



In Between Dreams by Jesse McDaniel

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+ This collection of poems is dedicated to the special people who have inspired me to be the best version of myself. I want to thank my friends and family. This is for those stuck in between dreams. Please Enjoy.

Peace and Love,
Jesse (JMacTheDream) McDaniel

UNWRITTEN

Every minute feels faster and faster
As the days often disappear
During times of disaster,
Year after year.
Nothing can stop this train
No matter the resistance
And nobody foresees this pain
Or what creates this distance.
My story may change
Due to time and its power
But my story, I must tame
And write this hour.
The story remains unwritten,
But words still spring on the page
As writer's block subsides,
I set my stage.

LIFE IS BUT A DREAM

Oddly enough, my dreams are too real
And I keep on seeing things only my mind knows.
The people I recognize and the emotions I feel
Run off to a place where my memories go.
As my eyes close, I recount my day.
I think about what I could've changed
And I start to drift to a place far away:
To a familiar place that still feels strange.
Lost in a flood of overwhelming thoughts,
I fight a battle within my own head.
I kill off my demons to connect the dots
All before I get to leave my bed.

SLEEPING IN

I have slept in, missing the sun,
I excuse the fact I don't see morning.
Pain crept in when I was done:
Before my dreams started forming.

By the time I wake, I make a mistake
And start to feel bad for myself.
I face myself, taking my mind away
To a place that seems to always help.

I sleep away my day to dream of change.
My eyes stay shut as my mind opens.
I enter my mind and set the stage
And try to feel the way I was hoping.

I sleep in only to waste my day
In a quiet state and a single place.
When will I wake, what will I say?
I rise to my feet at an easy pace.

A HOLLOW TOMORROW

I will live today with thoughts of tomorrow;
how I am feeling can change in a minute.
I continue to walk as my memories follow
and they will not stop until I am finished.

I push on as I fight these demons;
I do not show the scars I have.
Tired and confused, I find the reasons
for why I let these feelings pass.

Today is the day: Yesterday was too.
I waited and waited to see the sun.
Blinded by the light in a sky so blue,
I close my eyes before the day is done.

I have 24 hours before my body reboots,
before I have to start anew.
I see growing flowers and hanging fruits,
reminding me of the things I can do.

I feel so strange, I must accept it.
There is nothing I can do but let it be.
I wander for hours to a place I fit:
to a place where my worries run free.

Today I am feeling the way I should
and I must take it for what it is.
I would not change it if I could
cuz' what I am feeling will be missed.

It is a new day: Time passed on
and how I was completely went.
I accept these feelings before their gone;
I value the day with no money spent.

What I am feeling will go away -
I must not dwell all that long.
These feelings of mine do not stay
as tomorrow plays a different song.

GROWING YOUNG

I can't go back
To the days now faded.
I hold my light
To memories most shaded.

I illuminate my mind,
Burning away my struggle;
I want back the time –
It's not worth the trouble.

I must think forward
And not dwell on "ifs".
I can't work backward
For the present, I forget.

The pain I feel goes away
And I accept the fact I'm Growing.
Thoughts that come seem to stay
And turn into dreams hardly showing.

Add another day, and another;
I seem to grow older.
Just take away my age
As it's just a number.

It's Time to leave and find youth
Before my days go on.
I want to grow younger, that's the truth;
I search for innocence as time I lose.

HALF / LIFE

Thoughts never come
Full circle. Thoughts
Seldom come: Half Circle.
Emotions consume
My entire being.
Emotions consume
All of what's living.
My energy is spent
Wishing I understood.
My energy is spent
Wishing I could.
Time speeds up
My everyday dreams.
Time speeds up
By any means.
My day is spent
Loving others.
My day is spent
Respecting lovers.
My thoughts go round'
Stopping halfway.
My thoughts go round'
For half a day.
So, complete my circle
And make me whole.
Complete my circle
And fill my soul.

DANCE WITH THE DEVIL

Lights. Camera. Action.
No time for relaxin'
As I spent a fraction
Of my life reactin'.
Through my days,
I rely on a mood
That brings forth
My best attitude.
Now the process begins.
My name is yelled
And I present myself.
Silence fills the room
Eyes become wide.
But I don't hide.
"Are you ready?"
Says the guy.
"Yes!" I cried.
Feeling alive,
I enter a room.
That just so happens
To be my tomb.
Shocked and confused,
I naturally refuse.
Tears drop like rain
And to my surprise,
I feel no pain.
I face the man
And see his eyes
And see a story
Of my demise.
But I turn around,
Leaving after a minute

Because I realized
That I'm not finished.

GHOST WRITER

The pen bleeds black
Into my DNA.
Unable to erase
My yesterday.

Poisoned by the ink
Carelessly used
By every writer
And those they knew.

I try to remove
Your permanent marks
Left on me
As my life embarks.

I saw your veins
Filled with doubt
Before you saw
Your way out.

The marks you left
Celebrated your pain
And the marks I kept
Remain the same.

I often ask why
You penned my story.
But now is my time
And there's no hurry.

My veins run black
Like the pen I hold
As I become
The story that you told.

THE GATE

I approach the gate,
But I'm denied access.
I'm told to wait
And not be the fastest.

