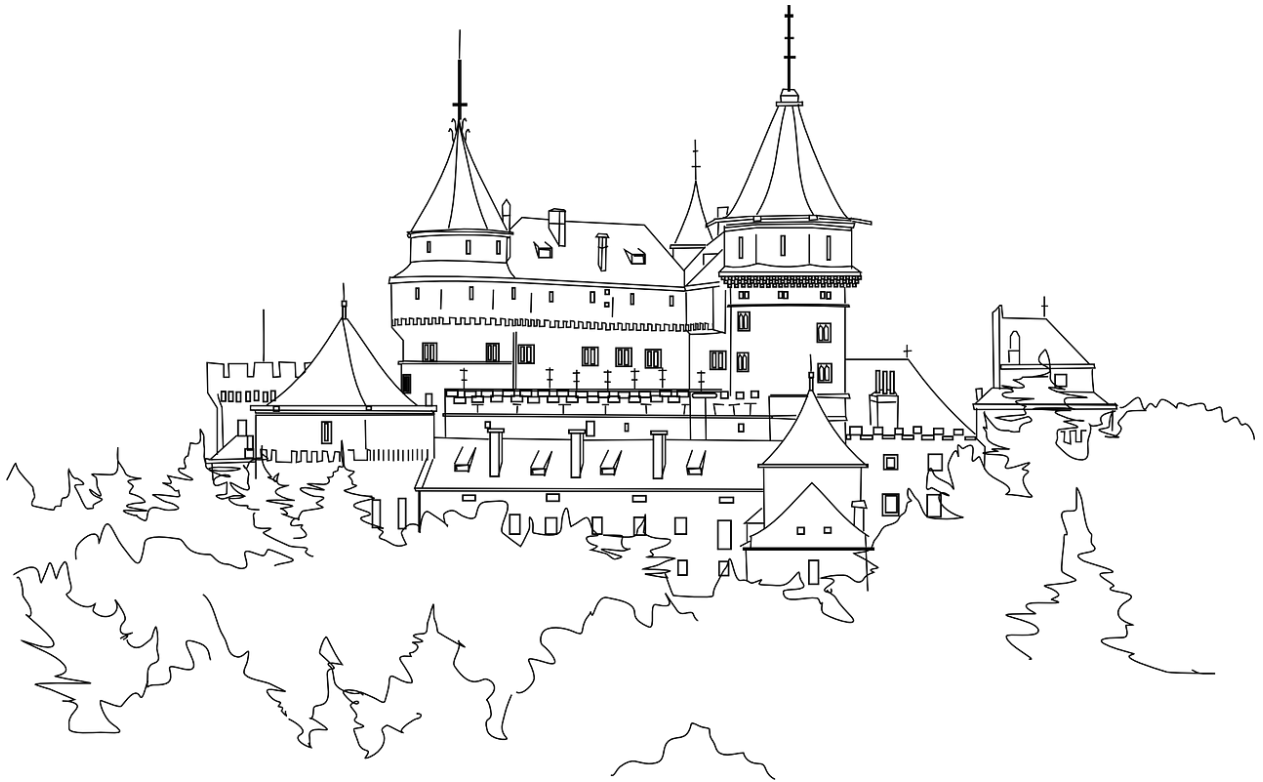


OBLIVION



POems BY Jesse

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Work in Progress

I see my destination, yet the more
I walk, the more distant it appears.
The road is bumpy. Trees surround.
I haven't seen anyone for miles.
I may have lost my way, but I walk
in a direction that will lead me
to where I need to be. I am working
on myself. I spend time lost in
thought. I ponder life. I think about
everything – which is tiring. I keep
walking and working toward
a place I wish to reach.
I stay on the path in front,
as I walk behind a falling sun.

