

Poetry Series

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**- poems -**

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tammy jennette()

# Fear

FEAR

ONE of these days

I won't fear

I won't fear the night,  
or its terrors of fright  
that cut deep and bite,  
so deeply it prys.

It prys into my mind  
and loosens the ties  
that keep a tight bind  
of the memories inside.

And I can't let them find  
freedom to climb  
and choke out my mind,  
like a wild growing vine  
that around my heart winds.

But there will come a time  
that my fears will die.

Yes one of these days  
I won't fear.

One day...

And I won't be held down  
by the fears I have found  
in the sights and sounds  
of a world surely bound  
by dooms day clouds.

Its resources running out,  
quakes swallowing the ground,  
acts of terror all around,  
soon the antichrist crowned,  
in hell we'll surely drown,  
racial wars unwound,  
the economy is down,  
social media pounds,  
the fear and the doubts.

But I take this vow,

One day

One of these days

I will not fear.

I won't be afraid.  
And I'll be brave  
One day...

...

Soon one day,  
I won't be afraid  
of choices I've made,  
and the price that was paid.  
I won't fear bleeding chains  
of secrets and pain,  
and of tattoos of shame.  
No I won't be afraid  
of the lonely loud rain,  
or harsh reality waves  
that I'll never be the same.  
Too many scars and stains,  
leaving my spirit lame. My prayers seem in vain.  
Hatred inflamed,  
and bitterness came,  
residence it claimed,  
in my heart full of shame,  
while slowly hope drained.  
But remember my name.  
For one day,  
yes one of these days,  
I won't be afraid  
And I won't fear  
One day...  
The day is near,  
there will be no more tears.  
Let all who can hear,  
Know that fear  
will die by my spear.  
And I'll be free.  
You'll see.  
One of these days,  
one day soon,  
I won't fear.  
One day.

tammy jennette

# Jump, Jump!

JUMP

JUMP!

In a panic She jumps out of bed,  
awakened to the popping of fire.  
Trapped in her house quickly burning,  
the flames grow hotter and higher.  
It engulfs her home with its fury,  
destroying all she had built.  
So many years up in flames  
suffocate her now with guilt.  
She had carelessly left in the hall,  
candles of fear to burn low.  
Old wires of self doubt in the attic,  
should have been repaired long ago.

JUMP!

Flames jump and snap at her feet, chasing her to the window.  
Forcing her out on the ledge,  
as the crowd below her grows.  
Neighbors are quick to judge,  
believing her jump is her doom.  
"Stay there and wait" they shout,  
"Help will be here soon! "  
Their ground is stable. Their air is clean,  
as black smoke invades her lungs.  
They can see and point, but can not feel,  
the pain of flaming sharp tongues.

JUMP!

Emotions jump wild inside her,  
while the tears leave stains on her face.  
Death sweetly whispers, "peace" to her,  
with arms outstretched for embrace.  
But to her own surprise she rises,  
looks Death in the eye and shakes  
an angry fist to all and cries...  
"Every bone I have may break...  
...and I may not survive this fall,  
but I'll no longer wait to be saved!  
Broken and crippled, I'd rather live...  
than to melt to a cowardly grave! "

And she JUMPS....  
You could hear a pin drop as she leapt  
out in faith that hot summer night.  
The shift of her life was obvious now.  
I had never seen such a sight.  
Did she fall 3 stories down to her death?  
Or did she survive with broken bones?  
What choice would you have made  
out on that ledge all alone?  
No matter how slim the chances,  
and no matter how much it will hurt,  
face your fears and rescue yourself.  
To be happy and loved, you are worth.  
JUMP!

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# Supper Time

## SUPPER TIME

"Its supper time dear!  
Where have you been?  
You look like something  
that ole alley cat brought in."

My mother was a sight  
for my weary eyes to see,  
as I opened up the gate  
stained and filthy as could be.

I didn't know for sure  
just how mad she would be  
when she saw that I had ruined  
the dress she made for me.

Weary, cold, and tired  
with a dirty tear stained face,  
I ran to my mother's arms  
waiting for my embrace

Sobbing, I tried to tell her  
that I had tried to stay clean,  
but I got lost in the woods  
while playing near the stream.

And how suddenly the sting  
of an angry honey bee  
made me run away and fall  
into a mud hole by the tree.

Mud had splashed into my eyes  
and blinded my eye sight.  
I knew I had to get up,  
but all I could do was cry.

