

5 Years ago in June



*Poetry by
Jennifer Cooley*

For information about
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~ *Dedication* ~

Book 3 of 3

Book Titled
5 Years Ago In June!

One Kiss is worth a 1000 words!
I made a promise
I swore to myself
I'd never give
my heart away
to anyone else,
Said I'd live alone
Forever!

And then there you were
as if you had been listening
inside my head,
You came into the picture
Like a work of art,
Yeah,
It's a Good thing?
One Kiss is worth a 1000 words!

Jennifer S! Cooley.

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~ Welfare Day ~

Living in a dizzy array
there's so much on display
all the shelters
where I've stayed,
so much can be said about all the people
the ones I've come to know
Their stories shared along their path's
towards improvements
money spent
sometimes it's clear what that's meant
'some event!'
No place to rent,
They're hard to find
nothings for a dime,
something to afford
no more need be said.
Bed bugs a riot they're everywhere
so not just anything will do
after just one has bit you
beware of what else might get you
despite what your trying to do,
It's nothing new
so it's been said
a thousand times before,
knowing what's in store
but hard times don't mean the end
especially when you've got some friends,
a show of strength ones fortitude
A determination to get through to someplace better
some place new,
A room with a view
something good has come your way,
this time around
Finally
on Welfare day!

July 8, 2008

~ *Temple Head* ~

Krista & Kirsten
Sara and Jane
Jackie and Blane and
Paul are insane
No need to be told
To old to scold
Divorcing a future
That left 6 winters old
Driving a truck alone
Going home,
With no place left to live
Divorcing religions
Temple head!

June 10,2010

~ *Sea Shells* ~

I'm not so sure
What going door to door
Has to do with the pain
In my life that 24hrs a day can't make go away,
Walking around on the earth
Where we dwell,
Feeling emptiness
That time cannot fill
Marching along 2 by 2 as soldiers do,
Never having a chest to lay my head on to rest
While sharing the word
As many have heard
About a promise to live in a world of
Good where pain and sickness
Will be no more,
As I shake inside
Waiting to realize an experience
That 66 books can't give me
Though I remain true to the
Truth of the words they bare,
As I live each day working toward
A freedom that for me waits
Upside down
In Australia!

Part 2

The water swirls the other way
In a toilet bowl I wait to look into
So I can take a walk with a guy down a road
Alone to find an ending long overdue in my life,
That I've been ripped off from having;
The freedom of my life
Compromised because of injustice that I've struggled
My way thru leaving a place I long since stopped
Wanting to return too...
My skin cannot graph on to you
How walking those old haunted stomping grounds makes me feel,
For the time you were never there
Meant to be shared with you
As I cried and threw rocks at walls
Divorcing buildings and bedrooms
I'd like to burn to the ground and
All the things I'd like to see turned to ashes;
So that I don't have to live in purgatory
Because of how sensitive the topic is
That my quiet heart will not live in
A lie around others anymore,

I'm not so sure what going door to door
Has to do with the pain my life,
Walking around on the earth where we dwell
Feeling an emptiness that time
Cannot fill; marching 2 by 2 as soldiers do,
The most important kiss of my life was
One that never got finished!
Time heals all wounds
Except for the ones in the heart...?
Never could figure out what people
Like about beer!

~ Junky Prayer ~

Life as a junky
and a working girl,
getting to high to run from
what's missing inside,
to believe in the God
of the sky,
but follow the one
that fills you with fun?
the pleasurable poisons
that run through our veins,
and the high that's never-ending
sent to our brains,
for every flame
and every flicker
for every toke,
that we exhale
the abandonment
from the hit and miss,
A lost lover
A first kiss,
in a world of culture
we know as fix,
far to gone for understanding
the ultimate end of what
God wants for us all,
undesirable words
in the end about our
trials in life,
as we cut another piece to get us through,
another moments time
with me and you as victims
in this historical masterpiece,
that we don't understand
behind Gods rule of commands,
As we take our place
in yet another foodline
trying to hang on
to our state of mind
is the bible really kind?
For when can we find the time
to read what we don't see available,
for where the truth is never looking
for us;
So we wander the streets
through each day,
of our junky ways
with little to say
because the greatest miracle
which holds the answers

