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janet p. caldwell

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Poetry

Passages

by

Janet P. Caldwell

inner child press, ltd.

General Information

Passages

Janet P. Caldwell

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Dedication

You are forever the muse in my heart

my Children

Michael and Summer

my Grandchildren

Natalie, Abby and Jeremiah

my Son & Daughter In Law

Sarah and Nate

All of my sanity and effort in this life is because of you.

Foreword

When I was asked by Janet to write the forward to her next book of poetry, I was extremely honored as the humble feeling of responsibility set in for being appointed to accomplish such a noble endeavor. The reason being, this is an extraordinary human being, who is elegant at heart and yet absolutely real as she will reveal to you through words of poetry. She is absolutely original, and will deliver to you a raw, however pure spirit that will touch the very fabric of your soul. You'll say, I get her and completely understand where she is coming from.

In poetic fashion, you'll come to appreciate this is a woman who has undergone many challenges in life, but has chosen not to be a victim of her circumstances. She can talk about her lived experience, bring it down to its bare essence, and then show you the way to lift yourself beyond it all. In other words, Janet won't allow you to dwell in the melancholy of life for long. You'll be expected to get up, dust yourself off and then get on with the living. Janet's words will not surrender to the life of the hopeless, no matter how bleak reality may appear at the moment.

If you are into poetry, 'cause you know it will expose the experience of the writer as perceived and expressed by them through the ultimate art form, poetry. Well then, you will thrive upon and be inspired by the poetry of Janet Caldwell. Her destiny is to be one of the greats, I have no doubt.

Keith Alan Hamilton

Poet, Writer, Photographer, Publisher and Dear Friend
www.keithalanhamilton.com

Preface

The expressions found within the pages of this book are an attempt to take you on a journey from darkness into the light. I have seen the shadows that haunt me and the glorious light that enveloped me in love. I have found that as long as I look into the light of my Father, the shadows are behind me. Only when I look into the face of them and dwell there do I have the propensity to be swallowed by them.

I have learned that they are harmless to me as long as I do not engage. It's easy to become depressed or sad and let them swallow you whole, like a cold drink of water on a hot day in hell. My poetry has always been cathartic for me and I know it will be for you. The poetry and prose in this book are a reflection of my journey of stepping in and out of the light. Finally to be embraced by love, acceptance of self and more importantly to love all of God's creation and myself.

It was not an easy road but I would not have changed it for the world. I know the poems in this book will make you laugh, cry, feel love and experience righteous indignation at times. It has been an honor to share my words again and I thank you in advance for reading.

Blessings of love & peace,

Janet Caldwell

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Namaste'





Passages



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Passages

The Grateful Dead said it best
“what a long strange trip it's been.”
I concur it has, but what a riveting one
even while taking it on the chin.

I think of the days of crawling on my knees
through a drunken haze of insecurity.
Looking for Mr. Right Now; finding
Mr. Right and my ever growing needs.

Trying to understand my truth, untangle
religious dogma that I never believed
to love and honor my Creator, to be free.

Looking back to where I was then and my
journey today, I may have done a few things
different, but then I would not be me.
Smile and rethink. I like me.

Correction, I love me now.
As the light has come from inside self,
placed their by my God
and shared with so many.

I am so grateful for friends who have taken
the time to share their love light with me.
Without them, Mine would still be a candle
under a bushel.

→

Passages . . . *continued*

They have sown seeds of joy and peace
and shown me the way back to love.
I am indebted to give back, you know
exactly who you are, for you are many.

May we all shine, forever bright.
Sharing this love light, a lantern
to the soul, a map for the weary,
follow love, it's the right road.

A Rose is a Sore

Lying in the coffin fortune teller,
I listened as the noises came and went.
Some like mantras, others banging
and clanging to wake the dead.

Maybe me?

I wondered what my fortune would be
as this pain has been so hard on me.
I thought that I could ride it out
or lose it somewhere.

The lost and found kept bringing it back
so here I sit shattered inside, with no-one
to tell...ignore the shadows, the voices
are nothing to fear.

I do not fear them or what you think,
I am just sick of this shit!
I wonder if the MRI will reveal
the source of my real pain.

You know, in my gut, my heart
with blood pumping insane.

I think...that I know already.

