

Poetry Series

Gordon Jackson
- poems -

Publication Date:
2013

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

Gordon Jackson(05/15/47)

A Baby's Cry

Why is it that, the first thing,
A new born baby does is cry?
Is it that it knows about
The world that faces you and I?

The good times and the bad
That we face every day.
The triumphs and the failures
That we meet along the way.

The things that make us happy?
The things that make us sad?
The things that are good?
The things that are bad?

Does the Baby already know
What life will be like from birth?
Or is it just a noise it makes
When it's brought onto the earth?

Not knowing what's ahead in life
For today or for tomorrow,
Is it already shedding the tears
That result from pain and sorrow?

Life is mean and sometimes cruel
There will be many times he'll cry.
Can't we stop all the pain in life
With a simple 'Rock-A-Bye'?

Gordon Jackson

A Mothers Day Prayer

It's that day of the year again
A day to honor my Mother
When I take the time to tell her
'I love you like no other'.

She's the reason I'm here
She gave me life at birth
It is because of her
That I am here on earth.

Lord, please take care of her
Watch over her every day
Keep her safe and healthy
Let no harm come her way.

She has done so much for me
Taught me right from wrong
It's hard to say 'I Love You'
Just in words, prayer or song.

She's always there for me
For all my life long years
She always makes me happy
She wipes away the tears.

There is no better Mother
Than the Mother that is mine
And the love I have for her
Has grown with passing time.

So Lord I come to you
That in your special way
You let her know I love her
On this her special day.

Gordon Jackson

Garage Christmas

It was the night before Christmas and all through the garage
Not a creature was stirring not even my Dodge.
The tires were hung on the bumper with care
In hopes that St. Nicholas will fill them with air.

The engine was tucked all snug in it's bed
While visions of Spark Plugs danced in it's Heads.
With me in the front seat and the wife in the back
We just settled down after having a snack.

When outside the garage we heard a car roar
It must have more cubic inches than a 454.
So I rose just enough to look over the hood
To see what I can see, the best that I could.

All of a sudden it opened, the overhead door,
And I could see six cars, then I saw two more.
They were all the Christmas colors, Red, Green and White
There's no doubt in my mind, it's St. Nicholas alright.

He was all dressed up in his Drag Racing suit
Jacket and Pants, Gloves, Helmet and Boot.
Unlike his red furry suit that he normally wore
He wore this suit when he put the pedal to the floor.

He entered the garage and knew just what to do
And filled up those tires in a minute or two.
He went out to the cars with trunks open wide
Then he loaded his sack and brought it inside.

Along with his eight little helpers so jolly
They set out some gifts from Moroso and Holley.
A new set of Fan Belts and Seat Covers of gray
Were surely the makings for a great Christmas Day.

'Let's go fellas' he said, 'Be quick on your feet'
'Jump in your cars and let's hit the street'.
I heard the cars start, first one, two, three, then all
They just sat and waited till he gave them the call.

'On Cobra! On Super Sport! On Bucket 'T'!
On, Z28! On, Viper! On, Super Bee!
On, Road Runner! On, Olds 442! '
'Put the pedal to the medal, there's more stops to do'.

Hearing the thunder of the pipes and tires squealing
Filled my heart with a warm, fuzzy feeling.
And I could hear St. Nick yell, as the cars took flight
'Merry Christmas to all and to all a good night'.

Gordon Jackson

How A Day Changes

It started out a nice day
Warm, sunny and bright
But then something happened
That turned day into night.

The tests are done and over
And all the results are in
Now I only have to wait
To see if I lose or win.

I'm sure it won't be long now
Before the answers are heard
It's just a matter of time
Before I'm given the word.

He's coming into my room
In his smock so snowy white
Will this bright, sunny day
Become a dark, dreary night?

I could see it in his face
He had no reason to speak
I just prayed that when he did
I'd be strong instead of weak.

'You have got cancer' he said
'And it's not good, it's stage four'
'I'll leave you alone for now'
Then turned and went out the door.

A awful thing, this cancer,
It takes your strength and might
And as much as you want to
You've got no power to fight.

Yes, my day did turn to night
My greatest fear just came true
How much time do I have left
Before my whole life is through?

Will I have time to do things
Before I reach my last day?
Or will the good Lord above
Want to take me right away?

What about my family?
How will they get on with life?
Will my children be OK?
What will happen to my Wife?

I'll fight to the very end
Hang on as long as I can
I won't give up that easy
To the end I'll be a man.

It's going to be real hard
But I will fight all the way
To turn that dark, dreary night
Back to a bright, sunny day.

Gordon Jackson

Mr. Sick

Hello Mr. Sick
You remembered me
You've come back again
To revisit thee.

The first time that you came
Things got really bad
The worst time in my life
That I have ever had.

Now you're back
To attack me again
It seems to me
I just can't win.

Have you come this time
For a very short stay
Or have you come this time
To take me away?

