

Literature is a like a parasite that feeds on the mind of the author. It takes his memories, beliefs, desires, joys, fears, sorrows, angers, hopes, and dreams and mutates them into a work of art. It controls him while making him think he is the creator.

-James D. McIntosh, Jr.
April 2013

To start off this collection, I have four special poems that I wrote on January 11. The first three I wrote for Heart for the Disabled Week on Joni and Friends radio.¹ To better understand the poems, please visit the webpages in my footnotes. The first poem I wrote for Joffre, Kathy, and Joyanna;² Josh and Jackie;³ and Eddie and Diane.⁴ As per my mom's request, I also wrote a poem for my aunt, who home schools her autistic daughter and her son. That poem is the fourth one here.

May our Heavenly Father bless you for what you do.

I know it very often cannot be easy for you.

But these are God's special children whom He really loves,

So your very loving deeds will never go untouched.

You shall be blessed in this life and the next.

Just hang in there and get your strength from Jesus.

As I said before, God bless you very much.

Continue what you do, and do it all with love.

With love,

James D. McIntosh, Jr.

¹ <http://www.joniandfriends.org/blog/heart-for-disabled/>

² <http://www.joniandfriends.org/radio/5-minute/heart-disabled-1-joffre-and-kathy/>

³ <http://www.joniandfriends.org/radio/5-minute/heart-disabled-3-josh-and-jackie/>

⁴ <http://www.joniandfriends.org/radio/5-minute/heart-disabled-4-kim-family/>

To Sara,⁵

Hello there, Sara, my name is James.

I write poems for similar reasons you sing.

They help me to express myself and hopefully touch others;

Maybe bring encouragement to Christian sisters and brothers.

I also don't always feel adequate for what I want to do,

But we have to realize that there's more to me and you.

God has given us special purposes for simply being,

And that is the good reason that we're still breathing.

As long as we remain on this earth alive,

We are helping people more than we realize.

You can use the struggles that you have to bear

To touch the hearts of others with your stories to share.

Bring hope to the hopeless and strength to the weak,

For you do more than you know when you use your voice to sing.

With love,

James D. McIntosh, Jr.

⁵ <http://www.joniandfriends.org/radio/5-minute/heart-disabled-2-sara/>

To Ryan and Lisa,⁶

May God bless the work you do
You raise your kids and help others, too.
Caring for Nicholas may not be easy,
But it is a blessing that will bring other blessings.
Stay strong and use God's love in your hearts,
For it is a great thing of which you are a part.
Continue the good work that you do,
And again I say, "May God bless you."

With love,

James D. McIntosh, Jr.

⁶ <http://www.joniandfriends.org/radio/5-minute/heart-disabled-5-ryan-and-lisa/>

To Aunt Vicky,⁷

You are a blessing to many people with all that you do.

You raise your kids, teach them from home, and write, too.

You are a kind soul who loves all that you do.

But it is not always easy, so I say, "God bless you."

You've been through a lot also fighting cancer,

But things are looking up as you're getting better.

So use your love and gifts from God

To continue touching others so much.

With love,

James D. McIntosh, Jr.

⁷ Her blog for her book: <http://whatiscommunion.blogspot.com/>
Her encouraging blog: <http://he-holds-my-right-hand.blogspot.com/>
Her home school blog: <http://sonsetacademy.blogspot.com/>

This next story I also wrote on January 11, not long before midnight. I wrote it for the Love Stories Challenge on Dailybreak.⁸ However, instead of doing a normal love story, I decided to go with something funny and crazy, because that is often my style of doing things.

I once knew a guy who had the most amazing story ever. His name was Maurice, and this is his story:

When I first met Tabitha, it was love at first sight and I fell head over heels for her. Seriously. I was at the top of the stairs, she caught my eye at the bottom, and I fell down...head over heels...over and over again. It was a long flight of stairs. She laughed at me, and it was the most beautiful laugh I've ever heard. It was like the laugh of an angel...if angels make fun of people.

