

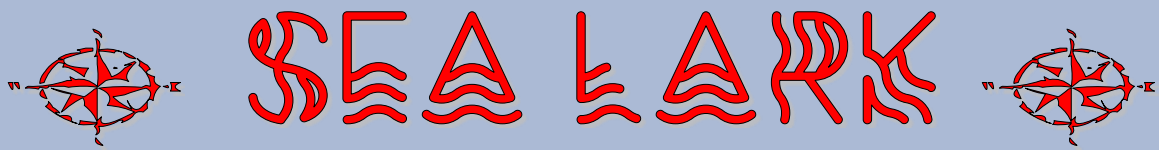


# **To the Moon & Back**

**PART 2**  
**Poems About**  
**Nature and**  
**Everything**  
**in Between**  
**the**  
**Moon**  
**and**  
**Back**

# **Jessica Dumas**

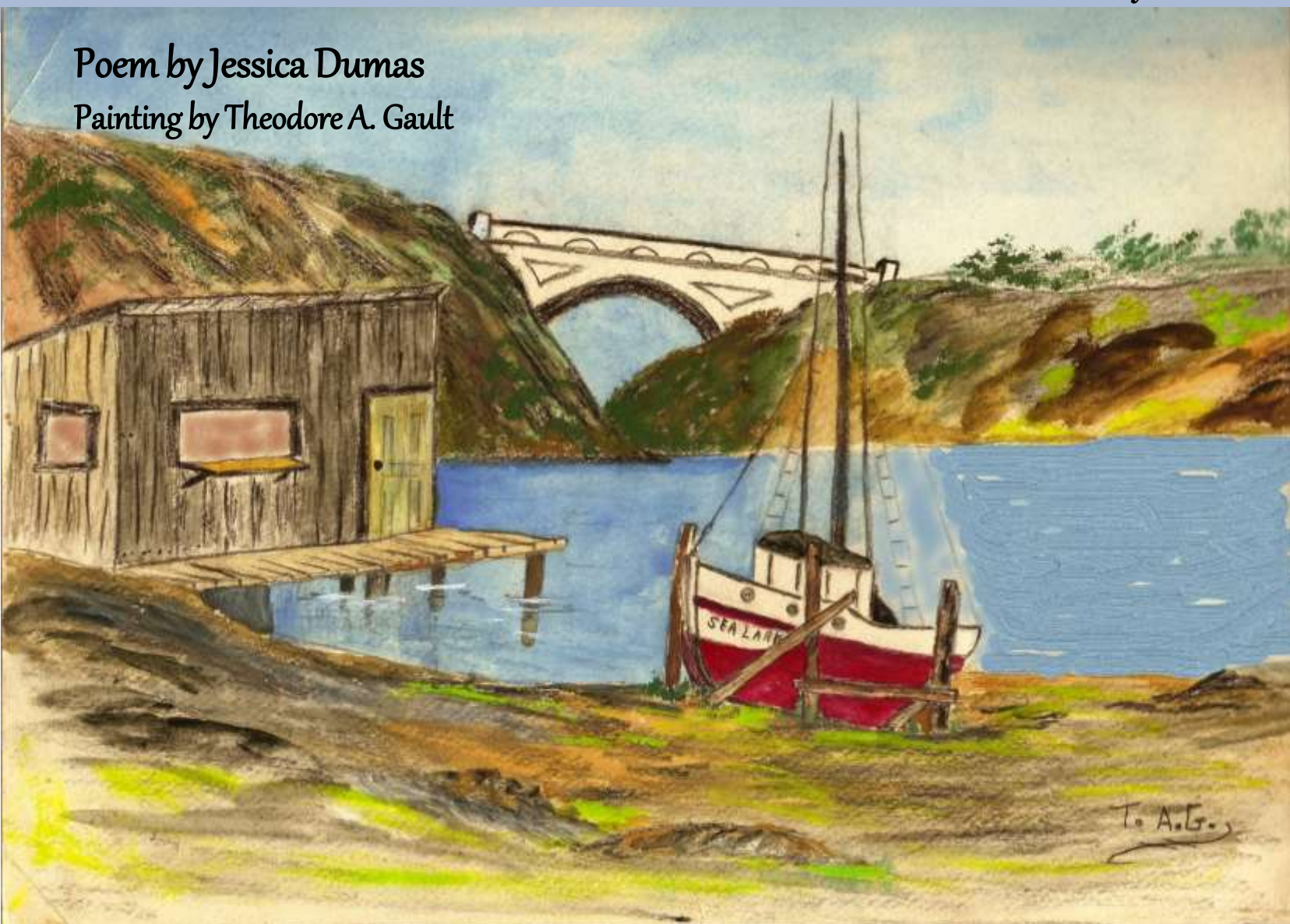




The Sea Lark sits on shore and waits to be no longer aground  
There's nothing like wind in her sails and she misses the sound  
Sea Lark's skipper is slowly working on her hull and keel  
A storm caused her damage, but skipper says its no big deal  
Not much more than a dinghy but she yearns to go windward  
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*



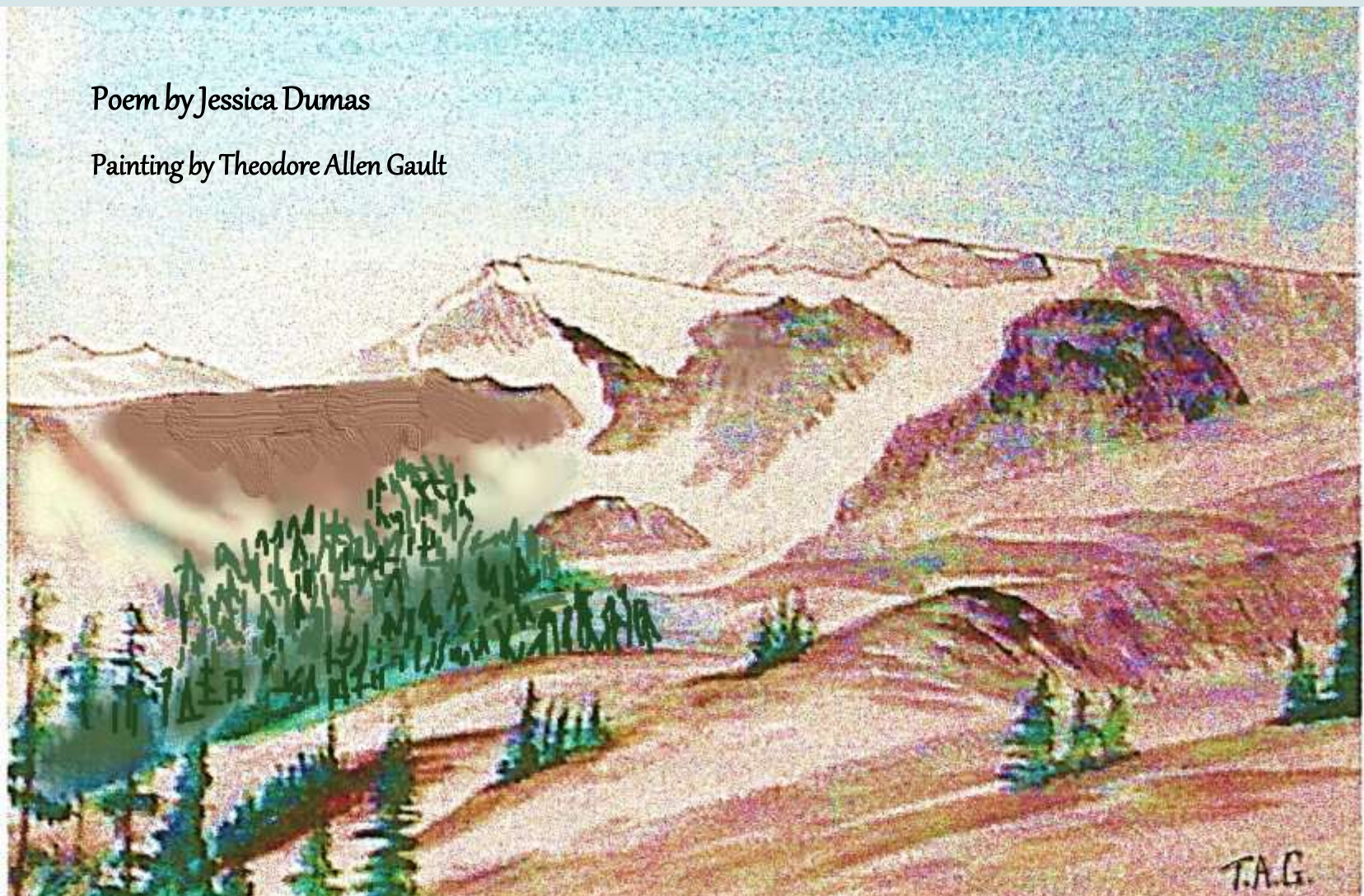


# SNOWCAPS

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, 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*



T.A.G.



