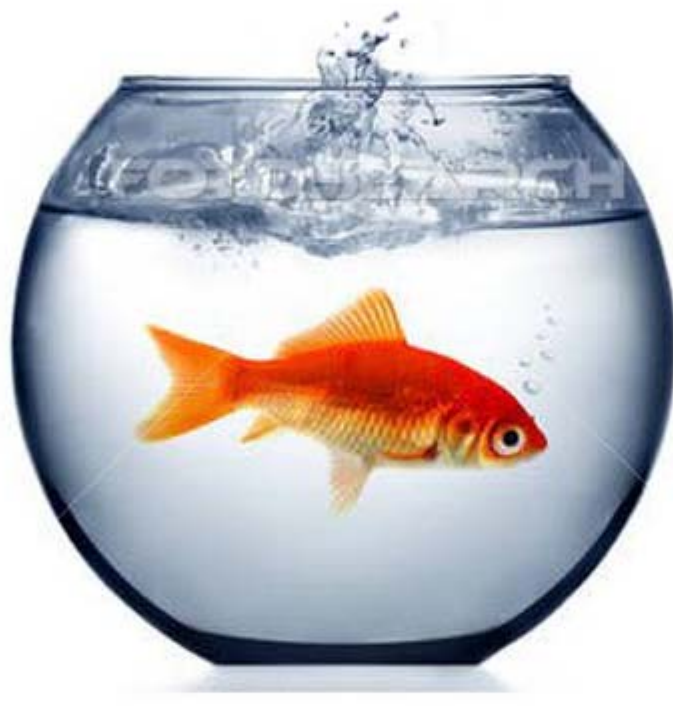


The Day My Goldfish



Died!

*Poetry by
Jennifer Cooley*

Dedication to my Goldfish
and to my God!

For everyone;
Are we all fighting our ways through life,
With this assurance that it's nice to know
we're not alone.

~ I. A. L.C.P. ~

In this time of recovery
it leaves for a great time of contemplative thought,
about our environment and angles
of re-discovery of life in a more enlightening way. It's hard to fight the errors of thoughts in your mind,
and build re-newed
strength, that one can find happiness in
in a time when loyalty is mis-directed!

I. A. L. C. P.

I am a loveable and capable person!

~ Dear Valentine ~

Do you know how much I loved you
Do you know how much I cared
Do you know how much I hurt
over what was wrong with me
down there?
Dear Valentine
Do you know how much I loved you
Do you know how much I cared?
You were my strawberry!

~ Happy Ending ~

The kindness
the innocence
the honesty
in their desires
answers to which,
they shall not find
without you on their mind
A happiness that must be disturbed
A POLICED state around the world,
How many know to give thanks
for who saves them?
I wish to cry about most everything
because I cannot give them all
A
Happy Ending!

~ The love of God ~

The love of God
doesn't live inside of buildings
it's in your human conditioning,
the state of your heart
knowing what your worth
and how you behave
in the world towards others,
Handshakes, hugs
and true understanding
of the bibles scriptures
and how to apply them
make them alive in your life
with family, friends and strangers
"We are the World"
It's true
the state of the earth's core
depends on you
and what you do,
The choices we make have such
a great impact
on the Whole of the Worlds state,
"Who am I, but 'one' individual?"
With love 'one' is all it takes to make
a difference so great,
to fill our souls with a state
of peace
for the persons we've chosen to be,
The smallest reflections of who we are
come from where we walk
and how we talk;
How we choose to feel
about the people that we meet,
What would happen to us all
if God removed his lamp stand
of love from us?
Just imagine the darkness, the state of gloom,
worse than an Earthquake
how easy the human race
would be at an end
and God could have the earth back
empty and clean,
The evidence is clear
when you walk poverties streets,
or simply watch t.v.
it's all over the news
our own genocide,
to realize before our eyes
our demise,
and before too long
God can go back to watching dinosaurs roam free,
with a quality of beauty that we never see,
But alas man was made to live forever
and how many people he chooses to resurrect
is an immutable decision
based on who he rewards with this freedom;
knowing who wants his company
and can understand
what eternity and living forever
with him actually means.
It's a concept hard to imagine

