

The Inside of BeckyJo

BeckyJo Gibson

Presented by

My poetic Side



Dedication

ALL GLORY goes to God...

I praise Him through His Son, my Lord and Saviour...Jesus Christ.

To feelings...

Expressed best at the fingertips of a poet.

The rawness of emotions.

expressed, contemplated

A way with words in a poet's flow.

Captured in time by making it rhyme.

#####

To all poets...keep your pen up!

To all Riverbed Fools...

the task force has left the building and closed an era.

I miss the real Riverbed. Pre task force days.

Farewell my friend, camping will not ever be home again.

To The Arts....without the arts life is too dull. Thank you for light...

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one poet to another

Spirit Inspired Outreach

Reach out to the lost, barren ones.
Bring light where darkness lurks.
That sparkle forgotten by flesh.
Buried deep with spoiled, ugly dirt.
Street life feeds the pain we become.
Saturated in an existence love poor.
Judged, harassed, overlooked, our families shame.
A life full of unopened and closed doors.
One by one change will begin.
As creative juices flow and take hold.
Art, music, dance, performing life.
Filling, our spirits shine full and bold.
Spirit inspired artists reaching out.
Selfish only for a need to open hearts.
Helping in a way that truly matters.
Tangible gifts that result in art.
Becky Jo Gibson

Only God

Four years...close to that anyway.
Enough time to create many ghosts.
My today's filled with space taken.
Deep rooted memories of time spent with you.
Actually more time without you has passed.
My heart knows only us in time.
See... My heart is wrapped in lights.
Only yours.
Every light shines for you.
Alone though it may be,
it shines bright and true
For you.
I want to forget.
Let you go.
Take out your lights and break them at your feet.
A show of I AM DONE.
My done!
None would believe such a crazy thing.
Especially you.
You see the light.
Are the light.
You know it.
When it flickers you react.
Push or pull, matters not.
Response is enough.
You need my need.
It feeds you.
My love for you is as true as it comes.
Feeding the us in whatever way necessary.
Attention is attention after all.
Can you imagine me not loving you?
Right there in front of you.
Where you predicted I'd be.

Feeling.

Knowing.

Peaceful.

Content.

Content in knowing that no matter what you have my love.

Feel it?

Does it cause you to pause?

When do you see me in your life?

When do I come to mind?

I rank.

Even a low rank is ranking.

Not gone.

Not done.

There.

A love so complete yet I feel so incomplete.

There.

In front of you.

I wish I could hate you.

Do you want me to?

Please show me how if you do!

If not than just KNOW...

The light shines for you.

Only you!

None can come between you, me and your light.

You hold the key.

Until you release me!

Only God shines brighter.

Only God!

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Dread & Resolve

Take my yesterdays and do not offer anything more.

I'm still reeling from the power of hate.

How could I have known this was what was in store.

Take my present day as it is full of moments to late.

There are no riches and bounds of undying love.

Nothing can change this reality of sorrow.

I'm full of feelings that taint, maim, shove.

Open wounds grow as I dread tomorrow

January 15, 2006 © Becky Jo Gibson, All rights reserved

RESOLVE ~after dread~

Take your hold on me and go to hell.

I'm still reeling at your need for revenge.

Your coldness as my hold on life fell.

The fire of your anger left me singed.

Gone are the emotions that kept us tied.

My heart is cold now and no longer involved.

I'm comfortable without you at my side.

I've shed all my tears, at long last resolve.