Anyways, I stood right up, looked her straight in the eye, and said, "I need to sit down." Then I fainted. I didn't see it, but apparently I fell right into her arms. Smooth, right?

When I came to, she was sitting next to me.

"Yo, man. You okay?" she asked.

I was all like, "Uh, if link asso issek."

She laughed at me again. It was gorgeous...in a humiliating kind of way.

"Sorry," she said, "I don't speak whatever language that is."

Then those crazy little words came out of my mouth, "I think I love you."

I couldn't really hear myself, so I thought I was speaking gibberish again...until I saw the look on her face. I think it was horror. She ran away.

I never saw her again until I decided to stalk her. It was kind of awkward for a while, but we got used to it. We even started dating after I wouldn't stop ignoring the restraining order.

And, oh man, was our first kiss amazing! She had just eaten a lemon...and, yeah, I guess you can see what happened. She liked it though. The lemon and the kiss.

Anyways, long story short: We got married, had a couple kids, and are living happily ever after. The end.

Then my friend had a heart attack and died. Isn't that touching? His story, I mean.

⁸ <http://www.dailybreak.com/>

I wrote the following poem⁹ for a number of reasons. One of them is that I learned Aunt Vicky was having more problems with her cancer. On January 18, I heard that an uncle on the other side of my family, Uncle Brad, had cancer and only about a year to live.¹⁰ I also started thinking about more people I know who have been affected or killed by cancer and that others, including myself, could possibly get it as well. This poem is written in the voice of a hard, uncaring, or perhaps merely angry (at the situation) individual. Although I might have been somewhat angry, it is not exactly or necessarily me speaking in this poem, because I did cry.

Cancer

Cancer here, Cancer there,
We've got cancer everywhere.
Oh, come now, don't you cry.
We're all gonna freakin' die.

⁹ This version is censored and replaces one word with another.

¹⁰ I found out in April that he has more time.

The following poem I wrote on January 21 to advertise my poetry service Heart 2 Heart Poetry.¹¹

Do you need a poem for someone really special?
Maybe for your valentine, or as a gift for mother?
Need a Christmas present or a special Easter treat?
I can cover it all with some personalized poetry!
Just tell me what you want and I'll write up some art.
And you can deliver it because it's from Heart 2 Heart.

Time and Death¹²

Written by James D. McIntosh, Jr.
on January 22, 2013.

What's it like to know you're going to die?
To know that there is so little time
To do things you want and help those you love?
Time: is there ever enough?

I do not know what it is like
To face your death and realize

¹¹ <https://sites.google.com/site/dlfreeexpression/heart-2-heart-poetry>

¹² This poem is talking about Uncle Brad. It continues on the next page.

That you only have a short time left
To get things done and be your best.

Was it all worth it, all that you've done?
Did you ever do enough?
How does it feel to be so close
To the death that your family dreads most?

I don't know if this helps at all,
But the legacy you're leaving is very strong.
It's hard to believe your time could be gone.
You are such a believer and teacher to all.

If I were in your situation now,
How would I feel? Would regret make me bow
Down in pain knowing my life was no good?
Or would people show me I did as much as I could?

I think either way regret would catch me and I would cry,
Thinking I could have been a much better guy.
But will I change now? I really doubt it.
I am lazy and selfish and don't care enough about it.

The following three poems I wrote on February 1 after talking on the phone with my girlfriend,¹³ Ceyley, when she was in a lot of emotional pain and having a very difficult time. She was crying very hard, we could not talk long and were living at least two hours apart at the time, and I had also been dealing with other stuff. After just putting some stuff down with a clouded mind for the first “poem,” I channeled my frustration better and wrote the other two poems.

Pain

She cried again today,

And I wasn't around.

It was the worst I've ever heard

When she called me on the phone.

She's over there and needs me with her,

But I'm stuck here and can't do much.

We couldn't talk long before she had to hang up.

How much longer am I going to be kept from being there for her?

¹³ I proposed to her on July 7! That was our 1-year dating anniversary. The wedding date was later set for January 4, 2014.

