

My Book of Poetry

**Poems on Love, Family, Life,
and Butterflies**



Jessica Dumas

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www.jessicajdumas.com

Dedication:

I dedicate this book to my youngest son, Eric Dumas, who inspired and encouraged me to write poetry. When he was about 15, he started writing poems in minutes and I asked him how he did it. He said it just takes an idea or inspiration that starts with a few words and grows from your heart.

He was right and the first poem I wrote, with some input from him, is about when he was born. It's called "Love Wins Over Pain" and is the first poem in this book. This poem inspired me to write one for my other children and some grandchildren. I am working on writing one for each grandchild and great-grandchild, but I have 14 so it will take a while, but I will add them as I write them.

Eric lives some distance from the rest of his family, and I want him to know that his brothers, sisters, nieces, nephews, and I love and miss him very much.

Jessica Dumas

From the Author

This is a book compiled of poems that I have written during the past 20 years. I have published them so future generations and others can enjoy them. I hope they are inspirational for you to follow your dreams even when difficulties arise.

My passion for butterflies is apparent throughout these poems. My mother is responsible for passing the love of butterflies on to me after she passed away in 2000. One of my poems in particular is called "Pain's Inspiration" and is special because it was inspired by my mother, father, and oldest brother who are no longer with us.

Many of my poems are about or addressed to family and friends. Some are about my love of butterflies, my health, and even about pets. A piece of my heart is in each poem and I hope you enjoy them!

Wishing you many butterfly blessings!

Jessica Dumas

September 2020

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Love Wins Over Pain

To My Son Eric.....

That November night you were born was an awesome night
when I saw my love win over pain.

It was a long and battling fight which almost drove me insane.

With your strength and my patience our love would grow in our
little family of five bonded together for all time.

Our colorful visions took flight

the moment you opened those big brown eyes.

I saw a twinkle as I turned on your light.

It brought tears of joy as you showed me ways you would shine.

Thirty-nine years of nights and days have gone by
and still my love wins over pain...

the pain of you so far away from family.

You have a life to live and I love you the same.

What I am trying to say

may truly bother some today,

But let them say what they may,

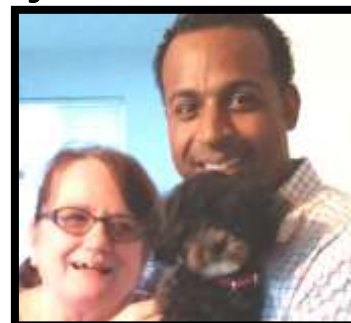
I love having you as a son, OK.



Every day I thank God for the gifts he has given me

and know that you will share your gifts with another.

Hoping that all will see how blessed I am to be your mother.



By Jessica Dumas
11/11/18

Miss Loriss, The Tigress

You may think we don't miss your scurrying around with constant bursts of loud boisterous guffaw
True we love a day or two alone but you mean much more to us than a downstairs maid that cleans
Whether it's because you have a great idea and lots of chatter comes quickly from your beautiful jaw
Or because those demons of the past wake you with horrible night terrors and I hear your screams
We love you and want you to see how much we admire your strength and endurance, dear Lorissa
Dad says it's because you're built like a brick outhouse that you have the strength of cement beams
Of course it comes from above and your love of Ezekiel woke me this morning as I exclaimed, "Aha!"
You're like a Siberian Tigress who cared for her cubs' needs in their early years by whatever means
Now that they're not so needy, you aimlessly seek to comfort someone wanting closely to draw
The empty den syndrome came too early sending you down a long hard road of painful scenes
It wasn't your fault—it was caused by Satan who brought sin to us all that not even God foresaw
Just as I taught you, you taught your cubs about courage & strength to survive the world's schemes
Do you remember the kid who rode her bike down the middle of the street, not obeying my law?
Little did we know that it would help you years later to develop and teach courageous routines
As a young cub you lost your mother thinking it was your fault—what could you do but withdraw?
Then there were the years of short visits but suffering from separation anxiety and the in-betweens
But you never forgot your Mommy even when told not to speak of her or get beatings from your Pa
Going from a motherless cub to a young mother Tigress whose cubs were stolen weren't your dreams
God wasn't ignoring your pleas then; he allowed it to build your endurance until you could see with awe
That when you serve him first, his blessings are beyond your imagination and gives you hope gleams
You can be a Tigress from afar watching your cubs' courage and strength grow even if they say "Ha, ha."
If they have tribulations of motherhood they may understand what you've endured of painful extremes
Remember that tribulation brings endurance*—without it you have no hope—with hope there is no flaw
Courage and strength can be learned from example but endurance comes from tribulation and sufferings
Written especially for my daughter, Lorissa, with all my love, Your Mother—Jessica Dumas—Your Ma.

