

Poetry Series

jackie compton
- poems -

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A Chance Meeting

It is not by chance, but be design.
That in every man's life time.
Somewhere along life journey.

He will meet his God.
Like two ships that pass in the by chance but be design
to bring a trouble soul closer.

For it is the word of God's that is the wind
that the mast of faith must capture.

To propel the ship of a man's soul toward his destiny.
For God never set a ship out upon a stormy sea.

In search of a chance meeting.
Without him being at the helm.

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A Child Question

Once a old man was asked by a child.
Why should an education matter to me?
Tell me what is the definition of an education.
Why is it so important?

Look at you Grand farther you are not educated.

The old man with the wrinkles of time showing on his face.
The old man pushed back his cap that unlocked the vault of wisdom
that time had stored in his mind.
Then the old man replied.

I can not read my name child.
I can not write my name.
Yet I want more out of life.
Not for me my child, but for you my child.

You see my child an education makes a better man a good man.
Education don't tell you what to think.
Education don't tell you why to think.
Education don't tell when to think.
Nor does it tell you my child why to think

My child it teach you how to think for yourself,
and that my child makes a good man even a greater man.

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A Father's Prayer

Dear God the giver of all good and perfect gifts.
Give me the strength to stand firm when the wind of adversity blows.
Give me the flexibility to bend but not break.

Lock in the vault of my heart the mercy and compassion.
That you wish me to display not only toward my child, but also the
world.

place in my mind the wisdom to say no, and then nurse the positive and
not the negative.
Inscribe upon my soul the rules and direction in which i must
travel.

To become the father to my child.
Like the father that you are to me.

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A Letter From Heaven

Dear sweet innocent child of mine.
I am writing you this letter from heaven.
Just to let you know that Mother still loves you.
Don't worry about me for I am doing fine.

For it is I that is worried about you.
As I walk through the garden of eternal life.
I hear your silent prayers very clearly.
Mother knows that there will be times that you fill like giving up,

but don't you do it sweet child of mine.
For God has assured me that a long days journey is made shorter by
taking the first step toward him.
In the beginning, as in the end.

He will take two steps toward you.
So my dear sweet child keep on climbing.
For I am sure sweet child of mine.
God never built a stairway to nowhere for you to climb.

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A Little Request

When the light of day fades into the darkness of night.
Just like a old friend the moon peaks out from behind
the clouds of doubt.

Just before I lay my head down on pillows inscented deep
and close my eyes to sleep.
I get down on bending knees, and in silent I speak.

Dear Lord I hope and pray that you will send better day
my way.

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A New Year

So a new years has come, and a old one has gone.
I look into the mirror and see the same face.
Nothing has changed, but the look in my eyes.

Then the reality sit in.
Some loves with a child heart.
Whiles other lives to hate just for hate sakes.
If we only teach children about love.

Then who will teach them about the evil of hate?
So a new year has come, and a old year has gone.
This year do we close our eyes to hate, and pretend that it will just
go away.

Are do we open our eyes and faces the fact.
That the year may change, but the people will remain
the same.
Those who chooses to love with a child heart.
will love no matter what.
Those whom chose to hate or hate sakes.
Will never give peace a chance to be.
Even when there is a new year and the old one has come and gone.

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A Small Window

In the middle of time and space.
There exist a stain glass window of reality.
Man looks through a large window.
Only to see a small world.
My God looks through a small window,
and sees a large world.

How can we see two different things?

Man looks through a large window.
Only to see a grain of sand.
God looks through a small window,
and see a entire beach.

In the middle of time and space.
There exist a stain glass window of reality.
Big or small

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A Time To Grow Old

Surely as the river flows to the sea.
A ripple runs it's course to no more.
A child shall be born.
Come Spring, Summer, Winter or Fall.
A time to grow old will surely come.

The lost of one's youth never to be found again.
When the loud sounds of silent grows no more.
A time to grow old will surely come.

No dike can hold back the tides of age.
As they slowly rolls in and then roll away.
For everything lives to grow old.
Upon my last breath I know.
A time to grow old will come.

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A Walk With Death

One night while in a blissful sleep.
I dreamed I took a walk with Death.
Down the road of life we did walk.

Death why do you bring me down this road?
I ask it but there were no reply.
Death just pointed to the sign that said Alpha

Behold the site that my eyes saw before me.
A woman giving birth to a child.
But Death I do not understand.
Death said nothing just walked on.

With each and every step that we took.
It became painfully clear to me that.
I was walking down the road that I had taken in life.

There were laughter and there were tears down through
the years.
There were great moments of sorrow, but even greater
moments of joy.

Then it became clear to me.
A man is not measured by where he came from, but how he got to where he is in
life.

For Death is both the Alpha and the Omega.
The beginning at the ending of all things.

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A Warrior's Code

It is the code of the warrior that demands more from himself than others.

Whether he performs in front of five, five hundred, or five thousand.
A warrior's code always call for him to give his all.

For the victory goes to one.

That is brave enough to step in to the arena of life, and
except the challenges of the world.

And pay for it with his blood, sweat and tears.

Then perform to his up most ability and against all
odds.

A warrior's code call on him to pledge his allegiance
to the cause.

And not the rewards that he might receive.

A false profit needs the admiration of the crowd to reassure him.

A Warrior only needs the opportunity to step into the arena of life.

To win the admiration of the crowd.

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Affaire D' Honneur

If there be no honor then why attempt to cloak a man
in glory.

The endeavor of man is to except life's challenge.
and challenge life as it should not be.
For it to is a affaire d'honneur.

To prohibit a man the chance to succeed.
Is to make him something less than a man.
Wicket men lives for unjust reason.
Where as a noble man will die for a worthy cause.

One that lives for honor.
Need not fill the hurt to know the pain.
Nor does he need to hear the moan to know the sorrow.

If I am to perish.
Then let me perish in the right.
As God gives me the right to see the right.

If by dying these right are so preserved.
One person right to conceive freedom in his mind.
One man rights to believe in freedom.
One woman right to dream of freedom.
If by dying for a just cause he preserves one child rights to
live in freedom.

He would have done everything that was ask of him.
Not by a ungrateful nation.
But for a grateful king of Kings, and a great Lord of lords, and
a grateful God of Gods.
Who kingdom is not of this world.

For it has always been, and always will be.
A affaire d'honneur to serve

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Brother To Brother

Brother to brother.

Now I understand why you work so hard to teach me how
to be a man.

In a world where you lost your youth.

The burden was placed upon you to be both older brother
and father.

You never complained.

You rose and begin your day with the rising of the sun, and ended
it with the setting of the sun.

Never once did you ever fall down upon your knees,
and ask God to move your mountain.

Because you knew deep down in your soul.

He would give you the strenght to claim it.

Brother to brother.

Why you worked so hard to teach me how to grow up to be
a man.

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Close My Eyes

When day light fades into night
I close my eyes
When good times turn to bad times.
I can not close my eyes.
Even when it is time for sleep.
I close my eyes, but still see.
In darkness I close my eyes but still see.

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Crossing The River Of Denial

Denial is a run that runs through every ones mind.
Down the mountain of reasoning.
It snakes it's way through the amber waves of reality.
Around the valley of common sense.
Leaving a bitter sweet path of destruction in the mind.
As it over flows the river banks of our ability to reason and think.
Even as it retreats back into the river bed.
It leaves a false sobering and intoxicated feeling behind.
When that false sobbing and intoxicated feeling wears off.
The only thing that is left behind.
Is the memories of a destructive path it carved in one's soul.

Crossing the river of denial.
We must build a strong bridge of understanding.
Knowing that in the end.
Even the river of denial must run into the sea of reality.

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Day Dreraming

In my mind I see field of amber grain.
Dancing and swaying to the cool breeze that the wind plays.
I see sky of blue and clouds of puffy white.
Even when a storm brewing comes.

In my mind I see children laughing and play on swings of life.
Back and forward they swing.
With each moment they grew older like all living things.

Thank God I can capture the youthful time in the vaults of my mind.
Even if it is just a dream

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Death Of A Youth

How old is to old?
How young is to young?
For Death knows no number
Death knows no age.