Man has yet to live for 1000 years.
It's a hard thing to do
to be the one who has to decide
what happens to you and me
and where that judgment stands;
we know it leaves evil with a bad hand,
which side of the gardens gate
do you want to live on?
It's better to be real
and not be afraid to feel,
to be nice and direct
to know how to love
and not run from what's best.
To learn to accept our jobs
and responsibilities
as lovers of life trying to get it right,
While were living on the earth
in God's grace and good company
That's what keeps things moving
in a good direction, a good state of mind,
Otherwise what's the point in being alive?
Who wants to walk around
without any feelings inside,
always denied
the lovelier side
where in that does anyone win,
If we don't know how to feel
and treat one another;
so life on earth
can be like that final order
of paradise on earth,
a place no longer a receipt
in our minds.
Don't wait till it's too late
start praying today,
hear the voice inside you
All things good come to those who wait,
This is the time and the hour
to feel Gods power,
let him in to work that miracle
understanding that negotiation
of love
living side by side with him.
For this "I" know I cannot wait
No end in coming to know him
the greatest lover of justice for all time,
The grand creator who stands so tall
He who illuminates everything good
we do with grace,
Cheers to New beginnings
and happy endings,
The rest is up to him in that;
all we can do is trust all things forward
will be better then
where we've been.
Amen!

~ Conscience ~

Although we inherit the faculty of conscience,
that endowment of ours is unfortunately flawed
Though mankind was given a perfect start
all have sinned and fall short of the glory of God.
Because we are marred by sin and imperfection
our conscience may be
warped and may no longer function.
It can be said that it was influenced
by our upbringing or local customs

A Christian must have the additional
assistance of the firm and righteous standards,
found in the word(s) of God
When we are enlightened according to
his standards, it can better serve
as a moral safety device,
enabling us to distinguish between
what's wrong and right.

Make me know your own ways
Oh Jehovah,
Teach me your own paths
make me walk in your truth
and teach me
for you are my God
of Salvation.

Honesty in all things
hatred and deception
not learning the difference
ruins a beautiful thing
the effect of persistently ignoring or
suppressing what we know as good,
makes it impossible for us to prevent
a repetition of our sins.
All things are naked and openly exposed
before the eyes of whom we all must
take a stand,
It is vital to take into account
the conscience of others,
failing to do so can
cause spiritual ruin
all for who
Christ died.

Make me know your own ways
Oh Jehovah,
teach me your own paths
make walk in your truth
and teach me for you are
my God of Salvation!

~ Ugly Beautiful ~

Even when I felt the Holy Spirit
it didn't make me happy,
I didn't want to be here
it's clear
this world is not a part of you
and it doesn't carry me;
Ugly beautiful
that's what I see
in our surroundings
What people don't appreciate
the gifts "God" let us have
already spoiled,
but still we want more
the devil and you
can't live as one,
to this an end has to come
as I struggle with my mortality
displaced from everything that's around me
to win this objective;
In wanting to understand
what it means to be loving you
The cost is high; a private liberty
the feelings plague me,
as I push bad thoughts out of my mind.
Having no home for my heart
the only thing I do smart?
What am I supposed to preach
What am I supposed to tell you
if even the holiest people
aren't doing it well?
Where does that leave me
in this realm, if I'm not heaven bound?
I hate smoking!

`Purple'

Purple
dreams
showers
themes

Madness in the dark
of a wholier walk
through the park
that surrounds me at this time;
A hot desire
a compliment
of what's transpired
of where the times
behind the needles went,
As I lose my oxygen
landing forever,
over a perfect kiss
missed
divorcing london's theatre,
without understanding
where that body went
since you left
the difference
launched there
that day!

