

Poetry Series

**Jesse Wood**  
**- poems -**

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## Jesse Wood(09/15/1985)

I am a current college student who is studying poetry at this very moment. I have written several of my own and I wanted to share them; in hopes that someone might get a chance to see it and give me feedback.

# America My Own Interpretation

Life is a winding staircase of endless possibilities  
It winds in all different directions, twisting turning  
A long road with many paths to chose  
Do I dare take the longer road and risk the pain of rejection?  
Or should I take "the one less traveled? "  
I know not what I want  
But I realize that I have to follow my own destiny  
Sure I may fall flat on my face  
But it will be my decision  
Not influence from an outside force  
Or even a higher power.  
I will live my life on my terms.  
Life as we know it relies on superficiality  
A "plastic society" constantly overwhelmed with noticing another person's  
imperfections  
We mustn't forget our own imperfections  
Our own inadequacies  
We are America.

Jesse Wood

# I Am A Human Being

You know not the depths of my being  
Nor can you begin to comprehend  
For I am not as open-book as you may think  
I am an Individual full of strength and courage  
Not in the archaic or even a modern day hero sense  
No, I am none of these things  
I am who I am and I will not change  
For anyone because I was created  
To spread a bit of happiness and joy to an otherwise unstable reality  
I detest this world, but I know that I must remain  
Until I am called upon for my final battle  
Darkness will swirl around me  
And I will be called to share the light  
With loved ones and friends  
I will be at peace.

Jesse Wood

# In You Shall We Find Rest

King of the Jews, King of my heart  
My heart longs and aches for your mercies tender  
Divine, incarnate Spirit sent to save accursed world.  
Who else, but the Chosen One would deliver me?  
Wicked, Sinful nature of Man original sin born.  
Hundreds of years of prophesy fulfilled  
Virgin pure of heart chosen to carry newborn babe  
O woe to the wicked, for the Lord our God smote them all and reduced their  
lands to rubble.  
Never again shall we live in darkness  
Redemption - Sweet blood of Christ eternal  
I am chained, yet I do not hunger nor do I thirst  
For the Word of the Almighty I shall partake  
of the spiritual bread and drink, from cup overflowing with love  
Captive forevermore, how gracious is the Master, who will destroy earthly form.  
Illustrious Spirit, tongue sharp as swords for the Word of God is mighty  
'O gentle Shepherd, find us once more, ' the people cry.  
Patient, humble Savior in You shall we find rest

Jesse Wood

# Liz

Fair maiden with thy skin a milky hue.  
Who rul'd kingdom forty years and more.  
The church curs'd opposers this thou knew  
'Stiny was at thy side praise Him galore.

Thy faith diffr'd but conscience fled thee not  
Cancer would take thy Sister to her grave  
Thus leaving thee the crown comm'ners all sought  
in dreams; but loyal subjects knew it nave,

to seek the emblem rested 'pon thy head.  
Although thou had'st suitors thou weren't a wife  
Fi'ry passion burn'd like thy hair red.  
Queen chaste married to Christ for all thy life

Embroid'd with the French for many year.  
Thou keepest loyal subjects safe from fear

Jesse Wood

# Lost, Lonely Girl Blues

You are a lost, lonely little girl

Have another dose of medicine to ease the pain

Your Daddy has gone off to war; you will never again see his face

Love and Acceptance - the bitter pill that you cannot swallow.

Oh, how I wish I could comfort and protect you from the woman in the mirror

It's as if I made YOU up in MY head

The men in white torture you with a few more volts to ease the madness

Monday's seem to drag on, but for you Monday was cut short

The sun provided no rays of light, no hope for a brighter tomorrow.

You are now set free from the war that rages inside of you, that has plagued  
your being

Set free from the Holocaust which robbed you of yourself

Tortured painter of words, how you festoon your words with color

As dark as the words appear on the page, your words are red

Daffodils sprout out of the Earth where you lay your head

Tomorrows do not exist for you, nor do todays or yesterdays

I hear the laughter of angels, perhaps you are there among them

No more tears, no more sorrows, or pain, you are free

Dancing on a cloud with God, or perhaps playing your golden harp

It really does not matter because you now rest in peace - away from your  
troubles

You shut your eyes and the world, dropped dead, but I shut mine and I see a  
world of possibilities.

How different we are and yet so much the same

You were a lost, lonely little girl who is now home with her Daddy

I am a man, whose father is alive and well, and yet we seem so distant.

Do you see the glass over there? Is it half-full or is it half-empty?