*"Let us exult rejoice while in tribulations, since we know that tribulation produces endurance; endurance, in turn, an approved condition, the approved condition, in turn, hope, and the hope does not lead to disappointment; because the love of God has been poured out into our hearts through the holy spirit, which was given us." ~Romans 5:3-5

By Jessica Dumas (8-1-19)



Out of the Darkness

This poem is
based on a true
story of what
happened to
my daughter
after quitting
Klonopin that
was prescribed
to her for 20
years.

Written for and
Dedicated to
my Daughter,
Lorissa

By Jessica Dumas
1/15/17

Benzo withdrawal syndrome keeps hitting like dark destruction
My hope for others is that telling about it will be eye opening
I quit benzos to care for my mother who suffers a big portion
She needed me after a hospital scare and her legs quit working
My help on benzos was lacking so quitting was my only option

Within days the flu from hell strikes with vicious vomiting
Concentration is gone and I sure have lots of disorientation
Agoraphobia is much worse as well as any decision making
Overwhelming fatigue hangs on from adrenaline depletion
Afraid of unlikely things with awful dreams that are disturbing
Even the daytime is like a dream...it must be depersonalization

Horrible terrors come to scare me and go away only by praying
Things seem to move when they are still—it's perceptual distortion
I could see and hear others talking but why am I not understanding?
They look at me like I've gone crazy or it may just be my perception
My damaged memory won't let words come and it's so exasperating
Unrelenting insomnia is killing me along with deep dark depression

My thoughts are racing making me frazzled as they keep looping
I'm having feelings that nothing is real, which is called de-realization
Clueless of what my brain is going through, I am constantly crying
With dizziness came electrical jolts to my brain, feeling like a delusion
Constant itching with allergies as my sinus hurt and ears keep ringing

From chills to excessive sweats with hot flashes causing dehydration
Hypersensitivities to light, sound, smells, and touch keep me trembling
As I relive violent bad memories, I wonder if it's PTSD or a hallucination
It's all giving me migraines as all my muscles become weak and twitching
Then came sick anger and aggressiveness toward anyone with confusion

My hands and feet are numb with pins and needles plus all over tingling
I wish I wasn't so horribly anxious, irritable and filled with frustration
The horrible anxiety worsens without my medicine, so I go into hiding
Why am I hostile toward everyone with major paranoia and suspicion?
Feels like having several nervous breakdowns with more panic attacking

My panic may subside but there's no rest with days of sleep deprivation
It's all making me have suicidal thoughts, which keep my heart racing
Making plans on how to die but too scared to try—I've lost motivation
Sleepily I drift in dreams of a death and distress with hope that I'm dying
But no, my mom's hand is rubbing my head as I wake with blurred vision

Too weak to get up, my mom says I just had a seizure so why try walking
"I don't want to die," I cried and she soothes me with loving consolation
Slowly I get stronger as my thinking gets clearer and my mind is calming
Restless leg syndrome pain worsens but my mind has a lot less confusion
I hope God won't let withdrawal wipe me out as my brain keeps healing

I'm working to educate others on not letting benzos become an addiction
For doctors not to give them out like a cure that doesn't need monitoring
As I strive for wellness, I am so grateful for my family's caring compassion
Vowing to never take benzos and never again let them cause dark suffering
Thanks to my Heavenly Father, I see the light in my future
with exultation!



Like a Dolphin



Dedicated to Lorissa

Perhaps you've been swimming through life with questions

Or wish to be of high intelligence like a dolphin of the sea

You are just as smart since paying attention to so many life lessons

You learned loving someone does not earn you respect as it should be

Then you learned love is not a marriage and men make false promises

Just as love doesn't mean dependence nor companionship mean security

As you learn to accept defeat with your head held high & wide-open eyes

You've learned to suffer with adult maturity without crying like a baby

You know now to take the narrow path with tomorrow's uncertainties

Unfortunately, dreams and plans have a way of turning into a maybe

But it's OK if you're unsure or maybe live with some indecisiveness

It's exciting for you to begin to see yourself learning to sooth worry

Instead of getting mother's little helper that brings you numb bliss

With true awakening, you learned your skill & talents aren't blurry

It was with much joy you learned you really do have significance

Not pride but like the humble strength of a dolphin from the sea

God keeps teaching you the way of his love to give you astuteness

Keep swimming like a dolphin as you travel the road of recovery.



