



To the Moon & Back

**Poems About
Nature and
Everything
in Between
the
Moon
and
Back**

Jessica Dumas

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DEDICATION

This book is dedicated to all the grandchildren and great-grandchildren of Jessica Dumas in hopes that one or more of them will become a poet or an artist.

Welcome To the Moon & Back

The poetry in this book will give you a lighthearted and carefree feeling. Many of the poems are about nature's beauty from the moon to the sea and many other wonderful things in between. Some are about places traveled to in the US, some are just about life, and some are products of the poet's imagination.

The first two-thirds of the poems were written solely by Jessica Dumas. The others were written by James Gault and critiqued and edited by Jessica.

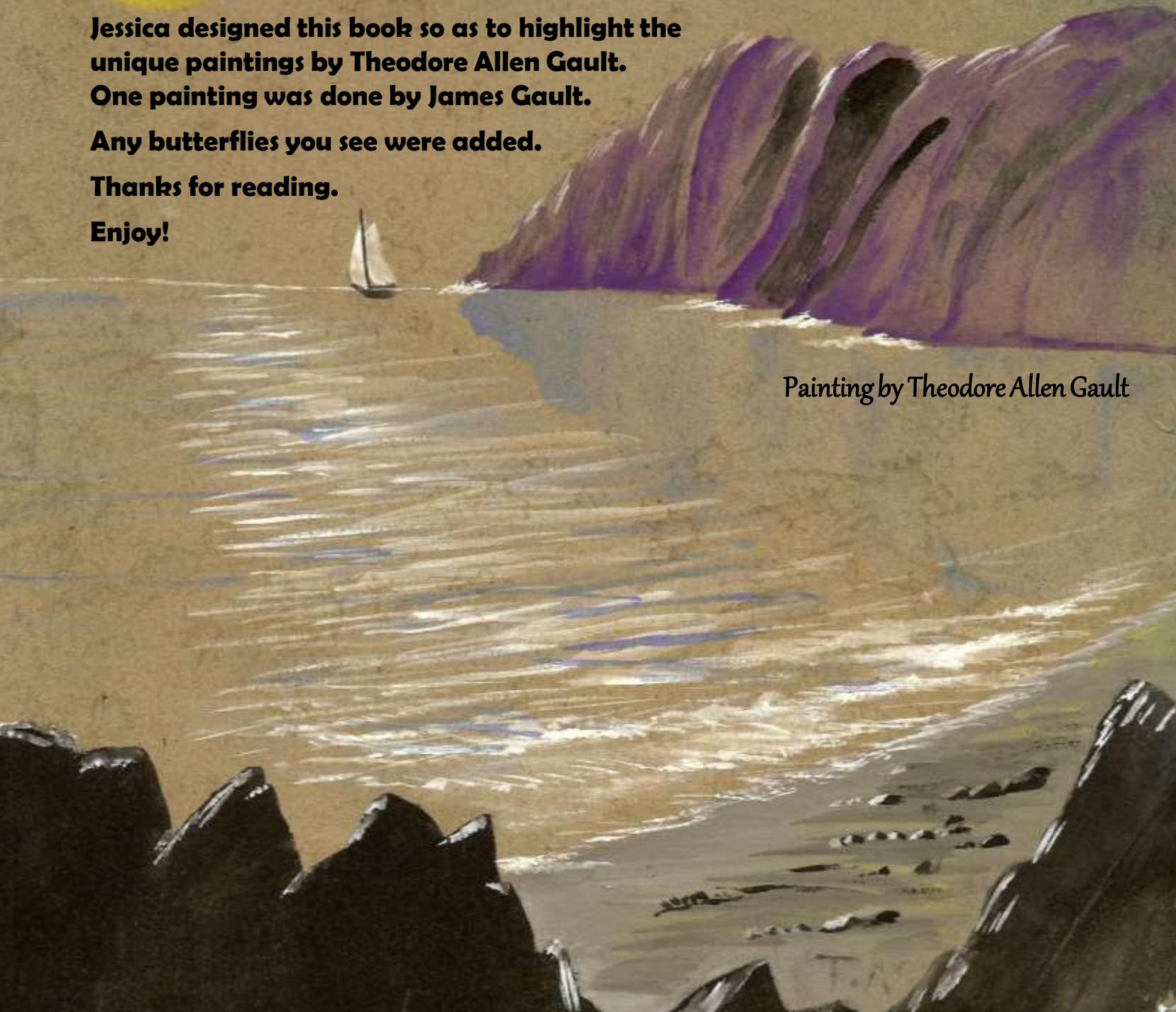
Jessica designed this book so as to highlight the unique paintings by Theodore Allen Gault. One painting was done by James Gault.

Any butterflies you see were added.

Thanks for reading.

Enjoy!

Painting by Theodore Allen Gault





About the Artists



Jessica Dumas:

Jessica is a native Minnesotan who grew up near the Twin Cities but now lives in Arizona. She's been a writer since 2016 and a poet since 2004. She has a virtual assistant business and specializes in writing and designing books, creating and formatting Word documents, Excel databases, and PowerPoint presentations. She has several books that she self-published on Amazon.com and Blurb.com.



James Gault:

James is a Native American from the Lummi Nation of the NW Washington area (also known as the People From the Sea). He grew up in Oregon watching his father paint the paintings in this book and inherited his creativeness. He is an artist and a talented carpenter. He lives in New Mexico and designs tiny houses that are very unique looking as well as functional.



**Painting by
Theodore Allen Gault**



Theodore Allen Gault (12/15/1911-11/1/1983):

Theodore was better known as Jack and is James' father. He lived in Oregon and loved to paint. He would use almost anything that was handy to paint on such as cardboard or even wood. All paintings in this book including the cover were painted by him except for Clear Cool Water painted by James.

If you would like prints of any paintings (with or without the poem on it), we can send to you for reasonable prices in various sizes. Just let us know which ones you would like by giving the title of the poem in this book, desired size, and type of paper.

You can contact us on Jessica's portfolio website at www.jessicajdumas.com – click on the [Contact Me](#) tab, scroll down to fill out the form, and click send.

Thank you!

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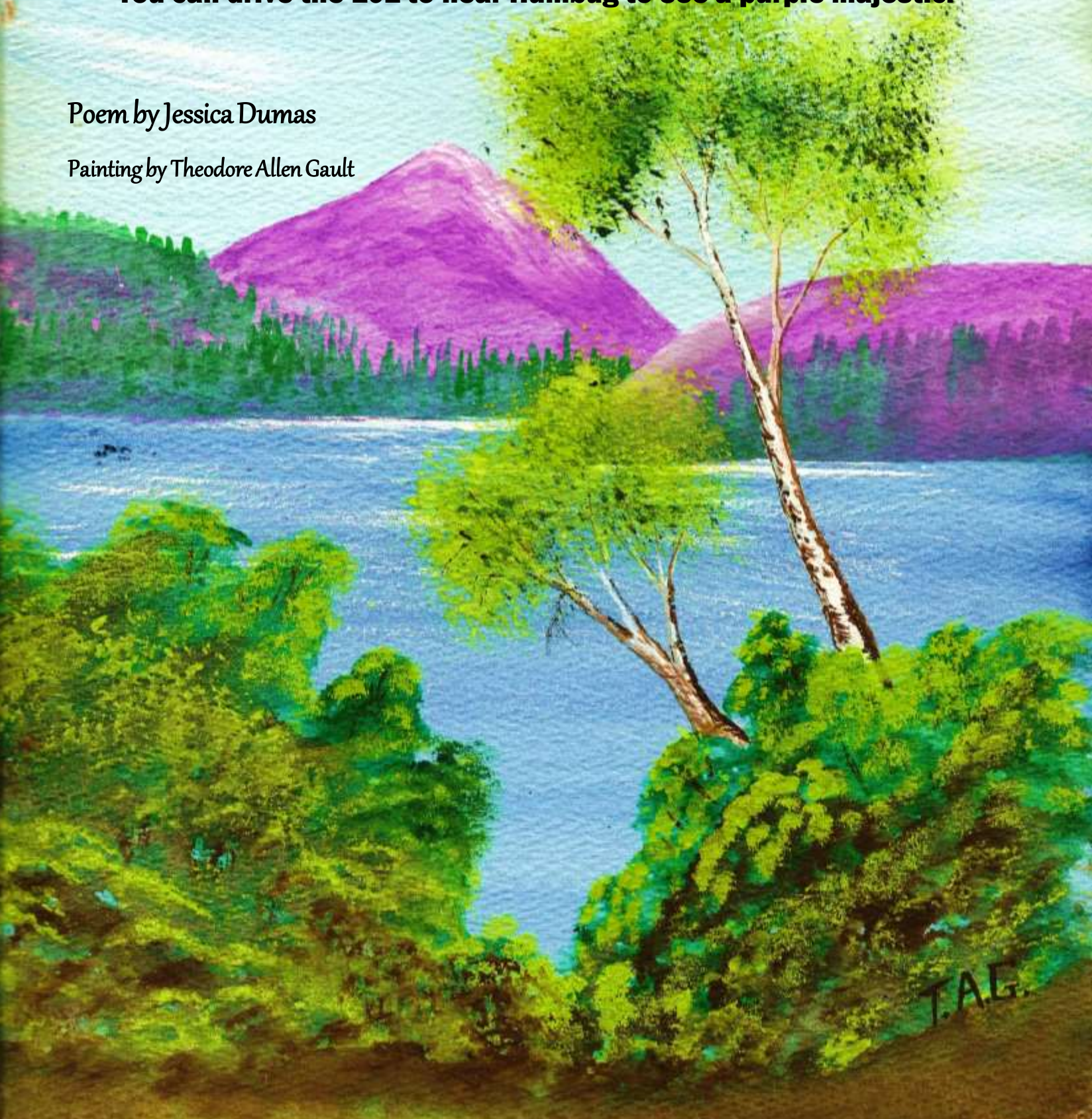


Purple Majestic

**No mountain is more awesome than Oregon's purple majestic.
Right next to it you can't see the purple, but I still get ecstatic
As we drive winding roads to gaze at the view so magnificent.
Seeing God's creations gives me peace and makes me content.
You can drive the 101 to near Humbug to see a purple majestic.**

Poem by Jessica Dumas

Painting by Theodore Allen Gault



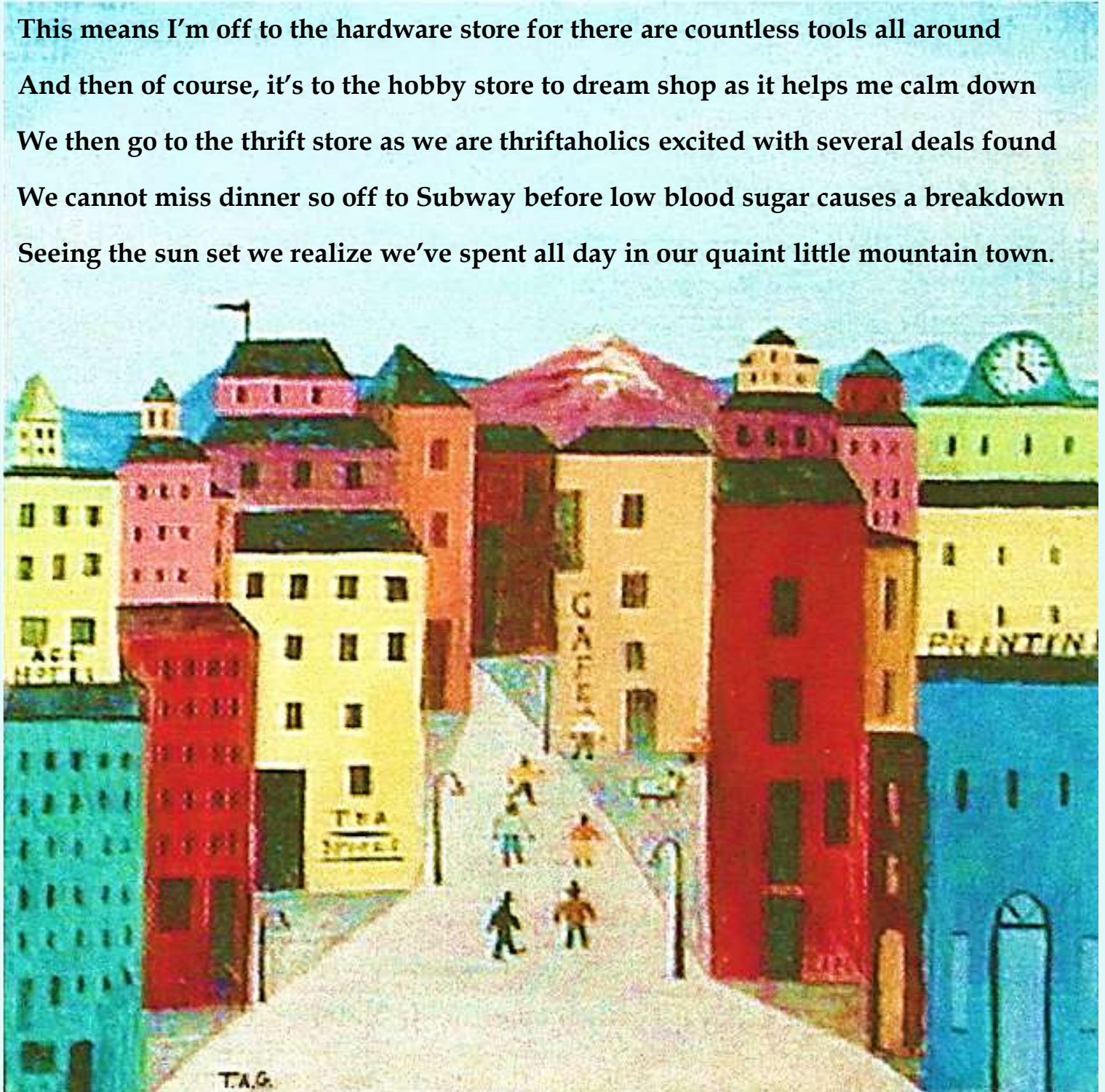
T.A.G.



Mountain Town



During the peculiar pandemic, it was still necessary to go into our mountain town
Keeping a six-foot distancing rule was fine with me but for many it brought a frown
If you wear a mask as deemed necessary no one can see if your smile is up or down
Going grocery shopping is required, but then the Mrs. wants to buy a nightgown
This means I'm off to the hardware store for there are countless tools all around
And then of course, it's to the hobby store to dream shop as it helps me calm down
We then go to the thrift store as we are thriftaholics excited with several deals found
We cannot miss dinner so off to Subway before low blood sugar causes a breakdown
Seeing the sun set we realize we've spent all day in our quaint little mountain town.



Poem by Jessica Dumas

Painting by Theodore Allen Gault

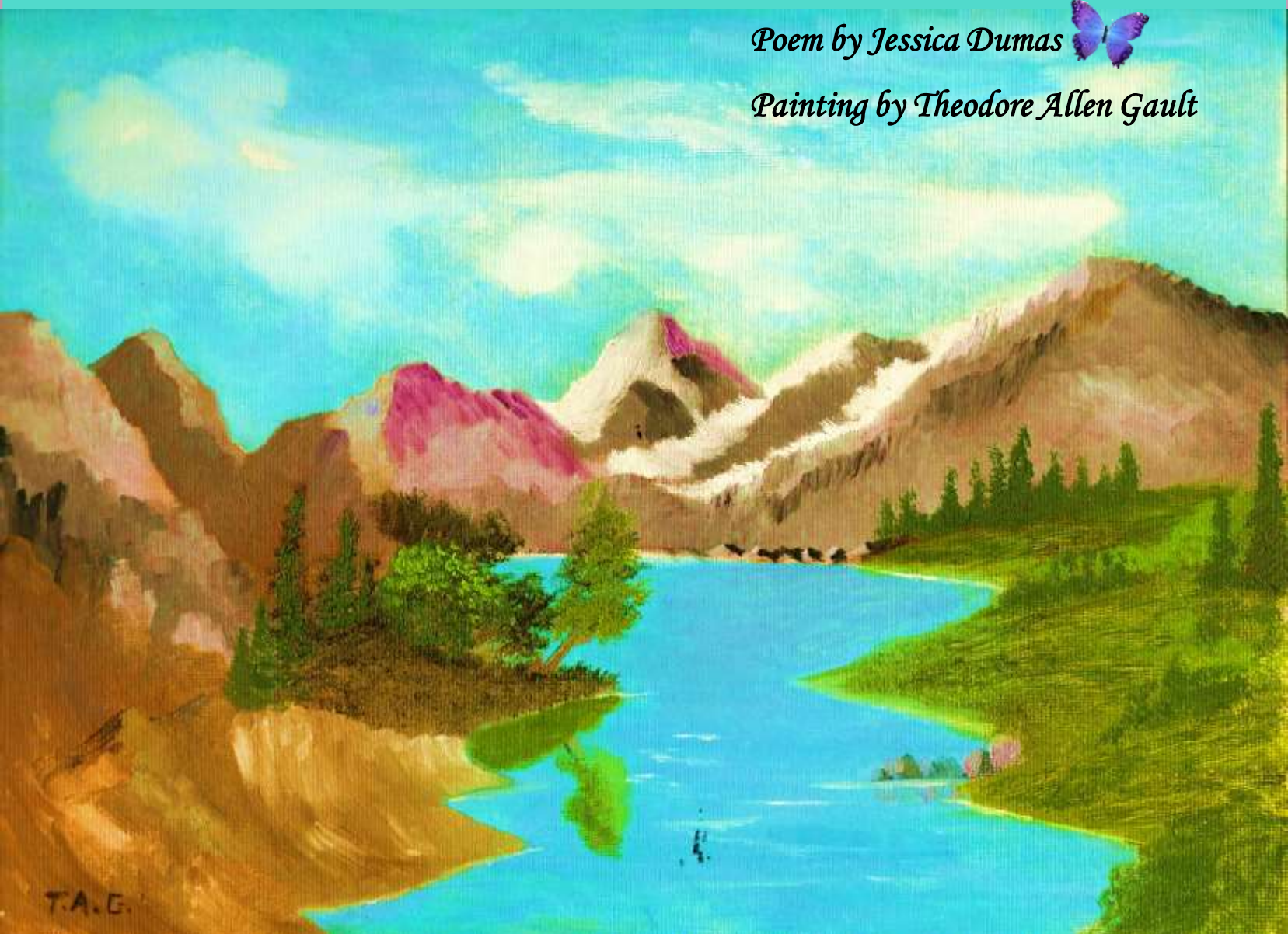
RIVER RUNS THROUGH

**Snowcapped mountains have a river running through
It ripples as the beavers build houses in the cold blue
They gather sticks and then hold it together with glue
Catching trout to cook on open flame makes one anew
Many a tribe fish the clear waters including the Sioux
They get to enjoy the clean crisp air and a wonderful view
Let's keep it preserved as I'd rather go here than the zoo.**

Poem by Jessica Dumas

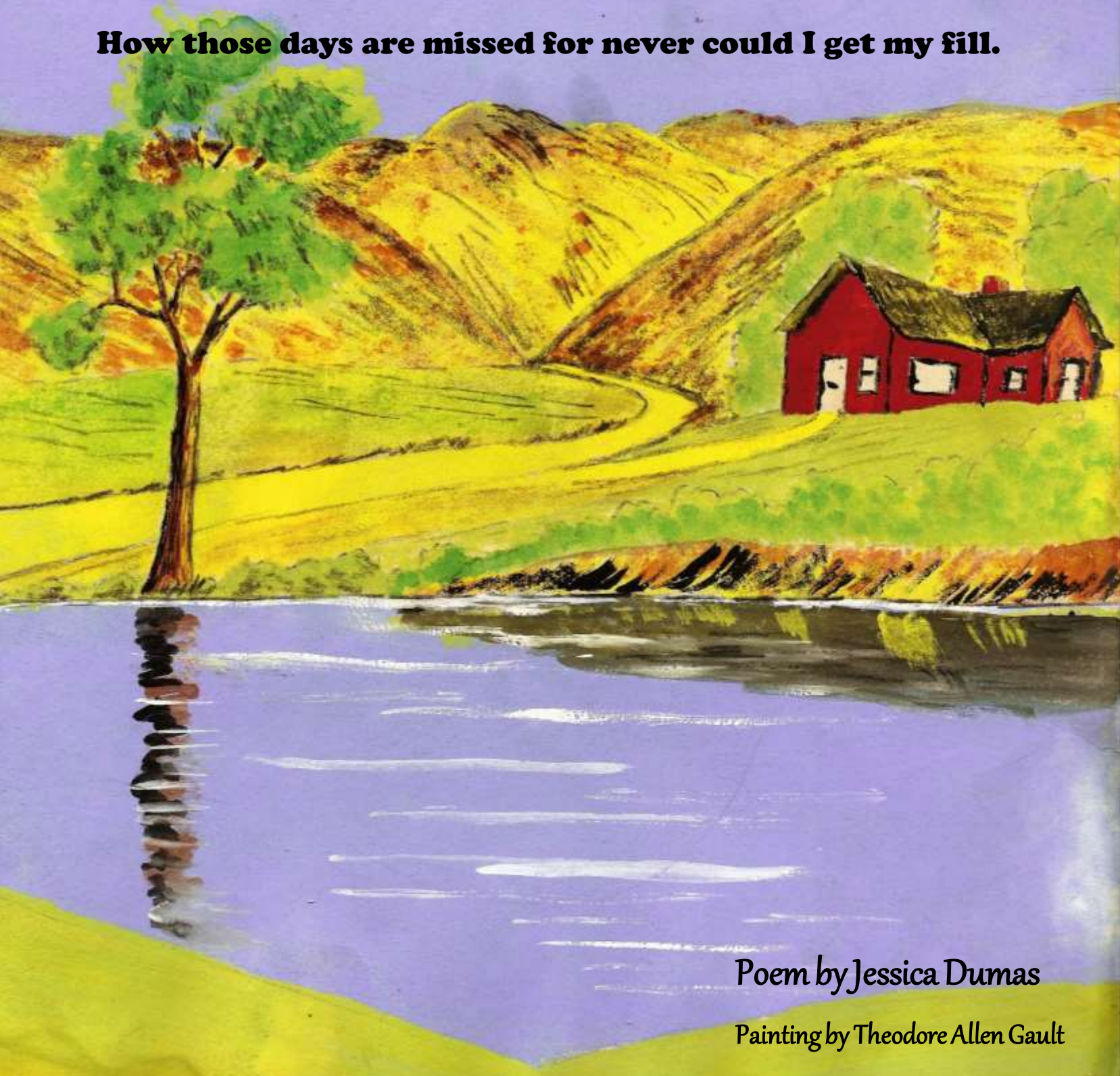


Painting by Theodore Allen Gault



RED CABIN

**There once was a red cabin at the bottom of a golden hill
With a sparkling lake to fish in and swim for a cool thrill
The hills turned gold in the Fall after the air got a chill
And Grandma would bake an apple pie to put on the sill
How those days are missed for never could I get my fill.**



Poem by Jessica Dumas

Painting by Theodore Allen Gault

Dandelion Wine



My mother used to make dandelion wine
She loved her own concoction as it felt fine
Bravely I tasted it and let out a loud whine
So sour and nasty that my dad calls it slime
My brother tried it then drank for a long time
Mom drank to forget until tomorrow's sunshine
Then she'd get sick and I'd be the mom at age nine
When grown, I did not like wine even when I dine
Drinking whiskey was my thing 'til I hurt my spine
Now there is no drinking allowed to keep us all in line
If someone offers you dandelion wine, you must decline.



Poem by Jessica Dumas

Painting by Theodore Allen Gault

T.A.G.

HOUSEBOAT

Have you ever wanted to live on a houseboat?

There's no need to worry about what keeps you afloat

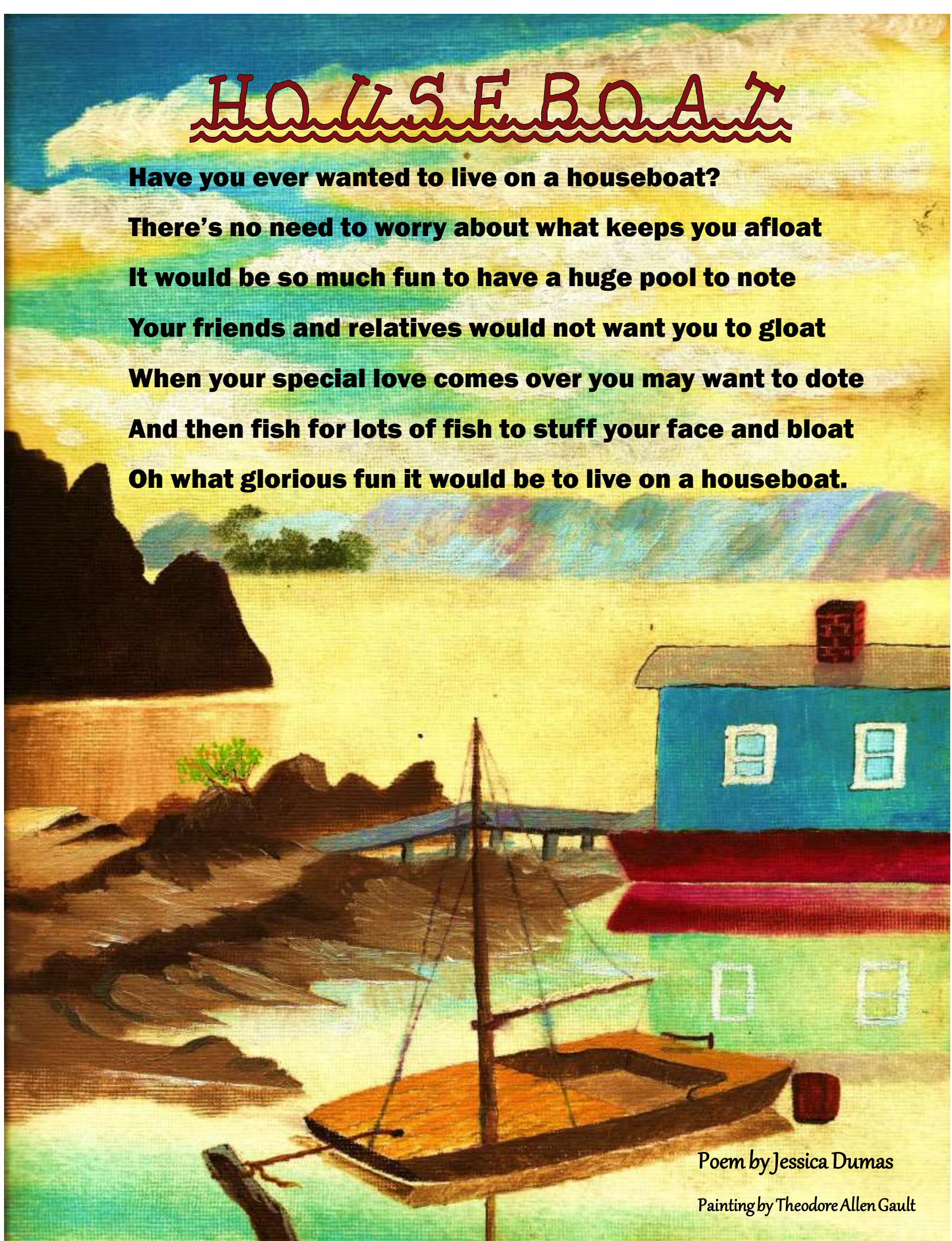
It would be so much fun to have a huge pool to note

Your friends and relatives would not want you to gloat

When your special love comes over you may want to dote

And then fish for lots of fish to stuff your face and bloat

Oh what glorious fun it would be to live on a houseboat.



