

-CORPUS FROM-
COLUMBIA:

A Prisoner's Poetry Collection

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A non-fiction collection of poetry written by and for an inmate serving time in the Wisconsin State Penitentiary System. This collection's subject matter ranges from love and life to the dark emotions of solitary confinement in a maximum security institution. The collection will make you laugh, cry and emote in ways that you forgot you were capable of, all while intriguing you to turn yet another page.

FORWARD

THIS COLLECTION CONTAINS ALL ASPECTS OF MY LIFE-
PROCEEDED WITH DUE CAUTION AND KNOW PAIN IS
AS REAL AS LOVE AS LIFE AS DEATH. KNOW I'M
MENTALLY SOUND AND MY HEART IS HEALED. I'M
WEATHERED AND AM STRONGER FOR IT. IT
HAS HELPED SHAPE MY IDENTITY.

J.M.D.

AN ODE TO CHANGE

Can one ever be certain
that he's closed the curtain
to a part of his past
that the mistake is his last?

I have made so many errors
acting with so few cares
causing many to fear,
and to morals I couldn't adhere

I chose to be an armed robber
and their heads I'd clobber
and the guns I triggered
but who would've figured?

That I would have such sympathies
just a few moments after these
that their eyes would become a sight
that would keep me up at night?

So how do I begin to change
and try to rearrange
my priorities and values
to a condition like new?

A whole lot of introspection
and hours of reflection
have led to an acceptance
of my genuine repentance.

And yet, only when tested
did I believe I'd vested
myself in true reform
but could I weather the storm?

As I went to my job
I saw the fat ass slob
and I knew his face
the one that made my heart race.

So was I the same guy
who caused pain in eyes?
who would act on my rage,
or finally act my own age?

In my hand was a mop bucket
and in my heart was "fuck it"
but in my mind was only sense
and yet I wanted to take offense

AN ODE TO CHANGE (Ctd.)

He killed my buddy Craig
I want to make him beg
and plead for his worthless life
or cut his throat with a knife

So I'm at a fork in my road
should I adhere to prisoner code
and take this bitch's life -
or should I do what's right?

I walked out to think
and I found the missing link
to revive my morality
and regain my normality

I thought I had to eat my pride
and that right and wrong must collide
to answer this damn question
that has become my obsession...

Am I truly changed
or permanently deranged?
I now know I've reverted back
and finally gotten on track.

Having so damn much to give
and so many reason to live
like being a great dad and man
and simply doing all I can.

There is but one choice
in God I must rejoice
for the gift of a good heart
and the chance for a second start.

-Jeffrey M. Davis, Jr.
January 29, 2015

Note ** This one was written in one of my sleepless nights as I beat myself up over my past mistakes and harms committed. I was seeking forgiveness and that only comes with the knowledge that I won't make the same mistake twice. This starts with the "test" and in this situation I gained the confidence that I can pass the "test" no matter how tough it is. As I pursue self-forgiveness I see that confidence in oneself and acceptance is essential. This was a pivotal moment for me, the proverbial "fork in the road," I guess. It was when I left the old mentality of an eye for an eye behind and was able to forgive the unforgiveable in the next man, and now I turn that practice on myself.

To y'all it's no surprise
I bet y'all can surmise
that before I see another sunrise
death will befall on my eyes.

I am tired of struggling
emotions so befuddling
when all I need is cuddling
an end to such painful utterings.

I'm ready to overdose b
because I'm tired of those
who portray to be close
but are only lies in clothes.

I desire only a cremation
because I don't want to be facing
those who'll be chasing
the tears that will be racing.

They should have been here
when I was riddled with fear
instead they were nowhere near
and now it's so damn clear!

But on this Christmas day
you'll finally see which way
whether I choose to go or stay
so as you go to sleep, PRAY!

I'm not the one
to be struggling all alone
so far away from my home
especially without a phone.

It's about time for eternal sleep
because the shit I'm in is chin-deep
with pain so serious I weep
this is not a life I will keep.

God doesn't desire my soul to take
yet never again will I awake
with desire for fucking birthday cake
and never again will I be fake.