Whichever one
You decide to do
Make it quick
I'm tired of you.

So will you leave
Or just hang around
Till I get better
Or a cure is found?

I'm in a lot of pain
Every night, every day
I pray to God
You'll go away.

But Cancer, that is what you do
You hit, you run, then come back
Compassion for people
You surely lack.

If you decide to stay this time
It might just be the end of me.
If not, go away and don't come back
You, I really don't want to see.

Gordon Jackson

No Problems

When things just aren't going right
And you think your life's a mess
You just can't find the answers
So you try and take a guess.

Just stop and look around
And you are bound to see
Things aren't really all that bad
As they may seem to be.

When you compare your problems
To what is really real
You'll see that your big problems
Are really no big deal.

When there's no food to eat
No roof above your head
No cloths upon your back
No place to call your bed

No one to call a 'buddy'
No one that you call 'dear'
Nobody you can talk with
No one to lend a ear

No place that you call home
No heat to keep you warm
No walls to keep you safe
No shelter from the storm

But worst than all your problems
That you are thinking of
The greatest one of all
Is being without love.

No one to ever hold you
Or comfort you at night
Nobody to embrace you
To make you feel alright.

Now these are really problems
That make your problems small
And unless you have these problems
Then you really
Have
None
At
All.

Gordon Jackson

Sarah

Today is not a day for grieving,
Nor a day we should be sad,
For Sarah is with God in heaven,
And for that we should be glad.

Yet our hearts are full of pain,
Full of pain and sorrow,
But knowing that she's with God,
Should brighten our day tomorrow.

Yes, God has called to Sarah,
'Come, come be with me,
I need a Special Angel
and that Angel you shall be'.

So Sarah answered Gods call
And went to the Heavens afar.
When you look at the sky tonight,
You'll see a bright new star.

As we put Sarah to rest today,
We do not question why,
God wanted a new Angel
And Sarah answered his cry.

Sarah is in the best place,
She's with God up above,
The best place she can be,
To shower us with love.

So now we go in peace,
With Sarah in our heart,
And we'll never forget her,
And that
is the very
Best Part.

(To Sarah and her Parents who lost Sarah at birth. God Love Her)

September 11,2001

Look what someone has gone and done,
Turned two buildings into none.
The Pentagon was the next one hit,
Will this nightmare ever quite?
Who would cause such death, destruction and pain,
What kind of animal would fly that plane?
The pain in our heart does weight much,
But our pride and courage you did not touch.
You see our tears and you see our sorrow,
Learn from this, it's your turn tomorrow.
You may have changed the shape of the skyline,
But you did not change the shape of our mind.
We have all come together and we are strong,
And you will pay dearly for your horrible wrong.
We all have heard that 'Revenge is sweet',
Remember that; when the debris is at your feet.
You gained nothing more than taking the lives,
Of our Brothers, Sisters, Husbands and Wives.
You did not break our spirit or our faith in God above,
For he will bless America with his power and his love.
All America will pull together, in our hour of need,
And we will overcome your sick, hellish deed.
You achieved nothing, whatever your foolish goal,
And you can rest assured, we will prevail,
And then 'May God Have Mercy On Your Soul'

(Dedicated to all of those who lost their life in this tragedy and to the Police
Officers, Firemen and Volunteers who have helped to keep
America, America)

Gordon Jackson

Stop To Think?

Did you ever stop to think
What it would be like,
Without the birds that sing?
Without the golden sun,
That surrounds everything?

Did you ever stop to think
What it would be like,
Without the trees so tall?
Without the falling leaves,
That always comes with Fall?

Did you ever stop to think
What it would be like,
Without the streams and lakes?
Without that babbling brook,
And the winding path it takes?

Did you ever stop to think
What it would be like,
Without the clouds so white?
Without all the dark clouds,
That turn day into night?

Did you ever stop to think
What it would be like,
Without the wind that blows?
Without the cold and chill,
Every time it snows?

Did you ever stop to think
What it would be like,
Without flowers in the Spring?
Without the wonderful smell,
That new blossoms bring?

Did you ever stop to think
What it would be like,
Without thunder and the rain?

Without the vast open fields,
Of ripe, golden grain?

Did you ever stop to think
What it would be like,
Without a valley or a hill?
Without snow capped mountains,
That tons of rocks can build?

Did you ever stop to think
What it would be like,
If all this was made by man?
He could never do it,
Only Mother Nature can.

Did you ever stop to think
What it would be like,
If your life was gone in a wink?
No, I'll bet you haven't,
So you'd
Better
Stop
And
Think.

I never really paid much attention to these things until I was told that I have
cancer.
Now I Stop and Think.

Gordon Jackson

That Woman

I saw that woman again
I see her almost every day
And every time I see her
She melts my heart away.

I love the way she looks
Her pretty face and smile
Even when she's not around
I see her all the while.

She is my greatest love
I want her by my side
I want her to know I love her
My feelings I will not hide.