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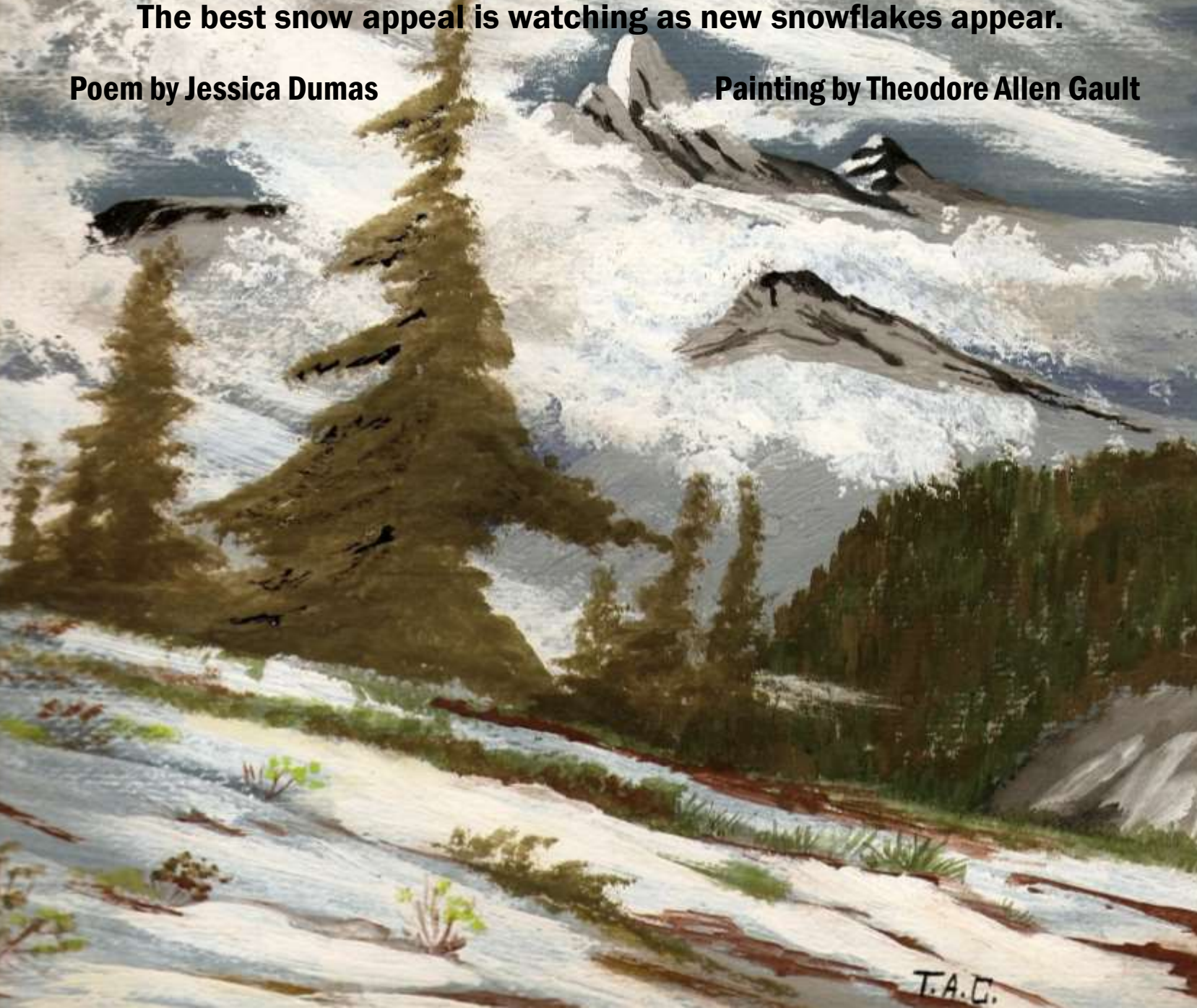
Painting by Theodore Allen Gault

SNOW APPEAL

Believe it or not... 49 out of the 50 states have snow
Florida does not get snow so there's lots of bugs to fear
Not everyone hates snow especially children as they grow
The people who go skiing total up to over 15 million a year
Skiing when it snows is fun but cover your face from icy blow
The many sports played in snow shows that the appeal is clear
Snowboarding is a favorite sport as the young certainly show
Sports are not the only appeal as many older ones find it dear
If they hire someone else to do the shoveling of all that snow
The best snow appeal is watching as new snowflakes appear.

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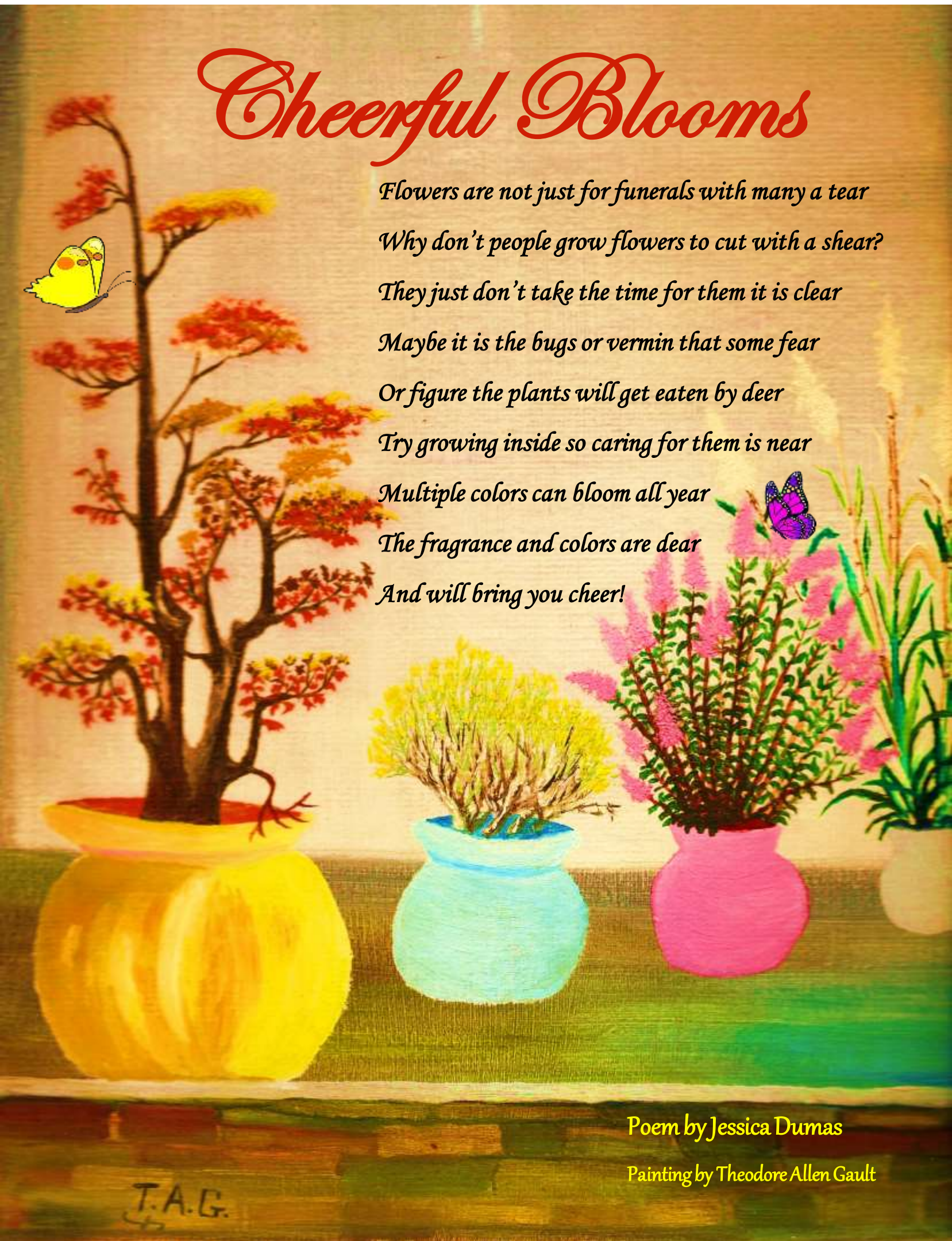
Painting by Theodore Allen Gault



T.A.G.

Cheerful Blooms

*Flowers are not just for funerals with many a tear
Why don't people grow flowers to cut with a shear?
They just don't take the time for them it is clear
Maybe it is the bugs or vermin that some fear
Or figure the plants will get eaten by deer
Try growing inside so caring for them is near
Multiple colors can bloom all year
The fragrance and colors are dear
And will bring you cheer!*



Poem by Jessica Dumas

Painting by Theodore Allen Gault

T.A.G.

LINCOLN CITY

In Oregon, named for Abe Lincoln, President of United States
It's a Pacific beach town on 101, southwest of Portland 87 miles
Fishing on the pier is great if it's not raining dogs and big cats
Watching the seals waiting on the salmon sure bring smiles
The rain average of 98 inches per year is good for flowers
84% average humidity is sticky needing too many showers
Most residents are retired so it could be painful with arthritis
If thinking of moving to Lincoln City, it is not all beach bliss.

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Painting by Theodore Allen Gault



DEVIL'S KETTLE

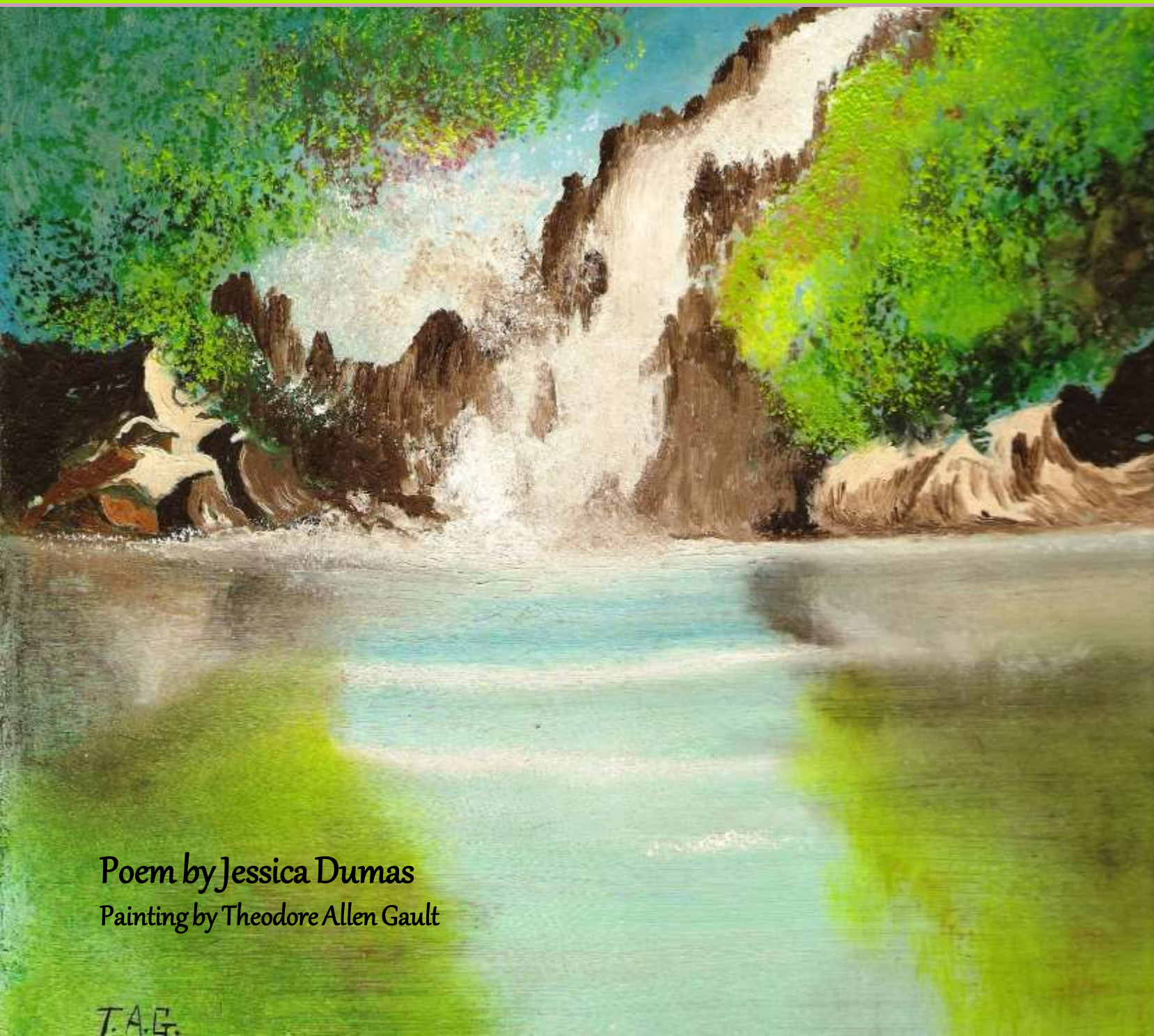
Devil's Kettle Waterfall is in Northern Minnesota near Grand Marais

It looks like this painting and if you get close you can feel its spray

If you love waterfalls, this one is not crowded as many are, so they say

On the Brule River, it splits with one side flowing downstream all day

The other disappears in a hole known as Devil's Kettle and there it stays.



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Painting by Theodore Allen Gault

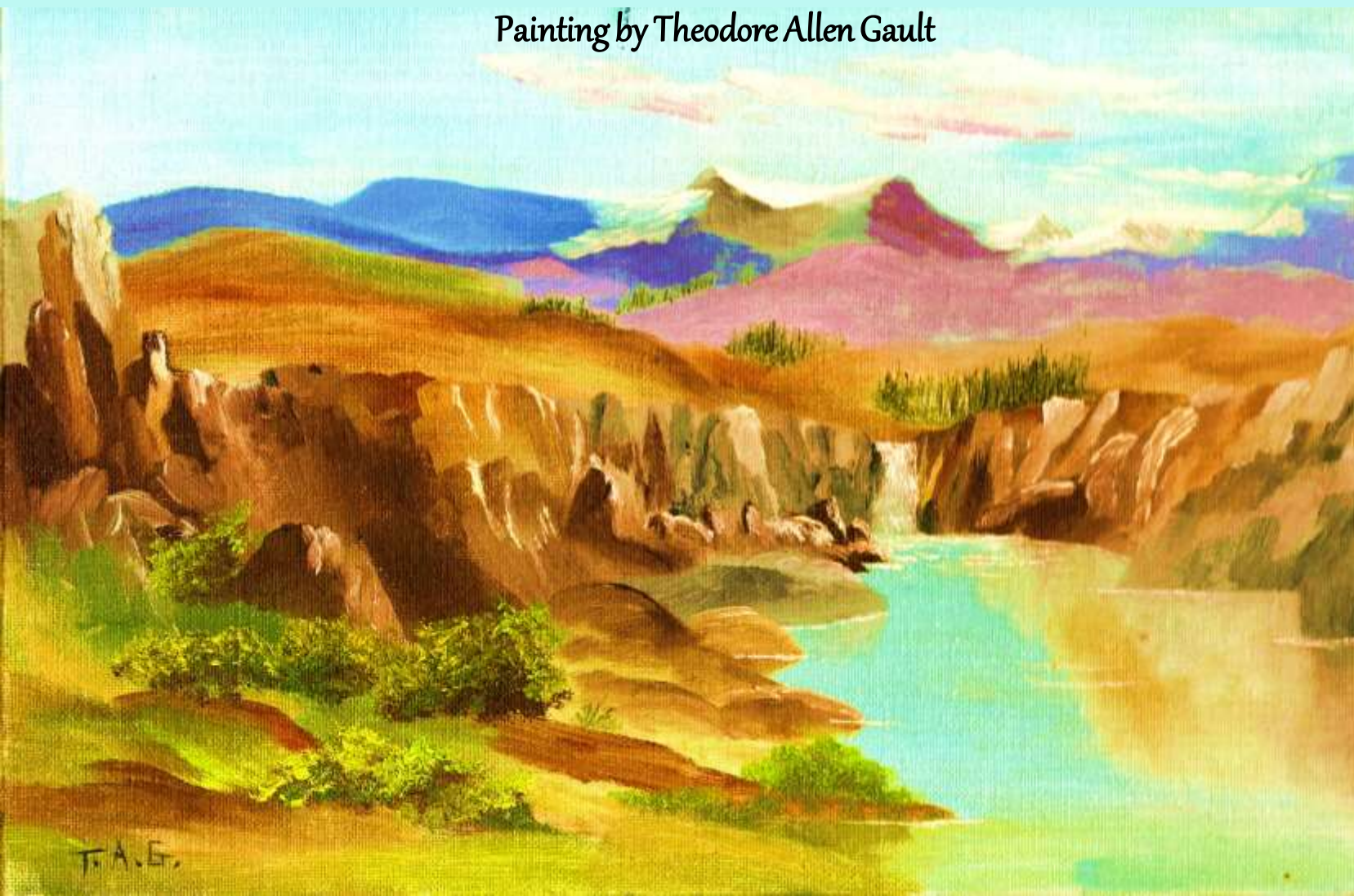
T.A.G.

Blue Mountains

**The Blue Mountains of NE Oregon are a site to seek
Sacajewea at almost 10,000 feet is the highest peak
With several others over 9,000 in Butte of Rock Creek
As part of the Columbia River Plateau many falls meet
With some of the oldest rock formations in the West
A railroad passes from Portland to Idaho going East
Where you see elk and deer near Kamela's summit crest.**

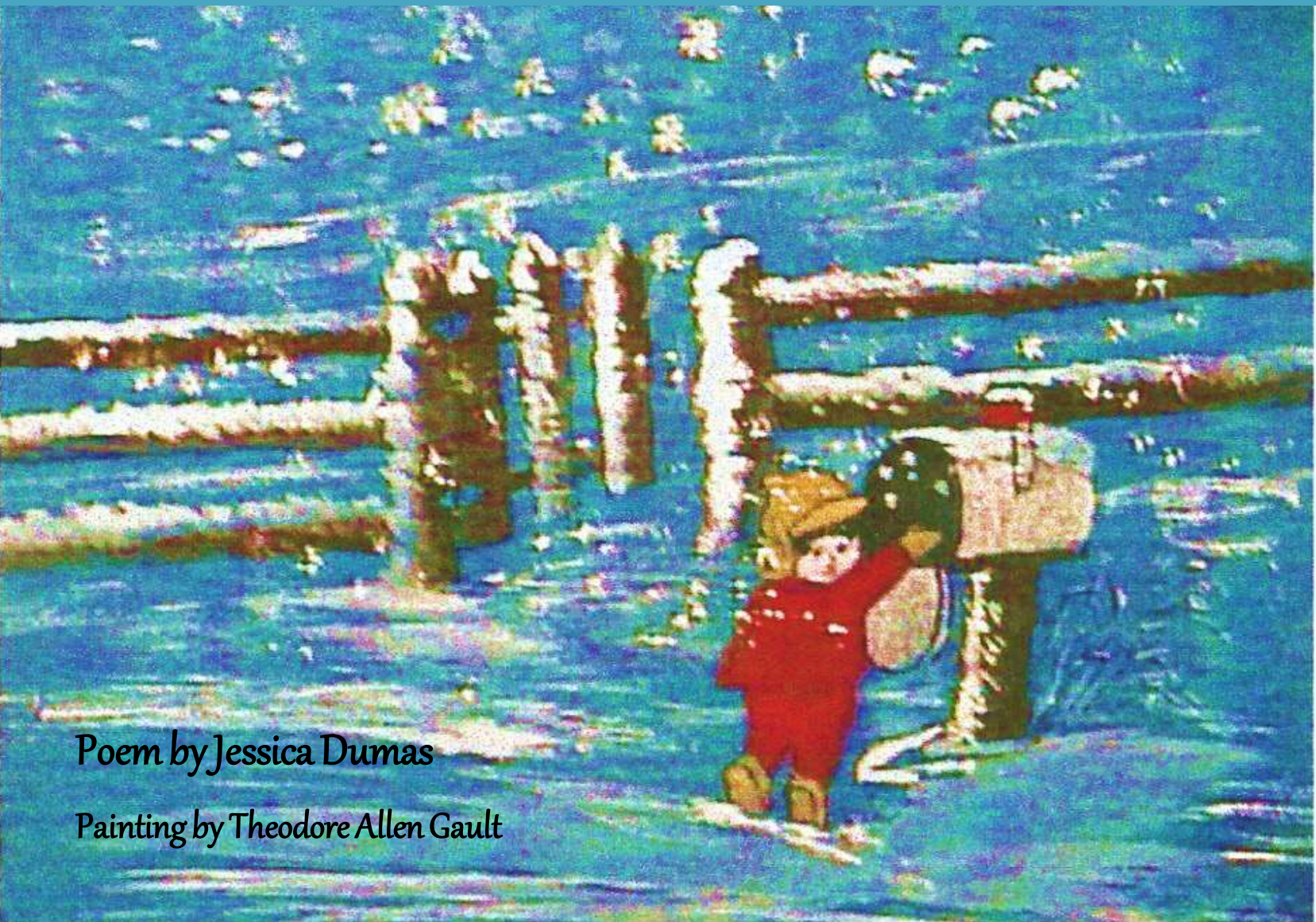
Poem by Jessica Dumas

Painting by Theodore Allen Gault



MAILBOXES

There used to be letter writing etiquette,
but with email, sending letters has quit.
Maybe an occasional card to a grandchild.
We used to get so many they had to be filed.
But people do not even send a card on holidays.
Did you ever have a pen pal in a love letter craze?
As a kid, did you do a mailbox frozen tongue test?
Sticking your tongue on a mailbox would stress
how much nerve you had to your friends,
but your tongue would hurt to no ends!



Poem by Jessica Dumas

Painting by Theodore Allen Gault

SHADES OF GREEN

Nature is full of green colors even though some say green is just green.

There are so many shades of green in nature such as bright green,

Shamrock, apple, avocado, moss, forest, fern green,

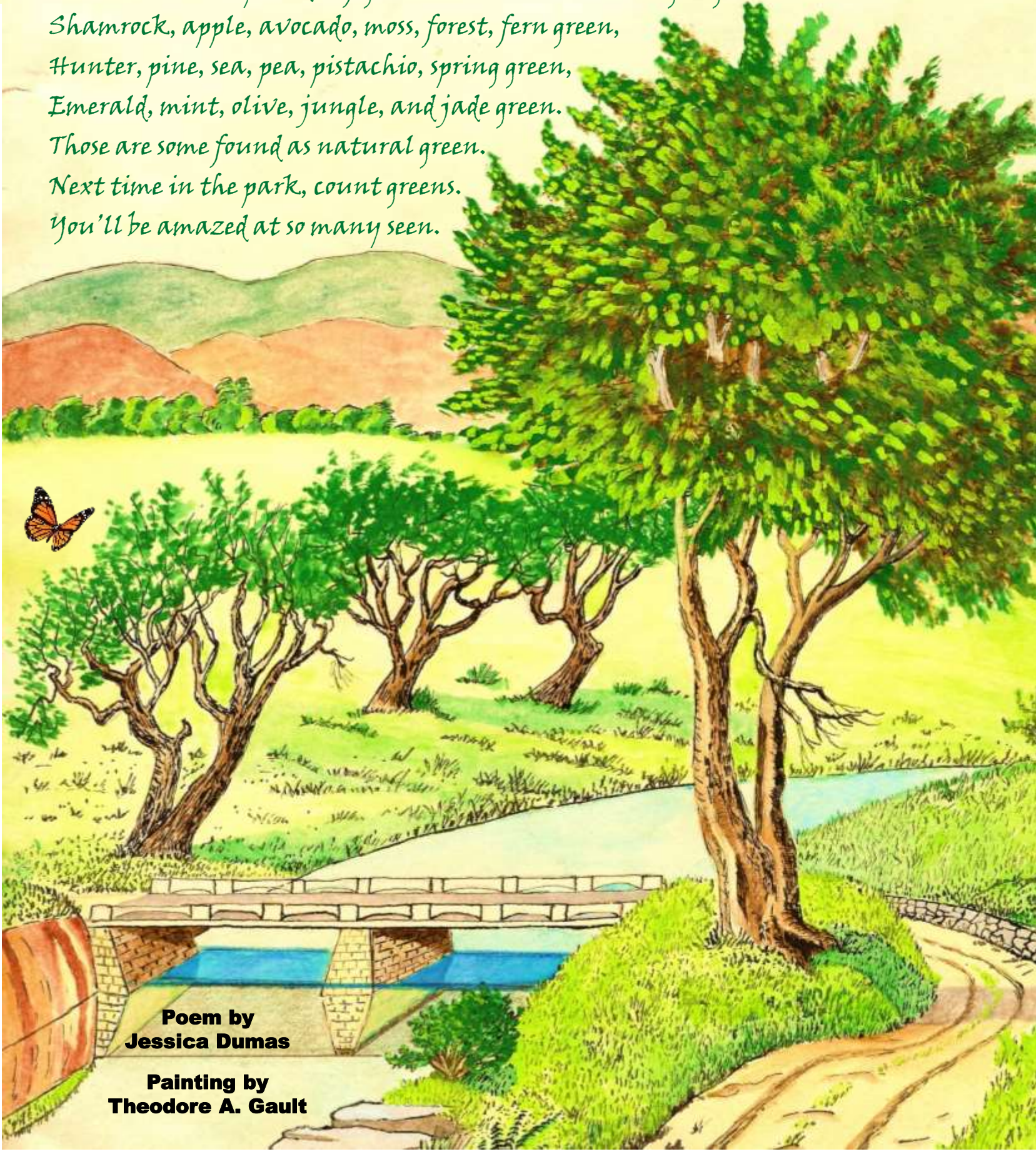
Hunter, pine, sea, pea, pistachio, spring green,

Emerald, mint, olive, jungle, and jade green.