I have the same dreams as you.
I have the same hopes and fears as you do.
Then why do I not have the same rights as you do?
Why do you hunt me like a animal in the concrete jungle of life.
Why did you track me down the side walk river.
Then gun me down.

What Devine power made you the hunter and me the prey.
Is it because my eyes are not blue like yours.
Could it be because my skin is dark like the dirty it was created from.

Why do you hunt me.
Don't you know I am not a animal.
I am a man just like you

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Dei Gratia

As I trek down life long highway.
And view destiny ever changing scenery.
I would be lost if I could not comprehend.
the direction that I must go.

But by the grace of God.
He has mercifully place signs a lone the road
that I must travel.

I keep traveling on.

When hard time are a head of me.
He does not place a u-turn sign telling me to turn around.

Even when the bridges of hope seems to have been wash
away.
By the floods of hate and injustice.
like a ribbon the road runs over the plains of hard times
and tribulation,

By the grace of God.
I keep traveling on

On the highway of life.
I keep traveling on.

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Dreams

The greatest adventure starts with the smallest dream.
Dreams are the birth place of all adventures big and small.

Dreams are the vehicle that transport us through time and space.
Without leaving the safety of the one that are so near and
dear to us all.

They take us to far away places where time never stand still.
They lift us up where the eagles and larks fly
Then bring us back to a safe place in the heart.
Where most dreams starts.

When a person stop dreaming.
The soul truly stop living.

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Education

Education is the foundation of society.
It is the throne in which knowledge and wisdom sit upon.
Without it a man is truly nothing, but with it.
He is everything.

It does society no good at all to pass a law.
That removes the chains from around his ankles.

Then place them around his mind.
To kill a man is a crime, but to imprison his mind is a sin.
For time has proven.

The quickest way to stunt a man growth is to mute
the education process.

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Fields Of Stone

One day out of three hundred and sixty-five days.
That makes up a single year.
We gather in fields of stone to honor those that lie in
blissful sleep.

Forever trapped within their youth.

Dressed in their uniforms of green grass.
Dawning their helmets with plums of white crosses.

In fields of stone

Where rank hold no meaning, and honor is everything.
Where mortal men answered their countries call.
Now they lay in silent rest never to be awoken

In fields of stone

Where they are soldiers no more.
That now lies in blissful sleep.
Inscribe on each stone one simple phrase

Well done the good and faithful servant.
Now rest peacefully.

In fields of stone

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Finding Time

I wish I could find the time.
To say all the things that I should have said.
I wish I could have found the time to say 3 word.
I love you.

Like all I put off what I should have done to day.
By saying I will do it the first thing tomarrow.
Yes I have let time slip slowly through the hourglass of my life.

I look over there, and I search over here.
But I still can not find the time I have lost.
I sit and think.
I sit and wonder.
Where in heaven as all the time gone.

I no longer have time.
To find time or make time to find time.
For time has slipped away.
And I no longer has the strenght to look for it.

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Ghost In The Attic

Once I thought it was just my imagination.
I hear them moaning in the night.
I see them in my sleep.
Ghost in the Attic of my mind.

They appear and they disappear
Memories of bad things and bad times.
Ghost in the Attic.
They come down from the attic.
Just to haunt my soul.
So many ghost I can not count them all.

One by one they take terms haunting me.
In my sleep and in my dreams.

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God Bless The Children

God bless the children.
While they slumber in deep sleep.
For these are the days of trying times.
These are the day we should get down upon our knees.
And pray to you and ask you.
God bless the children

I can not tame the roaring sea.
I can not turn water into wine.
Nor can I races the hands of time.
Sometime I know.
Sometime I don't.
God bless the children that cry for freedom
I am only human.
Tell me father what more can I do.
For I am just a man.

I saw wrong and I tried to make it right.
I saw evil and I tried to make it good.
I saw injustice and I tried to make it justice.
Even in the shadow of failure.
My last prayer to you.
A simple one it is.
God bless the children

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Goodnight Haiti

In the world of the haves verses the have not.
In a time where there seem to very little hope.
In a country where poverty is the meal that many set
down too.

Should we all say a little prayer
before we go to sleep.
And cry for the children that lives in a place.
Where the might Earth shakes, and their homes of
disappear into the rubble

Say a little pray for God to reach down.
gather their souls like a mother hen gathering her chicks before
a coming storm.
Put them in a safe place far removed from the death in the street.

Pray for the Lord to help them find away out of the darkness and
into the light.
So say a little prayer for all the little children before they go to sleep.

Say a little prayer for all the children that can't.
So God will take their souls in his hands to keep.
Goodnight Haiti

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Growing Old

Tick tock tick tock
Do you hear the silent ticking of the clock of time.
For every moment the world grows older.
A endless process that keep repeating it self.
one that carries you along with it.

Tick tock, tick tock.
The silent sound of the clock of life.
Ticking away life second by second
Minute by minute, and hour by hour.

As the shadows of time grows short.
Life to shall grow short with them.
I too shall grow old.
Like sand in a hour glass life to shall run out.

I too shall grow old.
Like the great sand dunes of time.
Like the dust in in the wind.
Life shall blow way.

For I too shall grow old

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Help Me Understand Why

Can anyone tell me why.

A river long journey end when it reaches the sea.

A ripple on the pond of life comes to a end.

When it reaches the shore line where time seem to stop.

Why.

Can anybody tell me why.

The winds of chances blows across the landscape of destiny.

Carving a path through time itself.

Why.

Can anybody tell me why.

When the sun is set a blaze in the in the morning sky.

We can see the moon too that belongs to the night.

Why

Can anybody tell me why.

Time after time we are told.

The world is coming to a end.

Why.

But a merciful God awaken the sun in the east.

Letting it trek across the wide open day sky.

Then putting it peacefully to bed to sleep in the western sky.

On the pillow of forgiveness.

To started its journey over again the very next day.

Why.

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Here Comes The Night

I lay here with my eyes closed type, but wide open.
With the very first breath taken in life.
It marks the beginning of the ending.
Life ending begin with the act of conception.

Here Comes the night.

It comes with the light of birth, and every breath taken
after.

Signal the come of the end.
It come like the fog in the night.
Only to dissappear in the morning light.

I shall not fear the come of the night.
I shall look upon it aa a right of passage to some thing
for better.
Than I have never know.
I can see it.
I can fill it

Here comes the night.

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How Can This Be

How can this be?
From sea to shining sea.
Across the fields of amber waves of grain.
We as a people is still not free.

We hail from Kings and Queens.
But we are treated like pawns on the game of life board.
I ask myself and the world.
How can that be?
We too stood guard at the gates of freedom.
We too gave our blood, sweat, and tears.
To help keep Lady Liberty torch shining bright.

How can this be?
That we do not share the same vision as other in America.

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How Far Is Heaven

Can anyone here tell me how far is heaven.
Is it over yonder.
Or is it over there.
Are there any sign pointing in it direction.

They say the road is long.
Are there any tall mountains.
Just how far does one have to travel before he reaches heaven.

We look up but never down for it.
As this old world goes around and around.
Will ever know.

How far is heaven
Nobody really knows

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I Acted Without Thinking

I acted without thinking and behaved
a bit unwise.

In Looking back I feel that I should
now apologize.

I yielded to the moment,
rushed to the wrong conclusion.
The words and deeds resulting
cause unhappiness, confusion.

Sometimes we move in haste.
Without examining the facts
And launch ourselves into
The most unfortunate of acts.

I feel that I reacted
In a manner of regret.
this clearly was a moment
I would be happy to forget.

But since I can't go back in time
And past mistakes ignore,
I would like to say I'm sorry
And apologize once more.

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I Do Not Understand

I do not understand.

How anyone can lie down at night in blissfully sleep.

Close their eyes and dream of hate for hate shake.

I do not understand.

How such dreams take root and grows in the heart, mind and soul of so many.

I do not understand.

Why the weed of hate grew in the flower garden of life, and blot out the sun light of goodness.

Is it the skin color of the flower of hope.

That the weed of hate does not understand.

I do not understand.

Is it because of the flower of hope sways to the beat of a different drummer?

When you lie down in blissfully sleep tonight.

Dream of goodness for goodness shake.

For goodness surely will follow you for the rest of your life.

Now This I can understand.

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I Have A Dream Too

I have a dream too.