Written With Love By Your Mother,

Jessica Dumas

September 2020

WJ #1 Son

The Motorcycle Lover



Hey
Hey WJ
Whata ya say
You're my Scoobydoo
Who soothed my dismay
Then son #2 Scrappydoo
Tight together you'd stay
You had big sis to love too
Koby showed you football plays
Time flew fast as you all grew
Your 1st car at 16 was a Mazda RX-ray
With many a girl to go on rendezvous
At 18 you became a proud dad to #1 girl Jazmyne Cashe
But being with her mom became untrue
Even though you loved Cali's sunrays
You needed to go away to start anew
And to Phoenix MMI you went away
Then met Osh & you stuck like glue
Though staying at MMI didn't pay
Your love for motorcycles did brew
Along came girl #2 you named Anyah Nashe
Back to LBC & a love dilemma of two
You created your image—another WJ
But which way to go you had no clue
Back to AZ to name girl #3 Zyalah Oshe
I hoped my advice helped that I gave you
To stay in Arizona would be the best way
And in the hot depressing city you knew
You'd get a Honda MC come what may
Wanting to be like Pops when he flew
Cruising on the wind down a highway
But things were becoming like a zoo
When #2 son Dez came on the 21st day
Then your Dad's passing made you so blue
Finally the MC came—a Honda in May
You kept on track with your love so true
Later you parted as her heart went astray
Then I moved closer as it was overdue
But you worked so hard without more pay
When big sis needed help you came through
A blessing for her to be out of Green Bay
But losing your bike was worse than cruel
As my health failed you two came to stay
And the mountains gave you a fresh view
Now free of big city blues in an ashtray
Your errands for us all are of great value
It's a joy to see you & your kids at play
This poem is too long so I bid you adieu
God bless you & your family I pray
You'll always be my #1 son
& I love you!

By Your Mom, Jessica Dumas (12/06/17)

Jazmyne



Back in 1997 sparks flew with love and passion
Between two Class of 98 seniors, Andrea and Walt
An unexpected beautiful thing was to happen
The event was meant to be, nothing made it halt
And mother-to-be would graduate no matter the fashion
In the Valley of the Sun it's hot enough to fry eggs on asphalt
But in Cali, a baby girl arrives, pretty as a bouquet of jasmine
Walt was so delighted that he jumped for joy in a somersault
The 4 grandparents were very proud as you can imagine
They took turns babysitting and always bragged to exalt
For they had the most beautiful granddaughter, Jazmyne
Jazmyne Cache Dumas grew as fast as a thunderbolt
She won't recall when things caused her daddy to resign
For education in the Valley of the Sun past the lake of salt
Her mom was strong and built a family that grew just fine
Motorcycles were not his only attraction to the desert vault
Creating a new family, he never forgot his 'firstborn of mine'
Years went by and hard times were plenty, but no one's at fault
Grandma came to visit saying even with arthritis you can shine
Grandpa Dumas passes his legacy on to an ununified gestalt
Teen years arrive as a beautiful young lady goes into design
She yearns to see her Dad as Grandma's love sooths like a malt
They keep in touch over Facebook and make visiting a plan
Auntie and Dad care for Grandma when she stopped being a Gault
Whatever may come, never forget the love for our children is divine
All these years have flown by, but we hope lost time warms our heart
When reunited we will be hugging Walt's beautiful daughter, Jazmyne

By Jessica Dumas, Jazmyne's Grandmother
1/21/19



Beautiful Anyah

This is why you are beautiful, Anyah
You have such a big emotional heart
You're much more than bourgeois
You know God's word is where to start
You don't always want to follow the law
You never want loved ones to be apart
Your playfulness builds up to a guffaw
Your appearance is a classy piece of art
You are headstrong with lots of chutzpah
Using Godly wisdom shows you're smart
Be yourself always, I do commend with awe
Always keep your siblings from falling apart
Your strong love is why we love sweet Anyah.



Written with Love,
By Your Granny
Jessica Dumas
1/26/19

Pain's Inspiration

Pain, pain, go away...

And please don't come back another day!

As I cry out, "Haven't I done enough to pay?"

Straining my aching muscles with every stretch and sway.

Not that I'm ungrateful to wake so early this day

But just once, I'd love to feel like I have made some headway

Wouldn't it be wonderful to be a child and go out to play.

Instead, I retreat to the zone of silent tormented dismay

Searching for why this relentless pain keeps me from my portray

Of the real me--once an active and fun-loving grandma gourmet

Missing the joy of creating grandbaby blankets that I used to crochet.

All day wandering aimlessly lost without purpose, it is sad to say

The only joyful anticipation left is curling up in my heated cocoon as I lay

Waiting for glorious milligrams to induce my sleep and take me away

To be for just a few blissful hours in a painless dreamy soiree.

All too soon, I awaken to a bright sliver of the new dawn's sunray

As my persistent alarm of pain cuts like a knife—an atrocious cliché

Making hope fade fast and leaving nothing to welcome with hurray.

With one painful stretch, I cry out, "No more" and I silently pray...

Lord, please take away the pain just enough so that I may

Summon the strength to continue doing your will today.

