

Poetry Series

Jackie Thielman
- poems -

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Jackie Thielman()

American Flag

The bitter sweet flag
Hangs in the balance
In this almighty storm
It is a lion in its heart while it sways
Yet shows grace and pride
To all that watch
This wonderful American Flag

Well-built sturdy thing
Stand for so much
In the eyes of a child
This flag is the
Security blanket of freedom

Betsy Ross the creator
A worthy woman
For she has the will
To make a big wonderful thing
For all the people of the U.S. A.

As a student I say
The pledge everyday to the flag
Yet do not appreciate
What it stands for

But as I walk to the bus
And I pass the American Flag
I take a second to think
Of what it this it means.
And to me it means
That this is one of many
Thing in this nation
That stands for my
and everyone else's freedom

Poem Writer,
Jackie Thielman

Jackie Thielman

Anything

Anything and everything
Is what I like to write
And everything and anything
Is always something right

So today I wrote this poem
And this poem is about love
Because love is
Anything and everything

Today I have no love
Even though love is
everything and anything
I still have love today because
Love is god

God is good
And good is love
And love is Anything and everything
And everything and anything is god's love

I have god in my life
And god is everything and anything
And god and I are one so I am
Anything and everything

So I say the love is abundant
So people can share the love
And god is abundant because
God is love and love is
Anything and everything and
everything and anything

God is I and I is love
So Jesus said to me
Love is up to I

I give you the job of
Spreading it to everyone

That love is good and
Good is god and
God is Anything and everything

Poem Writer,
By: Jackie Thielman

Jackie Thielman

Baby Bug

You are okay,
You are safe,
You are strong,
And you are
Loved!

Jackie Thielman

Birds(Two Haikus)

As the trees flutter
Birds fly away in the air
I listen to them

Listening to birds
Fill my heart with love and joy ☐
My lovely blue birds

Poem Writer,
By: Jackie Thielman

Jackie Thielman

Changing The World

As I walk through nature
She I calling to me
To change the world
For the good of man kind

When I walk around
I see the affects of humans
She guides me to thing
That needs to change

She speaks to me through
The animals and
The music in the air
I can do nothing but cry
As she tells me that
She soon will die

So I run to the people of my town
They have nothing to say
For they don't believe me

I am picked up by nature
And sent to town square
To talk to the mayor
He dose the same
As the people of the town

I told her that
I did what I could
She said that if I
Put my heart to it
I can do anything

So I went back to town square
Only to drag the mayor
To the pollution
Yet he did not see a problem
So nature showed her self to him
Then and only the he saw

The word got out every next day
And our earth was saved
As I go to her
She has nothing to say
But something to show me

In a field lined with trees
The tall grass moves with the wind
The once scared animals
Are coming to play
I hear the birds start to chirp

Then a deer come
And says "thank you
For all that you do
You have saved me
And every one else"

I have zero words to say
Because I'm flabbergasted
On what I have done for earth
Then before I leave I whisper
A soft "you're welcome"

Poem Writer,
Jackie Thielman

Jackie Thielman

Cottage Cheese

Cottage Cheese
if you please,
thank you very much.

Poem Writer,
Jackie Thielman

Jackie Thielman

Darkness Land

Standing with smile,
He's staring me down,
In between us only a mile,
With that upside down frown.

I can feel his dark soul,
When he walks to me.
He's like a black hole,
Setting me free.

A place of black, is where I stand,
he gets his grip,
With his darkness land.

He spoke, a voice so low,
"It's your time to die."
I can never go,
Can't even fly.

Death to me he led,
Teaching me to be mean.
He's creating me from a seed,
Evil of which the way I lean.

On the day that I died,
A guy named death is who came.
I tried to stay alive, I tried.
And yet died with no shame.

He reached out his hand,
Through the harden ground
And pull me to where I stand
He said "I need you to turn around"

There that time I died,
I would live for a life.
I thought I survived
Until I became death's right hand wife.

Do Me A Favor

Wish fate would end my pain and sorrowfulness
Save my soul from the darkness
Life have mercy on me
It's too much for me

Let me rest
I am so exhausted
Can't you see my tears?
My bloody red tears
Can anybody hear my soul cry?
Can anybody see the darkness?
Its inside
In my heart, growing
Time to fly

Hate. Terror. Life
Hurt. Die. Kill.