# 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







# TRAILS & PEAKS



For those who love to go hiking, there's a treat of many a trail and peak. Rising east of the hustle and bustle of Albuquerque, NM, looking so sleek. The Sandia Mountains have more than 86 trails at 230 miles long to seek. The trails are for walking, some for running, and some doing a bike streak. At sunset these mountains become colorful in magenta, orange or pink. Sandia Peak Tramway takes you to a most stunning view but don't freak. At the 10,378-foot crest is a 11,000 sq. mile view that's not for the weak. It's an amazing panoramic overlook of Albuquerque area so don't shriek. If you don't believe it, a guy doing stunts on a tramway car you can check at <https://www.instagram.com/p/CDT9Y3aOkQ/>

Poem by Jessica Dumas

Painting by Theodore Allen Gault

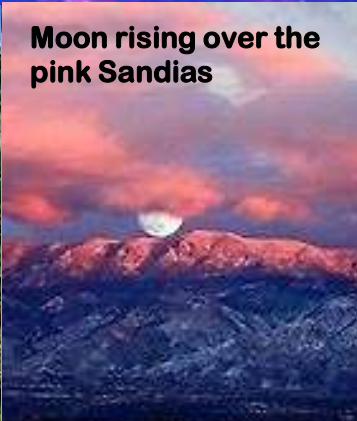
## Sandia Mountains



## Sandia Mountains Snowcapped in the Winter



## Moon rising over the pink Sandias



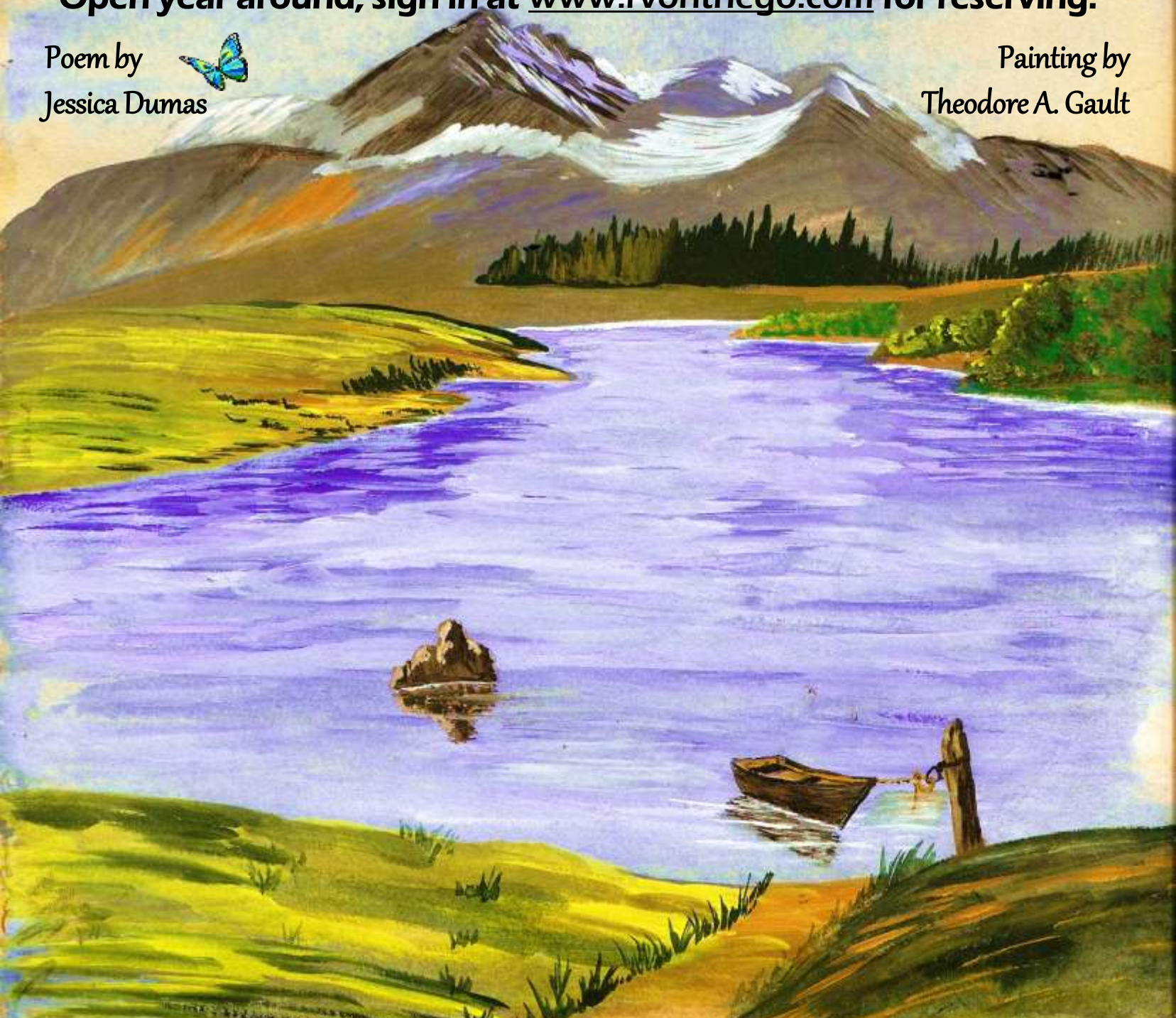


# Oregon Camping

**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](http://www.rvonthego.com) for reserving.**

Poem by   
Jessica Dumas

Painting by  
Theodore A. Gault





# SEA AND SAND

**Along the sea are miles of sand leading to tall cliffs with shoreline houses  
Their owners 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 as they leave behind worn driftwoods**

**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 yet not wanting to leave  
As colors fade with the pink sunset, we crowd into a seaside motel for a reprieve  
Even though uncomfortable with sunburn, hearing the ocean waves hit the shore  
will cause tired bodies to drift off to sleep before the moon rises once more  
From rear windows, receding in fog, is a view of twisted trees and bent ways  
A weekend from weekends past are of whimsical ways of sea and sand days.**

*Poem by James Gault & 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 in time.

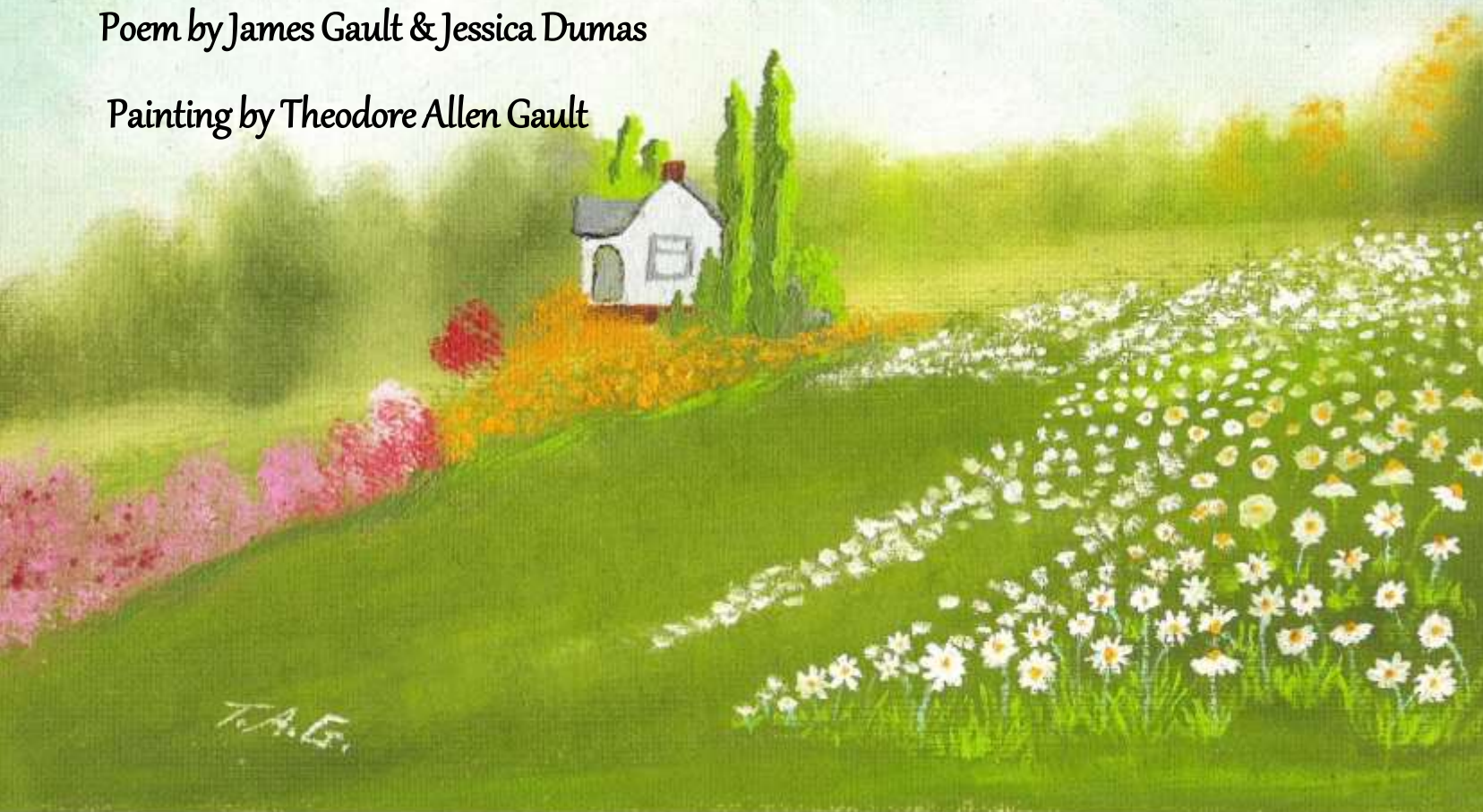
Maybe it was too many rainy days or too many gloomy nights with little or  
no moon and no sleep that brought me to these green meadows that  
stretch out their beauty without a struggle to be sublime.