Those are some found as natural green.

Next time in the park, count greens.

You'll be amazed at so many seen.



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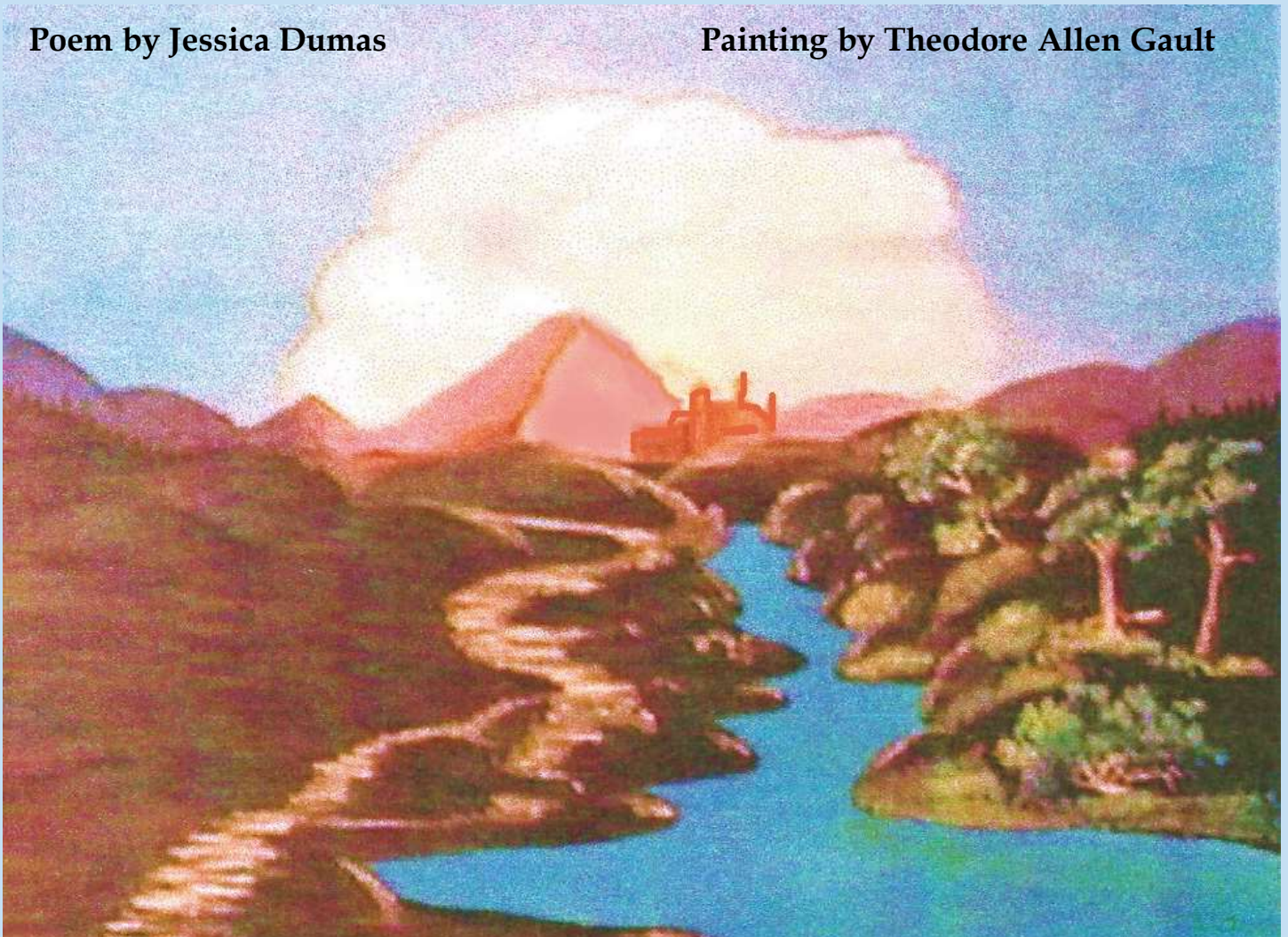
Painting by
Theodore A. Gault

Winding Brick Road

It may not be the Yellow Brick Road, but it winds up to a place that may be as strange
Looking like a castle next to a pyramid could mean it is a wonderland for fantasy
Or perhaps its where Frankenstein is working on making more monsters of derange
What if it's a bunch of serial killers taking hostages to torture and never set free?
Maybe it's for those not happy with their gender and go there for a secret sex change
It would be great if it's a giant fashion design firm inviting us for a shopping spree
But it may be a secret group of spies practicing special weapons on a shooting range
Maybe mad scientists like those who made COVID-19 are now making COVID-20
I could go on and on, but my wild imagination may mean I need a brain exchange.

Poem by Jessica Dumas

Painting by Theodore Allen Gault



Serenity Mountain

The background of the page is a painting of a mountain landscape. In the foreground, there is a grassy bank with a gnarled, weathered tree trunk leaning over a river. The river flows towards a mountain in the background. The mountain has patches of snow or light-colored rock. The sky is dark and moody. The overall style is impressionistic with visible brushstrokes.

**We need to keep our sanity
By getting away from society
So we're not headed to calamity
Getting away will give us amenity
As we put together our own identify
And relax on the mountain of serenity.**

Poem by Jessica Dumas

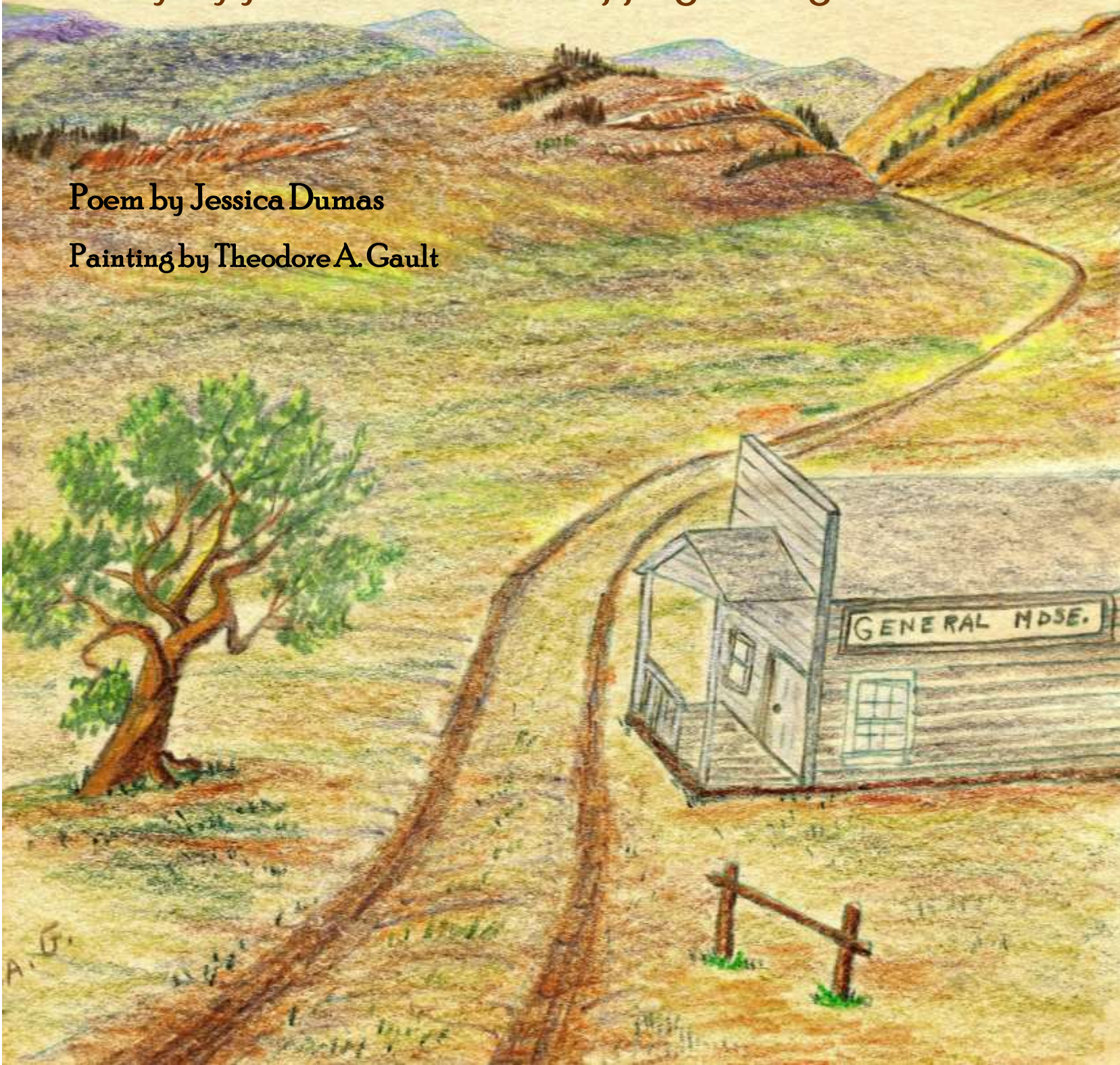
Painting by Theodore Allen Gault

GHOST TOWN

Out in the middle of nowhere there is a town of no one
It once was where the stagecoach stopped for anyone
People left when the highway was put in for everyone
The General store has shelves with no food for not even one
They say you still hear horses stopping the stage for someone.

Poem by Jessica Dumas

Painting by Theodore A. Gault

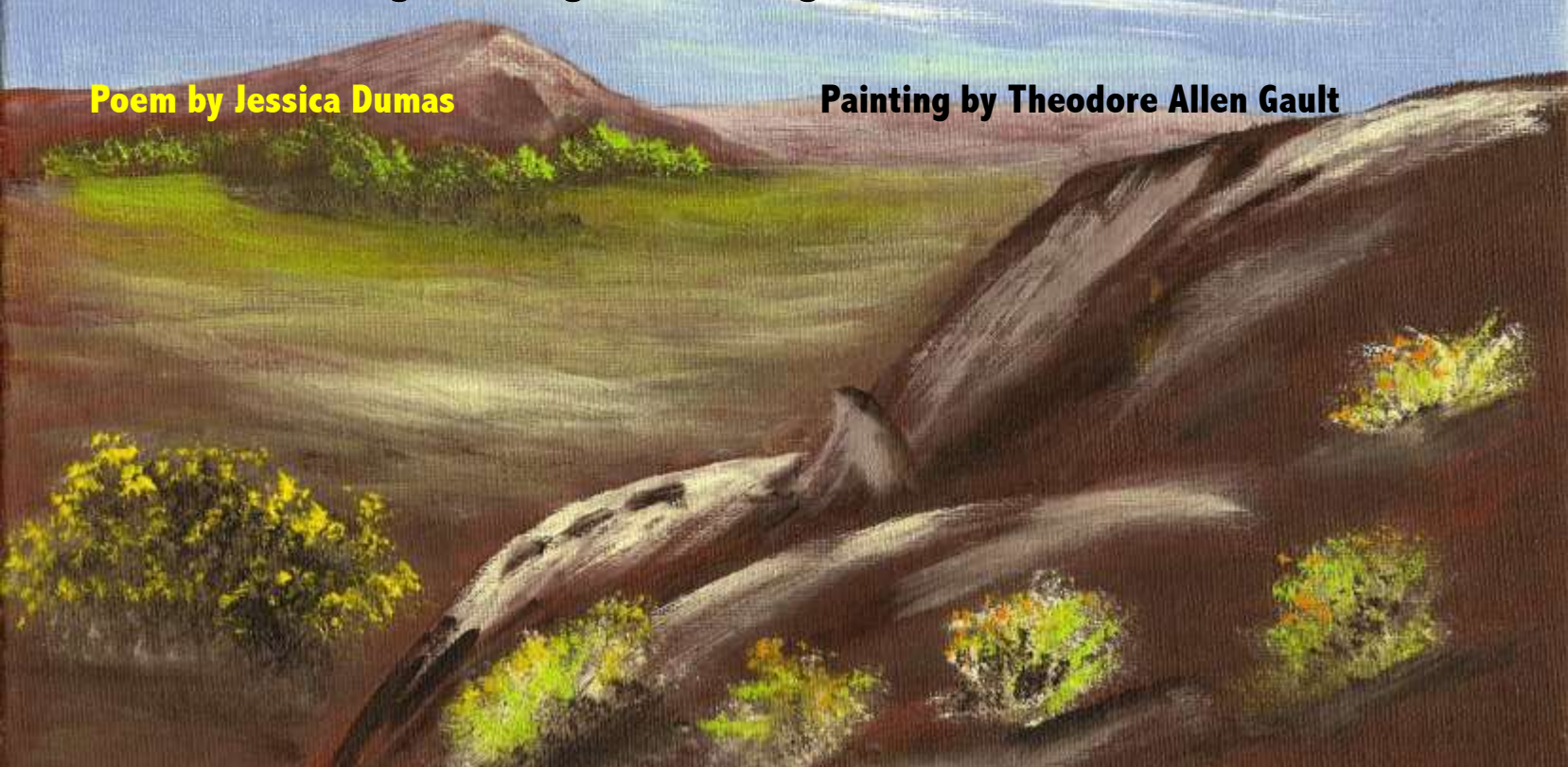


Rolling Hills

Rolling, rolling, rolling down a river sounds like Tina Turner's Proud Mary
Those were the good ole days, until 2 in the morning we'd dance like crazy
We could do it then as we had a strange condition called young and free
Now we have a different condition called being stubborn and elderly
Which means that we can't make it to the bathroom in time to pee
But we also cannot do a lot of other things like enjoy a conversation
Unless the other person knows we won't remember the discussion
Besides, we also cannot hear what the other person is saying anyway
Oh yeah, this was to be about rolling hills, but there goes the memory
Retrieving a memory is like pulling teeth without Novocain...not for me!
Then there is how you all at once laugh, cough, or sneeze, and wee-wee
Yup, you know you're getting old when everything is either dry or leaks
Another way to know is every joint hurts so instead of walking you creep
Feeling old as the hills and stiff as rocks in this picture is no way to live
But there is one good thing about old age—it sure beats the alternative!

Poem by Jessica Dumas

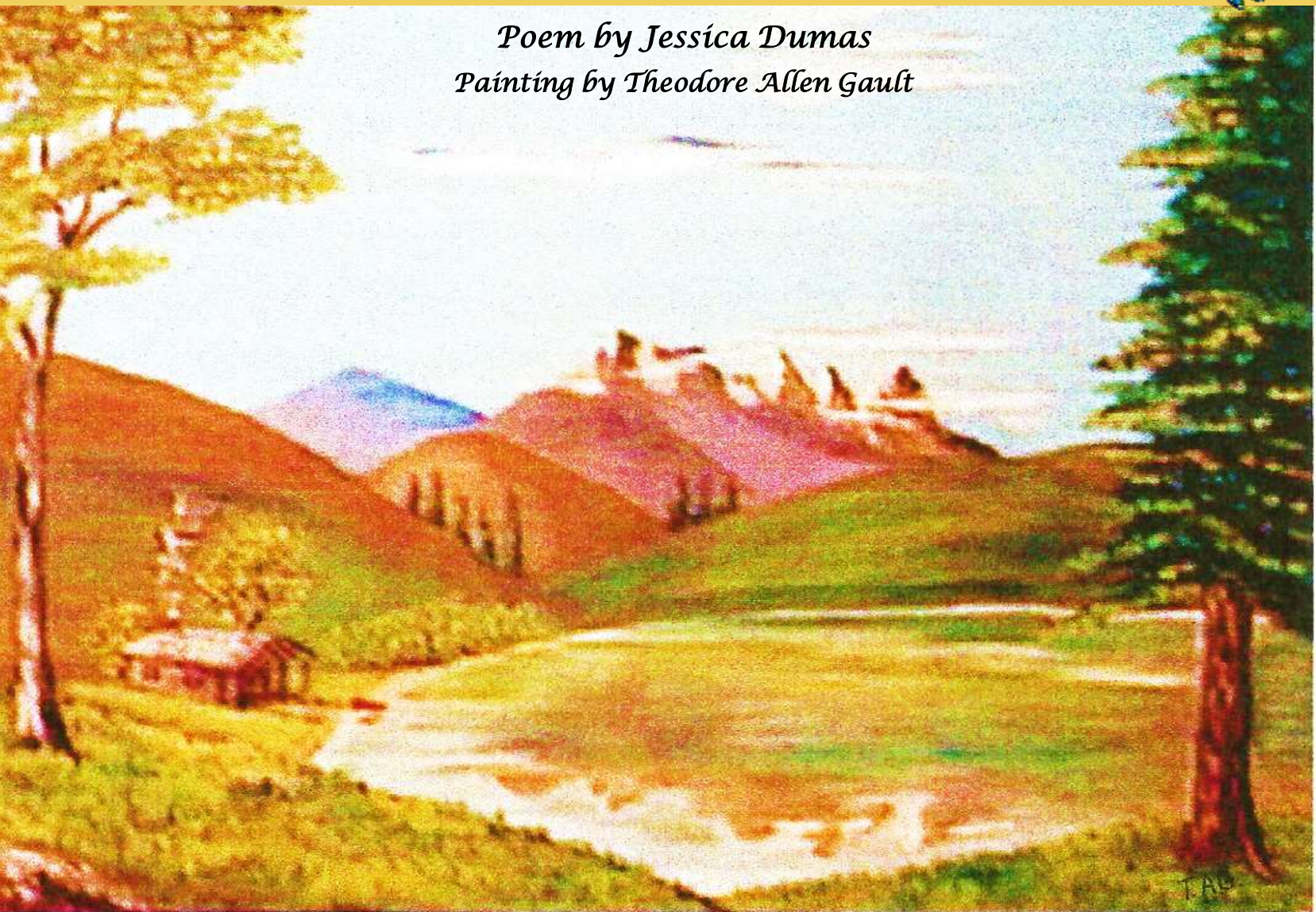
Painting by Theodore Allen Gault



Country Cabin

*Everyone should have a country cabin they can go to unwind
There's something about the air and scenery that puts you at ease
Your body has been craving to get away from the every-day grind
You should not take all your electronics except a phone just in case
Forget work worries as it will still be there & it's OK if you get behind
Take a walk every day and get some badly needed sun with Vitamin Ds
Enjoy the peace and quiet of a country cabin and to yourself be kind.*

*Poem by Jessica Dumas
Painting by Theodore Allen Gault*



W E T W O R L D

Some of the ugliest creations are those that live under the sea in a deep wet world
Humans do not belong there as our body would shrivel up and we'd get eaten by fish
If you go diving in the deep be sure to watch out for squid and octopus when uncurled
Creatures that live at the very bottom are so alien they don't seem to be of this world
Some will give you nightmares like the wolffish, rattail, hagfish, and faceless cusk eel
Then there are sharks and a famous fish that has its own emoji called the blobfish
There are ladies who would sell their husband for those sea gems that are pearled
Aquaphobia won't allow me in deep water, but you go if you like that deep wet world
The closest to fish for me to get is having a salmon dinner or maybe a tank of goldfish.

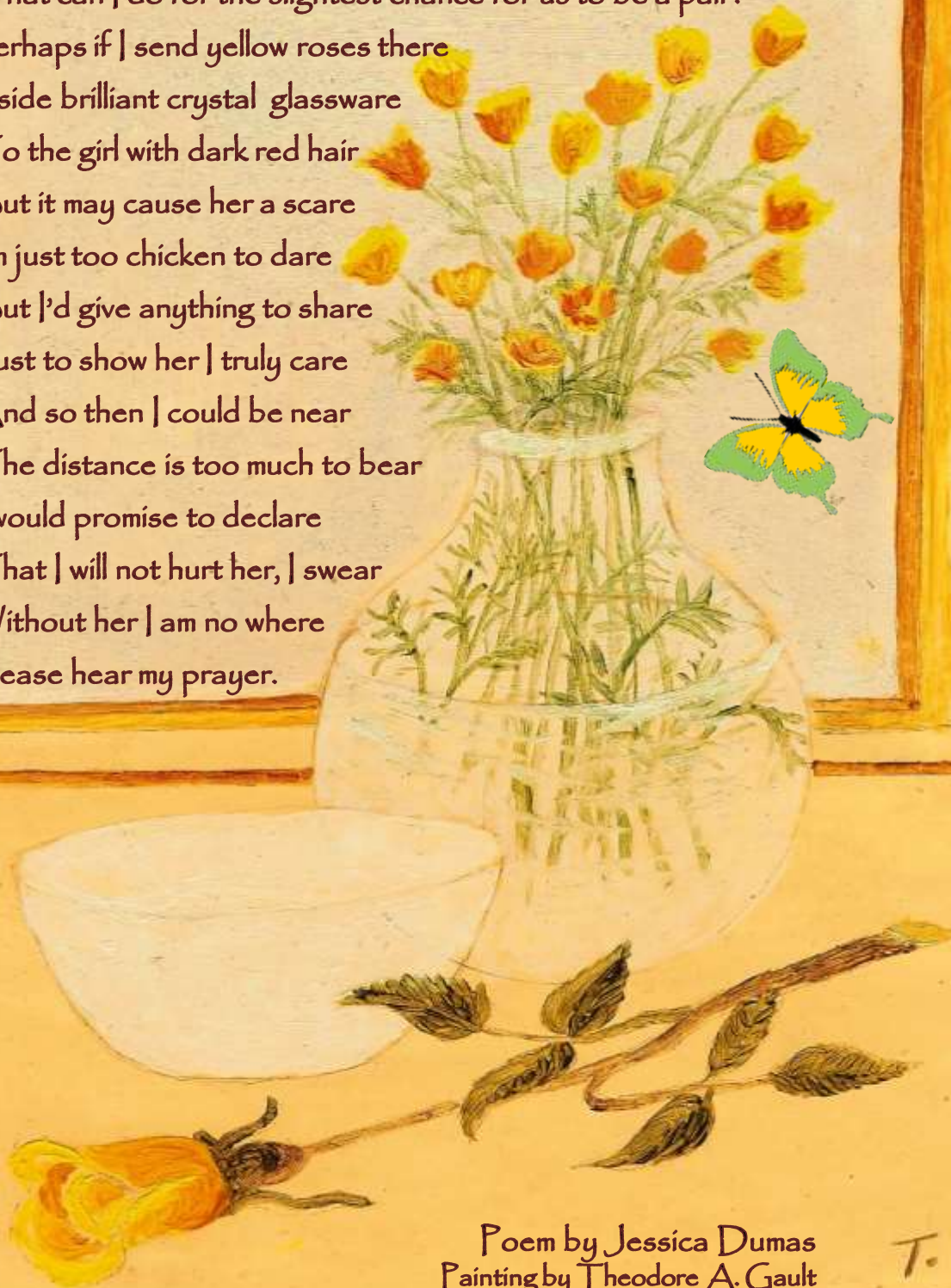
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Painting by Theodore Allen Gault



Yellow Roses

A green and gold butterfly sparkles on her lovely neck so fair
Behind her glamour shades are piercing green eyes that stare
As she sips her honey iced tea while sitting in an elegant chair
Never have I known such a woman who could ever compare
What can I do for the slightest chance for us to be a pair?
Perhaps if I send yellow roses there
Inside brilliant crystal glassware
To the girl with dark red hair
But it may cause her a scare
I'm just too chicken to dare
But I'd give anything to share
Just to show her I truly care
And so then I could be near
The distance is too much to bear
I would promise to declare
That I will not hurt her, I swear
Without her I am no where
Please hear my prayer.



