

# Dan's Poetry



By: Danny K. Garrison, Jr.

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# *The Door*

*Oh, God, I don't know what to do;  
My emotional stability depends on you.  
Looking towards my past, I often wonder  
How I avoided going under without you.*

*No longer will I travel  
A road that has no end.  
No sign ahead will tell me,  
Go back and start again*

*But then one day the world caves in  
And we think that we are through.  
Then God sticks out His mighty hand  
And pulls you back again.*

*So, tell your co-workers,  
Your enemies, neighbors, and a friend.  
Don't be afraid of what you've done;  
He's seen it all before, but remember  
That our Jesus is the Door.*

*Danny Garrison*

# God's Eyes

*When I was young and in my prime, I should have banked a little time. I didn't think or know somehow time wasted then would haunt me now.*

*Just when we think we're through, our spirits are beaten black and blue. We've given up hope of what to do, but God is standing closest to you.*

*Whatever it is you must endure, of His love you can be sure. His heart is full and very aware, of each person's prayer.*

*If we let Him, He will be everything we need. Just lay your problems at His feet, and take upon you His peace so sweet.*

**By: Danny Garrison**  
**Mount Olive Correctional Complex**  
**07 August 2008**

## MY MOTHER

A very special mother is what I think of you  
You are always by my side to help guide me  
Life was such an obstacle but you were always there  
to help me through the bad times  
and the good times we shared

Special treats and loving care  
made you the best anywhere  
My cuts and bruises weren't cured with stitches  
but with your great big hugs and kisses

We may have had our moments  
when it seemed we didn't care  
but I want to tell you now  
that Love was always there

Your not just my mother - but too a special friend  
someone to confide in - someone to share a grin

I'm glad that you're my mother  
and I wouldn't change a thing  
I Love you just the way you are  
and all the Love you bring

But the best reason of all is so plain to see  
because this special mother  
she belongs to me

It's several years later - and I am all grown  
I've gone to prison and feel so alone  
And now when I'm down - and things go amiss  
I still run to our visits - for your hugs and kisses

To mom, from your loving son;

Danny

12-25-05

## Grandpa's Spirit

Oh the world is sometimes lonely, since now that you are gone, but you always told us to keep praying; until the Lord calls us home. Grandma speaks of an empty house, and yet she feels you everywhere. Although death's trance becomes you, we think of you and still care. She wakes each night with visions of you near, but when she reaches out to touch you, she realizes you're not there.

You always prayed for others, down there upon your knees, caring for your fellow man, and for everyone else's needs! I can almost hear you singing up there in Glory Land; the song you always loved so much; "**The Old Rugged Cross**" I know you're better off up there, no sorrow, grief or pain. It sure was hard to let you go, but our loss is now Heaven's gain.

Why you left us so sudden we will never really know, but someday we'll walk together, up the streets of gold. I can't understand why this has to happen, and it makes me just want to scream. Whatever the reason, whatever the fate, it has all been put in God's hands. But I'll never stop loving you; think of you always, when I hear "**The Old Rugged Cross.**"

To Grandma, from your loving grandson  
Danny Garrison  
12-25-05

## My Dad

At night while laying in bed, unable to push my thoughts a side, I lay thinking of you and ask why? For years now I've longed to sleep, beneath the earth six feet deep, upon the hill 'neath the Weeping Willow tree where you await eternity.

A part of me died that day, when the chaplain said you passed away. So young, so vibrant, so alive why does anyone have to die? Someday soon our paths will cross and there you will be found. What shall I do when that time comes, I do not know as yet, but give you all and love you softly, on this I'll place my bet.

Only one ray of hope in all of this sorrow is that eternity could come tomorrow. Since on another hill, another tree, Jesus died for you and me. Now should we never come to meet It'd be to my regret. But the love I've had for you all these years I know I'll not forget.