Once more, I push through the agony and tears hoping for one forte,

Then above me, I see three softly glowing lights fluttering, as if in play.

One energetically chases the other who is slower and wanders astray.

As it dawns on me who they could be, their wings of light form an array

Three brilliant sparkling butterflies circle over me, as I hear one say,

"Keep going my child...you can make it through yet another day."

Their soft sweet touch fills me with a shiver that opens a gateway

To strength and support that could only be from the spirit of Yahwey.

Still feeling the presence of my dearly beloved papa and mammae,

A surge of energy pulls me to my feet, as the butterflies fade away.

I feel the pain is still there, but no longer is it a dark doomed soothsay

Gratefully I whisper a sincere thank you for showing me the pathway

By bringing blessings of their love on the wings of a butterfly bouquet,

And showing me that whatever challenge may come my way,

Our Heavenly Father is still with me and I will be okay!



By Jessica Dumas (inspired by a true story)

Dedicated to my dearly beloved brother, mother and father (the 3 butterflies)

1/28/03

Flying Solo



In memory of Robert Dumas

Have you ever wondered...

Are we as God's creatures alone, flying solo?
Like the majestic eagle soaring above mountain height
Or the song birds like the gentle and tiny sparrow
Like the butterfly fluttering alone in sky so bright.

Somehow the polar bear survives alone in the snow
As does the lone wolf howling at the moon at night
And in the beam of your headlights, a dashing doe
It is clear that God makes sure creatures are alright.

But what about the lonely pilot on missions to and fro?
Reflecting brings back memories of my first solo flight
And of the days with my pilot that made our love grow.

Now every plane reminds me of his smile out of sight
As the 30 years of memories bring tears that overflow
For the pilot that gave me his heart as well as insight
To use my gift of life to the fullest, and in faith know
That God answers prayers & gives comfort from plight.

So the answer is NO—we are not alone, even when flying solo.

Written by Jessica J. Dumas (June 23, 2007)
Dedicated to my pilot & husband, Robert Henry Dumas Sr.
(June 6, 1933—May 10, 2007)

Eternally Together

*In our short-lived day
It would be fortunate
To know just one person
With a special connection
Deeper than a friendship
A distinctive companionship*

*They may laugh at the same things
Delight together in God's wonders
Read each other's mind and feelings
As they share in joys and sorrows*

*If apart, they miss each other and imagine
A special place where together they entwine
A place where simple pleasures bring joy
With respect and never to be used as a toy*

*Where recalling memories makes time stay idle
Like the perpetual ebb and flow of the ocean tide
Gentle waves like hearts beating in unison forever
Not meant to be alone, soon to be eternally together.*

Dedicated to the late Robert H Dumas Sr

6/6/33 - 5/10/07

By Jessica J Dumas (10/27/08)

First Date
7-14-76



Robert & Jessica
(Married 30 Years)

Brotherly Reflections

Of all men in the world, there is no other
That is like you, my precious big brother
Since childhood, we've been close like no other
You've taught me to follow my dreams with desire
Even if they may disappear or get burned by fire
At 2, you clung to me after our brother died in mire
At 4, playing games and coloring we would never tire
At 6, my fairytale dream was to be your beloved wife
At 9, you taught me rock-n-roll and carving with a knife
At 10, we'd climb trees and watch clouds become real-like
At 11, when mom was pregnant you taught me facts of life
At 13, on the dirt back roads you taught me how to drive
At 14, you taught me not to date boys who tend to connive
At 16, you married one undeserving as she hid her contrive
At 18, after graduation, you taught me work ethics to survive
At 19, I married too young for the groom's eyes wandered in a lie
At 21, baby girl arrived and you loved & spoiled her just as have I
At 23, while abused by my husband, you helped keep me alive
At 28, you were thrilled when my new love taught me how to fly
At 31, you helped with a brotherly name for a son soon to arrive
All these and so many more memories give me much cheer
Your brotherly love keeps going but how I wish you were here
And now that we're getting older, losing you is my biggest fear
I will love you always, more than you'll ever know, my dear.



T.A. G.

