

Poetry Series

Jean Evans
- poems -

Publication Date:
2016

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Jean Evans(3/16/? ?)

Hello everyone, welcome! In case you are wondering, I am not ashamed of my age, I just don't like to give out too much information. I will say that I am a mother of 3 wonderful little boys and have been happily married for a most joyous 18 years.

I come from a small town in West Virginia where for the most part we are morally concerned about our selves and our families. We hold our God and our country highest in our every day lives. If you mess with either one of those or with our family then the best we can do is pray that God will have mercy on you and show you the way. I think people in general are for the most part good and hope that they will be bless by God in their lives the same way I have.

Thanks to anyone and everyone who may come across one of my poems and read them. God Bless You ALL! !

! My Angel, My Mom!

This poem was written about the most fascinating woman in the world to me. My Mom. She was so much more than just a mom and a wife, as if that wasn't enough, she was also a grandmother, great-grandmother, a wonderful friend to anyone whom had the pleasure of meeting her. She was a devoted Christian above all things. She is the Mom of a Soldier Son I wrote about, but most of all she was and is my Gaurdian Angel...I love and miss you Mom! !

! My Angel, My Mom!

†How do you return an Angel to Heaven above?

†When down here on Earth she is so Needed and Loved.

†How do you let her spread her wings to fly?

†When you want her to stay here right by your side.

†How do you let go of an Angel and watch her leave?

†When she is not only the flower, but the solid planted seed.

†How do I let go of the Angel that held this family together?

†When she was the one we went to so things would be better

†How do I return my Angel, well it is so simple you see.

†For My Angel was My Mom, God Himself sent to me.

†My Angel, My Mom, was only mine to borrow.

†And My Angel, My Mom, I'll see again in that bright Tomorrow.

† I Love and Miss you Mother,

Your Daughter, Jeannie.....†

Dear Mother, You will be so sadly missed as you go on to be where so longed to be, rejoined with Daddy, to bow together as Jesus' feet. To walk the Streets of Heaven and to take in all It's beauty and to receive the reward you have worked so hard for, your Life of Eternity. Your Eternal happiness in Heaven is being prepared while you sleep in your final resting place, so I am comforted in your teaching to me through God's word that I know you will be Forever happy when in Heaven you awake... I Love and Miss You and don't forget until we meet again in Heaven above, Give a Kiss to Our Daddy and All Our Love....!

Jean Evans

A Girl I Know

There's a girl I know and I wish you could,
For this girl I know is fun-loving, smart, and a heart full of good.
Her big blue eyes remind you of a warm spring sky,
Her smile so bright can light the dark of a moonless night.
Her laughter can dry the wettest of teary faces,
Her love can take you to higher places.
Her personality is like no other I know,
And her loyalty is as pure as the driven snow.
Who, you may ask is this girl so spectacular, in all her bliss,
And my response is none other than my best friend, my Little Sis.

Jean Evans

Angel On The Moon

I sat an angel upon the moon,
To safely keep watch over you.
She looks down on you both night and day,
To help you along come what may.
So when trouble finds you don't be filled with gloom,
Just take a deep breath and whisper a prayer to the angel
who sets for you upon the moon.

Jean Evans

Daddy's Poem

Her hair was up in a pony tail,

her favorite dress tied with a bow.

Today was Daddy's Day at school,

and she couldn't wait to go.

But her mommy tried to tell her,

that she probably should stay home.

Why the kids might not understand,

if she went to school alone.

But she was not afraid; she knew just what to say. What to tell her classmates of why he wasn't there today.

But still her mother worried,

for her to face this day alone.

And that was why once again,

she tried to keep her daughter home.

But the little girl went to school

eager to tell them all.

About a dad she never sees;

a dad who never calls.

There were daddies along the wall in back, for everyone to meet.

Children squirming impatiently,

anxious in their seats

One by one the teacher called a student from the class. To introduce their daddy,
as seconds slowly passed.

At last the teacher called her name,

every child turned to stare.

Each of them was searching,

for a man who wasn't there.

'Where's her daddy at? '

she heard a boy call out.

'She probably doesn't have one, '

another student dared to shout.

And from somewhere near the back,

she heard a daddy say,

'Looks like another deadbeat dad,

too busy to waste his day.'

The words did not offend her,

as she smiled up at her Mom.

