

Good Enough for Me



Poems by Jesse McDaniel

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In Other Words

It's time to face it. Nothing can replace grit. Prepare and get mentally fit. Train through the pain. Maintain a winning attitude. Practice gratitude. Curb the attitude. Build the strength to fight what cannot be seen, even in light. Stay ready and walk steady. Act like you know where you're going. Tonight is the night you fight. Face your fears. Punish the past and fracture the future for keeping you scared all those years. Wipe your tears and break the rear-view mirror. Now is the time to be strong. Later is the time to be wrong.

In the End

Life, as we know it, fades away. Those we come to know and love becomes memories. I once heard: "The only thing that is constant is change." Each day is not the same. In the end, death can cash a check life can't. We can't take back time, but others can draw a line from our birth to our death when the sun decides to set. In the end, just pretend you watched a really cool documentary that was shot from your eyes. As the credits roll, smile, laugh, cry, shout because, in the end, that is what life's about.

Move

Hey. You! Yeah! You.
Move. Take a step.
Take a chance. Move.
Buy a new pair
of dancing shoes.
Find a different
groove. Don't be
afraid to lose.
When you play,
pay your dues.
Move. It's much
better when you
get to choose.
Keep on dancing
for your love is
everlasting. Move.
There is nothing
for you to prove.

Shell Shock

The war is far from over. Each day awakens another demon. To say that life is a breeze must be a lie. It is hard to stay positive when you know, you too, will someday die. All we can do is try to stay sane. There is a war inside all of our brains. There is some sun, but mostly rain. Life can be fun if we decide to run before father time tucks us in. What we lose in things is gained in wisdom. When the dust settles, we will see that past souls have risen. The war is far from over, yet the score is far from set. Bet on yourself and don't give up. When feeling shell-shocked, be the rock that does not stop staying on top. Win the battle today. Strap on your saddle. Ride closer to the finish line. When the war is finally over, our mission will be complete. That's when we will be okay. That's when we will feel peace.

Stitches

My clothes have looked ripped,
torn, and haggard from the day
I was born. I didn't think they
were worn down until they were
handed down. Despite the dirt,
I saw clearly. I got clothes yearly
at Goodwill, thrift stores: clearly.
I have fallen, tripped, and ripped
my clothes. It's the way it goes.
Instead of feeling bad for myself,
I slowly got up looking for help.
It didn't take long before I found
a queen without the silly crown.
She was happy to show me around.
Within days, I learned how to sew.
With learning to sew, I learned how
to heal. Each time I fall, I recall many
lessons that lessen the hurt and pain.
When I fall, I know my wounds will
heal and my clothes can be stitched.
When there is nothing left but love,
that's when my life's been enriched.

Worth Fighting For

It's time to face it. Nothing can replace grit. Prepare and get mentally fit. Train through the pain. Maintain a winning attitude. Practice gratitude. Curb the attitude. Build the strength to fight what cannot be seen, even in light. Stay ready and walk steady. Act like you know where you're going. Tonight is the night you fight. Face your fears. Punish the past and fracture the future for keeping you scared all those years. Wipe your tears and break the rear-view mirror. Now is the time to be strong. Later is the time to be wrong.

Missed the Boat

BEEEEEEP

Emergency Broadcast

Get off the mainland. Unidentified aircrafts have overtaken the island and are launching, what appears to be, green goo all over buildings, causing them to melt on contact. There are too many aircrafts to count. All boats have departed. Those of you left, hurry to the last departing boat. I repeat – get off the mainland.

Broadcast Ends

I wake up. I get ready to leave.
I slap on some casual clothes.
Dress shoes: *I don't need those.*
I look up and notice the time.
I have 30 minutes to get to
the last boat. The mainland is
sinking, and *I can't float.* Hope
is shrinking. Without thinking,
I rush to the dock with a bad
back and a knapsack. I approach
the dock with holes in my socks.
I see a light fading in the mist.
I get the gist. *I missed the boat.*
I drop to my knees. I curse
the skies and the stars above.
Seconds later, a flying saucer

takes shape of a loving dove
that spits green slime in my eye.
I wipe my face. I see a light.
No way this can be right.
The dove transforms back
into a flying saucer. A black-
eyed, small, frail, lifeform
comes flying out its door and
has its hands around my neck.
I jam my thumb in its green
head until, well, you know,
it was dead. Not after long,
I climb in the vacant saucer.
Just like that, I was a goner.
I may have missed the boat,
but I killed an alien and flew
to places only NASA knew
about. It was a better route.
Now, I stay put in Area 51,
where I hide from the sun.

Flicker

Love doesn't have to die. Don't let
your light fade. Even if it flickers,
it's still progress made. Think of
the steps you took. Look around.
Stay strong. Your light will shine,
or at least, glow. Love will grow.
I could be wrong, but who knows?
Allow the fire, from within, to burn
away any hate left on your plate.
Unleash the beast. Remove the leash.
Don't lose that pep in your step.
Moving forward is your best bet.
Don't rest until you feel your best.
Stay in the fight. You're doing great.
Let your light illuminate the sky
before, during, and after the sunrise.

A Single Dream

A single dream can ignite a flame
that can light up a dark room.

A single dream can jumpstart
a dead battery or a broken heart.

A single dream can reveal a life
that only exists during the night.