may never come our way,
So enjoy our sinful freedoms
as sad as our choices are to others, so it may seem...
could be the blessing in disguise to cover us from what
were not to blame for,
for how little we really know
since we started down that path.
To far gone to change the damage
that keeps us in that cycle,
Denied the God that we should know,
so take things one day at a time
that's all we can do..
and I'll pray for all our souls
and how far we have to go,
on my sober stretch,
with the words that I can find
to write for all of us,
Life as we know it
that's all we've got each day,
to enjoy in our only treasure
of the pleasures that we've sought.
And maybe a flicker of hope,
or a thought might come to mind
to change you in a sobering moment too...
to try and do better,
and find what answers
our souls haven't known or discovered,
from being lost without direction
to find salvation in the end,
through something as small as
a prayer when the moments made clear
that your feeling something
Holy near,
Like the kiss of your child before putting them to bed,
and tucking them under their covers,
or the sound of music
with words, that fill your heart, just right,
and what you need can't escape you
for the first time in your life,
Finding a way to live it
RIGHT!
Staying clean?

~ *God Song* ~

E b

I Have a Father he calls me his own
Before even time began my life was in his hands
He knows my name
He knows my every thought
He sees each tear that falls
And hears me when I call

Anonymous!

July 8,2008

~ *Cremate me* ~

Cremate me
And scatter some
Of my ashes
In the sea,
And bury a small
Little urn
In the ground
Of my Grandpa's grave
In Victoria
B.C.
I don't want to witness
A 1000 years
Of this future
Grow old
I deserved better than this
As the clock stroke midnight
Losing the right kiss
Divorcing Januaries!

May 30, 2011

~ 6 Years ~

It's been a waste of 6 years
6 years I didn't have to be crying
6 years I could have been lying in your arms
6 years I didn't have to be alone
6 years of time there's no return for,
Loneliness and an empty heart
Because you failed to do your part
Because you failed to take your
Place in my life.
I have to walk around feeling this way
For the rest of my life,
Because only you could have filled
It before the baby came along;
Now there's nothing left to do
Except to sleep around on you
Because at least I wouldn't have to be alone,
No matter the cost of the dignity or Pride,
At least I can look into someone's eyes
Having someone there by my side
For the years I've just lost
Living without you,
6 years!

~ *Thumbs* ~

Ever stare at the wrinkles
on your thumbs,
I do every time
I look at mine
It's incredible
the match
the way you saturate me,
Your hands are so strong
I love them
for knowing what flows
through them,
Holding on means; never letting go,
You use them strategically
when it's time
they know what to do
there's no hesitation;
once they know what they want to grab on too ..
Lucky is the 'girl'
who feels the experience
but does 'she' know
what to give back
when you're holding her like that?
I won't share what I know
those actions are mine
and the pictures
will stay in my mind
when I think of you,
as I lay alone in bed
I smile for what I know
because the feelings inside
are wonderful;
It keeps you
a part of me,
a way of living on with history, without disturbing that life again.
That loss is mine to get over
as life is lived,
It's the price I pay for this gift;
I won't stop writing, what I want
my hands like to be hard at work
building a mystery of what time left there.
Hands understand the elements
like the surprise, that hides
'behind the eyes'
before the gift of what's in them is given,
I see yours and feel them
in almost everything I do.
These aged hands
tell the story of when I was there
like that first window,
I don't ever want to re-visit that
I ever saw you through
when we were both young...
in realizing now that what 'he' did was pre-meditated

before the thought of wrinkles was ever our concern.
 I lost before I ever had a chance
 knowing life in the way I always wanted too...
 and so it goes, that's when these aged hands of mine,
 meant to show there grace
 to change the look on your face
 when the palms of my hands,
 and the tips of my fingers
 never reached the skin
 of your perfect face....
 because of the distance
 and 'who' stood between us;
 standing on the corner by the tree
 Do you remember me?
 At 16 I never thought that
 that was my moment,
 I believed in taking things slow
 I believed in "time"
 `Tick, Tock'
 That 'never' came through
 because of how much more
 the devil and God already new,
 `Hands' hold on, to things like that
 no matter how many years forward you've moved.
 Sharing what lives, of what `time' could never arrest is what I now do,
 since I learned that happiness
 is a point of view;
 Told in our hands, through what we do
 like the very first time I ever saw you!
 `Hands'
 they weather the storms
 of our lies and truth's
 what our minds and our hearts
 can't always display,
 The hands find a way to betray
 when it's time for things
 to be revealed;
 mine now take the wheel
 as I travel the miles
 that work lays out before me
 and write away with words
 `old' feelings
 what my hands to this day
 have never found anyone to show.
 So I love your hands
 for what `I see' they've said
 for where I know they've `never' been
 Just imagine...
 tick, tock
 as you stop to look at them.
 It's hard to believe
 Life's that deep and because
 of that, I'll always treasure
 what mine tell me...
 As I put back on my thumb ring,
 "I'M STRANGER. :-}
 I love your hands!