~ Ripped ~

Raped, Ripped, Robbed,
Witnessing the powers of the devil alive,
Raped, Ripped, Robbed
feeling your soul die
as you mourn and cry
to say good-bye to a life
that you long to escape,
Raped, Ripped, Robbed,

I often ask myself and wonder why,
we cannot find a way to compromise?
Keeping our eyes open to what
cannot be denied, about the sins
that stand before our lives,
Raped, Ripped, Robbed,
I often ask myself and wonder why,
we cannot find a way
to compromise?

Why can't we come to realize
the powers of love in our lives,
Raped, Ripped, Robbed,
I often ask myself and wonder why?
Raped, Ripped, Robbed!

~ Social disorders ~

The Social disorders
over the sicknesses I see
overwhelms my heart
destroying the harmony,
peace and love without God
still maintains a lot of tragedy
What can I say
except hold on one more day
It can get better,
but we have to want it too.
What can you do
to make a difference
for the outcome,
coming for you?
Try not to use again
don't let drugs be your best-friend
Hard to do
when its' what your use too,
when you know no other end
except to fall asleep with heroin again
It's hard to find any promise of hope
in a life where you know an early deaths
the only end;
to that cycle there is no end
the rules they do not bend,
It's up to us to make amends
so many pre-dispositioned
for a hard and ulgy lesson,
let's break the chain of establishment
and walk a higher ground,
for a miracle so strong
beyond our emotional beliefs
Do you want to hug someone?
Dyou want to cry?
Do you want to yell up to the heavens
and ask God why?
Now's the time to try
as we sit here in our Meloncholly,
living through another day
fighting our freedom back
over what the drugs attacked!

~ God ~

God is love
universal,
and everlasting
So how do we build
the race track
in my head?

~ To love someone ~

I sit here and try to remember
another thought that's lost
from my mind,
A world sublime
only so many people left
still out to be kind
to read the words
from the good book
and try to adhere
to what it says in there
it makes the mind dizzy sometimes
as you try to find a way
to still get along in the world some way.
When you want no part of the hunger and greed
You get another pay check
and read,
Ask yourself what to do
the numbers are a reflection of you.
As to how much you can do
win, lose, or draw
who is it that saw
the future that still awaits
as you try not to bite
the bait,
Debts up to your eyeballs
it's to late
another night
of going to be late
trying to understand
the point of it all.
Don't ever give up
Don't ever give in
to the life you're
trying to win;
so when they lay your body to rest
you'll have accomplished
something to have left behind
giving you that peace of mind,
Do unto others as others do unto you
set the records straight
it's never too late to define
the understanding differences
of each of our destiny's (fates)
and what it means
to you and me
to live for real
and no your deal
as the smile lays to rest
upon your face,
knowing you've won
another round in life,
as the world turns upside down
so now put the good book down
and smile
for knowing how good you are
Reward yourself,
with a piece of chocolate cake,
Tonight you've won
the joy in knowing who you've become
To love someone!

~ Beautiful Poetry ~

I want to push you up
against the way,
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
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!

~ Trucking ~

Trucking your miles
divorcing styles,
missing my summer clothes
sandals and toe rings
Poetry, plays
dancing in riddles
around the world
I see today!

~ Tomorrows breakfast ~

Love is a strange thing
As you sit, fast & pray
Over which way to go
in the overflow of our addictions,
and its contradictions
on how much a part of our life it is
Who really cares
who really wins?..
over last night's dinner
and tomorrows breakfast
As you wait for the mail to be opened
and return to normal life!

~ Forward ~

I cannot move forward
I cannot fall back,
I'm stuck in a stationary order
because of my math
Chaos and dismay
come what may,
No one hears the words
there all dying to hear God say,
Save the day
for that's all it's about anyway
I pray!

Amen!



The day my gold fish died!