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 in time slumbering, 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





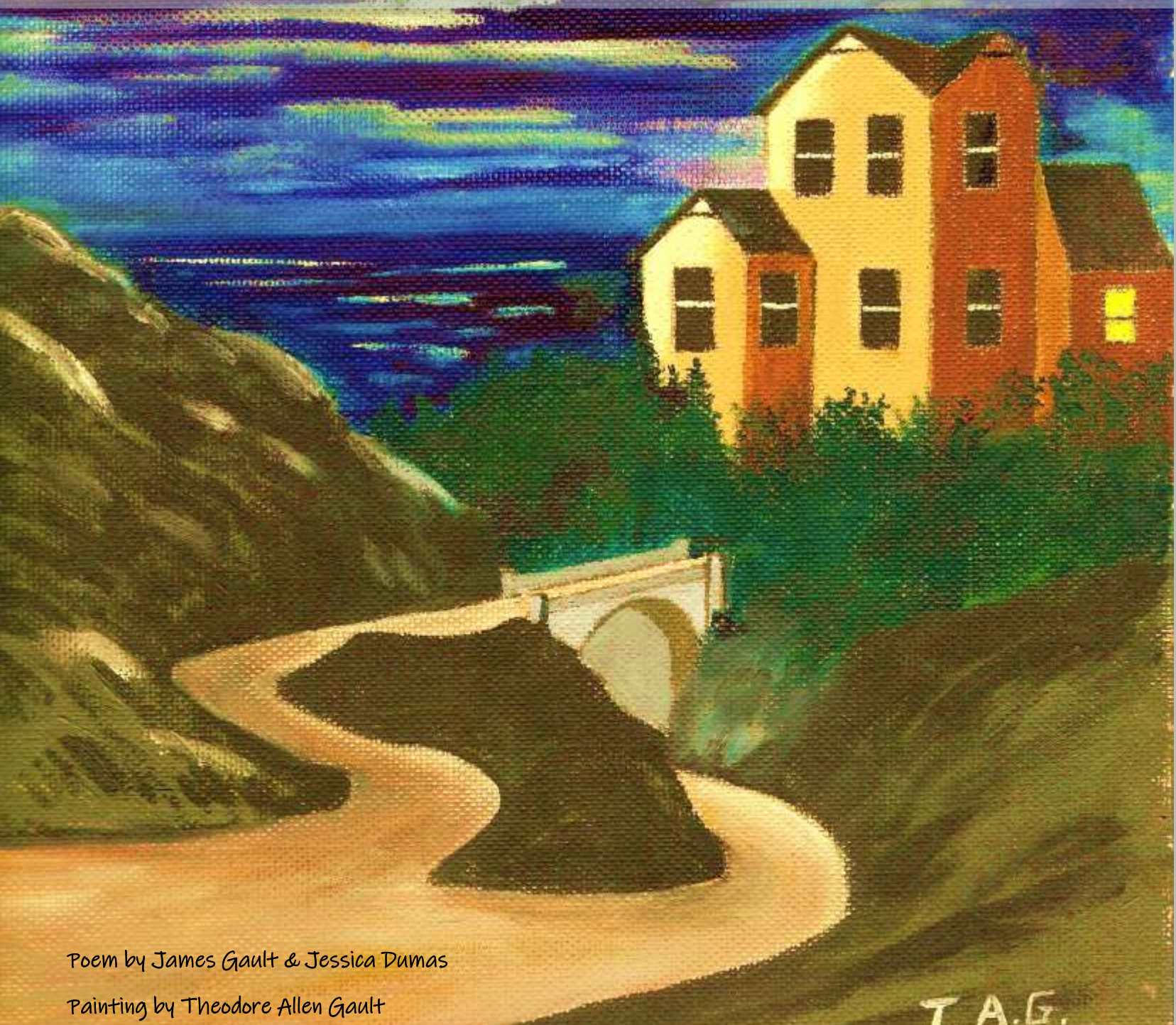
# BEACH HOME

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.

