

Emotions Of Life

Raymond Jones

Presented by

My poetic Side 



Dedication

Dedication to help push, and show others that they are not alone in the situations there in or going through.

Acknowledgement

Everything that is written, is meant to be uplifting for you, and me.

About the author

My name is Raymond Jones, a very good, loving, and kind hearted young man. I started writing music, and poetry around my child life ages. It really means a lot to me, especially since my grandfather was always there to comfort me. So everything that I write is true, and life changing to me, to others.

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Life Experiences

Life Experiences

His life, your life
Starts and began,
Even though just started
He's anxious for the end,

Hurt as always none good to say,
Just hurt and delays, which causes decay,

He walks to a cliff, cries and pleads,
Swiftly falls off, the hope to be free,

A drop to the ground, what a terrible bash,
At peace, at peace finally at last,

Hours past, he then woke,
Out of confusion, a voice then spoke,

"Don't worry my child, your pain has end"
His Life, Your Life Starts... and Begins...

By: Raymond Jones

Cry Of Confusion

*A, A cry For Help
A list of emotions
That were left
On the shelf
Behind
Soon you'll receive
The difference between wants and needs
Conceive and breathe
(Inhale) another cry for help
The heart beat
Of a Witness
Fear of a pigeon
Blind with sight
Lost in a storm
Not mentioned
A want to be joyful
Like a race
At the finish
Line at time
The pain and suffer
Replenish
But Life stretched
As rubber
Still I weep
From suffer
Brought then left
But where you meet me
It's not too easy
Another cry for help
Cry for help
Cry for help
Doesn't anyone hear me
Too kind and loving*

*For those to fear me
Instead dispose
And flow when
Near me
But near me
I feel not her nor he
But what I feel
Is unclear to see
The one inside
Holds Faith in me
Again for hours
I cry and cry
But not for pain
But for the joy placed inside
Cry*

Just Waiting

(Just Waiting)

Soon, soon just wait you'll see,
The one, and only will truly be,
Truly be truly, well what is her name,
Losing much time, the clocks moving in vain,
Insane I must Feel, her beauty I seek,
Her smile blind sight, and her touch makes weak,
Creep I shall not, stand where I stand,
Walk to her with pride, pride of a man,
Soon I'll see her, this angel I've chasing,
Your man oh Tina, on one knee (Just Waiting)

Decision

Decision

*Stay put, don't move,
Don't fear, or shake
I search for months,
To make away,*

*To see, to feel,
The love for me,
Without it I gasp,
For air to breathe,*

*No sleep, nor rest
Till I reach her love,
Until the warmth that I feel
As a mitten, or glove,*

*So please don't move,
Don't fear, nor shake
look Here is your ring,
Your Decision to make..*

Escape

ESCAPE

Escape, leave, run, get away,
Where you stand you make constant mistakes,
Erase you hope form, from decisions you make,
A new heart, but it seems to constantly break,
Down on his face, it's a tear he sees,
"Stay Strong" he says, but he proceeds to weep,
So drain, and weak, but faith he keeps,
It's Jehovah You Seek,
As one of his sheep's,
"Why am I running?" I constantly ask,
As if an answer would assume, and supposedly add,
Happy, then sad, so strange, out of place,
I'm stuck repetition, much need for escape...

Alone

Alone

No one in sight
No mid for night
Nor sight to see
No dark for light
A want to be heard
A want to be seen
But a want nothing more then a wish or dream
Alone

By: Raymond Jones

Due Time

(Time)

Big hand

Little Hand

Please move at a pace

Not too fast for the other

But enough for the race

Still he moves to chase

But she leaves him behind

He still ticks and move

Hoping she stops and rewind

After awhile a bell rings at noon

But he still chase and hope she'll recognize soon

Big hand little hand

One day will bind

Some hour

Some minute

I hope in due time

Time...

By: Raymond Jones

My Mother

MY MOTHER

"Oh Mother, Oh Mother!"

Please tell me what's wrong,

A queen as she, has needs, and a thrown,

If sweets she ask, then candy she gets,

If cold at times, a sweater I'll knit,

Whatever shall fit, the needs of her,

The son of Jewel, is much more than worth...

My Angel

My Angel

Sahara, Sahara, can't wait till you come,
To see your first sight, I'll dive, and I'll run,
I dream of your smile, and hold you so near,
You have all of my attention, no reason to fear,
My hand wide open to catch every tear,
Anytime that you need me, I'll show, and appear,
I know you'll be special, kindly, and smart,
Little sister I promise we'll never depart,
Impatient, so anxious, can't wait till we start,
My Sahara, My Sister, My Little Angle....and Star...