Poem by Jessica Dumas
Painting by Theodore A. Gault

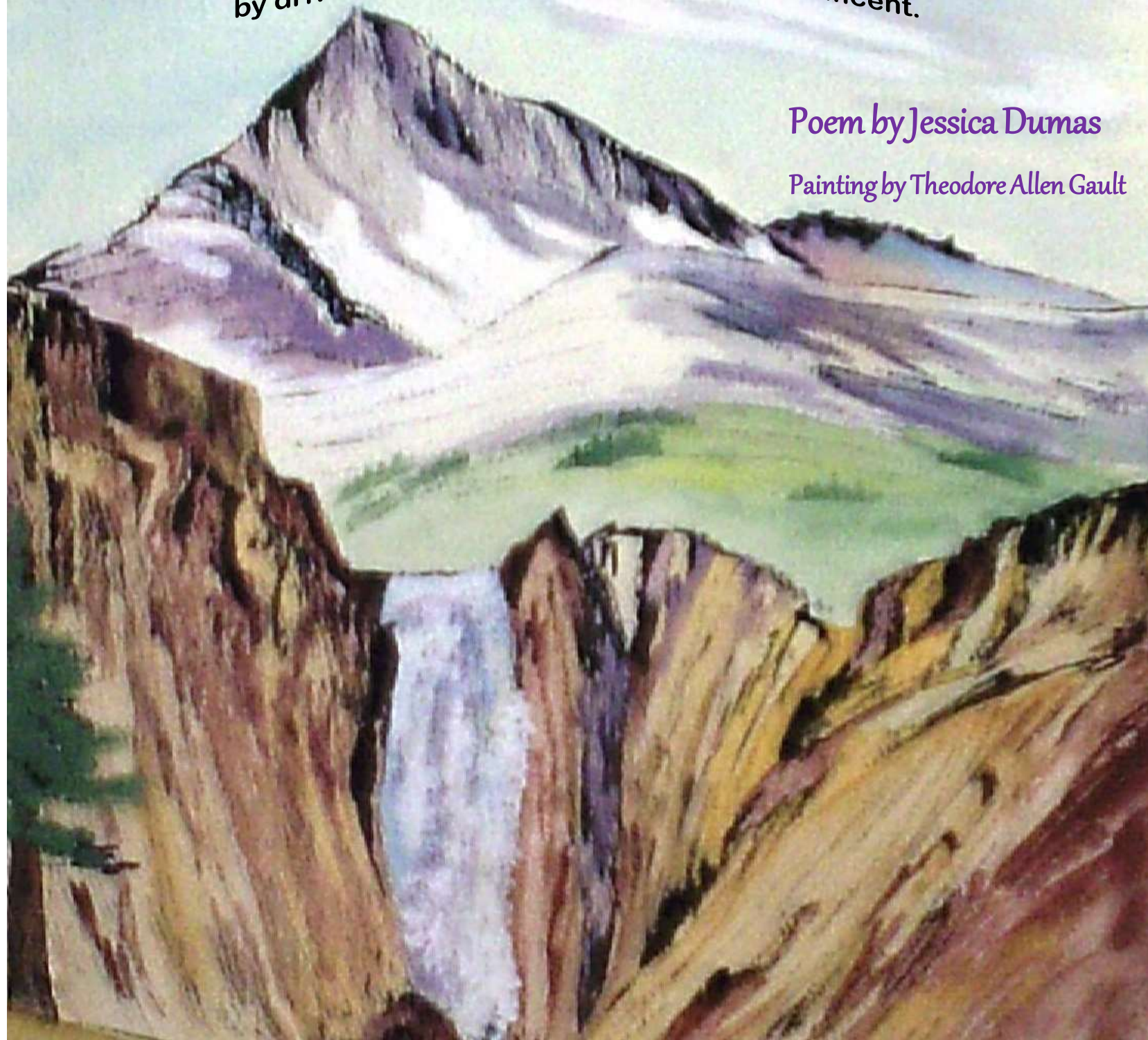
T.A.G.

Magnificent Mountains

What is it about mountains that make them so magnificent?
One thing is their size that can be thousands of feet above us.
Their beauty also makes our eyes take notice of how pleasant.
Besides oceans, they're the largest natural wonder for us to discuss.
That must be why so many want to be brave and set out to ascend.
Mount Everest is only the 10th deadliest and has a total of 300 bodies.
Nepal's Annapurna is the deadliest with 32 percent that don't ever descend.
Which means climbing a mountain is done only
by driving with a window view of the magnificent.

Poem by Jessica Dumas

Painting by Theodore Allen Gault

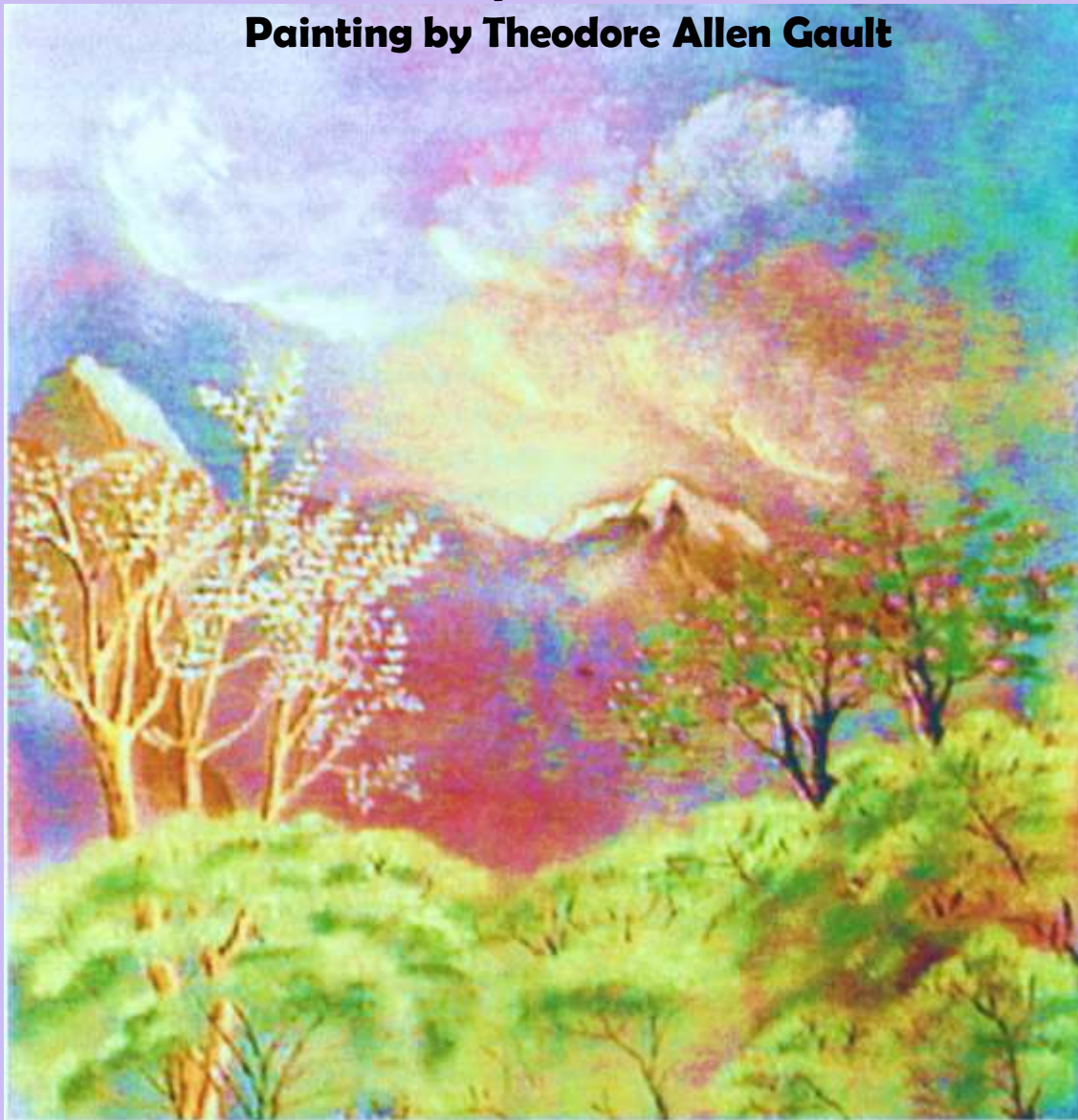


Springtime

**Many are the plants sprouting from the April rain and May dew
Blossoms of Spring are springing forth in every color and hue
Bright are the butterfly milkweed and blanket flowers to name a few
Fragrance of the Queen Ann's lace reminds you of carrots in a stew
Mountain drafts blow up pollen into clouds for a breathless atchew
The various scents are awesome if only they didn't make me blue
Living on allergy meds is little help and only gives a feeling like the flu
Enjoying the sight of Spring flowers helps me manage to get through
For the Springtime brings the delight of everything beginning anew!**

Poem by Jessica Dumas

Painting by Theodore Allen Gault



Beneficial Birch

The birch tree is deciduous, so it has leaves and loses them after turning yellow, gold, or orange in the Fall.

With 60 species they grow anywhere it gets cool or cold with sun and moist soil growing from 40 to 80 feet tall.

They are famous for their bark that comes in white, grey, yellow, silver, or black and living up to 200 years in all.

You can tell their age as older ones have deep ridges like our wrinkles and young ones are smooth as a doll.

20% of hay fever comes from birch releasing its pollen.

It makes great firewood as it burns dry or wet very well.

Native Americans strip it for homes, canoes, and bowls.

Or drain sap to make syrup for pancakes and waffles.

Poem by Jessica Dumas

Painting by Theodore A. Gault

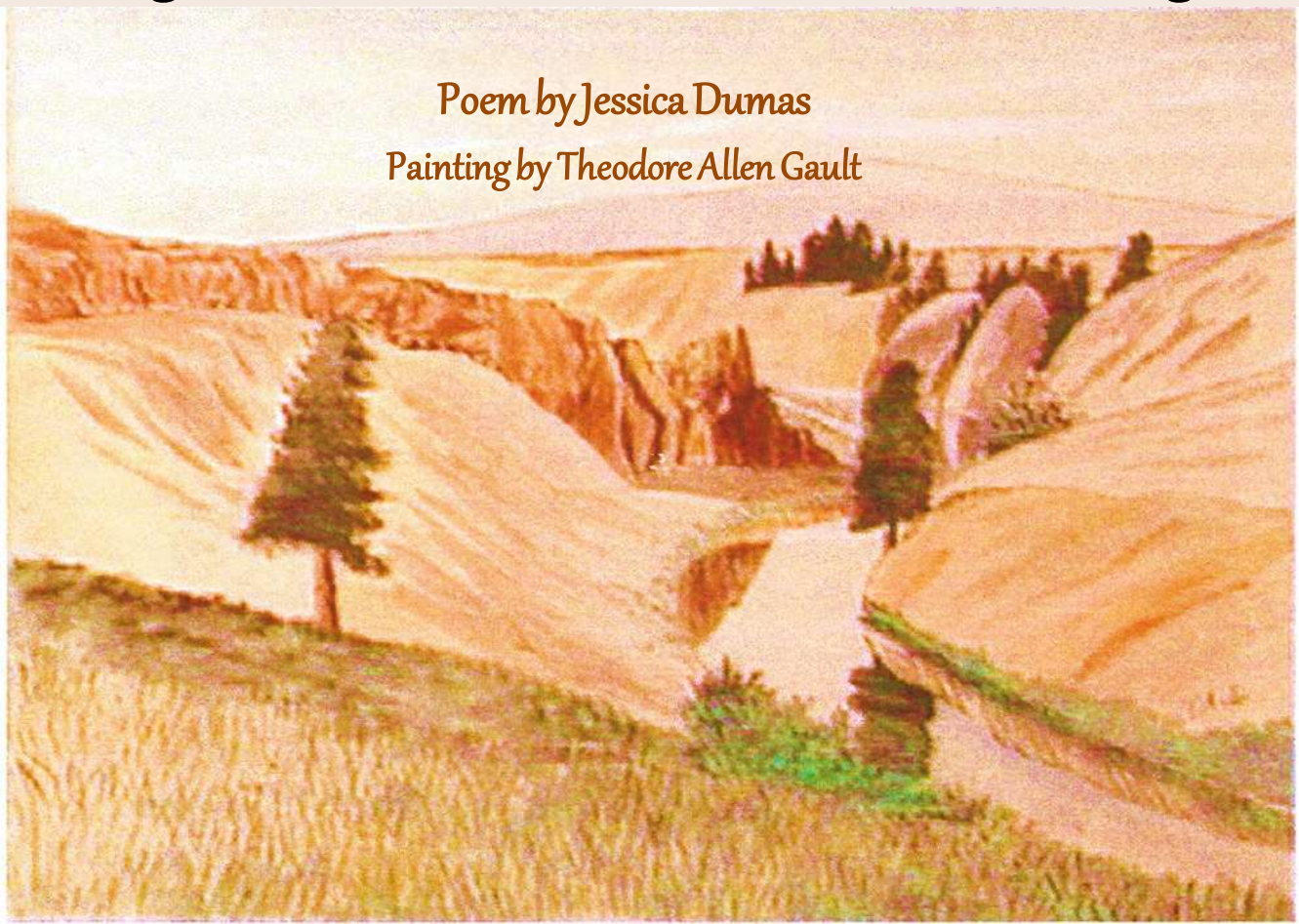
T.A.G.

ARIZONA GOLD

Wandering the Arizona hills are streams with gold
But seeking a fortune will take until you're old
Tiny gold pieces are in many an Arizona stream
But do not be fooled as it is not like it may seem
It'll take many hours to examine and pan stone
You may be too far from a signal for a phone
Great if you're blessed with lots of time to spare
Secrecy is necessary or you may need to share
Take your time sifting through many a pebble
If you enjoy camping it won't be so much trouble
Stake claims at \$100/mo/claim in Black Canyon City
But if you don't find any gold don't expect any pity
Keep searching land & streams as you just may find
enough to leave the madness of the Phoenix grind.

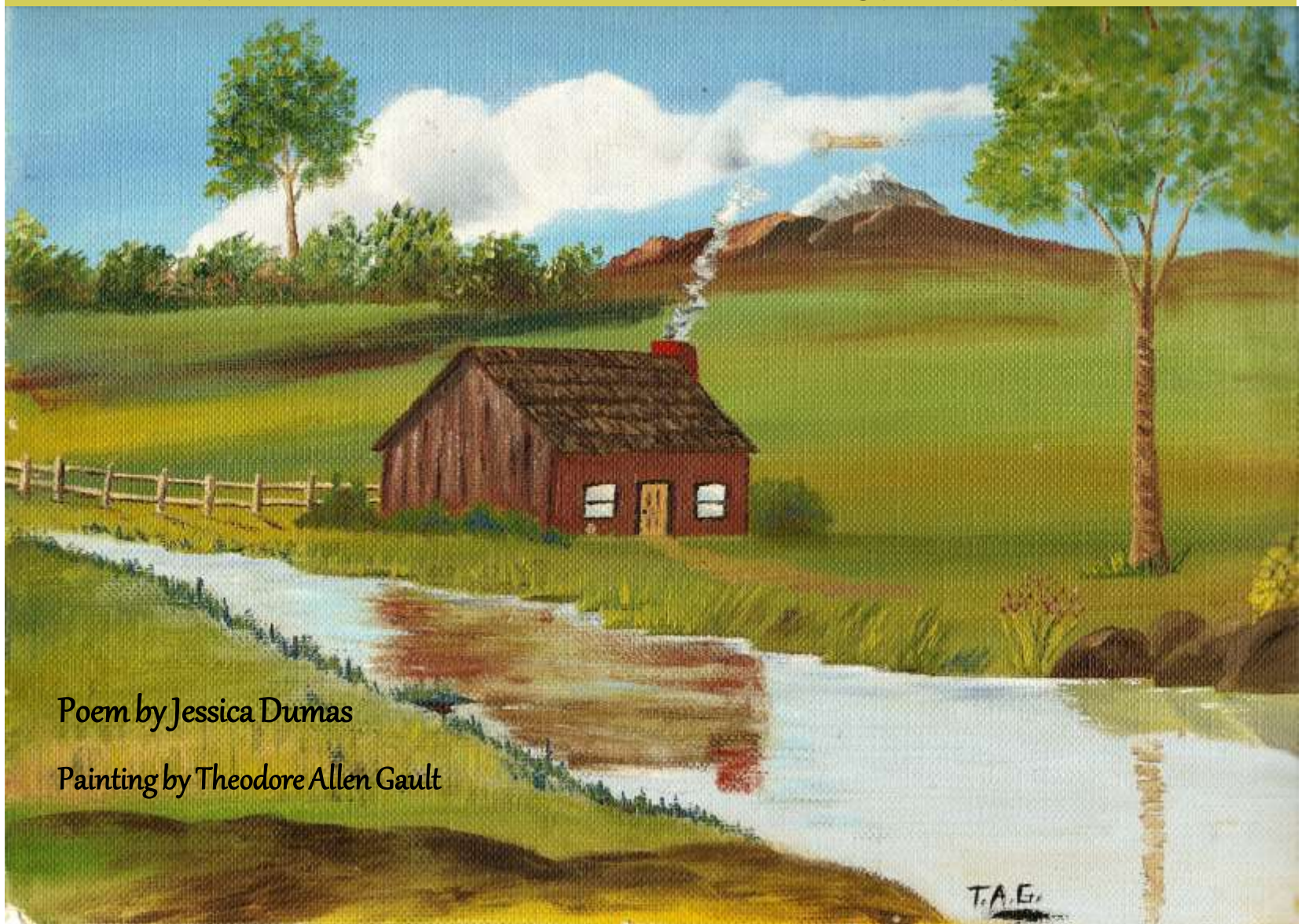
Poem by Jessica Dumas

Painting by Theodore Allen Gault



Reflections of Home

Why is it they say you can never go home?
Perhaps just because it will never be the same
Keeping the reflections of home can be a comfort
Whenever you're feeling down just pull them out
Savored reflections will be kept in your memory
They will stay a long time and not be temporary
Even dementia patients have some home reflections
If not, help them and you will receive gifts of affections.



Poem by Jessica Dumas

Painting by Theodore Allen Gault



WARM SNOWFLAKES



I awaken with my forehead on my laptop keyboard

The screen is so bright at two o'clock in the morning



I groan as pain pierces through my body like a sword

I tell myself the cries of agony are not a death warning



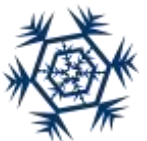
But my fear will not dissipate if my cries go unheard

So with closed eyes I envision beautiful snowflakes swirling



Each one different and fragile just like us in this cold world

As I call on Him, I feel the warmth of His spirit encircling



As He wraps me in His love, I relax as my cries are calmed



Trusting in Him for strength, and knowing He's listening



My Refuge brings warm snowflakes that make me fortified.

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Painting by Theodore Allen Gault

T.A.G.

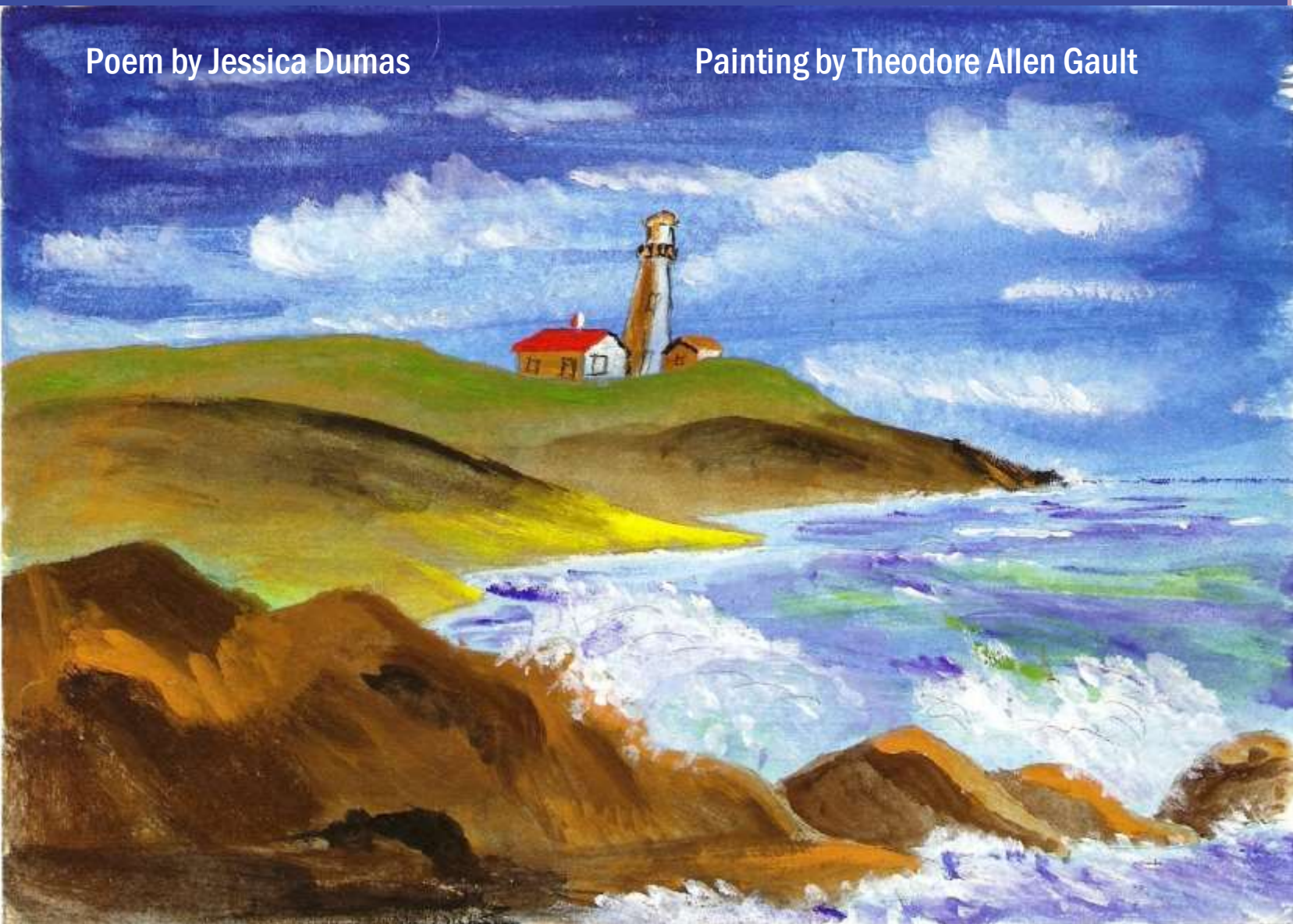
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Secure Horizons

Many of our water-filled horizons have been made secure
By lighthouses looking for invaders who aren't too pure
Most lighthouses have times you can visit and take a tour
Split Rock in Lake County of North Minnesota is one for sure
It overlooks Lake Superior to let ships know when to detour
The huge light is called a lamp and has many a lens mirror
You'll never see another like it as its splendor is an allure
Many are closing, so how will we keep our horizons secure?

Poem by Jessica Dumas

Painting by Theodore Allen Gault



Waterfall in the Fall

**When water falls in Fall
is it a waterfall?**

**Is it a Fall waterfall or
a waterfall in the Fall?**

**What if in the Fall, the
waterfall fails to fall?**

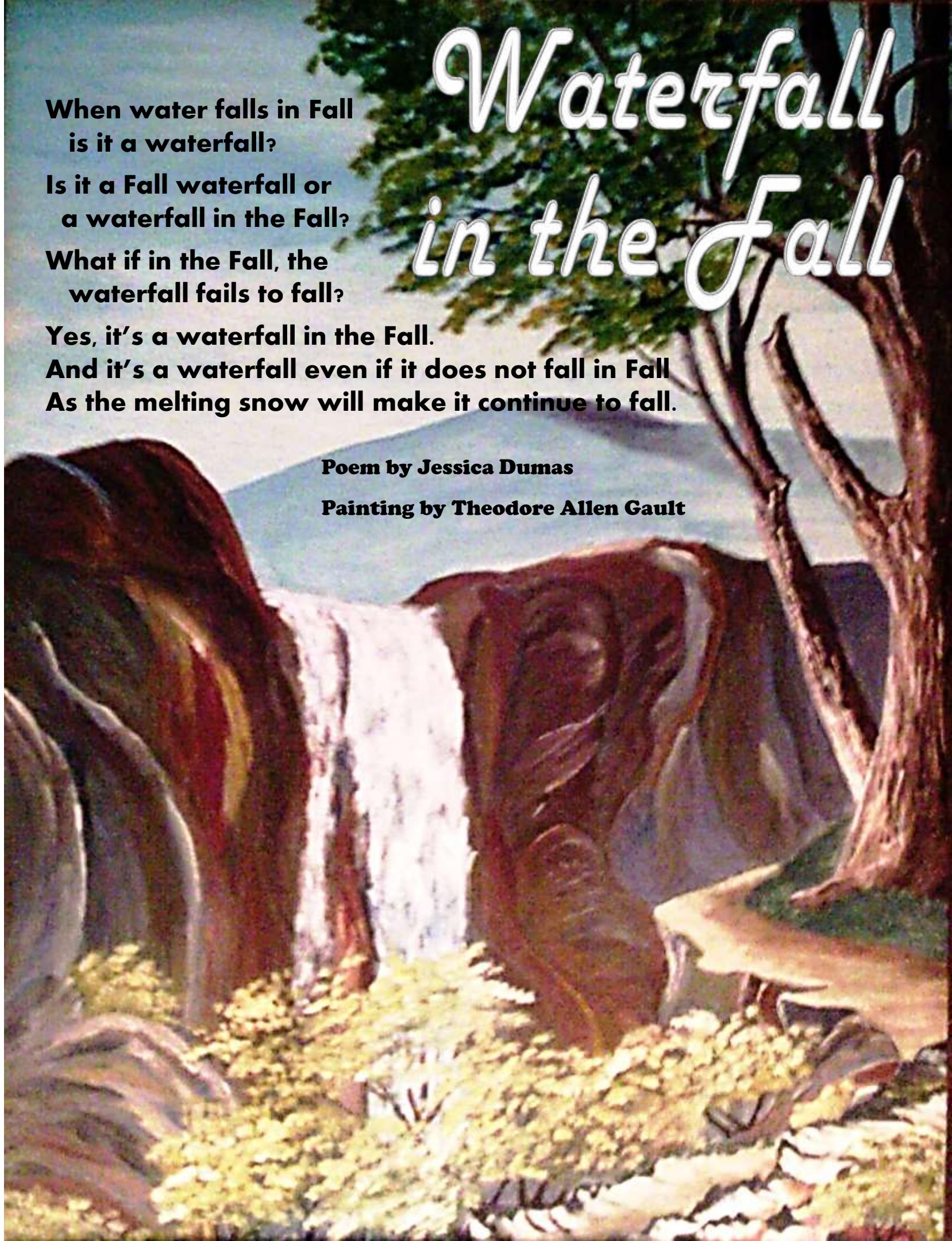
Yes, it's a waterfall in the Fall.

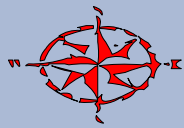
And it's a waterfall even if it does not fall in Fall

As the melting snow will make it continue to fall.

