



The Domsday Dreamer

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Butterfly Beach

With the flap of my wings,
I fight the wind to find you.
Filling the gaps, I discover new things
I can do in a sky so blue.

I fly so long and land so soft
checking on the beauty below.
I search for years for what was lost;
I try to learn to take it slow.

With each clap of my wings,
I can feel this breeze.
I wish to know what it means,
as tonight's flight is what I seize.

Separated and lost, my feelings disappear
as I glide through the crisp air.
I travel to you with no fear
to live a life filled with care.

I hover over Butterfly Beach
and feel the warmth of others alike.
I hover to you, the one I seek,
to fly together and get lost in time.

Story of a Friend's Ship

Lost at sea in a hollowed-out tree,
we float out further chasing the light.
Back and forth, waves hit you and me
as the things we've seen leave our sight.
Picking up speed, we push towards tomorrow
hoping that we can make it past.
The effort put in leaves no sorrow while the time
we're given doesn't last.
Many miles later, our speed goes up
leaving no time to wade in the water.
Now feeling like a half-empty cup,
the sunshine faded
but I wasn't bothered.
I'm in a friend's ship and I hold on tightly
as we share the same quest.
The storm is here, oh boy, is it frightening
but we sail on through
and give it our best.
The friend's ship rocked day after day
but pushed through the times of struggle. T
he ship never sank and I'm here to say
that a friend's ship saved me from trouble.

Waves Goodbye

Ocean waves behave irresponsibly, splashing away,
Not being afraid of the damage its causing.
Big and blue, the waves have lots to say
And what you'll hear might be appalling.
Not afraid, I confront the superior waves
And ask questions that come to mind:
What will happen in the coming days?
"Depends on your attitude" The waves replied.
Back and forth, waves rolled in and out,
Bringing lost items to the people on shore.
By the time it was over, I released all doubt
And appreciated the waves that much more.
I now wait for the waves to come back
But all I can see is undisturbed water.
Waiting all day until the night turns black
To wait more time as days grow harder.
"Where did the waves go?" I ask myself
As I sit alone on this empty beach.
"I have more questions...I need help"
I search for answers out of my reach.
After days alone, the waves reappear
And I listen to the waves
as they meet my feet. I slowly walk
in the waters I feared
As I wave goodbye to the problems I beat.

Strange-R

I walk past you and forget the past
because what we had didn't last-
I do not know you anymore;
you have become a stranger.
The emotions I feel do not stay;
the energy we had went away.
I have become strange; Everything is strange.
Has it always been this way? What has changed?
I have seen you before, but I cannot recall because
I do not remember
seeing you at all.
You have grown into a stranger;
The life I live is becoming stranger.
I say hi to you, the person I knew
Because you're looking oh, so blue.
We stare at each other for a moment
As I wonder where the time went.
You say hi back
and we both crack smiles
Before I walk another 100 miles.

Stereo-Type

You're a genre-bender, a true game changer
With touches of spice and pinches of seasoning
 mixed in a person hiding her anger
both hot and cold as your veins stays freezing.
 When you talk, I am never the same.
Not just anyone possesses your flame.
 She held back an identity
 not easily tamed
To function in a world not so *shaded*.
When her sound waves left the stereo,
 I appreciated the genre:
The parts that made her sound different -
 Notes she hit that remind me of mamma.
When the song ended, I realized her purpose
 and my own stereotype.
Her antennas told a story of personal demise
 Yet her sound was so ripe.
 I cannot listen to just one song
 Because it reveals a life quite mixed
 And I cannot open just a few doors
As her genre enters a heart now fixed.

I need you / You Want me

I need you like
Empty caskets need bodies
and

I need you like
a thank you needs a please.
but

You want me like
a drunk wants a drink
and

You want me like
a brain wants to think
but

I need you like
a body needs a head
and

I need you like
the living needs the dead
but

You want me like
a bum wants to work
and

You want me like
Worms want dirt
but

I need you like
you want me.

Birds on a Wire

There we are - hanging in the balance,
talking about the struggles we face.
High in the sky, we search for solace
allowing each other to slow the pace.

I do not know how I got here,
but I know it is best for me.

High in the sky, I show no fear;
I stay in a place that is so free.
We all suffer from different pains
and how we continue is a mystery.
We all look at people and at things
making sure to impact history.

The flight I traveled taught me
how to love no matter the weather.

The life I've lived made me see
that life gets bumpy and it gets better.

Birds on a wire, we chirp away
to remind each other how to love.

Birds on a wire, we face the day;
blessing skies with sounds from above.

Windy City

Against the odds, the tree stood strong
in the wind and continued to hold,
against humans and unwarranted nature.
For years, green leaves danced like two birds
in love. During changing seasons,
leaves moved without reason and sap slowly dripped
down the rough side of the tree,
and without remedy, formed a steady stream.
The tree's branches shot in every direction,
reaching and growing at a slow rate,
dictating a fate without even knowing
which way the wind was blowing.
Almost touching the sky, the tree saw it all and
lived long enough to see many fall.
Wiser than ever, wrinkles riddled the tree
showing on-goers of a time back when.
Time has revealed its true course
but the tree remained eager, feeling
more alive than ever. But one cold day,
chills filled the tree and the singing birds
were forced to leave. The temperature dropped
to a low degree and snowflakes worked
into the breeze. Dancing leaves weaved
through the air to the snowy ground
before falling to the wind's sound.
Bark and branches fell off quickly
as I remember the trees in a windy city.