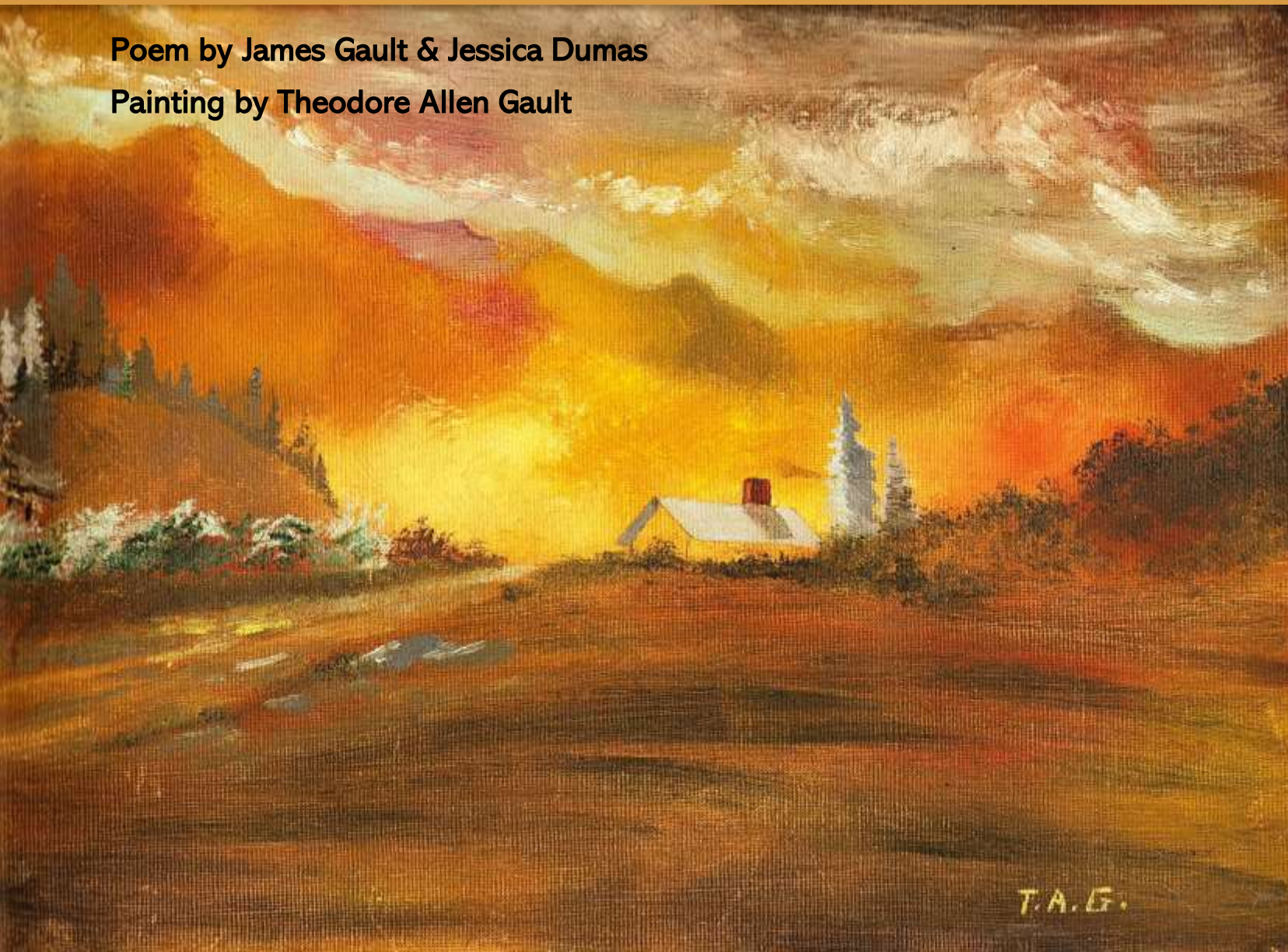


# Summer's Eve

Tinted orange sunsets are from tired days of the long hot summers not yet fled  
This tired day was one that makes the world seem to fade from inside my head  
Maybe it is the loneliness of these tired days that wears me out to need a bed  
Or it is the remnants of trying to escape by running through  
    overgrown corn fields, crashing into the yellowed stalks as tall as a tree  
It's probably the painful recovery from a sneeze that makes me think so extremely  
The fear of not being able to take another breath is smothering and I want to flee  
Oh how I wish I could enjoy the warmth of the sun on grass and the soft breeze  
Instead I will be in solitude as if suffocating that will come as a night without sleep  
Which 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.

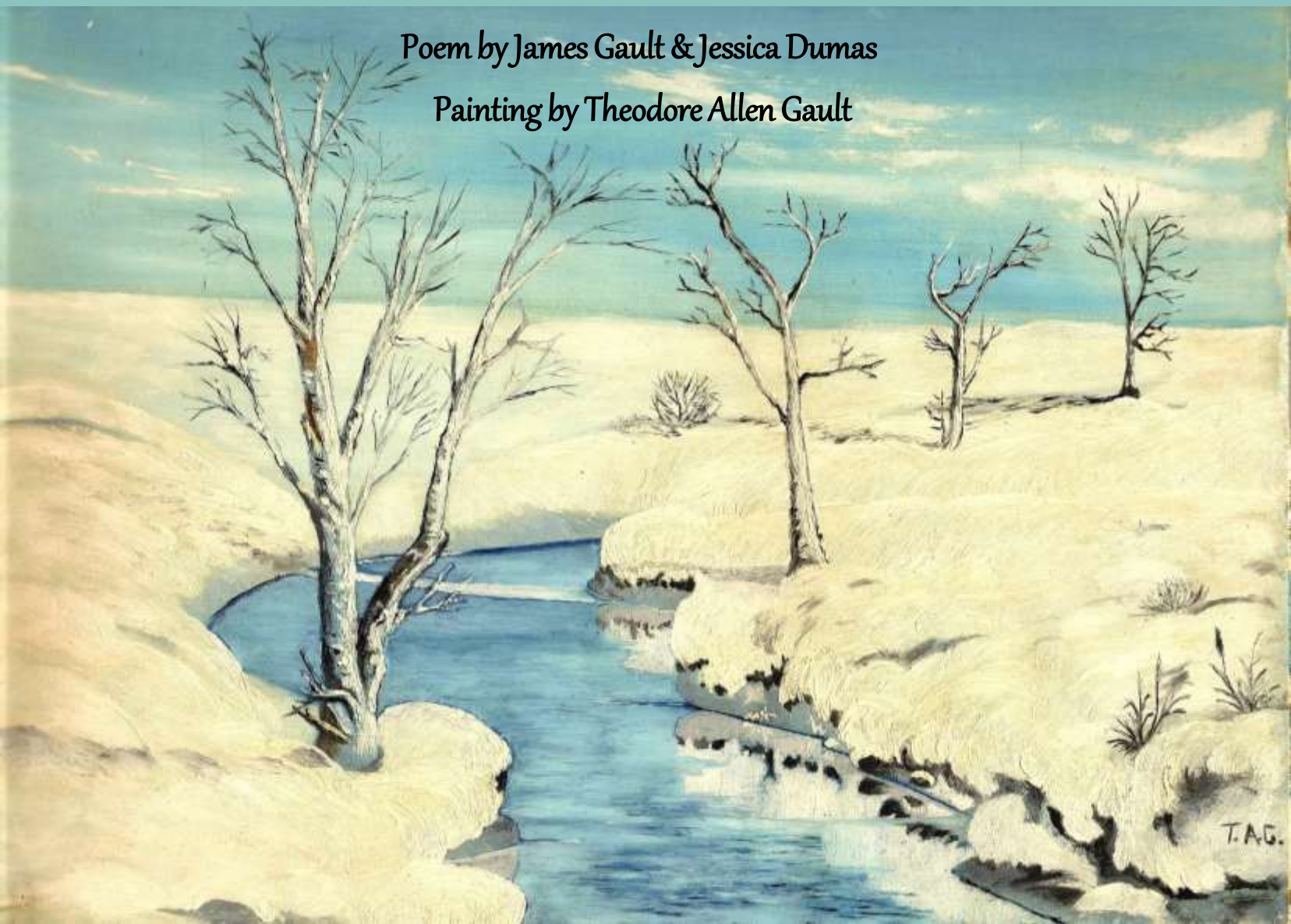


# WINTER OF WONDER

Deciduous trees give leaves color in the descended days of summer  
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  
Between winds and snow drifts, leaves leave by the end of December  
Gone at last are the long days and sticky nights without a good slumber  
Thankfully winter brings back the dry air with stacks of firewood lumber  
Since spring it has been a long wait for clear crisp nights without thunder  
At last the leaves have become the ground to give way 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 here before.  
If I were the sea, I would be bound on all sides by masses who would say they explore.  
To see the sea tossed in a storm seems cruel, but it's just driven by winds and no more.

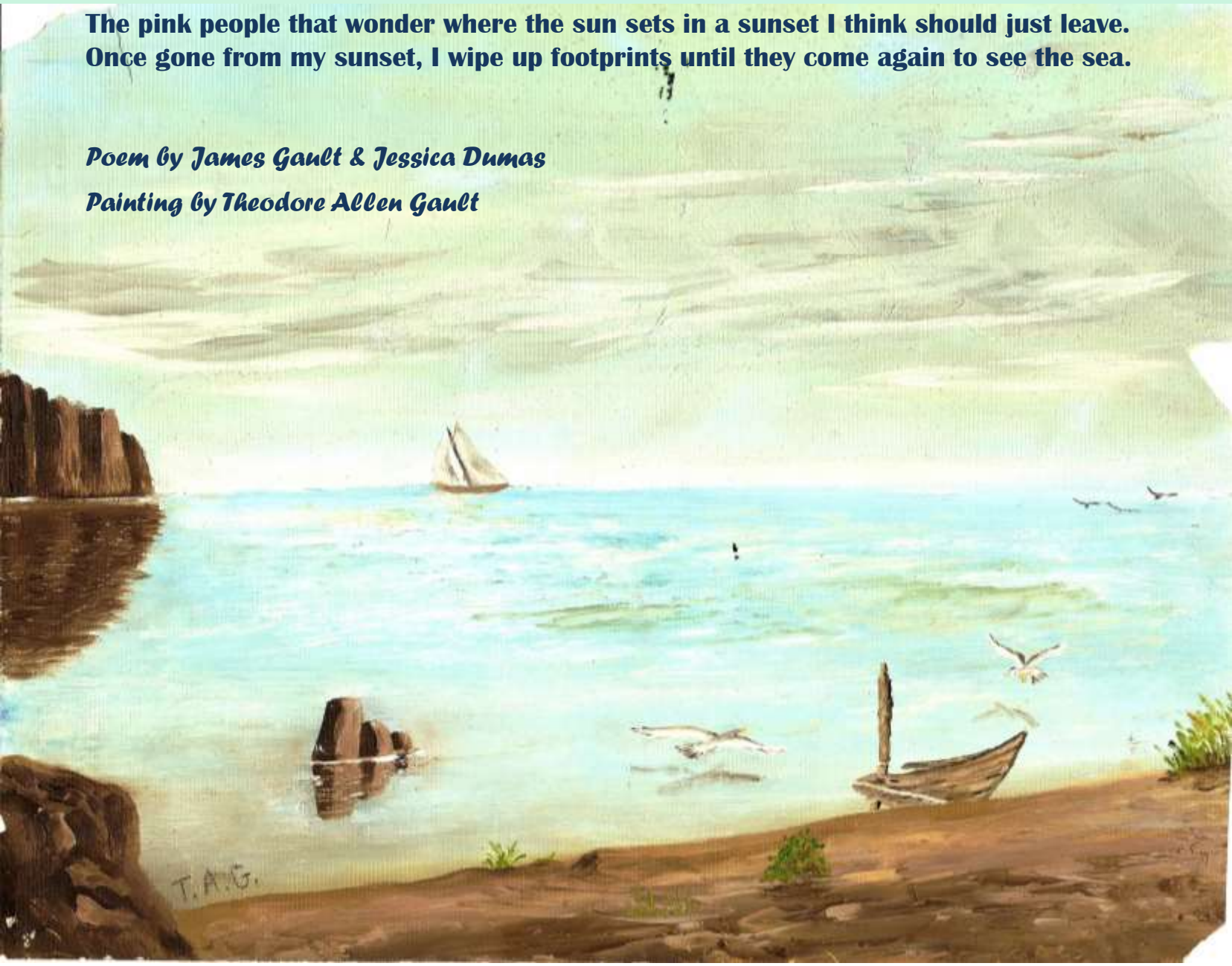
What then do I think of pink people who visit my corner of the sea and my paradise?  
I think there are ones who bubble forth before they take the time to rehearse.  
Others are pickled peaches that live in dainty cabins who seem to be stuck in reverse.