~ *Smiling on the Outside* ~

No such thing
As happy endings
Just bitter sweet
Divisions
Smiling on the outside
Dancing in the streets
Hurting for the time
You can never have again!

Raised without religion

To this I do confess
some believe in God
others take life like it is,
they don't finish school
alot feel like fools
and leave home when they're young,
Parents no longer know what to teach them
for they themselves were not told
so their jobs are merely done,
as we learn to run
to wander the streets in view of the chaos
we become apart of the crowds not sure what to think,
about the lot we've been given in this life
Picking up the pipe
changes everything alright,
The boredom overtook us as we wrestle
days without sleep,
Just understanding what we need
bright and talented
but smashed on booze, coc, crack, down or speed,
something to appeal to our energy
for the moment it's what we need?
Not sure where the next meal will come from
no comfort and love for our hearts
Starting out so beautiful
10 fingers
10 toes
The never-ending glories of the life
that's about to unfold,
But now how do we turn it around
From the moment our feet hit the ground
How do we turn it around
and get the hopeless age to see
that the answers lie in Jesus,
for everything that we need.
To take a moments time
to reflect in God divine,
To read one holy passage, and learn it's message
for me and you
and try to digest what it means

in order to make a difference in things.
Each little message has something inside for all of us,
to help in times of need
As we live through each day
Down but not out
How do you turn it around
get lost generations to believe so much more
can be given them, in the life that stands before them.
So I sit here and write and ponder in this life,
another day, another night,
Living it for real; fitting right in with this whirlwind of addiction
and it's afflictions,
for the places I cannot roam
for the places I call home,
Just like everyone around me
may the wrongs be made right,
As we struggle in the twilight
over the challenges that are laid out before us,
Being raised without religion
to my God and Jesus;
these words I do write,
May something good come our way soon
every day we stand and fight
Just trying to get it right
I do believe,
I do believe
to this I do confess!

Danny

R.I.P.

Danny

~ *Danny* ~

It's so embarrassing
 to miss someone
 you believed thought so little of you,
 or so it seemed at the time
 but understanding now
 as I look back upon it all
 eases my mind,
 over the friendship made clear
 once we ran free
 away from the cage,
 the place where we both
 should have stayed
 in order to have never `lost' touch
 All those childhood feelings
 haunting me today,
 how would life be
 if that bus ride had never
 separated you from me?
 All those childhood feelings
 trying to find a way to stay
 trying to find a new way
 of looking at life each day,
 praying for sanity
 crying over the irony
 as no-ones arms
 continue to hold,
 bodies that go to bed alone
 (at least back then)
 as the whole worlds love denies you
 or at least that's the way it feels,
 When there's nothing to grab on to for real
 it's you inside
 who stands beside me,
 who understands the need
 that high inside me
 Quietly people
 are dying on their own
 No-one to phone
 in the wee hours of the night...
 to be laughing at your jokes

and the stories that you tell
 mesmerize me; with your words
 reducing the pain
 life doesn't have to be that way,
 the light of your life
 upon me shining
 a glory of moment that's mine
 to share in knowing you're there
 my soul no longer dying
 because...
 it's you inside me
 who stands beside me,
 who understands that need
 that high inside me.
 Now we get by
 with those histories tried
 and that love still real,
 a connection that time
 could not subside
 as I wonder what happened,
 A friendship
 that no amount of violence
 or time can be denied;
 All those childhood feelings
 haunting me today
 how would life be
 if that bus ride had never
 separated you from me?
 All those childhood feelings
 trying to find a better way
 to look upon life,
 each new day
 praying for sanity
 crying over the irony
 that need for a fix
 another great big hit
 never goes away,
 you're the one keeping it at bay
 as I wipe away 2 tear drops
 that fall one beneath each eye
 never getting over that final episode
 what I never thought
 would be the last time
 I looked in your eyes,