Why Am I Here and Not There?

She cried again today.

God, why must you keep me away?

I need to be there for my Love,

But she must be without me now.

There is no one there to comfort or hold her.

She is alone in her pain and sorrow.

She hurts so much and needs me there.

God, why must I be stuck right here?

The Weeping Lass

Her tears stream swiftly down her face.
She has no one to wipe them away.
She is alone, though she is around people.
But right now, those people hurt her.
I could be there for the lonely lass.
I could be the shining knight. But, alas,
I cannot for I am stuck in a faraway pit of my own.
Shadows cover us both, and we are alone.
I see a light, but it is so faint.
Will I hold onto the faith?
Salvation may be on the way,
But will I fall and say it is late?
Weep now, dear lass, for no one comes.
I would be there, but I am stuck.
I cannot break free of my bonds.
Why does providence do this to us?

On Valentine's Day, Ceyley and I could not be together, so I wrote the first following poem and sent it to her in a text message. The second following poem I wrote over a period of time before Valentine's Day and I gave it to Ceyley when we saw each other the day after Valentine's Day.

Well, I'm here without you,
And you're there without me,
What can we do?
Well, I'll send this Valentine treat:

This is a poem for you,
Since we are apart.
Happy Valentine's Day!
You have my heart!

I'm Here

I made some promises that I intend to keep.
I will always be here and love you for eternity.
You know this love has to be real when it's never easy.
But I'll stay by you all the time. As a man, I'm never quitting.
I thank God for love, and thank God for you.
If we never dated, I don't know what I'd do.
You are an inspiration and help to me,
And a light in this world that's so dreary.
I will stay by your side, even when we're miles apart.
There is no separating us, for you have my heart.
I will love you and hold you for the rest of our lives,
And I'll always work to keep our passion burning bright.

The following two poems I wrote after Ceyley had to go back home on February 18 after her visit.

Beautiful Creation

Written on February 19, 2013 (about midnight)

by James D. McIntosh, Jr.

God created many, many very beautiful things.

He created sunsets, rising moons, and birds with wings.

He created beating hearts and fingers that fit together.

He created you and me, to eternally love each other.

He created your glorious eyes and your such soft lips.

He created your wonderful hair and your very nice hips.

Everything about you is as perfect as can be,

Because God made you especially for me.

What You Do To Me

Written by James D. McIntosh, Jr.

on February 19, 2013 shortly after midnight

My heart beats faster when I'm around you, My Love.

But when we are apart, I feel that a heart I have not.

What is it about you and makes my heart beat quicker,

Yet at the same time makes breathing so difficult?

This is what you do to me, but it feels good.

I want you with me all the time, or I feel like a fool.

On February 20, I found out about Save Saeed,¹⁴ thanks to a share by Kirk Cameron on Facebook. I began taking some action, and the following poem is one way I did so.

Come Home, Saeed

Written by James D. McIntosh, Jr.

Some people suffer more than we can ever know.
They do nothing but God's good, but evil takes its toll.
They are taken, beaten, and overall treated horribly.
But together we can save Saeed and get him to his family.

Go online now and sign the petition!
Spread the word so that it gets attention!
We can get the UN's action!
We can team up and make this happen!

Saeed, my brother, stay strong in the Lord.
We will take action and bring you back home.
Your family needs you here with them.
Meanwhile, stay strong in the faith until then.

¹⁴ <http://savesaeed.org/>

In Memory of Mr. Good¹⁵

James D. McIntosh, Jr.

March 20, 2013

I used to kiss his head goodnight
and hug him with my arms.
But now he is dead and gone.
Now we are apart.
We were closer in earlier years,
before I moved away.
And then Alzheimer's took its toll,
and my youth misunderstood its ways.
He would shout and punish,
and I would yell and hate.
Now I just want him back.
I want to hug him again.
I know he is somewhere better.
He is in pain no more.
But I still miss my Grandpa,
and my heart feels sore.