Buyer Beware

An uninvited guest came knocking.
I opened my door to see...
a glint eyed ghoul,
with stains on his waist coat..
and a smell of serious shit!

Hesitantly, I asked, how may I help you?
He gleamed and beamed, opening his dirty case,
with maggots falling at his feet.
Covering them with his dusty shoes he said
that he had the perfect dress for me.

He was selling delicate dresses.

On closer inspection I noticed
the pockets were ripped from gorged gossip
and lined with judgments.
In truth, irregular fits.

Uhhhhh, I was in no mood to entertain
or ascertain the intentions of this call.

I snubbed his nonsense and
I closed my door.
I refused...to further his cause.

Buyer Beware . . . *continued*

From me, he has no invitation
and I don't know his destination.
I am just glad he's gone.

I want to live and let live.
So tell me a tale of
acceptance and I will lend my ear.

Yes, the discretionary tales
hum sweetly, as before.
Uninformed buyer

no more.

What's it all about ?

I ask you...
what is it
that benefits...
mankind ?

More concrete jungles
damned if you do
damned if you don't
nine
to
five?

Hmmmmnn
Let's see now.
What have we done ?

Warships and bombers
spilled blood
by the score.

Designed delusions
illusions
intrusions...
can we take anymore ?

Division, yes hatred
mouth spilling foam.

What's it all about . . . *continued*

Villages raided...
you know the score.

Can you see where
the buffalo did roam?

Borders not crossed...
fear of unknown.

Communication lost...
twisted touchstone!

Sadness now madness
imaginings catered
as a celebrated meal.

Scattered grain...
mustard seeds...
Losing our brain.

Killing and burning
against our divine will.

If we're not careful
slaughter is as easy
as we all fall downhill.

Take a look inside...
your heart beats...
not on it's own.

→

What's it all about . . . *continued*

One breath...
inhale...whoooooosh
exhale...ahhhhhhhhh

All gifts from the divine

With out sharing love
we are surely insane.

Wake up beloved.
Extend compassion
and mercy...I heard
my Father's call.

Spread love
NOW
shower
them all.

Love Simply

Source's voice spoke to me today.
He told me of his great love
and joy, when his children are at play.

Laughing and talking, sharing one truth.
Come out now, inner child's youth.
Dance in the gardens, sing a new song.

How he *Agape-d* me so sweetly
unchained...
by his fluid heart.
He's always been here, cheering us on.

No longer sleeping
I let you in
Eternal Love
trusted soul
seeding the blessed
nature of One.

Picnic in the gardens, blankets strewn
on the lawn, making our bed
the joys of reunion-communion.

Beloved, you are the source of Source
I thank you for the prayers
and the teachings shared with me this day.

Inviting Source in our lives daily,
has brought forth joy and comfort
we share his love and give it away.

Self Notes

Humor is necessary
sensitivity required.

Compassionate heart
my trusted desire.

Intelligent and witty
spiritually enlightened.

Shine love/peace now
brilliance is heightened.

We roamed through Mother's forest
leaves clapping, sanctioned by One.

Forever grateful
when we sang one song.

Epilogue



Janet P. Caldwell

About The Author

I feel extremely humbled and blessed by my Creator to have been gifted with the ability to communicate by way of the written word. The poems and prose expressed in this book are long over-due for publication. My last book was published in 2004 by Authorsden and did quite well. Since then I have taken many hiatus' from the literary world. During my absences, I continued to write and kept a personal Blog with Poetry, my Thoughts and other works. I began to post again in a variety poetry groups, a few of which I eventually became the Administrator of. I had many of my peers ask me when I would publish another book and share with the world "my unique voice that touches so many."

My first book primarily focused on the abuse of my Step-Dad towards my Mother, three brothers and myself. This abuse was Sexual, Mental, Physical and by any other means one could ever conjure abuse to be. It took a lot out of me to revisit those demons in our lives and I was not ready to publish again until now. In all honesty the thought of publishing another book was not in the forefront of my mind at all but I could hear the muse calling. For the most part, my Blog and the Poetry groups abated my need to express . . . but i was not satisfied with that. I knew that I had something to say, to go from the screaming/venting/purging mentality to a place of forgiveness and acceptance. I needed to let go of the dark days and express the love in my heart. Though life's current experiences are not all candy and sunshine, I accept the fact that the journey continues. I live in the "NOW".