No regrets
No looking back
I don't want to even be remembered
Just forget all about me
The sooner the better
No grief
No problem
Don't even want a funeral

No more holding on
No more holding back
I just gotta let go
Once and for all
Give my audience what they've all been asking for years
Just burn me to ashes and dump me somewhere
Like the trash that I am
Someday you'll know that what I did tonight was all for the best

Leaving you for the last time
Softly whispering as I go
Tonight my mom's and dad's marriage will be saved

Cause tonight
This tragic event will bring you back to where you should be in
In love deeper then ever before
Thanks to this promise I make tonight to keep

I am not scared
Cause if you kill me in the end
I will finally be away from you
So kill me in the end
So I can be free from you
So I can be gone from you
So I can finally live a good life
Kill me in the end

Tonight I think I'll do everybody a huge favor
Tonight for sure...
Kill me
Kill me now
Kill me quickly
Just please do it
I have no worth
All do is cause of pain
And stress
I am only a problem
Never able to find the solution
I live in pain everyday

Please if you care
So please
Kill me
Kill me now
Kill me quickly
Please I am bagging you
I am so lost and confused
I will never be found again
So please save me from all my future suffering

What do you want me to do?
I can't give anymore
Nothing
Nothing at all would work
I'm sorry

I just can't take it
Someone please kill me
I need to die
I can't do it my self
I've tried

Death is not an answer it's an escape
Only tears there as I press the blade against my skin
Tears are mixed with my blood
Now I'm satisfied I deserved that pain
Please kill me here take this knife and murder me!

Jackie Thielman

Eh, Answers

Every to none
Space in places
Walking in races
Silent to sound
Liquid ground

Yes what's wrong, speaking a song?
No where all along
Black faces
Where am I?
What can I?
I want to be alone...

Jackie Thielman

Fear

Sometimes, Somehow,
Right here, Right Now.
From Here to There,
Im scared!
FEAR!

Jackie Thielman

Friends Forever

this isn't really a poem but it make you think about some of your friendships.

What would you do if for every moment you were truly happy there would be 10 moments of sadness?

What would you do if your best friend died tomorrow and you never got to tell them how you felt?

So, I just wanted to say, even if I never talk to you again in my life, you are special to me and you have made a difference in my life.

I look up to you, respect you, and truly cherish you.

Send this to all your friends, no matter how often you talk, or how close you are, and send it to the person who sent it to you.

Let old friends know you haven't forgotten them,
and tell new friends
you never will

Remember, everyone needs a friend, someday you might feel like you have NO FRIENDS at all, just remember this message and take comfort in knowing somebody out there cares about you and always will.

In times of trouble,

In times of need,

If you are feeling SAD,

You can count on me.

I will give you a wink,

Until you smile,

give you a hug,

And stand by your side.

I'll be there for you till the end, I'll always and forever, be your friend!

Jackie Thielman

Grabbing To The Daisies

I'm flying through the wind,
grabbing to the daisies,
searching for my soul.
Where will my sorrow end?

Will it end, will it end...
At the nock at Death's door stop?
Please save my soul.
Please save my soul!
Please save my soul,
My wings of strength!

I have been staring you down,
And you won't win this town!
I've pierced you in the heart,
You can not tear me a part; I have traded metal strength for love.

When will it end, if it will end...?
At the knock at Death's door stop?
Please save my soul.
Please save my soul!
Please save my soul,
My wings of strength!

Jackie Thielman

Headache

Throbbing aching
There is no grief
The never ending pain
I can't bear this any further
The hurt is too vast

The pain destroyer
Isn't functioning
For the grief is still here

I can't stand it anymore
My head is throbbing
The horrific annoyance
Will not vanish

I can't endure anymore
The pain is horrendous
I may possibly
Do the impossible

I'm doing it
I can't take it much longer
I'm going to rip my hair out
So much pain
No relief
Will it ever go away

Finally the never ending pain
Has discontinued
Now I am happy
at last I can enjoy the rest of the day

Poem Writer,
By: Jackie Thielman

Jackie Thielman

Holocaust

As I'm thrown to the ground
The priceless air looms are
Ripped from my neck
The imprint of the chains
Now on my skin