¹⁵ You may recall my quotes and poems in the 2011 collection.

My Love

James D. McIntosh, Jr.

March 21, 2013

She's so beautiful and will always be so.

I'll grow old with her; this I know.

I'll stay always by her side

until the day one of us shall die.

I'll fight the monsters that come our way.

I'll stay loyal day to day.

This is how I show my love.

It represents what God has for us.

But His is more than mine could ever be.

Still, I'll try my best. You will see.

All I ask is this one thing:

Say you'll do the same for me.

A Bad Day to Die

James D. McIntosh, Jr.

March 25, 2013

If I were to die today,

If I were to go away,

What would people say?

Before I were to die,

If I looked in my mind's eye,

What regrets would arise?

Why can't I put my mind at ease

And stop my demons from haunting me?

I want my mental pain to cease!

Dear Old Lady

Written by James D. McIntosh, Jr.

On April 29, 2013

In memory of Great Grandma Mac (Lorene McIntosh)¹⁶

There once was an old lady whom everyone loved.
She lived with her pets in a house she called home.
Her family and friends would visit and care.
They would talk, and mow, and show they were there.
But one sad day she fell and never recovered.
She has gone somewhere better to live forever.
Oh, dear lady, tears indeed have been shed.
We rejoice you are home, but mourn you have left.

¹⁶ She died on April 21, 2013 at the age of 93.

Great People¹⁷

Written by James D. McIntosh, Jr. on August 8, 2013

They are called stupid.

They are called freaks.

But I know better.

I can truly see

That they are clever.

They are fun.

They worship God

Like no one else does.

"Who are these people?"

You may ask.

They are what we call

Mentally handicapped.

There is more to them

Than most people see.

To work with them

Is a big¹⁸ blessing.

¹⁷ Working the Sunshine Camps at Youth Haven Bible Camp inspired me to write this poem. Those campers stole my heart. Find out more about the camp here: <http://www.kmminc.org/>

¹⁸ Should this word be changed to 'huge?'

The following work is an unrefined poem that I typed up in a frustrated moment.

Stages

James D. McIntosh, Jr.
Sept. 23, 2013

As a small infant, I remember naught.
As a little toddler, life was not hard.
As an older child, I often fought.
As a teenager, I prepared to be adult.
As an adult...life sucks.

In late September, I wrote the following story for a contest at Lindsey Wilson College. I had to choose one of three photos by Jose Galvez¹⁹ and write a story containing no more than 250 words that explained what could be happening in the photo.²⁰

Photo 3: It is time for the photo shoot. Amelia Sánchez can hardly contain her excitement. She cannot believe she and her husband, Damian, have come this far. When they began wondering what life in America would be like, they never imagined this would be part of it. As Amelia waits for the photographer to take the picture, she flashes back to life in Panamá. It was a good life, but they felt they were not where they needed to be. For some reason, the United States of America was calling out to them like a lost child. They accepted the call and let Damian's younger brother, Simón, come along. They traveled to America and went through all the paperwork to become citizens. After all of that work, they settled in a little town, grew a big garden, and opened a small shop. It was a very pleasing life, except that the town had many internal struggles and the people needed help. Amelia and Damian did all they could. They gave away advice, and sometimes food, where it was needed. They settled disputes and provided wisdom. The people grew to love them and the town improved. Now, six years later, Damian and Amelia, with Simón, are standing in front of Town Hall after being sworn into the mayoral office. It is unbelievable! Amelia leans a little to her left and asks, "Damian, is it right for us to be here? We are Panamenos." "No," replies Damian, "we are Americanos." *FLASH*

¹⁹ <http://josegalvez.com/index.html>

²⁰ I would have shared the photo here, but I could not contact Mr. Galvez to get permission.

The following two works are unrefined poems that I wrote up in a passionate moment on October 21.²¹ The two works after them are their more refined versions typed up in a much less passionate or driven moment on October 25.