Written for my brother, Cassidy Mattson by Jessica Dumas (7/25/18)

For My Sister, Dolores

For my sister, Dolores, to whom I truly miss
I miss your silly ways that make you my sis
I miss your big hugs and on-the-cheek kiss

My husband Jim calls you guys Dick & Jane
Because he doesn't remember your name
But I will always call you DoDo with no shame

I wish you many more happy journeys with Dick
Don't go anywhere that could make you sick
Always make sure to give Zoey a treat to lick

You are my only sibling to visit from so far
It makes me sad that I can't go there in a car
Just because I have some disease so bazaar

Your friendship means more than others
Much different than both our brothers
Your kindness reminds me of our mothers

I truly hope you can come next year
To escape the cold winter not so dear
So your big Sis can have you near

By Jessica Dumas
4/15/18





Sweet Metamorphosis

I have been lost, not really going anywhere
Caught up in a web and not caring I was there
But then, out of the blue, you flew back into my life
Like a breath of fresh air, you revived me from strife

Since letting you go years ago as I did beseech
A life together slowly drifted out of our reach
But now I remember what it feels like to fly
As your love has given me wings of a butterfly

I was hiding in fear until you opened my chrysalis
Now I'm fluttering always in a happy state of bliss
No longer do I need to close my eyes and fantasize
For you make me feel as fresh as emerging butterflies

Butterflies emerge when you talk sweetly to me
Your love gives me butterflies that make me feel free
Your love of God's way brings joy and gives me glee
Your warm and generous spirit are truly the key

You lift me up high instead of holding me down
You steal my heart instead of stealing my crown
You've untangled the strings that kept me tied
How grateful I am to have your love at my side

My words are so you know what your love brings
A sweet metamorphosis that has given me wings!

Dedicated to Gil Raphael By Jessica Dumas 11/19/18





We Are Survivors

Mother & Daughter

**In my 70 years, I have learned how to survive
So many trials and tribulations that I've had to fight
Starting with losing a big brother that drowned from a dive
Into a murky ice-cold pond that was hidden from his sight**

**It caused my mom deep depression not wanting to be alive
Somehow it affected my speech from 2 years old as it might
Special school lessons didn't help me want to talk or hear a lie
The only one to understand was my other bro who also had a plight
I survived but was always shy taken advantage of by a neighbor guy**

**At 11 it was traumatic but I trusted no one to tell and cried all night
I survived by getting involved with my faith, volunteering to strive
To do my best to graduate school so I could go on to a school of flight
How I wanted to fly airplanes high above and be like the butterflies**

**At 17 I met a handsome guy who swept me off my feet like a brave knight
It was unbelievable how smitten he was lending me his car to drive
To get my driver's license and within weeks giving me gifts so alright
After graduation he pushed me to get a better job so off I went to apply**

**He would borrow money and not repay saying we will be getting tight
As soon as we marry as I jumped for joy and by age 19 I was his wife
Months later his best friend died and he struck out at me in a fight
He began to get drunk and belittle me no matter how I would strive**

**When I got pregnant his joy made it seem that things would get bright
I didn't realize his happiness was due to now having a new pawn arrive
We moved to the country near my mom and dad so happy to their delight
While pregnant he chased me in the snow barefoot laughing at my cries**



Continued on next page...



Page 2

By Jessica J Dumas (11/26/18)

Dedicated to My Daughter Lorissa



When she was 3, he took us miles away from family and things were such a plight
Little did I know he was turning into a narcissistic sociopath by twenty-five
I refused to be a statistic by the hands of a killer posing as an angel of light
For 8 years I was under his power but survived by escaping, no more a slave

Then I met a man who taught me to fly and asked to marry me giving me true incite
He and my ex butted heads when the ex tried to get me back using a butcher knife
I survived with bruises, broken ribs and 22 stitches but then he kidnapped our little tike
For months I didn't know if she was alive, but it worked out once he found another wife

With a beloved husband we had two boys to join my girl without fear and reason to cry
30 years together until he had a stroke and I nursed him, but his death came in spite
I survived the pain due to friends/family as I searched for new adventures to revive
Later breast cancer struck and to survive, I had to have radiation and give it a fight

I've survived still having feelings of PTSD and other disorders since the winter of 75
Lorissa has had it worse since her father did to her the unthinkable--what a fright
The circle of abuse continued as she had abusive partners using drugs to feel alive
Deep depression and addiction to benzos and booze because of what was not right

After over 40 years, we fight health issues caused by those who like to abuse with might
Lorissa survived and in recovery by becoming as tough as nails and learning to forgive
She has given up addictions taking her power back to use to care for my health plight
As survivors, we educate women in abuse awareness plus how to escape and survive.





So thankful to be staring up through the palm trees
 Feeling the cool ocean breeze
 As gentle waves put my mind at ease

I feel love's pain as I lay on sandy ground
 And suddenly I feel you all around
 Whispering softly as a butterfly sound

In the shining waves do I see you for an instant?
 Surrounded by a glow so sweet and innocent
 Is it your cry or the seagulls cry in the distance?

You know I've been waiting for a sign
 To tell me it's getting close to the time
 For you to become forever mine

A soothing thought I do endeavor
 The only way we will share forever
 Is to leave this world to be together

My endless pain is like a dream of late
 Not having you here brings me such heartache
 So tired as I sleep, not ever wanting to wake

As they fight to keep me here, I call your name
 Still loving you with all my heart without shame
 As I pray that my loved ones will feel no blame

Now asleep and in God's memory I wait on He
 I've passed love's lessons with A's and B's
 Graduating with your love as my degree

With my love's pain gone, it is plain
 That our amazing love will forever reign
 As I pass my gifts on to heal Love's Pain

We lost Jayme when he was only
 35 from a heart attack in July 2001.

