

Poetry Series

John Hess
- poems -

Publication Date:
2013

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

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Two daughters and one son

A Daughter

The moment she's born is a blessed thing,
Joy to the world, let us rejoice and sing;

The moment she smiles takes your breath away,
So precious is she, she's mine you say;

The moment she stands you begin to weep,
For the future is coming and soon she will leave;

The moment she speaks the world seems to stop,
Amazement and wonder as you fall back and drop;

The moment she grabs you and speaks so true,
Tears stream down your face, for she said 'I love you.'

A daughter's a gift, a reminder so clear,
Her mother she looks like, you can only cheer;

A daughter's a gift, protect her you must,
By God's mighty hand, there's no one you trust;

A daughter's a gift, and in her you'll find,
Compassion and love, a heart so kind;

A daughter's a gift from the heavens above,
For there is hope in this world now, full of love.

John Hess

A Son

When he is born, you beam with pride;
A son, my son, will stand by my side.

When he is born, the world will know;
That his father's wish is to see him grow.

When he is born, plans do you make;
Protect him to manhood, everything's at stake.

When he is born, through him you live;
Nothing forsaken, all you will give.

And as he grows the world is a dream;
Together you play and Dino's the theme.

And as he grows, sports take root;
A tiny athlete, there is no dispute.

And as he grows, the girls take note;
Pride swells in you, you begin to gloat.

And when he grows, sadness will spawn;
For your son, my son, will soon move on.

And fear that grows in you, you hope and pray;
That all that you taught him, will always stay.

John Hess

Accept Your Blight

As he walks the path he remembers her;
Old memories and new, come crashing in a blur.
As he walks the path lost in thought;
Something watches and whispers, careful not to be caught.

Cold this night the chill bites deep;
In the pain of failure, he begins to weep.
Cold this night it approaches unseen;
The words 'let her go' echo unclear

He stumbles and turns woken from thought;
What was that, 'who's there? ', he spoke and sought.
He stumbled, it faded, from sight it hid
'Let her go, ' it whispered, 'yours she's not, it's forbid.'

He peers deep in the night, finding nothing but air;
'The voices' he thought, 'why should they care?
'Let her go, ' it echoes, carried by the breeze
'Let her go' he thinks, 'how could they tease? '

Heavy sigh in his heart, he wonders 'why? '
'Why have you forsaken me? ' As he looks to the sky.
Have I not done everything, all that you asked? '
'Living faithful to one, that was my task.'

It's smile hidden from his eyes by the night;
It's eyes widen, waiting for the time to be right.
'Give in, ' it whispers, holding fast;
'Let her go now, so your suffering wont last.'

'How can I! ? I love her.' To knee he fell;
'How can I? I'll die. If you can please tell.'
From the shadows it emerged, the darkest of black;
Fear gripped him in place as he tried to draw back.

Forward it came, wicked smile it shown;
Forward it came and spoke in a low tone.

'Now the time has come for you to know,

That I thy being shall not go.
The time has come for you to plead,
For I thy being will not leave.'

'Death is thy answer but life's thy way,
What will happen is for me to say.
So from the gates of hell I have risen
To destroy your life if you do not listen.'

'The pain you feel I can take it away;
Replaced with warmth if you do as I say.
The pain you feel fires deep inside you;
A cold still calm could be something new.'

Tears upon his cheeks he lowered his head;
Heart pounding loudly then he said,
'Life without her is hell, I miss her so;
So to relieve this pain what must I undergo? '

Slowly it approaches as the night parts way
Panic grips him and he begins to say.
But the being of night lifts its cold dead hand
Silence for now is what it commands

'Let her go, ' it hisses, now by his side;
'Let her go, no longer is she your bride.'
It places its hand upon his chest;
Heart pounding frantically, will soon come to rest.

'Mi bella esposa, ti quiero tanto.'
His pain and fear begins to go.
'Better off she is without you in sight, '
'Better off you are, Accept Your Blight.'