With mud covering my face,  
I was lost far from my home,  
Cold, wet, and hungry,  
I felt so all alone.

But my mother held me close.  
Her words were very warm,  
like a blanket covering me  
and protecting from all harm.

"Poor child of mine,  
don't you realize  
that I listen closely  
for your voice at all times...

There is not a path too far  
or a hole too deep,  
that I wouldn't run to  
if you would have called for me."

She helped me in the house  
And gave me clothes warm and dry.  
Then she gently wiped away  
every tear from my eye.

With much compassion and care,  
mother untied from my feet  
those muddy, heavy shoes  
and set my burdened path free..

Then she picked out a feather  
gently from my hair, a mess.  
And she laid it in my hand  
with a gentle soft caress.

"Oh mother! " I exclaimed...  
"This belonged to my friend! "  
"Who? " asked my mother,  
with her all knowing grin.

"The bird in the woods...

with his song that led me  
around a patch of quick sand  
that from the ground I couldn't see.&quot;

I went on to tell her of  
his kind smile that knew  
just how to ease my mind  
with his peaceful kind of view.

For a moment I'd felt safe.  
And my fears became quiet.  
But then he flew off suddenly,  
before I could say goodbye.

As mother listened closely,  
she said with words so wise,  
&quot;Your friend has not left you dear.  
It was just his supertime.&quot;

Suddenly I realized  
the pain of that bee sting  
and all my many sorrows  
were gone forever instantly.

The aroma from the table  
filled me with such life.  
What a meal she had prepared  
to end my day so full of strife.

I had been so afraid  
she would send me away  
when she saw me at the gate  
in the mess I was that day.

I looked into her eyes  
full of light and mercy.  
And I knew in my heart  
of this love I wasn't worthy.

I knew I was home now.  
And all the worries on my mind

vanished as she said these words...

&quot;My sweet child....its Supper Time.&quot;

He will wipe every tear from their eyes, and there will be no more death or sorrow or crying or pain. All these things are gone forever.&quot; Revelation 21; 4

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# The Judgement

## THE JUDGMENT

Order in the court! This court is now in session.  
The "Good Folks" vs You...And they expect a full confession.  
Witnesses are lined up, to take a stab at you.  
Regrets, Mistakes, and Rumors are just to name a few.  
You've been seen in the company of low life thugs and thieves.  
And your presence in the church house, for awhile has not been seen.  
A jury of your pompous piers will gossip and review  
the picked apart evidence, stacked up against you.  
We've drawn a line for years, that separates and weighs  
sin that is accepted here, and sin the "Good Folks" hate...  
...like drugs and alcohol, or an unlikely kind of marriage.  
Yet everyone loves to ride on that prescription horse and carriage.  
HMMMMMM.....  
HOW DO YOU PLEAD?  
(Defense speaks)  
Guilty do I plead for things you say I've done.  
And I take responsibility for the evil webs I've spun.  
You do not know or care who God truly is to me.  
Your narrow minded boats will never know His sea.  
Be careful lest you judge, on that chair you sit so high,  
feasting on my character, as you drink self righteous wine.  
Till death I'll make mistakes, teaching lessons well learned.  
But till then, you're over ruled. This court is now adjourned.  
\*\*\*..."let he who is without sin cast the first stone" John 8; 7

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# Untitled

This is what my eyes beheld, driving home one afternoon,  
From the "Holier Than Thou" church, on Self Righteous Avenue.  
There is a raging war it seems, on drugs we face today.  
So bow your heads and close your eyes, as this prayer for all I pray....

Dear God:

Please stop this shameless ignorance  
that spreads humiliation,  
infecting young and tender minds,  
with it's bullied education.  
These highway billboard sinners,  
make easy targets for to shame.  
But help us to remember Lord,  
that these faces all have names.  
The hypocrites aren't kneeling down,  
to ruin brand new panty hose,  
just to see the throbbing pain  
beneath sores on that girl's road.  
And for those who mock and laugh  
at ugly scars on huge display...  
Remind them they have children too  
upon which evil waits.  
May self righteous egos shatter,  
and learn "blessed are the meek",  
as they look in pure disgust,  
at those who have been weak.  
I pray thee Lord for mercy.  
And I pray thee Lord for grace,  
for myself and any others  
who have judged an addict's face.  
And end this war that rages Lord,  
of desperate times and measures.  
But till then, through their pain,  
may I never find cruel pleasure.  
Amen.

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