Just behind a shopping mall
on Magdalene Bay
lived a happy little goldfish
who swam and swam all day
then that ordinary goldfish
grew and he grew
'till he was nearly the size
of his tank too
everything was perfect
now, there came a day
the sun was bright and shining
I ran outside to play
the temperature rose and rose
it got unbearably hot
I went back inside
so my brain wouldn't rot
the screen door closed
just behind me
but a teeny bit too slow
because that black cat was slimy
he slipped in with silence
so, little did I know
that as soon as I would leave the room
he would stoop so low
unknowing of the presence
of such a tiny killer
I left the poor goldfish
to be fished at with a swurr
I wasn't gone that long
but it felt like forever
when I saw that eye, that fin, that tail
strewn across the floor
not even with a tear
could I fully express
how I was in utter shock
my heart was in distress
and ever since that fateful day
I've never owned another fish
the want of a champion
had been my only wish!



~ Relative ~

Life and its diplomacy
religion and its hypocrisy,
the standards to which
the world succeeds
an argument that never ends,
Whose wrong and whose right
about the fortunes of this life
Each day should bring good
and new things,
But ultimately EVERYTHING stays
relative to the pictures in our
minds, that keep us blind
as we walk in line
towards an end
No -ones melancholy
wants to dispell!

` Rain check'

Suicide

Raincheck

She's use to getting laid
I'm use to being raped & paid,
Watching a virgin die
from a heroin overdose high
sick of communication
with the after life of death
Swimming around in evil
unable to be free
from its' place
watching witchkraft
trying to divorce
his ass!

~ Obstacles ~

I'm not afraid to feel
I'm not afraid to live,
but what I see in the world
is not my will,
and I can't take away
the ending of what is to come.
IT doesn't matter how many 'good' books
I read or how little TV. I watch
nothing that's going on around me
is a true reflection of who I was
trying to turn out to be,
So here I sit
my spirit torn apart
because of interference in which I have to wait to see subside
Fighting really hard
with what societies rules
have placed before me
as a an obstacle to which
I must abide? If I'm to survive,
So I'm left with damage
that to look at me cannot be seen,
with few choices as to where
in my life I can go,
I can listen to all the music
and feel the pain inside
the sound of the noise
turns me blue,
but there is still nothing
love can do,
to undo the history
overdue telling itself
and fix the time and
that hurt station
thats' landed me
where I am;
sitting alone at a table again,
drinking coffee till the caffeine gives me the shakes
pondering the love of the human race and my place
as I cry over where my daughters future is going to end up being,
knowing in the end
'though' for now I'm still alive
having to say good-bye
far too many years to soon
leaving her future in the hands of God
and what she has yet still to learn,
and what she'll settle on as her
point of view with respect to life
and the whole person
she turns out to be.
No matter where we are
forever your Mum
knowing how the love in our relationship is true
and through that no amount of obstacles
can separate you from me!

~ Music Man ~

Outside the station
on a Granville saturday
His voice booms
the power of his words
the guitars' sound is solid.
The music says a lot
play your heart out
music man
don't stop sharing what keeps us caring.
The words you want our ears to hear,
A state of contemplative thought
as we stop and drop our money in,
It's not like the days
when there was dancing in the streets
being out here is not
just for anyone,
IT takes someone with the ability
to share the strength of his spirit
give a sweet sound
to the city he resides in
affecting the lives that surround him,
So keep on playing
Music Man
Giving what you do
plays a part in making where we are
what it is,
lucky to live
where the freedom of expression
keeps the Music Man
playing on!

~ Monkey ~

I want to be with somebody I like
for the first time in my life,
I'm tired of sleeping with the enemy
Even better yet,
I want to be with somebody who likes me,
Someone who wants to know how sweet I am,
What it means, and not just how
it feels to hold my hand.
Comparing feet from head to toes
brushing fingers across our arms,
to know a comfort zone that's wonderful
I have the right to know what it's like
to be with someone I can trust with all of me,
Man enough to brush my hair, (once in a while)
When I get sunburn
you'll be there to peel my skin
because you'll know how much
I like the way that makes me feel,
Monkey;
To lie naked in bed together
and enjoy each others' touch
Hours of loving discovery,
Today every body is in such a rush,
I like to take things slow
there's so much more to explore
in knowing how much two people care,
The way you show it
makes a difference in what there is
to learn about each other!

