

Poetry Series

Julieanne Jones
- poems -

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Julieanne Jones(19 February 1976)

I am now 35 years old and cannot believe it has been so long since I wrote on here, poetry is something I dont really see as a talent as many people have said but I see it as feelings from the heart, I am a pisces lol so I am supposed to say things like that. Throughout my life as everyone else, I have had many challenges and heartache along the way. I was born and bred in Yorkshire, two years ago after not being so well moved away to cheshire one day for months, actually nearly a whole year, I moved back to Yorkshire, over a year ago now, yet it still doesnt feel like home, I take every day as it comes, take little for granted I get better every day due to the people who I love dearly with all my heart. I have many people to thank for being there for me when I needed them most. I am not perfect but they accept me for the real me. I dont have to mention any names, they know who they are without question.

Poetry for me has always been words from my heart, spoken in truth about matters, it started when I lost my best friend at aged 12 and had no one to turn to, it was sort of a kept diary. My eldest daughter is the same, always writing and I feel she is very gifted and has a natural talent for writing...

Over a year later as I am updating this, my daughter Tyler, now 15, has learnt to play the guitar, (self taught) by the way, sing, (AMAZING VOICE) , and write, I wish her the truest of everything she is... Inspiring.... the BEST! ! Love ya kidda, keep at it, your amazing xx

A Mothers Love

There are certain times, when there's only our Mother's love,
Can help subside our tears,
She understands our disappointments,
She helps take away our fears.

There are only certain times when there's only our Mother's wisdom,
Can guide us on our way,
In her eyes, the look of her love,
May be all she has to say.

Not only is she a Mother,
She is a lifetime best friend too,
Even throughout life's longest journey's,
She will always be beside you.

Julieanne Jones

Hand In Hand

Walking along the sandy beach, hand in hand, as many times before,
All around us, is silence, except for the ripples of the sea, gently lapping upon
the shore.

We do not need words right now, to express how we are feeling,
We know what is in our hearts, and its simply, the most wonderful healing.
We always loved with a love, which to us, was more than just love, that we both
knew,
Especially throughout our journey together, things we had actually gone through.
Your love comforts me, like sunshine does after rain,
Please walk hand in hand again, close your eyes, lets hear those ripples again.

Julieanne Jones

If Only.....

This poem was wrote for my husband Mark. After I had a breakdown, I disappeared for months without him knowing where I was. I was too scared to come home..... The mind works in mysterious ways. I am now where I belong, home, making a fresh start.

I am laying here, thinking of you, I'm so tired, yet cannot sleep, I am so restless but yet so lifeless,

I feel your arms embracing me closely, for a moment forgetting you are not here with me.

I feel your gentle, loving kiss, placed so tenderly upon my tear stained cheek, Slowly, ever so slowly, I begin to drift into a world I can forget, just for a little while.

Again, tonight, resting is just not meant to be, as droplets of tears well inside my closed eyes, as I ache to feel you near me,

Just to hear you say 'don't worry, my darling, everything is going to be ok', but how can it be?

You don't even know where I am in this massive universe.

I sob uncontrollably into my pillow, trying desperately to drown out the sorry, wails of my own pain,

The soreness I had created myself, believing you did not love me somewhat, Now laid lonesome, my judgement impaired, once again, that you would loath me furthermore if I returned.

My Lord, is this how I am going to feel for the rest of eternity? ,

My compensation for unintentionally hurting the one man I ever truly loved, also family and friends who had no idea I was departing.

If only my head was unconfused, if only I had took heed, most days you knew me better than I knew myself,

My existence would not be this vacant, blank, because you would have rooted me, revied me.

I am so so sorry, I not only didn't, I couldn't hear you.

Please forgive me.

Julieanne Jones

Our Star

Whenever I am absent, take a moment to peer at our star,
Remember we both stand underneath it, so we will never be afar,
Think back to the memory of our special place, oh there I wish I could be,
The words we exchanged, the tears cried together, drinking warm champagne by
the sea.

It shines ever so brightly, as it did that very night,
Like an angel watching over us, close by,
The beam it shined, was how I felt inside,
Our own happiness made us both cry.

Oh I remember that moment so clearly,
As you knelt in the sand, on one knee,
Tears down your face but still wearing a smile,
Said those four magic words, 'will you marry me? '.

Julieanne Jones

That Horrible Day

This is dedicated to my Son, Corey, aged 14 years old.

I remember that horrible day all so well,
I just wasn't myself, I think you all could tell,
We argued alot, you thought you were always right,
Even this day of the stupid fight.
As soon as I said the words 'Just go to your Dads! ',
In the pit of my stomach, I knew the outcome was to be bad,
I was so sorry to you, as soon as I heard it,
It was only after weeks of been apart from you, true reality hit.
I had drove you away with my state of mind, always shouting and crying,
Instead of being smiley, happy, and kind.
Fourteen years I had raised you, single handedly on my own,
Now you won't even speak to me on the telephone.
I still knew that you loved me, as I did you,
Maybe its just a part of life, that we had to go through,
For both of us to see the error of our ways,
I knew it would be months to heal now, not just only days.
We eventually started healing, still I missed you all the same,
Always had a tear in my eye, when someone mentioned your name.
You came to visit me in our new home one day,
Watched movies, ate chocolate, on the sofa we lay.
The weekend went so quickly, the time came to take you back,
As soon as I walked through the door, there was someone that I lacked.
I was coming home to Yorkshire, you sat quiet in the car,
I knew then there was something on your mind, we had come so far.
To hear those few words, 'Mum I want to come home',
A beaming smile came from inside of me, I no longer felt sad and alone.

Julieanne Jones

The Last Kiss Goodnight

How does a love which was so unique
Become so faint and lost
We always fought for the love we had
No matter what the cost
You're no longer the man I fell for
Hook, line, sinker and all
I ponder over good times
The ones I can recall
9 months I came home, yet feels like years
I cry so many nights alone
Having faced my worst fears
Your eyes stare straight through me
Words cut me to the core
I have the heaviest feeling inside my heart
You no longer love me anymore
Folk say that time is a healer
Yet all I feel is pain
I feel sadness and also empty
Even when the sun is shining
I feel I'm alone and in the rain
You sit in the same room as me
Yet not really, as I'm writing this
I need to be strong, as I know in my heart
Tonight will be the last Goodnight Kiss

Julianne

Julianne Jones

You And I In The Room

Dedicated to My Husband Mark, My Best Friend.

My heart skips a beat, as you head, smiling, towards me,
I have a feeling what's happening, people who knew us could see.
The place was so full, yet there just stood me and you,
You look into my eyes, I feel it at once,
Even after all the years, of things we have had to go through.
A world of our own, people all around us, but I stand blind,
The love I am feeling, I thought I never might find.
The music is playing, I see your lips move, but I don't hear,
My heart is in sync with yours, I now know I had nothing to fear.
The words start to play, sshhhhhh, don't say a word,
We listen contently, to what anyone else in the room never heard.
We embrace each other tightly, never wanting to let go,
It's a wonderful feeling, knowing still, year after year that the love still has room
to grow.
The music stops playing, we don't hear a voice,
Just carry on swaying in each other's arms, like we just have no choice.
It's times like this, which always kept our love strong,
We had our ups and downs, sometimes more than most, don't get me wrong.
Always deep in our hearts, we always knew,
Our deepest, truest love for each other, would always see us through.
I smile to myself, listening, but just not quite, to the last tune,
Just taking in another moment, which is just like the first, of just you and I in
this room.

Julieanne Jones