The voice echoes
Off the rusty gate
And then determines
My very fate.

I wait in silence
Much like that gate;
I reach for the handle
A chance I'll take.

My turn is now
Through years of patience.
I still wonder
Where the time went.

The gate swings open -
I'm the last one in.
Was this place different?
From where I've been?

Others now stand
On the other side
As the gate closes,
Creating a divide.

I now look through
Spaces in the gate
Remembering what I knew
From an altered state.

GALAXY OF ME

Floating around
I'm not attached to much.
I'm not to be found
Or to be touched.

I float free
In a galaxy of me,
A very dark place
Where others can't see.

I reach for land
But I float away.
I want to stand -
Just not today.

If I stay lost,
Please stay outside
As I float
Within my mind.

ABOVE THE CLOUDS

Pink and Purple pilots,
Grey and black clouds,
Red and green dry-fits,
Babies being loud.
Windows projecting Earth,
Watches projecting worth.
Passing snowy mountains
With Joe-blows and has-beens.
Heavy breathing, ugh
Elbows rub hard -
Hot coffee in a mug,
Please swipe the card.
Push the cart
Remove the drunks,
Play the part.
Don't blow chunks,
Eat the crackers -
Leave the slackers,
High above, look out,
Notice altitude.
Don't pout
Think attitude.
Knees touch the backs
Of those in front,
Leg room that lacks,
Comfort to confront.
No matter what,
Do not look down.

FALLING STAR

Your eyes glow in the night much like street lights
That guide me through the harsh darkness of life.

Your words can pierce tongues of those who shout
About the very things that instill doubt.

Your mind can change the way others can think;
It can pull out heavy minds that sink.

Your feet take you to the places unknown;
They somehow always lead you back home.

Your soul pushes against the body you use
And fights a battle your body might lose.

Your will to live gave me the strength I need
To find the power to set myself free.

Your sight looks past people who lack heart
And sees broken things as a form of art.

Your time is spent helping falling stars
Find a home whether on Earth or Mars.

Your life has changed the way I see
And gave me the strength I need to be.

Much like you, I strive to be better
And to realize "I" is just a letter.

You're the falling star coming to stay,
The light I need to keep the darkness away.

THE GARDEN

As I grow
My progress sprouts.
As I grow
Mother Nature pouts.

I stem from
A deep-rooted history.
I stem from
Yesterday's mystery.

My roots stay strong
When nature acts.
My roots stay strong
When the ground cracks.

Rain or shine
I shoot towards the sky.
Rain or shine
My pedals fly.

THE RIVER

The River rages on -
A sight we often see.
The River rages on -
Through people like me.

Waters rush past
With no reason or rhyme.
Waters rush past
Not wasting time.

Birds call out
Mocking the River's flow.
Birds call out
Telling all they know.

The fish swim free
Down the fastest stream.
The fish swim free
In nature's dreams.

The river slows down
Then speeds up a bit.
The river slows down
The older we get.

TRAFFIC

Stuck, in the same seat many others
Are familiar. Confined to a lane created by
Those before us. Hands gripped, tightly around
A leather circle. Many drivers orchestrate
Cars around them as if they
Were trained musicians. I inch forward with
Anticipation and slight remorse. But I'm not
Alone in this course. Sweat falls from faces
Onto White collars, onto car mats costing
Too many dollars. Hearing too many hollers.
Another inch closer. But to what? Where?
Switch lanes if you dare. Use a blinker.
Do not linger. Move. One inch closer.
You're almost there. Look back rarely.
"You remember how you got here?"
Asked by a passenger. Idk. Barely.

KILLING TIME

I take a step forward
As the heavy weight of the past
Falls beneath the floorboard
Where fears and dreams are cast.
The clock ticks twice
As another memory crosses my brain.
I have no time to calculate price
Or catch the next train.
I am simply here.
A body killing time.
Placed in a space
I cannot call mine.
The clock strikes twice more
Before I reach it.
As the tide reaches the shore:
Another puzzle to fit.
I take my eye off the clock
And continue to step.
Oh, the difference it made
To make a timeless trip.

ONCE UPON A TIME

I dreamed of a green field
With flowers fully grown,
Where happiness was sealed
And my place was known.

I dreamed of a location inviting
Strange minds to wander
Around with no fear of hiding:
A place I ponder.

I dreamed of puffy clouds
Cutting up the blue sky.
Beauty noticed by passing crowds
Who stop and ask why?

I dreamed of a day:
Where my stomach felt whole
And I understood life's way
And what made me full.

Many years have passed,
Yet my dream still remains
Like one of the last
Prisoners still in chains.

THE WAY IT WAS

Let's take it back
To the way it was
Before the rain
Dropped from above.
The days were green;
The sun surfaced often.
It illuminated dreams
People were caught in.
Impossible to notice,
My life has changed
As my eyes grow wiser
Than my age – and memories
Become rearranged
As my soul reaches
The next stage.

SPENT

The time I've spent, I can't buy back
And the place I remember faded to black.
My time and money are spent the same
And when it's over, none will remain.
I made a choice of which to pursue
With cash in my wallet; my time flew.
Demanded equally, a divide is created -
We chase after one as the other starts fading.
At the end of the day, I find myself spent
Wondering where all my time went.

