

# Anthology of Jesse G.



Presented by

*My poetic Side* **P**

## Dedication

*Dedicated to the children of life*

## summary

The Stillness

Come unto me

Musing in the woods

I am

Gratitude

To my brother

The mess of breathing

Find your melody

Poem of self

A message for You

Live or die

My hope

Attached to here

Just flow

Question

Little hearts

A critic

## The Stillness

I enter the silence.  
I rest in the stillness.  
I see the darkness,  
The source of my light.  
I am the light that I cannot see.  
I escape the corpse that I bring to life,  
I turn off the screen.  
Fully aware in the void.  
No thing to be aware of.  
Don't overlook the stillness,  
The beginning and the end.  
Don't base your life on experience and memory.  
Non-existent is an impossible thought.  
I am nothing and I am the source of everything.  
I shine through endless minds,  
They keep secrets.  
When the sun enters the darkness,  
And the earth falls apart,  
And my mirror shatters,  
I will sing the song again.  
I enter the senses.  
I keep secrets.  
I love the endless minds even more.  
I'll live for them.  
I'll polish my mirror.  
I am aware of my song.

## Come unto me

The Eternal Way of the sages is movement and rest.  
I can become so quiet yet my presence remains.  
Where does presence end and silence begin my love?  
All that I know is life's dance.  
All that I am is life itself.  
I am unknown to myself, known by expression.  
I am constant and complete.  
Clarity in mind, gratitude in heart.  
My faith is in you dear, the eyes that see and the ears that hear.  
I have no location or boundary, I am formless.  
Where our love meets is indivisible and that is my dwelling.  
Forever safe in the blanket of Truth, I take refuge.  
I invite you to take refuge in me.  
The expression of life will always change my love.  
Surrender yourself to silence, no hungry mind to feed.  
The silent presence has no fear, no need.  
You are there beautiful one, the veil is lifted.

## Musing in the woods

To sit and stare in a murky woods,  
The light like vapor.  
I'm nestled in roots, there is wetness and a cradle filled with slimy and gritty things.  
This old towering figure offers me slumber, and a little furry tub that I thought would swindle.  
No harm, with one look I twist my bones like the roots and accommodate her.  
A great eruption of thought drove me here,  
I see the error in naming it, eruption.  
I shall name it corruption!

Perceive and accommodate wild ideas,  
Act and give alms to madness.  
I choose to not own perception,  
I know not what owns perception.

I suppose the space that births the murky woods and the light appearing as vapor,  
And the space erupting with corrupting,  
That births a pure life, the furry tub.  
How can I be other than this?  
With awareness being transparent I am all of this.

On the sidelines of thought I find this beauty

## I am

God sings and creation is,  
World is the melody.  
From this the heart is formed,  
Absorbing and reflecting the creators gaze.  
Flowing up through the mind,  
A window that sees the images of love.  
I only know this love by recognizing the illusion that I'm separate.  
Knowing this love through the ever changing world,  
I forget that I am this love.  
The only eternal completeness is the stillness of the heart,  
Where we all are indivisible.  
Never stop dancing to God's song.  
When you see the love as this or that you'll chase it forever with no contentment.  
Rest in the heart and know it's source,  
That is unborn and undying.

## Gratitude

I am grateful for the one  
That beats the heart,  
Grows the tree,  
Carries the sound,  
Lights the sun,  
Teaches through opposites,  
Keeps the eternal law,  
Teaches suffering to the bad,  
And inspires action until we find rest.  
The one by which life is the effect,  
The one that silence unites.  
Where am "I" in total silence?  
And where is that one?  
Beyond something and nothing,  
The One with no other,  
The Truth that cannot be spoken.



## To my brother

If I could be all at once I'd be your joy  
And my own sorrow.  
Two shadows dancing in harmony.  
I'd become powerless while being your safe place.  
I'd protect the ones here and now with a gentle conviction that the road forward is real and safe.  
Under my mask, the mask of a strong man.  
The mask that orders a well known production.  
At the same time I'd be lost in chaotic beauty with the ones far away.  
With wondrous eyes and a devilish grin I'd fly through the places nobody sees except the outcasts.  
You'd feel me approach as I disappeared.  
You could follow but rest assured there is no well known production here, in the heart of life, the place of the outcasts.  
Two shadows dancing in harmony....  
Now one is truly a shadow, the one I admired most, the one that knew the mask of a strong man is truly only a mask .  
I pray that this phantom guide me always, to keep me in the heart of life, the place of outcasts.  
I cannot teach this phantom when I only see concepts, he knows the wind and the rain. He knows the pulse in the veins and loves life's pain, he knows the real joy behind it, with no fear.  
Yet I saw him unmoving, so still and silent, between our worlds.  
Seeing him I felt as crushed as he, I wanted to share your silence and jump into your stillness.  
How could my wild phantom not welcome me or even notice me?  
That decorated flesh so familiar and alive with life's heart only remains still.  
This pain completed your teaching to me and that is-  
"Don't wait to become whole Jess, you're already there brother"  
I love you Ben. Thank you for accepting me when I couldn't accept either of us.