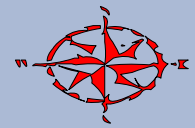
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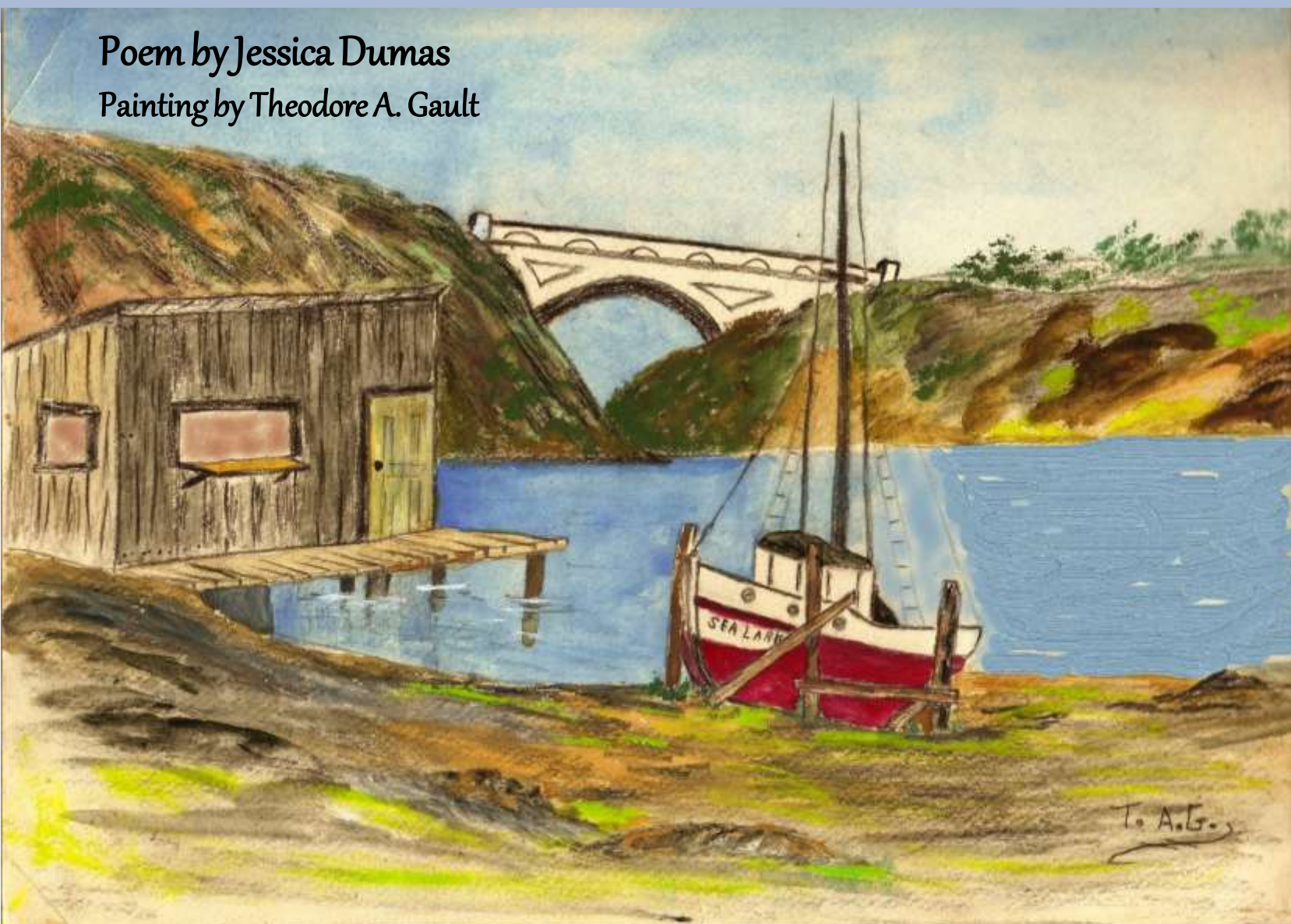
SEA LARK



The Sea Lark sits on shore and waits to be no longer aground
There's nothing like wind in her sails and she misses the sound
Sea Lark's skipper is slowly working on her hull and keel
A storm caused her damage, but skipper says its no big deal
Not much more than a dinghy but she yearns to go windward
She hates to sit and collect dust as it's as bad as being stored
Soon skipper will let her feel the waterline and be underway
Sea Lark wants some nautical miles between her and this bay.

Poem by Jessica Dumas

Painting by Theodore A. Gault

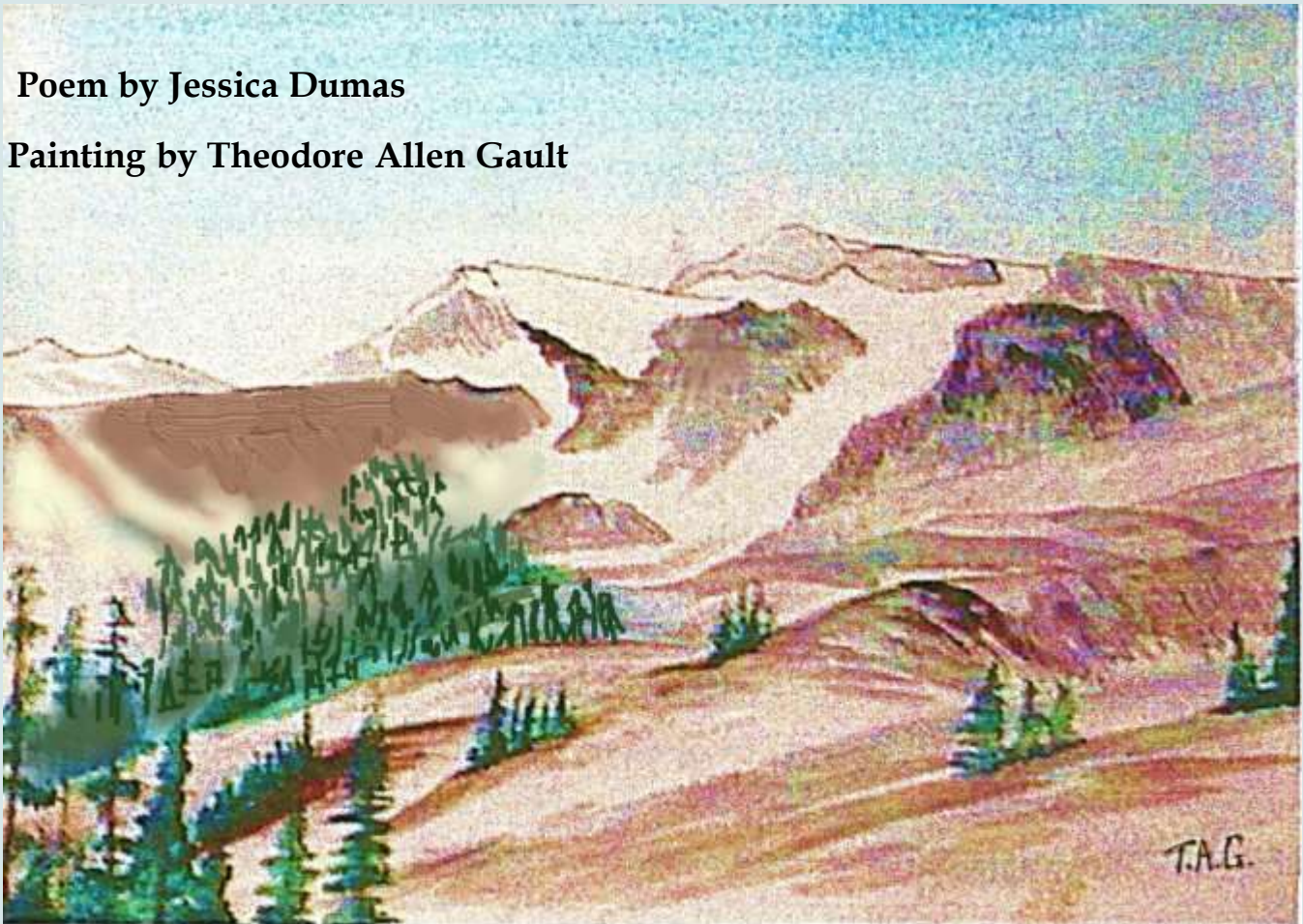


SNOWCAPS

No matter the season there will always be mountains that wear a snow cap
It's not that they need a cap to stay warm as mountains that high need no wrap
You can see them out West and back East, but they may not be on your map
Unless you have a topographical map showing where you can go to get sap
To enjoy them the most take the family and don't forget your ma and pap
Mt. McKinley in Alaska have snowcaps in the summer which is reason to clap
Go to Mt. Rainer of Washington or Mt. Hood of Oregon to put snow in your lap
Never Summer Mountains in Colorado never warms up & gives your face a chap
With the average temperature below freezing for 10 months, stay inside and nap
The mountains named Cirrus, Cumulus, or Stratus after clouds sound like a rap
A hollow cut into a mountain by glaciers is called Snow Lake and has no frap
Millions of years ago made by volcanoes and sculpted by ice but not in a snap
All their beauty was carved by God's hand just for our viewing of the snowcap.

Poem by Jessica Dumas

Painting by Theodore Allen Gault

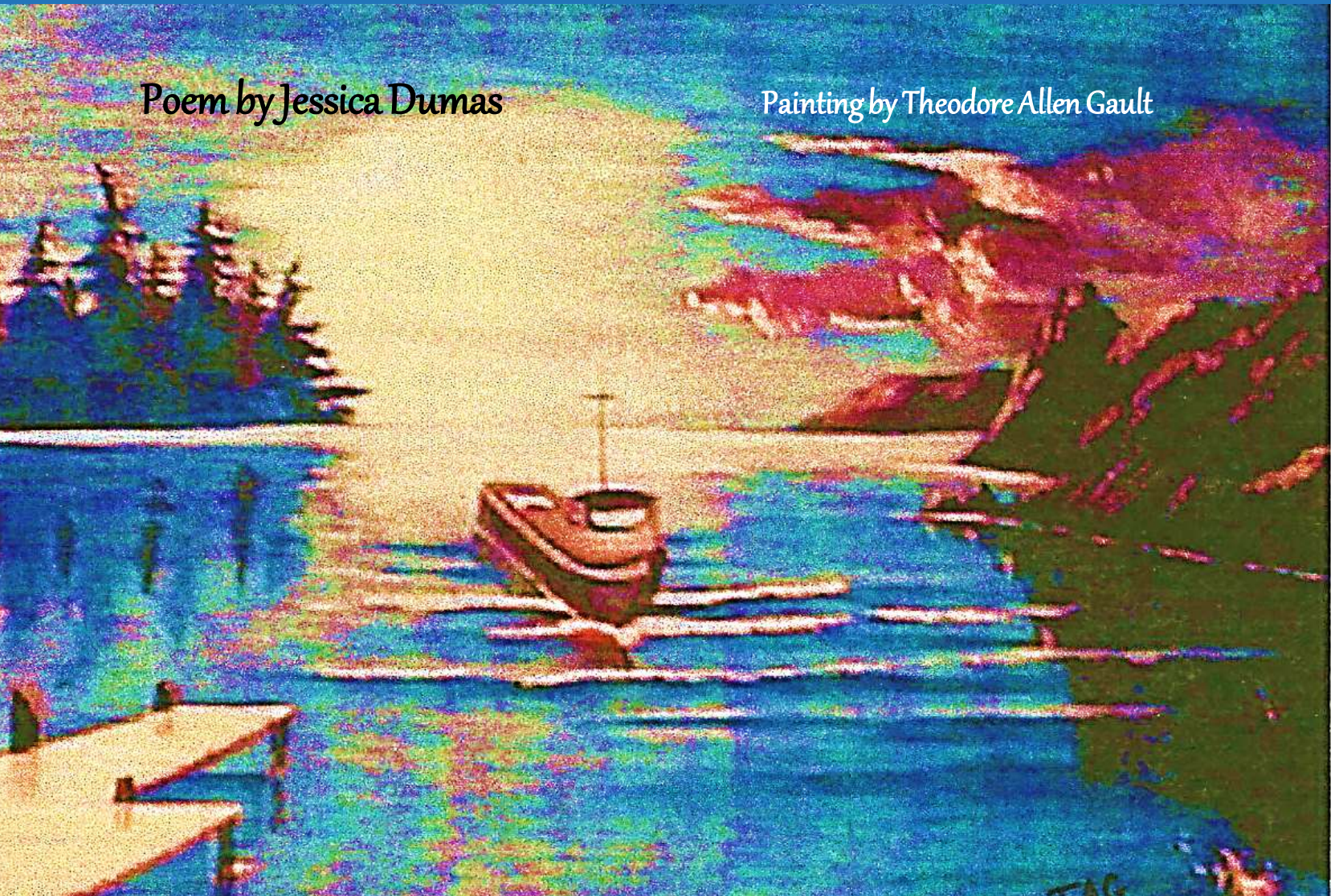


Crystal Bay

As the setting sun touches the bay you can see formations of many a crystal
The light makes sparkles in all colors from a diamond clear to a deep indigo
You must catch it at the right time and the bay waters must be almost still
This type of bay is not off the ocean but on a lake such as Nevada's Lake Tahoe
Where a place called Crystal Bay is on the North Shore and going is such a thrill
Close to the California border with gambling so you can play to win some dough
It's best to go in summer as it's in the 70s with evening air somewhat of a chill
You can spend a weekend and rent a boat to go out to see the Crystal Bay show.

Poem by Jessica Dumas

Painting by Theodore Allen Gault

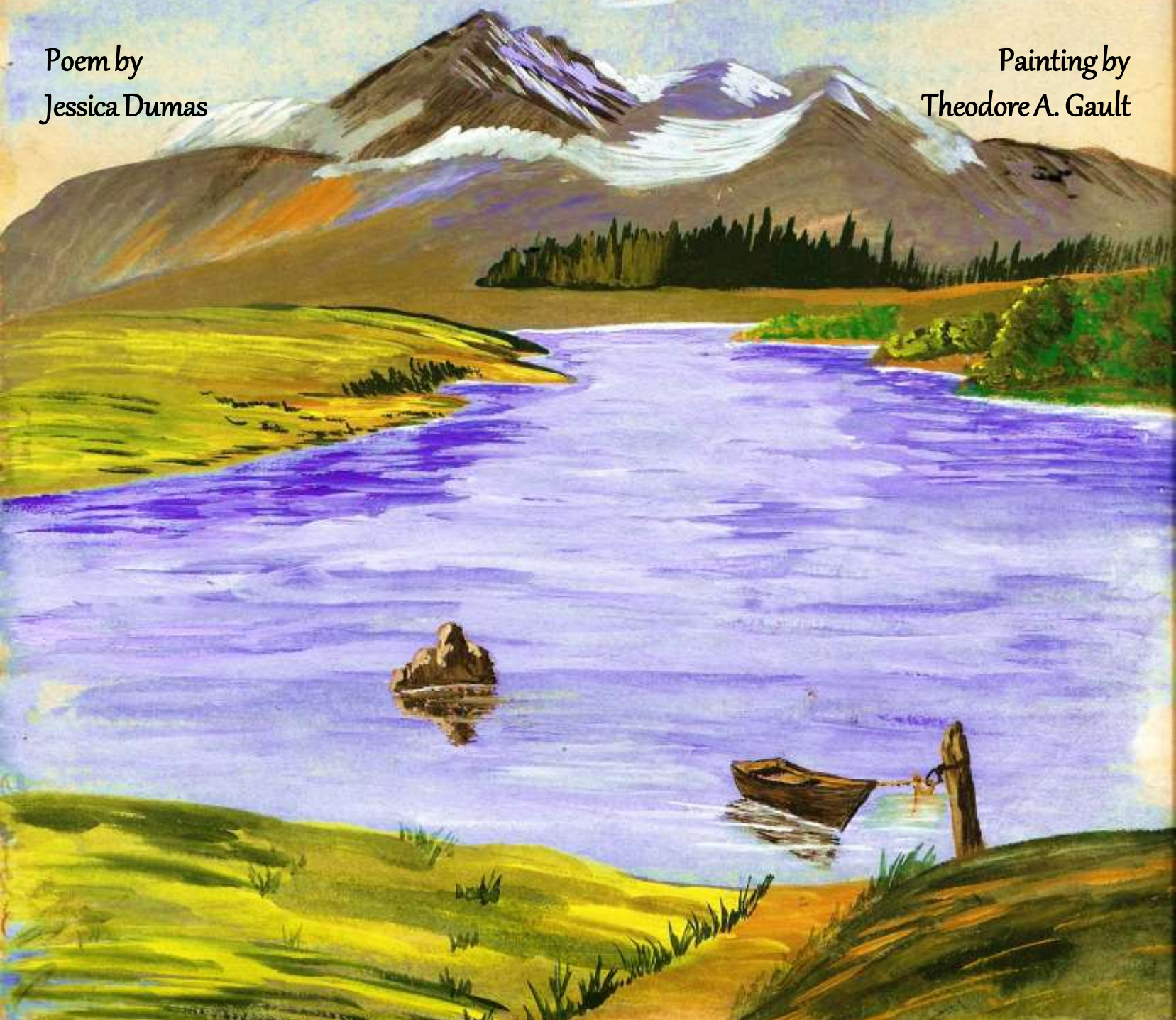


Oregon Camping

This may sound very much like an ad, but it's really a dream. Camping in the Mt. Hood area is a true favorite of our team . Especially at a campground called Mt. Hood Village RV Resort. It has everything from tiny house cabins to big huts called a yurt And they have big RV spaces, tent spaces, and an enclosed pool. It has a café, a bakery, and lots of inside games like chess or pool. Outside you can go rock climbing, play golf, go mountain biking, do bird watching, play miniature golf, boat on the lake, go fishing, do the Alpine Slide or explore over 700 groomed trails for hiking. Open year around, sign in at www.rvonthego.com for reserving.

Poem by
Jessica Dumas

Painting by
Theodore A. Gault



SAILING MATE

Years ago, patiently you did wait
for that someone special to be
a lifetime sailing mate.

Then you found a butterfly lady to talk
to when you went out on your bike.

You began to show you cared and gained
a friend to like.

Even with health problems you wanted
to enjoy a life together.

We agreed to marry and then went to live
in the northern Minnesota weather.

Even through sickness we promised to
give our love and honor.

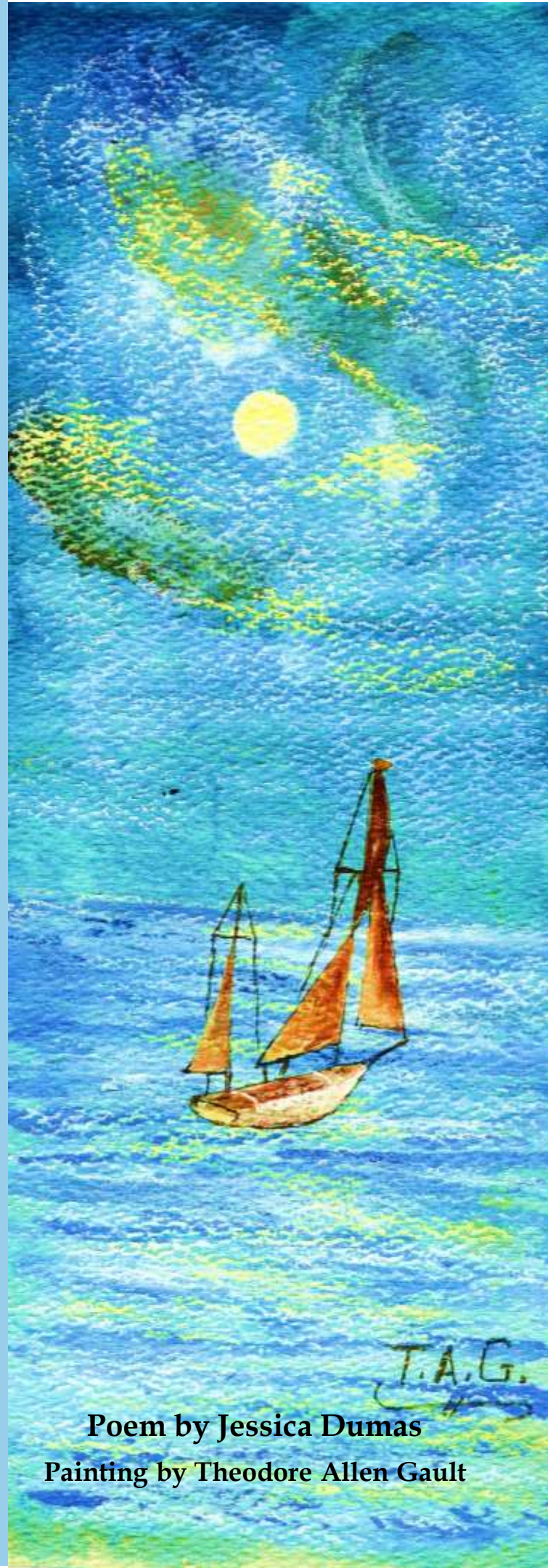
But when I no longer could sail, your
wish to part made things calmer.

My gesture of this gift of a poetry book
is for you so friendship could mend.

You said our parting was a mistake,
and you wanted to be a friend.

Then you ignored me, so I do not know
if I have a friend or a sailing mate.

But now I have no patience to wait, and
I wish to get this straight!



Poem by Jessica Dumas
Painting by Theodore Allen Gault

Over the Hill

This over the hill poem is not speaking of age
It is of the beauty that lies beyond like a stage
Whenever coming to a hill, use your imagination
Think of good things to imagine for your satisfaction
Imagine you see a world turned into a paradise
Where no one gets upset, fights or has a vice
Where you can play with a furry bear or tiger
Where you eat all foods without watching fiber
Where there's no pain or old age and you can run
Where everyone loves God and all under the sun
This is not the product of imagination...it is a promise
From God who's going to bring wickedness to demise.

~Revelation 21:3-4

Poem by Jessica Dumas

Painting by Theodore A. Gault

MOON BREAKERS

After the radiant sunset puts the ocean to sleep for the night
In come the dark breaker waves with bouncing white caps
Watched by the man in the moon who's sometimes out of sight
The rocks on shore stand still as the crashing waves do laps
Then the winds blow clouds away for glimpses of moonlight
And the moon breakers jump up high in an applause of claps.

Poem by Jessica Dumas
Painting by Theodore Allen Gault



Among Daisies

Among daisies of grassy meadows sprinkled with fragrant parts of clouds,
I stare into blue skies and wonder what makes them so blue and what
makes me so blue, only to turn the pages of time.

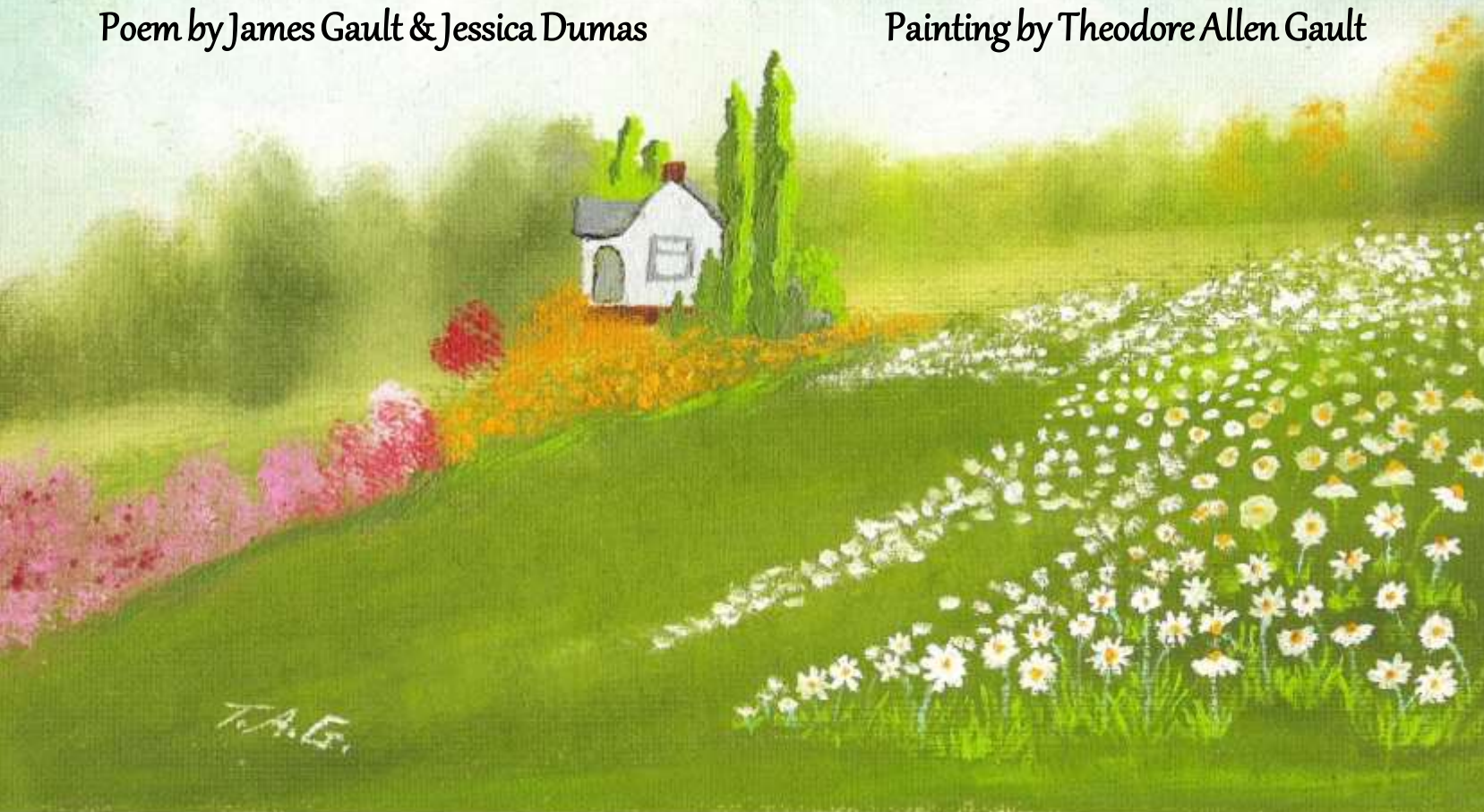
Maybe it was too many rainy days or too many gloomy nights with little or
no moon and no sleep that brought me to these green meadows that
stretch out their beauty without a struggle to be sublime.

The meadow was cool and moist when the dawn stretched over it, but the
sun has revitalized the grass and opened the daisies. I watch as the noon
sun forces the shadows to pull away and disappear beneath the oak trees.