never getting over
the constant need to die
when your so beautiful
and all the friendship
that I needed
to have things be
the way they should be.
It can't be denied what two people hold inside,
just wish you were here
as I write a moments thought
of who you are to me;
Loving you Danny
for loving me AWAY
Needling it,
it will always be
You and me
for all we longed to have inside our empty and
distorted lives,
for what went wrong
in terms of youth and the choices
we never had the opportunity to make;
praying for sanity
crying over the irony
that's the way
it will always be.
All those childhood feelings
haunting me today,
how would life be
if that bus ride
had never separated
you from me?

~ Beautiful Poetry ~

I want to push you up
 against the wall,
 and pound my hands
 against your chest
 in showing you
 how much you're missed,
 As I rush forward
 for your kiss so many years of hunger
 living between lips
 to never understand
 what we **both** missed
 our hearts at an age
 that were left at a stand still
 because of the view;
 I wanted you to see
 when you looked at me,
 A whole new hope and glory and how to look
 at life?

But that moment passed us both by,
 through an unchartered course
 that wasn't foreseen

Religion:

paradise and the bible
 what does it mean?
 The shine in my smile
 and the twinkle in your eyes,
 eternity to look at each other
 is a long time,
 to walk the world over
 side by side,
 never growing older
 when were together...
 Age stands still;
 holding hands
 the sweat in your palms
 for a grip so strong
 knowing we can't go wrong,
 dancing in the summer heat
 in the middle of the day
 on a busy city street,
 as we laugh at their smiles

Danny

before holding each other
 our bodies really close
 the warmth there
 oh so very real,
 I make it a habit to never
 get that close,
 for it always ends in abuse
 so I never saw a use,
 maybe that was wrong
 when it came to you
 for you are all there ever needed to be;
 So here I now stand marred
 knowing there's nothing
 to compare to the love that lives in you.
 Now my imagination runs wild
 and I dare to vision
 where your hand falls
 as a small gasp of air takes me there;
 my head tilts back in the light
 falling quiet
 mystified by the surprise
 that your hand knows
 what to do,
 Strange to me
 as I do the only thing I can do
 and that is love myself in you
 as I discover
 a whole new way to feel.
 My body uncovered
 what should have been discovered
 so many years ago
 between sheets,
 something so strong to hold
 that it leaves one without breath
 because it cannot be explained with words!
 The pain suddenly drives me insane
 and I cry within
 for this; which no man
 has learned to touch,
 all the confusion that's now
 suddenly in the way
 for the years gone past
 that speak for themselves
 as my body swells for your
 hands to find me

and finally get lost in the sin
 where have I been?
 To many years suffered
 at the wrong hands,
 I quake and I shake
 and want to cry
 for these feelings
 my body and skin
 aren't use to;
 wonderful sensations
 rushing highs
 this time for me a surprise
 not knowing how to deal
 with the way you make me feel,
 something removed from me for so long..
 Just imagine what the difference would be today
 if either one of us had known how to let go
 and give what we had to each other,
 as I held on thru an unfinished kiss...
 Incredible lover
 for the girl who sets your heart on fire,
 what a way to come to feel
 without you near me here today
 I won't sleep well now
 as these words finish being penned
 without your pillow talk
 or nakedness here;
 All I can do is let it burn
 as each day passes by
 that you live in that part of me.
 There will never be
 another you
 another friendship like this
 one that does do what belongs only to you
 no matter the years or distance
 you choose to leave between us,
 only time can deliver through
 that day when we stand before each other again
 and our eyes finally meet
 and share in the ending of a `kiss' you started
 Heaven here on earth,
 for what in that moment will be conquered
 as nothing stands in the way of
 the future and what that means...
 CLOSURE!