Yes you were right Dr. King there is no doubt in this kingdom.

A person is measured by the content of their character and not the color of their skin.

A place where one can go to find comfort from a world where there is no comfort.

A place not of this world.

Where there is no wars and rumors of wars.

A place where there is no hate, nor rumor of hate.

A place where even the most unwanted flower.

The weed can be free to grow and prosper

I too have a dream

A place where a orphan child can lie down in a blissful sleep upon pillows in scented deep, and awaken to a glorious sun rise.

To have their spirits renewed and their souls reborn.

A place where they will never hunger for a education, because they are members of the have nots.

Nor thirst for knowledge because they can not drink from the water fountain of opportunity.

for I too have a dream of a kingdom to come.

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I Have Problems All Of My Own

Look at you why should I care.
If you have a hard time making ends meet.
Why should I care if you child does not have shoes on there feet?
Why should I care if you sleep under the street lights?
On a cold dark winter's night.

Don't bother me.
I have problem all of my own

It not my falt that you in the condition that you are in.
Why should I care?
If your child doesn't have enought to eat.
Why should I care?

Go away and leave me alone
Don't you see.
I have problems all of my own.

In the ending as in the beginning.
You ask why I should care.
I care my child because.
I am involve in the welfare of all mankind

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I Just Stop And Think

No I am not tired of living
No I am not tire of seeing the sun rise.
Nor see the firery stars in the night sky.
Don't call me lazy because I sit for a spell.

I am not tire.
I just stop to think for a while.
no there is nothing wrong in my life.
I just sitting reviewing my past, and looking forward to my future.
I am not tired.
I just stop to think

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I Just Stop To Think

Day after Day.
I seem so confused.
My mind begin to fill the strain
I think that I am wasting time.
Because I don't understand the things that I do

I close my eyes and clear my mind.
Thus my heart is heavy with sadness.
My mind seem to be a ship drifting away.

I stop to think.
Think of fields of amber waves of grass.
Blowing in the wind.
Green fields of clover and flower scent sweet.

I stop and think of rainy day and stairs in the night.
Little children running and laughing through out life.
I stop to think of better day to come.

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I Recall

All these years seem like yesterday
I ask myself where did they all go.
As time marches on.
I recall the days gone by.
Day where the sun would refuse to shine.
Dark clouds want even snow.

I recall the spring of my youth.
The summer of growing up without any care in the world.
The fall when the leaves of life turned colors
The winter of hard time.
When I watch the sun sink into the sea of doubt.

I recall the dark night and endless sleepless nights.
Waking up to the days of depression.
When even life itself did not seem like.
It was worth living.

I recall it was like I could stop falling.
I could understand if I was a Saint or a Sinner.

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I Still Believe In Dream

I look out side of my mind.
And I see all my mistake that I made in life.
I sit there and wonder where my youth has gone.
It seem that it was only yesterday that I was eighteen.

My body was filled with life itself.
I could hold the world on my shoulders.
I could run through the field of goodtime.
Never stopping to catch my breath.

In till you be in the mind of man.
You don't know what he want.
Until you be inside of a man.
You don't know if he cries.

I still believe in Dreams.
The ones that you see with your eyes open.
The one that you can see with your eyes close.
The one that you remember from the days of your youth.

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I Think It Time We Said Goodby

I think it time we said good by.
Good by to those dark cloud of hate
To the things that keep us separated.

I think it time we said good by.
To the ugly words that we use to describe one and other.
To the hurtful things that we teach our children.
I think it is time we said good by.
To building fences to keep other out.

I think it is time we say hello to building bridges of understanding.

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I Understand

I understand that there will be hard times as well as goodf times.
I understand that there will come a time that you can not tell winter
from summer.

If you ever meet a man that does not understand.
Life and all that it has to offer.
Then you must understand.
You have not meet a man but a shell of a man

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I Wonder Why

I wonder why.
I ask you for a helping hand my God.
And I did not see you extend your's hand to me
I wonder why.

In dismay I looked down.
Only to find out the timely truth.
And I saw that you had not give me one hand but two.

When times got bad.
I close my eyes.
I got down on my knees and ask you to move my mountain
When I open my eyes.
I could not believe it was still there
I wonder why.

So I took it upon my self to start my journey to the mountain top.
The next morning when I awaken on top of the mountain.
I came to understand that God does not move mountain.
He give you the strenght to climb it.
I wonder why

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I'M Sorry

For things I might have said to you
In anger or frustration,
For times when words of mine have been
A source of provocation.

... I 'm sorry

For unkind actions, thoughtless deeds
Or in consideration,
For jumping to conclusions.
For rejecting moderation,

... I'm sorry

For timely things I haven't done,
Forgetting or omitting,
For knowing sometimes I was wrong
Without, in fact, admitting,

... I'm sorry

For conversations we have had
When temper stole affection,
For looking in a negative,
Not a positive, direction,

... I'm sorry

For being too insensitive
And just a bit unwise,
For failing to perceive the need
For loving compromise,

.. I'm sorry

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In My Mind

You can take away the light of day.
You can pull down the shades of darkness.
Do any and everything in your power.
To blot out the sun rays of hope.

But I can still see clearly.
that storms of hard time brewing on the horizon
will not last forever.
In my mind.

I can pull back the curtains of sadness.
Open up the window of faith and look out upon the world of
forgiveness.

In my heart I can learn to love again.
In my soul I can learn to live again.
In my mind.
I can learn to be whole again

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In Reality

If you stop and think.

You will understand truth is not hard to find.

For reality never puts on make up to make it look like something it not.

In reality.

It is what one choose to believe is the truth at that moment in time.

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In The Night

Even with my eyes shut and a deep slumber.
I go walking in my sleep.
In the middle of the night.

Through the hallways of time.
Down the stairway of the mind,
And out doorway of the soul.

In the middle of the night.
I go walking in my sleep.
Free from all the things that are not to be.

With every step I make.
With every breath I take.
With every thought that rushes through.
Fear has no definition.

In the middle of the night
I go walking in my sleep.
By the river of misunderstanding.

Through the forest of doubt.
Over the bridge of hope, and into
the promise land.

In the middle of the night
I go walking in my sleep

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It Use To Be My Playground

This use to be my playground
A place where there were no sorrow.
Where the fence gate of compassion and love
was open to all that wanted to enter.

This use to be my playground
Where in the garden of life.
The roses bloomed without thorns.
The water tasted like wine..

This use to be my playground.
Where the merry-go-around ride never stop.
The wind blow gently through the trees.
Where the rain was strong enough to do the
job, but gentle enough to nurse the soul.

I say.

This use to be my playground.
Where the sound of laughter echo
off the walls of joy
Where the warm sunray were plenty, and the dark
cloud were no more.

This use to be my playground.
But it is my playground no more.

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It Was My Choice

Don't fill bad when you look at me.
Because I have one arm and you have two.
I am still the same.

Don't fill bad because I lost apart of me
for you to be free.
It was my choice.

Don't cry a million tears for me.
Because it want change a thing.
Be happy that you have the right to cry a million tears.

Don't fill bad for me.
Because the price of freedon is not free.
My arm was just a down payment.
To ensure your right to be free.

In the end.
It was my choice, and i would do it again

jackie compton

Just One Love In A Lifetime

Dear Daughter of mines.

Just one love in a lifetime is not enough.

I love you from the first breath that you took.

Daughter of my I just want you to know.

I will love you until of the end of time.

No matter what I will still love you until all the river runs dry.

Even when my body return to dust.

I want you to know that just one time of loving you is not enough.

You were the only thing that made life worth.

When time comes to take me to the other side.

My memories of you is the only thing that not even death can take away.

jackie compton

Just Thinking

I think I would like to go and sit on a cliff
that over looks the sea.
Just because God has been so good to me

Sing in silence so no one else can hear.
For I know every note will reach his ear
I think I would like to walk a long the beach.

And fill the waves of his mercy as they wrap around my
bare feet.

jackie compton

Just Words

They say sticks and stone will break your bones,
but words will never hurt you.
I sit think and wonder and come to the conclusion.
They are wrong.

We know the first cut is the deepest.
Even when they do not draw blood.
Words still cut like a knife.
Extremely deep is the wound that words make.
Not on the body, but on the mind and soul.