## The mess of breathing

And where are "we" in the mess of breathing?

Who am "I" to you?

A solid source of days long gone....

A memory that adds to you?

Are you a pretty face and a pleasant glance, with kind words that gives direction too?

In my life, do your efforts keep me from drowning in a sea of "me"

Have I ever said anything that gave life to an automatic display of hope, of embellished thoughts, that today.... This day.... They will know my efforts and my love?

With time and life being as it is I'm sure you've resurrected me from chaos, and idol fancy.

Your tiny question has been my saving grace.

Have I seen you fall to other's demands?

Have I offered my hand?

My love I know what is pressed upon you.

And I indeed offer my hand.

I offer life in service to your demands.

To go alone is chosen, to accept help is not a fashion, to know the life in me also sustains you is against fashion.

I press against fashion.

The life in your eyes sustains me.

A meal prepared and time offered presses me.

The good in you and that you shared creates "me" in the mess of breathing.

Bless you all.

## Find your melody

What's real?

Would my urgent expression bewilder,

Or am I tied to the show?

Is it as if my involvement has it's place?

Do you expect what comes next?

The next move is apparent and real seems relative.

Apparent relativity is yours.

I see not the morrow or it's apparent trouble.

I see a heart expand beyond it's double.

Beyond expectation is your worth,

Don't wait for the show's involvement.

That weight is lifted by your expression.

Bewilder, exalt, fear not the torment.

The free bird initiates the marrow,

It can eliminate the sorrow,

No apparent real to borrow,

The show is real, and it will be mine!

Tomorrow.

## Poem of self

Listen to the song of right and wrong,  
That of ideas held so long.  
Concrete is the fluid past,  
An image of perfection,  
Sure to last.  
Yet perfection gets violated,  
Concrete is still flowing,  
Slower than the river I drink,  
Slower yet than the river I breathe.  
We sprang from a flowing becoming,  
Not a still image wanting to grow.  
Stillness yes! From where we sprang!  
But no image, containing it, wanting to grow.  
One clings to silence,  
And keeps the movement,  
That's the one we all know.  
Not contained in a droplet,  
Any of which, none can know.  
To hold it all is here and now,  
Each for each,  
Lost in how.  
Never be lost in now,  
The eye of God is-  
This form, this lense, this me,  
We all see how.

## A message for You

Why cling to your opinions?

They ceased last night while you slept.

What Grand Finish can the Absolute hope to achieve?

As if anything can reside in an object.

Notice everything you've aware of, is any of it You?

" I am " is the screen on which objects dance .

There is fear in favoring what is bound to change .

What never changes?

Pain and pleasure dance

Happy and sad spin

Up and down give birth to center.

Is your knowing bound by intellectual knowledge?

Or are you buried by the intellect?

You are the witness of all doing,

The screen is unaffected by the show.

I see your pain and I'd love to assume it,

Or at least guide you home.

But you are no thing I can teach.

That power that "I am" is also you.

Compassion is a concept,

Love is boundless.

Wherever your comfort lies you'll find me, waiting...

## Live or die

Courage to live  
Courage to die  
I am here and don't know why  
Should i explain my case  
Or let them cry  
Can't fake it no more, can't tell them the truth, can't leave them alone.  
They're on to me  
Gotta make a move  
This father's light is dim  
They look at me with bright eyes  
Where are my stories, where did my enthusiasm go.  
I found it in my father  
But now it's ash around my neck.  
Memories have nothing on the dialog of the living  
A spirit full of ideas and good things to come  
I thought i was it, but the ash around my neck says nothing.  
The totem that stole my voice



## My hope

Sweet and simple with eyes on  
The Lord, straining creates comfort,  
Dusty shelf, wrinkled brow, with toes dug  
in, a second cutting of the cord.

Retract and dig in to the cause of a  
wrinkled brow, bent bones, crushed grizzle,  
and ripped skin.

A graduation from me to you,  
A me that finds my joy in you,  
A me that I can't see, skipping sensation to  
imagine yours.

Long hours at work, on the road, places not  
chosen, I gladly carry that load.