Danny

~ *Drink Alone* ~

29

I clink my glasses
I drink alone,
I laugh
at the war of wages
and the stages of life
that I see aren't nice,
No -one strong enough
to be in my life
to take the stand
my life demands.
The price you pay
to win first place
for what they won't listen to
from me when I speak,
No matter what I say as true
it's the curse of being blue
The difference between us
and what we do.
I clink my glasses
I drink alone,
I sit before you
judged with an empty view
I know not what to do
I don't want to be a part of this mess
but I haven't the strength to change
what's due,
So I drink for two
sad over where you're not
and what I can't do,
the future doesn't look so nice
divorcing the feeling
of the ring in my mind
and 'Once' upon a time;
that I felt as bold on your finger
it sings I'm missing you
leaving me to wonder
about what you'd say to me
if we weren't already family,
and a moment like that
if it could have happened at a time
that fit both our realities,

Danny

so I sit here divorced of
the feelings of where my life isn't
leading...
stuck in a realm with an honesty
I know that only 'you complete'.
A dance shared
my feet on your toes,
over a moments time
that can't be compared
paradise what's that?
for what we've been denied
how do we get by
over what we can't ignore...
so I just keep fighting it back
'you' the one who mastered my act,
the trouble my life always lead me in
and you alone
always being the one to chase
it down;
without ever asking
where I had been,
because you new it was trouble
it was sin I was in.
Always playing double,
by the look in your face
and the shine not in your eyes,
for the love torn from
both our lives...
Life's not been that kind
leaving us staring out of windows
all there is to view,
life on the earth
living without you.
So I clink my glasses
and drink alone
and laugh at the difference
of our understandings
and what we shared
When we were just 'old' enough
to know:
Drinks for two!!

~ Snow Angel ~

31

I'm tired of always being the 'one'
to do all the walking,
come find me on my hillside
so we can holler and scream
kick off our shoes
and fight for good times
beneath the light of the lord
on his earth,
I'm not a door to door walker
Holiday stalker
just a talker with friendly advice
and love in a world of ice.
I made a Snow Angel today
I've got nowhere to be
and evil divorces me,
so I'm stuck on a hill
with no-one to kill
for the battle's the lords
not mine
and there's nothing I can do
to change it.
There's nothing I can do
but stand by and watch...
No way of seeking after
that pleasure
after being denied
all of life's treasures,
that joy that happiness
that time of solitude
with someone who knows how
to treat me just right,
in all the times of good and bad
Peace and strife
that exists everywhere
All I can do is feel you
and write these words,
for never making it there
my station is clear
my life is danger... for what I think?
The innocent excitement is gone
and we only have the words
of God to which we can get by on,
it's the only place where we can
find the strength we need in these
trying times in order to 'live'...
When it comes to life
and the place where I sit
I see how we're all trapped in a system

Danny

from which we cannot run,
 SO I sit alone, full of thoughts
 trying to understand Gods 'forever'
 each day the light of the sun
 or the cloudy cast, constantly
 reminds me of the bibles clock forecast.
 You can't change my spiritual battery
 though evil does try...
 but my tears remove me from that sin
 attacking who I've never been
 Jerusalem and me,
 that's all there is to see
 but it's nowhere I can get
 because of how large this war is...
 whose wrong and whose right
 in this holy declaration.
 Here oh father
 the words of my heart,
 My prayers and never-ending
 cries for forgiveness...
 For my weaknesses and strife
 and everything I understand as right,
 You alone are the only one
 who can understand my plight
 the eternal prison I suffer living in,
 my reason for silence
 it's all about control;
 the weaker sex in religion
 and who fairs well when one listens.
 Only time can tell
 Farewell,
 my driver for forever
 the one who can't get me there
 because the spell behind it all
 has sent us packing
 in different directions of distraction.
 So all I have is faith,
 each day your sun comes out
 and shines at the back of me,
 because of the psychology
 behind how to find the right
 forever minds you want living
 whether it suits the timing
 you sought or not,
 for your message to be delivered
 I'm lost without being me
 and forcing my soul to be something
 that for me is old,
 Hurts even my daughter
 and the life
 she has the right to know;