Sincerely

Raymond Jones

Desk 3

DESK 3

I'm searching for you
Not one, nor two,
Most days I'll play sick
Just sit in your view,
Ok Raymond I'm thinking Am I coming too strong,
Or maybe I'm not
In these feelings alone,
Don't want to be wrong
If I am, I'll face
The consequence, too big to leave and erase,
Until then chase, run, and see
For the moment, ears open
To be called to desk 3...

Matters

Matters

Matters, what matters the most, is that, that's very close,
Thus far as problems, you began to solve them, hard to dodge when they're very close,
We began to joke when it's a far, when it's near,
It's more than we can bar-gain,
For men, yes men, we pretend, and so,
Deep inside, there goes pride then show,
What hides, behind what's meant to be seen,
Like being an bench warmer, yet star of the team,
A beautiful dream, something you can't resist,
Waking up in a shock, is it something I missed,
Tense, suddenly, your dreams, shatter,
But smiles all around, yes, family does matter...

White Jesus

Engine Starts, Vroom,
White Jesus, white Jesus, please come to me,
If only someone would sneak me the key,
Maybe my wife, or one of his daughters,
A grandson of course, it'll make it less harder,
Cam, Carson, weak of a fighter,
But, yes, of course, there is little Micah,
Inspired, Oh No, there's a stop I reach,
Tomorrow is Sunday Little Micah's speech,
Carry on, I know, I've been defeated,
Until next time, farewell White Jesus,

Forgot

FORGOT

I'm at 3 counting up
No..I didn't start from one,
Of course you'll think last,
But feel like I've won,
No I'm not saying that others are not important,
Each number, has it's on meaning,
Sorted in portions,
I said one, I said 3, I'll add 4 and 5,
But..I feel as if..I'm still wrong not right,
There something else that's missing, search I might,
I can count, but it's not in my view, nor sight,
I'm paying the price, I'm going insane,
On the tip of my tongue, and it's killing my brain,
WAIT!
Now I got it, how could I count and miss
Not a wet floor, but I ran by, and slipped,
I left and went, not losing my spot,
Step back at two, and you thought I forgot..

Stand

Stand, thunder,
Afraid? ok maybe just a bit,
Some say it's common, "have common...
Sense, this world is so wicked, you need help, for sure,
Whose love is wide, and heart is pure,
Secure I add, a chair, please,
This pressure is over,
Over concede,
Some questions they seem to rush my mind,
Hoping they enter my head in due time,
Like who made up christian,
Who had the vision,
If someone said,
Would I really listen,
Worrying bout this..and that, pay attention,
In his kingdom we'll stay, and not just visit,
The sense of your love, sisters and brothers,
Jehovah, and Jesus, there is no other,
No other, can care, to give us a chance,
If thunder comes again, I can sit no....**Stand!**

King Mitch

King Mitch

Not 3, not 2, just 1 King Mitch,
Nor you, nor me, will have the nose, to sense,
Or air to breathe, the same as he,
Not strength to walk, or faith to leave,
But he, he has, live on, you must,
This world we live, it's unreal to trust,
From dust we came, and back we'll go,
And tears will fall, much feelings of low,
Don't go we'll ask, and hope to be,
It's something we didn't, prepare to see,
R, I, P, grandpa, my love is sent,
Not 3, nor 2, but 1 King Mitch...

We Love You

Mitchell James Jones

Reasons

Questions, many reasons,
For what, reasoning why,
Clothing's, accessories, is it necessary to buy,
Reasons for old, reasons for new,
Reasonable lies, a reason for truth,
Reasons for colors, a beautiful view,
Red if mad, if sad, then blue,
Consume, then breathe, take time to think,
As it floats in mind, take time to sink,
The thoughts are clear, near, and weakling,
To remember God's choice, for the good your being,
Reminded, who I am, remaining God's, achieving,
And to know, is the way, determines most reasons...

