

# Anthology of Jesse G.

Presented by

*My poetic Side* 



## Dedication

*Dedicated to the children of life*

## **Acknowledgement**

Everything

## About the author

A man, brother, son, father, mentor, student

## summary

Becoming it

Dancing to life\'s song

You\'re enough

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my home

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The Stillness

## Becoming it

My true self.  
Like a god being forged through experience.  
Eyes on the horizon,  
The soul is the potential,  
The ball of light above.  
In it is the ideal image.  
The universal energies plugged in,  
It's a battery.  
Absorbing experience and forging perfection.  
There it sits guiding me,  
Eyes closed, remembering, thinking, waiting.  
Waiting for me to become one with it.  
And we will open our eyes together.

## Dancing to life's song

We are an amazing happening.  
Through our eyes things take shape.  
Light bounces off mother earth's curves like a blissful dream.  
Peace for a moment.  
We ride the shapes of life as part of its law.  
It has rhythm.  
We can look down from above at times and see life's song. The cycles bring meaning  
But the song can be sad. Patterns aren't always predictable.  
Note by note we make way for the next, we can't stay.  
Generations pass and we make melody.

Though I see the song is whole at times the polarity crushes me.  
Up has down and front has back.  
A note is heard by the silence before and after.  
As is life.  
I don't want it to play out,  
I love riding this note.  
But I can feel the musician smile playing this tune.  
It must be good.  
That feeling makes me happy to be part of the song

## You're enough

I call out to the ones that are themselves.  
I see many games being played.  
Can i fool you?  
It will build a greater illusion if i can.  
I was fooled and i mimicked it.  
I was amazed by the charisma,  
Is this power real?  
I passed by the real amazing ones who always lent a hand.  
The ones who offer help seem inferior to the ones who stand alone.  
What reason would there be for this plain one to help me,  
They must be lacking.  
I'll lend my hand instead to the glowing one i see,  
The one who can't see past there own passion.  
Passion can be poison,  
Why do they not accept my hand and instead look to the powerful one.  
I can't understand this powerful one but he has many followers.  
I was fooled again.  
I look within.  
What's everyone doing?  
Lacking, says the plain one  
I see it everyday.  
They gain much but lose everything.  
Why would man delight in overcoming men when man is man's delight?  
We're in this together, we all have a say.  
If you say it falsly you're just in our way.  
Let's put our heads together and accomplish this thing,  
Your enemy didn't ask to be here either, what's he really saying?  
He needs you brother, more than anyone else.  
But you also need him.  
It's time for humanity to start,  
Let us begin.



## 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 home

I sat in a hole and it was black  
I couldn't tell what was me and what wasn't  
I think it was all me  
then I noticed a tiny glow  
and the world grew  
the light got brighter and the more visible it became the more I noticed what wasn't me.  
they were scared of the calm blackness where I began.  
they were scared because they know that's where they're going.  
so scary is the gentle night  
but I know it gave birth to the day.  
it gave me eyes to see what blackness created  
and the scent and touch and taste  
I can hear the dream of the abyss..... for a time.  
I will not be greedy and make it last forever because if I grasp it I will lose it.  
I will enjoy it for a time then rest again in the arms of nothing.  
where I belong.

**full circle**

the sweetest dreams float beneath my feet  
I heard my son today  
the innocence feels malicious  
in a world so new the malice is mine  
I often look up to see such passion  
it isn't there  
I haven't created that yet  
my passion is in the young mind still forming  
if I watch I see the things I forgot  
the magic of life is in not knowing.  
it's in knowing you don't know  
don't be rigid  
whatever exists in your mind exists  
you are it!  
the creator.  
and the created,  
respect it all  
it is you.  
you can't exist without everything else.  
I could tell my son he's acting out of character.  
that famous line.  
his character is built by observing others  
to say he's wrong is no place of mine.  
I'd say quit the play and be real with me and he will but it's also play.  
can't you see the gods playing within us  
and that's also me  
the world is exactly how you want it  
at every moment.  
you can spin a yin yang and see 2 fish eating each other  
or see 2 fish dancing.  
that's my desire.  
I'm happy to see me leave while you grow.  
maybe you will join me someday!

**in the green lands of imagination.  
the place where our ancestors still grow.**

## Thinking wholly

God the underlying source of all,  
Within and outside everything.  
Pure intelligence.  
The gods ,  
The powers of God personified.  
Reaching for something more,  
No need for belief in life.  
What is real is self revealing.  
Good thoughts good actions good results,  
Either way the intention is real.  
For goodness sake not reward.  
Genuine, curious and wise,  
Humanistic natural law.  
Simplicity in experience,  
Experiencing more than a bag of skin,  
I am life.  
Do little harm,  
Every moment a miracle.  
Don't control the situation,  
Your idea is imaginary.  
Dull or fulfilling,  
It's your choice.  
Respond to life in your fashion.  
It's the only power you hold.  
But look deeply and see,  
It has always been perfect.

## 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.