watching what's being denied
 only my words can convey.
 I don't know where I went wrong
 and I don't know how we can fix it?
 The difference of our relationship
 in all of this,
 Man stands marred
 I can't stand the way I feel
 after the holy judgment that took place...
 what fell upon my body and left me here to live.
 'You' my God have a job that's abundantly clear
 and I got torn apart
 in the middle of my fantasies,
 worse off now than where I would be?
 for you to approve me,
 is it my fault I'm denied my adult?
 I stand alone in this sickness
 and I can't hold your hand or
 visit the holy lands.
 There's not enough strength to get me through,
 as I sit at home being with you,
 I want nothing to with the battle
 I see on the earth, for everything I see it hurt.
 There's alot of people I would love
 to have know you the way I do,
 divorced from life
 doesn't feel nice,
 when I talk to people
 and hear their words
 it saddens my heart
 for what it means mans lost
 the life they were meant to be living;
 so how do I go on
 find a way to do right by this all?
 To dance with the right guy
 stand on his toes,
 a feeling of re-assurance
 because his heart knows
 which way to sway and dip me,
 so I can laugh and giggle
 at the feelings made clear
 about the company here
 trying to be holy
 in a land without spirit;
 so hard to do
 living this way before you
 the cloud beneath you,
 the summer I lost
 Danny!

Danny

~ *China Doll* ~

China Doll,
Listen to the World
China Doll.
That's your call
China Doll,
Walk the city streets,
Listen to the sound
of it's heart beat,
Never Aching for comfort
Witness to them all,
about the paradise
that lives in you right now,
China Doll.
Because that's where
you've found your place
in this world,
Where you belong
Amongst it all
China Doll!

~ *Dope Lovers* ~

Danny and a summer dress
to this I do confess,
Danny and a summer dress
A night in your arms
whispering sweet nothings
in my ear,
Your charms hard at work
Just one little squirt
the glossy shine
in the eyes
hits us both at the same time
looking at each other
Everything uncovered,
our bodies climax together
Dope lovers!!

~ *Walk On* ~

Somewhere deep down
 inside your heart
 just know,
 How much
 it's been made clear
 to me,
 that I'm loving your heart
 all the way through,

Walk on
 Walk on
 Walk onn,

How many nights
 Have we both spent
 alone,
 Our hands behind
 our heads
 nobody to phone.

And as I forge a new path
 with what it is
 I want to do,
 just know
 I'm indeed loving you,
 And care for the family
 as if I were right there
 So I can know my love
 for them,
 lives on inside of you.
 In some way my love
 lives with them too.

Walk on
 Walk on
 Walk onn

Walk on
 Walk on
 Walk onn

So my dearest loving friend
until the very end
know how much I've come to realize
how important
your friendship
meant to me,
Right down to that very time
I never thought would be the last time
I would look into your eyes
Remembering them now
so clear.
What I saw living in them right then
and for that you will indeed always be
in a fond place in memory
wherever we both may be.

Walk on
Walk on
Walk onn

Walk on
Walk on
Walk onn!

Dictionary definition

~ *Family* ~

R.I.P.

=

House hold; closest relatives, race, tribe(s) group,
ancestry, clan, descendants, forbears, genealogy, genre
heirs, house, kin, kindred, kinsfolk, lineage, pedigree,
Progeny, relations, relationships, and incest!

Danny

~ Hello & Good-bye ~

Whether it was hello
or whether it was good-bye,
That kiss wanted to happen
tell me I lie,
When I think it over
I can't stand
what was lost,
a truth established
between us, no fights
I would have been released
from the dreams,
I could have lived
in the world again;
because I would have
my sanity,
to young to think it over
No- one to listen
the night I was raped of that life,
when your cousin forced me
to have sex,
trying to get me pregnant
so he could win the fight
"YOU" won't win the girl"
He said,
as I was held against the bed,
I'm trying to do the right thing
that's why I had to let you know
Hold on to what you've got
I want you to be happy,
with what you have
It's not your fault I'm sad
I don't want to feel that kiss
I don't want to `miss'
what I already know
that's how the story goes
tell me I lie,
as I cry and say
Good-bye,
The feelings were real
I played by your rules
I could only be with one of you,
I lost alot that night
`The rest of my life'
I can't be with anybody now
I have to fight first to get well,
Seeking out my therapy

so I can learn to live again
with the years I have left,
when once again I know I'm sane,
after finally understanding
who's to blame,
the game played
was at my expense
I deserve better
and that's what I'll get
that's what I have to 'learn'
how to feel
to be happy in a way
that belongs to me,
to know what healthy feels like
before I die,
It's not easy
as I fight not to use
I'm not sorry for loving you
I'm sorry for wanting that
I'm sorry for coming back,
I can't change what made me crumble.
I'm trying to back off
shut down the disturbing thoughts,
I'm trying to let go of the hope
I know it's the right thing to do,
We're different people now
It's so agonizing
as the tears stream down my face
having to accept,
that we live in different dimensions,
I'm me and that's who I should
want to be,
So that's what I'm working on,
I'm not ordinary
and I never will be
You don't know me,
and you're not supposed to
at least not anymore,
My mind went to pieces
my body was broken
and I've lived out
the wrong sentence,
but in what I've now done
I know I've finally won,
the justice that I need
in telling the truth
and letting you know
forgiveness,
is in the understanding!

