole. I quickly realized I was standing inside just one footprint of this creature. I stick my finger in the muddy print and stare at it as if I knew what I was looking for. I head back inside for the night.

I never mind being alone but to have my life ripped away from me was unexpected, to say the least. It started the day the meteor came falling from the sky. No one saw it coming. Out of nowhere, a small planet-sized meteor came and smashed the entire state of Idaho. Shortly

after, people in neighboring states went missing. It was not long after that my life changed for the worst. I was living a relatively normal life; I had a family, a job, and a future planned. It's been a year since I have seen anyone. Every night following the meteoric crash, I would hear hoots and howls. I had many sleepless nights wondering where my family went. Wondering didn't get me answers. Now was the time for action; I remembered the scratch marks, large footprints, and broken trees and knew danger was near and very real. I just wasn't sure what the danger was.

The sun comes up, and I rise to my feet. With my minor limp, I drag my left foot with each step. Looking out the front window, I notice that a few more trees were knocked down, and there were twice as many footprints. Fortunately, my truck was untouched. I hobble in and drive to the nearest city: Seattle.

The freeways were completely empty. It looks like the cars on the freeway took the role of being claw machine prizes. 150 miles later and still no cars or humans. As I pull off the freeway and into Seattle, the first thing I noticed was that the Space Needle looked like a titanium candle. Large flames were kissing the sky.

I get out of my car and hobble closer to the center of town. The closer I got to the Space Needle, the sicker I felt. I look around and see empty streets and vacant stores. I take one step into the flaming needle and step in toxic sludge. I try to lift my foot up, but can't. My shoe is glued to the floor. I look up and see pieces of rubble fall down. A large beam almost hits me, as I unstick my foot

and roll away. I was out just as fast as I was in. I get up, look behind me and see the Space Needle collapse. Green sludge oozes out the sides of the structure. A piece of radio-active slime lands on my lip. Against my better judgment, I lick my lips. My tongue slowly retreats in my mouth. My lips close, and my pupils expand to the size of a dime. I have to get to my truck.

Back in my truck, I grip the steering wheel with all my might. The veins in my arms become visible. A few more veins make an appearance on my forehead. Blazing down the freeway, I shift my focus to 400 meters in front of me. A colossal figure takes one step and clears the width of the freeway. I look up and see that it has human-like features. It's almost as if a human adopted the size of King Kong, except this creature, was covered in green slime. The truck hit maximum speed. A minute passes and I slam the gas pedal to the floor to get a closer look. I parallel park beside the creature's left foot. It matches the size of the footprint found at my house. Surely, this was the creature that attacked me the other day. With the truck in park, I foolishly step outside to get a better look. I look up and see the large gargantuan hovering over me, with its face leaning into mine. Shaking in my boots, I do my best to stay still, in fear of causing discomfort. It feels as if an eternity passes. The timid creature lowers down, scoops me up, and raises me to its face. I am the size of its nose, so I was afraid of getting inhaled. The creature let out an audible grunt. I look deep into its eyes and see a large, slimy tear fall from its enormous eyes.

“Are you okay?” I ask.

The monster’s head shakes side to side and points to the collapsed Space Needle. Its eyes told me that something was wrong.

I extend my hand and stroke its large nose, “It will be okay. If you help me, then I will help you!”

The monster shook its head up and down in agreement. It lowers me down, and I enter my truck. I notice that my skin is starting to glow. I look in the rearview mirror and see that I was changing. Buttons started popping off my shirt as my body started growing rapidly. Within a few seconds, the truck I’m in explodes off of me. Not before long, I was standing eye to eye with the creature that was just holding me. I lost my ability to speak. I tilt my head at the creature and reveal my palms in frustration. The creature shrugs its shoulders. I became the creature I feared and hated. How did this happen? It taps its wrist indicating something about time. After tapping a few times, the creature points up to the sky. I look up and see a flaming ball coming right at us. The closer it got, the blurrier my vision became. In a flash, life left me; I saw nothing but white.

BEEP. BEEP. BEEP

“Sir, are you okay?” A faint voice said.

I open my eyes and see an elderly nurse feeling my right wrist. I am in a hospital bed of some sort; I can't recall what led me here.

"Sir, you had another episode. You locked yourself in your room and said there was a big creature coming after you. We had to break the door down and sedate you because you were uncontrollable. You did suffer some minor injuries" the voice rings through my ears.

With a question written on my face, I ask, "What do you mean I had an episode? Where am I?"

The nurse grabs my hand and looks directly into my eyes, "Sir, you are home. You are at Meadowhill Psyche Ward. You have been here for over 10 years. Well, since your family dropped you off."

"M- My family? Do you know where they are? I need to save them from the creature!" were the words rolling off my lips.

The nurse shook her head in slight disappointment. Without answering or skipping a beat, she grabs a pill bottle from the cupboard, takes a few pills out, and puts them in my hand, "Here. Take these. They will make you feel better."

I swallow the pills without conflict, close my eyes and drift away. Just like that, I was under a door again, the same place I started.