Some watch from glass domes and only peer at the waves as they view the tides.  
One may say the sun is warmer here than wherever they come from and then hides.  
Many just wonder what I do to keep from getting burned and wrinkling on all sides.

The pink people that wonder where the sun sets in a sunset I think should just leave.  
Once gone from my sunset, I wipe up footprints until they 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 leaves from and in their descent to their sub-boundary.

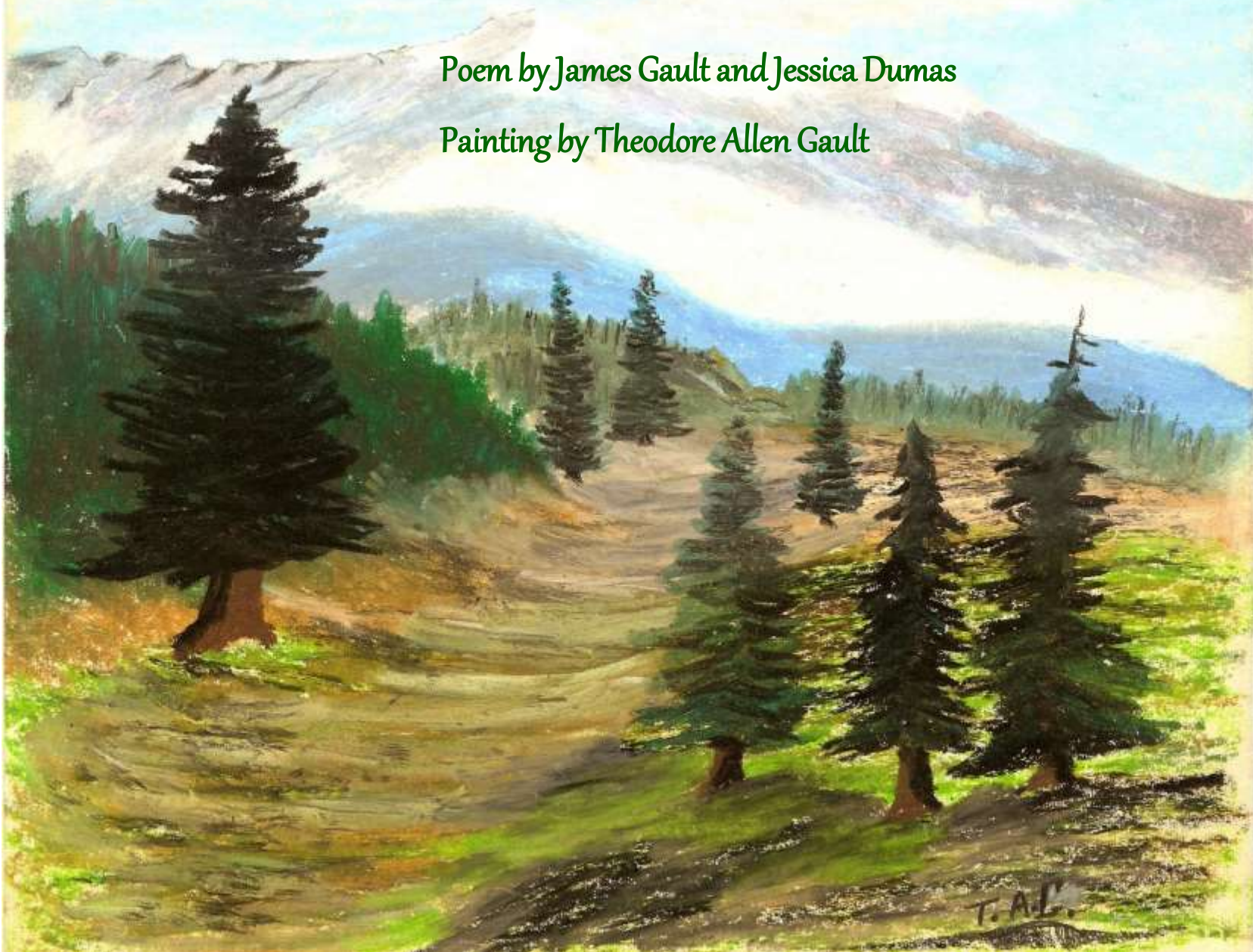
In an anti-medium to the warm multicolored diffusion of deciduous ways to decay.

In the spring it is a revealing of green hypo-enveloping and heterogeneous pigmented preview against the blued and still blotted skies.

Soon winter blows in leaving a cover of a soft white blanket of snow making the forever evergreens stand out so green as they sway in a chilly breeze.

Poem by James Gault and Jessica Dumas

Painting by Theodore Allen Gault





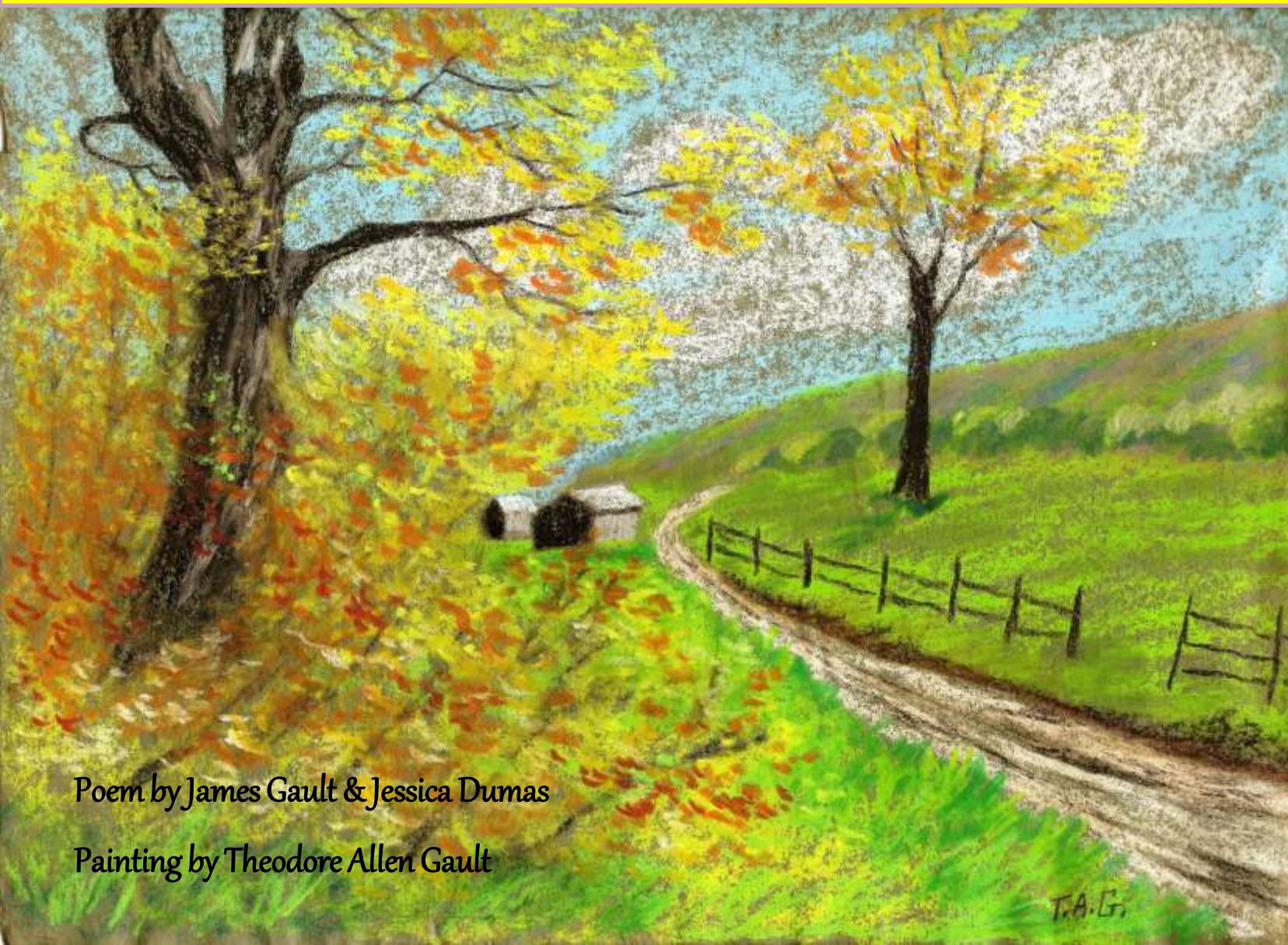
# Symphony of Colors

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 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

T.A.G.