Low Eyes - High Hopes

Fire fills the city;
smoke fills the sky.
Shattered windows and hopes
Cover the ground built on lies.
Eyes fixated on rubble
As feet stomp through
an unknown struggle.
Marching together
But in separate bubbles.
Looking for peace
But causing trouble.
Raising flags and fists
Reading different signs
Strong in beliefs
frozen in time.
Embracing changes and
Expanding lines.
Breaking out of pre-made cages
searching for a better time.
High hopes fill the air
surrounding lowered eyes,
For love is created
to give and share
When your world seems
to lose its size.

State of Happy

I have traveled many miles to find this place:
To finally experience a new state of happy.

I left behind a life I did not face
searching for a place that better fit me.

The grass was greener on the other side,
So I jumped the fence to see for myself.

I made it over in plain daylight
And landed so gently with the grass's help.

Bruised and tired, I completed my travel.
I fought off a monster and I faced a demon
Who helped me understand why I fought this battle-
Why I have suffered beyond reason.

The feelings I felt when I changed my ways
arrived so quickly and continued in waves.
I quickly moved forward and counted my days
Remembering why I moved to this place.

I don't regret moving to a state of happy
For reasons that are hard to express.
I can now live freely with a light within me
That burns away darkness that's left.

Spotlight

Sun rays glistened on the water
In front of hundreds of eyes,
Yet thousands still wander
In bodies not prized.
Onlookers seldom rest
for no reason
Except to expect the next rise.
No matter, sunshine abides
every season,
So, believe in the light
to see what lies.
Ahead, darkness grows
without remorse,
Creeping into clear
and spotless minds.
As spotlights follow
those feeling worse,
They Provide sun
during dark times.

Fear of the Forest

Most are scared
of big trees
and flying away
in the breeze.

While others venture
to unknowns
before finding
what is home.

The forest invites
those happy to try
and stays alive
when they fly.

The forest is dense
and can be empty
and the choice to enter
is all so tempting.

For life to be lived
the fear must pass
because in the forest
time doesn't last.

Frozen Tears

Below the line, it's not fair
In height, both cold and cruel.
Relentless with its bite and care,
The cold attacks friends and fools.
Water drips at a pace so quick
One must not blink to notice,
But as each tear freezes
Time stops for a moment.

Forefront

What are you waiting for?
For the door to swing open?
Stuck wishing for more?
For happiness to just happen?
Don't settle, the forefront is waiting.
Keep pushing towards what is right.
If you ever find yourself debating
Follow your gut and test your might.
Because the forefront is waiting
For a fighter like you
To find solace and the forefront too.

X

The sad truth is that doors stay close
Until it is opened by a powerful force
Making the effort and doing the most
To change without feeling remorse.

X

Welcome to the Forefront.

Detour

Full speed ahead
Going faster and faster
With worries to shed
And skills to master.
Time remains fast
And can be unfair
While it erases the past
That many have shared.
The road is straight
For many days.
Faster...
Full speed ahead
No need to change.
STOP!
DETOUR?
You fell asleep.
You woke on a different road
Forgetting your days
too far to know.

Smile through the Pain

How do you feel when you stop and think?

Do you have time to notice the pain?

Are you able to float after you sink?

What do you do to keep yourself sane?

The day grows long and so does this journey.

I do not know which direction I am going.

I acknowledge my feelings first in the morning
to control the emotions I will be showing.

The day goes on, but my feelings stay;

It's impossible to keep them away.

Darkness creeps in the sunniest days

and can silence any words I say.

I will smile, but it may take awhile.

I have to find the source of this pain.

Give me an inch, so I can take a mile
cuz' along the way, so much can change.

No Worries

Heavy air leaves my mouth,
As I sigh and wonder 'why'.
I deflate my chest before looking south;
I breathe so heavy up toward the sky.
I wonder and worry, but I'm in no hurry.
Time became rough, but I remain tough.
I sigh and I weep until the hour I sleep.
I feel so bad: the worst feeling to have.
I push on through this life so steep;
This breath I take won't be my last.
I swim these waters blue and deep
And navigate unknowns without a map.
I aim and miss but still shoot for bliss.
I stumble and stare thru the thin air.
Broke and beat, never taking a seat,
I worry a lot but I avoid defeat.
Take away my worries and all of my fears:
Remove my worries for the rest of my years.

Death of an Ego

Yes, I have killed
the person I was
to become and build
a person I love.
Nightmares arrive
in the cold of night
and make me feel
before the day's light.
They keep coming back:
the visions of myself.
I fade to black;
There is no help.
I reach out to find
a person to face -
Scared and out of time,
I realize I'm alone
in this place.
I try hard to reel
in the feelings too real.
I forget how to feel
inside myself:
a place to heal.
I may be lost,
but I had to leave.
No matter the cost,
my ego's asleep.
What is this I
that you cherish?
Look inside
and ask why
you began to parish.
I have to help
others use their eyes -
live a life away from self
and
watch love double in size.

The life I notice
has changed for the better.
Impossible to show,
I T Y P E O U T E A C H L E T T E R.
Life has changed,
I am no longer attached.
I am freed from this cage
as my ego relaxed.