John Hess

Alone I Stand It Seems

I cried the day we wed, standing before all to see;
My wife you became, the woman of my dreams.
On the birth of our son, holding him in my arms;
I cried there silently, scared for no harm to come.

During our second pregnancy, distance separated us-I sighed;
His calling lifted our child to the heavens, no time to say good-bye.
Our third a fighter she was, the tiniest for all to see;
As I looked down into her eyes, it's you that smiled back at me.

14 yrs ago I swore that I will always love you, this I never lied;
Funny how time changes all things, but my love has never died.
Now we stand at the crossroads, which way will you turn;
I hope and pray to GOD Almighty, my direction is where you yearn

Foolish I was to think that we would never change in time;
But knowing that things could be ending, brings a cold chill down my spine.
I think of the summer of 98, frightened and afraid to talk;
Should I tell you how I feel, or simply let you walk?

I pulled my courage tight than, wrapped it all around me;
With a prayer to the maker above, I confessed for all to see.
To my surprise that day ago, you felt the same-we laughed;
Together we opened the doors to the world, you became my better half.

But it seems that time has played a joke, grabbed our love and ran;
Hid it deep in the darkened abyss, how lonely will I stand?
I know that I love you, I feel it deep within my soul;
It pulls at me in one direction, can you feel it on your knoll?

I remember a time in the climate of my dreams;
Your voice was my beacon, it guided me through all things.
And there in my dreams you held me so close;
Together we laughed, no worries, no woes.

Now the words come crashing back, 'I don't love you that way no more.'
My body and mind has been ripped, will we ever be restored?
I know what I want, but getting there seems a dream;
Can we make it together or is it now a wishful melodic theme?

We fight; I can't kid myself, so much as of late;
The words cut with such sharpness, what will be our fate?
My heart is yours now, as it was that day ago;
Always calling for you, no other, can you feel its tow?

Alone I stand it seems, although together for now we are;
But the passion and love have faded into a dying star.
Your light that guiding me for so many years I know;
Replaced by bitter sorrow, your warmth no longer glows.

John Hess

Baby Girl

I love you so;
Nothing compares.
I love you so;
Rings through the air.

No matter what happens with mommy and me;
Remember that love pours endlessly.
You are my sun that lights the sky;
So please baby girl do not cry.

One day soon I hope to return;
But the pain right now cuts and burns.
I love you my princess that will always be true;
Hold it tight to your heart and do not feel blue.

Look to the sky when the moon is full;
There you will find me and feel my pull.
Look to the sun and dance in its' rays;
'I love you' will be carried all through the day...

All my love my baby girl

John Hess

Dark Is The Night

Standing alone here, here in the night;
Wondering what's happened, what is my blight?
My nightmares of late, torment me so;
Waiting ever patiently, for my eyes to close.

My marriage now ending, and fading fast;
My mind races frantically to hold on to the past.
For the woman I loved, still love to this day;
Made up her mind, and there's nothing I can say.

Saint I am not and problems we've had;
But I always thought nothing, nothing so bad.
Pushed her away, for so many years;
Due to my stubbornness, now there are tears.

So I stand here alone and dark is the night;
Afraid to sleep now, for fear of the fight.
The voices they call and try as I might;
Their words echo deep, far into the night.

'Let her go, ' is their calling, deep in my mind;
'Let her go, ' they persist, how was I so blind.
The pain of it all cuts deep like a knife;
'Why stick around to this miserable life? '

A place my dreams was full of comfort for me;
Knowing you close gave reason to dream.
A place my dreams now full of despair;
Filled with voices of sorrow, I no longer can bear.

So the nightmares play games inside my head;
I hear my daughter calling from her room in bed.
And as I hurry to her, half awake from sleep;
I find I'm not home and I begin to weep.

Then the calling of my son, causes me to turn;
Again I find nothing, and my eyes start to burn.
The nightmares not over for before me I see;
My beautiful wife, she no longer loves me.

'Let her go, ' they sing, 'your pain will end';
But I love you still, how can I bend?
'Let her go, ' they demand, 'you are not the one';
But to do so means the loss of daughter and son.