And looked back at her teacher,

who told her to go on.

And with hands behind her back,

slowly she began to speak.

And out from the mouth of a child,

came words incredibly unique.

'My Daddy couldn't be here,

because he lives so far away.

But I know he wishes he could be,

since this is such a special day.

And though you cannot meet him,

I wanted you to know.

All about my daddy,

and how much he loves me so.

He loved to tell me stories

he taught me to ride my bike.

He surprised me with pink roses,

and taught me to fly a kite.

We used to share fudge sundaes,

and ice cream in a cone.

And though you cannot see him.

I'm not standing here alone.

'Cause my daddy's always with me,

even though we are apart

I know because he told me,

he'll forever be in my heart'

With that, her little hand reached up,
and lay across her chest.

Feeling her own heartbeat,
beneath her favorite dress.

And from somewhere here in the crowd of dads, her mother stood in tears.

Proudly watching her daughter,
who was wise beyond her years.

For she stood up for the love
of a man not in her life.

Doing what was best for her,
doing what was right.

And when she dropped her hand back down, staring straight into the crowd.

She finished with a voice so soft,
but its message clear and loud.

'I love my daddy very much,
he's my shining star.

And if he could, he'd be here,
but heaven's just too far

You see he was a firefighter
and died just this past year

When airplanes hit the towers
and taught Americans to fear.
But sometimes when I close my eyes,
it's like he never went away.'
And then she closed her eyes,
and she saw him there that day.
And to her mothers amazement,
she witnessed with surprise
A room full of daddies and children,
all starting to close their eyes.
Who knows what they saw before them,
who knows what they felt inside.
Perhaps for merely a second,
they saw him at her side.
'I know you're with me Daddy, '
to the silence she called out.
And what happened next made believers,
of those once filled with doubt.
Not one in that room could explain it,
for each of their eyes had been closed.
But there on the desk beside her,

was a fragrant long-stemmed pink rose.

And a child was blessed, if only for a moment,

by the love of her shining star.

And given the gift of believing,

that heaven is never too far.

They say it takes a minute to find a special

person, an hour to appreciate them,

a day to love them, but then an entire

life to forget them.

By a friend to his daughter.. he is in germany and she is here in the states..

Jean Evans

'Don'T Cry'

♥ DON'T CRY.. ♥

♥ MY DADDY TOLD US BEFORE HE SAID GOODBYE,

♥ DON'T YOU WORRY AND DON'T YOU CRY.

♥ BUT HOW DO YOU KEEP YOUR TEARS IN PLACE,

♥ WHEN THE ONE YOU LOVE JUST CAN NOT STAY?

♥ HE HAD TO LEAVE AND THIS TIME I COULDN'T GO

♥ I WANTED TO CRY BUT COULDN'T LET IT SHOW.

♥ MY DADDY WAS THE GREATEST OF ANY MAN,

♥ SO THIS IS ONE THING IN LIFE I JUST DIDN'T PLAN.

♥ I TRIED TO HOLD BACK THE TEARS IN MY EYES,

♥ BUT THE PAIN WAS TOO MUCH FOR ME TO HIDE.

♥ THE MAN I HAVE RESPECTED FOR SO LONG,

♥ THE MAN I CHERISHED AND LOVED IS GONE.

♥ I TRIED MY DADDY JUST FOR YOU,

♥ NOT TO CRY, BUT I WAS JUST TO BLUE.

♥ I KNOW DADDY, YOU'LL BE OK,

♥ BUT I STILL MISS YOU MORE EVERY DAY.

♥ AND AS I THINK OF YOU BOTH DAY AND NIGHT,

♥ I'LL TRY MY BEST DADDY NOT TO CRY! !

Jean Evans

For The One I Love

Some women need diamonds and flowers to fill their life,
But you gave me everything when you made me your wife.
For diamonds often get lost and flowers they fade,
But the love we share is here to stay.
Standing alone I am only me,
By your side I am complete and free.
Thank you for being my husband, my love, my very best friend,
Thank you most of all for letting me love you from now until forever's end.