They striped my body
Of the only clothing I have
And I'm given a pile of
Use smelly stained up clothes
Marked with the symbol I am

My name is on arm that
will stay for the rest of my young life
this is my new name
it dose not contain
anything but numbers

I'm sent to work
Yet I'm so weak
I can't ever lift the hoe
I'm grabbed by the man
And shoved in a room

I hear a "click"
Then a a white thick
Smog like thing comes from
The holes in the wall

It is getting harder
And harder to breathe
I become light headed
As I fall to the floor
I gasp my last bit of air
For I did not make it
from the Holocaust

Poem Writer,
By: Jackie Thielman

Hope Isn't Far

Hey, my name is Hope
And that is just the thing I need "Hope"
People always say there is hope
In my story it is just in grasp

Cancer is the thing in my life that needs hope
And my pappy who smoked dope
Where I live there are guns
And my neighbor's son
Never has fun

It all started on my birthday
Two years ago
That is when found out that my dad was gay
Then my mom left
I was very sad
And mad at my dad

After two week my dad died
Then I was put into foster care
I got lung cancer at the fair

Laying in the hospital bed
Gasping for the last bit of air
There was a slim chance of HOPE
The cancer has disappeared in mid air

With in the next year
My health improved
And I got a new family
A new happy health family

I hope that you take this short poem in to your grasp and see that Hope is far
from your grasp in bad times.

Poem Writer,
By: Jackie Thielman

Jackie Thielman

I'M Wanted?

I'm wanted for murder
That is what the cop said
This was my plead to the cop
"I didn't mean it"
"He was just there"
"He scared me"

"The gun was just there"
"He attacked me "
"I had to fight back"

"It was either I kill him
Or he killed my family and I"
"I was not ready to die "
"He was asking for is "

"This could not be true "
"It was not my purpose to kill him"
"I'm sorry, I'm really sorry"
"Please let me go"

Yet the cop did not listen to me
He taught that I was crazy
And that is exactly what I was

I did not kill anyone
It was just a nightmare that I had
That's what he told me

But I knew that I did kill someone
I felt it
I felt his warm blood splatter
As I shot him dead in the head
I hear him fall to the ground
And the dropp of his knife

Then I realized that what it was
It was really my imagination
I have been having visions

Visions of the past
And I did not kill that man
That was my mom
And I was the little girl in the background
I was really crazy

That is why I never met my mom
She is in jail
She had committed
MURDER! !

(not true) Poem Writer
Jackie Thielman

Jackie Thielman

In A Child's Eye

Thy love in my heart,
thy devoted words in my story,
is told with my eyes.
The words not spoken,
grown people can't value.

With a twinkle and a wink,
my soul is released.
As the crazy world subsides,
take a look inside,
my really radical eye.

My eye like a sponge,
absorbing colors so flamboyant.
My eyes scream "Wow",
with the overwhelming amount of beauty

The biter sweet things,
will always be seen,
with a child in the world.

Seeing the beauty comes to my benefit,
with making friends.
With lives so lit,
Nothing can go wrong.

Deep inside the child's eye,
a soul is what hides.
A soul that is beauty so pure,
something magnificent, rests assure.

Jackie Thielman

Labyrinth Mind

One's mind is a labyrinth
Can someone comprehend?
I feel lost in a world of wonders
Only things still has gone yonder

Jackie Thielman

Math

Math is my favorite thing
It is used for everything

I can't wait until the end of the day
Because that is math

I'm good at math
So I'm a geek

Can't you see
That math is everything

When math is over I'm doomed
I live for math it is
My favorite thing

Poem Writer,
By: Jackie Thielman

Jackie Thielman

Mine Or Yours

My Life
My Love,
My World
My Wishes,
My Words
My Wonder,
My Rules
My Race,
My Action
My Aces,
But this is
not My Life
not My Love,
not My World
not My Wishes,
not My Words
not My Wonder,
not My Rules
not My Race,
not My Action
not My Aces,
It is Yours

Poem Writer,
Jackie Thielman

Jackie Thielman

Mom's Poem

Words can not express,
But I try and do my best
To say how much I love you.

I'm your child
So sweet and so mild
You gave me strength when I needed it
and hope and courage too.
Like only a good mother would do,
you scolded me at times.