~ Gamblers Game ~

Standing on the corner
of dufferin and main,
or under the bridge on higgins again;
selling your love
to the highest bidder,
in a gamblers game
where the stakes are
'your life'
for the next trick who buys you
could be the one whose packing
'the' knife,
You wonder how you got there?
You wonder how long you'll stay?
You remember back to that promise
of when you swore,
you'd never make a living this way:
You wonder if you told yourself
that with what you've already been through,
that this would actually be 'funny'
Part-time work for full-time money.
you thought you might as well...
get something out of this too?
Instead of them always,
just 'taking' it from you
Your body has become
so accustomed to this,
that you're hardly even aware
of how often you keep getting stoned
so as not to remember how much
you hate, both doing this or how it happened;
that you got to be there.
Few are so lucky, as the ones who break away,
for most will still be out there
just as long as men will pay!

~ *Eyes wide shut* ~

Eyes wide shut in front you
Which one do you masturbate to?

Mama 1

or Mama 2

Living as a human sacrifice

`TRANSGENDERED'

Wearing a dress, high heels, lipstick

Driving a taxicab?

Mama 2 have I said enough about you?

watching which ones turn Mommy on,

As the silence of the oncoming view

raped me right in front of you,

for what to both is overdue

Never learning how to use your own...

Mama 1

Such wonderful taste you had in men
as I sit here, think back and remember
the hatchet job
of what growing up with you in Winnipeg was like,
so nice...

Daughter see
daughter do?

I never had a choice
being raised by you..
Growing up
Always wanting someone
on my side
I'd look at them (strangers)
and say,
"Do you believe me?"
I became a hooker because of you.

Eyes wide shut!

~ *Bowl of Jello* ~

I see a whirl
Of criticism in the
Bowl of Jello
In front of me,
Knee deep on the bed
While my daughter sleeps;
What do I put in my
Stomach
As I wait for the aches
And pains to stop?

May, 20/2010



~ 5 Years Ago in June ~

5 years ago in June
I was hetero-sexual but
I've yet to land the hand of the man
Who steals the water that pours from
My self-managed vessel;
It was a perfect summer for a
Heat wave of love, that has lasted
Until November (every year) since then
What does love have to do with
Good timing?

Nothing comes from Nothing,
So something had to happen for me
To find a way to iterate the words of the experience
That lives in every butterfly moment
That I survive the heat wave of my self-managed vessel
Remembering 5 years ago in June,

I guess that's what an ex- girlfriend is for,
It's cheaper than a divorce, and it's risk management for the
storm

That wears itself in your history
As you look toward tomorrow or next
Week and the next girl you meet who
Wants to kiss the lips that good summer
He missed his chance to climb the fire escape and enter
your room
Through the window (of your heart) and give you the love
of your dreams as your
Inner life's fulfilment lives up to it's real
Hetero-sexual world that poured from my self-managed
vessel 5 years ago in June!



~ *The Quiet Contender* ~

For Evan

I'm just the girl that never breathes a word about how she feels
over what she sees,

I just sit and admire you from across the room,
Every time I see you in one.

My eyes blink holding back what I think, hoping it stays that way
That you never notice how much

I want to be the girl that's more than just a friend:
Being that is better than if I wasn't in the picture at all.

So I just stay,
The quiet contender

And there isn't anything I want to or can do to change what you
see and think

I'm just the quiet contender,
Who dreams of you as being the one;
The one whose lips will ONE DAY kiss me

Finally,
Telling me what I'm worth!

So I'm just the quiet contender
Who blinks to hold back what she thinks
The girl that never breathes a word
About how she feels, hoping it stays that way
That you never notice what I think of you
Every time I see you in a room Somewhere!