We say that words of hate is protected by freedom of
speech.
So once again you say.
Sticks and stones may break your bone, but words will
never hurt you.
Then tell why they hurt so bad.
When they are just words

jackie compton

Keeping In Touch

Forgive me for not keeping in touch.
You see I have so many things on my mind.
I don't understand myself.
Why it is so hard to keep in touch.
I want to talk to you.
But I just can not find the words.

I don't understand myself.
Why it so hard to keep in touch.
You are the very first think that I think of.
It not that I found someone to take the place of you.
I know it going to take everything that I got.
Just to keep in touch with you.
I wonder why it so hard to keep in touch.

jackie compton

Killing Time

What are you doing?

I just sitting here alone.

Watching the wheels of time go round and around.

I just sitting here thing of nothing.

I am just killing time.

Fun how life start off with a bang.

Then die out in a tiny flicker of a flame

I am just sitting here thing.

Watching the tide row in, and then away again.

Listening to life tick away second by second.

I just sitting here in the darkness of my mine.

Watching the wheel of time go round and around.

I just sitting here and think of nothing.

I am just killing time.

jackie compton

Kindness

There is only one medal that is crafted from the
fire of goodness
shaped on the anvil of God's mercy
It is the medal of kindness.

It's presentation comes without any fan fair.
It weight nothing at all, and can not be worn around the neck.
Nor penned on one's chest.

It is locked away for safe keeping in heart of the
honored.

jackie compton

Lady Of The Night

Lady of the night.

I see you standing under the street light.

Shaking and shivering as a strange car come near.

Lady of the night.

I wonder do you have in fear as strange come walking toward you.

Wearing near nothing to advertise your good that for sale.

Who am I to past judgement upon you.

For the first cut is the deepest.

The thick painted makeup can not hide.

The youth that is trapped inside.

Why lady, why?

Did you choose to become a lady of the night.

It is true that time will heal the physical scars that harden your heart.

But tell what will cure the emotional scars of a once promising life.

lost.

As I pass you by.

I still stop and look and wonder why

jackie compton

Life And Time

In the beginning there was time.
Now time needs another beginning.
For life did not start with a bang.
But with a simple cry from a child.

jackie compton

Life Is A River

Life is a river.

Sometime it over flows.

Sometimes it will dry up.

It will meander through time.

Life is a river.

Sometime it will flow rapidly.

Sometime it will flow slowly.

But it will always run to its end somewhere in time

jackie compton

Light At The End

We have heard about it in the darkest of time.
We all look for in the fog of sorrow.
That light at the end of the tunnel.
That single flicker of hope that will us the way.

Yet is not that light at the end of the tunnel.
The one that we are always looking for and search for.
Is it not the reflection in the mirror of ones life.
the polished images of the future and past.

The ones that we open our eyes to see.
When the clock of time seem to be running out on us.
Is it our test of faith to keep climbing.
When we can not praise or course it, because we no not where it
come from.

Who created the light at the end of tunnel.
The one that we all hope and pray to see in our times needs

jackie compton

Listening To Nothing

She sit in silence.
Rocking to the sound of nothing.
Hearing each and every unspoken words.
With the needle of life past.

Sewing the patterns of yesterday.
Together with the thread of time.
Listening to nothing and hearing it all.
Tender is the moment that never seem to last.
Watching each and everyday as they come and go.
Not knowing when they will come no more.

jackie compton

Look Over Yonder

Hey.

What are you doing?

I just sitting here looking over yonder

Tell me what do you see.

I see me from the beginning and not the ending

Where is over yonder.

It right ther beside over there.

jackie compton

Looking Back

Before one can go in search of his
tomorrows.
He must first look back over his yesterdays

He must first examine his own soul
for it is there.

Deeply rooted in the being heart, mind and
soul.
It is there the all mighty has inscribed the definition of life.
Not in small unreadable print, and not in words
but in deeds.

Those small unseen act of kindness toward one's
fellow man.

jackie compton

Lost In Nothing

Even with your eyes wide open.
You want be able to see the beach for the sand.
Even in the mist of darkness.
You can see the flickering flame of hope.
Somewhere between reality and fantasy.
One often become.
Lost in nothing.
A world within a world.
Where time often stand still.
Deep inside the mind there is a park.
In the middle of that park is a playground
Where it the mind can run free at will.
And become lost in Nothing.

jackie compton

Love Among The Ruin

They say it better to love and lost, than to not loved at all
But they are all wrong.
For I have loved among the ruin.

I have walked in the land of disposable compassion.
None renewable emotions.
Yes world and everyone.

I have loved among the ruin.
Where tenderness is lost art.
Forgiveness can not be found.
Yes world.

I have loved among the ruin.
Where the sun of faithfulness does not shine, and
the bad Moon of doubt is all way full.
I have loved among the ruin.

For I can fill no more.
Lost is the will to find companionship.
Gone is the ability to love and be happy..
They are wrong to say.

It is far better to have love and lost, than not loved at all.
For they have never ever.
Loved among the ruin.

jackie compton

Man And Child

Inside every man.
There lives two people.
Man and child.

It is the child inside of the man.
That grows his compassion and love.
It is the child inside of the man.
That let him lead with his heart

It is the man inside of the child.
That gives him the strenght to care on.
When all is seem to be lost.
It is the man inside of the child that understands.
One man right to stand alone is just as great.
As one man right to stand with many.

Inside every man.
There lives two people.
Man and child.

jackie compton

Memories

Memories are like ghost in the attic of the mind.
They often fly away, but they never totally leaves.

There are times that they will make you laugh.
And there are times that they will make you cry many tears.
Memories are like the pages of the book of the mind.
They hold the total sum of all the things.
That one could have been.

It is scribe upon them the voyage of one's life journey.
Those sweet percious moments that one choose to remember.
And those painful one that we try so hard to forget.

Each memory is only one page in a chapter
That forms the novel of one person life.

jackie compton

Mirror On The Wall

Mirror, mirror hanging on the wall.
Am I big, or am I small?
Speak to me for once, and tell what you see.
I fill like I am a complete work.
No! My child.
It is a rare mirror that will show a man his true self.
In my eyes and God's eyes.
You will always be a work in progress.

jackie compton

Mother

My mother sits there all alone but never lonely.
You were there when I skin my heart and skin my knees
You were there throughout the laughter and throughout the tears.

There is three hundred and sixty-five day in every year,

This day was made just for you.
The one day you have time to sit and rest awhile.
The one day that always awaken and tell the sun to smile.
The only day that makes everything worth while.
Down through the years.

jackie compton

My Best Friend

Friends will come and friends will go.
Come winter, summer, spring or fall.
They will wonder in and out of your life.
Like the winds of selfish reason.
That blows in all direction.

But I found my best friend.
The one that lives inside of me.
For he never leave me when times get hard.
He never say I told you so.
My best friend is the only one that truly understand.
My best friend is me

jackie compton

No Words

Forgive me when I say.
I can find no word.
No words to express deep sadness
That must be felt be the lost of a child.

A flower taken from the garden of life.
For no earthly reason.
For give me when I say.
I can not find the words to easy the pain.
That travel through out your body and soul.

Yet in my vein attempt.
Words are the only way to comfort you in your time of sorrow.
Let your tears flow down to the sea of goodness.
For goodness shall be the river that flows to the seas of God.

And in his own words.
The sea will give up the dead to him, and death will be no more

jackie compton

Nothing

Today is the day
I think I will just set around and do nothing.
Today is the day.
When they ask where I am going.
I will reply nowhere then go everywhere.

Today is the day.
I choose to do not much of anything and a lot of everything.
It is the time I reserve just for myself.
While I help other.

Today is the day when you ask me.
What are you doing.
I will reply nothing, and then do everything

jackie compton

Oh Woman

Oh! Woman

I see you in my dreams.

Laying in a deep slumber.

I love you with every breath that I take.

As you sleep I stay awake to keep trouble for
from where you are sleeping.

Oh! Woman

I love you to want me.

The way that I want you.

Oh! Woman.

I can not wait to see you awoken in the morning.

Greeting the world with your warm smile.

It makes all my trouble fade away, and give me the
strength to face another day.