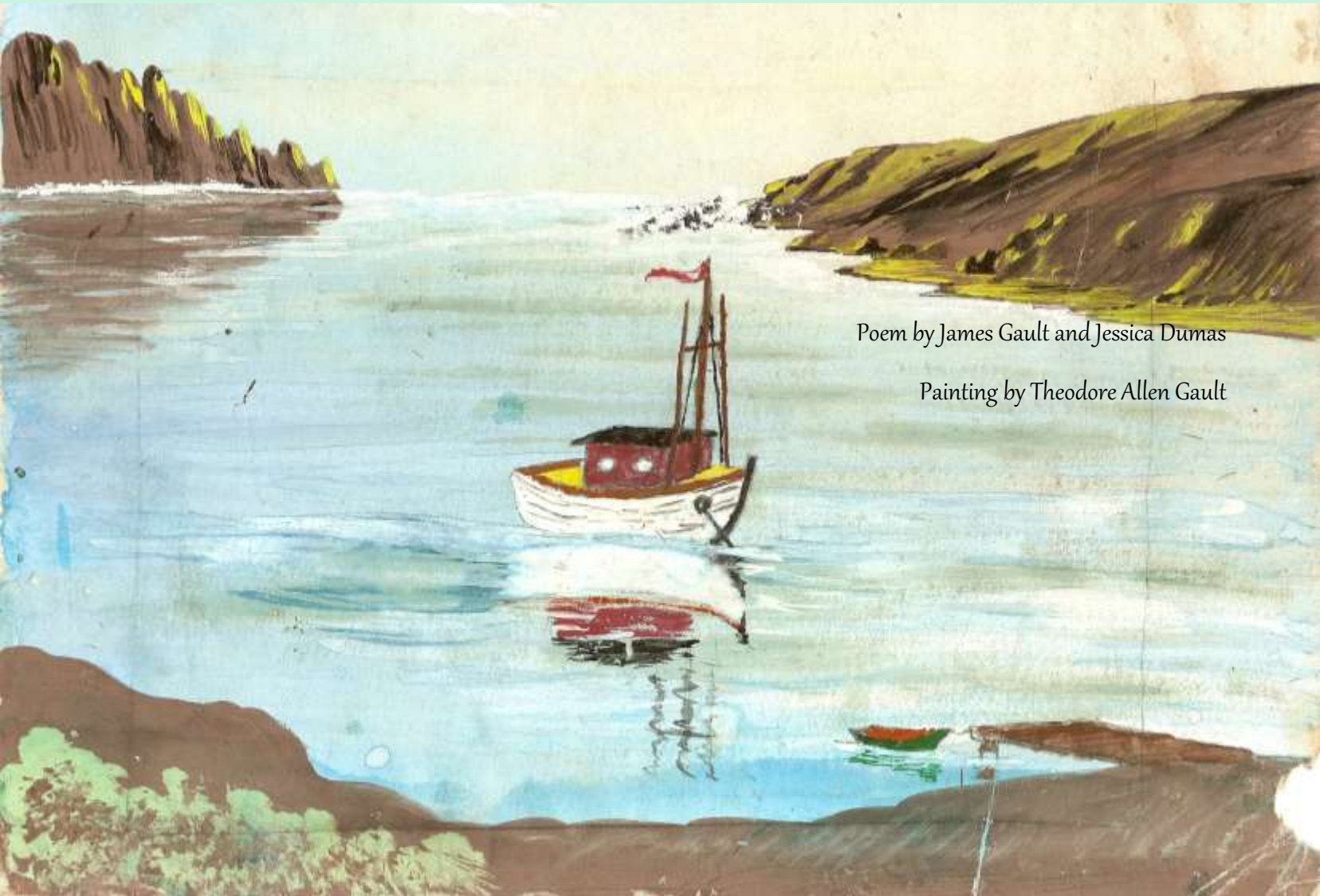


# BY SEA AND MOUNTAINS

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.  
Let us view for all time by sea and by mountain as glorious and complete.

Poem by James Gault and Jessica Dumas

Painting by Theodore Allen Gault

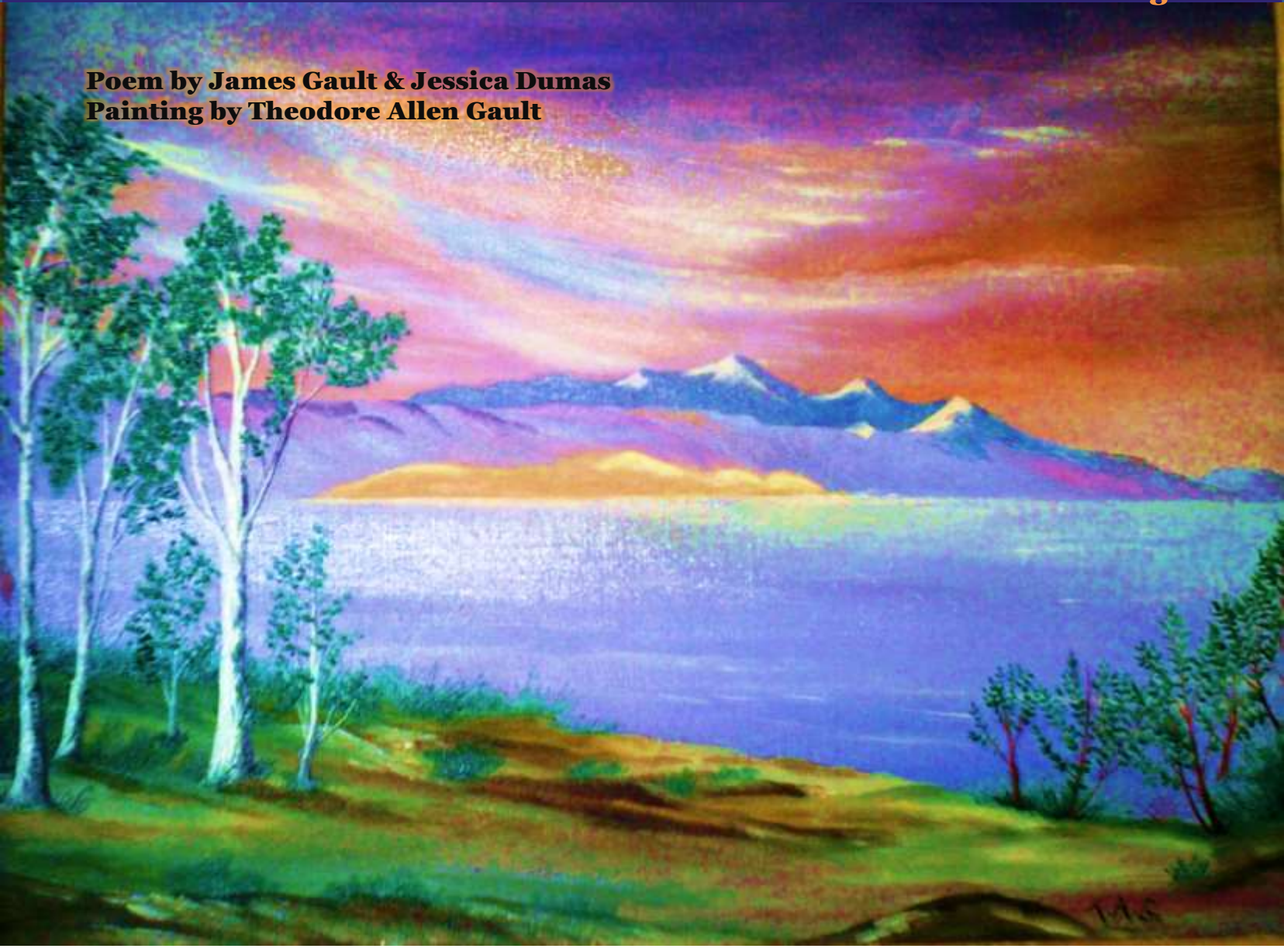




# Scarlet Sunset

From a gabled window, colors seep through a painless pane  
Flowing 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 the 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  
The limbs of a deciduous maple are feed by the warm yellow light  
As its roots drink from under the south bank of this northern river  
The grassland that prevails over brown rocky beds will soon shiver  
As the shadows from birch trees fade and 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 they would move soon."**