So on that day, that final tomorrow, there'll be only joy, and no more sorrow. Then my Dad and I will walk hand in hand, on streets paved with gold in that Promised Land.

**Danny Garrison, Jr.**  
**Northern Correctional Facility**  
**December 25 2005**

## Mercy At The Cross

When it seems you can't feel *His* and all your prayers seem to bounce off the ceiling, keep on kneeling and asking for the healing.

*Jesus*, you are the best friend of all friends. You are with me through thick and thin. Your blood has washed and cleansed me within, because you reached down in my soul and saved me from all sin. Now that I have you in my heart nothing could ever keep us apart.

He said to me, "I know your pain and the price that it has cost. The things that you're afraid of I've nailed them to the cross. There is no sin that you have done that I can not forgive, because through *My* death upon the cross, you, too, can truly live."

Danny Garrison & Betty Shreve  
Northern Correctional Facility, visitation room.  
August 13<sup>th</sup>, 14<sup>th</sup>, & 21<sup>st</sup> 2005



# MATT

*Friends are found, and friends are lost in the end.*

*It's like they disappear into thin air... not even a chance for a good-bye, or a hug or a kiss. Not just a few more minutes to spend with them.*

*Some die after a while of suffering, but sometimes God takes them just because he feels it's time.*

*Then you think back to the good times you've spent with each other. Even though... though he's gone, he is still your eternal friend.*

*Friends are found, and friends are lost in the end.*

*Danny Garrison*

## *An Angels Love*

*If I have freedom in my love, and in my soul I am free, angels alone that soar  
above enjoy such liberty.*

*To love for the sake of being loved is human, but to love for the sake of  
loving is angelic.*

*Descending angels from above, bring echoes of mercy, whispers of love.*

*Danny Garrison*

## *A Mother's Love Is the Greatest Gift in This World*

*I miss you so much; at times it feels like I'm dying inside.  
I'm a good person, so at times I wonder why the Lord has let me go  
down such a dark and grim path.*

*My tears, my love, and my fears are all dedicated to you. I suffer so  
much, because for now I can't be by your side through good and bad  
times.*

*You bore me, raised me to be the man that I am today and mom my  
gratefulness lies beyond any expression or terminology of words.  
You truly have shown me that a mother's love is the greatest gift in  
this world. So when times do get hard and life causes you strife; I to  
cry with you... May the thought of me and my love for you ease your  
burdens and how I wish I could be there for you...*

*I love you.*

*Danny Garrison*

# You...

*All the tears I have shed got me through my life before, and brought me to you.  
Now all my dreams are dreamed with you in mind; I can't even imagine leaving you behind.*

*Anger and strife I put aside; there are no secrets for me to hide.*

*I will always be your friend; it doesn't matter what you've done.*

*You're always out to prove yourself to show that you are tough;*

*And everything you do doesn't seem enough.*

*We search and search all through our life; to find out what we're worth.*

*As long as you accept my love you'll never, never have to worry;*

*When you need me the most.*

*I've found what I've been missing-it's you in my life.*

*Let peace surround our bodies, when we walk together into the night.*

*Danny Garrison*

## My Children

There is a mother aged and gray  
Rocking alone in her rocker today  
Waiting for her perfect little boy to pass  
By her door, with a sweet word of kindness  
She asks for no more.

The children have gone and left her alone  
All except Steve and Betty. They are far  
From the hearth and the cozy old home.

They left her alone for a great many days  
Still she rocks to and fro as she silently prays.

God bless them, I love them and want them  
To know my prayers will go with them wherever they go.