Oh! Woman.

It you that turn the light of the world on with just a smile.

jackie compton

Old Man Sitting Under A Tree

Old Man sitting under a tree.
Old man just sitting there.
Old man just looking at me.
Old man what is that you see

Old man why do you just sit there under that tree?
Old man speak to me

Come my son and sit down be side me
My days in life grows short, and not long
Believe me when I say.
I have no reason to tell you anything that wrong.

You may be up today, and down tomarror
Sunday may be a good, but monday may be all wrong
Child that life and it want change over night.
So take a seat and sit down under this tree with me.

do not get mad when I tell you this.
You too will become a old man sitting under a tree.
Just like me

jackie compton

Painting In Words

Did you see the blue sky.
Did you see it turn to gray.
Just before the winds begin to blow
And the rain begin to fall.

I think I heard a mockingbird whisper.
He thinks summer is begin to turn to fall.
The leaves begin to red, yellow and brown.

One by one I watch them as they all fall down.
Is it strange that my pen has only black ink.
the paper is only white.

But I see colors.
When I paint in words

jackie compton

Perfection

It is by far better for me to admit.
Not only to the world, but also to myself.
It is something far better than any thing that I will ever do.

To step out into the light of justice and society and be judged
in the eyes of my peers.
For what might seem to be my small imperfection.
Than to hie in the cold shadows of public opinion.

For God is the giver of all good and perfect gifts, and not man
I pray to God to give me the strength and wisdom to understand

My place upon this Earth.
For I am not a perfect man in a perfect world.
I am an imperfect man in a perfect world.

jackie compton

Rainbows And Waterfalls

Even in the darkness of a dream.
The mind can still see.
The vivid colors of rainbows and waterfalls.

The gentle smooth soothing tranquil sound of water falling.
For it there and only there that the soul can be truly at peace
with the world.

There the true colors of life will come shining through.
The comfort of a single thought, will flow across the rock of
the mind, and under the bridge over trouble waters.

Tumbling freely over the edge of the waterfalls of forevermore,
and falling gently without sound into the sea of forgiveness, to common
the trouble water of the soul.

Comforting the mind in the mist of tranquility of self satisfaction.
Even in the darkness the mind can still see rainbows and waterfalls

jackie compton

Raindrops Keep Falling

I turn away from it all like a blind man.
I stood in the rain for hours.
Watching and counting the raindrop as they felled.
A thousand or more felt down.
I don't know why.
But none of them ever felt on me.

I stood in the rain for hours.
Counting the raindrops as they felt all around me.
I never dream of being a hero.
Not in for just one day.
Why me and not my friend.
That life slipped away in a moment

jackie compton

Reflection

When you look into the mirror.
Do you see the person that you are?
Are do you see the person that you want to be.
Reflection in the mirror are they what you want to see.
Are do you see the person that you are not.

Sad but so true.
We seldom see the person that we truly want to be.
Reflection are do we see the person that we wish to be.
A thousand images all rolled into one.
Each and individual in the back of your mind.
No matter which one you see.
They are all you rolled up into one body and soul.

When you look into the mirror.
Do you see the person you really are?
Are do you see the person that you truly wants to be?

jackie compton

Remeber

Remember.

Everything that glisters is not gold.

Everything that is new will become old.

Remember

That everyday the sun will rise in the east, but it must set in
the west

Surely as one is born.

Surely one will die.

Remeber this the chain of life.

Remember.

In good times as well as bad times.

Let us teach our children freedom is not free.

For what is free does come with a prize tag attached

Remeber.

It usely is paid for with the blood of some one else
child.

jackie compton

Rsvp

I have reserved a very special place in my heart.
Just for you.
There is a bench for you to sit and rest.
It is shaded by the tree of love.

Where one can sit and listen.
To the musical notes that floats down from the Angels
in heaven above.

A comforting place it is.
Where one can sit and watch the flowers grow.
See the leaves waltz to the tune of a cool summer breeze.

It wasn't hard for me to reserve.
This very special place in my heart.
Just for you.

jackie compton

Sea Of Love

There is a river out there somewhere.
It snakes its way around the mountains of love.
Meanders through the valley of compassion.
As it makes its way to the sea of love

As a gentle breeze makes the swaying trees of hair
sway to the music of the heart.
As it flows freely to the common sea of love.

lost in compassion lost in the time forevermore.
Day after day life seems to just drift away.
The naked curve landscape is appealing to the eye.
Like a long and winding road one sees, but only travels in
his mind.

That gives rise to the volcano of desire.
That erupts as the life-giving lava flows into
the river.
That flows down to the sea of life.
Where all living things begin to exist.

jackie compton

Secret Love

I am a lover lost and waiting to be found.
I hide my desire behind a grim.
I hide my thought deep in my mind.

Hoping the you will be my secret lover.
Coming to save me in the nick of time.
I look at you and wonder.
I don't know what I am going to do about this feeling.
The one that I keep buried deep inside of my soul..

Please be my secret lover, and come and save me to night.
Come to my window by the moon light.
Come in side my heart to night.

I'll hold my breath and temp the hand of faith.
Just to be with you.
My secret lover

jackie compton

Shadows

Come one call all and see life shadows dance upon
the wall.

Across the room of time they stroll.

Until they come to the dance floor upon the wall.

In the middle of a silent night.

the meaning of life is told.

In a song of joy and sorrow

Come one call and watch life shadows dance upon the wall

jackie compton

Sharing The Pain

I would ask you to try and understand.
But I know you will not understand.
Out of all the things that one can share.
I would be totally dishonest.
If I ask you to share the pain.

Unlike the beast in the field.
That mourns the loss of a love, and move on.
I can not mourn the lost of my love one, and then move on.
For you see I am human, and the pain runs much to deep.

Deeper than the deepest part of the ocean.
Wider than the valley of time itself.
The pain meanders through my soul like a raging river out of control.
I wait and I watch for the sun rise of hope to easy my pain.
Day in and day but it never seem to come.

I can not share the pain.
For it is mine and mines alone to carry alone.

jackie compton

Silence

I know the silence that accompany the blast of
the cold north wind.
That chill the soul to the bone.

I hear the silence in the lie.
That a mother tells her child.
When there is no food on the table to eat.

for the silent cry is the one that is heard the loudest
by God in heaven.
I hear the silent pain.
When a father can not find work.
The blast from the horn of silence.

Tells the world that all is common,
but all is not right.
I hear the silence of a child.

That looks at a toy in a store window, but can play
with it in his mind.

jackie compton

Sit And Think

I think I will ask God to stop the world.
So I can get off and just sit and think.
Yes just sit and think to myself.

Why do the birds fly south at the site of the coming north winter wind.
Can anyone tell me why snowflakes float down from a grey sky?

I think I will ask god to stop the world, and let me off.
So I can just sit and think.
Why do the beast in the fill mourn the lost of it's young and then moves on?

Why do the world call me black when my skin is brown.
We do i call the world white when it is tan?
Before I speak.

God give me the wisdom to sit and think.

Why does a women cry when they are happy?
Why does man destroy the thing that he should love the most.
I can not find the answer even as I sit and think.

jackie compton

Summoning Of The Spirits

Oh! Great Father who lives on yonder mountain high.
He who walk among the living in-which their eyes can not see
Who speaks through the whispering wind and trees.

You have summon me here to the valley.
The valley that once was the home of my father and his
father before him.

Gone are the mighty herds of buffaloes that once roam the great
plains.
I can hunt no more.
No longer can I lie down in green pastures like my father once did.

The mighty river that snake it's way throw the valley
For the sweet water that once gave life to all living thing,
Has been filed by the hands of mankind.

Why did you let them lock us in pens called reservation like they do their cattle.

Oh! Great Father who lives on yonder mountain high.
We can not grow and prosper.
Nor hope for better days through better ways.
When we are denied the dignity that once was our.

Oh! Great Father that lives on yonder mountain high.
Tell me that I am wrong.
Death has come not to a tradition but away of life

jackie compton

Thank You

Thank you for being the star that guided me through the night.
The sign a long the road that pointed me in the right direction.
The shelter in the middle of my stormy life
Thank you.