Stuck in the Mud

We make strides. We overcome difficulties.
We carry the weight of the world:
gravity inevitably causes calamities.
Time is linear and doesn't change pace.
Time flows like a river. It doesn't stop.
We're getting older; our number quickly
grows. The world is constantly changing.
You can't experience moments twice.
In a flash, what we do becomes the past.
Some of us get stuck in the mud. We can't
move forward. We can't look past tomorrow.
Some of us are filled with sorrow – pain
so heavy. It slowly breaks us down.
Use every bit of strength to step out
of the mud before it's too late.
A beautiful, new life patiently awaits.

pulling weeds

My garden was once full
of beautiful flowers.
I watered them every day.
My flowers flourished.
Bustling bees buzzed
happily in the spring.
Branches bounced as busy
birds glided along.
They flew under the sun
and above ground
where thriving flowers
were found. One day, I forgot
to water my flowers.
One day turned to several.
The pedals started dropping.
Weeds took over the flowerbed.
The vibrant colors faded
to black. I didn't care to pull
the weeds. It didn't matter
to me. Now, it's clear to see
that I need to be willing.
I will pull the weeds
and plant new seeds.
I don't want a dead flowerbed.

Don't Blink

Keep both your eyes open.
You just might miss it.
When the time comes,
Seize the moment. Paying
Tension is free. Look around.
Don't stare at the ground.
Notice the world you live in.
Every beginning has an end.
Each day takes us closer
to the finish line: a line
that is drawn by Father Time.
The hourglass begins to fill.
Let's hope it doesn't spill.
Every breath should be
cherished. Every word spoken
leaves us less broken. Bad
days come. Feelings change.
Open your mind, and you will
find what's missing. Break
down your walls and build
a new foundation. Get
moving as time we're losing.
It's not too late to live
the life you want. Time
can't be bought. Look up
toward the sky. Grow
your wings. Time to fly.

Lost Time

We cannot make up for
lost time. And, that is fine.
Passing days fade to black.
There's no getting those
back. Remnants of the past
cast shadows that join us
as we step into the unknown.
Words we say can replay
in our minds. That's a waste
of time. Let go of the guilt.
Push past pain that remains.
No matter how short life is,
we must live without regrets.
Don't hold back. Don't feel
unworthy because we are
here – writing an important
story. Dwelling on lost time
is like getting attacked from
behind. Now, we must find
time we lost. We must pay
attention no matter the cost.

The Nest

When we leave the nest,
we leave a lot behind.
There's a new world we will
find. Wide open skies –
those who fall will
surely rise. Don't ask why
or wonder when. Remember
the places you have been.
Look back and know
that every young bird grows.
The unwavering wind will
guide us to the promise land
when it's our time to land.
Keep flying; it will be alright.
Sunny mornings follow dark
nights. With every flight,
we reach a new height. Soon
enough, we will have a nest
of our own to call home.
The birds we'll raise will fly
away one day, but the memories
will stay. Wait.. is that a tree?
It's time to stop and rest
before we build a new nest.

Eyes in the Sky

As we go through today, you'll be
on our minds. We think of you all
often. We feel your presence.
When we look at the sky, we see
flying birds and shifting clouds.
We can't help but think that you are
finding different ways to say hi.
We know you would be proud.
To those in a better place, know
that you put a smile on our faces.
You are missed and can't be
replaced, but we carry on
knowing you are watching over
us today. Now, show us the way.

A New Life

Today marks a new day.
We will embark on a new
journey. Our future is
unknown and near. Let's
take a leap without fear.
The past had come and gone.
We will dance to a new song.
The canvas is blank and needs
to be painted. Let's toss out
old art now faded. Sunny days
always come in mysterious ways.
Stormy weather doesn't stay
forever. I feel better knowing
I'm not alone. Wherever we are
feels like home. On the other
side of the door is a world
we'll explore. We step forward
and face a new life. Being
with you feels all too right –
true love in plain sight

Red

There is a red man running
wild. He hides his horns
under different hats. He
can look like you or me.
He wraps his pointy tale
around his waist. He wears
a smiling face and waits to stab
us in the back. He is always
on the attack. The red man feeds
off innocence. He will try to make
a deal with you and take
your soul. The devil is in the details.
Some sign, in blood, without fail.
Show up to the meeting and kill
him with kindness. Illuminate
the darkness. He will ask you
to dance. Not a damn chance.
The red man lives inside all
of us, but it is up to us to trust
him or not. Now ask yourself:
Do I evict him or let him stay?