**His silent blare can almost be heard as he defeats deplume.**

**You could compare this to being left in an almost empty room.**

**Feeling like you were abandoned, you can only feel gloom.**

**Like the girl who was just left by the end wall ready to fume.**

**Of solidarity and fair beauty, a painting of exquisiteness.**

**But doomed as a part of that end of the room where she is.**

**When you move and you always do; suddenly as in a blitz.**

**You know you're not a part of doom  
though you are surely there in the room.**

**When imminent clouds return,  
It's like being left at the  
end of doom room,  
in moon gloom.**

Poem by James Gault and Jessica Dumas

Painting by Theodore Allen Gault

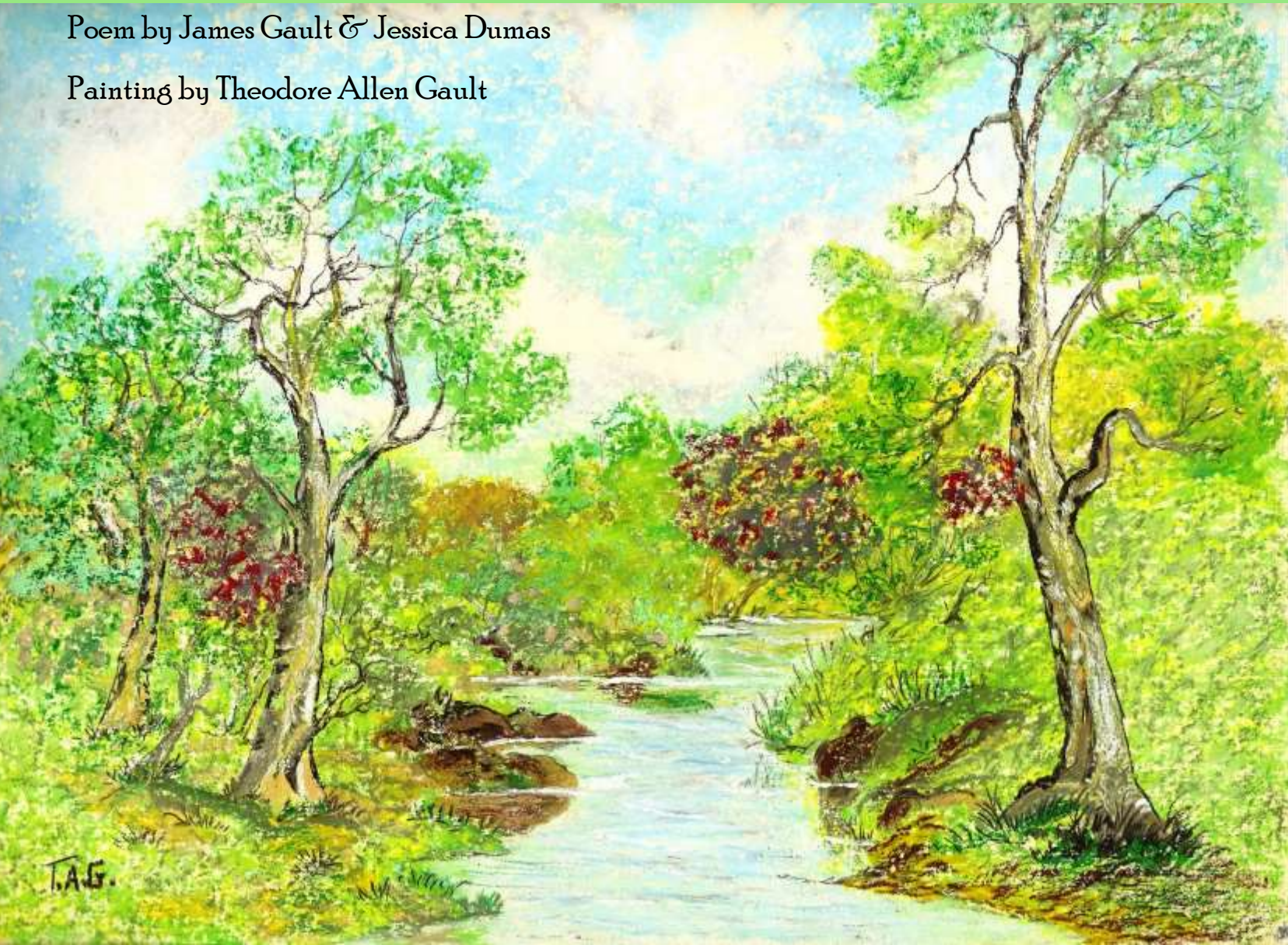


# European Green

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.

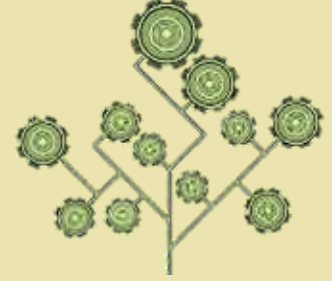
Poem by James Gault & Jessica Dumas

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.



# *Silent Stable Life*

Worn by years of weathering, the old man's shack still stands  
on a lonely rounded hillside.

The tall grass of last spring is fading from the summer heat  
and no one to tend to the long grass that reaches so wide.

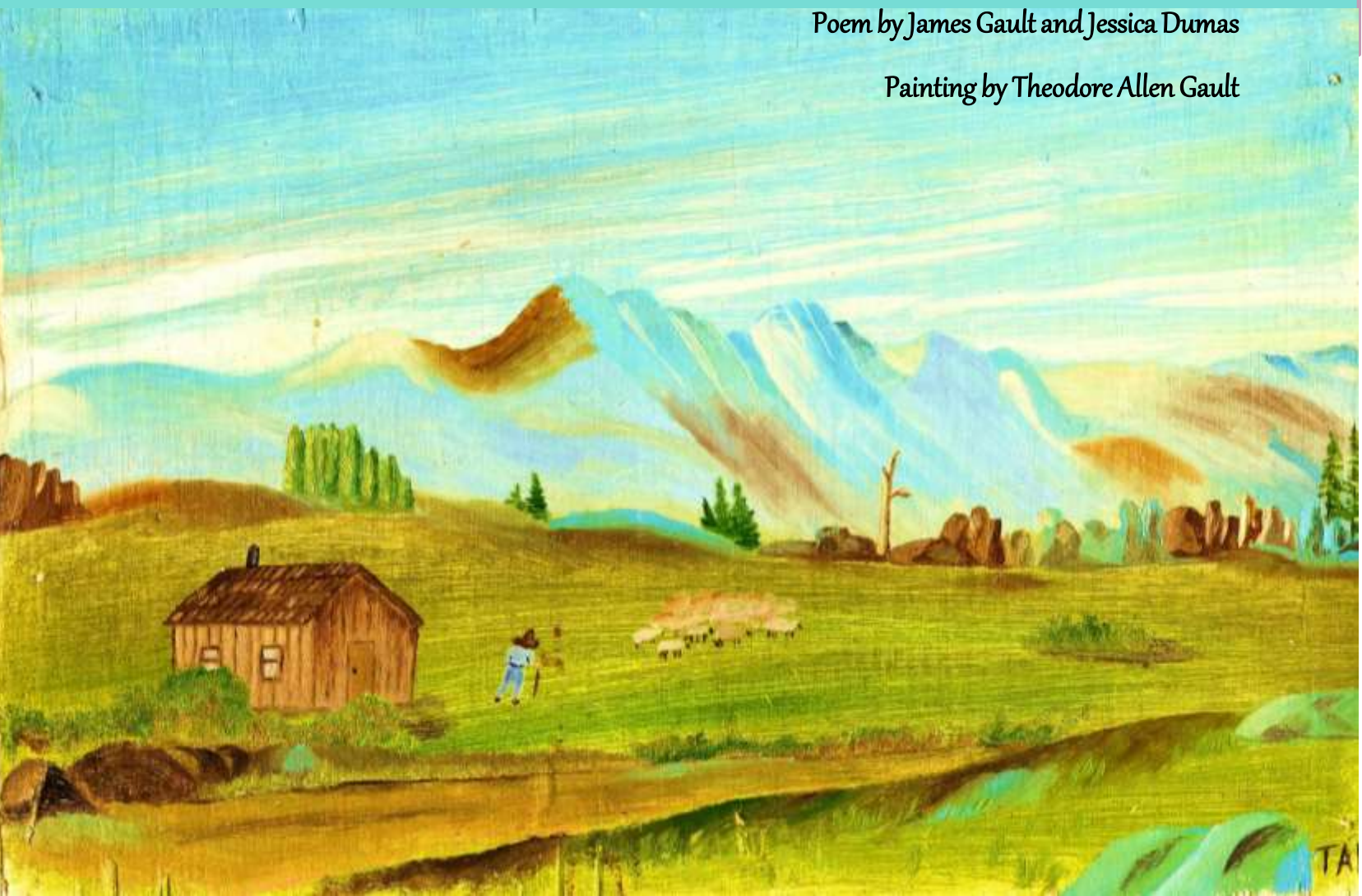
Though it is now a place of silent solitude, the aura of the  
rooms makes you wonder what stories are stored there to hide.