My dreams are fading like a dying fire;
'Let her go, ' the voices rage, all in choir!
My memories of you flood me day and night;
'Let her go, ' the voices cry, how do I fight!

'Let her go, ' they say, 'the pain will end';
'But to hold on as you do, it's only pretend.'
Alone I now stand and dark is the night;
Hearing the voices now calling, who will win this fight?

John Hess

Days Are Gray

The days are gray and I wonder why;
Looking for ways, to say good-bye.
My path before me, so lonely it seems;
Remembering old times, I want to scream.

So as I take each step, one by one;
The world keeps spinning, without my sun.
I'm told one day, that laughter will reign;
But until that time, I feel so drained.

Scarred by love, I feel my tears;
As the future is ripped, I stand in fear.
Winter upon us and the cold bites deep;
My love you were once, I no longer can keep.

Mind made up, you turn away;
No future with you, what can I say.
I love you so, my dreams now shattered;
World now darkening, what does it matter?

So to take each step, day by day
Torment and sorrow holds me at bay.
Body numb and mind confused,
What path to take, which to choose?

John Hess

I Think Of You

When I wake, I think of you,
on my mind it's nothing new.
Kid myself, I dream and hope;
no other way, can I cope.

Our marriage now, coming to end;
not something I wanted, but now I bend.
I love you, with every breath I take;
something of me, I could not forsake.

Yes we have, we've hit the wall;
arguing and fighting, this seems our call.
Words we throw, like fighter's fist;
clouds our minds, like the devil's mist.

Hurt and pain, now in our hearts;
where once was love, that could never part.
Where time and space, didn't matter;
as long as we believed, nothing would shatter.

Now I stand here, when two hearts were one;
searching for lost love, in the morning sun.
Tears on my cheek, and memories of you;
hold me and tease me, through and through.

When I wake, I think of you;
impossible to forget, this be true.
Kid myself, I dream and pray;
knowing always, my feelings at bay.

John Hess

In The Comfort Of My Dreams

I close my eyes in the comfort of my dreams;
Reconstructing its land, pierced by a stream.
The sky I paint with whites and blue;
Birds soaring high, through and through.

The plushiest of grass and tallest of trees;
Decorate the land as far as can see.
Flowers now created to fullest of bloom;
They scent the air with their perfume.

A mountain now, in the far distance;
Snow cap tops, now in existence.
The sun to shine with its warm rays;
Lasting forever throughout the days.

A gentle breeze crosses the land;
All plant life swaying by its hand.
A comfort to know I still can imagine;
But missing something, something called passion.

So now I stand here in the comfort of my dreams;
Watching the picture coming apart at the seams.
And try as I might I find I can't hold it;
The cost is too great to simply ignore it.

Shut my eyes harder, clearing my mind;
Searching for answers, but it's you that I find.
The mountains in the distance begin to crumble;
My beautiful wife now causes me to stumble.

Back turned to me, she walks away;
Grass and trees no longer sway.
Whites and blue turn to gray;
For the voices have woken and they say.

'Pain is your calling, she's yours no more;
Your dreams are fading and shall never soar.'
'The climate of your dream has been destroyed;
Replaced by its wake is this endless void.'

To dream again is my one passion;
But with you on my mind everything goes ashen.
I know that your future holds me no more;
And to move on without you tears at my core.

I know that our fights, our children do hate;
Affected them so, as of late.
Now it seems the end is closing in soon;
I feel trapped, alone, as if marooned.

Truth be told, it is you that I seek;
Dreams an escape now, I've become so weak.
For reality now, has become my nightmare;
And my dreams now, holds all that I dare.

For here in my climate of dreams;
You hold me for all time, has become the theme.
For this is the place that I remember when;
Laughter and love was hand in hand.

So here in the climate of my dreams;
The fabric of time has no seams.
Together we stand ever so close;
And to make it last time even slows.