From left, Jayme, Lorissa, Cassidy (Jayme's Dad). Below
 on right is Robert Dumas on Jayme's horse (first time
 on a horse). Jayme was 13 then and loved his horse.



You Are My Sunshine



Waking to another day in sunny California time
I peer through the blinds and see brightness but silently say
“Miss you sunshine” with a feeling so lonely and blue
For you see, my sweet sunshine has gone far away.
With a sigh, I wipe the teardrops and begin to feel just fine
The clouds of sadness blown away by love’s warmth to stay
In my heart from the past stuck in my mind like glue
A soothing serenity as my mom would softly pray...

“You are my sunshine, my only sunshine
You make me happy when skies are gray
You’ll never know dear, how much I love you
Please don’t take my sunshine away.”

You may not recall, when you were a babe of mine
This same song I softly sang to rock you many a night and day
The only thing that helped sooth you after many hours of ado
Our bonding connected us making you the giving person you are today.

Getting older with worries of your own, you try hard not to be blue
Over the never-ending burdens that are sometimes too much to pay
For you dear son, I send soothing words to help carry you through
Close your eyes now and remember the love you felt in my arms as you lay.
Relax, my child, and listen to my new song, clearly inspired by thine

“You are my sunshine, my only sunshine—you make me happy when skies are gray
You’ll **always** know dear, how much I love you
Please **don’t** take my sunshine away!”

Hope you know how much I love you and how badly I miss you!

By Jessica Dumas

November 11, 2003

(original written when Eric was deployed)



Beautiful as a Butterfly

Love seems as beautiful as a butterfly
Coming on soft and gentle as a sigh

But then a treacherous heart asks why
Multicolored moods of love make you cry

Being as vulnerable as those satin wings
The heart no longer feels strong or sings

But cautiously flutters soft wings in flight
To be like a butterfly, a beautiful sight.

By Jessica Dumas

6/16/18

I Want to Be a Butterfly



I'm wondering if I can be a butterfly
To go as far as the wind will carry me
Flying through the bright blue sky
Like when I run fast feeling so free

Mom won't worry when I tell her bye bye
She knows I'm going to pick flowers that I see
But to chase butterflies is the real reason why
I go to look for them over by many a tree

Oh, how I dream of being a colorful butterfly
Opening my big wings, so beautiful I would be
My friends looking up in wonder with many an eye
What a joy it would be to fly all the way to the sea

Over the ocean I can watch the waves as I fly
I would see the surfers and someone on a water ski
On the shore I see bright colors of flowers in July
Then drink the juice of a flower but here comes a bee

"Oh no, I don't want to get bitten" I say with a sigh
Could it be that to be a butterfly is just my fantasy?
I really can't fly and must run back home as I start to cry
Then I see Mom with open arms crying "Oh my dear sweet pea!"

Dedicated to my wonderful mother, Lorraine Joyce Mattson, who always let my siblings and I run free in the countryside of Afton, Minnesota. She lost her fight with breast cancer on March 31, 2000.

By Jessica J. Dumas

March 31, 2017



Ode to My Lymph Nodes

**The importance of the lymph node system was not very understood
But when breast cancer hit the surgeon decided to remove many a node
I was so happy the cancer was gone with no worry of what may later explode
Ten years later I fell flat on my face and put my groin nodes into injured mode
Not long after my legs are swelling as I wonder why they feel like a horned toad**

**My doctor sends me to a vein specialist who tells me that I have lymphedema
And I ask, "Lympho what?" I thought it was just edema and all I can say is hurrah
It's just another ailment to add to my long list and I cry "There should be a law!
As I silently curse the doctors who never told me about this possible surgical flaw
Soon red-hot pain sets in and to the ER I go to find I have a skin infection that's raw**

**Then a hospital stay to clear the infection and to rehab therapy to help as it slowed
The horror was about gone but without the constant care at home they began to erode
My once adored legs and cute toes now twice their size makes them a heavy load
Soon to start therapy for family to learn how to wrap bandages for leakage that flowed
Many other things could help but funds are low so I will be on a slow recovery road**

**So thankful I am for my daughter and son who want to be my caregivers in my abode
Make sure to take care not to injure your lymph nodes so you will not need this ode.**

