

Poetry Series

Jeanette Dunlap
- poems -

Publication Date:

2011

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Jeanette Dunlap(08/30/86)

Jeanette has written in a journal since she can remember. She enjoys writing, reading, and shopping. She is happily ever after married to Dave, and has loads of pets - a poodle Bailey; a kitty named Lucky, two adorable ferrets Pebbles and Bam-Bam, and one new baby bird. She is working on her bachelor's degree in psychology. Dark, intense writing is her favorite, but she also appreciates humor. She works as an Office Manager and OSHA Authorized Instructor, mystery shops, and writes for .

Acid Trip To The Circus

There once was a circus with many mice

I went to it once I thought it was nice

No I didn't go once I believe I went thrice

The first time I went I sat under the tent

But I couldn't take the elephants scent

So I moved back over towards the vent

The clowns made me laugh

Then along came the giraffe

With his best friend the elephant calf

The crowd clapped and cheered

At the lady with a beard

Then someone stood and volunteered

He climbed the ladder to the trapeze

And away he grabbed hold and swung with ease

To everyone's fear then he sneezed

He fell 50 feet

But he was still in for a treat

The ringleader was coming for soon they would meet

The ringleader walked up to the man

And shook his hand

For he was a really big fan

I know you're excited for the rest of the story

But it really did start to get whorey

So I'll leave without all the gory

Make sure you email this to your friend

Copy and post don't forget to hit send

Unfortunately this is the end

Co-written with Lauren Ashley

Jeanette Dunlap

Bad Weather

My dream is gone
Forever is too long
This wind has carried it away
All my hope.

My spirit is broken
Tears long dried
I was lifted up
But then I fell
Rock bottom,
Still falling

You never said forever
I only wanted to look forward to tomorrow
Only wanted to take one day at a time
You seem to be
Living in the past
Blind to my pain
Refusing to look me in the eye
Telling me another lie
They will come back to haunt you
Then you cannot blame me

I can feel this fire
Burned by the flame
The rain is coming
These clouds have darkened
I can hear thunder in the distance
Lightening strikes
And I can No Longer Predict the Weather

Jeanette Dunlap

Broken

Broken and falling apart
How could you say such a remark?
It's hard to say what I'll do
Who knows with these feelings of you
I walk away
Why didn't I stay?
Still broken
and falling apart

Jeanette Dunlap

Cherry

Everyday I count each moment
My passion I have to vent
Like a singer with a new song
With you is where I belong

Wearing your paper thin gown
I carefully, slowly pull it down
Revealing the perfect view
Anxious, I start to lick you

From your bottom to your top
Once started, I can't stop
As your juices begin to flow
I'll be wearing my after~glow

Now all over my cheeks
My excitement really peaks
The most wonderful taste
Taking care not to waste

You're all gone so quick
Nothing left but the stick
This was meant to tickle
My ode to the popsicle

Jeanette Dunlap

Ending The Cycle

I don't know why I stayed so long,
Or how I couldn't see it was wrong.
When most of the time I would lay and cry...
Always blaming myself and wondering, "why?"
Intimidated, scared and isolated,
[He was] always yelling and agitated.
Forever controlled and manipulated
By this Hell he created.
I suffered silently - but others were nearby.
Didn't they notice I was forced to comply?
Please don't stay quiet - in this epidemic
Or your loved ones will be seeing a medic
1 in 4 women, 1 in 7 men
How can we get this cycle to end?
It's not all black eyes and angry fists,
But yes, there were bruises when he held down my wrists.
The hateful words spat into my ear,
Nasty names called, so horrible to hear.
The cycle continued on and the hurt forgiven,
Until she came along, then I became driven.
It wasn't about me anymore,
Or the pain I could endure.
It became about protecting this little girl,
Who with all my heart and soul I adore.
Such huge differences between him and me;
I just want what is best for my baby (Harley)
Grateful for the outpouring of support;
(Just praying it all works out in court.)
I escaped, and we survived with our lives,
Unlike so many young victims, girlfriends, and wives.
I'm lucky to be free from the abuse,
No longer will he taunt and bruise.
Together we are healing, better every day.
Trying to forget his abusive way.
As hard as it is to think back,
I wrote this to stop others from attack
The violent abuse was not our choice,
Stand up for those without a voice.
I'm telling you from 10 years of pain -

He won't get help, he won't change.
You can't fix the abuser, only yourself
There are people who want to help!

6/23/2017

Jeanette Dunlap

Family Tragedy

he prays toward the sky
even himself asking why
his mother just died
and his family can only cry
he had to leave the house and get out
went to the park to be forgot about
all the questions and concern
his face blank, maybe a little stern
he shrugs and looks at the sky
asking silently only, 'why? '
'maybe everyone is better off dead'
he wrote in his journal and quietly said
slowly he makes his way back
to see how the others are handling this

vicious attack

Jeanette Dunlap

Jealousy

You see my eyes follow someone else
A hand crawls down your spine
I ask you if your ok,
You lie and say 'I'm fine.'

My arms are around someone else
Your anger is rising inside
You look so hurt and miserable
I only want to run and hide

You want me just for yourself
I just wish that you could see
How deeply runs your jealousy
And how we aren't meant to be

Jeanette Dunlap

Love Affair

I've been drawn into a love affair
With a shiny stranger
The sharp edge it gives
Puts my life in danger

I leave to see the stranger
Sometimes twice a day
I can't leave the perfect love alone
My love always knows what to say

This affair is hurting me
I can't go on another night
Fight against this stranger...
With all of my might

My love affair is done
I will never use my love again
Because my life is over
My heart will never mend

Jeanette Dunlap

Sick Man's Fun

This helpless girl
Is lying on the cold floor
This sick twisted man
Stands over her, wanting more

She can't fight anymore
The first time she tried
He pinned her to the floor
She screamed and cried

She's resisted and struggled
Cried for him to stop
Now she does nothing
Her hands just can't block

She sits there thinking
"I'm going to be killed."
As she shakes in fear
Is his dirty deed fulfilled?

This freshly broken girl
Was raped and battered
Stained in her own blood
All dreams now shattered

This disgusting crime
Left too much damage done
Now her life is totally changed
From one sick mans fun

Jeanette Dunlap

What Am I Doing?

A question I often ask
When I get that feeling
When my mind is off task
And my head is reeling

Just,

What Am I Doing?

Jeanette Dunlap