My heart you have captured, to the end of time;
But reality breaks through and this is a crime.
For without you I stand and my dreams fall apart;
Never knowing my course or where to start.

So I close my eyes in the comfort of my dreams;
Reconstructing its land, pierced by a stream.
The sky I paint with whites and blue;
You by my side, through and through...

John Hess

In The Comfort Of My Dreams Ii

I close my eyes, in the comfort of my dreams;
Walking through the land, next to the stream.
Here I sit, remembering the past;
Wondering how long, will my love for you last?

I hear the bird's song and the rustling of leaves;
Tears come to eyes and it's you I can't see.
The sky so soothing, with its whites and blue;
Is there someone, somewhere, that can give me a clue?

Though comfort is welcome, in the memories I hold;
Without you beside me, my body grows cold.
The pain swells deep, growing heavy at my core;
Searching for ways to move on, to survive this war.

For I find myself alone, my dreams torn apart;
Forced to move on, my futures now dark.
Was once an escape here, this land in my head;
Where I tell you I love you, but the real world-goes unsaid.

I inhale deeply and it's your fragrant I smell;
Memories cascading, how do I escape this hell?
My dreams are suppose to be, a place with no pain;
But now they find me, simply going insane.

So how do I stop loving you and get you out of my head;
Break the ties that bids us, how do I cut this thread?
For like the mountain I see, in the climate of my dreams;
I stand alone for all time, for now as it seems.

As I walk here alone, remembering my past;
The sounds of nature's call, no longer do last.
Trees have grown silent, standing ever so still;
The air a dead calm, as the land becomes ill.

Looking this way and that, and to my eyes I see;
Cherished moments in time, being torn at the seams.
The sun that once shined here, lasting all through the day;
Replaced by darkness, as the land begins to decay.

The warmth that blanketed me, and held me so tight;
Has slipped away forever, with the coming of night.
A matter of time, for all good things come to an end;
Love ever lasting, who said this and when?

For the love that you had, was turned off one day;
Pretending for years, and then pulled away.
Blinded by love, for I wanted to believe;
That my bride was beside, how naive.

So with eyes closed, and heavy with heart;
Our roads cross no more, they stand apart.
You have moved on, with seemingly no remorse;
You did this to me, long before our divorce.

As time moves on, I hope and pray;
My love for you, will simply go away.
But as it stands now, the pain is too great;
Heart ripped apart, for I lost my soul mate.

So in this darken void, my prison to be;
I weep alone with thoughts, of you and me.
Laughter and love, now a thing of the past;
Love ever lasting now shattered, like a glass...

John Hess

Lost A Best Friend

Everything's different now, his heart won't mend;
for today of all days, he lost a best friend.
So he remembers her, a vision of beauty to behold;
dances across gently, during the winter's cold.

Her voice he misses, soothed his mind it did;
now words fill his head, 'She is now forbid.'
And her touch so delicate, all pain would end;
how he misses this now, what happened to his friend?

But of all the things, that tears at his soul;
it's the loss of her heart, he's no longer whole.
So memories of her, he will always hold dearly;
without her it's empty, this he sees clearly.

During time of dark days, how does he heal;
Passing through life, how desolate it feels.
Each minute of time, it's a torture in hell;
lone ship on the seas, now he must sail.

Like a thick fog covering, the waters of time;
mist of despair echoes, as it chimes.
And as each wave crashes, against the hull;
explosions erupt, deep in his skull.

Vision now clouded, to the horizon he peers;
But nothing to see, except for his fears.
Shadows in the distance, demons take shape;
wicked grins on their faces, is there no escape?

His wife, his best friend, kept the demons away;
now that she's gone, these creatures now stay.
They feed on his fears, alone he now stands;
sea of time rocky, which way is the land?

His beacon now gone, in this darkest of days;
blue skies clouding, all turns to gray.
Cold bite of the wind, in the morning break;
freezes the tears to remind him, of his heart's ache.

Lost a best friend, she was much more, my wife;
soul mate, split apart, my reason for life.
The waters now turbulent, the hull weakens from strain;
my soul has been beaten, my heart now in pain.