In the spring/summer of 2010, I met my publisher and now very close friend, confidante and business partner William S. Peters Sr. aka "Just Bill." He read my first book and saw the growth in my newer works and encouraged me to publish. Even though I was working closely with him on a daily basis to publish others, it came as a surprise, a welcome one to publish again.

About The Author . . . *continued*

My poetry style has been compared stylistically to Sylvia Plath by many and Ian Thorpe wrote about this in his review of my first book “**5 degrees to separation**”.

I consider myself a confessional and sometimes dramatic poet. I have been known to write about myself in the third person but the point is clear. I also write poetry that leaves an open end to let the reader interpret and decide for themselves what I am saying. I have received many interesting interpretations on my pieces, some right on the money, some so far into left field that I shake my head, but then there are those gifted readers who saw something that I as the author did not see. I am forever grateful for those nuggets of gold that they so effortlessly mined for me. One thing that I have learned is this . . . once my work is in the world, it no longer belongs to me, it belongs to the reader and their own perspectives. I do the same thing with music. I love music and I listen to it everyday. I have noticed that I can “twist” a song and make it my own. If the artists knew, maybe they would shake their heads too as I many times have lost their original intent.

All in all, whatever the genre, I love art and art loves me. I have met so many people in this game called life, some ordinary people, some not so ordinary, some famous and a myriad the infamous. Life has been good and I cherish every moment, the good the bad and the not so pretty. Please enjoy my latest offering and pass the word on, “she's back.” Thank you so much.

Much Love & Peace,

Janet

XOXOXO

Endorsements & Reviews

In an era when popular poetry is often obscure for the sake of obscurity, the poems of Janet P. Caldwell are refreshing for their clarity and for the poet's clear vision. This is poetry that not only reads well on the page, but sounds powerful when read aloud. And the subject matter? A life examined with a poet's eye and recorded with honesty and intensity. Ms. Caldwell's poems can be bone lean, yet full of the meat of living, full of the flavor of being a human being. This is a collection of poems by a writer at the height of her powers of observation, and defining her life and the world around her.

James Lee Jobe

Author and DJ on 96.9 The Eagle

Janet Caldwell bares her soul raw and unpretentious taking us through the cycles of her life. We walk with her through the scars of abuse, the roller coaster of love, pain, loss and relationships, the unconditional love discovered in childbirth. In the end we must respect her courage as she kneels in forgiveness ready to take the next step on her journey. A testament to the human spirit as it rises from darkness into the light of awakening. After walking with Janet you end at the door of sustenance feeling full.

Teresa E. Gallion

Poet

Author of Contemplation in the High Desert

Endorsements & Reviews . . . *continued*

“I know Janet Caldwell as a very talented writer and poet. Janet tackles head-on every subject she writes about with wit, intelligence and, at times a subtle humor, all of which underscore her many gifts with writing. I would highly recommend Janet Caldwell as a writer, poet, and friend.

Respectfully submitted,

CJ Heck”

Author

"To know Janet is to touch the salt of the earth. She is not afraid to express total authenticity. Janet surrounds you with love and compassion which emanates from the depth of her heart and soul and expressed through her words.”

Lindy Tefft, M.S.

Author

As a Writer, Poet and Publisher, I am awed by the “Raw Realities” Janet is able to capture in her Poetic expressions. She has a very Unique Voice of her own while at the same time being able to personify that of so many who perhaps can not put into words their Emotions, Thoughts and Spiritual Intuitions. I am so honored to call her “Friend”. Her personal journey as captured in her poems are quite profound and will evoke a deep stirring in any soul who would take the time to read and contemplate the depths and insights she chooses to share. We are blessed.

William S. Peters, Sr.

Inner Child

Endorsements & Reviews . . . *continued*

Visceral intensity, both the violence and the love, are gustily, painfully and restoratively felt. Sometimes we have a strength we don't know. So that in . . .

*The tiny girl with the operatic voice,
belted out a vast tune effectual.*

There is both miracle and terror. The poet is aware that merely triumphing over our own being intimidated is no good, if we intimidate too much ourselves. This poetry is not just intensity let rip.

"Self notes" shows minxish wit, crisp spry consonants, suddenly holding the violent intense moments at arm's length, in a tickly sense of humour

Life isn't
a play, they can be
a bore.