Jean Evans

I Loved You, I Love You

I loved you because you were my friend,
I love you now and I loved you then.
I loved you when you became my man,
I love you now because I can.
I loved you when you became my husband for life,
I love so much knowing I am your wife.
I loved you when you became a Dad,
I love you because you are the best I've ever had.
I loved when you walked out the door,
I love you tonight when you come home even more.
I loved you the way I thought I should,
I love you more than I thought a person could.
I loved you more than you could ever see,
I love you from now to Eternity.

Jean Evans

'Preacher Mike'

I had to return a gift today, it was given to me from God above,

You see it was only a gift to borrow, a gift of God's unselfish Love.

A Love in the form of an amazing voice from a man,

Who sang God's gospel and preached His word from the solid rock upon which he did stand.

A voice as smooth as well spun silk,

Flowing steadily, like honey and milk.

A voice that could make your heart happy or bring a tear to your eye,

A voice that told God's truth and opened your mind.

The man who receive this voice has now been received into Heaven's Kingdom,

The friends and loved ones left behind will now just wait to once again hear him.

Though I know Heaven's choir is sounding sweeter than ever before,

I can't wait until we all get to hear him, like we did before.

His voice will remain forever in our hearts and minds,

For his passion for God when he preached and sang was one of a kind.

'I Thank God For The Lighthouse, ' and for this song that he sang,

Because in the moments I heard him sing this, I felt no worry, no pain.

Never to be replaced, no one can compare or ever be like,

The voice that was Bless by God and given to Preacher Mike!

With All My Love,
You will be greatly missed! !
While in Heaven Above
Give my Mommy and Daddy
A big Hug and Kiss! !

Footnote: A Poem I wrote for a cousin, preacher, and friend! ! R.I.P.

Jean Evans

'Rain'

I love to cuddle under a blanket snug in my bed,
With the musical sound of rain drops playing over my head.
The rain drops down in a rhythm of sheer bliss,
As the lightning flashes a show of stage lights through my window glass.
The thunder beats like a drum for all the world to hear,
I get more and more excited as the sound becomes more clear.
I shut my eyes and listen to the band play it's song,
And realize the only thing that could make it better, is if my husband was home.
Home to share the music, the blanket, and the cuddles of love,
To share in this musical, rainy, excitement sent down from God above...

Jean Evans

Sixteen Now

Sixteen years ago to the day,
A child was born, a little girl babe.
She stole the hearts of everyone she met,
And in their hearts, she has been so closely kept.
So much maturity in a child who could still make you laugh,
Especially when there were times everything was so bad.
So smart, so beautiful, so self assure,
This is one little lady that refused to be ignored.
'IGNORED, ' you say, as if you could,
For a gal like this deseves attention and that's understood.
She makes us proud with all she does,
This 'Daddy's Girl' is truely loved.
Such an innocent face, how were we to know,
In so short a time, a wonderful young lady would grow.
So now at Sixteen when she thinks her life has begun to evolve,
We hope she'll stay the same simply because.....
No matter how old you get and where you'll go only time will tell,
We love you always, just the way you are, our Little Amanda Michelle.

Jean Evans

'Sweet Melodies By Moonlight'

She works all day in that downtown bar
Packin beer and shots arm in arm
She hustles through the crowd of wondering hands
And as they pour on the charm she says, 'I have a man'
She stops at the corner when the lights go on
And at that moment the crowd is gone.

She heard Sweet melodies through the neon light
As he held her attention oh so tight
Nothing was gonna make this dream end
While she's standing there listening to him
She could see the stars in his eyes
She never had a more perfect night
It was all for them and nothing else in sight
But she and him and sweet melodieeeeees of neon light.

He sings his songs proud upon that stage
Through the laughter, smoke, and all the rage
Hoping someone out there will put his voice to use
Given him the chance to loosen up the noose
And just when it seems that no one cares
He looks out and sees her standing there
She smiles at him and she's all he sees
So now it's to her only, that he sings.

He saw the sweetest smile through neon lights
As she held his attention oh so tight
Nothing was gonna make this dream end
On that stage while she was looking at him
He could see the stars in her eyes
And he had never had a more perfect night
It was all for them and nothing else in sight
But she and him and sweet melodieeeeees of neon light.