John Hess

Night Is Dark

The night is dark and you are thought of,
Never forgotten and held above.
So much to say but afraid to speak,
My words held silent as I try to speak.

The love I had once still burns within,
The only thing left now are my sins.
So I say to you on this darken night,
Sleep well, pleasant dreams, hold our children tight.

John Hess

Sitting On The Porch

Sitting on this porch, I look to the tree;
Standing there alone now, the only thing I see.
The cold of season changing, causing it to sway;
If it had a voice I wonder what it would say.

Just a year ago it wasn't all alone;
The tornado blew on past and left the others prone.
So now this giant oak tree, standing at the end;
Finds the squirrels and birds are gone, no one to befriend.

Branches missing here and there, looks as if its sad;
Reminds me of my life right now, how things are going bad.
The leaves are changing color now, all turning brown;
Gives the feeling of winters coming, silence now the sound.

Will this mighty oak tree, standing all alone;
Ever find its way again, to become someone's home.
Will its branches grow so strong, leaves turn to green;
Time will only tell the tale, of this tragic scene.

John Hess

Stands At The Edge

He stands at the edge, looking deeply below;
Sees nothing but darkness, despair starts to grow.
How did he come here, on this road of sorrow;
Standing at the edge, will there be a tomorrow?

Remembers a time, when she was so close;
Laughter and happiness, there were no woes.
She was his world and he was hers;
Hand in hand, is how things occurred.

A family they started, two kids to see;
So happy they were, all would agree.
But as all good things, come to an end;
They're marriage dissolved, no way to mend

All that he's knows, now gone in a blink;
The life with a family, no longer in sync.
The pain he feels, weighs heavily on him;
Drowning in solitude, his life now so dim.

Now he stands alone, and the night is cold;
Reflecting on times, wishing to atone.
But the love she had, burns no more;
Caressing touch gone, eats at his core.

He stands at the edge, looking deeply below;
Sees nothing but darkness, how far will he go?
How did he come here, on this road of despair;
Standing at the edge, who will care?

John Hess

Tears Of Sorrow

Tears of sorrow are forever more;
Knowing what's coming eats my core.
Thoughts of you flood my mind;
Knowing that love no longer binds.

My dreams no longer find you there;
Walking alone now something I bear.
And knowing your heart holds me no longer;
Tears my soul which once was stronger.

The voices they say 'let her go';
Weaken each day how do I know?
Tears of sorrow hold my cries;
My body weakens and wants to die.

My strength has escaped me;
My mind has neglected me.
'Let her go, ' now rings;
'Let her go, ' now sings.

But how do I move on, how do I live;
Knowing in time nothing will give.
All that I was is forever gone;
My wife, my daughter, and my son.

Forced to look into my future;
My heart ripped to pieces nothing to suture.
So now I think of the unthinkable;
Ending my life which once was unsinkable.

'Let her go, ' they say 'your pain will end';
How do I do it, she's my wife, my best friend.
'Let her go, ' they whisper 'no longer yours';
I'm trapped in a room without any doors.

'Let her go, ' they chime 'accept what is true';
Fallen to knees only one thing to do.
Tears of sorrow, on my cheeks this day;
Tears of sorrow blinding, now all is gray...

John Hess

The Wife

Take it from me all you men out there,
a wife holds you heart;
So when sorrow hits and grief grips you,
you'll find that you are a part.

Now I sit alone with a lot of time on my hands,
Hoping you'll heed my warning;
Constructing the words how else do I stand,
For now comes the time of mourning.

All of your days keep her in your heart,
Or complacency will be your demise;
Do not ignore what you perceive to be little,
For to her it is dear, so be wise.

Tell her you love her each passing day,
And date her all you can;
Remember the things that captured her heart,
For there is where it all began.

Remember these things for simple it is,
Love is a living thing;
Feed it each day so strong it may be,
Or your heart will take the sting.