I've had a great fucking run
with lots of smiles and fun
but since this pain has begun
I've decided I am done.

Note ** I did not title this one, as it was a passing feeling, but
it was a rough december in 2012. I wrote this on the 14th of
December and was feeling quite alone. Since, I have recovered and
found purpose but this was a dark day that I won't forget.

- Jeffrey M. Davis, jr.

SILLY CHOICES WE KEEP MAKING

Why do we make these stupid choices?

Listening to the useless voices,
playing as if life is some game,
leaving people with disdain,
causing pain because we hurt
too blind so we divert

but can't we turn it into love?

Turn balled-up fists into hugs.

Why do we play so damn sour,
and act as if our only power
is that which lets us abuse,
and mistreat all whom we choose?

- Jeffrey M. Davis, Jr.
November 2011

Note ** This one was during a moment of deep introspection, I was searching for answers as to why I made some painful choices. Even though we know better, we do not do better, why? In time I have found some answers... Have you?

CONTRITION

Floating across the lake
moonlight on the ripples
so many nights wide awake
so many tears and sniffles.

All is calm now, but not before
that same moon lit up the terror
morals and values all ignored
all this - because of thinking errors?

The moon shone in their eyes
Terror - not life - shown bright
money more salient than their cries
the fear was a petrifying sight.

Never has pain been so real
and not just mine, either
can't imagine how they feel
I became their evil creature

Guilt and pain so intractable
nightmares of their eyes
visions so damn impactful
unable to undo, innumerable tries

The guilt so fucking strong
forgiveness never to be
impossible to right the wrongs
unavoidable, Armed Robber is me.

Willing the feelings of guilt
never hesitant to accept my sentence
and accepting the pain to the hilt
while actively seeking repentance.

No way to ease the pain
forgiveness is now the quest
rowing into the wind, enduring rain
trying to find which way is best.

So as I sleep tonight
I'll shed a few tears
and try with all my might
to cross the lake over the years.

Note ** I wrote this on June 8, 2012, while undergoing some serious changes to my identity. It reflects the pain associated with having done things that are inexcusable, and being intrinsically incapable of forgiving myself for these things. Knowing each and every day that I have caused such pain in my victims' lives has been a source of chagrin and pain that I try to endure as I stroll through life.

- Jeffrey M. Davis, Jr.

INCOMPATIBLE LOVE

Oil and water
vinegar and wine
separated over time
complementing each other
but only when mixed
described now only as mixed
one union so difficult
fight fight fight
and I thought I was right
never a regret
three years strong
six years gone
she loved a boy
but longed for a man
growing up fast as I can
not fast enough
too many mistakes
all errors, no retakes
draw without an eraser
life is the truest art
careful, you'll break her heart
mistakes pulverizing trust
forgiveness barred by lies
innumerable futile tries
love never ending
how different things are
trying to love from afar
the time has come
to decide what is best
to do with this mess
what is the goal?
is there will to find a way?
I think not, not today
but the love is real
and will never go away
I accept it's here to stay
on to a new chapter
a fork in our roads
so can we find friend-mode?
That is the real hope,
with love undying
that is, to keep on trying!

Note ** I wrote this on June 21, 2012 about a love that meant a lot to me, but was not good for either one of us. Love does not ever die when it is true, it merely transforms.

- Jeffrey M. Davis, Jr.

ONE FUCKED MOTOR

Indicator lights	"take it easy"
OBDII	tow it away
Cryptic	aimless wandering
yet so clear	Lost
like a book	Garmin's gone
Continuous tick	car towed home
Beeping	TOWED? With two loans?
over-looked	A blind eye?
GAS AND GO!	maybe-
	yellow cab
No diagnostics	"Home."
Low compression	There she sits
intermittent spark	different-destroyed
a reverberent knocking	still beautiful
requesting removal	even with car notes
Overhaul?	Repair?
	NO!
NO!	Relish it
GAS AND GO!	regardless
Mile marker '12	Ruined
CLUNK	Memorable
silence, shhh!!	A good one.
Knock no more	Six years
over-heating	many miles
burning	tons of smiles
ouch!	Notes for next time:
flames	change the oil
SHIT!!	air the tires
No insurance:	watch the guages
Two loans	PREVENTATIVE MAINTENANCE!!!
walking alone	
Tow truck	

Note ** This is also about a relationship that went sour, she was a great girl and has two of my children, hence the car, with loans, but it all ended in '12 in a manner akin to a car's engine blowing up. I wrote this in 2012. - Jeffrey M. Davis, Jr.

