

Poetry Series

Jamie McDonald
- poems -

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Jamie McDonald(06/04/1960)

Contemplation

I found myself wondering
Just contemplating you see
Marvelling at the magic
And everything life can be
Misfortunes, trials and tribulations
Happiness, success and limitations
The vail of frailty and inevitably
Souls all to expel these mortal shells
Behaviour, actions and deeds
All change the world perceived
Be good, helpful, charitable and kind
Think for a moment and use you mind?
To our children and our children's children
We leave this world behind

By
Jamie McDonald

Jamie McDonald

Defend Our Heroes

It matters not if they laid down their lives, whether it be on domestic or foreign soil.

It matters not what war, peace keeping force or domestic duties they were assigned.

It matters not how many medals they wear or they don't.

What matters and makes them heroes is simple.

Without question they signed up or answered the call putting your life before theirs.

They allow us all the freedoms we enjoy and take for granted every day.

Pray for the fallen, support their families and support the returned soldiers.

Remember they are our heroes and look after them.

Jamie McDonald

I Always Gave In

Why do family attack and criticise?

Why the anger, attitude and the need to fight?

We need to be here for each other

Not constantly ducking for cover

Family needs to love, support and affectionately be tight.

It should be discussion not argument no matter who is wrong or right Neither visits nor calls unless to be used or abused

Now I stand my ground for surrender I refuse

Family can be insensitive and cause so much pain

I can't believe after all these years here it goes again

The hurt can be so immense just so one can feel they are right

My broken heart and flowing tears afford me no comfort through the night

Family can hurt you the worst when they stab you in the heart

When all you want is love, recognition, acceptance, not broken and ripped apart So here is the message, no more, no more and take it to be true

If you can't give love and compassion then that's it I'm through.

Jamie McDonald

I Only Ask You Know Who I Am

I fight for your freedom and all luxuries you enjoy
Like happiness, family and the choices you employ
I ask little reward for these gifts that I give
It is for honour, country and freedom to live
I risk my all so you can have comfort and sleep safe at night

The price to me is often I must fight for my life
I only ask you recognise, respect me and know who I am
And you support the cause of your fellow man
We all want to live happy and die when we're much older
Who am I? I will tell you now I'm a professional soldier

Jamie McDonald

Night Drivers

It's been quite a while since I saw him last
Painful, happy and sad memories long in the past
Best friends with my uncle with whom I worked and I drank.
Hit by car his body and mind damaged and blank.
He still remembers the names people for who he cares
He just doesn't always remember from where
Once was a champion gymnast and a real decent gent
But now his eyes they have dulled his body is bent
So when you're out driving on a dark rainy night
Be aware of pedestrians so they won't have to fight for their life.
Uncle Terry you full of life and had such a spark
You were always up for the greatest of larks
So all you night drivers slow down in the rain
You might save another a lifetime of pain.

Jamie McDonald

Pain

Pain in the joints, ankles feet fingers, back shoulders and thighs.
Aching hurting taunting until all consumed by pains incredulous mistake
Attacking my body, my thoughts, imaginings being elsewhere gruelling pain I
hate

Piecing, nagging, persistent, unrelenting and just won't let go until I yield
Pain that is here, there and everywhere just punishing mercilessly forcing my
hand
Stretch meditate, relax, all the tricks, relief only comes with the drugs prescribed

Resisting, hoping, wishing don't want to take them but relief is the prize, I relent
Sombre, lethargic, groggy can't think or function disappointed I surrender yet
again

Jamie McDonald

R.I.P Claude Choules The Last Great Australian Hero From Ww1

To the last man standing we give our respect
As the curtain is closed we are forever in your debt
None of us can know the sacrifices you made

To keep us safe and now to rest you are laid
Claude Coules you must know we will not forget
You were the last of your kind and now you can rest

Jamie McDonald

The Journey Of Life

Life is but a journey often with friends abound
At times loneliness with no friends to be found

It serves no purpose not to be at your best
Be tolerant of some and hospitable the rest

Don't stand so tall or proud you cannot be seen
Helping out another must be a part of the theme

It serves no purpose to look down on others
It is better to live as if we're all brothers

If you can't say something nice then don't speak at all
If you live your life nasty and angry you're bound for a fall

Think long and hard about these words I have said
It is far too late when we're all buried and dead

Jamie McDonald