What do you do when what you fear most
Becomes what you embrace?
You want to throw it away and hide,
But you also want a taste?
Meanwhile, your one true love of the purest soul
You push away with contempt
And with exaggerated disgust.
It all feels like the end.

Rain down fire and brimstone on this wretched soul!
Instead You keep me for some purpose that I do not know.
What have I done to deserve this love?
Now I'm full circle back at fear.

Let's take a look back I time, where it all began.
Eve took forbidden fruit and shared with her man.
Now we're all screwed and all messed up, submerged in our sin.
What can we do to feel good and put them to an end?
We claim faith and we claim hope, but where is the proof?
We let ourselves be tormented and remain aloof.
We embrace the things we know are wrong and want to go away.
Why are we so freaking stupid to remain this way?

²¹ The second poem is censored by replacing one word with another.

What do you do when what you embrace is what you fear and hate?
You want to throw it away and hide, but you also want a taste?
Meanwhile, your one true love of the purest soul
Becomes the one you push away as you start to fall.

Dear God, why do You let me be this way? Why not destroy me now?
Yet you keep me for some reason. You find love for me somehow.
But I do not accept it! I push it away, for I do not want it near.
Now my desires jump back on me and I am again buried in fear.

Let's take a look back in time to where it all began.
Eve ate forbidden fruit and shared it with her man.
Now we are all messed up, submerged in dreadful sins.
Is there any way to feel good and put them to an end?
We claim faith and we claim hope, but where's the evidence?
We keep on our ways carelessly to be tormented.
We embrace what we know is wrong and do not really want.
Why must we be so stupid as to entertain these lusts?

The following story I wrote during the second to last week of October for another contest at Lindsey Wilson College. It is inspired by the Slender Man legends and the song “Enter Sandman” by Metallica. For the contest, I had to write a scary story that was no more than 600 words long²² and included the phrase “I was so scared....” There are two versions here. The first one has two alternate endings because the first ending I wrote confused people. I then had to do much editing to the whole story because the word count was too high. The result is the second version.

Title: “Birth of the Legend’s Associate”

I suddenly awoke lying on my back, unaware of where I was. All I knew was that I was in a padded cell stained with crusty blood. It smelt of death.

Slowly, I pushed myself up on my elbows. My head was throbbing. Once the pain had mildly subsided, I stood up and shuffled towards the door. As I leaned against it to look out the observation port, it gave way and opened up. I stumbled into a hallway as the lights began flickering out one at a time.

They began going out at the end of the hallway to my left. Out of fear of who, or what, might lurk in the dark, I began walking down the hallway to my right. I looked behind me and noticed the lights begin going out faster, as if to catch up with me. I began walking faster. They started burning out even faster.

Now I was so scared that my heart felt like it was going to burst out of my chest. I ran down the hallway, but the lights would not let me escape. Before I could go far, they all suddenly died and I was left in the dark.

I stopped cold. I did not know what to do but listen, for I could not even see my hand in front of my face.

Suddenly, I heard a door squeak open from behind, followed by the sound of heavy breathing. I spun around to the sight of two glowing red eyes moving slowly towards me in the darkness. I was so frightened that I froze and felt like I was going to vomit.

Whatever this thing was, it gave a menacing laugh. My fight or flight instinct kicked in, and I whirled around and took off down the hallway.

“If you wanted to escape me, you should have slept with one eye open,” said a gravelly voice from right at my heels. I tried to run faster. All of a sudden, the heavy breathing stopped coming from behind and began again a few feet in front of me. The red eyes appeared and I skidded to a halt.

“Take my hand!” commanded the voice.

Before I could move, the eyes sped towards me and I felt a large leathery hand grab my right shoulder and bury its fingers in my back. I screamed and tried to push away, but to no avail. I was caught.

²² I was told that having just a few words over the limit was no issue.

This monster began walking backwards and dragging me with it. I could do nothing but try to keep up and not let my intense fear or its terribly painful grasp overwhelm me.

Abruptly, we stopped moving, the grip loosened, the breathing stopped, and the eyes went dark.