PUZZLED!!

You baffle me
and I cherish you for it!
I'm drawn to you,
like moths to a flame-
proudly I scorch,
exotic images adrift
through smoke I exhale;
Taylor - Shake It Off,
follow your trail.
You push me away,
I fall harder for you.
You chase after me,
I pretend to dodge
only so you can catch me,
then I embrace you,
but you turn away
I'm left lost in love,
searching for answers
the sweetest sort of puzzle.
I stand mentally contorted,
but never letting you be,
only thirsting greater
for your magic potion
God's liquid gold,
His chosen treat,
being sought but held only
as long as your finicky
temperment will allow.

- Jeffrey M. Davis, Jr.
December 31, 2012

Note ** We all have this sort of an elusive love that baffles
our heart, mind and spirit. That sort of love that is truly
intoxicating, yet just out of reach. I'll always love this girl.

IMPECCABLE LOVE

You feel like this miracle,
empirical, who can make my spirits glow,
which seems to show,
how dreams should go,
because you fit my description,
and this vision of an angel,
how our hearts do entangle-
intertwined like a pretzel,
leave but bliss in this vessel
unaccustomed to the blessing
of a lady so impressing,
so damn flawless, too damn perfect
with the knowledge that you're worth it
I'd trade all my love for all your smiles,
just to drown you in the piles
of amazement I would grant you
for the bliss that you'd hand out,
lending me joys I knew not of,
while holding on your too hot love.

Note ** I wrote this for a girl whom I loved to the hilt, she was my heart,
but like all else, everything must end. At some point I will accept that I am
deserving of a great lady like these that I have loved and left.

- Jeffrey M. Davis, Jr.
December 2012

BABY GIRL I AM SO SORRY

Foolishly we are often
lost in ways none can say
we see you but fail
to truly notice your soul.
We see beautiful lips,
majestic eyes,
a gorgeous face-
a scenic chest,
an amazing waist,
a delectable ass,
we think not of
the heart behind the curves,
but see only the flesh,
and are driven by idiocies
that we cannot reject.
Do not hate us boys,
we'll grow up one day,
those mistakes we make,
your undeserved pains
they'll be atoned
down the road of life!
Still today we are boys
and we must learn,
teach us to be men
and we will know heaven
only because of you!

- Jeffrey M. Davis, Jr.
April 22, 2010

Note ** This one was written about the most special girl in my life, ever! She was gorgeous, but I was not ready to appreciate her value in its entirety. As all young boys do, they look only at what they can see at face value. I lost her, but she taught me so damn much along the way, and you can bet your bottom dollar that I will value the next great person in my life!

ALWAYS

Splendidly she sparks
something like lightning bolts
exploding between our souls.

Magnetically I'm drawn,
she slips closer,
heartbeats are a slight drizzle
on our tin roof
swift taps so rhythmic.

It is in her essence
I drown, free-falling backward
like flying out
of a plane in the sky
landing on clouds softly
til she brightens the way.

Never once do I question,
I know truth in sight,
pause, then race closer
hoping only to unite
and become connected.

How do I share
this secret I hold?
I fear its too deep,
like she's an abyss,
leading me to thirst
for the satisfactory quench:

SO I SEEK MORE....

ALWAYS....

- Jeffrey M. Davis, Jr.
August 2011

Note ** This was a time I was feeling like no woman, no matter her beauty, could quench my thirst for more... Greed perhaps, but it was a time in life when I was never satisfied with any woman. So glad I am over that one! Happiness comes not from having what you want, but wanting what you have.