Answers

Answers

Important information most of us are missing,
The minute you red, you stopped,
at the entrance,
Lets really get in this,
What would you, really know,
About this heavenly kingdom, that Jesus once spoke,
Again, and again, and most would provoke,
And picked on those with no wealth, and low,
Great knowledge you'll soak,
And kick up the dirt,
Kind of funny realizing we started there first,
At birth we seem to come with questions,
Behind them always comes with lessons
Accept the gift, from wrong, we've turned,
And the answers from the Teacher, applied, as learned,
Many are coming, some will change,
The answers so close, simple and plain

Thanks

THANKS

The time is now, during battles within,
A helping hand, to lift, to stand,
Your love is so grand, and pleasant, to boast,
Deep down you stay, inside as a yoke,
Provoked, at times had feelings of low,
Of feelings, yes billions, maybe millions to show,
So...Supportive I'll add, and loving, and sweet,
The information you fed me, made it easy to eat,
Too much to speak, too bright for news,
I mean, how can I pay, what I owe to you,
The amount that's due, from love, that's true,
To my family, and friends, this is my thanks to you...

THANKS

Exist

Exist

Wake, at once, it comes out to this,
A plan, your chance to not hide behind tint,
If I wasn't hurt, would you take time to sit,
Take time to look, to notice, I exist,
The chance to be seen, even a
sec,
A sound, a call, maybe even a breath,
Expecting for visits, family, and friends,
Not leaving out those, with open hands,
Can, and cannot are powerful words,
Some breakdown, some will encourage,
Seeing that of many, some, self-centered,
Be cautious of what, is placed in the center,
I guess what I'm saying, comes out to this,
Those not seen, have dreams, to exist...

Broken

Break

We hope that it doesn't happen,
To boast, especially when caught in caption,
Over, and lapping, these feelings we soak,
To blame ourselves, with sadness we mope,
Take notes, to catch what happens in the end,
Supposedly much joy, well It all depends,
Lend as tokens, when said, there's showing,
Acts, and actions, much more provoking,
No jokes, out of time, a little unnoticed,
To see, pay attention, the heart's been Broken...

Stay Ready

Stay Ready

Get ready Shamea, get ready for she,
Yourself of course, get ready for the,
Parents, and all, are happy to see,
You, and that smile are more of a treat,
A loving, sweet tooth, a girl not boy,
As sweet as almond, that's almond, Joy,
We feel that's when, when your around,
Don't blink, and turn, nor miss, stay bound,
This child was blessed, with lots of changing,
So save smiles, Stay Ready for Aunt Tina & Uncle Raymond...

Matter Of Seconds

Matter Of Seconds

I can, I will, in a matter of seconds,
With skills of such, oh this wonderful blessing,
Look above, no gloves, nor needs of catching,
No preachers, nor teachers, no need for lessons,
No phone for calls, or key, and pads for texting,
No magnifying glassess, for loads of inspecting,
Needs of cheeking, I get it, in this world, deflections,
The disease of hatred, a non-stop infection,
But...
Feet to run, ears to hear, this wonderful message,
That of hope, and faith, just in A Matter Of Seconds...

And Still

And Still

So much I had, then lost, and still,
Much faith, joy, and love I will,
Strive for something better, bigger than this,
Humongous, and large, impossible to miss,
Give up I'll think, but no reason to quit,
A refuge God is, and I'll use, as a tent,
Wondered off as I went, ready spread the good news,
But the faces they made, looked upset, and confused,
Thinking, what do I do, if I leave, I lose,
Or try again, and again until, someone might choose,
Stay connected, and fused, to Jehovah, we'll kneel,
Through struggles we fight, then praise... AND STILL.

For Kim

For Kim

Oh my, very brilliant, so smart, and shines,
Advice this person gives, release stress, in the mind,
I know this person will get me, for adding this in the line,
But this amazing person's older, but shorter at the same time,
Throughout the vines, a lot she taught me, whether she noticed,
But watching you as I grew, made me a lot stronger, and focused,
You rubbed off as lotion, to do things that I dreamed,
Of traveling, I did drawing, and of course I did sing,
Speaking of that, you have the spotlight,
I'll act as a child, until you sing me goodnight
Truly these feelings I keep, because I miss her,
This poem, slash letter, For Kim My Sister...

Kimberly Whitt

Imagine

Imagine

Just picture imagine, you could be anything,
But feelings of doubt could destroy a dream,
The hard of ache, and success it brings,
As a bird in a cage, that's finally broke free,
Soar, spread wings, like there isn't nothing else,
Like your lost without a team, so your focus is self,
But everyone needs help, whether it's now, or later,
Either small, or large, whatever's your favor
-Its not so simple, or easy, nor tragic,
So dream, believe, as far as you can, Imagine...