By Jessica Dumas 10/18/17



Oh, To Be a Butterfly

**Gliding far as the wind will carry me
Flying high over clouds in the bright blue sky
Gleefully painless as children running carefree
With no worries where money will come from to buy
just the necessities of life without a shopping spree
To go anywhere without prodding my body to comply
Having loved ones to support me that don't want to flee
Oh, how I dream of the paradise without any reason to cry
Spreading awesome rainbow wings so perfect and pain free
Fluttering over springtime blossoms admired by many an eye
Able to hug family without them being afraid to touch me
To be with loved ones passed on brings such a solemn sigh
Not a fleeting fantasy to get me through my painful plea
Always sending up prayers asking for help to get me by
Oh, to be as free as a butterfly.**

**By Jessica Dumas
12/8/08**



The Door Climber

Feeling so very sad and down low
Heartbroken like Juliet & Romeo
But I don't want anyone to know
I could probably get down by the window
Or go to sleep so I fall far below
I just want someone to love me and say whoa
To stay and chill as he brings a gift in tow
To boost my confidence and make me glow
Recreating me to feel as special as a calico
But it's nothing but a dream—he's a no-show
So I must hang on until help comes as I do owe
My human family that have lots of love to show
I won't jump but accept their love and not let go.

By Jessica J Dumas

2/14/18



This kitty was my Cocoa who never seemed happy unless outside. When she couldn't get outside she would climb to the highest point, so we started letting her go out but then she disappeared. She was special and I miss her.



The Flat Tire Syndrome

Fibromyalgia & chronic pain are as real as a flat tire!

By Jessica Dumas
11/24/18



I used to go for miles enjoying all kinds of places, people & things that I was seeing.

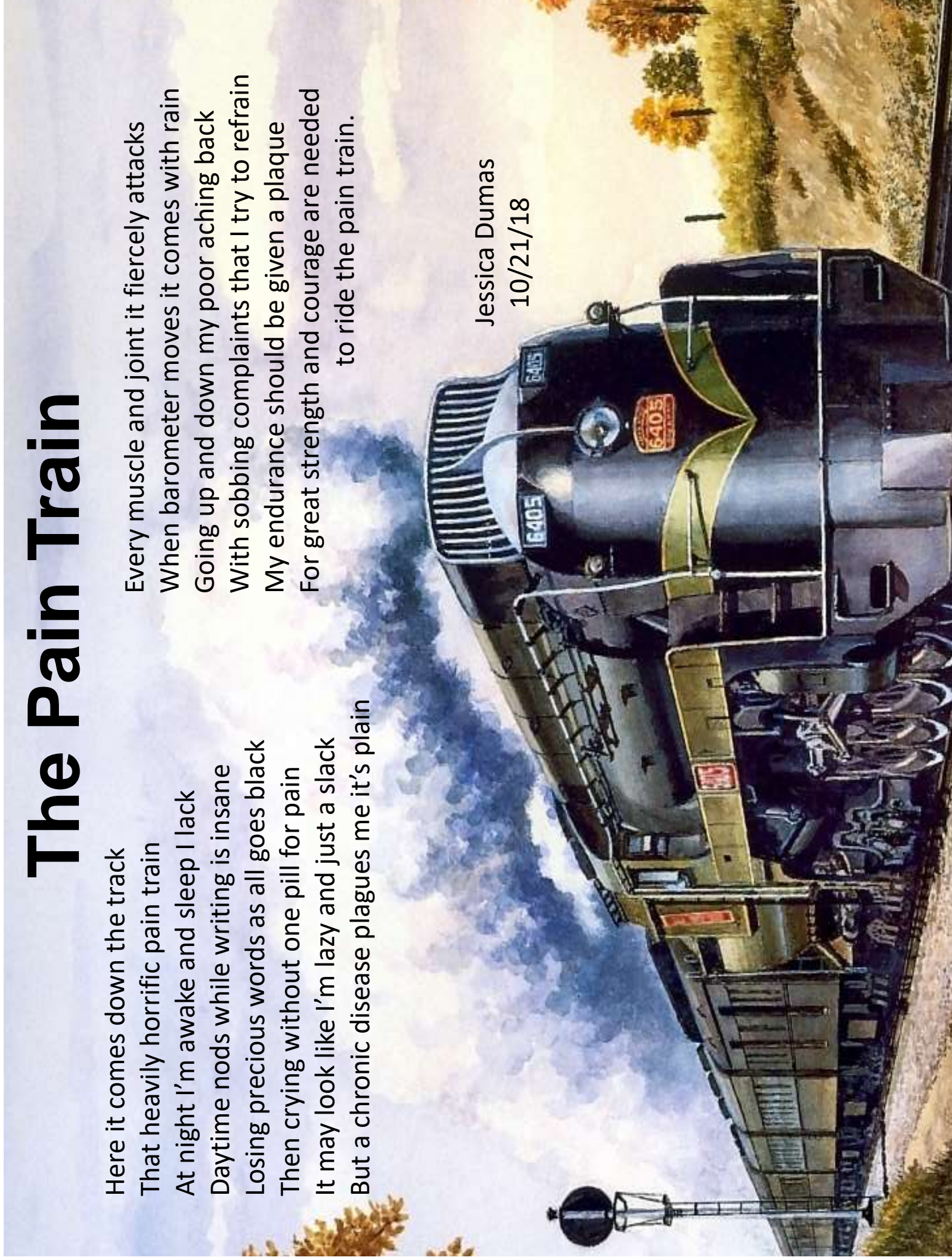
Then something happened to cause the air to start leaking I was losing energy along with lots of pain and stiffening Trying to do everything as before but legs were weakening It's like air gets sucked out of me so I need some pumping I get pumped up so I can go for a while to do some shopping But the more I do the more air leaks out, but I keep trying What's really awful is that other parts also start stalling But there is no fix-it shop to fill me up and get me going Most mechanics have no clue how to go about treating And it could become very serious, even life threatening Many say all you need is a good diet and lots of exercising But I was doing that before which brought about nothing Except more organs failing and more pain excruciating Just please understand and I so appreciate you caring.