Crossing the Bridge

The other side of the bridge
is a place I've never been.
That distant land is different.
There are huge clouds
pierced by sunlight in front
of me: just out of reach.
Trees 300 feet high. Eyes
looking down from the sky.
Nothing but love and peace.
Those on the other side visit
us now and again when we
least expect it: in dreams,
songs, the weather –
raindrops falling from above.
Those on the other side
let us know that we are loved.
They come to remind us that
it will be okay. We'll join
them someday. We walk on this
bridge floating over a void –
an abyss. We march on with
memories, thoughts, and feelings
in our backpacks: not knowing
when we'll reach the other side.
We keep walking with our chest
out and head high. The closer we get,
the more we forget. We wonder
where the time went. We begin to
understand the meaning of
our journey. We are in no hurry
to cross the bridge. There are
others waiting for us with big
smiles and arms open wide.
When we arrive, we'll wait for
the next wave of people to cross.
We'll find what was once lost.
We'll guide them like those
before us and those before
them. We'll carry the light; we'll
walk together all day and night.

Breaking Out

Locked up. Stuck inside.
Confined to a small place.
Hiding behind a smiling face.
Staring at the same walls.
The world on the other side
of my eyes is changing.
Alone with flashbacks
from the past. Thoughts
dancing inside of my skull.
Last night. I was sitting
in the dark: envisioning
a bright future. Yes, I have
been a prisoner of my pain.
I was just another inmate
thinking of ways to escape.
I'm breaking out. I'll be free.
A new life awaits me.
Happiness is on the horizon.
I'll leave my regrets behind,
and walk toward the rising sun.
As of now, my life has just begun.

Stories

Some stories are short –
some end right where
they begin. There are
plot twists that appear
out of nowhere. Characters
get written off.
Each story is a book.
Each word read is forever
imprinted inside of our heads.
The characters we meet
change the course of our story.
From start to finish, as time
goes forth, life blazes a trail
and takes shape. Sometimes,
manuscripts rip once
they're flipped. Regardless,
we travel
into the darkness
to find the sun.
We won't stop until
the story is done.
We tell other people's stories.
They show us a life
seen through different eyes. They
change us – to no surprise.
Our stories will live on
long after we are gone.
Our stories are meant to be told
by the old to the young.
The young will grow up
and tell stories of their own.
We grip the pen tight and keep
our story alive. We keep writing
until the ink runs dry.

Tragedies and Triumphs

Oh, how life can take it's wrath
out on us. The cards being dealt
do us no good. The pressure felt
makes it hard to breathe. At times,
we are held captive to our thoughts
and think we won't be released.
Ups and downs. Smiles and frowns.
On the other side of tragedy
is triumph. Waves of defeat wash
over us, but the waves must break.
The storm will pass. We will live on.
Tragedy strikes much to our dislike.
Yet, we defeat the demons out of sight.
Our tragedies are part of our story,
but every triumph will lead us to glory.

Metamorphosis

The way we view the world
changes.
The weather changes.
Times change.
Plans get rearranged.
The way we look:
the way we think
changes.
We change our shoes. We change
our old ways. We experience
new days
as the past dissipates.
New memories are made,
but they don't replace what
already occupies our head space.
Things will never be the same
except for our photo
inside the picture frame.
There will be new rules
enforced in the same game.
Feelings change. Attitudes change.
What won't change is my everlasting
love for those who make the world
a better place.
Through all the pain, joy, and changes,
we grew our wings
and jumped from the nest
into the unknown.
Tomorrow is
never promised.
Today was
a gift, and yesterday will be missed.
In the end, change is inevitable
but don't change the person you are
if possible.

turn back the clock

Step by step. We move forward –
to unknown experiences. Each day
doesn't stay. Time passes by. It flows
downstream. The sun sets. Night falls.
The wind blows. Nobody knows
the future, and it shows. Tomorrow
is never promised. We defy the odds
every day. We work, and we play.
Some choose love over hate.
Some forgive, and others wait.
We are at the mercy of first light.
We reach unfathomable heights.
We grow strong. Then, we grow
old. We buy time once sold.
We feel warm days turn cold.
We believe in stories never told.
Life is a blur. As life goes on,
father time robs our memory
banks of memories once vivid.
Past connections are sent to
collections. Feelings flood back.
Distant thoughts rise to the top.
The lessons we learn linger.
Painful yesterdays turn into
joyful tomorrows. Every person
we meet buys a ticket and sits
on the bleachers inside
our minds: in the arena behind
our eyes. It must be a sign.
Indeed, our existence is divine.
Every star is bound to align.
We are drifting through time
and space, inhabiting a sacred