I stand aside

I stand aside watching the scene play,
Viewing the situation as if it's a screen play,
she's a queen and her essence gives life sparkle
everything about her brings me to marvel;
her grace, her poise, these things impress;
her loyalty and passion, she brings it best
and it's simple to see why she is crowned,
the way she is - you see she is down.

Yet, the king in this picture isn't top notch,
he's the kind who shouldn't be near her top spot,
because he doesn't come through as she demands
but she doesn't even pressure him, he's "THE MAN"
It's sad how he gambles with her love and patience,
she deserves premium, but he gives her basic,
surely feeling like there isn't much competition,
so he has no worries of division-
yet there stands a cat with a truer shine,
who's swagger and abilities are the truer kind,
and he tempts the queen with something larger
than her current king seems able to harbor,
so he wonders if the queen will get to see,
that he only promises her ecstasy!

Note ** This was written when I was feeling weakness in the relationship, as I was in jail and unable to provide as I would like to for the woman I was with. Eventually, I let her go as well, as I was not the man she needed/deserved at the time. That one was rough!

- Jeffrey M. Davis, Jr.
March 2012

ANONYMOUS

You, this dream I've sought
as prisoners seek salvation,
in open skies, boundless days
which drive my moments
of inconsequential existence
sitting sideways with want
simply to know your name-

You, this candy-coated promise
of sweetest days filled
with the taste of your love
from each angle extended
through colorful notions
which melt my whole core.

You! Whose love I must
feel wrapped all around me!

- Jeffrey M. Davis, Jr.
September 18, 2009

Note ** This one was not about a woman I sought, but more about the woman that I wanted my girlfriend at the time to be. Odd, I knew what I wanted and knew that she was not it, yet I tried to hope for it in a place that I knew it was not. I don't get that, but fortunately, it's over and the experience has taught me not to ever settle for anything less than what I will be happy with.

DECISIONS

Stuck between two blissful grand choices,
on both shoulders are beautiful angel voices,
so difficult to differentiate,
when staring into joy
in every direction -
good reason to hesitate!
My heart speaks in tongues,
or maybe that's just Latin
and it's crazy how life happens,
confusion being a normal state
looking at to formidable mates
brides to be on both sides,
shall I ask the most high
scared she too will shrug
seeing absolutely no difference in love
whether I choose left or right,
so I stand at my fork this whole time
unable to see the first bend,
knowing that there cannot be a worse win!

- Jeffrey M. Davis Jr.
June 2011

Note ** I was in a relationship but loved two girls. I couldn't choose between the two, and thought that there was no way to choose. Eventually, as life would have it, love proved me blind, as I was not destined to be with either one! Crazy, love is wild!

QUEEN OF HEARTS

So many things we can be,
our options quite twinkly-
a Bonnie and Clyde sort of deal
only we'll live into eternity,
doing whatever we choose
existing with two wee rules?
(one) no one is put above us,
(two) we will always be lovers-
Or we can be throwback,
a couple moving who packs,
the white, the butter, or the green,
watching me move this work,
making dough for our dreams,
as we create some golden schemes,
and come to see our lives as one
until the day our lives are done.
Still, we can be the boxed types,
with school and work and square hype,
while partying and getting twisted,
but living lame, our love the business!
Our option range from tall to tiny
we could stay clean or quite grimy
but in the end one thing remains
I'd choose you over every dame
because there's not a lady so gutta,
yet sweet as hell, there is no other
who'd touch the places you now hold
with my queens of hearts, I'd never fold!

Note ** This one was about a girl who I grinded with in 2005. Carly had introduced me to Rachel and we clicked, I was selling drugs and she had my back 100% At that time, I was caught up in that lifestyle, and thought that the Bonnie & Clyde type of relationship was the best... Hindsight is so clear, I was blinder than those who could not see.

- Jeffrey M. Davis, Jr.
April 2011

CAN I?

Eradicate your loneliness
with only us,
infuse in you the brilliance
that real men
can't help but grace a queen with
the dreams which
you hold in your diamond heart
and vibrant parts
shading your preciousness from those
dumb folks
unworthy of your golden ways
and shoulder pains
the past men left behind
upon your mind
allow me to best define
the answer to your heart's question
though I did not voice the query
see me there when things get deary
like the best of remedies.