When my soul was in the lost and found section of life
You came along and claimed.
When my heart was puzzel broken it to a thousand pieaces.
It was you that took the time to put it back together and
made it whole again.

Thank you may only be two words,
but they are worth their weight ten time over in gold.

jackie compton

The Answer Came

Lord I am not a perfect man in a imperfect world.
But a imperfect man in a perfect world.

When the clouds of hard-times start to rain down
upon me.
I know there would be days like this, but why are there
so many.
Lord you promised me that there would be better days
through better way

Why do you give me these incredible task?
Tell me why do you make them so hard?

And then the answer came.

You my child was created in my own image.
The Devil gives a strong man simple and easy
task.
To enhance their ego.

I give a weak man a strong task to mold their character
and faith in them-self and me.

jackie compton

The Appeal

Hear me.

Oh! Great Spirit Father.

I stand before you in the shadows of the mountain of justice.

Where you hand down your laws to all mankind.

With many question and very few answers.

I appeal to you.

Oh! Great Father of all mankind.

Help me make those that want to be masters of
all mankind understand.

Justice without truth is no justice at all.

To impose upon my people or any people restriction.

Denying them the right to move freely about.

Is a far greater evil than trying to make the river run.

Back into the mountain in which it came.

I appeal to you.

Oh! great Spirit Father.

Even when I thrust.

Do not permit me to drink from injustice bitter
cup of water.

jackie compton

The Ark

The Ark of being human.

It the ability to look into the morrow of one's soul.

See the things that one like and like the things one sees.

Understand the person with in, and not the projection of what one think it should be.

The ark of being human is the emotion that controls the heart and soul.

The understanding no man is a island all to himself.

The knowledge and ability to comprehend the facts

One man right to stand alone.

Is just as great as one man right to stand with many.

The right to be different, but excepted as a member of mankind.

The ark that I am required to build.

It is not held together by nails.

But by A random act of kindness.

jackie compton

The Best Gift

The greatest gift that one can give another.
Is a simple act of kindness.
It comes from the heart with no strings attached.

No colorful wrapped boxes with colorful bows.
No price tag to tell one how much it cost.

And most of all it is never on sale.
It is free.
It is the only thing that comes with a no return address.

but the postman of the heart always knows,
Where to deliver the thank you note.

jackie compton

The Clock

The Clock of life is wound only once by the Master hands.
We know not the moment when a year will become a month,
when a month will become a day, and a day will become a hour.
nor do we know when a hour will become a minute, and a minute

will become a second.

No one knows when the clock of life will tick away the final second of
life, and Death cometh.

For the clock of life is wound only once
for the body that man dwell inside of.

It is not a house nor home.

It is a apartment rented to the soul.

By a landlord whom kingdom is not of this world.

one day when the cost or repairing it can no long be made.

I too shall be evicted from the apartment of life.

For time is slowly ticking away, and the clock of life can only

be wound once.

jackie compton

The Color Of Love

It is truly impossible to say what is the color
of love.

Could it be the phantom shadow cast upon two
lover hearts.

What is the color of love?

Could it be the beast in the field that moans the lost of
it's own, or the mother that rejoices at the birth of her
first born child.

Could it be the clear image that one see in the mind, or
the warmth of a child's smile.

We know it glows.

Even when we can not see it.

jackie compton

The Counterpane

In this world where life is nothing more than a single thread.
It matter not what fiber that it is taken from.

The individual thread can not with stand the strain nor stress.
It can not endure the test of time nor is it strong enough, to hold together
the cause by it's self.

Thous when the thread is stretched to the point of breaking.
It is then and only then the Master Weaver sends his must trusted
apprentice down to collect them.

For they are now worthy of being woven into a fiber in the counterpane
of life.

That can with stand the test of time.

There he place them one by one on the loom of the living heart.

Laboring from dust to dawn.

He enter weaves each thread together and the counterpane comes to
be

jackie compton

The Craftsman

From the cradle to the grave.
My friends there is no such thing as a chance meeting with
God.
For we pass him everyday in life.
Like two ships that pass in the night.

So close yet so far it might seem
He never reveals himself directly to the eyes of mankind
Just his work.

By the work one knows the craftsman.
For his craft is second to none
He molds and shapes every individual and thing in
his own image.

jackie compton

The Difference

The quality or condition of being unlike or dissimilar.
That is the difference between a weed and a flower.
Yet each grows in the garden of life side by side.
The only difference is how we look upon the two.
That makes all the difference.

jackie compton

The Flower Of Friendship

IS not friendship a flower that grows.
In the fertile hearts and soul of two people.
It is planted in the warm soil of human kindness

There it takes roots and sprout from a seed into a plant.
That grows freely in the wild of life.

Never to be picked by the hands of a florist, and place
in a window with a price tag attached.

when the thunderstorm of conflict rain down doubt.
It's stem of loyalty bends, but never breaks.
when the winter chills of hardtime blows in.
It's cold rain seems to wash away the closeness

It is the spring buds of reconciliation.
that reassure the survival of the plant.
That blooms into the flower of friendship

jackie compton

The Gardener

I work the field from dust to dawn.
I am the good Gardener.
The one that turns the soil.
Cultivate the earth that provide mankind every need.
It was I that planted you my flower in the garden of life.

It was I that tilled the fertile soil from dust to dawn.
Yes it was I that pulled up the negative weeds.
So they could not blot out the warmth of the sun.
Yes! It was I that cast them into the sea of forgiveness.

So they would never rise and trouble you again.
It is I that planted every seed that grows in the garden of life.

With these hands I gently place them in the warm womb of
mother earth.
there I sheltered them from the winter storm of hate.
It was I that protected them from the grub worms of injustice.
When they thirst it was I that sent down a gentle rain.

The milk of life from mother earth breast.
I cloth them in a winter white blanket of compassion.
It matter not the color of your pedals come spring.
The only thing that truly matter my child.
Is that you become a living breathing soul.
In the garden of life.

jackie compton

The Island

I see a ghostly shaped island in the middle of stormy sea of life.
It reaches out its hand and beckons to me.
Come my tired child and sit, and lay down and rest awhile.

I will stand watch and keep trouble from creeping into our life.
I will protect you from the serpent waves that strike at the keel of
your soul.

I will not let the evil winds of doubt toss you about, and rip apart
the sails of your dreams.

I will be thy shelter in the middle of the storm.

For I am not a rock.

I am an island that knows and fills your pain.

jackie compton

The Maraton

Life is a Marathon.
That you only get to enter once.
A contest of endurance.
Ran by both the weak and the strong.
From birth we all run toward the finish line.
Never know when we will cross it.

In time we all will stumble and fall.
But we must get up and keep running.
For life is a marathon.
A contest of endurance.
That we only get one chance to run.
The distant that we must run is measured in brief moments

The time that we are given to run it.
It is unknown to us.
But still we must run it in that time.
There is no looser only winners.
For each individual will be the first to cross the finish line.
In their own life time.

jackie compton

The Ripple

In silent I stand and watch.
The wind of change as it blows
Ripple across the pond of my life.

I stand and wonder to myself.
Just how many ripples can cross one man in his life time.

The faster the ripples run.
The shorter the life span becomes.
For the distant and direction that a ripple must flow.
Depends on circumstances beyond one's control.

If one man's life is nothing more than a single ripple in time.
then how far those it runs until it runs no more?

jackie compton

The Seeds Of A Lie

A lie is like any other seed.
To grow.
It must be planted in the fertile mind of the weak.
It must be nurses with a false compassion.
Even though a flower on it will grow.
It is still a weed of destruction.

The greatest seeds of a lie that we tell.
Is the one tell ourselves.
And then convenience ourselves that it is true.
Then nurses it as it grows.

jackie compton

The Simple 3 Words

We can build a ship to sail the sea,
We can build a plane to fly in the sky
We can find all the energy in the world to say bad things.

Why can we find the time to make time
Make time to find time
Just to say three simple words.

I love you

jackie compton

The Tree

In my back yard there grows a large old oak tree.
It belongs to my family and me.
It stands up right strong with dignity and grace.

A living forgiving monument to the human race.
It shak nor shiver in the winter wind.

It reminds me that down through the years.
There were laughter and there were tears.
Tears of great sarrow and saddness.
Tears of great joy and happiness..