By: **Danny Garrison**  
06 September 2008  
**Mount Olive Correctional Complex**

## Photograph

*As my thoughts travel back over memory lane, to a family of eight children from where I came.*

*My home is not a palace, although it is to me; it's built on rolling acres on Wendy ridge, and where I want to be.*

*In the black and white photograph Dad wears a hat with a wide brim which tilts forward above his smile and smiles broadly over a span of face.*

*With dimples in the cheeks, though not the chin, Betty in a nubby sweater above a ruffled hem, pulls at the wide lapel of his woolen suit with two big buttons, and begs to climb upon the lap of his baggy trousers. As he sits in the slatted, fan back chair, on the porch on Wendy Ridge.*

**By: Danny Garrison  
06 September 2008  
Mount Olive Correctional Complex**

## Goodbye Sis

The days are dull. The nights are long. I cry whenever I hear our song. I love you still, I always will. If you only knew how much I really loved you, I would be all right. I could get on with my life.

You don't know the tears I've cried. I think of the times we've had, good and bad, and every time it makes me sad.

I lay awake at night, paralyzed with fright, but as I lay, I only pray that I'll be with you again someday.

My love for you will never die. I'll always have a tear in my eye. So, if you see me, wherever you are. I'll never forget you, no matter how far.

**Danny Garrison  
Northern Correctional Facility  
March 2006**

## DO YOU REMEMBER?

Remember when the world was young and everything was new, what fun we had discovering things lovers do. If you notice a quiver in my voice, it's because of a girl named Sis. I shouldn't be so nimble, but only love, makes me tremble. I wish that I could hold you and tell you how I feel. I wish that I had told you my love for you is real. I loved you, dear when we first met. The memory of it lingers yet. A fleeting breath of sweet romance, that caused my foolish heart to dance. I loved you, dear when first we met. I must admit I love you yet.

So many times I've turned away, never again, to feel that way. If you notice a quiver in my voice, it's because of a girl named Sis She is greater than a mountain high, prettier than the deep blue ski. Our first embrace that silly race to kiss the morning dew. The things other lovers do I learned to do with you. With these final lines from me to you let it be said Sis, I love you!

Danny Garrison  
Moundsville WV  
February 2006



## *If You Don't Believe In Angels*

*If you don't believe in angels,  
It is curiously true  
That the angels you disparage  
Choose to believe in you.*

*Danny Garrison  
Moundsville WV  
February 2006*

## **Journey with Jesus**

I refuse to be discouraged, to be sad, or to cry. I refuse to be downhearted and here's the reason why: In a world filled with cold hardness, you embody all that is soft and warm. You're wise and powerful; Jesus is your name. Though everything else is changeable, my *God* remains the same.

So don't wait until it's too late to learn of Jesus and the steps to take, to survive this system and its evil ways and to live in God's kingdom, for which we pray. Then when your work is over and your new life is begun you'll hear The Master say, "My child well done."

Danny Garrison  
Northern Correctional Facility  
01-01-06

\* A Mother Like You \*

*With Fancy words I'm not very good, but I'd like to express my love if I could.*

*I hope you realize that you are special in my eyes. I'm thankful to have a mother like you, because there are times when without you I don't know what I'd do.*

*We're a part, separated by miles, but never from our hearts. Don't feel lonely or sad; how could we forget those that make our hearts glad.*

*So, remember I'll always be there if you need a hug or someone just to care. This is just a way I thought I could say I'll always love you and thank you for being such a good Mother.*

*Danny Garrison  
Moundsville WV  
July 27 2005*

## *Widow Maker*

*While you are away, I smell the room in sadness  
and I find my tea is cold as if we sit there now.*

*Will my tears stain the stone if I bleed, will your  
blood flow I am alone, I am alone.*

*When you press your lips against mine, will we  
meet again in distant times?*

*Suddenly she's gone. She did in fact drop dead.*

*Reality paints not the bliss you visualized, rather  
a bleak and lonely hell.*

*When everything that surrounds me has withered,  
faded or passed into eternity, I will still love you.*

*Danny Garrison  
Moundsville, WV  
July 2005*

## *House Of Pain*

Can a voice of encouragement break a link of an excruciating anguish? Freedom from undeserved agony I long for, where will it take place?