Now the light went down and the bar was clear
As they stood outside he pulled her near
He said, 'Come on baby take a walk with me.'
'We'll set in the grass and I'll rub your feet.'
She layed back and gave out a sigh

And said, 'Would you just look at that moon tonight? '
He rolled over and sang to her, 'I know why the moon's so bright',
'Baby cause all the stars are in your eyes~~~~'

And it was Sweet Melodies By Moonlight
They held each other in their arms so tight
No nothing was gonna make this dream end
They were lying there and giving in
They could see the stars in each others eyes
They never had a more perfect night
It was all about the both of them and nothing else in sight
Just their love and making, Sweet Melodieeeeees By Moonlight! !

Jean Evans

The Bestest Mommy

I don't know a lot about the world you see,
'Cause six years old is the age of me.
Though there are some things I can tell you,
They maybe simple, but they are true.
I know the sky is blue and the grass is green,
I know some people are good and some are mean.
I know ice cream melts if you don't eat it fast,
But chewing gum, will last and last.
I know my job is to be a good little boy,
And maybe at the end of the week, I'll get a new toy.
I know God is Great and God is Good,
And we should always thank Him for our food.
I know I'm special, and I can tell you why,
'Cause God gave me the BESTEST MOMMY, and I call her mine.

Jean Evans

'Things Remind Me'

I find myself drawn to things that remind me of him and you,
Like the sparkling stars and the big bright moon.
The twilight sun going down and the breaking of every dawn,
An old fixer-upper car and the country road it's on.
A bright orange lily on the side of the road,
A dark green shamrock within the grass that grows.
A funny comedy on the T.V. screen,
A beautiful gospel song that someone sings.
Cherry vanilla ice cream and Rocky Road,
Or someone else's Parents I don't even know.
All the wisdom in a gentleman's eyes,
All the tears as a mother cries.
A son going to his Dad for honest advice,
A Mother who takes the time to make her Daughter think twice.
A Grandma reaching out for her grandchild's hands,
A Grandpa molding his grandchild without any intentional plans.
A man who loves his wife so much he had to let go,
A woman who loves her husband so much she had to follow.
A mountain so high I can't see the top,
A sky so big and blue, it never stops.
Every miracle of God's that reminds me of your Love,
And let's me know you are together with each other,
Forever in Heaven Above! !

I miss and love you both Mom and Dad! ! !

Your Loving Daughter..

Jean Evans

'Things Unsaid'

There are so many things people need to say,
But they just let it go until it's too late.
So many words unspoken and never get heard,
Too afraid of the pain, too afraid of the hurt.
Feelings kept to deep down inside,
Locked away with foolish pride.
Never knowing what their tomorrow may hold,
And still too stubborn to just let go.
So, I'm not going to wait! Win, Loose, or Draw,
I'm letting it go, I'm telling you it all!
You are Everything I could dream of, and so much more,
You are my Open to every closed door.
You are my Sun that shines on my flowers that grows,
You are the Breeze I feel when the cool wind blows.
You are the Rain that falls on my face from Heaven above,
You my dear are EVERY BREATH I BREATHE, my Heart, my Soul
my One and Only FOREVER TRUE LOVE! ! !

This is for the one I love ALWAYS, My wonderful husband....

Jean Evans

What Your Unborn Child Might Be Thinking

Month number one, that's where I'll begin,
Doctors say right now, I'm only as big as the end of a pen.
Month number two, you can't feel me,
After all, I'm no bigger than a little pea.
Month number three, if you try real hard,
With the doctor's help you can hear my heart.
Month number four, you should really see me,
I'm squirming around, do you feel a little queezy?
Month number five, it's time for the T.V. toy,
Tell me mommy, am I a girl or a boy?
Month number six, mommy I hear your sweet voice,
I'm oh so glad keeping me was always your choice.
Month number seven, what an important time,
Don't worry mommy, I'm doing just fine.
Month number eight, it's time to prepare,
I'll need new clothes and lots of tender loving care.
Month number nine, the time has come,
Oh my goodness, I'm so excited mom!
Rush, Rush to the hospital, cause I just can't wait,
I want to see you mommy, your loving face.
Now I'm here and with tears of joy you've began to sob,
Don't worry mommy, you've done a Wonderful job! !

Jean Evans

Yours And Mine

If everyone could have a love like yours and mine,
Then every relationship would be just fine.
They would love one another unconditionally true,
Just like the love that's shared between me and you.
But I guess people's love are of all different kind,
So I thank God everyday that ours is Yours and Mine!

Jean Evans