Note ** This was written about a girl I once had an affinity for but chose to remain friends with. To this day, I want her to be only a friend, as it has allowed us to focus on what is real. She allows me to be the remedy when life gets her down, and she does return the favor, yet things remain uncomplicated between us because there are no strings, we are platonic. You know who you are when you read this.

- Jeffrey M. Davis, Jr.

YOUR NEXT REMEDY

Heart with a hangover,
wish you could've remained sober,
now you feel a bit lovesick
from overdosing on love which
failed to be the fairy tale
and for such a scary spell
it was more a terror show
that seemed to never glow
in the vibrance you imagined,
you in super-human fashion,
let me be the next page
of bliss worthy of your glory love
because I'll be the remedy,
the end of things
feeling so sour,
fill you with a power
that sails through
clouds and every other space
the pain hid within your ways!

Note ** This one was written for a girl I dated that was a bit scared of life, and while I helped her to see her value and that the world was not bad, she ended up taking my efforts to someone else. Long distance love is hard...

- Jeffrey M. Davis, Jr.
January 2011

DO YOU KNOW HER?

She has a lightness,
a breezy, feathery way
about her that entices,
and lets you dream
those forgotten dreams,
the ones they said
will never be,
she resuscitates
what seemed lost.
You feel her smiles
and warmth within
as if in her arms
- wrapped around you,
leaving you comforted
like never before.

Her love,
I can't speak on it
/but know it's magical
because she seems
grander than bliss
and so very pure!
I desire to know her
internally - completely!

Note ** I wrote this in 2009 about a girl that I loved but did not fully know, fortunately in the time I have been in prison, I have gotten to know her. I do not yet know her completely, but I am working on it.

- Jeffrey M. Davis, Jr.
May 2009

WANT TO DREAM?

Promises, so many openly
incapable of founding
the richness that drives
our hearts to bliss-
what a waste!

Forgive those who failed,
not all know what love is,
so many forge blindly
into pain's arms blindly
lost like victory-less teams
that hold pride in what?

Who truly knows?

Grasp my hand, smile
and know that this venture
is one so proper.

- Jeffrey M. Davis, Jr.
January 2015

Note ** This one was just an expression after watching a chick-flick that I should not have been watching from a prison cell and it had me in the moment, heart strings are still attached in here.

SINCERITY

Loving someone,
with pride gone-
not vacationing but erased
vulnerability a best friend-
minus fear
and hesitation...
how difficult,
to know
and smile unselfconsciously
since it obviously
echoes from the soul
Valid in patience,
Optimum in existence,
grace, and pleasure!

- Jeffrey M. Davis, Jr.
July 2011

Note ** Just a note on the release of inhibitions when love
comes into play. Quite simple, yet so real and strong.

SERENDIPITY

Surrounded by bricks of cement
All alone with these tears
yet filled with hope and intent
still burdened with fears of years

All that I thought was real
ended up being all lies
abandoned is now how I feel,
with no one to feel my cries.

Then out of the blue
the mail man was at the door,
a letter from a man I never knew
I picked it up off the floor.

As I sat on the bed to read
I finally got to see sunshine.
A letter I never knew I'd need,
could this genuine friend be all mine?

So
So I grabbed my paper and pen:
"Jeff, hey, your letter made me smile..."
I was still apprehensive of men,
but maybe...if only for a lil' while.

Somehow they all got my info
writing, looking for a booty call
from a striped beauty they don't know
and to think they want my all?

Then Jeff came along...
and he wasn't like the others
he didn't sing the same song,
and I knew we could talk for hours.

We accept each other's pasts
this friendship is very real,
but how long will it last?
Will we really share a meal?

I'd love to meet him for lunch
he says he would too,
but what about the brady bunch?
Am I just being a fool?

Either way it goes
we definitely have chemistry
and I think he already knows
is he the one? Let me see....