A tiny hole of darkness the entrance, hidden by shrubbery you push it aside. You feel the walls closing upon you; alone you go deeper and deeper... You exit, only to enter again.

This is my playground! Oh, this is my place!

*Danny Garrison  
Moundsville WV  
July 2005*

## Release Me

*I once ran free in the wilderness of Littleton;  
that should never be bound by anyone but time.  
Like a rustler in a noose, I have this pain I must  
endure. For what I feel there is no cure. Maybe  
it will be tomorrow. Maybe it will never be.  
Maybe with a struggle freedom will be my key,  
to release me*

*Danny Garrison  
Moundsville WV  
July 2005*

## *My Angel*

*Angels are real they do exist.  
The ways I love her; too many to list.  
Always loving me- for me.  
Never asking, only loving for free.  
At times I've caused her pain.  
Yet she gives me love again and again.  
The luckiest son in the world I may be.  
Just her smile is worth any fee.  
She is the Perfect Mother, on this I swear.  
The world is perfect, when she is there!  
To tell her that I love her must be a million ways.  
This love surely will last, forever and days.*

*Mom,  
Just saying  
" I Love You"  
Is the best way, to let you know  
You are appreciated and  
Happy Birthday...*

*Danny Garrison  
Moundsville WV  
Feb. 2004*

# Then I Open My Eyes...

freedom taken  
life forsaken  
steel bars  
painful scars  
mental strains  
waist chains  
concrete walls  
collect calls  
nothing's fair  
hard to bear  
mind games  
nick names  
count bells  
stair wells  
masked dangers  
constant strangers  
jingling keys  
trembling knees  
lonely hours  
faith sours  
days wasted  
tears tasted  
reasons why  
then I open my eyes...

Danny Garrison  
Moundsville, WV  
(2004)



## COMMUNICATION

*Did you really think you could erase me, you knew full well the streets would replace me, should a held out your hand, embraced me. Just gave up, didn't give me a chance. Treated me like a penny in the hall only a glance. Too busy to care about me, wanted me to suffer. Burn me to the third degree; thought my future you could foresee, you didn't know enough of how it is nor what it takes to be me.*

*Your words worked on my conscious. Talking about how prison was my destiny. How could you say what I thought? Angry I was. Wanted to get you back. Going back to those streets, realizing that's no way to get back. Instead shifting my motivation to getting my life on track. Got three degrees, mad knowledge. Evaded your revolving mousetrap. More than you would have thought of a white kid slingin' crack.*

*I'm writing this to state the facts. Never count us out cause we're young and blind. Some of us do awaken as we lie in these bunks....*

*Danny Garrison  
Moundsville WV  
(2003)*

# Broken Man

As a broken man I go through life with only myself to please.  
I wake each day just to see how lonely my life is. Cause the world  
has turned a blind eye to me.

Wishing everyday for the friendships I crave, but always  
getting pushed away by those I meet.

Never feeling loved, never feeling brave. I let the loneliness  
inside me become my defeat.

Life is passing me by, never giving me the chance to redeem,  
because the world only cares to see the path of a broken man. The  
world is stuck in my yesterday, never looking to see my tomorrow.

Always those around me seem bashful to show their feelings  
of sorrow for a man who may never have their tomorrow.

Selfishness fills their eyes forgetting those in need and  
refusing to hear a broken man's cries.

Too caught up in pride and embarrassed to do me a good  
deed for fear of retribution and criticism from the rest of the world.

Danny Garrison  
Moundsville WV  
(2003)

## ENDLESS PAIN, NO CHANGE

*Look O Look my friend, and see what I do see! Rest thyself and listen to my words I now tell thee. With death comes peace, or so I've heard. Some want it sooner some want it later. Sometimes I want it now.*

*In a world of change, lives a boy we call a man; he survives by being happy in anyway he can. But sometimes he grows lonely in his struggle to survive, and the times become quite hard as he tries to stay alive.*

*There comes a day when all I see is black. Forever nighttime creeps into control, looking for the golden thread that will tie the loose ends tightly, and relieve his weary head.*

*There comes a day when hot is lost with cold. Invading numbness conquers every part, for his struggle has been long, and his search quite hard and drawn; until his life is over--- He has never really won.*

*Danny Garrison  
Moundsville WV  
(2002)*

## Lost Love

I miss your letters and visits.