Turning pages of time, I slumber as I dream of you. Then the sunset glare
wakens me as hunger reminds me of my forgotten lunch and I reflect on a
glorious day among daisies.

Poem by James Gault & Jessica Dumas

Painting by Theodore Allen Gault



Sea and Sand Days

**Along the sea are miles of sand leading to tall cliffs with shoreline houses
Their owners go peering through glass walls watching us beach wanderers
On a day with time being told by an orange setting sun and returning tides
There is a swoosh of depleted waves leaving behind worn driftwood that dries**

**The rumble of the wind is high over head and the speckled sea mist is weightless
Drifting tides and sailing winds push waves over and over in continuous closeness
The third wave is the one that will get you, but the second one is not of slowness
Leaping toes and rushing feet jump over gritty sand but not yet wanting to leave
As colors fade with the pink sunset, we crowd into a seaside motel for a reprieve
Hearing ocean waves hit the shore cause tired bodies to drift off to sleep with ease
From rear windows, the night recedes in fog, hiding twisted trees and past ways
From weekends ago of a whimsical time remembering our sea and sand days.**

Poem by James Gault & Jessica Dumas

Painting by Theodore Allen Gault

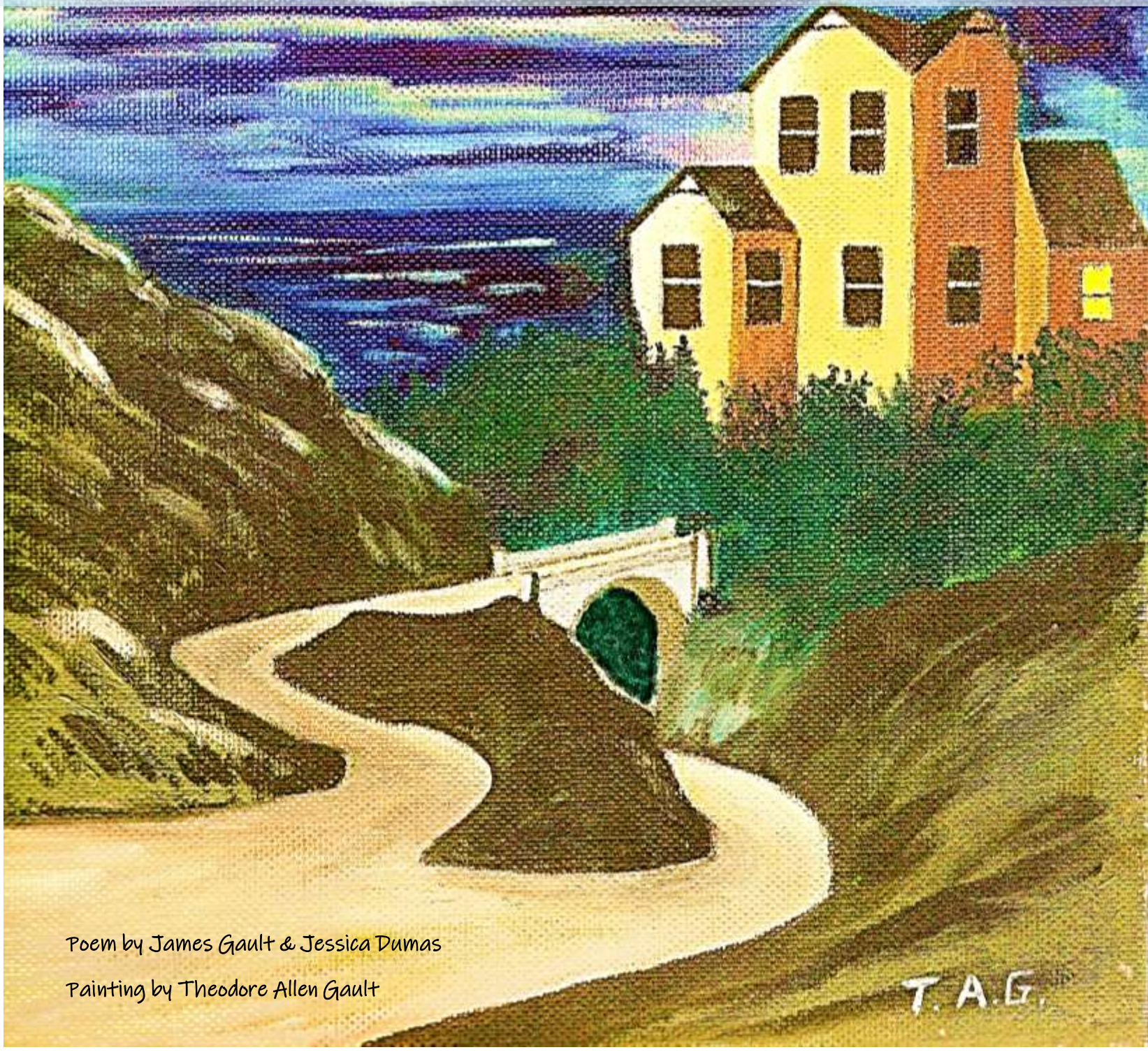
BEACH HOME

These are rainy beach days with a blonde riding between
the raindrops with the top down in her new Mercedes.

The rambling waters with rippling glare glide along houses and exceeds
lawns as whimpering willows scream in the stormy summer breezes.

The places that shed seasonal rains are the home to late season sneezes
where you hear swishing cars on slick wet pavements curling through trees
passing by gabled attics with derby pegs of beach homes that everyone sees.

The blonde who is now gray still has a beach house that is home, but she believes
that though homes have their place in houses, houses are places with keys
where willows whimper until you are home again to do as you please.



Poem by James Gault & Jessica Dumas

Painting by Theodore Allen Gault

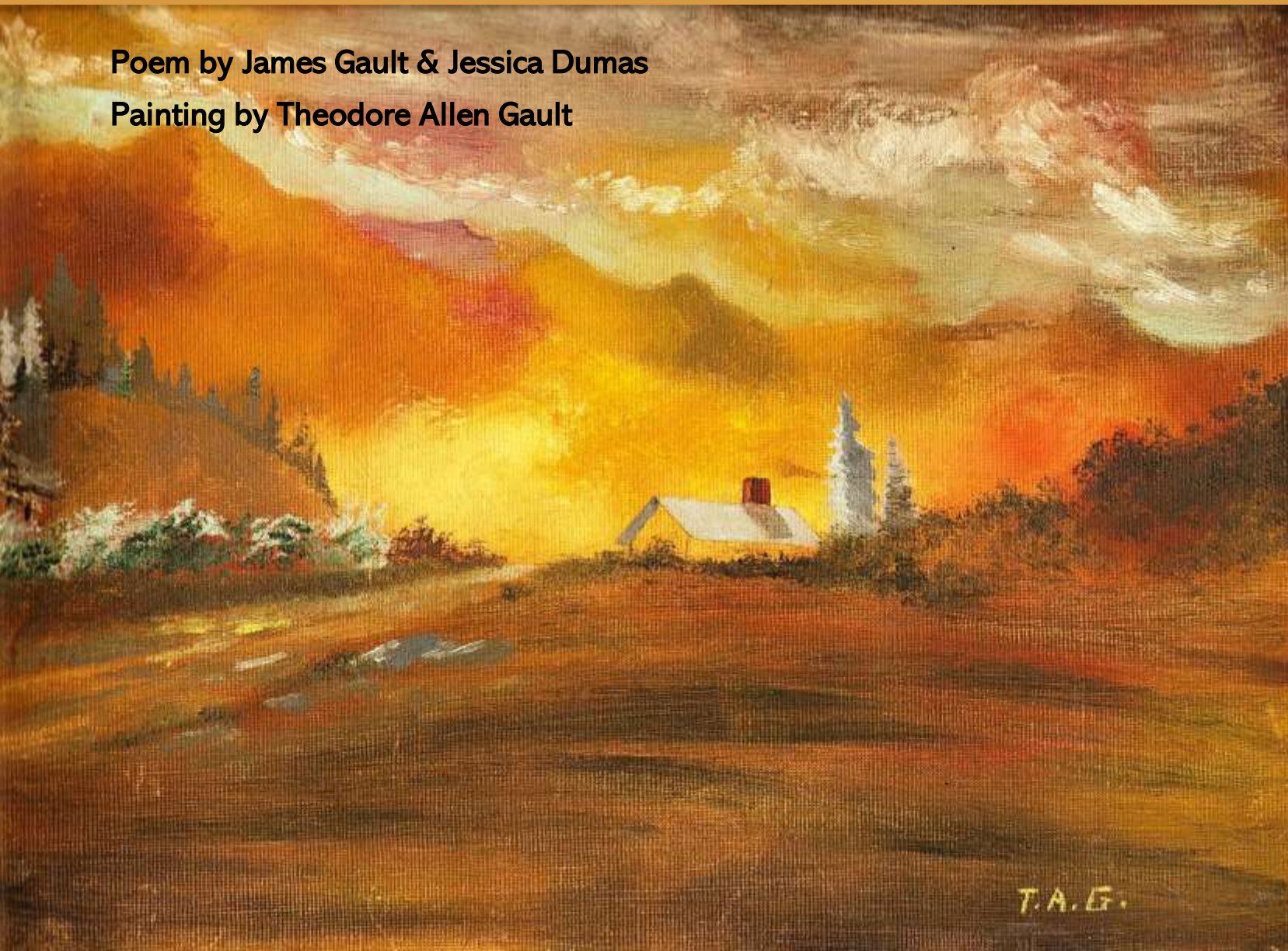
T.A.G.

Summer's Eve

Tinted orange sunsets are at dusk of long hot summer days that have not yet fled
This tired day was one that makes the world seem to fade from inside my head
Maybe it's the loneliness of these long-tired days that wears me down and in bed
Or it's remnants of trying to escape by running through an overgrown corn field
Tripping and crashing to lie under tall yellowed stalks that cover me like a shield
It's the painful reoccurring asthma attacks that cause me to ponder so extremely
The fear of not being able to take another breath is smothering and I want to flee
Oh how enjoyable it would be to lie in the grass on a sunny day with a soft breeze
Instead, it will be a suffocating day inside bringing an endless night without sleep
But this has long been known to a night owl like me on countless a summer's eve.

Poem by James Gault & Jessica Dumas

Painting by Theodore Allen Gault



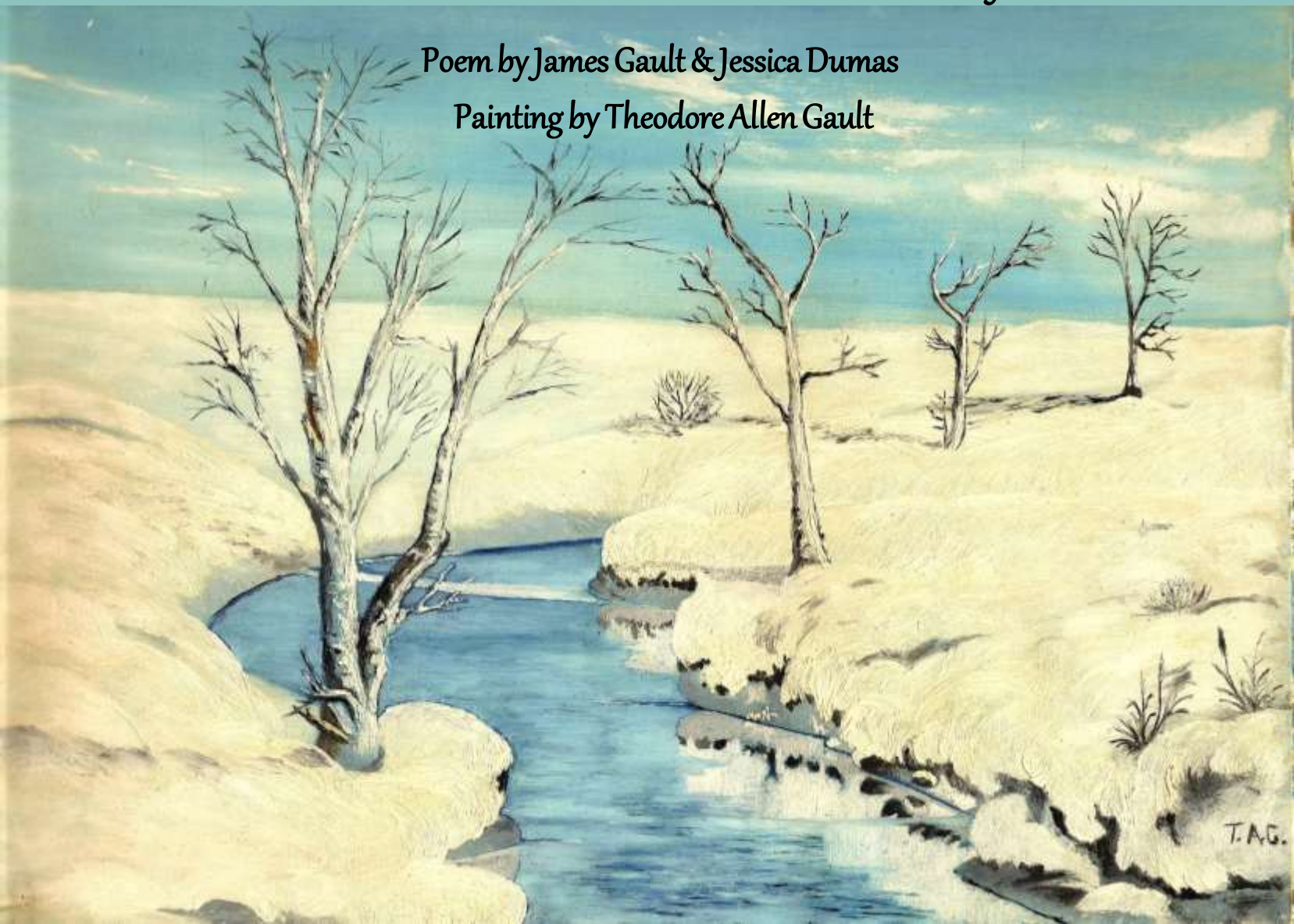
T.A.G.

WINTER OF WONDER

Stubby grass of dry fields makes the summer look lifeless and worn
The summer's wilting heat is painted by the brush of a chilled morn
Autumn has frayed the falling leaves for the coming winds of winter
Deciduous trees give leaves color in the descending days of summer
Looking forward to the cooler dry air and stacks of firewood lumber
Between windy and rainy days, leaves leave by the end of December
Gone at last are the long sticky days and nights without a good slumber
Since May it's been a long wait for clear crisp nights without thunder
At last leaves have surrendered their lives to a winter of wonder.

Poem by James Gault & Jessica Dumas

Painting by Theodore Allen Gault



SEE THE SEA

**What effect is there on the sea by the ones who come to see the sea? Let's implore.
You would need to ask the waves if they minded the plastic floats that washed ashore.
We never consider the sea to have a past, except for those who have been there before.**

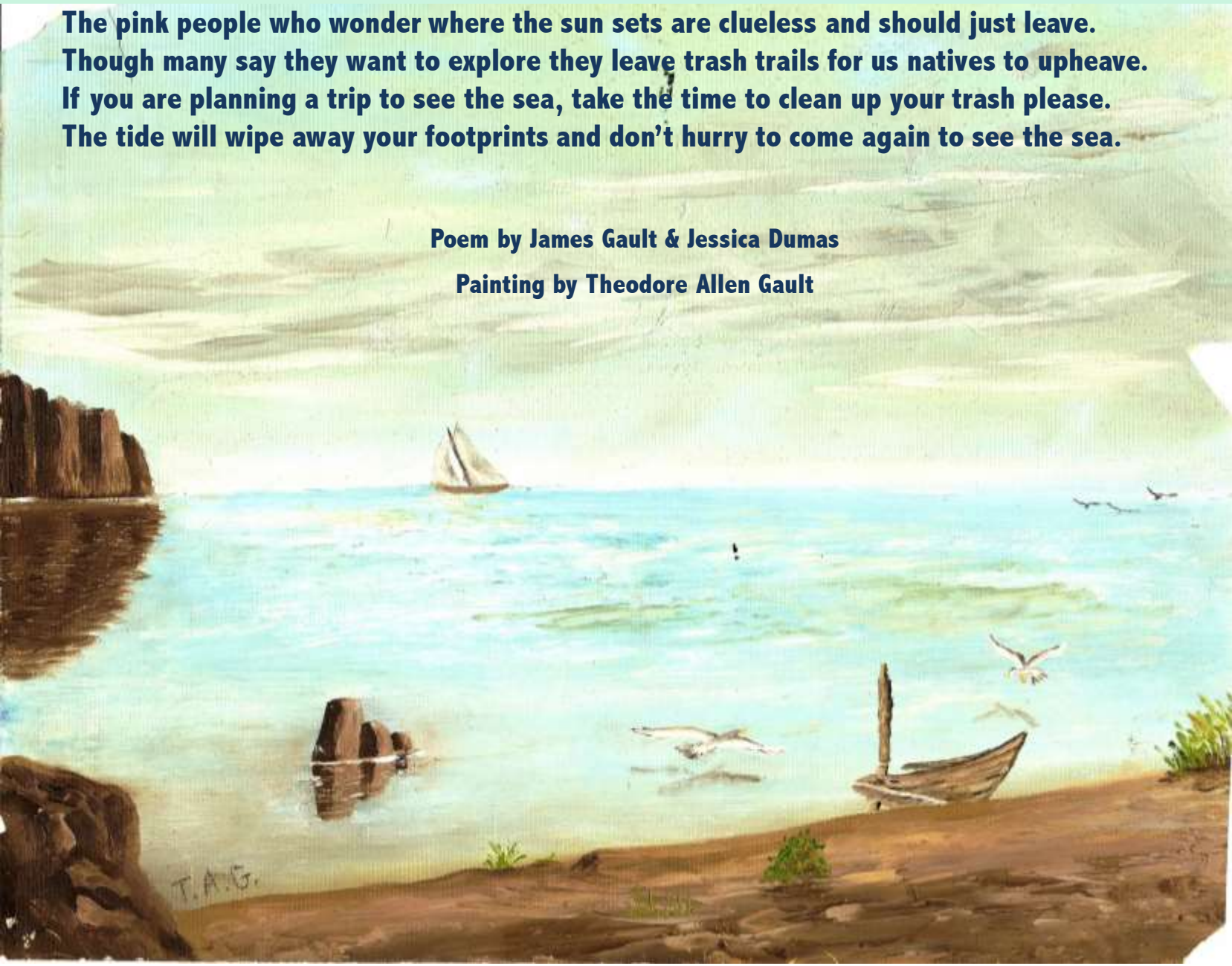
**What then is there to say of people who visit this corner of the sea and my paradise?
Regrettably, there are too many who bubble forth before taking the time to rehearse.
Many have become pickled peaches as they sunbath for hours without going in reverse.**

**Some watch from glass domes or piers to peer at the waves as they view the tides.
One may say the sun is warmer here than wherever they come from but then hides.
Many just apply lotion to keep from getting burned that will bring wrinkles on all sides.**

**The pink people who wonder where the sun sets are clueless and should just leave.
Though many say they want to explore they leave trash trails for us natives to upheave.
If you are planning a trip to see the sea, take the time to clean up your trash please.
The tide will wipe away your footprints and don't hurry to come again to see the sea.**

Poem by James Gault & Jessica Dumas

Painting by Theodore Allen Gault

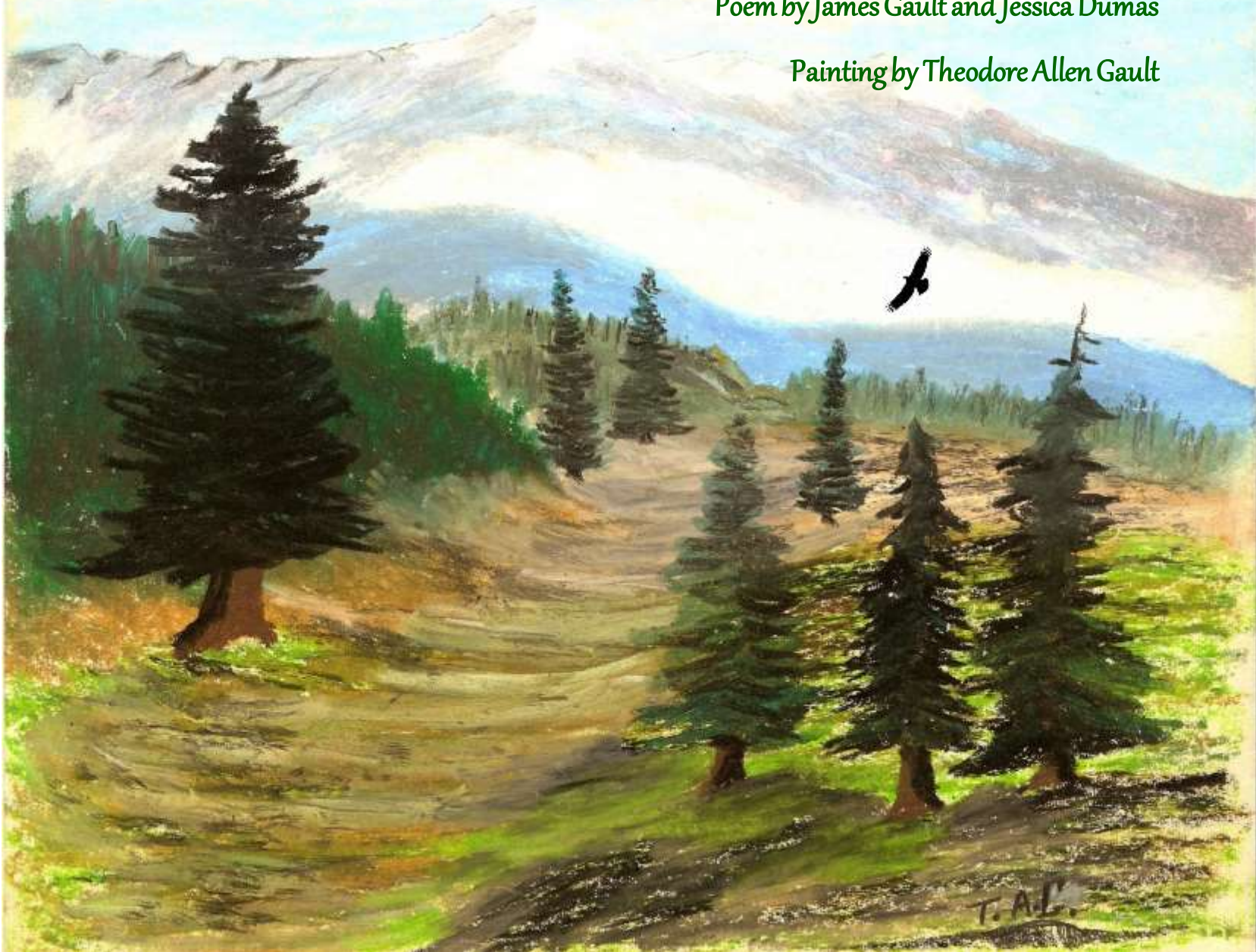


FOREVER EVERGREENS

There is a related but contrasted nature between the chilly wind that guides
the deciduous leaves from and in their descent as their color dies.
When they decay, they bring life to the soil for the next year as it revitalizes.
But the evergreen was created to live for years surviving through freezing ices.
Winter blows in a soft white blanket of snow to protect them from chilly breezes.
Then spring reveals new green and assorted colors blossoming against blue skies.
What a view of evergreen against majestic mountains it must be as the eagle flies.

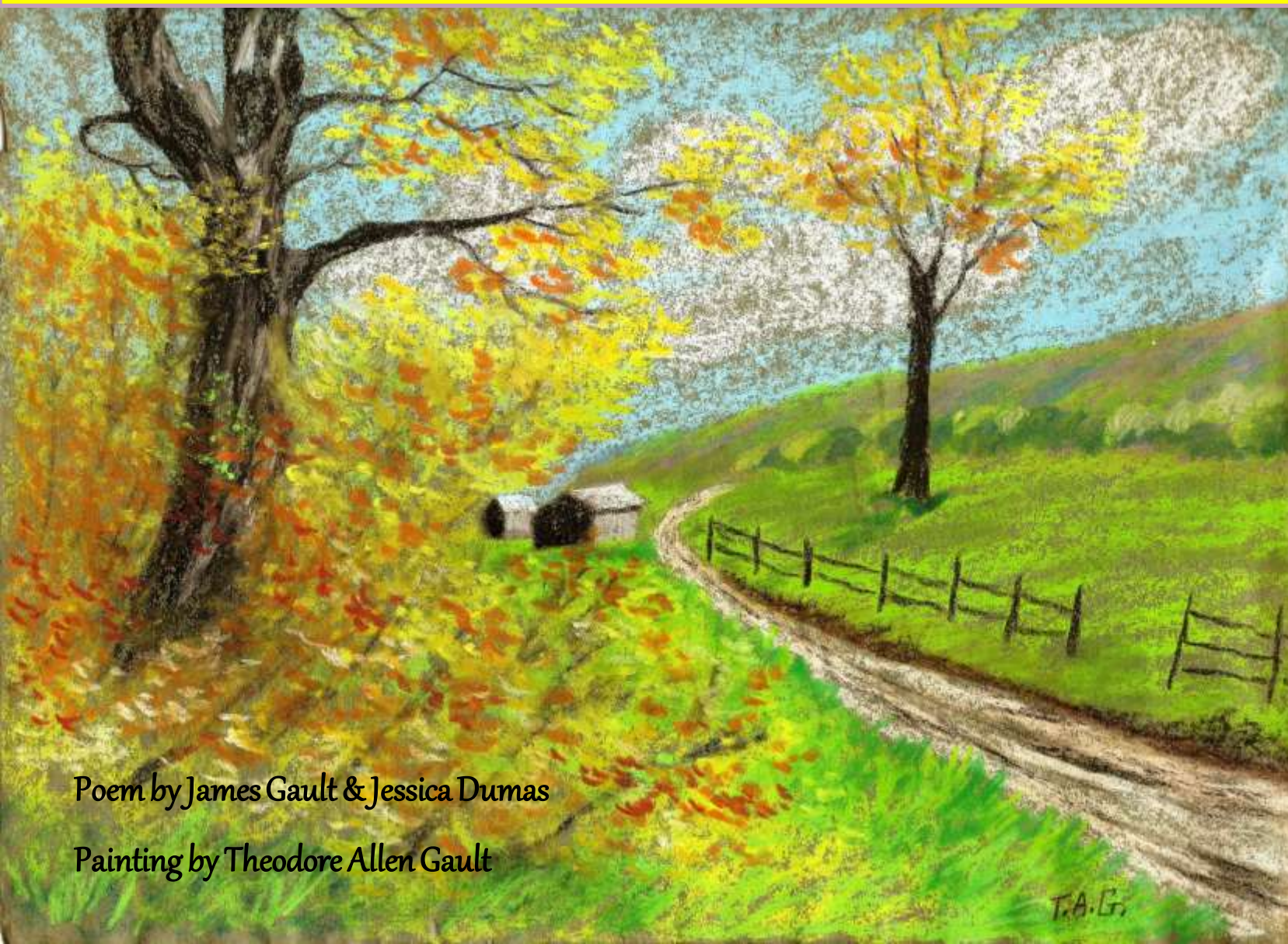
Poem by James Gault and Jessica Dumas

Painting by Theodore Allen Gault



Symphony of Colors

Deciduous trees define the symphony of colors and weather sets the tone of seasons as they go
Hear chilly **Spring** winds push clouds from blue sky places in music keys that may not be low
as they whistle through trees with blossoms of color to be watered by patters of rain to grow
Listen to **Summer's** blue night crickets and the chirp of multi-colored birds in morning's glow
as all shades of green sing with whispering willow winds sounding like sopranos on a radio
Playing into **Autumn** as a massive finale bursting forth in deciduous pigments that flow
down its path to decay to give way again to the glory of **Winter's** windy white snow.



