

Poetry Series

**Jake Gollon**  
**- poems -**

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## Jake Gollon(11/07/89)

Born in Stevens Point, WI into a loving family, which has grown to 5. Mom and Dad, sister Jordan, and brother James.

I've experienced life from opposite ends of the spectrum. I have a great appreciation for my life and how blessed that I am. My largest struggles at this point in my life are internal. The depth of thought that my mind drags me into leads me to trying to solve all of the world's mysteries all at once. Human by nature, I know that there are things that I will never come to understand. For these scenarios, and for what I consider important in my life, I write.....

### 3 Blind Men

Searching with no cause  
Through the dark of night  
Over nameless hills  
Threatened by the plight.

We see that Three blind mice  
Courageous as we're told  
Honor this rodent species  
Noble, yes, and bold.

Though their eyes impaired  
complaints are nowhere found  
How is it WE are scared?  
When they scurry 'cross the ground.

They make their way about  
Stay clear of human you.  
For mice won't wage a war,  
and needs are very few.

Nomads claim no land,  
but simply ask to share  
the food we throw to rot  
and the air we breathe up there.

If mice can do these things,  
Then why cannot a man?  
If the blind see how to live,  
What excuses do we have?

Mice wander in the streets  
through the dark of night.  
Daily dodging fears  
and threatened by OUR plight.

It's we who have the plague.  
Hypocrisy our leaders preach,  
Hatred, Lies, and disrespect.  
Whole peace seems out of reach.

Men with sight 6 billion strong,  
and not a ONE could tell me why?  
Mankind is tearing itself apart,  
And we cannot see it through our eyes.

Three blind mice contain,  
more wisdom than a man  
who claims to see the light,  
but fails to see the plan.

So who then do we trust?  
What word is truly true?  
Trust the blind men i say,  
But I'm asking, what say you?

They judge you not by color,  
or the clothes bought on a spree.  
They seek to judge your soul.  
That's something 'eye' can't see.

Let this be a lesson!  
From the rats we often fear.  
Before you set the trap,  
Look into the mirror.

Try leading simple lives,  
presume the blind of night.  
Use your hands to see.  
And to feel... use your sight.

Jake Gollon

# Losing It All

What left is there to gain?  
All is lost on this day of rain,  
Drying tears and coping with  
a heavy adolescent pain.

I stand distraught in question, hoping for a sign.  
I stand below in darkness where he used to light the sky  
For my friend the moon tonight has left me out to dry.  
I stand below in darkness, but could not tell you why.

Eyelids clenched forevermore,  
So not to burn my eyes by day.  
Lonely on this floor indoors,  
Saddened I will stay.

Are you familiar with the feeling?  
Surrounded, yet alone.  
For prayer I've dropped to kneel,  
Now faith is all I own.

Jake Gollon

# The Coach

Let me tell you about The Coach,  
The only true hero I'd ever meet,  
He'd lay himself down instead,  
Just to lift you on your feet.

He spoke joyous words with his every breath,  
An idol of sorts considering my age.  
He preached with life instead of death,  
And brought the peace that calmed my rage.

He seemed proud to lead an army of kids,  
Like it was everything he'd dreamed.  
But sooner than later I'd come to find,  
Something inside was bursting his seams.

Ignorant to the realities of life,  
I was a boy, and it was all I knew.  
His smile just seemed to be so real,  
And what happened next, nobody knew..

Just like that, he left the place,  
And with him went the fun we had.  
At 12 I struggled to understand  
What it meant to lose a friend.

I remember his smile when I ran the mile,  
Cuz I then called the record mine.  
But I found that he smiled at every child,  
As they crossed the finish line.

He'd taught me things I'd never forget.  
Like the message a smile can send,  
or that a man with heart will never lose,  
No matter the score in the end.

It would be some time till we met again,  
But I'd count each day and night.  
We never quite knew his reason to leave,  
But something told me it wasn't right.

Then one day as we paced the square,  
Lying alone was a man with a hat.  
With a second glance he caught my stare,  
Cuz you remember a smile like that.

Some had forgotten about the Coach,  
He'd up and left us that day in class.  
A moment and chance lay in front of me,  
And I wasn't about to let it pass.

His drunken mind took rest on the curb  
While his eyes had puddled with tears.  
I slowed my walk and stopped in awe  
to see The Coach after all these years.

I humbly stepped myself his way,  
As he squinted hard to see.  
Then he slowly stood up tall and said,  
'Jake? Do you remember me? '

I said, "of course Coach, I do"  
and I did the only thing that fit  
I looked him deep in his eyes and said,  
"How could I forget..."

Jake Gollon

# The Crash

Out of personal hatred,  
with my life off-track,  
I picked up a bottle  
and tipped it back.

My mind was a mess,  
a fallen bookshelf.  
Thoughts full of pity,  
but all for myself.

I got behind the wheel,  
Terrible choice.  
Before the crash  
I heard His voice...

As I lay in the wreck,  
He gave me a vow:  
I could turn this around  
if I chose right now...

Where do I turn?  
When my luck runs dry.  
Life's on the line.  
Will I look to the sky?

I knelt in the dirt  
and pouring rain.  
Folded up my hands,  
and began to pray ...

I saw the sky open,  
Just barely a view,  
With overcast skies,  
The sun shone through...

God open your gates,  
please let me pass.  
Gimme one more try.  
Gimme one last chance.



He looked with shame,  
at what I'd become.  
The people I'd burned  
and things I'd done.

He opened his arms,  
and welcomed me through.  
I don't know why?  
It couldn't be true.

He said he loved me,  
and would never let me go.  
He knew I meant well,  
But didn't let it show.

I pleaded with Him,  
To let me live.  
It wasn't my time,  
I had more to give.

I hit the floor with a BANG,  
and woke from my dream.  
Astonished by,  
how real it seemed.

I scratched my head  
and looked about.  
It was a hospital room,  
Without any doubt...

It wasn't a dream...  
I held my breath.  
He'd pried me free,  
from the hands of death.

On the cold hard tile,  
I knelt to the floor,  
folded my hands,  
and prayed once more.

I wont let you down,

I'll spread word of thee.  
I'll tell of Your love,  
And what you did for me.

I opened the window,  
To get fresh air,  
When I looked to the sky,  
It caught my stare...

I saw the sky open,  
Just barely a view,  
With overcast skies,  
The sun shone through...

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