The way you kissed my lips, held my hand; I thought you cared.

To be loved and left alone, and not knowing what went wrong. The feel of warmth, no more there.

The way you made me believe and lies your eyes convinced me of.

My head is clear of the love or was it just lust I had for you?

I cried while I wrote this today... I'm not ashamed, my prides intact. I cried for you Libby... for all you've lost, when I loved you.

Danny Garrison  
Mt. Olive WV  
August 2001

## Take This Life

Take this life "Dear Lord" I pray and make it  
useful throughout this day. How blessed I am...  
and seldom see, how very merciful God is to me.

All that I do on earth today must always be for  
you I pray. My heart's so blessed am I to walk  
with thee! Please draw me closer by the grace through  
thy dear word to run this race.

May each day be Heaven blest, because in you  
I firmly rest? May your face in me they see,  
because your Love has lifted me.

Danny Garrison  
Northern Regional Jail  
Moundsville, WV  
"1995"

# *He Is Near*

*God is all around us ;there is no place we can go.*

*His gentle hand will guide us,  
Whether confronting friend or foe.*

*He has always been with me;  
Just waiting patiently for the day, the day  
I realized what was missing, the day I sat down to pray.*

*Then came the question, who do you love most me or your sin?  
If I am your choice you must let me in.  
Then gently He showed me so clear; the love once hidden began to appear.*

*No matter what race or religion you may be;  
When we leave this world to go to another place  
In His kingdom, we all want to be.*

*Danny Garrison*

## Why War?

Though the shells burst loudly overhead, so loud no one can hear. It is not real! It cannot be! Our soldiers at war with foreigners, across the sea.

Desert wind dances on a sandy stage, leaving imprints of the tune it sings. The heat in the desert is truly hot. As the nocturnal hours slowly pass by, people in despair lay awake with tear-swollen eyes. Alone in a country with loved ones astray, strange thoughts crowd your mind as you silently lay.

We're proud of our soldiers, they're holding on tight. They all have their pride, so they're ready to fight. Defending our country and our neighboring friends. One way or another, this has to come to an end.

Danny Garrison  
Moundsville WV  
December 2004

# Thanks

*You never failed me, you were always there, you taught through example how to care you showed me so much; some through laughter and sometimes through tears.*

Danny Garrison

MOCC

April 2006





## *To My Teacher (Mark Hedrick)*

All along life's way you've been a kind and true teacher indeed. You've taken the time to help whenever there was someone in need. No matter how burdened or weary or tired, no matter how busy you'd be; you always took time to help out, and you always took time for me. And when we get to our journey's end, surely God will smile on you, My Teacher.

Your, courage has always inspired me, when in the face of hardship or pain; others would easily have given up, but you would never sigh nor complain. You always looked on the bright side, no matter how hopeless life seemed.

With your smile as a shining example you made my load lighter for me. And when we get to our journey's end, surely God will smile on you, My Teacher

Graduation 2005  
Northern Correctional Facility  
12-07-05

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Jimmy Harrison". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned below the typed text.

## *My Life*

*To be locked in and locked out... To be smothered  
by demands but, oh-so alone. Where oh where did  
my life go? Will I ever be happy again?  
where oh where did my life go? Did it blow away with  
the wind?*

*Where oh where is my true love? Will I be with her  
again? I love her touch, I love her much. Where  
oh where did my life go? I'm not glad... I'm so sad...  
I want you back - oh where did my life go?*

*By:*

*Danny Garrison*

*MOCC*

*April 2006*