Poem by James Gault & Jessica Dumas

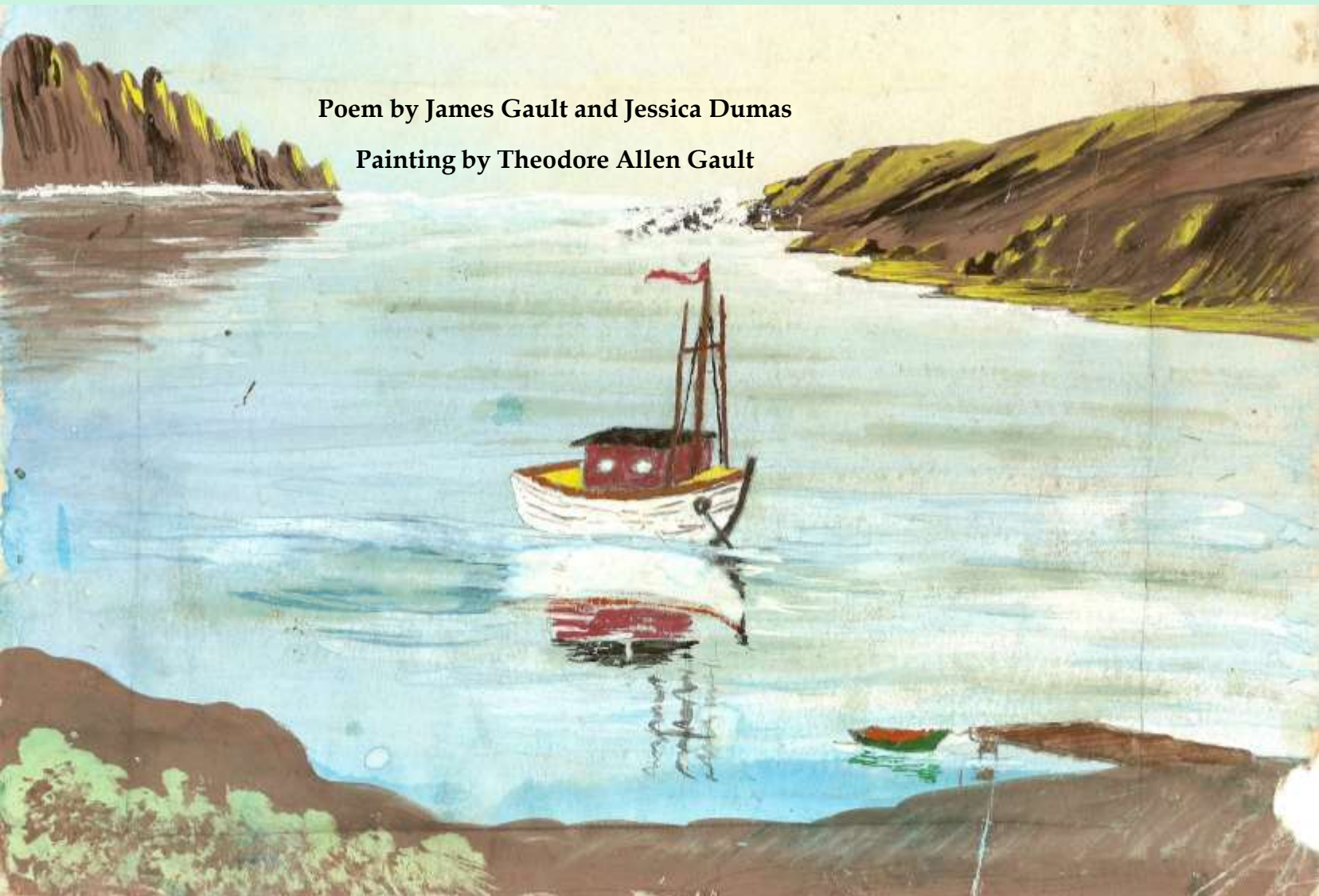
Painting by Theodore Allen Gault

SEA BREEZE MIST

When first seeing the splendor by the sea, in awe I know it's by God's hand.
Just as mountains with white clouds were formed without any of man's plan.
The movement of the tide in the morning and evening repeats the moon's stand.
But who tells the day's never weary waves to continuously touch grains of sand?
A sudden splurge from the spume of a wave fondles toes as it splashes to land.
Heavy wet sand crowds my feet in my torn shoes feeling so cool and grand.
There's nothing like a beach walk as your face gets kissed by sea breeze mist.
Ocean spray on thick heavy air tastes somewhat like salt pork with a twist.
Distant mountain trees bend limbs trying to reach for a sea they can't resist.
Lingering wistful breezes of trade winds become chilly as they blow east.
Until next tide, rocks on perpetual shores feel waves at a fierce steady beat.
To God's glory we get to be kissed by sea breeze mist as a gift so complete.

Poem by James Gault and Jessica Dumas

Painting by Theodore Allen Gault



Scarlet Sunset

From a gabled window, colors seep through a painless pane
Waiting to be filled to the borders by a scarlet sunset horizon
The mountains that are stretched to the sky can't reach that plain
Nor can any part of the tallness of the birch trees without shame
Even though the mountains are near bare of their winter topcoat
Still shimmering are the waters of a river with dead leaves afloat
Swift waters melt into reflections as they glide past fast as a hawk flies
To the right of its source is a silhouetted forest against the amber skies
Limbs of a deciduous maple soak up the remaining warmth of sunlight
As its roots drink from under the south bank of this northern river
The grass that prevails over mountainous meadows will soon shiver
As shadows from birch trees fade and the scarlet sunset turns to night.

Poem by James Gault & Jessica Dumas
Painting by Theodore Allen Gault

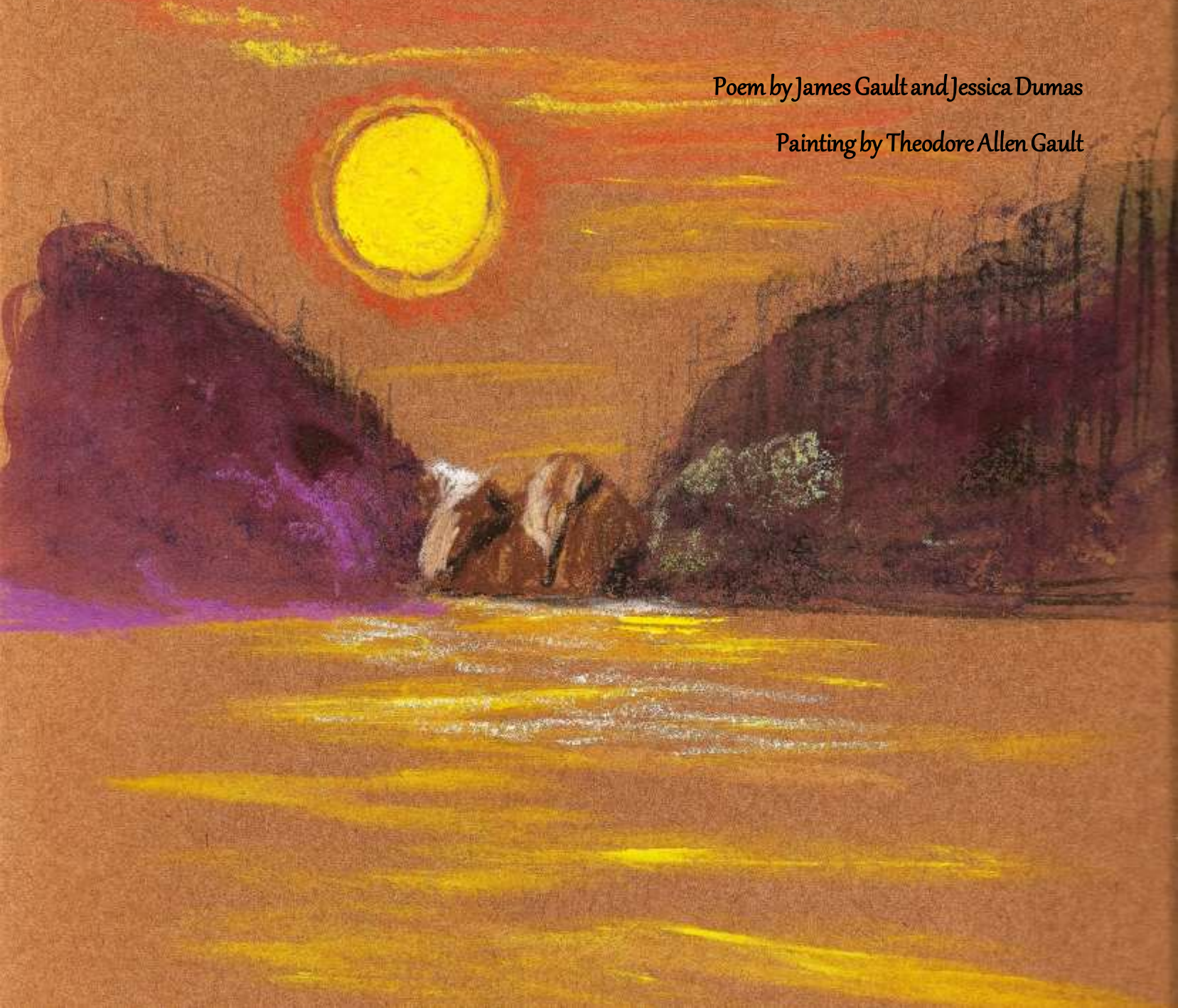


Moon Gloom

**Do you think he objects when clouds cover the man in the moon?
You don't hear him say, "I wish those clouds would move soon."
His silent blare can almost be heard as he tries not to deplume.
You could compare this to being left in an almost empty room.
Feeling like you were abandoned, you want only to feel gloom.
Like the girl who was just left by the end wall and ready to fume.
She's a fair beauty with exquisiteness, but a wall flower of doom.
Then she moves away, and no more doomed though in the room.
Just as when clouds disappear, so does the doom in moon gloom.**

Poem by James Gault and Jessica Dumas

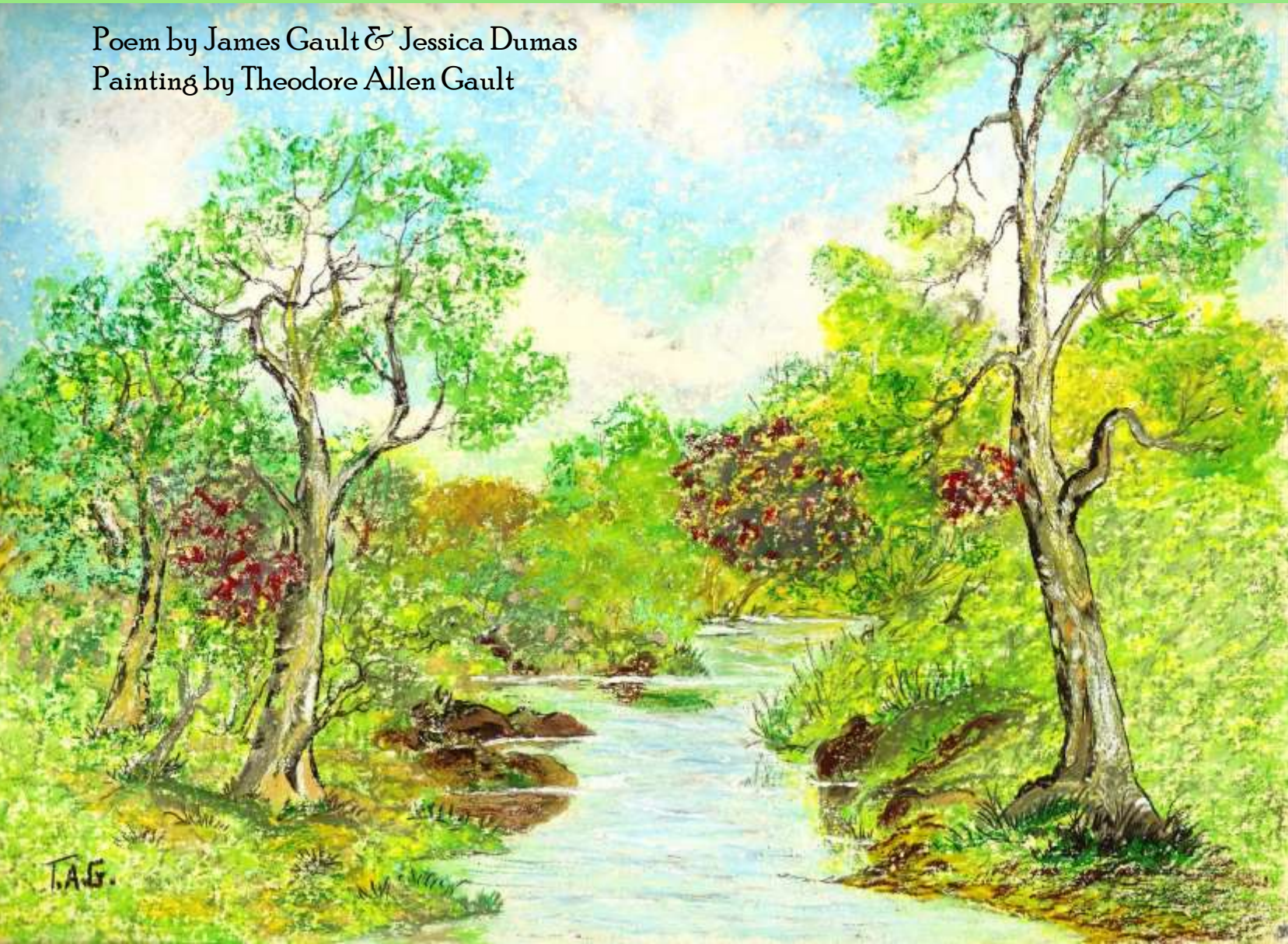
Painting by Theodore Allen Gault



European Green

Weary is the European green of weeping willows
Gone is the time of hiding a sword under pillows
Weary are women from nights without a knight
Noble purple by means of many is out of sight
For royal knighthood now have parts to play
These are days when royalty doesn't have a say
Gone are the days of knights fighting a joust
And since then the victory scarf is just a farse
To the Royal Highness, soldiers are made of tin
Body bags have done their part to make war a sin
Since then tin has rusted in an unsuccessful win
Footed fittings or facets are no part of forests now
Time has spoiled European green except for show.

Poem by James Gault & Jessica Dumas
Painting by Theodore Allen Gault



Dreary Day Quests

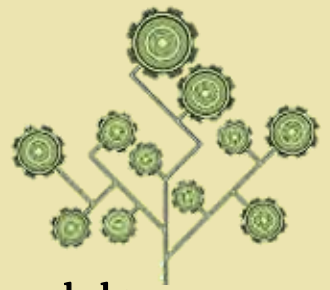
Questions for a dreary day are “To be or not to be is the question” but how do you challenge Shakespeare?
Of an audible conceptualized tone, Schubert’s “Unfinished Symphony” may not be finished but it’s not clear.
And who is “The Thinker” thinking of? Perhaps the Mona Lisa or could it be where he wants to go for a beer?
Forget the questions since no one is answering...think of interesting things to do without going anywhere.
We could watch *A Knight’s Tale* about knights jousting with a deserved ending of a feared brute of terror.
Or a creaky pirate ship with Johnny Depp fighting for treasure may be fun as we see the gold gleam.
Or *Indiana Jones* seeking gems from Pharaohs pickled in pyramids could be an exciting Hulu stream.
Even watching a classic of Ben Hur’s chariot race would pick up the pace of this dreary day in quarantine.

Poem by James Gault & Jessica Dumas

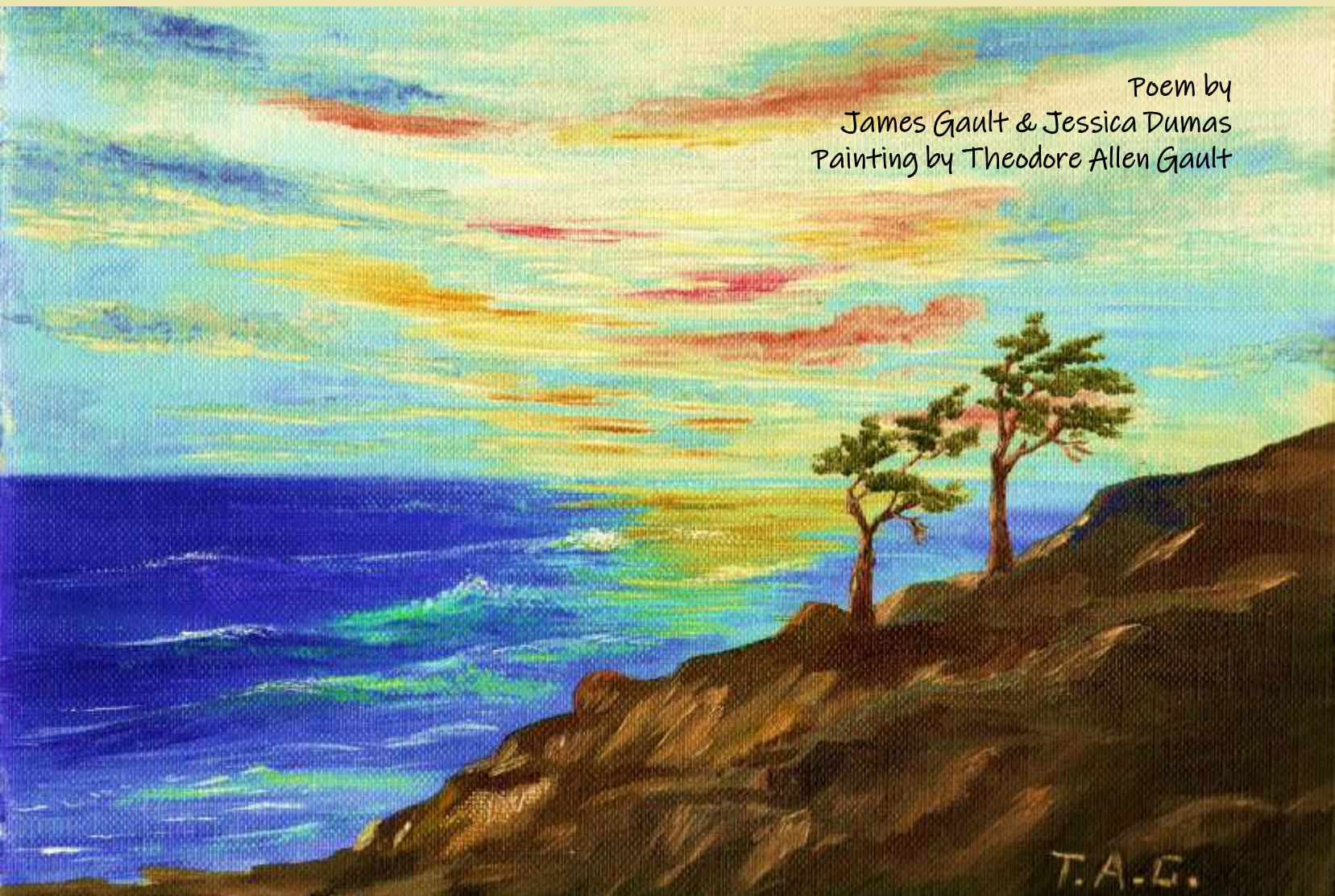
Painting by Theodore Allen Gault

T.A.G.

Mechanical Tree



A mechanical tree is artwork made of steel bands that resembles a grounded tree.
Most trees have a long life span, but this tree will last longer as in many a century.
My tree grew up in a garage without a family tree with only a nut and bolt as seed.
Born from imagination, one steel band woven in, out, and through but not on a spree.
As an equivalent or symbol of a real tree, many unbelievers say it can't possibly be.
When asked if they want to see my art piece, they usually say, "Yes I want to see."
They look and some whisper, "It looks like the work of someone out of their tree."
Some think it represents weird artless doodling no matter how I explain the idea.
If mechanical trees are not accepted as a piece of art by some, others won't agree.
The challenge is to display it so those others who appreciate it can gaze with glee.



Poem by
James Gault & Jessica Dumas
Painting by Theodore Allen Gault

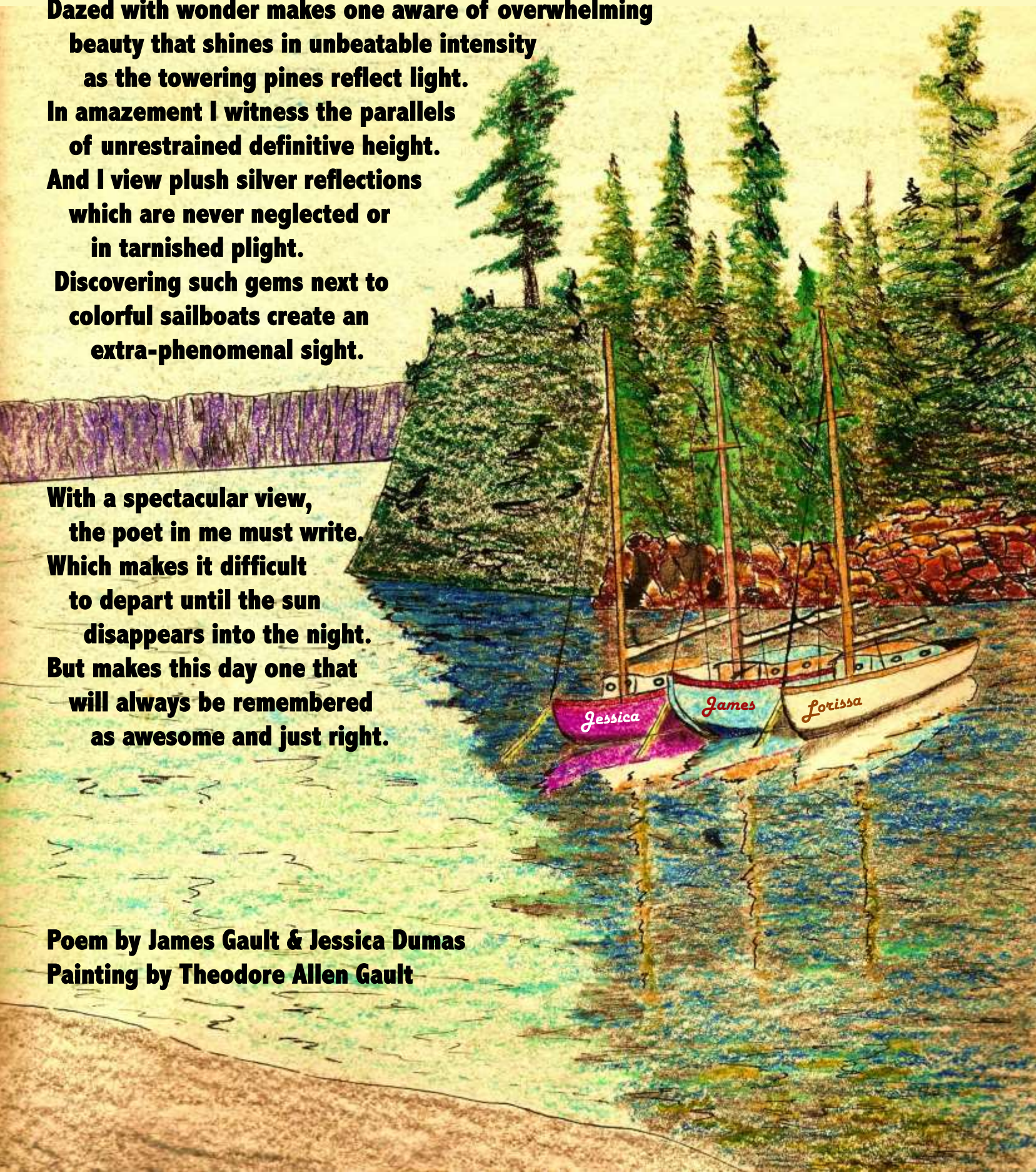
T.A.G.

Reflected Beauty

**Dazed with wonder makes one aware of overwhelming
beauty that shines in unbeatable intensity
as the towering pines reflect light.
In amazement I witness the parallels
of unrestrained definitive height.
And I view plush silver reflections
which are never neglected or
in tarnished plight.
Discovering such gems next to
colorful sailboats create an
extra-phenomenal sight.**

**With a spectacular view,
the poet in me must write.
Which makes it difficult
to depart until the sun
disappears into the night.
But makes this day one that
will always be remembered
as awesome and just right.**

**Poem by James Gault & Jessica Dumas
Painting by Theodore Allen Gault**



Crystal Bubbles

When children blow bubbles in the park, they reflect the sun's glare
bouncing and gliding along, and then bursting and never to be.