June 15, 2013 © Becky Jo Gibson, All rights reserved

Apology Not Accepted

Last meal, last drink, last walk, last breath.
This is real and I am content with this end.
For taking her life I am sentenced to death.
Perhaps this will help her children mend.
So long ago yet I still recall every detail.
I know what day it was and the time on the clock.
I was following the tracks determined to ride the rails.
The woman said she was just taking a walk.
I remember her eyes were bloodshot and wet.
I expressed concern for the bruises present.
Her head spun to face me, her eyes heated and set.
She scolded me for speaking of something so unpleasant.
Her body became tense and then relaxed completely.
She stared at the tracks as the train came into view.
Her eyes softened and she turned to me smiling sweetly.
She apologized and asked that I forgive what she was about to do.
Confused I asked why she was asking me to forgive her.
She laughed, said for the image sure to stay in your mind.
My eyes met hers and I felt something inside me stir.
She thanked me for being so concerned and kind.
As she turned her hands came together in prayer.
Seconds later she stepped in front of the train.
Stunned all I could do was stand there and stare.
Her body ripped apart and blood fell like rain.
A witness said I pushed her into the trains path.
The distance between us prevented a different end.
If I could have reached her I would have known her wrath.
However to remove the image left in me I pretend.
I spoke only on the moments leading up to the witnesses lie.
My life was empty and I was craving a way to get away from me.
This is a relief from the images implanted in my minds eye.
I am not guilty of killing her yet I welcome the end of eyes that see.

April 6, 2016 © Becky Jo Gibson, All rights reserved

Some Sweet Day

Deep in this warped life I see,
The shell of a woman who once was me.
Where did she leave my sane mind?
It has gone somewhere I can not find.
My heart broken so deep it bled out.
Feelings so numb I'm feeling self doubt.
I let myself get too wrapped up in him.
I'm frightened to be open to anyone again.
I see his face when I close my eyes.
Feel our passion, question the lies.
I was caught by surprise when truth shined.
Reeling in the fact that my love was blind.
He is a player and treats women the same.
Tells us all we are his, wraps us in his game.
It hurts to know I'm not special in his soul.
His love poor reality has left a huge hole.
I'm ready to let my self begin to heal.
Yet in my deepest parts it is him I feel.
Some sweet day I will be free of his spell.
The day when I'm no longer locked in his hell.
Sane and free, confidence mine again.
Real, honest love, no longer his, I win!
Feb 25, 2017 by Becky Jo Gibson © all rights reserved

Yet to Come

Opening the door I feel the kick of his stare.
Emotions flood over me, taking hold sadness, and resolve.
I stop collect myself, listen, feel the air.
Not allowing eye contact, not getting involved.
No matter how I enter his rage takes the lead.
I am alone and in love with one so far away.
His space has become much too small for me.
I know my presence causes him pain today.
I hear my screams so deep; the scars no one can see.
There are no good times for us to share now.
Long gone are the happy thoughts and good deeds.
Left are anger and other feelings so foul.
My hope has died; I match the feeling behind his dead eyes.
Faith in what was our enduring love gone, empty now joining his.
I know now how life, love, and even beautiful memories die.
Once relived time and again our fateful first kiss.
Shredded, trivialized, ripped apart piece by piece.
Taking with it faith in all I held high.
Empty, in pain, needing to find joy, laughter, some relief.
The hardest part yet to come; when we say the final goodbye.
May 15, 2006 Written by Becky Jo Gibson© All rights reserved

Alone

With venom he speaks loud his rage.
It takes no time to express his need for revenge.
The depths of her betrayal takes emotions, locks him in a cage.
I see only a fragment of the heart she left singed.
What she took deepens as his soul bleeds.
His scars grow, eyes blacken as he weaves her web.
Angry, tattered he speaks of the times he gave in to his twisted need.
Nothing I see or hear declare his prisons ebb.
Betrayal turned to resolve make alone his new creed.
A thick wall without doors protect his ravaged heart.
Her ruthless actions stole his fire, his passion gone, complete.
Try as I might missing are the words hope will impart.
My attempts to comfort fall on the empty soul of a man.
Time heals yet for some it serves only to deepen sorrow.
All women are the same, they lie, cheat, set men up, scheme, plan.
He lives in her web, she won, he is lost...no tomorrow.
November 8, 2014. © Becky Jo Gibson, All rights reserved