Sandy Beaches

Sandy Beaches

This place he feels, it's unreal to meet,
The warmth, relaxation, placed under his feet,
When he's still, he sink's, just try not to blink,
Not fund of holidays, nor tricks, but treats,
He enjoys the most, especially when taking,
In, yet again, then again, and finally he's awaking,
From this dream in the day, he touch, smell, and see,
He hears, and think, of this place he's seek,
The wind he can feel, as he stretch, and reaches,
As planned, he stands, and glanced at Sandy Beaches...

As Silly As Can Be

As Silly As Can Be

These wonderful companions are caring and free,
The cause of joy, as silly as can be,
So wonderful, and free, no need for a tree,
Roscoe, Boo Boo, Bubba the three,
Close friends that I have, explanation for that,
First one Roscoe, well he's right on my lap,
Fear he had, now joy in fact,
The smile when he sees me, reverse, and impacts,
On us when it's seen, it's beauty, as a tune,
To watch them chase each other, all over the room,
Around noon, work together, "MEOH" for lunch,
So smart to spilt apart, to send the message as a dart,
Hit the target you must, until you get what you need,
Boo Boo with the eyes, keep begging, and plead,
Bubba for the kill, you've been at it hours,
Your known for jumping, as you leap for the counter,
At the end you'll get, what you've worked so hard for,
Just know when it's dinner, you'll begin to work more,
These cats are my family, these wonderful three,
When around you'll laugh, it's worth the treat,
Sitting down you'll see them from head to feet,
The cause of joy, AS SILLY AS CAN BE...

Let Go

Let Go

To hold on to something, that's resistance to be held,
Mixed emotions about the one, so you wander, and dwell,
But just as gel, we move slow, hoping things will soon work,
Giving chance for change, as feelings keep sending alerts,
Is it worth, is it worth it, the heartbreak within,
To hold on to something great, and have weakness for sin,
To be hurt, confused, and led on a stray,
To pray for help, hoping it goes away,
As days, through nights, you toss, and turn,
Just to want yourself, not to be so concern,
"As the writer I do, and we have much more to show,
Bad moments we have, we turn, and let go."

Changes Around Us

Changes Around Us

A Person, place, things that change,
For the good, or bad, it's never the same,
You can try to rearrange, but what is the use,
If the person, nor place doesn't notice you too,
Recognizing the truth, skies blue as our feelings,
To think life as cards, and Jehovah, who's dealing,
To differ it's thrilling, to go against him who brought,
The freewill we have, to even lack such thought,
These things you see, around us, through the day,
The lost of mercy, forgiven, finds hate,
No form, look, or shape, to cover our actions,
To separate from others, and live, what a passion,
Much confusion that's passing, but there's something, just think,
That'll make you turn that frown, to a smile, in a blink,
To think, no more sorry, death, or pain to adjust,
Just looks of awe, as we view... Changes Around Us...

Another Chance

Another Chance

Never did I plan to pick up, this man again,
To stand, then re:advance to a better chance,
With a beginning, with no beginning, to be given a chance,
It's simple, but seems so basic, to have a pencil with led,
But not the part, to erase it, so the paper then shreds,
No meds can help, this pain within,
A selfish disease the pain is, to never wander, nor spread,
A best friend you would think, to never run off, and leave,
The suffer it causes, makes me cry out, and plead,
No more, please stop, are the thoughts in my head,
Time after time, wondering, where has this lead,
Praying as I pled, as tears then spread,
But I smile, as fail, so Again...Another Chance..

Who Am I

Who Am I??

Who am I, who are you, to ask me such questions,
To tell me to look, sit down, what a lesson,
To hush, what do I do, just let you get hurt,
For me to not warn you, would it really be worth,
The times we walk, together on foot,
Even days when its cold, I sat there, and shook,
The mailman is coming, why is he here?
To take you, I'll yell, until he flees, and disappears,
Sometimes he gets lucky, thanks to this leash,
But my best friend, and owner, is still here in peace,
I'm let back inside, finally lunch,
Kibbles, and bits, whatever it's such,
Amazingly time spent, at the end I can say,
Outside, then back in, on your lap, I'll lay,
If i may, ask you this question, end this madness...so,
If you can guess WHO I AM, please let me know...