A single dream can create motion
that juxtaposes life's commotion.

A single dream can shed light
without burning too bright.

A single dream is all it takes
to get moving to the rhythm
of your choosing. Dream on
before someone else tells you
that dreaming big is wrong.

Pity Party

Would you like to come to my party?
It would be a shame if you didn't.
When you arrive, you will listen
to sob stories and whining galore.
At this party, you will receive pity.
If that's what you want, come by.
We will all feel really bad for you.
We will sympathize with all you do.
You don't want to miss this pity party.
Come! Quick! The complaints are starting.

No Need

No need to be caught up
when you can catch up.
No need to feel angry
when you are happy.
No need to stress out
when nothing is happening.
No need to reveal a frown
when the world's upside down.
No need to drop heavy tears
when you think of past years.
No need to stare at the clock
when time is taking a walk.
No need to blast the past
when the future comes fast.
No need to be hard on yourself
when you can ask for help.
No need to quit the fight
when the finish is in sight.

On the Way

I am on the way. There's not much
to say. You will see me again, soon.
Nothing will stop me from getting
to you. There's no way of forgetting
the days that came before. Time
will go on when my mind is gone.
My spirit will never leave yours.
I will stay with you for the encore.
I am on the way. I will be there
soon. One day, we will meet
on the moon. We got two tickets,
two seats, and two reasons to live.
Whatever you want, I will give.
I am on the way. With you, I'll stay.

You Had to be There

It's hard to tell you how
it really was. It was a time
that seems so distant. Life
was different. Things change.
Choices rearrange what was
once the same. People go
away just as quick as they
show up. Some volcanos
never erupt. The worst days
lead to the best of luck.
Depending on who you ask,
things do get better despite
the depressing weather.
You had to be there. It was
a glorious time when all
was well. Now, we are here
to live a life worth living.
We are here now to fight on
until the end of our song.

The Long Way Home

Take the long way home.
Look around as you roam.
Don't be afraid to believe
that love will set us all free.
Take the time to view places
you once knew. Watch as
grey skies turn blue. Listen
to sounds you once heard.
It takes too long for letters
to become words. Sit. Wait
as time drives us to our fate.
Take the long way home
and take time for yourself.
The long way always helps.

Infinite Scroll

Way back when, people wrote scrolls. Now, all people do is scroll endlessly. Thumbs up took on a new meaning. Refresh. Refresh. Nothing fresh. Keep scrolling with no control. Prisoner to statuses and updates. People are captive to pictures and words posted. Infinite scrolling as blood is boiling. Much has changed. Life is not as simple as it was. Now, we look for that buzz from our phones tingling our bones. It's hard to find a home when we're stuck on our phones.

The Boogeyman

Once a night, the Boogeyman visits
kids who stay up, kids who are bad,
and kids who don't believe. Under
the bed and inside your head,
the Boogeyman creeps around.

The Boogeyman lurks without
a sound. He hangs around. He
waits for the perfect moment
to become visible. He attacks
in the dead of the night when
the parents cut off the light.

During the day, the Boogeyman
takes the shape of a politician,
a teacher, a secretary, a mom,
a dad, a pastor, a police officer,
or a homeless man under

the bridge. The Boogeyman
returns to his true form after
he conforms. Beware of his
gaze. Don't make eye contact
as it serves as an unwritten
contract. Have no fear. Don't
be scared. All you need to be
is aware. Sleep tight tonight.
If something doesn't feel right,
get up and turn on the light.



Eyes of Fire

I look in the mirror and I see
eyes of fire staring back at me.
I feel warmth burn from within.
There's a fire creating heat
that forces me to my feet.
The ice in my veins melts away
the second I head on my way.
In the mirror, I see flames
become untamed. When I turn
around, nothing is the same.
My eyes of fire ignite my sight.
These eyes of fire feel right.

Colors

Life is not black and white.
There is much to be seen.
There are colors in between.
Nothing is that simple.
There are shapes, shades,
and colors surrounding us.
There are colors in you
and me. There are blue
skies, green eyes, gray
gooses, black nights,
white lies, yellow sunflowers,
clear tears, red lobsters,
green monsters, red sunburns,
gray skies, silver bullets,
brown dirt, hot pink shirts,
brown bears, purple carpets,
Ivory stairs, golden years.
There is so much color
that gets painted onto
this blank canvas of life.
You can see so much more
if you just open your eyes.

False Profit

We work most of our days
for a false profit. The richness
we seek will surely leave us
weak. Day in and day out,
we lose ourselves in the vast
shadow that society casts.
We chase paper that means
nothing in the end. We search
for happiness that only exists
inside of our hearts. We yearn
for love but find ourselves
lost inside of price and cost.
Every day, we feel empty due
to the temptation of possessions.
We tend to value things that have
a price tag, which leaves us stuck
inside a self-made cage. Numbers
become more important than words.
We love to eat chicken, but we don't
consider the journey of the birds.
Before we know it, our lives will be
nothing more than repetitive steps
that drags us down to the deepest
of depths. One day, you and I will
be memories of the past. Let's hope
we can burn all of our cash before

both feet touch the ground on
the other side of the door. More,
more, more is what we want, and
loneliness is what we get. We must
not work for a false profit. No amount
of cash will make our happiness last.