I always want to hug her
Maybe a kiss now and then
I'd be happy just to hold her hand
And pretend she's just a friend.

Of course she's more than that
She's the woman that I love
And every single day and night
She's the one I'm thinking of.

I think about her in the day
And dream of her at night
The only woman in my life
That I love with all my might.

I've spent a lot of time with her
A good part of my life
Because for forty three years
She has been my wife.

I knew when I first saw her
Some day my wife she'd be
And on this anniversary day
I know

That woman's been right for me.

Gordon Jackson

The Sun

It entered through the window
And bounced up off the floor
It bounced around the room
And bounced off all the doors.

It changed the look of everything
From the dark into the bright
It changed the time of day
It cancelled out the night.

It feels so warm and cozy
It turns the cold into the warm
It's just what we love to see
After the passing of the storm.

It always makes us feel good
And brightens up our day
It brings us so much happiness
With every golden ray.

It has been around forever
Over a million years or so
It's a necessity of life
In order for things to grow.

There'd be nothing left on earth
The world would be done
If we didn't have that miracle
That we call the 'Sun'.

Gordon Jackson
March 15,2013

Gordon Jackson

Wars End

The troops are coming home.
They say the war is over.
Could this be their lucky day?
Is this their four leaf clover?

Give praise to all those Soldiers.
Who fought with so much pride.
Was all that fighting worth it?
Worth the price of those who died?

Don't think of them as Soldiers
But Sons, Brothers, Husbands and Wives
And for some, they are no more
They fought and gave their lives.

War is never a good thing.
Whatever the reason may be.
Fighting for a piece of land
Or to keep our country free.

So now the war has ended.
And the world's a safer place.
For the child who lost their Dad,
There's only sadness in their face.

Ten years of fighting a war.
Ten years for the war to end.
All that pain and suffering,
How long will that take to mend?

Stop the threat of terrorism
That's why we will fight and die.
To 'Keep this country free'.
That will be our battle cry.

Hopefully one that we won't need
We pray to the almighty Lord.
For now, after all this time,
Let's stop dying by the sword.

Dedicated to all those who fought in Iraq and Afghanistan.
Thank You for keeping America free.

Gordon Jackson

What Is Beauty

What is beauty
Does anybody really know
Is it what is in your heart
Or what your face and body show

Are you just beautiful in looks
Plus what you think and feel
Or are you just pretty on the outside
And the inside is no big deal

Should you not want both
Beauty on the in and the out
Or is it what you see in the mirror
That's what it's all about

You know the old saying
'Beauty is only skin deep'
Beauty just on the outside
Is something you can't keep

So maybe you do look gorgeous
Your looks have met the call
But with no beauty on the inside
You're really not pretty at all.

Gordon Jackson

You Lose, Andrew

It's over now and the sun is out
And now there's a different view
Of what there was and what is left
From Mother Natures child, Andrew.

His birth was quite unwelcome
His screams heard through the night
To warn us all of what's to come
From his bark and from his bite.

As he moved his strength would push
The wind and rain to it's most
With total destruction in his heart
He trained his 'eye' upon the coast.

He was dead set in his mission
He knew exactly what he'd do
But we were only left to guess
What it'd be like,
when he was through.

So we tried to prep ourselves
In the best ways that we can
Against a force of nature
That has no respect for man.

We boarded up the windows
And fled to higher ground
Knowing that when we returned
Maybe nothing would be found.

Just what things will Andrew take
If he fulfills our greastest fear?
Just the things we can replace
Or the loved ones we hold dear?

Well, his fury did take plenty
Both in property and in lives
As he cut his way through cities

Like a million wheeled knives.

But even with all his power
There was a greater from above
That shined on all God's creatures
To protect them with his love.

For within his divine wisdom
God is the only one who knows
How to keep so many safe
From Andrew's angry blows.

Yes, Andrew paid his visit
And he did his nasty sin
But when he's gone forever
It's the people, their deeds
and God's love that will win.

(August 26,1992/This was written and is dedicated to all of those who gave their time, energy, goods and services to the hurricane relief efforts)

Gordon Jackson

You Never See Him

I don't think anyone has ever seen him
He comes mostly in the night
Don't think anyone knows why
Maybe he's afraid of the light.

He's very, very quiet
You'll never hear him talking
You'll never hear him coming
You'll never hear him walking.

He comes when you're sound asleep
When your eyes are closed real tight
You'd think he'd be sleeping too
In the middle of the night.

But no, he's in your bedroom
And he's in the bed with you
He does not pose a threat
Harm some one, he won't do.

I was told about this guy
When I was young and small
My Grandma spoke of him
And Mom too, as I recall.

He's with you in the morning
Where he comes from, no one knows
Your eyes will stick together
In the corners is where he goes.

When you wake and rub your eyes
He'll usually go away
But he'll be back again
When night replaces day.

We have to put up with him
The best way that we can
That quiet, sneaky guy
'The Sand Man'.

Gordon Jackson