I heard a booming voice that seemed to come from everywhere exclaim, “Sandman! I am taking this one for my own purposes. Your machines are of no use to you. No one can resist me!”

To my relief, a dim light appeared to my left, for I had apparently reached a turn in the hallway. In the dim light, I could see an immobile Bigfoot-like creature with its hand on my shoulder. But as I looked towards the light, all relief was killed.

I saw a tall, slender creature in a black suit. Its skin was all white, its face was featureless, and its arms were long and dangly. It was about ten feet away and it just stared at me. It just stood there and stared at me.

Ending #1:

Then it was suddenly directly in front of me.

I did not want to go. I do not like killing. Who am I anymore?

Watch your back!

Never close both eyes!

Your child may be next!

We are coming. If we see you, there is no escape. We are coming.

Ending #2²³:

He did not have to talk to me. I just knew he wanted me. I did not want to go with him, but I could not resist. His horrible, beautiful arms stretched and came closer and closer until they were wrapped around me.

I do not know how long ago that was, but now I travel with him. I know his silent thoughts and they burn within me, controlling my every move. I do not want to kill, but he will not let me stop.

I am still able to say this much: Watch your back.

²³ Special thanks to Ceyley for helping me form this ending!

I awoke lying on my back, unaware of where I was. All I knew was that I was in a padded cell stained with crusty blood. It smelt of death.

Slowly, I pushed myself up on my elbows. My head was throbbing. Once the pain had mildly subsided, I stood up and shuffled towards the door. As I leaned against it to look out the observation port, it opened up. I stumbled into a hallway as the lights began flickering out one at a time.

They began going out at the end of the hallway to my left. Out of fear of what might lurk in the darkness, I began walking in the opposite direction. I looked back and noticed the lights begin going out faster, as if to catch up. I increased my pace. They started burning out even quicker.

Now I was so scared that my heart felt like it was going to burst out of my chest. I ran down the hallway, but the lights would not let me escape. Before I could go far, they all just died and left me in the dark.

I stopped cold. I did not know what to do but listen, for I could not even see my hand in front of my face.

Suddenly, I heard a door squeak open from behind, followed by the sound of heavy breathing. I spun around to the sight of two glowing red eyes moving slowly towards me in the darkness. I was so frightened that I froze and felt like I was going to vomit.

Whatever this thing was, it gave a menacing laugh. Fight or flight reengaged, whirling me around and speeding me down the hallway.

“If you wanted to escape me, you should have slept with one eye open,” said a gravelly voice at my heels. I tried to run faster. All of a sudden, the heavy breathing stopped coming from behind and began coming from somewhere ahead. The red eyes appeared and I skidded to a halt.

“Take my hand!” commanded the voice.

Before I could move, the eyes sped towards me and a large leathery hand grabbed my right shoulder, burying its fingers in my back. I screamed and tried to push away, but to no avail. I was caught.

The monster began walking backwards and dragging me with it. I could do nothing but try to keep up and not let my intense fear or the terribly painful grasp overwhelm me.

Abruptly, we stopped moving, the grip loosened, the breathing stopped, and the eyes went dark.

Somehow the knowledge came to me that someone very powerful and unstoppable decommissioned these machines of Sandman’s. This someone was close.

To my relief, a dim light appeared off to my left, for I was at a turn in the hallway. In the light, I could see my now-immobile foe was a Bigfoot-like creature. But as I looked towards the light, all relief was killed.

I saw a tall, slender figure in a black suit. His skin was all white, his face was featureless, and his arms were long and dangly. He just stood there and stared at me.

Although he was unspeaking, I knew he wanted me. I did not want to go with him, but I could not resist. His horrible, beautiful arms stretched and came closer until they wrapped around me.

I do not know how long ago that was, but now I travel with him. I know his silent thoughts and they burn within me, controlling me. I do not want to kill, but he will not let me stop.

I am able to say this: Watch your back.

Thank you for reading the 2013 collection of works by
James D. McIntosh, Jr.

Please be sure to read the others as well.