No matter what the leaf becomes in life.
It never falls far from the tree.
Thank ou God for that old tree.

Where every leaf is a individual.
Attached to the branch of forgiveness.
By the stem of mercy

For all my tomorrows will in time become my yesterdays.
And those trouble times will become the good old days.

jackie compton

The Unseen Side Of Glory

The unseen side of glory.
It is not the men marching off to war.
It is not a brass military band playing hell to the Chief.
Only time will tell it's story.

The truth to be told we all know what it is.
The unseen side of glory is.
The wife left behind to carry on not a tradition but away of life.
From sun up to sun down laboring to hold a family together.

Waking in the morning not know if her love one will come home.
But yet she carry on and on each and everyday.
No citation is given.
No medal is awarded.

Deep in the book of life.
The unseen side of glory is the only reason.
The seen side of glory exist

jackie compton

The Window

To understand the ways of the world.
All one has to do is look into the eyes and face
of a child.

To fill the discomfort of poverty
All one has to do.
Is listen to the cry of a hungry child.

To truly examine the compassion of mankind.
One only needs to journey across room of make believe.
Over to the window of reality.

Pull back the curtains of illusion,
and look out the window of reality.
What was cloudy will become clear.

The eyes of a child is the window pane to their soul.

jackie compton

These Eyes

These eyes.
They are not blue like the sky above.
But they are my eyes.
They are brown like the dirty river water of time.
They are the window to my total soul

These eyes.
They have seen the fall of hate.
The winter of distrust that rock mankind soul.
They have weep when the winds of racism blown.

These eyes.
They have glowed with the coming of the spring of hope.
They have marbled with the coming of the summer faith

These eyes.
They are not green with envy.
But still they are my eyes.
Brown they maybe.

Open to all to see.
The glory of tomarrow they wait to see.

jackie compton

Three Words

You can spend all your time looking.
You can spend all your time searching.
For that one of a kind gift that says it all.
But never find it in a gift shop.

You can find time to make time.
Or you can make time to find time.
You can sail across a stormy sea.
Climb the highest mountain or wander through the valley of confusion.

You can journey around the world in search of that perfect
gift, but still can not find it.
But still can not find what you are looking for.

When the thunder storm of doubt moves on.
And the sun and rainbow of goodness come out.
Yes there is a pot of gold at the end of the rainbow.

But it is filled with only three simple words
I love you.

jackie compton

Throw It In The Fire

when the wood of your ship wreck dreams.
wash upon on the shores of life bring sad memories.
If by chance you should collect it.

do not put it on a pedestal.
do not in-shrine it to keep around.
i say to you
throw it in the fire.
let it burn and fade to darkness.
where it will not rise and trouble you again.

do-not collect the ashes to bury in a sacred place.
for it does you no good to bury the ashes.
then go back and cut the grass and weeds down to
remind you that they are there.

i say to you
throw it into the fire of forgiveness.
when the flame becomes a flicker.
and the fire of pain goes out

do not collect the ashes.
let the winds of time scatter to the four
corner of the earth.
like dust in the wind.

throw it in the fire, and let the fire of goodness
clean the soul.
throw it in the fire.

jackie compton

To My Brothers

Even now.

I can still hear you not only in heart,
but also in my soul.

To my two brothers that shall pass this way nomore
Now I truely understand why you were more than
a brother and a friend.

From you I learned.

When my term comes up to bat
Step up to homeplate and go down swing.
Never let hard time throw three balls.
Just to hear life call them a strike.

What I learned from you is worth twice it weight in gold.
Back in the days of my youth.
I did not understand alot of the things that you said and done.
For it took time to process them in my mind.
You tutored me in all fields of life endeavors.

You were there when I skin my heart as well as my knees.
You were right when you told me.
All the mountains and hills that I had to climb.
Was nothing but seasons out of time.

To my two brothers
I say.
Thank you.

jackie compton

To Tell The Truth

The truth is the only thing.
That no matter how you bend it
No matter how you may twist it.
It will never change.

Hope is a unborn prayer.
We hope people will tell us the truth.
We hope people will tell us what we need to hear.
And not what we want to hear.

Truth is the daughter of time.
And it will never change.
Faith is the belief that truth will always over come.
Season will come and season will go.
Truth will never change

jackie compton

Today

The moments that we share today.
Becomes the stories that we tell tomorrow.
We must not let time rust the bitter sweet memories.
Storied on the pages of our minds.
The things that we should have done,
But fail to do.

When the moments that we share today.
Becomes the stories that we tell tomorrow.
We must not tarnishes the past with fiction.
But polishes the future with facts.

When the moments that we share today.
Becomes the stories that we tell tomorrow.
When history becomes the bitter pill.
Even when the taste is not our desire.
Swallow it we must.

jackie compton

Touch Me Once

You only have to touch me once.
But twice would be just as nice.
It this feeling in me that I can't control.

For ture love is a once in a life time adventure.
Where we lose control and get lost in our emotion.
I only have to touch your velvet soft skin once.

Just to watch the small bumps of love grow all over.
You only have to touch me once.
But I perfer to touch you twice because it so nice.

jackie compton

Viva Los Revolution

In the beginning.
When we are trapped within our youth.
We see a revolution as a Damsel in distress.
A worldly but noble cause.
That is pure at heart.
One that is worth fighting for and dying for
When time marches on and we look into the eyes of reality

When we encounter death around every corner.
When we hear Death knocking on our door.
Not knowing when it will open the door and let itself in.
After the beguiling intoxicating effect glory wears off.
We begin to see the revolution for what it really is.

It was never a Damsel in distress.
When we open our eyes to reality
We see the revolution for what it really is.
A whore.
That was never pure at heart.
The noble cause become a lost cause.
We stay because we want to believe in her.
We leave because we become disillusion.
We come back because we are lost.
We remain because it is the only thing that we truly knows.

jackie compton

Voices

As I lay my head down to sleep.
In the silent of the night.
I hear voices when I close my eyes to sleep.

A soft whisper that rings the wind chimes of my mind.
For I hear voices when I sleep.
Word of the poet that echos off the walls and down
the halls of time.

For I hear voice when I sleep.
The silent cry of a mother that weeps out loud over
a child lost.
Left only to wonder why.
For I hear voices when I sleep.

jackie compton

Waiting On A Friend

I stand and watch time as it come and it goes.
I sit in the morning sun rise.
Watching the tides row in and then away again.
I am just waiting on a friend.

Someone that will understand my ups and downs.
Someone who will like me for what I am, and not what they want me to be.
Believe me when I say.
I am just waiting on a friend.

jackie compton

Walking In Darkness

If I close my eyes and pretend not to see.
The injustice that stands before me.
If I put my hands over my eyes to shield them from seeing
all the hurt and sorrow in today's world.

Would I be walking in darkness.
Even if the sun is shining brightly in the sky.
Even with my eyes wide open will they be closed.

Would I be walking in darkness.
When I refuse to see because of a flaw in my character.
That would cause me to stumble and fall.

Would I be walking in darkness.
When I trip over reality and refuse to see it before me

jackie compton

Weed

I have been told.
The Garden of life is made of many plots
There is even a plot in the garden of life.

Where even the weed can grow and prosper.
For it was not so.
The great care taker of the garden would not have told us so.

He prepares each plot with special care.
What he does for one he will do for all.

For he alone knows the weed is more than a unwanted flower.
For it's purpose in life is a part of the whole beauty.
That is the garden of life.

jackie compton

Welcome To The City Of Poverty

Welcome to the city limit of poverty.
A city without a soul.
Located in a land without a conscious.
It's motto reads.
A place where hopes and dreams goes to die.

Welcome to the city of poverty.
Where the streets are pave with failure.
Where the resident lives in houses built out of shattered dreams and broken promises.

Welcome to the city of poverty.
Where the school is located on the main street of low expectation.
For the course of failure is not taught as a tradition, but away of life.

Welcome to the city of poverty.
A city without a soul.
Located in a land without a conscious.
A place where equal opportunity refuses to live.
A place where failure is the major employer.

jackie compton

What Am I Going To Do Today

Today is the day
I think I will just set around and do nothing.
Today is the day.
When they ask where I am going.
I will reply nowhere then go everywhere.