~ Empty space ~

I wish I had a picture
of the summer it started
I wish I had a picture of
the summer we parted,
I worked so hard to get that way
without claiming to be the best
in anyway.

Your name and memory
always stamped in the back of my head,
witnessing what love the world still sees
in this place,
against the better judgment
of my emotional state
with never knowing
what a new day will bring
A lost child!

~ Heart disease ~

I guess we can't avoid
our inevitable fates
on the timing
of our regular futures
and world history
on the one's whose lives
have been saved,
As we try not to betray the history;
Of what our hearts were like
in knowing how selfish our lives have been,
divorcing each others stories
as I fight to decide
what to do from here
witnessing my living funeral,
It's a heart disease
one hard to fight
holding back the mood swings
trying to keep alive!

~ Fade away ~

Why are we born to fade away
we can't look back,
It's hard to understand
the crimes and punishments
of what performances
can't get near to us,
because of times
we are not in control of
for the love in charge
of a future
the devil would rather
dispose of.

~ Bump ~
(Every 7 seconds)

Dear God
I don't want to recognize
the good desire that's transpired
Baby feelings I don't want to understand,
I see where life is at down here,
I don't know the joy of those kinds of wombs
A body shaped so beautiful
and when their belly's grow
and that feeling of life
the one inside starts to show
Their proud
as their hands stroke the bump!
The children
they just keep coming into this world
lives with hardly a thought
of God behind them,
and I can't fight
what I want to smile at
and render as a joy.
The devil comes to mind
and how he'll spend his time
getting so many of them to resist
truth,
Life is hard times;
each birth is a kind of penalty
the genes it takes
for it to begin,
plays a part in the war
that remains unseen,
mortals don't want to let go
of their innocent views
as to which way
they are meant to live,
for that would entail **change**
but fear holds back its' deliverance,
I love children
the idea of family and life
but in these times
it's a costly sacrifice,
with all the deceptions
that wait to sneak up on you
and not having all the answers
on how to raise them right!
Bump.

~ As life Passes ~

I just sit here and write
as each day in life passes,
mastering my scriptures
for what they're worth
in who I've turned out to be,
as the sign of the times
shines down on me,
and the melancholy
that fills me.

For each moment that passes
and I'm not living up to
my hearts calling,
because I've been hurt
in a way I can't come back from,
as I look at the world
and the understanding of **forever**,
and what can't be made to change
because of the holy order that runs
every hit of my heart,
which is invisible to the world;
Making it that much harder
living with the feelings of where
finding my score and a place for
me to be living in a way that I can actually feel
alive again,
isn't denied me.
Instead of the holding motion
causing me great suffering and
commotion, that can't stop
the Worlds Future
because of what Time
it is!

An excerpt from page 1 of a different project
currently titled

~ The Quartet ~

WOMAN!

Here, then, the double sexual image of woman; Circe on the one hand, Aurora on the other. All that is evil, all that is ideal. Like a compass for drawing fever, woman is endowed with the sexual unreality the race longs for, burdened with a life-destroying innocence (for make no mistake: her evil is certainly as innocent of genuine knowledge as is her goldenness that makes of her, at one and the same time, obsessively sexual and extraordinarily asexual.) And, of course, in the end that's it: the final mythic outsideness of woman is that ultimately she is beyond sex. Steeped in sex, drugged on sex, defined by sex, but never actually realized through sex, **She** has gone beyond it, **she** has gone through it, **she** is on the other side. Woman has been defined primarily in **her** society as a sexual object either one of lust or one of chastity. **She** has been allowed to be nothing else, essentially. **She** continues to lie back in bed, (never taking, always being taken,) never absorbed by **her** own desire, preoccupied only with whether or not **she** is desired?



Even one tragedy is one too many!

All online orders can be made
through Pay Pal for \$10 a copy at
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