dream done

that should be me your meeting today
i need those eyes to shine for me
no chance that need will take root
you must be involved first...
yea, to lose your way you must be present
the truth is...you missed appearing
wide, deep, distant, shallow, empty
ohhhh..the power of twisted passion
it outshines even the brightest eyes
takes reasonable people off the grid of logic
moments that escape sanity by feet to miles
captured by need...primal need....
raw, consuming, physical, deep, fulfilling
depth becomes harder to reach as we couple
raising the bar to leave an empty need
you reign here in my land of you
only risk as we clear another layer of reality
the need growing bigger as it roots
freedom yours alone as you maintain
not captured by this fire burning my life
sick, desperate, alone, needy, empty
straight out into the fire that consumes
no hesitation here, no fear
nothing compares to complete passion
do you even think about me
does your mind drift as your fucking her
is she as fulfilling as a lover
do you care that my heart is bled out
is it real that you aren't mine
never will be mine is the truth
not a chance we can capture us
because us was actually me
in love, blind, hopeful, loyal

i am not going to call
won't open any windows or doors
you don't love me
sometimes the truth is too hard to see
harder still to make me know
you, me, us, two words and one dream
fuck you and fuck your lies
fuck me for being a little girl in love
vulnerable, whimsical, delusional, broken
ouch

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Dark Moments In Time

My mind melts into hell
Slipping away from reality
I feel nothing.
All of me taken.
Fading away.
The mind not in me, goes,
leaving on an unscheduled trip.
Caring not to stop this demise.
Hold on to stay.
Chaos takes over.
Grasping, clawing at nothing.
Skin rips.
It is everything damned seen.
Sorted.
Slipping into hell.
Reaching out to save the soul.
Tenacious only for the pain.
Losing the grip.
Suffer bitch.
Be bound to the ones who fell.
Take the path of the damned.
Twisted.
Lost.
At long last insane.
Space only for all things sour.
Taking hold.
Swallowing my senses.
Death inside leaves only a shell.
Empty but for the lack of light.
Sweeping life out of the way,
captured by darkness.
Pain dense.

Going deeper.

Giving up.

No longer is there a will to fight.

Written by Becky Jo Gibson July 26, 2006 © all rights reserved

The Dapper Ones

A poem for the game players who haunt our planet and warp souls!

An endless series of rendezvous take him away.

He absorbs greedily every bit of energy from those around.

He lives the game naturally and simply plays to play.

He makes the rules for each opponent to keep them bound.

With careful consideration his every word lures.

His flawless manners reserved for those he has in site.

His dapper ways leaving eyes wide, vision blurred.

He says just enough to keep his snared bound up tight.

His collective, unknowing pawns are just something for him to do.

None know the depth of his deceptions.

His unyielding need to snag someone new.

His absolute refusal to accept any form of rejection.

He moves from mark to mark opening new doors to slip into.

Keeping his eyes fixed on the prize he seeks.

Never revealing his plans while telling everyone what to do.

He sees only what he wants, caring only for who he wishes to keep.

Moment by moment, his graceful presence becomes part of each day.

The web he weaves takes from the depth of the soul.

His manipulation complete as the target begs him to stay.

He dumps a part of him inside leaving us feeling less than whole.

Always on the move, he stops long enough to wrap himself up in you.

He carefully gives just enough to bind his life to yours.

He knows how far to push and when to tell you what to do.

He comes around less and less as he very quickly bores.

None the wiser we are baffled as he sets up his game.

His answers not quite good enough to remove growing doubt. For despite his confidence he craves the moment his words tame.

Balking from you brings venom exaggerated as he attempts to get out.

His words, although carefully selected, sometimes go astray.

His stories do not make sense as his grip begins to let go.

You wonder how you ever trusted him when you see his true ways.

You seek to understand how it began and why you did not know.