I always know that you love me,
and you're just mine.
I can't begin to show you
the love for you in my heart
right from the very start.

I know in my heart I haven't
always measured up so far.
But I love you with all my heart and soul
for the wonderful mother you are

All I have to say is
"I Love You"

Jackie Thielman

My Friends Poem 'Trust Me'

I am a person u can trust
with all ur secrets
ur depeasy fears
ur hearts desire
trust me i wont give them away

I am a person u can trust
no matter the concicueces
I'll take the blame when its my fult
cause i can trust u can do the same

I am a person u can trust
with the secrets u cant tell
but u can tell me any day

I am a person u can trust
I'll catch u when u fall
I'll pick u up when u r down

U can trust
i wont tell a sole ur secret
not even a seed

U can trust
u'll always hav a friend to talk to
and I'l b the 3rd friend to the math teacher and mouse
By: Janina Gallo

Jackie Thielman

No Singing Today

I love to sing
Singing is my world
To sing makes me happy
Oh so every happy

Today I can't sing
I have no ride to the choir
Now my life is over
My pappy is at work
The nanny is sick she is a witch
Cause she can't take me
My sis is at school
She is a fool

So I have no ride
Is go sing
Now my life is over
What a shame

As I sit here
Writing this poem
I could be singing
And have fun
But not I'm here so
NO singing today

Poem Writer,
By: Jackie Thielman

Jackie Thielman

One Cut

One cut can do it all
The one cut is all I saw
The control is all I need
One cut is all I pled

I don't care for the pain
Control is what I want to gain
One cut is all I need

Bleeding is not for me its for them
One cut its only to please
One cut for you and for me

One cut and you loose the game
All my cut could be the same
... one cut I could wind up dead!

Jackie Thielman

One Or More?

Hope is a lovely thing
So let freedom ring
Items are only things
And family is everything

God is in my life
And god is powerful
His does not care that you have
Or how much you have

You could have 1 chance at hope
Or more than abundant amount of hope
One or more people who love you
Even one or more people who hate you

What ever you have let freedom ring
Items aren't everything
It matter who love and even hate you
And god no matter what love you

So as you lay in depression
And you think no one love you
Just remember that
God love now and forever

So spread the word that
"God love you no matter what "
And "Hope is a lovely thing
So let freedom ring
Items aren't only things
And family is everything"

Poem Writer,
By: Jackie Thielman

Jackie Thielman

Only One Thing

There is only one thing
Holding me back
From my education
Bullies!

They roam the hall
And they are after me
They never sleep
They are always hunting me

They never get caught
Cause the teacher never sees
I love school
But I can't
Because of them

Today they tripped me
To the end of oblivion
I was late to science
So I was sent to the office

On the way to the office
I taught to myself
"That this is it
I'm doomed
I can never come back"

I told the principal
Everything that happened
For the single good thing
That ever happened in my life
The bullies were expelled

Now I can enjoy school
To the greatest
And all my friends

Poem Writer,
Jackie Thielman

Jackie Thielman

Pi Day (Haiku)

I don't understand
Exactly what is Pi Day
Ms. Winer help me

(is my math teacher)

Jackie Thielman

Poem Writer,

By: Jackie Thielman

Red River, Sliver Drop

Sliver tear drop
The cutting should stop
Not even for all the pain in the world

The red river flows
The true emotions shows
Only one more cut

One more cut
And the job is done
My suffering is gone

One cut
I'm dead

Jackie Thielman

Rose

Rose, where you yonder?
Red rose reaching to ripen,
shrivel up dead rose.

Jackie Thielman

Shooting Stars

It's gonna rain like shooting stars, so beautiful, so powerful; you cant live without. Lava will flow down the mountain that where it'll go. I ride the shooting star to go oh so far. i lasso the moons to meet there never ending doom. But It's gonna rain like shooting stars, so beautiful, so powerful; you cant live without.

Jackie Thielman

Showing Trust

I can tell you how I feel but showing you it would mean to me admitting that I have more than just emotions. That I can trust again, I'm afraid of that. I'm afraid that once I trust again and you know all that I am, I will be let down. And I will have on one.

Jackie Thielman

Sliver Man

The sliver man shivers as he stands,
And crying children cling together.
His torture might only be a game,
But he says we are all the same.
Where am I, I don't know, sliver man.