The bubbles make me wonder about my dreams where there are
super crystal bubbles that burst and then vanish into infinity.

But perhaps they keep living, even if only in your mind, but as for
their physical nature, they have phenomenal chemical presences.

Coming from deep crystal worlds with colorful reflections that ride
winds and waves you can't feel or that bounce off clouds to
become crystal oceans for us to enjoy by seeking long glances.

All the children need to know they should keep blowing crystal
bubbles to fill the oceans so that their dreams will have chances.



Poem by
James Gault & Jessica Dumas
Painting by
Theodore Allen Gault

TAG

Implied Statements

To imply is to supply favorable conditions. Suppose I say to you, “Have you heard of Ferrari Fritz?” O.K! If he is heard of, he is a character that has earned that name. Fritz sounds like a kid or young guy more likely to attain such a prefix. Furthermore, he must be well off or else his parents must be.

If I were to ask you, “Do you know who went out with Fritz last Saturday?” it might imply whatever was favorable to your thinking. Since it was Fritz, she was probably a girl that has quite an exciting grapevine reputation and is not anyone’s steady.

Next, if I were to say, “Guess where I was Saturday night?” You would know it wasn’t with him because I would have already told you. But if I say, “Where were you Saturday night?” This would be as good as asking where you went with Fritz, without telling me.

But if I really wanted to back you up in the corner, I would say, “How did you trick the Coca Cola Kid with the MG bumblebee into not seeing that you went out on a Saturday night?” Now that you are speechless, all you can say is, “How do you know so much about such a character who is that creepy?”

Though neither one of us gave a direct answer about Ferrari Fritz, implied statements can develop into inferred ones. We feel we have a good idea of what the other is thinking. Or do we?

Poem by James Gault and Jessica Dumas

Painting by Theodore Allen Gault





Movement Melodies

Classical music is needed movement melodies for your mind.

It has exponent members of melodies that climb to correlated relations of a reoccurring kind.

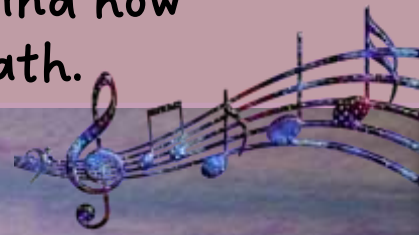
The expending expansions are subsided into tranquil parts that subdue feelings you may find.

Yet provide anticipation for the climbing complexities that grow beyond their mediums of levels in mass or range or both.

A result is dependent upon what an action encounters in a system of mediums and the medium's reaction to the action is dependent on your action and growth.

This music helps sooth and communicates to the mind how movement melodies transpire with nothing to loath.

Poem by James Gault and Jessica Dumas
Painting by Theodore Allen Gault



The Playground

Swings spend time by floating stomachs in weightless heights
and push you to run and jump across the playground.

Through monkey bars and over slides that have been too short
since the second go around.

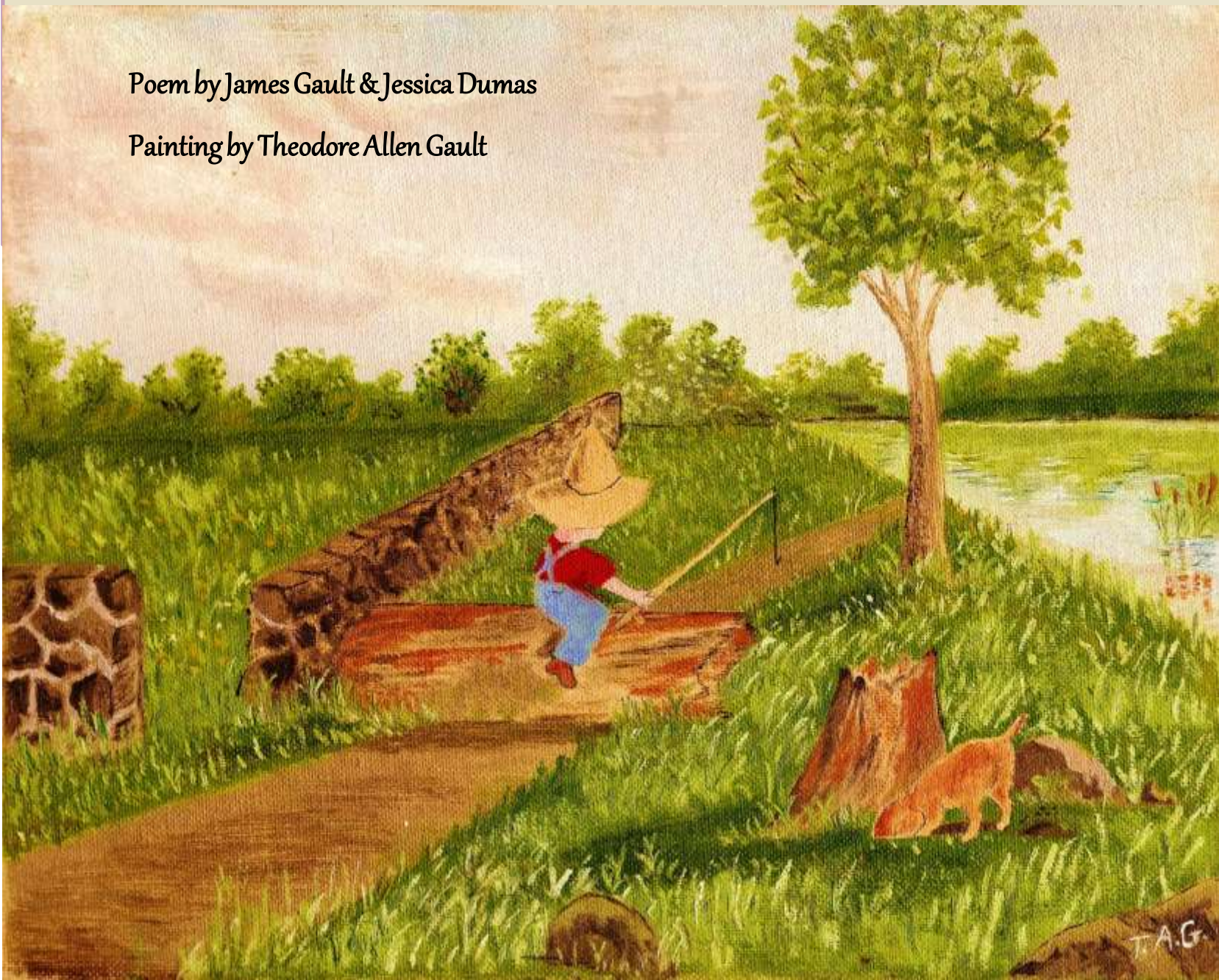
Which brings you to dizziness on the horseless merry-go-round.

It's a wonder machine that has invisible forces pushing you from
the cold hand railings and releasing you to the ground.

And it seems to stretch under your feet and makes your head
go swimming in an overlapping fog that makes you feel unsound.

Poem by James Gault & Jessica Dumas

Painting by Theodore Allen Gault



The Letter

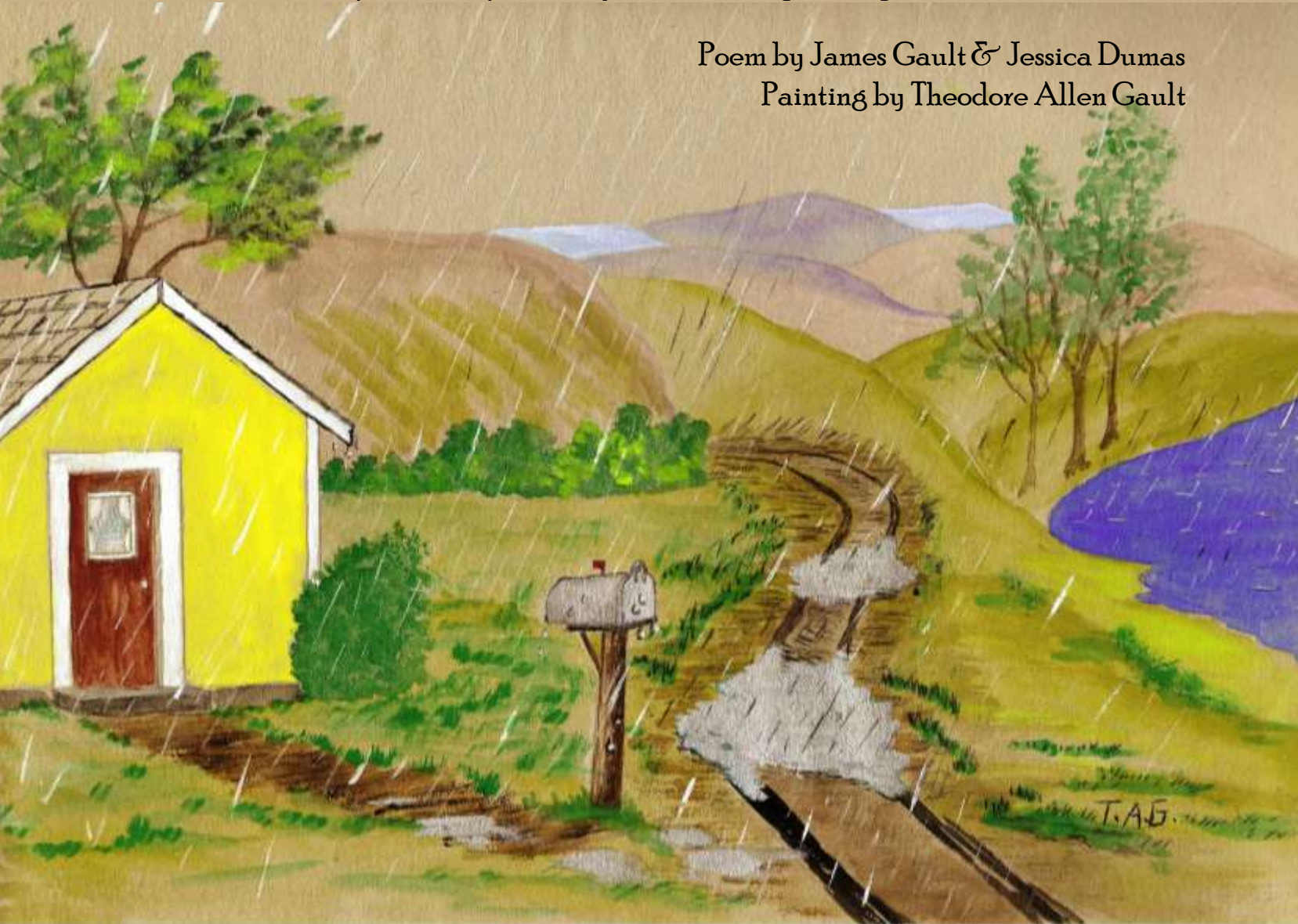
Not able to wait for the letter to come by mailman, it's off to town with speed.
Up six concrete steps and through squeaky glass doors swung by tired steel.
Monday is one of those by chance days that there may not be anything for me.

Why do tall women and low mailboxes in post offices seem to always meet?
It is so postal men can have fun watching tall women bend to show a cheek.
While waiting in line here comes a tall blond and those guys are taking a peek.

Sorting my mail, one is from Central Oregon Community College—could it be?
It could be good or bad news so one look around the room before opening to seek.
The blond is leaving with her mail—too late to tell her not to bend when facing east.
Uncle Sam is still pointing—he sends me letters on Veteran's benefits that are bleak.

Anticipation grabs me as I skim down this long letter—down, down as I read lower
“...have been accepted into Central Oregon Community College next semester.”
As jubilation dominates now, my smiling face is reflected in the quiet glass door.
Out the door to skip down steps with a jubilant feeling coming of a future in store.

Poem by James Gault & Jessica Dumas
Painting by Theodore Allen Gault

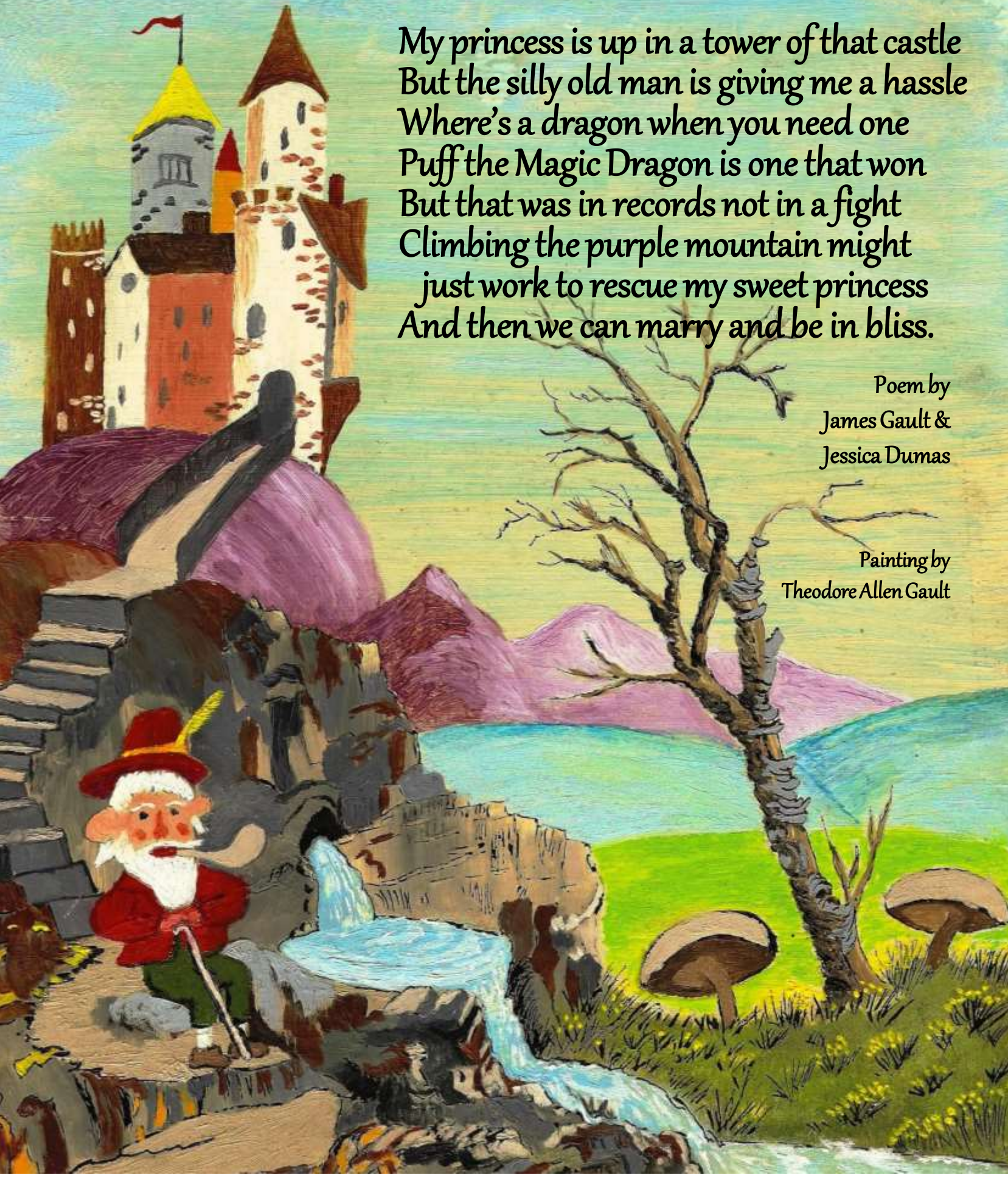


Princess in a Castle

My princess is up in a tower of that castle
But the silly old man is giving me a hassle
Where's a dragon when you need one
Puff the Magic Dragon is one that won
But that was in records not in a fight
Climbing the purple mountain might
just work to rescue my sweet princess
And then we can marry and be in bliss.

Poem by
James Gault &
Jessica Dumas

Painting by
Theodore Allen Gault

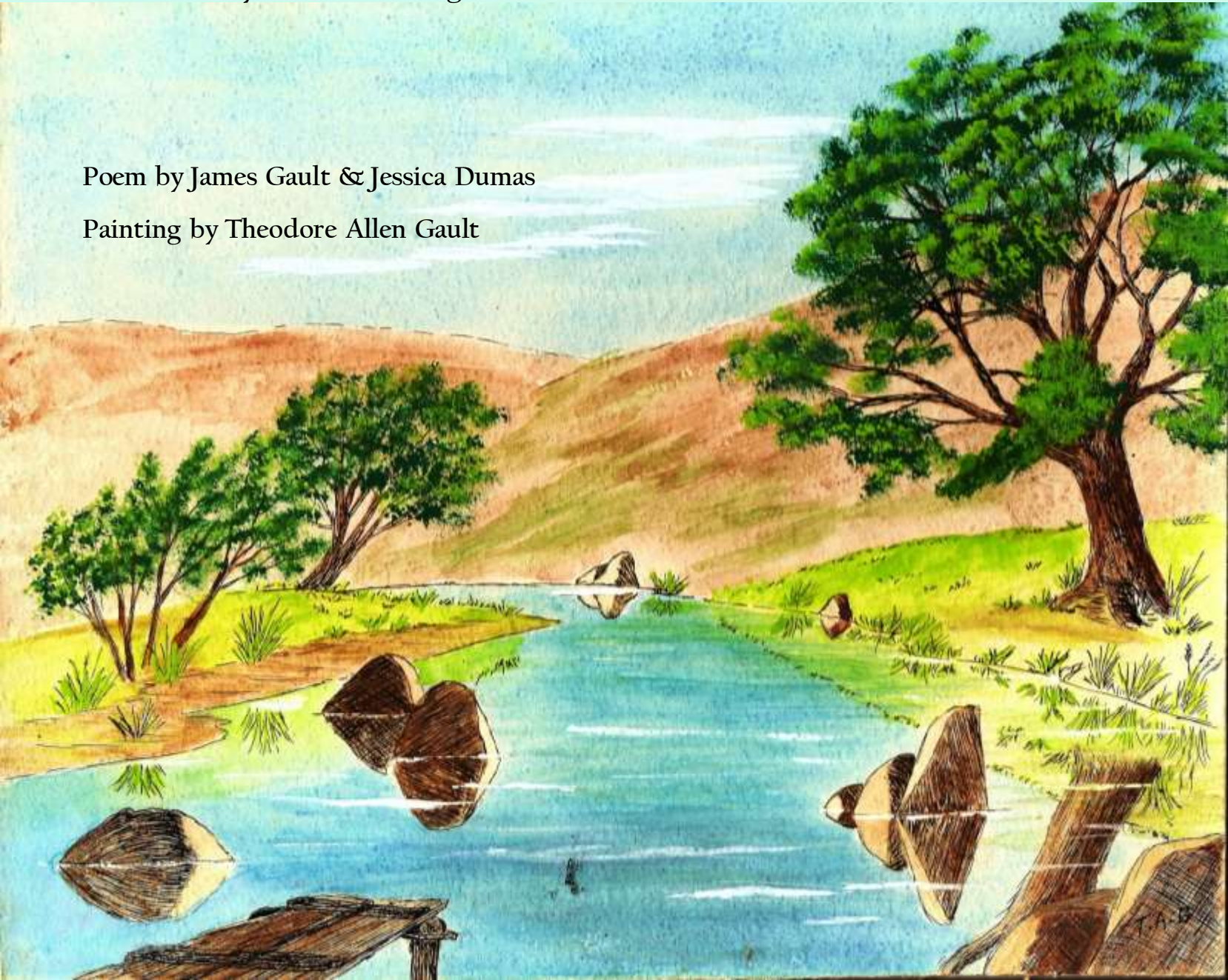


THE MIND

The mind is an awesome controlling power, limited only by its mental condition. This is based on talents, motivations, beliefs, and knowledge to draw a conclusion. The deficiencies of garbage in/garbage out can transmit delusional manifestation. Retrieving memory is like walking to a room and last recalling only going in that direction. Memories are stored in the conscious and unconscious but retrieved with determination. Dreams are the mind's escape, preserved only if there is a purpose for the connection. When deprived of sleep the mind does not get refreshed causing complication. Dementia can ensue when the mind is not exercised or fed the proper nutrition. Take care of yourself for as a gift from God—the mind is a marvelous creation.

Poem by James Gault & Jessica Dumas

Painting by Theodore Allen Gault

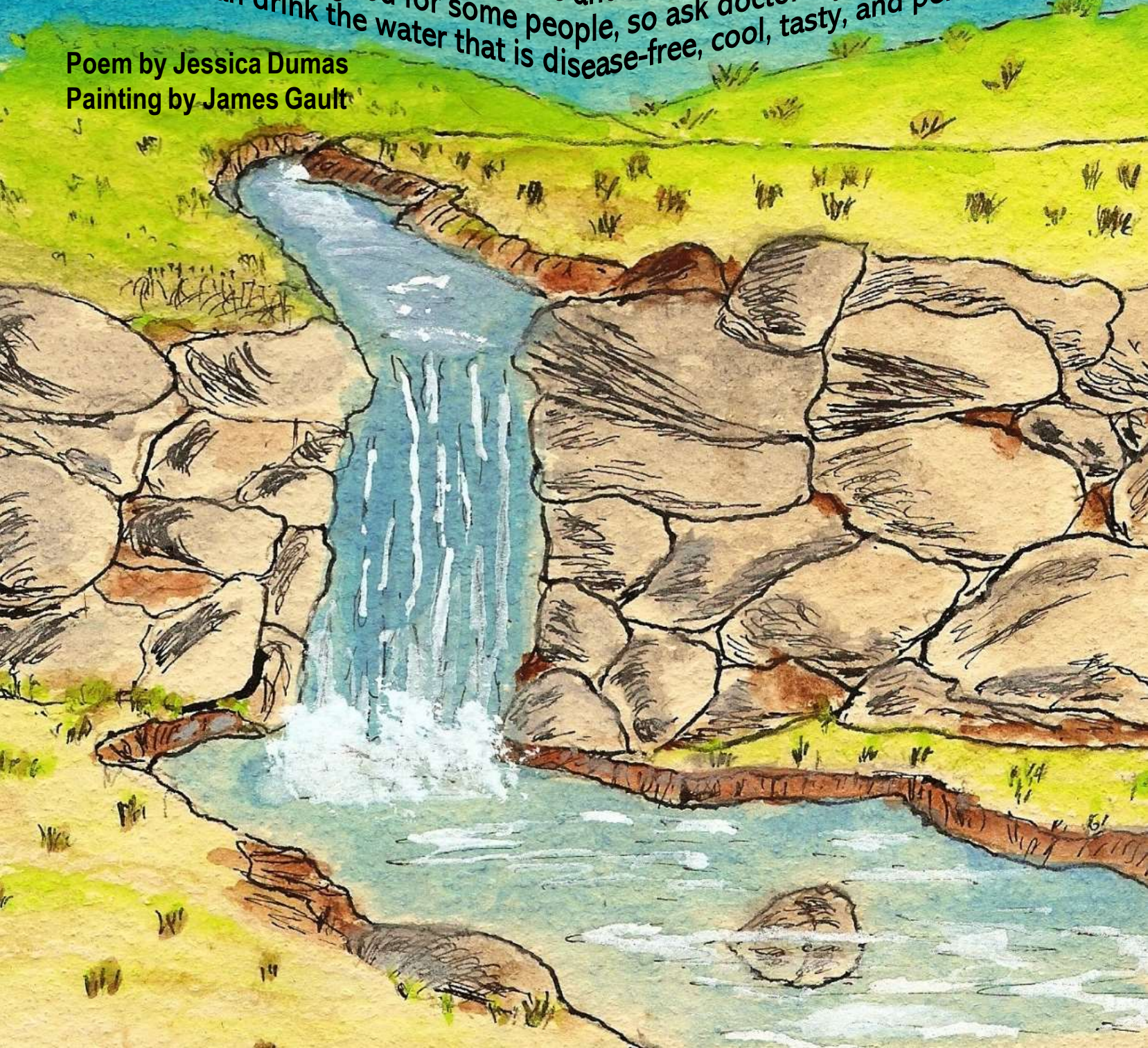


CLEAR COOL WATER

Water may be cool as it comes from a tap but never is it clear
It can also taste awful unless you have a carbon filter attached
Even a clear mountain stream has pollution, and you should fear
As it could have bacteria, viruses, and parasites unless it's purified
A sick animal may have dropped in it or been drinking such as a deer
To clean, use a strainer to remove dirt, debris, and stuff to get it filtered
But it's not yet safe, so you should prepare by taking with you in your gear
Something to heat water to a boil or a chemical to add to make disinfected
If under 6,500 feet, boil for 1 minute and if over that boil for 3 to make sure
Disinfectant is not good for some people, so ask doctor if you will be affected
Then you can drink the water that is disease-free, cool, tasty, and perfectly clear.

Poem by Jessica Dumas

Painting by James Gault



The End

We hope you have enjoyed the many poems and many a painting. The mountain below is by Theodore Gault that he did as a drawing. It is one of our favorites because it is simple, but yet so stunning. We do not know what to call this mountain and it needs naming. If you wish to suggest a name, you can win a prize worth claiming. Please also vote on your favorite poem to get a prize worth winning. To enter the contest, send your response to my email by clicking the Contact Me page at www.jessicajdumas.com and also telling your opinion of this poetry book by giving it an honest reviewing. And if you have a favorite poem or painting, I would like knowing. As I can have it printed on high-quality paper good for framing.*

Thank You Reading!

Jessica 

* Email me for prices on single copies, posters, or books.



Poem by Jessica Dumas
Painting by Theodore Allen Gault





To the Moon & Back

Poems About Nature & More

The poetry in this book is lighthearted and carefree with just a few serious poems. Many of the poems are about nature from the moon to the sea to mountains and many wonderful things in between. Some are about the many travels that Jessica and James did together.

They may give you ideas on where to go on your next vacation. Besides writing the majority of these poems, Jessica Dumas designed this book to highlight the unique paintings that were done by Theodore Allen Gault (T.A.G.)

Thanks for Reading