Do not beat yourself up so much as he is a sly one.
His game tested and true for years before you fell into his traps.
Know that he will leave you alone when he is good and done.
Until then, do your best to keep your heart under tight wraps!
January 13, 2006 © Becky Jo Gibson, All rights reserved

Cut

**As I write you face the future.
The consequences of reckless time.
Sitting in chains you wait your turn.
The judges sentence for your crime.
The courtroom absent of your people.
Most too busy to give a fuck.
Chasing the dope you used to sell.
Having no support must really suck.
The time has passed when I cared.
I would have come for you without fail.
I bet you expected me to be there.
Still in shock I stopped sending mail.
Perhaps I didn't even come to mind.
Your thoughts on anything but me.
No sorrow for the loss of your biggest fan.
Am I just a stalker, is that what you see?
I remember when you defended my honor.
When haters were told to shut the fuck up.
Then you hated ammo at the ready.
Trivializing me to fill your egos cup.
I know you're wounded deep inside.
True love far from what you desire.
Yelling, hitting, dysfunction your norm.
All that shit keeps away passions fire.
Needing, lacking, never getting enough.
That one over there might fix it.
Chasing, catching, destroying it all.
Blaming everyone for your bullshit.
My resolve fed by your actions.
I removed myself, illusion free.
It was all made up, not true.
To love you I ignored reality.**

Fact is my love was always mine alone.

I loved a made-up man.

The pain I felt was self-inflicted.

God's love will heal me as only he can.

I have some sadness that you're gone.

I miss loving you no matter what.

Being the one who loves you more.

Relieved I'm ending this B-movie, CUT

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Goodbye

A 16 year old girl argues with death...

What do you mean it is my time to go?
My life is just starting to be fun.
Take your hands off me or I will blow!
Check and see, I'm sure I am not the one!

Look, take the lady sitting there.
She is ugly and fat and has no one.
I know everywhere she goes people stare.
She will be better dead...please tell me she is the one?

Look, take the man sitting on his car.
He is old and has lived a full life.
His face and arms will be a big ugly scar.
No one will want him, not even his wife!

Look, take the baby on the side of the road.
She is burned up and the medics are getting tired of trying.
She doesn't know the difference, she's not that old!
She has to be the one who is dying.

How can it be ME who has to die!
I am the prettiest girl in my school!
Everyone loves me and many people will cry!
I'll be OK, don't touch me, you stupid fool!

I did not mean to hit that car.
I did have a few drinks today.
I thought I would be OK, it is not very far!
I just had a baby, please let me stay!

I can't leave, she will not remember me.

I do not have to be dead.
I am only 16 and I have so much to see!
I must have more time, that is enough I said!

Just give me a chance to show I can quit.
Let me live and I will be good!
I won't drive drunk, in the passenger seat I will sit.
I will not drive too fast and end up back on the hood.

I am way too pretty to die!
I know this is not happening to me!
You have to be wrong and telling a lie.
What can I do to make you see?

Tell your boss I said go to hell!
Tell your boss I am special and pure.
I just need a chance to get well.
I cannot believe this...are you really sure?

Please tell my mama I am sorry I wrecked her car.
Tell my daddy I love him big as the sky.
Tell my baby to wish on my lucky star!
Tell everyone that it is OK to cry.

Today the prettiest girl in school died.
Killed when my car hit another and burned to the ground.
I knew I was drunk yet I still had to drive.
Tell them I wish I could have stayed around.

I know I cannot go back and give up the keys.
I am not going to be there when she learns to walk.
When she falls down and needs me to bandage her knees.
I won't kiss away life's pain...Oh GOD...I won't hear her talk.

Written by Becky Jo Gibson 10-13-05 © All rights reserved

Our Fateful First Kiss

Moments ago I was nineteen years old.
That 35 years have passed makes no difference to me.
I feel his touch, our lust, his act so bold.
That moment in time changed my destiny.
He crawled inside me with an ease none have found.
Taking away my ability to love another man.
One moment and to him I was forever bound.
A beautiful little girl minus a wedding band.
I raised her alone as he spent years in a cell.
My heart doing time with him I tried to love again.
That kiss so complete created my personal hell.
Without an ending I'd nowhere to begin.
If only I could go back, become unkissed.
Without it I might not have my little girl.
I shutter at what I would have missed.
Her big blue eyes, red hair with just a hint of curl.
Unkissed would relieve me of his unrequited love.
Unkissed creating a whole new life for me.
Unkissed beginning with a painful shove.
Unkissed is a fantasy... as it should be.
December 3, 2014. © Becky Jo Gibson, All rights reserved