Daily I spend hours dreaming
thinking of what could have been
and then I get a feeling
that he is my friend to the end.

It's hard to actually believe
that my friend forever has been bagged,
will he be all I need?
Til the toe's tagged?

Note ** This is a poem that a friend of mine, Kristen Hidde, wrote to me when we were corresponding during the time she was in prison. She has since been released and the forever did not last, but I have love for her just the same. She sent this in like 2012, in response to something I sent her.

UNTITLED

Am I dreaming or is this real?
We've only just met, but it feels like years.
Never thought I would ever feel,
a moment without any fears.

The smiles, laughs, the cries,
I am finally seeing the light.
But only to our surprise,
these feelings I cannot fight.

A man so real, a man so sweet,
a true genuine man that's hard to find!
He truly swept me off my feet,
and he definitely is one of a kind!

As I look into the mirror so happy,
all I can see is smiles,
it's as if we're stuck together like taffy!
The happiness he brought into my life, could go for miles.

Though the future is unclear,
I am certain that my feelings for him are real,
as the time to meet is near,
we will be ready to share that meal.

Falling in love is what I fear,
but with you that fear is gone
time is all we have, while we wait for a cure,
for I would wait for you from dusk til dawn!

When you look into my eyes,
tell me what you see.
For you replace all the other guys,
what ever will we be?

I feel as if this is a dream,
but all of this is real!
For you are as sweet as icecream.
You are the lucky end of the deal!

Note** This is another poem that Kristin Hidde wrote to me and sent. She was a great friend and I cannot wait to share that meal with her.

UNDER THE NIGHT SKY...

Walking barefoot in the sand,
looking up at the stars,
reaching for your hand,
feeling the sand between our toes,
just the two of us, friends till the end,
with no worries in the world,
walking hand in hand under the night sky,
the crisp ocean breeze amongst our skin,
we close our eyes and pretend we could fly
feeling safe in your arms as we lay under the stars,
I look into your eyes and whisper in your ear,
"I wished upon a star, and my wish has just come true!"
But to my surprise, you set one arm free,
you placed your hand softly upon my face
as we looked into each other's eyes, you leaned in for a kiss
once again I had that sparkle in my eye,
I had found the one, that special guy,
a miracle happened that night,
under the night sky.

Note ** This one also was written by a friend of mine, and she is very special to me. I think she sent me this in 2011, and she is my dear friend to this day. I'll allow her to remain nameless, as I have not asked her permission to publish this under her name, but she gave the green light for me to share it with the world. There is nothing like a night sky, huh?

FONDA

How they all fade
whenever you're in sight,
how they all hate
whenever you take the light.

Fonda, with twinkles that cause stars jealousy.
Fonda, with beauty that's too crisp and so heavenly.

Where do you and bliss begin to differ?

This question makes hearts quiver.

Passion like rivers flowing freely in spring
Fonda, the composition of every queenly dream,
how can I dare consider others in your presence?

You dazzled me with blessings constantly!

Note ** This one is for a woman I dated in college. her name is obviously Fonda and she was a beautiful person, the most beautiful person I ever met. She was very smart, a biochemist major at UW Madison, and she shut down a room when she arrived. Smart, successful, caring, loving, sexy, taboo, all of the intrigues a man seeks in life. Unfortunately I was not prepared to be the man she needed and I ended up pushing her away. I am grateful that I did, as she deserved much more than the path I took after we parted ways.

- Jeffrey M. Davis, Jr.
April 2010

CAN I PROMISE?

Can I make a deeper pact,
you and I, we keep this fact,
my promises are like no other
realer than any other brother's.

Know that I will never go,
because you make my heavens glow,
because you are hell's salvation,
because you taught me patience.

This love I offer stands byond
the phony promises of peons
who attach strings like puppeteers,
trying to control you like muppeteers.

It holds no bounds, this is no trade,
I give you love that only stays.
This love I offer stands beyond
the ones presented by bland peons.