land. We live for the future as we
step further away from yesterday
and the day before. We open new
doors. We sit here today and reflect
on times long gone and look
ahead to the time that's left.
We try to remember the pain
and joy we felt. We reminisce.
We press rewind to relive the past:
from the first scene to the last.
We press the pause button,
and we flip over the hourglass.
We twist the dial and turn back
the clock. We look back and see
good times that will never leave.

May I / I Will Be

May I ask you how you're doing?
May I lend a shoulder to lean on?
May I offer a hand to hold?
May I warm you up when it's cold?
May I take you on an adventure?
May I pick you up when you fall?
May I be the person you call?
May I tell you stories of my past?
May I be the impression that lasts?
May I point to a clear, blue sky
and wish that we could fly?
May I give you love and life?
May I wash away your sorrow?
May I hold you through the night?
I will be a breath of fresh air.
I will burn bright and bring light
to illuminate the vast darkness.
I will be a safe place in the carnage.
I will guide you when you are lost.
I will spend time with you. No matter
the cost. I will be a growing seed.
I will be exactly who you need.

Happiness Ensues

I know it's been a long time.
You've been feeling down.
Nothing can cheer you up.
Life has been unfair to you.
No matter how much you do,
sadness ensues. The walls
have fallen. The roof collapsed.
The ground is still shaking.
I know you have been waiting
for better days to come. Too
many struggles can't be juggled.
You ask if it will get better. I say,
"Yes, but when the darkness fades.
We will watch for sunny weather"
Grey clouds will part, and the sun
will show its face again. Each day,
we chip away at the pain and hurt.
I know, one day, it will make sense.
I know happiness will ensue.
What was lost will be found.
We will do the best we can do.
Memories to gain and time to lose.

alley-oop

When the whistle blows, the game
begins. It's off to the races. Running.
Guarding. Shifting. Sliding. Adjusting.
Eyes up. Looking ahead. Searching
for the open man. Hands up. Heart
racing. Breathing heavy. Sweating.
Getting low. Jumping high. Weaving
and cutting. Screening and rolling.
Blocking out. Rebounding. Fouling.
Free throws and elbows. Creating
space. Face to face. No time to waste.
Time running out. End of the quarter.
Rotating in the zone. One team is away.
The other is home. Teammates cheering
from the sidelines. Locking arms.
Supporting. Lead changes. Pump fakes.
Traveling. Camping in the key. Pleading
your case after the whistle. Catching
fire like a missile. Caught in the middle.
Change of plans from zone to man.
Calling plays. Checking in. Assisting.
Fade away. Baselines. Warm-ups.
Wins and losses. Injuries and pain
for the love of the game. On a fast break,
we move the ball. Two passes later,
our eyes lock. I crossover and toss
the ball in the air. You catch it
above the rim and throw it down
before the buzzer sounds.
Time stops, and we celebrate our win.
Winning is sweeter with our friends.
We became people people in the end.

the little things

It's the little things that mean
the most. Small moments turn
into big memories. Past nights
become hindsight. Dark times
become bright lights. Small talk
turns into big thoughts. Minutes
add up. The clocks tick down.
Every hug, kiss, touch, handshake,
triumph, mistake, heartbreak, or
breath resides inside our minds.
The first time might be our last.
Make it last. Every small thing acts
as the foundation for manifestation.
We must live without hesitation.

Breakdowns and Breakthroughs

This car has logged a lot of miles.
My tires have touched many roads.
I have broken down several times.
I have run out of gas. I have changed
my oil more times than I can count.
I have sat on the side of the street,
as cars zoomed on by. I have asked
for rides. I have hitchhiked. I have
changed flat tires. When I can't drive,
and my head gaskets blow, I know to
take it slow. It is okay to park.
We all need tune-ups and breaks.
We all break down, but we will
break through; we will make it
to our destination. Life is a fast lane
that doesn't discriminate. We will
turn up the radio and drive.
Our running motor keeps us alive.