Fight

Fight

The word fight, doesn't always have the meaning of violence,
The true meaning, or definition can be, acts of enlightenment,
When you're down, but getting up, to try again, it's exciting,
With love, it's even more, an excuse for fighting,
Our love, his love, begging you to get better,
We'll be by your side, no need for a letter,
No matter the weather, we're right there to meet,
If needed to talk, ears open, so speak,
Your love we seek, every day, every week,
And when times get rough, you're still strong when weak,
To see you come out, and smiling so bright,
So once again we beg you, for us please FIGHT...

The Things I Do

The Things I Do

The things I do, to you, that constantly hurts,
Your feelings, I feel, are loving, but worse,
When I dis-obey, I don't mean to offend,
So weak, and frail, I feel when I sin,
Up, and down, I spin, as I try to get through it,
A feast full of scriptures, and a thirst full of music,
And sounds of peace, when it's all about you,
The words from your mouth, are not false, or untrue,
I try to make due, with the many of blessings,
When it's all said, and done, you make life seems so treacherous,
Ignored, and I've hurt you, if only I knew,
To not make a wish when the candles are blew,
To leave you, no way could I ever be through,
A second chance to live, on a earth brand new,
My father, my God, we owe it all to you,
Unselfish, steady watching, the things I do to you...

Always You've Been, & Always You'll Be

Always You've Been

&

Always You'll Be

Always you'll be, always you've been,
Right there in my heart, before, and then,
Imprinted on my mind, your ways, & thoughts,
Your brightness would never leave room for the dark,
For us we fought, no thoughts to leave,
A love that's true, no space to concede,
You've run a mile in my dreams through days, & nights,
Without glasses in the dark, your still there in my sight,
Your price is priceless, no one could afford,
No item, nor trips, your love values, much more,
Physically I can't touch you, but my heart you achieved,
Always You've Been, & Always You'll Be...

By: Raymond Jones

See You Soon

See You Soon

From normal to mad, & joyful to sad,
Many hurtful moments shared, now present, from past,
Plenty feelings we've dragged, whether bad, or good,
The words we kept, and realized we could,
Have expressed our feelings, and showed if best,
The possible, to do over, this time correct,
A mess unmade, no need to restart,
From wrong to right, to view light, not dark,
The hear of a beat, that will stay in my heart,
Your love stays with me, it'll never depart,
I'll do my part for Jehovah, from daylight till noon,
Until the new world, much love, and I'll See You Soon...

By: Raymond Jones

Not Only

Not heard, as deaf, one photo, one shelf,
Like a marriage between two, but still one you've felt,
One's the result, from beginning, to end,
Continue to just smile though pained, pretend,
Lend help to others, and getting hurt in return,
And the one's that receive, the payments unearned,
Unconcerned it feels, to never feel noticed,
Even just by self, you still feel as outspoken,
No matter the volume, either high, or low,
Hide, and seek with these feelings, hope soon they'll show,
None shown, any attention, very down, done, and lonely,
There was us to just me, but with Jehovah I'm Not Only....

Hate

hate

Love is a strong word, but we continue to use,
When confused, the word hate, appears, and consumes,

A true fact, Jehovah gave his only begotten son,
Still we wrong everyday, and he's yet to hate us once,

A passion of dislike, to others when mad,
But he told us to love our neighbors, and to hate what is bad,

So what's bad, or negative, either...or it's still done,
The person that applied actions, that can't be undone,

Not a tab, or some, could give you relief, So the goals you've set, unable to reach,

But there is a way, instead of feeling replenish,
But never think God's gone, or Jehovah is missing,
He's there waiting, for your cry for forgiveness,
To admit that your wrong, to ask for repentance,
Get away from earthly desires, that Satan made unsafe,
And finally live with love, in paradise, Jehovah made,
Well the chance is still there, if right decisions you make,
The problem simply can't go, but it can be replaced,

Now you have a choice, to turn, or face,
Either Love, or live with this system called Hate...

Last Words

The Last Words

From living at the highest, we've shockingly hit lowest,
A vision that was seen, is unseen for showing,
What a future to be throwing, up, and away,
To make a choice for your life, to leave, or stay,
A reason to pray, with deep breaths, a soft tone,
With pressure such as these, there's no need to be alone,
Much feelings are shown, admitting your hurt,
Not physically, still feeling like your tossed in the dirt,
It's for sure that your angry, sad, or upset,
To let go, not hold as a whole, and split,
But is..is it worth, to pretend to forget,
And give away what was gave to you to invest,
The best bet for no regrets, is to make sure what's unheard,
Is it going, or ending is this..The Last Words...