Who saw you but failed to notice,
the brilliance of your love in focus.
Let me erase those failed attempts,
by lanes who couldn't sail a blimp

With a Nintendo Wii® controller,
their pains on youlet me paint over
and create a vibrant image
of love and life, your vibrance in it

With mine beside it named eternal,
While our love blazed like flames, inferno!

Note ** This one was written to a girl who I loved but failed to realize my love. I did not make it clear to her, but it's not a creepy love, it was like the sort of friendship thing where I could have been a great guy for her, but did not want to hurt her, so I held back, never expressing the love I had.

- Jeffrey M. Davis, Jr.

CRYSTALLINE

In essence
she is a beauty,
purer than crystal waters
she dazzles and shines
minus any effort,
she is what heaven
defines as joy,
she is perfection
in each of her ways!

- Jeffrey M. Davis, Jr.
December 2013

Note ** Staring at the photo of a special girl, I was inspired.

NATALIA

A flower you are
unrestrained by far
wild and free
my little seed

Blue and blonde
colors so fond
face of a rose
an angel's nose

such an inquiring mind
information to find
a future so great
provided we pollenate

Daddy's little flower
in his thoughts every hour
of her, his little seed
wanting to fulfill her needs

Go ahead little bud
rise up from the mud
let your petals unfurl
just know, you're daddy's girl.

Note ** I wrote this in June 2012 to accompany a vase and some
flowers I made for my eldest daughter's birthday.

- Jeffrey M. Davis, Jr.

CHILDREN

They come to us
through us
and bring beauty,
love and joy
in pounds always grander
than their tiny selves
so we know deeper
love because of them
and they color our lives
/amazing with their presence
yet at times love is tragic
and our little angels
return to heaven early
leaving our hearts crushed,
our pains larger
than the Earth itself,
causing us to fall
due to the pressure
still know eternally
that they are there
always around us,
their smiles are strength
when we feel weak,
their laughs our joy
when sadness overwhelms,
their love eternally near
when we fail to know it.
Though it hurts majestically
loss of life is not loss of love
loss of existence isn't eternal
heaven's a thought away,
they are just a memory away,
and our love is grander
than any barrier could be.

Note ** My cousin had twins and lost one of them, and I felt so bad for him, this was my empathetic emotion for them.

- Jeffrey M. Davis, Jr.
January 2013

In ABSENTIA

Possible memories made stolen,
by time and departure
why did this end so soon?
Love is less than our connection,
that word too small
for our union.

Though now my days
will be spent with you
in memories and dreams,
I know that in time
I'll smile with you again,
your passion unexpected,
this twisted plan of fate,
we are bigger than the fence
which borders life and death
When my heart calls
I know you answer.
I still feel your living presence
caress my sadness away.
You'll not be forgotten,
That's impossible.
In your honor we'll live
richer to earn your smiles,
truer to gain your pride,
and solely because you'd want it,
while missing you always,
Loving you in absentia, eternally.

Note ** This one is not for a woman lost, as one may first perceive,
but it is actually about the most important woman in my life, my G-Ma,
who passed in 2003. There is no love lost, granny grump, I love you
and will forever enjoy our memories.

- Jeffrey M. Davis, Jr.
6/2013

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TORN HEART ON FIRE

Jeffrey M. Davis, Jr.

Real love
blind to it all
undying in spite
ready to endure
but wisdom may prevail
oil and water
purposeful together
separated over time
vinegar and wine

Many memories
of smiles and miles
tears, fears and years
spontaneity abundant
nare a dull moment
rampant chaos
insufficient relaxation

Selfishness, greed, materialism
and wandering eyes
leading to innumerable goodbyes,
a lack of trust, pain
and tears, real and feigned

Two beautiful flowers are
what we have in common
perennials ready

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Jeffrey M. Davis, Jr. is currently serving time in the Wisconsin State Penitentiary for, among other things, armed robbery. He has three children whom he adores and loves deeply. He spends his time reading, writing, laughing and helping others however he is able. He expects to be released to his children in 2017, and will reside in the Madison, Wisconsin area. He is of an entrepreneurial spirit, and enjoys learning new things. This is his first published compilation, though he seeks to have his current book that he is writing, published in 2016.

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