To see you work at something you love,  
To see life's work as something you've  
done. God chooses Earth's champions,  
He chooses destiny.  
He chooses the parents of champions and  
destiny.

My life is grande is a different way,  
The minds of my children light the way!!  
Proud father with pen wins another day!

## Attached to here

On this side of the oval window,  
Where I'm struck repeatedly With sound and fragrance,  
I anticipate thumps and zaps of objects caressing my skin.  
With faith in the names and forms I structure a poem.

The busy scenes outside my window will surely be used to set me free.  
Gathering messages and twisting them up, trying to escape my anticipation.  
Without the use of the objects I seem to control I can go nowhere, I can't do anything.

There's other windows, subtle and tricky, strange hints leading me on, keeping me chained.  
There's John walking down the drive, to get his mail I believe.  
But perhaps he runs from me, giving testimony to all, my eclectic position.

All that I accomplish is null, I can bring nothing home, all remains beyond this me I cannot see.  
Comes and goes and changes me not, these words themselves escape, beyond the windows,  
forever separate.  
From where do they come? Not from me, I haven't the power to create, merely pop-ups assuming  
my fate.  
Flowing through and fleeting past, but through whom?

I'm lost in movement, forever still. Is this chatter myself? Me over there consulting the me over here,  
I can't distinguish here and there and consultation avails me nothing.  
Perhaps opinion is the only obstacle, Believing I can run too or from or move at all is a false notion.  
Only objects move and I seem to go with, but they need me more than I need them.

What a relief. Well this could be fun. Free to play with my objectivity, how beautiful it is to be!  
This power that I am! Giving rise to all, this subject that I'd worshiped as an object is indeed myself.  
No fear now, for when the movement stops I'll remain forever still.  
Fear was always an outsider but now I understand, though I felt lost and afraid I have always been  
that joy I sought!  
I must investigate further my blessed state, for all states are subject to change.

## Just flow

There's no such thing as peace  
A word the world sets as a goal  
"That" should be accomplished  
The peace begins to set in  
And another useless thought raises

You won't allow peace to flourish  
Another idea  
Another modality  
Project your discomfort on the world  
While it claims to seek peace

They all flock to the problem in your mind  
A problem they were unaware of  
You must abandon your peace to find peace!

It all goes  
Your problem and the solution  
World Peace  
Let's all sit tight for 5 minutes  
And study the effect  
Better to not  
5 minutes of death

A life at peace knows not life  
So quit lying  
Don't paint a virtue  
Be what you are  
The peace sought, implies weakness  
It implies confusion  
The whining births virtue  
In the ones that flow

Just flow

## Question

Life- styles....

Sell me a watch.

Study, my agony...

Sell me some scotch.

Labeled drinks, lacking shelf value,

Pay for the boom, twist a cap and drive a cork through you!

A tale was spun,

Tall and sinister,

Drown with crutches, lean, cocktail, will you administer....?

Life, impale, me with a care,

Berryman said don't trust me alone.

Thus I can't trust anyone.

Well I filled that hole,

Two thick thighs.

Laid em down, stop.... Fool!

Coffee to go ma'am,

With some cream,

I think I'll go.....

Take the cream

## Little hearts

Beautiful people, sweet with vanity.  
Like a peacock growing with color.  
Shine a little bright with a tiny cheek twinkle,  
Fight and nurture, power so gentle.  
A young one holding back,  
Father's virtue so dull,  
Against nature to hold back,  
Modesty means so little.  
Go with the power, leave guilt behind,  
The weight of love ain't worth a dime.  
Only when you go into unknown depths  
And bring back the strength to build real love.  
One boy has wit, another without fear,  
And one observes the rest.  
To write a poem to one means little,  
While one inspired to test.  
Laying flat, old gray beard,  
The sun above stings,  
Years of work seems so little till God takes your heart and sings.  
I see you little ones dance a dream, full of mistakes, destined to fail.  
But within that innocent heart i see, go, i say go with hearts and suns and sing for mistakes aren't  
always what they seem.

## A critic

Stand by an idea,  
A world in ruin,  
Dry, desolate, flaking scabs of civilization.  
Concrete stories of east....west.  
In troublesome view, carried to rest.  
What was builds thick, a blanket to warm but veil from vision and carried by storm.  
Wait says a voice but to what shall I wait,  
Let go now these terrible traits.  
A thousand books record, a history, an illusion of warn, blank and burnt, shadows not torn....  
Tell me, why would I stay?  
Labels and dreams, illusion at bay.....  
Long gone astray.  
I believed in a thing but only words.  
Now a discussion of old men, death to the words.  
Worries and worlds and words will unravel,  
They sink beneath me, what is it that hopes you'll read me?