Oh what a beautiful man he is

Swept into a space too small to hold me.
His eyes put me there at first glance.
The containment welcome as I had to catch my breath.
Mesmerized by the shape of his features!
Oh what a beautiful man he is.
Everything about him screams alive.
Swept into his land of him and the pleasure he gives.
Held close by his attention and sweet words.
His allure carefully crafted with his heartless soul.
Mesmerized by his amazing mouth and touch.
Oh what a beautiful man he is.
Everything about him screams desire.
Swept into his land of lies and deception.
Confusion is abound as I hit the ground.
No longer blind to his games and fake love.
Mesmerized by my inability to make truth real.
Oh what a beautiful man he is.
Everything about him screams need.
Swept into his land of pain and sorrow.
Reality is so hard to maintain in my mind.
His web woven in captivating moments.
Mesmerized by the memories of us in love.
Oh what a beautiful man he is.
Everything about him screams mine.
Swept into his land of closure.
My feelings slowly matching the reality I despise.
The need for him fills every inch of me.
Mesmerized by how weak I've become.
Oh what a beautiful man he is.
Everything about him screams player.
Swept into his land of done.
He won't give any part of him to sooth me.
Nothing he has is for me as he is over it.

Mesmerized by my lack of composure.
Oh what a beautiful man he is.
Everything about him screams deception.
Swept into my land of reality.
He is gone and I am so alone.
Cut off from the ability to find new love.
Mesmerized by my denial of his lack.
Oh what a beautiful man he is.
Everything about him screams ouch.
Becky Jo Gibson 2-26-16

Showers of Despair

Flooding waters came as the rain fell on my tent.
It happened so fast I was not able to get out.
Surrounded by water, I watch my friend dig a trench.
I feel so powerlessness it fills me with doubt.
Wondering what I am doing back here in the riverbed.
Before the rain I was happy to have a home and felt good.
It's morning now and I'm grateful I'm not dead.
What was beauty is now ugly, barren, wet, crude.
I wonder if the rain is done with it's showers of despair.
This storm took more from me than material things.
My desperate spirit is also in need of repair.
Time to get up and see what another homeless day brings.
by Becky Jo Gibson© all rights reserved

My Altar Call

November 17th, 2007.

Becky Jo heard, no felt His call.

The day I learned I'm bound for heaven.

I became new, forgiven for sins big and small.

I studied His gift...learned what he gave for me.

My mind out of the way I learn.

I am part of Jesus' Body.

I know a love no action can earn.

I rejoice in what I know He needs.

Study, pray, acknowledge who He is.

Speak of His sacrifice, testify, plant His seed.

Glorify Him, show all that I live to be His.

To give all my Glory to God above.

To give way to His light at my feet.

Sharing His word humble in His marvelous love.

My fire so strong I can't stay in my seat.

I am His tool to use no matter what.

I give my all to spreading His love around.

I give remembering how that whip ripped and cut.

I give for His joyful family and love I've found.

December 3, 2014. © Becky Jo Gibson, All rights reserved

Truth

Truth is.
You speak none.
Illusions spill out your mouth.