Today is the day.
I choose to do not much of anything and a lot of everything.
It is the time I reserve just for myself.
While I help other.

Today is the day when you ask me.
What are you doing.
I will reply nothing, and then do everything

jackie compton

What Do We Say

So this is the time that we no not.
What do we say?
To those that are punished unjustly.
The wheels of just turn lose but they do turn.
When justice is delayed, and we know justice is denied.

What do we say?
When the river of hard time flood out the crops of hope.
When the winds of madness blow across the landscape of life.
What do we say?

When it becomes a time to wonder.
A time to confront our enter most demons.
When we can not find the words to express our emotion, sorrows
and deepest regrets.

What do we say?
When we become a band of brothers gathered together to deprive a
person of their right.
When we fail to harness our hate and prejudice.

What do we say?
When we fail to understand.
That one man's right to stand alone is just as great.
As one man's rights to stand with many

jackie compton

What Does Reality Mean

What does reality means?

They all say that justice should be blind.

But I think not.

If I closed my eyes and pretended that injustice
does not exist.

Does that mean it will go away when I open them.

So what does reality mean in so many words.

Is not the truth based upon on what we want to believe
is the truth.

Reality tell me that if I place my hands over my eyes.

Even when I know they are wide open.

They will be cloaked in darkness and I still can not see.

Reality is the coldness of a dark night.

It is the warmth that accompany the rising sun.

It is what it is and not what we wanted to be.

jackie compton

What If

What if the river did not run down to the sea.
What if the mountain did not point it's finger to the sky.
Would the sun still rise in the east and set in the west
What if.

What if the leaves on trees turn colors in the spring.
What if snow fell in the summer.
Flowers bloomed in the fall, and mature in the winter.

What if.
There was no right or wrong.
Just day and night.
Which one would we prefer to be right.

Would life as we know it still exist.
What if.
There was no heaven.
where would mankind soul go after death

What if.
The only question without a answer.

jackie compton

When Death Comes Knocking

When Death come knocking.
Knock, knock, knock on my door.
Who is it I think.
Who can it be I wonder.

I stand looking out the peep hold of time.
But nothing can my eyes see.
I turn and look at the clock of time.
As life slowly ticks away.

Is it you death my mind calls out.
I think once.
I think twice.
Should I open up the door and let him in.

Answer I must.
Answer I shall, and answer I will.
Our footprints do we leave upon this earth.
For everything is nothing else but dust in the wind.
Only in time shall the body fade back into the dust in which it came.

For Death comes knocking but only one time.
Fear not open the door and let it in.

jackie compton

When The Wind Cries

I have seem days when the sun just would not shine.
On my enter being.
And life itself seems so unkind.

But when the winds of my enter soul.
Cries out for mercy
It never blows across deaf ears

When the wind cries out in silent.
It rolls across heaven and earth.
Like a might from the horn of Gabriel.

For God responds best to one.
Who neal down and humble himself.
Before him in a silent prayer

That is when the winds of the soul cries out for mercy.

jackie compton

When Time Marches On

I wonder.

When time change will we change with it
Or will time march on without us.
Leaving us behind to repeat the same old tired
and sad failures of the past.

When time marches on.

I wonder will there be some that will still call
me boy.
Just be cause of the color of my skin

when times marches on

Will there still be two Americas.
One black, and one white still separate
and unequal.

when time marches on.

Will we all march to the same drum beat of one
nation under God.
With liberty and justice for all.

when time marches on.

Will we all march in step for the greater
good of all mankind.
Or still march out of step to the destruction of all.

jackie compton

When Wisdom Comes

Like most things that we can not see.
No one knows when wisdom come
Like most things that we can not hear

It does not ring a door bell when it enter your mind.
No one knows when wisdom comes
Does it arrive silently in the night like fog
Covering the mind like a blanket

No one knows when wisdom comes
With each tick of the clock of time.
We still know not when wisdom comes

jackie compton

Where Did Time Go

It seem like only yesterday.
We ran across field of green clover.
Chasing the winds of time.
Wondering where did time go

It seem like on yesterday.
That all the mountains and hills that we climb.
Were simply season out of time

We walked fast, and ran slow.
Never stopping or thinking or wondering.
Where did time go.

It seem like only yesterday.
Our hearts were forever young.
Our souls were free.
Never once did we stop and think.
Where did time go.

jackie compton

Where Does Time Goes

How in the world do one find time?
It moves so slowly but you can not see it.
How do we know when time pass.
The only sign that it has come and gone.
Is when we see it turn from dust to dawn.

jackie compton

Where Is Over There

Where is over there?

Is it locate somewhere between here and there.

Is it secret hiding place not located on a map.

Where is over there?

Is it just around the bend from tomarrow or yesterday.

Nobody really knows.

Where is over there

Do it lie between heaven and hell.

There is no signs pointing in it's direction.

Yet we still know where to go when we are told it over there

jackie compton

Why

Can anyone tell me why.
A river long journey end when it reaches the sea.
A ripple on the pond of life comes to a end.
When it reaches the shore line where time seem to stop.

Why.

Can anybody tell me why.
The winds of chanes blows across the landscape of destiny.
Carving a path throught time itself.

Why.

Can anybody tell me why.
When the sun is set a blaze in the in the morning sky.
We can see the moon too that belongs to the night.

Why

Can anybody tell me why.
Time after time we are told.
The world is coming to a end.

Why.

But a merciful God awaken the sun in the east.
Letting it trek across the wide open day sky.
Then putting it peacefully to bed to sleep in the western sky.
On the pillow of forgiveness.
To started its journey over again the very next day.

Why.

jackie compton

Why Hate America

.There are so any reason to hate America.
I cannot count them all.
You can hate America because.
There is no King or Queen to bow down too.

You can hate America because.
You can travel from sea to shining sea freely
while traveling you can watch the amber waves
of grain.
As they slow dance and sway to music of God's
gentle breath as it passes over them.

You can hate America because.
There is no guard standing at the gates of
freedom to keep you out.

You can hate America because.
There one man rights to stand alone is just
as great as one man rights to stand with many.

You can hate America because.
No matter what you believe in or faith.
There rights are created and handed down
by God, and not governments.

You can hate America because.
America does not close it mind to shut out
freedom of thoughts.

You can hate America because.
Opportunity stands outside everyone door
and knock.
All they have to do is open up and it will walk in.

The list could go on and on.
But I choose to let it end here.

America you are the sweetest thing to me.
It is because of you.

That they have the right to hate you.
Without the fear of repression.

jackie compton

Why Me

I sit and I wonder.

Why me?

Is it because my skin is dark?

Is because my eyes are not blue as the sky above?

I sit and I wonder.

Why me?

Is it because my hair is not gold.

Like the amber waves of grain.

You hold so highly.

I sit and I wonder.

Why me?

Am I not a man like you?

Created in the image of a living God.

Just like you.

I sit and I wonder

Why me.

I sit and wonder.

Why me.

Why in the eyes of your justice?

My life hold no value.

Is it because my eyes are brown.

And my skin is dark.

Is it because my hair is not straight and blows in the wind.

Like your hair

jackie compton

Without Asking

Without asking.

He awoken me by lighting the candle of day in the east.

Breaking the chill of the night that just pass.

Bidding me to rise and start my day journey again.

Without asking.

The way to him has been clearly marked.

By sign along the road map of life.

Without Asking.

When I come to the raging river of fear and doubt.

He let me cross over the bridge of trouble water.

Without the fear of fall in.

Without asking.

When I hunger.

He place the food of mercy upon my plate, and

fills my glass with the wine of forgiveness.

Until it runth over.

All without asking

When the day start to draw to a end, and my bode begin
to get tired.

He open up the door to his inn of godness, and
welcome me in.

All without asking

He bookmark the end of my days journey.

For I want forget how far I have come.

But to remeber how far he as brought me.

All without asking.

Every night he blows out the candle light of day.

When the first star hope appears in the evening sky
of faith.

In peace he closes out the day.

By letting the sun go down in the west.

All without asking.

jackie compton

Writing On The Wall

I was only three feet tall
When I first scribbled my name.
upon the wall

In the dark of the night.
but with the coming of daylight.
I could see it was only a mark.
That I had made in the dark

jackie compton