Repeats

Repeats

This hurt, this pain, I can't seem to ignore,
Through days, & nights, it's been dreamed before,
Rough sleep, fatal actions, happen more than once,
For decades, plenty years, and surpassed through months,
I've been on, and off, the job of a light,
Switched to love to hate, many more restless nights,
I'd seem to get, when sins gets involved,
Realizing, selfishness, wants apart of it all,
To part from it all, is a want that I've dreamt,
But this promise to my father, makes decisions indent,
Something that's meant, seems out of it's reach,
With a ladder to grab, but no help for the feet,
Not to walk, nor skip, no reason for a leap,
No sheep to count, to fall asleep,
This confused heart I have, it's never skipped beats,
Until..It finally stops, the heart's out...of Repeats..

Uncommon

Uncommon

Like her, like him either one you see,
The thought, and decision, your opinion to be,
These actions, take practice, correlate your best,
Less time for relaxing, or retracing your steps,
This row, and model..you've chosen a mess,
The right, or correct you chose to neglect,
Much stress it takes, to awaken yourself,
To not cope another person, the mirror views oneself,
A quick belch if you have to, you have help I promise,
Many her's, and he's, but choose to be Uncommon...

Has Finally Past

Finally Past

These two letters Ms, very hard to deal,
Right along there's Lucas, a throbbing feel,
Of disruption, lack of function, a struggle to fight,
Fear of failing to these sicknesses, a meaningless life,
As the condition, ourselves, we refuse to quit,
With this faithful suit of amor, we believe, and equip,
What has to happen, hasn't happen, but we're close to the ending,
Life without hurt, nor pain just like the begining,
Yes we're finished we'll say, no reasons for caution,
Very peaceful, no worries, what Jehovah has promised,
Due to the matters at first, our sites were a crash,
Around the corners so close, this pain Has Finally Past..

I Can, Can I

I Can, Can I

To question, and ask, can...can I,
The more I ask, the more I realize,
To finish whats started, I have to move,
Though hard to pick, knowing soon I'd choose,
Hopefully, I mean.. a smart decision at most,
This one that's decided, has means to provoke,
Take time, take notes, a sec to evoke,
Take charge, in charge, be charged, be host,
More than close, your destination, be there,
And that blurr of sight will finally be clear,
Though fear is near, have faith to reply,
Push can't out of reach, achievements in mind,
With pride, prayer, and trust, you shall soon advance,
And the answer to the question Can I..I Can..

Sincerely

Raymond Jones

Fooled Renew

Fooled Renew

Played, tricked, fooled yet again,
The heart is so treacherous, as straighten it bends,
And then it breaks, oh forgiveness sake,
The false love that's fed, its refusing to take,
Refusing to face, refusing to make,
This outline I've been giving, I'm refusing to trace,
To choose, to pace, and notice what's viewed,
A piece of paper in water, I have less to consum,
A constant review, try to dodge this doom,
And as a bright sunny day, like a flower you'll bloom,
Gloom as you go, many watch with a zoom,
With smiles of joy, that will soon fill rooms,
To per as fume, in the silence of noon,
Realizing that heart, that was Fooled Renew..

A World Of Peace

A World Of Peace

A World Of Peace, or peace at mind to speak,
For the end must come, his judgment we seek,
The tears you see, from present pain that leaks,
As we age, full of rage, from the gage which reeks,
The want for aid that treats, that makes a hole complete,
To stand over the beast, that once caused us defeat,
Soon after we'll meet, all young..and meek,
The ones lost, we'll see, embrace, and teach,
Then right around the corner, our future place will be,
Heavenly, we'll be..in a World Of Peace..

Raymond Jones

Way To Life

Way To Life

Life...pleasant gift, not just for self, and so,
The time that we live, with many, it grows,
Into something called love, beautiful to begin,
Much good blocks the view, your unprepared for the end,
This feeling, this feeling, it hurts actors to pretend,
Nor calls to uplift, or a message to send,
Recommend, or suggest a better way, so to be,
And like the sun when set, a loving view you'd see,
Displeased at these...most things took for granted,
Like that flower that grew, from the seed you've planted,
Proceeds to next, whatever is left could be right,
Conceive at best for our God, this is the...Way To Life

What's Left

What's Left

Your right sometimes...tends to go left,
This illusion, so amusing, love at first you've felt,
Each moment you've dealt, a jump from the ledge,
To a place where odd..is even instead,
What's said...tells lies, which lies inside oneself,
No meds, that's fit to hold up, as a belt,
Thoughts welt in mind, bind feelings intense,
Itself from a chance, blind chances you've miss,
Which correct answer, who could despite,
Be careful what you choose, your...Left Could Be Right