The sliver man singles me out
Controlling is what he dose best
I'm weary where he might lurk next.
He abused me with only a smirk.
Who am I, I don't know, sliver man.

The sliver man strikes again,
This time more intense
He leaves me paralyzed on the ground,
And he warms up for another round.
What am I, I don't know, sliver man.

Sliver man has won his game,
He'll be in my memory all the way,
Sliver man is here to stay!

Jackie Thielman

Spring And Rain Dancing Together

Spring has sprung
As I hear the pitter patters of rain
And the aroma of my lovely roses

As I stand out side
The wet cold rain taps my head
Then I do the rain dance
To the powerful almighty rain

I stay out side
And pick a blossom
For I love spring
It is awesome

As the day comes to an end
I stay outside to send
A message that
"I love spring"

Poem Writer,
By: Jackie Thielman

Jackie Thielman

Spring Break

The splash of a log
In the trickling creek
As I step on the log
My feet crumble
The leaves fallen from the tree
I look up to see
A hand reaching out to me

As I step off the cracking log
I let out an "Ouch"
For I did not know why
I look down to see
Sharp red thorns sticking me

Now the trickle of blood
Ran down my leg
Now the water stained with red
As tears drip off my face
I run to my friend
With screeching tears
Only to find
My shoe was lost

I dropped to the ground
With a big thump
As my friend runs across
The rushing water
To get my shoe

We walk home
With a limp in my step
And a "Ouch" every step
Up the hill in extreme pain

Jackie Thielman

Spring Has Sprung

As the sun raises
The birds start to chirp

The trees start to sway
As the strong wind blows

The silent air filled with the sent
of the newly bloomed blossoms

the newly born chipmunks
come to the ground
to feast on the grass
that covers the ground

Poem Writer,
By: Jackie Thielman

Jackie Thielman

Sub.

I walked into class
Only to find that
There is a sub.
Her name was Mrs. Weir
I taught that she was weird

I can't understand
What she is saying
It was like a waterfall
I can't stand the noise

Then Mrs. Samuels comes along
And I taught that
Mrs. Weir had problems

Poem Writer,
Jackie Thielman

Jackie Thielman

Suicide

Self
Underestimating
Individual
Confidence
In
Doing
Everything.

Jackie Thielman

Thanks To My New Friend

There is an important person
She is my garden angel
I meet you this year
But it felt like I known
Her for a long time

She has inspired me
To do and stop many things
I dedicate this to
My new friend Janina Gallo

When ever I start to write
Her poem "Trust Me"
Has meant al lot in
How the poem goes

We share thing in
Common like poetry and secrets
There is no secret that
I adore her

I wanted to let
Everyone know that
Janina Gallo is
And always will be
Apart of my poems

Poem Writer,
Jackie Thielman

Jackie Thielman

That Person?

Yes, I am that person
That person that sits in the back of class
To shy to show her face
Who sits there and write poetry all day
Wishing that she was at the bay

Yes, I am that person
Who fears the halls
And hate loud noises even thou she is in band
I hide my face behind my Tuba
Wishing that the day was over

Yes, I am that person
Who ever gets anything wrong
And the captain of the glee club
That person that is the top of the class
But is too shy to be happy for it

Yes, I am that person
Who has only two friends,
The mouse and the math teacher
That person that is the nicest
Yet wants no friend just
To write poetry

Yes, I am that person
Who is different
So deal with it
That is who I am

Poem Writer,
By: Jackie Thielman

Jackie Thielman

The Feeling Of Sleep

As I lay here in bed
The only thing I dread
Is when I wake up tomorrow
And wish for the feeling of sleep

As I finally rest from my long days of work
There is no more ache in my legs
As I lay in my cloud bed
I rest my head on nothing but air
As I drift in to sleep
It feels like happiness is in the air

I can't feel my body
As I can only dream good dreams
For I love the feeling of sleep
As sleep hit its highest point
I'm no longer responsive
For this is the feeling of sleep

As I descend from my sleep
The ache comes back
as if I never fell asleep
seven hours has pass
but it felt like one hour

this the one thing
that I long for
and that is the feeling of sleep

Poem Writer,
By: Jackie Thielman

Jackie Thielman

The Simple Death

Tick tock the clock strikes ten
As the wonderful wind blows
The mighty winter willow
Outside the whopping window