Becky Jo Gibson

Panic

Please make it stop before I pop.
I wonder if I can really pop like a zit?
Ripping skin, let the bleeding begin.
Blood joining tears, slime like, grit.
Mountains appear smothering me in fear.
I'm losing, this grip too tight to stop it.
I've no tangible way to fight this today.
Unreal, all in my head, feels like a deep pit.
Blood disappears as if to say I will be okay.
Panic goes with my breath, the air smells of shit.
Eyes focus, aware of my pit of despair.
I'm alive, wrapped in a blanket of sorrow I sit.
March 30, 2017 © Becky Jo Gibson, All rights reserved
100 words for contest Panic

Heed

My struggle to actually leave, mind, body and soul
Has blurred the lines between real and desire
My absolute need to walk away whole
All muddied up consumed by your fire It is easier to sit back and dream, ever loyal
I am very comfortable in this risk free zone
Waiting for you to leave your contaminated soil
Praying you come with me and make a home Hope, faith and visions, all tools I use to stay right here
Today my gut is reminding me I'm living an illusion
Nothing I do, see or know today is clear
I am stuck in self inflicted mass confusion Do you feel anything I send in to spark feeling?
Are you at all open to getting to know me
Do my words reach, comfort, touch or send you reeling
Pushing you further away and feeling the need to flee? I apologize for drawing you into my ego everyday
My desperation must be so hard to endure
I don't like not getting the things I want or my way
You cutting me off, if you so desire will end this for sure So I must send this as my last poem you will read
Putting you down as my pen writes the final line
I remember now your words I will heed
"I can't feel what I don't feel", please stay gone, I will be fine

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Moments

Moments...I have our glow tucked safely away.

Easy to hold on and deal with when sadness comes.

Moments...I am grateful for the sweet times shared by you and I.

There was a time when we could have been more than this.

I prepare to move on, leave to be free of the last 3 years bound to you.

Free of longing for more; more time, more kisses, more smiles, more touches, more talks, more you, me, us.

Not once did I get to full.

Not even close.

WOW!

Not even close.

I felt me.

My love, your body without depth.

My involvement complete.

Your lack of anything complete but drugs and a dick.

Sometimes drugs, dick, and a chick.

Perhaps your lust.

Your love for me shallow at best

Making me disposable and a last resort.

Your kisses left.

Gone are your eyes watching me.

Just me, smiling and enjoying the view.

When did you stop enjoying the view?

Becky Jo Gibson

Free

I wonder if you are content in your empty life.
If you recognize your ego and lack of depth.
Deep only in your games so carefully crafted.
Leaving your "girls" without a free breath.
Wrapping them up tight with your empty lies.
Taking part of them to keep to create need.
Need for your touch, kiss, eyes, smile, deep.
They'd wait for your attention so they could feed.
Then along came me, the one who stayed.
Your pretty words never really got to me.
Your lack of control kept you trying to win.
Eating away at your ego that I wouldn't see.
I have no vision for the fantasy you spew.
It eats you up that I won't fall into your trap.
That I don't let you take part of me to keep.
My sense of self feeling like a bitch slap.
Fact is I took part of you for me to keep.
That one over there doesn't keep you free.
Your attention is mine an I am not around.
Every time you touch a "girl" you feel me.
You pay to find out where I live, your mine.
Alone with a need to keep me always in sight.
My attention gone and my body is not yours.
Damn, I can feel your pain from my slight.
It must drive you insane that I walked away.
Knowing I'll give another my passionate side.
Feeling the loss of me with your back no matter what.
I keep my part of you on my sleeve, no need to hide.

Becky Jo Gibson ©

Ache

Ahhh, the sweet ache of loss.
When nothing fills the hole of absence.
Ache consuming every moment.
Death feels like it has a voice.
Saying it is time to join the damned.
At the feet of evil and the head of good.
No this will not keep holding up empty.
Finding a balance will dry tears.
This shell will be strong and complete.
Holding back death's rage.
Quieting the spirit and winning the war.

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one poet to another

Words.

Flowing from your fingers like the tide.

Your highs and lows played out for all to read.

Real talk about you, us, them, it.

Passion, pain, sorrow.

Be the utterance others cannot speak.

Something deep inside drives you.

You must type lest you lose your mind.

Dig deep into the pit of your spirit.

Follow the path to your expression hidden in fear.

Let go of the fear and let the ebb and flow take you away.

Nothing can touch you when floating in the water of a poets flow.

Believe.

Feel.

Write.

We need you.

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