Sincerely

Raymond Jones

Give & Recieve

Give & Recieve

To receive is always, always a great feeling,
Whether needed, important, or it's simply appealing,
To the eye, your mind, will soon set that aside,
Until you've felt a spark, as a groom, with bride,
We've cried, mixed emotions, are shown with compassion,
A love story, happiness soon covers the sadness,
Switch sides, well what about the giver whose given,
Does he, or she get nervous, and suddenly give in,
To destruction, not at all, the first step is..breath,
And remember that it's better to...Give Than Recieve

Amber Alert

Amber ? Alert

So hurt to know, that someone is hurting,
The constant news that we hear, it's much over disturbing,

So nerving, complex, a big wreck to the other,
Much further this includes, the father, and mother,

The size, type, or color, to make less tougher,
Locate locations, motivation, take sec to recover,

Helping one another, so mysteries uncover,
And the cause of that pain, has a reason to suffer,

We're in a system right now, where selfish habits are first,
Where we ignore the warnings, we'd rather convert,

I beg you change your concern, before matters are worse,
Please don't pass, or not listen to the..Amber Alert..

By: Raymond Jones

Why Left

Why Left??

From where we once we're, we moved forward except,
To continue..we must discuss, the reason we left,
The word left I'll explain, from each letter separated,
From start to finish..these truths are dated,
With L we'll start, if you thought love then your correct,
Well not completely, but nearly, this system inflex,
With the best, decision made, and unevenly cost,
Us of nothing, but if we stayed, the word.. for L would be lost,
On to E, for effortless, a selfish eye for pleasing,
So distracted, with materials, some entertainment caused grieving,
We were seizing for a worth of less, didn't have a stop, or limit,
Out of jail, but failed to think, that our minds were in prison,
Careless of others, there thoughts, or opinions,
So hateful, the letter f, this world lacks with forgiveness,
Then T, the last letter, and it stands for True,
In the bible there's clear instructions, but the message got blew,
Out of the way of many, but Jehovah blessed us with Time,
To move forward in life, and not stop, and rewind,
Let's redesign this word left, the letter L remains love,
That we show to each other, and our creator above,
E for eliminating, things that Satan desires,
So as a child with parents, we seek Jehovah's admirers,
For f forgive, when done it's thrilling,
And from Jehovah when done a unimaginable feeling,
Finally the T, for trust, trust in Jehovah, and his son,
If we read, and act on his words, we've seamlessly won,
Except the letter T, also stands for something else,
It's from me, my thanks, I'm so glad that we left...

By: Raymond Jones

Crazy Old Vern

Crazy Old Vern

I was told I'm crazy.. sorry for saying that word,
So what, I'm very old of age...like it's anyone's concern,
"Mr. Vern"....Okay okay, I'll calm down for a sec,
I'll show respect, and get this over...continue, what's next,
Vern(Read)
I guess the question is.. what makes you happy,
I couldn't answer, just silence in the room that was lacking,
A bit of peace, my feelings were suddenly dragging,
Out like a car, my thoughts were mentally crashing,
And drafting, my body falling to the floor, against the table,
So quick, and fast on my feet...well..a few helped, who were able,
Well since we're up Vern, let's do some physical activities,
Great..Who's rotating my legs, meanwhile someone is lifting me,
You try first Mr. Vern, right behind you we'll be,
And what if I fell forward, and break a hip, or knee,
Let's try to finish up at least, one of your task,
I did, there's COVID, and I'm wearing a mask,
Anyway are we done..but you still need to answer the question,
I guess we'll add more for you with tomorrow's lesson,
Yeah bye, these ones are really getting to me,
I knew answer to his question, but intentionally,
I fell back, and laughed, as I grabbed me a treat,
Looked at the photo of us, while sitting up in the seat,
I'm not out of my mind, or looney to be,
But alone with this reasoning, alone is the key,
You see, I didn't answer happily...I have no friends, or family to greet,
Except for therapist, that put up with... Crazy Old Me...