There is peace but also risk - of the wrong kind of loss of self - in this detachment, as shown in "Research Project",

although there is commitment to delicacy, there is defiance

because I cannot sit still,
and watch the destruction.

No, I will not be quiet.

The poet shows her suffering, not as a leader but as honest, so everyone will be.

Healing must be a communal campaign;

Endorsements & Reviews . . . *continued*

Sometimes the poet takes an overview, almost like a ghost, of seeing the world of mere fleshly feelings as surreal and superficial to the long view of eternity, as in the fine poem "Dinner in two dimensions", the whole collection helping one hear the poet's voice (in this world, of this world) to appreciate her planting both feet in an unearthly otherworldly view in this poem. More serene, less suffering, poems of eternity float off more blissfully, but "Dinner in two dimensions" is where the earthly and unearthly poem styles meet and mix. They do too in a pleasurable musical more light verse way in *Déjà vu Tide*

Ira Lightman
Poet and Musician
United Kingdom

a Final Word from Janet

In this fast paced and sometimes crazy world we tend to rush and let beauty pass us by. I know that I have been guilty of this before. I used to go by a second name "*Derailedpoet*" and many know me by that name in the poetry world. It is OK, though I am slowly backing away from that persona as it's connotations are a bit off my *track* now.

I wrote under that name when I fell off the wagon for two years and picked up the bottle again. Thank God, I have been sober for years now but the name stuck as I wrote prolifically during those lost two years as *Derailedpoet* and nothing was off subject. I did a lot of purging as I sipped my red wine and typed. The good thing that came out about this was my first book got published and many saw themselves in my work and did not feel alone. I have since mentored some of these fine people.

Today, as I examine my life, the trials and the victories, I am satisfied that I am on the path set for me long before. I look at the world today and I see the sheer beauty of nature. I have always been a lover of trees and as far back as I can remember, and I have felt a kinship to them. I look at trees and I can feel a lump in my throat as I commune with them. I love the grass and anything green in nature . . . we are one.

I also look at the horrific injustices in the world. I see war, famine, lack of food and water, bigotry, racism and my hopes and efforts is to eradicate these wherever possible. Being the eternal optimist, I believe that anything is possible. I personally attempt to be mindful of my own bias, and believe me, there are many. I am happy to witness that in the last year alone many of the Poetry and World Communities are coming together, hand in hand in spite of our sometimes obvious differences. This is a beautiful thing.

a Final Word from Janet . . . continued

I also contribute as often as I can to digging and building water wells for third world countries who have none and are dying of disease when all they need of is a few dollars per month. Besides my Poetry, this is my personal way of giving back. I have been involved in many works of love such as volunteer work at the Aids Resource Center in Dallas, TX, the Denton State School and Angels Incorporated, Soup Kitchens to name a few. I do not tell you this to blow my own horn, as a matter of fact 99% of you don't know this. I tell you this in hope that it will spark a change in the reader of these words to do the same . . . give to life in any way you can. To share love, treat your neighbor as yourself is a service for them, but also for you. We all want love, we are love, pull it out and *pay it forward*. It's a simple choice.

It is our responsibility to serve mankind. To lend a helping hand if it is a monetary donation, a helping hand, prayer, well wish or a smile. Let's get moving and share the light of love that is within each of us.

I love you all,

Janet
xoxoxo

~ *fini* ~



I am a Mother, Grandmother,
Daughter, Sister, Lover,
Friend and Servant. I hope
you enjoy my Soul's Poetic
Reflections of my Journey
and my Love for Humanity.

Thank You

Janet



Janet Caldwell is a prolific Poet and Writer. In this masterful work, *Passages*, Ms. Caldwell demonstrates the uncanniest ability to capture the thoughts and spirits of many of us in her insightful and often pain-filled verse. Her propensity to bring light to that which was once dark has touched many Souls and many readers across the globe. Some liken her Poetic Expressions to such “Great Scribes” as Sylvia Plath and Anne Sexton. We believe that her voice found in her words are not reflections of any others, but that of her own.

Visceral intensity, both the violence and the love, are gustily, painfully and restoratively felt. Sometimes we have a strength we don't know.

Ira Lightman

Poet and Musician

United Kingdom



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