Blinded we are of matters of heart,
And our wives pays the price;
So reflect to the day that she was your world
And please take my advice...

John Hess

There Was A Time

There was a time that I would reach to you;
Half way met you would reach back too.
Longing for you I would lean in and kiss;
Lips to lips what a wonderful bliss.

Dazed with desire and emotions a flame;
My life was complete and you were to blame.
Sorrow and pain were things of the past;
My wife you became for all time to last.

No longer alone my life was a dream;
You by my side became our theme.
Often I wondered why you chose me;
So beautiful you are, you're all that I see.

But a fool I am not and we run aground;
Our marriage at stake.....will I drown?
My world is ending, come the day that you leave;
My world is ending and it's too hard to believe.

Now days are filled with memories of you;
To a time before, when all things were new.
When in your eyes I was the man;
How loving we where, at the time it began...

John Hess

Through The Darkest Days

Through the darkest day, past the morning's light;
He stands now alone, too tired to fight.
Tired from fighting, he drops to his knees;
Asking The Lord above, to hear his pleas.

A saint he is not, nor shall he ever be;
A broken man before all, for all to see.
A life at one time, full of love from his bride;
Memories are left, for his love she denies.

His touch not expected, nor words from the heart;
She made up her mind, and now they're apart.
Her eyes now speak, where words once were;
Good-bye she says, his mind is a blur.

So through the darkest days, past the morning's light;
Beyond the winds calling, far from sight.
He closes his eyes, and draws a deep breath;
Memories cascading, he longs for death.

He stumbles about, deep in his mind;
Looking for comfort, what will he find?
Images glimpsing, fading fast do they;
Soft words of warning, what do they say?

The voices haunting, he knows them so well;
Echoing loudly, like the church's toll bell.
Fear grips him, for soon they will come;
Reminding him of failures, will be sung.

And though he will try, with all his might;
His mind will be beaten, in this endless fight.
So once again, he looks to the sky;
Asking Almighty above, how to say good-bye.

Through the darkest days, past the morning's light;
His world is collapsing, he begins to write.
Feelings of love, and 'tears of sorrow' of pain;
Find its way to paper, like the falling rain.

Hopes and desire, course through his vein;
As the voices descend, he begins to wane.
Silents he wishes, but deafening they be;
Hands pressed to ears, his mind tries to flee.

'How do I walk, when she was everything to me? '
He looks for the answer, but nothing to see.
'How do I stop loving her, when my soul cries for her? '
Again no answer is waiting, and then there's a stir.

He peers into the darkness, past the morning's light;
Beyond comprehension, he understands his plight.
So upon fallen knee, and his head hung low
He closes his eyes and hears, 'Let her go.'

John Hess

You That I See

I feel the world crushing, closing in on me;
Desperate I was, so I went out to see.
Not really shopping, just walking about;
My minds overwhelmed and I wanted to shout.

Tried to loose myself, deep in the crowd;
All those people moving, just bustling around.
Foreign noises, ringing in my ears;
Surprisingly welcomed, after all these years.

Then a bench I found and sat for awhile;
Nodding occasionally, along with a smile.
And as I sat there, on that bench of mine;
A voice caught me off guard, my first warning sign.

I then got up to clear my head and began to roam;
Knowing you weren't here right now but far away at home.
Dodging people on both sides, my memory overloads;
Fragrant odors you once worn causes me to implode.

Second warning sign and this one hits real hard;
Precious memories of you, brought down my weakened guard.
No matter how hard I try, it is you I see;
Walking hand and hand, but your not at all with me.

Your tender voice floats through the air;
Tricks of my mind and I can only stare.
Six states between us but it's you on my mind;
Getting through these days hasn't been so kind.

A torment in fact, for my mind won't let go;
Desperately holding on, to memories of old.
My body aches for your tender touch;
Knowing that this wish is way too much.

Today I was shattered, much like a glass;
My heart filled with memories, how long will they last?
I feel the world crushing, closing in on me;
Desperate I was, but it's You That I See...

John Hess