The Pain Train

Here it comes down the track
That heavily horrific pain train
At night I'm awake and sleep I lack
Daytime nods while writing is insane
Losing precious words as all goes black
Then crying without one pill for pain
It may look like I'm lazy and just a slack
But a chronic disease plagues me it's plain

Every muscle and joint it fiercely attacks
When barometer moves it comes with rain
Going up and down my poor aching back
With sobbing complaints that I try to refrain
My endurance should be given a plaque
For great strength and courage are needed
to ride the pain train.

Jessica Dumas
10/21/18



The Majestic Monarch

What an awesome work of art is the majestic monarch butterfly
Thrilling are bold black and orange wings fluttering in the sky
They joyously perform their duty pollinating from flower to flower
So delicate, humble, and vulnerable yet are blessed with vast power
Hard times they have going through the four stages of their short life
From egg to caterpillar that eats all day to a chrysalis full of strife
To become a beauty spreading wings of a new creation
With the plight of a dwindling population.
Autumn brings a mission to put forth a big effort indeed
As they navigate a migration flying southwest at slow speed
To hibernate in mild winter instead of a cold death with no pardon
Springtime urges mothers-to-be to go to find a milkweed garden
To lay her 300 eggs that start a new generation of butterflies
Perhaps this generation will die if all the milkweed dies
How can these pollinators keep the earth like a park
When they keep stealing the habitat from the monarch!

By Jessica Dumas (2/1/18)



The Monarch Butterfly

One of the most awesome creations is the monarch butterfly
It's such a thrill to watch those beautiful wings fluttering in the sky
Zealously they perform their mission of pollinating from flower to flower
Although built small and fragile, they are unique butterflies with vast power
But oh what a time they must have going through the stages of their short life
Being pursued or killed by many predators and poisoned brings such strife
They have been blessed with instinct giving them strength to fly further
As they earnestly seek sweet nectar while taking pollen to another
Autumn monarchs have a mission to put forth a big effort indeed
Following their ancestors' path south up to 2,000 miles at top speed
Sleeping through mild winter instead of a freezing death with no pardon
When they wake let's pray that the females make it to a milkweed garden
To place precious eggs that will grow into another monarch generation
Again to go through their four stages designed but not by evolution
Continuing the cycle of trying to keep our ecosystem like a park
Give thanks for where would we be without the monarch.

*By
Jessica Dumas
8/1/18*

Family Reunion Needed

When will my two youngest siblings get with social media?
Perhaps they have a bit of social anxiety that could be shook
Not surprising as it runs in the family to a great degree
We call the oldest a hermit but he just got on Facebook

When will we ever be able to get together for a time?
Because of the distance between us I miss seeing them
We're spread out from Arizona to Minnesota to Wisconsin
I'd still be close if it wasn't for my health needing to be warm

When and how did our family get its start & where did it begin?
This little house is where it started between our dad and mom
She was a young maid of 19 and he was a farm hand at age 29
He was reserved but fell for the red-head who was a firebomb
It was around 1940 when they wed while living outside of Houlton
A Wisconsin farm no longer there but for them memories lived on
They and 5 of their 6 kids were together in 1999 for the last reunion
We must get our heads together so we can plan the next one.



By Jessica Dumas
I'm 2nd from right
April 1999

My Book of Poetry

Poems on Love, Family, Life,
& Butterflies



Thank You for Reading

I hope you enjoyed my Book of Poems.
If you would like more copies, want to write a
review on the book or need help writing or
publishing a book, send me an email at:

www.jessicajdumas.com

*This book was made especially for you by
Jessica Dumas*