It's no matter for you are dead and gone

I am alive; I will always be alive in one way.

I sing the happy gospel melody of a choir, while you sing the blues

Jesse Wood

# Misfortunes Of A Wealthy Family

In the beauty of the valley  
Ever standing still  
Lived a family of great fortune  
They even had a will.  
They lived happily in that valley and never gave a dime  
To the poor man, the meek or otherwise they'd hardly gave the time.  
Then one day God said to them  
Why do you mistreat my children?  
And then they all said with a smirk or grin  
Because we don't care to give to those vagrants.  
They hardly know what money is or what for it is meant.  
'Well live in poverty and rags, ' the Elderly Deity said  
You will have no friends no love no anything not even a slice of bread.  
You're bluffing the family said you would never do such things.  
All right, said God and with that he took away their gold and rings.  
He took away everything and they didn't know what to do.  
With every fiber of their being their sadness deeply grew.  
But they never repented for their sins and they all died quietly as softly as a  
feather.  
The newspaper obituary that evening read "Family dead, they all died together."  
Secretly no one cared for the family in the valley.  
But one poor man said  
As he bowed his head  
"I pray for their souls this day"  
For it was greed that the Lord smites their souls on a morning with skies grey.

Jesse Wood

# Peaceful River

Upon the banks of a peaceful river,  
Submerged in the purifying waters as each and everyone is  
baptized in the name of the Holy Ghost.  
Tranquility of the babbling brook overflowing  
Doves descend upon everyone who takes the plunge to follow  
The saving waters that have cleansed the souls of men  
Forever indebted to the Creator  
The beginning, middle and end of what was, is and soon to come  
An eternal sacrifice that followers must endure  
The power of the Spirit that is within each person's grasp

We cling to the Heavenly essence beyond the white moon and  
twinkling stars, which measure innumerable in the clear night sky  
Walking in the footsteps of the Messiah  
We walk in the path of righteousness  
Holding steadfast to the promise that  
The Christ, the Almighty Savior, was sent here to protect His people.  
His return to the Earth is imminent  
He will walk among the living, and raise the dead  
To the Peaceable Kingdom.

The River overflows abundantly  
With grace, majesty beauty divinely inspired  
It flows in perfect harmony  
It does not cease for anyone or anything  
As one by one we take our cross and diligently trust in Him  
To guide us all with his mighty compass  
From East to West and from North to South  
The River flows inside all of the those who abide  
In the ever patient love that surpasses  
All earthly understanding  
We are all born in a life renewed through Him  
Like newborn babes in our basinet  
A gentle hand rocks our cradle  
As the peaceful river of life everlasting, lulls us all to sleep!

Jesse Wood

## Poem For Derrill

'You were a musical genius this I know is true..  
You spread joy and laughter in everything you used to do.  
With every song you ever wrote...  
The magic and beauty of every note.  
But I didnt realize the depth of your pain and sorrow..  
You knew that everything would be better tomorrow..  
God said to you the day you died come my child come with me.  
Come and see the magic of my kingdom come make haste and see.  
You used to entertain the children in Afghanistan.  
But that is not where your steps to peace really began.  
I bet you were always a peacemaker and cared for human life.  
Now you've left behind a legacy, not to mention a wife.  
It seems that you were sent to earth in order to spread the word of peace and  
love..  
That is why God chose you and that is why you are now above.'

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# The Lilly (Of Salvation)

Thousands of freshly cut lilies in bloom

Signify life and a promise of peace

Three days gone by then they opened the tomb

Christ Jesu arise, from sin you release

From flower so precious, falls lone raindrop

Reminds all who love ye to praise thy name

Prince full of glory and love that shan't stop

Precious Lord Jesus ye healèd the lame

Lilies so white without blemish or mark

Son of the Father ye loosèd the chain

Heart led by peace, ye destroyed Prince of Dark

Death upon Calv'ry, left children unstained

Lilly that shines like the Halo of Lamb

Lord Jesus, descendant of Abraham

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# Where Angels Go

Two doves perchèd upon the throne of God  
Fore'er indebted in wedlock'd bond.  
True love cannot be measured with a rod.  
Like ripples on the Lord's celestial pond.  
Bouquet of wild aster both shall pick  
In gardens, both share harvest of their love  
with children who will compliment them quick  
We bless them both with light from Heav'n above  
As love has taken hold of man and wife  
And may that bond be blessèd with glad cheer  
Together they will start their Christian life  
And let us not shed ev'n single tear  
Loves purity is like the fallen snow  
Part not until they tread where angels go.

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