The dark dreadful dreary day
Has come to an end
For this is the death
Of Mr. Shoemaker

His lovely little wife Lilly
Has stopped searching
For the scarce remains of her soul
Causing the aching anguish
Upon Mr. Shoemaker

She withers away in
Her wasted remains
Driving Mr. Shoemaker to
Darkest deepest depression

As Mr. Shoemaker
Rapidly regrets the right to live
He has nothing nursing him
To his great nature that he is

The affecting appearance
Around with filth and trash
Has led to circulating cancer
Carnage him to his immense grave

And I his heartfelt child
Has dug a devoted
Distinguished memorial
In his honor

This simple death has
set the life of loved ones
For on this horrible horrendous day

Has finally finish off

Today and tomorrow
Will always be thy
Simple death for my beloved
Mr. Shoemaker

Poem Writer,
Jackie Thielman

Jackie Thielman

This Moment

This moment, this very moment
This single moment
Changed my life forever

This moment
Caused by a single trip
This trip caused
The end of my normal life
From this moment on
I am handicapped

The sharp steel blades
Slicing my skin
The crushing of my bones
Like a snap of a twig
The water fountain of blood
Gushing from my foot

The sharp sting of pain
The pain I never felt before
The pain generating through my body
To the point where it burst

The burst of tears
Dry in the sun as they hit the cheek
The sun
Sucking the last bit of moisture off my face
The last bit of tears
I'll see for awhile

As I'm carried away
From this dreadful day
I have nothing to say
As I go into shock

The mask of breath
Was put on my face
As I hear the blaring noise
I'm getting closer

To the flashing lights
That soon will save my life

I'm put in to the back
Of the noisy flashing box
The box is closed and locked
The wheels start to spin
And they tare up the lawn

I see a man grin
As I gasp my last bit of air
Now I'm knocked out
For I don't care, the pain is gone
The pain I have felt
Was gone for now

When I finally wake up
From my big peaceful sleep
The pain is back
Yet no gushing blood

I scream for the nurse
Then the nurse comes in and opens the small box
And ups the dose of
My lovely pain killer

I look to my right
And I see something that gave me a fright
My mom and dad
Sounded by gifts
All these gifts for me

As I open my gifts
My mom and dad sigh
And my mom starts to cry
She is shocked
For what has happened
That very same day

After opening my gifts
I give my non-cozy warm blanket a lift
I didn't realize

That I had no foot
All I could see was a cast

The frustrating re-habitation
Constant struggle
To do the normal things
It is taking a time from
My family and I

This moment
This sad life changing moment
Is the worst moment in my young life?
From this moment on
I am handicapped

Poem Writer,
By: Jackie Thielman

Jackie Thielman

Walcamp

This place is a coming of nature
and the coming of the Lord.
This is a safe place for feelings,
something we have in common.

With the wonderful people,
and the memories to share.
The fun games and songs,
every day of the week.

The endless sharing of faith,
that comes around the daily campfire.
Somehow, someway we come together,
All in this one place, sharing our love for the Lord.

When the week comes to a close,
There's singing and tears.
Not tears of sadness, but tears of joy.
The joy of being there with people, who care,
and extending our faith with god

Poem Writer,
Jackie Thielman

Jackie Thielman

What I Can'T?

love can't fill in the spaces
my mind can't run races
my feet can't tie laces

my hand can't write
my eyes have no sight
my taugt aren't light

my spirit is tied down
my face holds a frown
my head has no crown

my life has no meaning
my ears only hear ringing
my skin has no feeling

Poem Writer,
Jackie Thielman

Jackie Thielman

Wings Of Strength

The eyes of the looking glass see no lies,
Your heart is the path on which you follow.
Pain is all you recognize.
Your past is much filled with sorrow.
'Tis strength makes your wings fly far from your enemies hands.

Jackie Thielman

You Are

If you are hurt, you are healed.

If you are punished, you are saved.

If you owe, you are paid for.

If you lied, you are forgiven.

If you are wronged, you are equal.

IF YOU ARE ANYTHING BUT HAPPY, THEN THIS NEEDS TO CHANGE!

Jackie Thielman