~ Secret ~

What do you do
when you've been torn away
from the people that you miss,
when you lost your place
in the only family where you
once thought you fit?
You punch, scream, and cry
as you swallow what's inside
life is no high;
as you live with the burdens
of the consequences
every day you're just getting by
suffering the loneliness,
being another outcast
love doesn't die...
No matter how many years pass by
there isn't a fair understanding
of the cards that were dealt,
living doesn't mean anything
when you believed,
you found everything
you were looking for.
You love enough to know
to stay away,
like a drowned rat on a rainy day
the hurt inside
never goes away
when you've got a secret to tell
to fill in the blanks of a
misunderstood history,
love the ones you call family
as your words are told.
They don't know what their missing
you haven't been there for so long...
it hurts less this way,
when no-ones any wiser
over the sacrifice,
just wish them well
as you move on in life,
you pray from this point on
life turns out alright!

~ *Night after Night* ~

Sleep by day
Streets by night,
What a drive by sight
a courageous fight?
Doing it
night after night,
Jewel
fine hair,
furs
fine wear,
Catch
their prey
Good job, well done?
Take money
walk away,
Nothing to say for some
what happens to their bodies
doesn't matter anymore anyway?
Nothing anyone can say
it's just their way
till (for some)
their dying day:
Sleep by day
Streets by night,
What a drive by sight,
A courageous fight?
to be doing it
Night after Night!

July 8, 2008

~ *Growing Old* ~

I like indoor ice rinks
And restaurants
With a fire place,
Can't stand the damp
Or the cold
That never leaves
My bones,
Too tired for their university
Watching a zit grow on the
Back of my leg
Eating oatmeal for breakfast
Alone!

~ Family Incest ~

Hat

I remember lying there
feeling like death,
as so many of us do
wanting to escape my body,
I remember turning my head
and staring at the white wall
my eyes burning through it
with intensity, trying to get away
I couldn't stand to look at him
the expression on his face
and the message in his eyes,
trying to escape
from the feeling of him
`INSIDE' ME,
All my mind could see was you
sitting alone in a half lit room
where I left you,
the night I wanted to...
climb on the couch
squeeze in behind you
wear you like a shield,
knowing then, nothing could
happen to me;
Protection I thought I was so close
to landing but in the end
protection I'd never be understanding,
For it was right
just than in what felt like
the blink of an eye,
There I was, in a room
I was unable to escape
Face to Face
with "his" stranger
consumed by his rage
and jealousy over you,
I was dumb enough to hope
that you might have known
I was in trouble,
There was nothing I could do
as soon as he touched me
What I hoped to know was gone,
by then we had travelled to far

and I could no longer turn
to your embrace,
and you could no longer be
the knight of my dreams
or a witness, in the story
to my life's plight
in all the rest of the days
I spent in silence
a part of you and your families life!
(Jennifer Culleton Park)
I new not to fight
that only makes things worse,
they don't stop until they're done
the light in my life dwindled
my mind and heart fell sick,
and I worsened in my
dissociative disorder,
I walked around "BLUE"
`Nummer'
adding this to what
I had already been through,
I believed in your fairy-tale
Love is blind
I was kind,
I loved the family
that I was surrounded in,
and why needles became my best-friend,
I know better now
when I think about
what I could have been saved from
living through,
If you had been there when I returned,
when part of me remembers
wanting to tell,
but
would you have believed me
the night I meant to be right back
the night I left the hat?
It has taken me many years
to learn how to fight
to get well,
and I know that even today
my journey is far from over,
as I confess and contest,
to the history
of
Family Incest!

July 8,2008

~ *Dimes* ~

Born to live
In a cold dark place
To never hear the sound
Of your voice
Or see your beautiful face
Where space and time
Is on hold
Where there are
Dimes everywhere
Watching treatment
Unfold!

~ *Beautiful Bowl* ~

Muddy waters
And stony bottoms
Of forest grounds
That flood forever
Building a monument
Where you can
Kneel to pray
Any time of the day
Washing your hands and face
And sprinkle your feet
With water from a fountain
In a beautiful
Bowl!



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This is book 3 of 3!

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**You came into the picture
Like a work of Art,
Yeah,
It's a Good Thing?
One Kiss is worth a 1000
words!
:-D**

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