By: Raymond Jones

The Watch Light

The Watch Light

Watch light we seek, through dark times that meet,
A battle planned when born, that's unable to delete,

Through..the bad taught, and good we teach,
Footsteps are used, from the message you speak,

News good as sweet, very strong and deep,
In as..baptism, when continued to leap,

But, through this battle, we defend, obey as sheep,
Don't act, react, or fear nor retreat,

Not once stirred wrong, a guided life for free,
Jehovah gave his son, separating us from defeat,

And again it repeats, dark times we meet this,
And yet the light you've watch, it remains..to be lit...

By: Raymond Jones

Flowers Chosen

We need

Roses are red and...violets are blue,

If I were color blind...would that still be true,

If we all were to be, who would have ever knew,

So...without Jehovah's help...we wouldn't have a clue,

Do we stop and think..these flowers mean love,

I mean Of course from one another, but a gift from above,

Beautiful...as a..DOVE!! now stop, and think Christ,

The father, and son Jesus...a undeserving sacrifice,

The flowers we see, are similar..to insight,

They go through good, and bad weather, and destructions from life,

These flowers have meaning, they grow gorgeous and bloom,

Like us they live, and die...we know we'll see em again soon,

So much more than what we...can possibly assume,

Fall, summer, spring time, and maybe winter will do,

After rain or during due, they manage to view

And again I say... but this time I'll make true,

Some roses that are red..Some violets that are blue,

Jehovah picked a bunch of flowers... and it happens...to be you...

By: Raymond Jones

Overcome

Overcome

What..what is your definition of habit,
To do something repeatedly, until you suddenly have it,

What you passionately wanted, you were striving to hit,
So to home you'd run, refusing to swing, and miss,

Or strike out to what life, throws towards your way,
And like a coach, or player it's...your turn to play,

To make..the decision to move or to stay in position,
To keep sight of a goal, pursue proceeding the mission,

Preceding your vision, make less of wrong for right,
And for the lost, instead of dark for them be the light,

Prove that habit you once had, considered useless for anyone,
But the.. hurtful things, you've broke free, finally you've...overcome..

Painfully Confused

Painfully Confused

I can't do it anymore, I finally Give,
Most attention I gave, nearly cost me to live,
It's rigged if something doesn't change for the better,
It ends quickly if sincerely's...at the top of the letter,
For the treasure, I was ready to risk for it all,
My heart is broken into pieces, as I fell from a fall,
Dropped as a log, the love for miles it once had,
No insurance, because I'm hurt...from this terrible crash,
A mix of mad, and sad, an unimaginable drink,
My heart's a boat full of holes...prepared to sink,
Think of ways to endure, ways to prevent,
Ways to excel, prevail, and protect,
To accept that life comes...with problems throughout,
If you stayed your now solving for the hidden amount,
The thought of giving, or staying it comes with an ending,
To cloud your mind with a story, or act of pretending,
To understand that you're hurt, and start from the beginning,
Or refresh, and forgive...workout...transcending,
Go beyond the problems, to live happily you pursued,
And realize you're not crazy..you're just..Painfully Confused...

Life Itself

Life Itself

Itself..I mean life comes, and sadly goes away,
No matter if sobbing, or if begged to stay,
To offer the, with currency, and be willing to pay,
And picture life you once had... Instead of drawn you've trace,
To erase the bad lines, obliterate the rough moments,
And be blind to past thoughts, and present things now showing,
As a river keeps flowing, keep going with reason,
For who, for you no matter the season,
So pleasing, that my reasons are gifts from above,
Like the ones in this room, who precisely shown love,
Through the week, separately, there's so much that I wanted,
To do..to prove that your care was abundant,
No numbers, nor digit to amount your wealth,
But the joy that you've shown, rebound my health,
Unselfish acts, throughout the pain you dealt,
To smile within, from the love that's felt,
To be happy without...money, fame, or wealth,
And then again the end begins with...Life Itself...

By: Raymond Jones

Spiritually Awake

Spiritually Awake

I'm aware, but not there, not concerned with being chosen,
Much aware of what I'm seeing, but a lack of sight, when it comes to focus,
No earth meds, or dosage can help with this condition,
Nor fill that empty spot...in the heart that's missing,
Tripping over the caution signs that he set for slipping,
The manual he gave us, how to walk, but not drifting,
Away from the rules, which can save us from death,
It doesn't belong to a man walking, to direct his own step,
These words in my mind are secretly kept,
And worldly thoughts away, from your mind should be left,
For our debt itself, has been paid in advance,
So we, you, and me we've been given a chance,
To take a sec..pray, and carefully embrace,
And make sure that you're..Spiritually Awake...