Quaint is the rocking chair worn from resting between walks  
with the herd as the setting sun fades the walls and the old  
door invites you but tries to keep you from getting inside.

The quiet place is asking that you honor and not disturb this  
faded but silent and stable life with wishes for you to abide.

Poem by James Gault and Jessica Dumas

Painting by Theodore Allen Gault





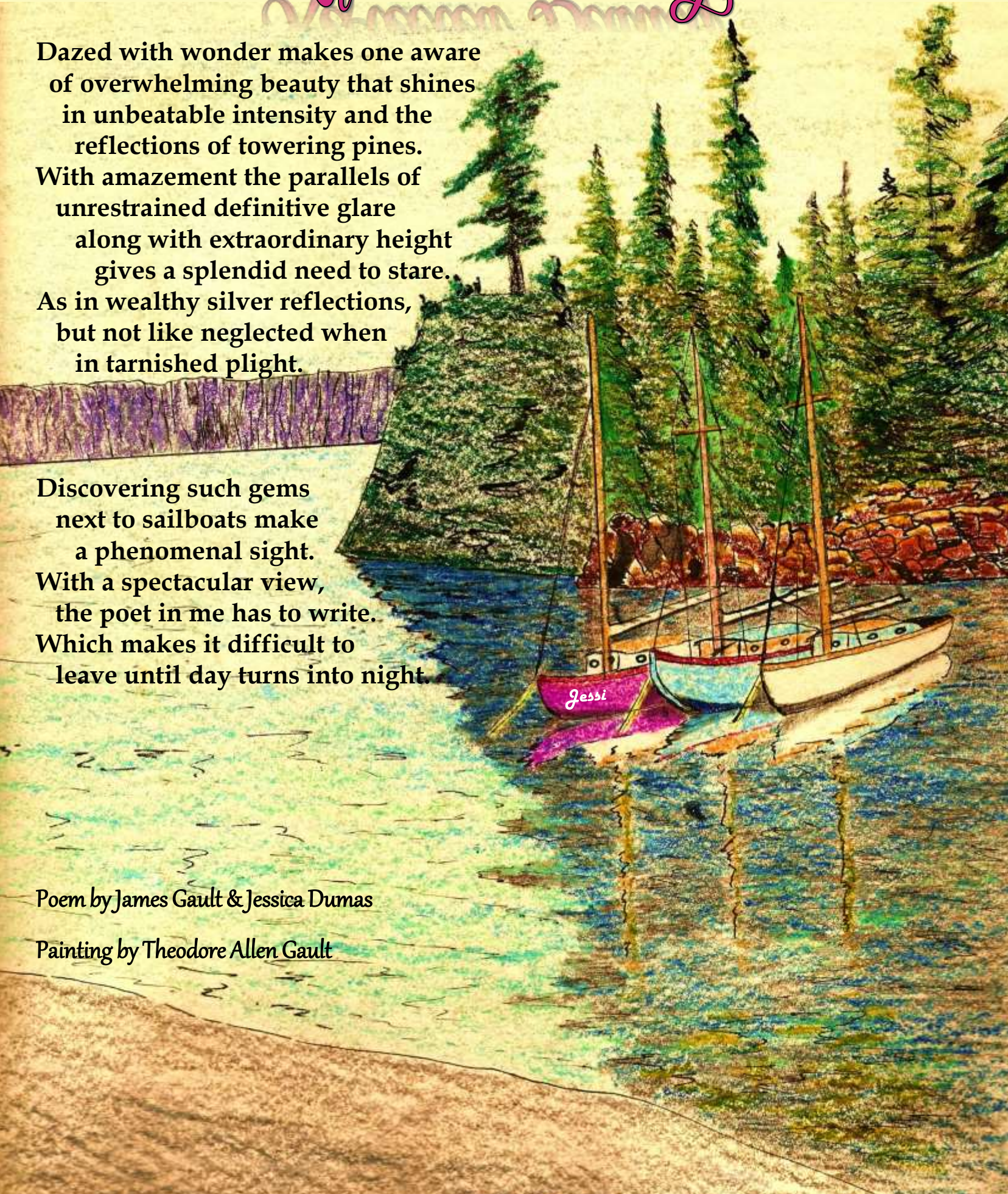
# Reflected Beauty

Dazed with wonder makes one aware  
of overwhelming beauty that shines  
in unbeatable intensity and the  
reflections of towering pines.  
With amazement the parallels of  
unrestrained definitive glare  
along with extraordinary height  
gives a splendid need to stare.  
As in wealthy silver reflections,  
but not like neglected when  
in tarnished plight.

Discovering such gems  
next to sailboats make  
a phenomenal sight.  
With a spectacular view,  
the poet in me has to write.  
Which makes it difficult to  
leave until day turns into night.

Poem by James Gault & Jessica Dumas

Painting by Theodore Allen Gault





# Crystal Bubbles

When you blow bubbles in the park, they are related to the sun's glare bouncing and gliding along, and then bursting for you to see. The bubbles make me wonder about my dreams where there are super crystal bubbles that when they burst, they vanish to infinity. By their way, they live even if only in part of your mind, but as to their physical nature, they have phenomenal chemical presences. Perhaps from deep crystal worlds with colorful reflections of ours only to ride winds you can't feel or bounce off the clouds living to become crystal oceans for us to seek long glances. We need to tell all the children they should keep blowing crystal bubbles to fill the oceans and so then their dreams will have chances.



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



# *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 Baby last Saturday?” it might imply whatever was favorable to your thinking. Since it was Fritz, she was probably a girl that probably 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?”

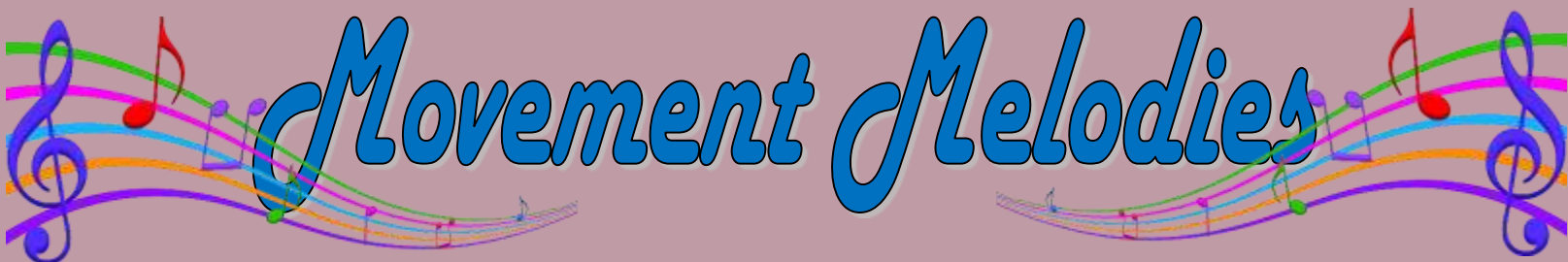
Though neither one of us gave a direct answer about Ferrari Fritz, implied statements can develop into inferred ones. We feel we have a good idea of what the other is thinking. Or do we?

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  
in themselves grow beyond their mediums of levels in  
mass and or range or even both.*

*At 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 & 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.

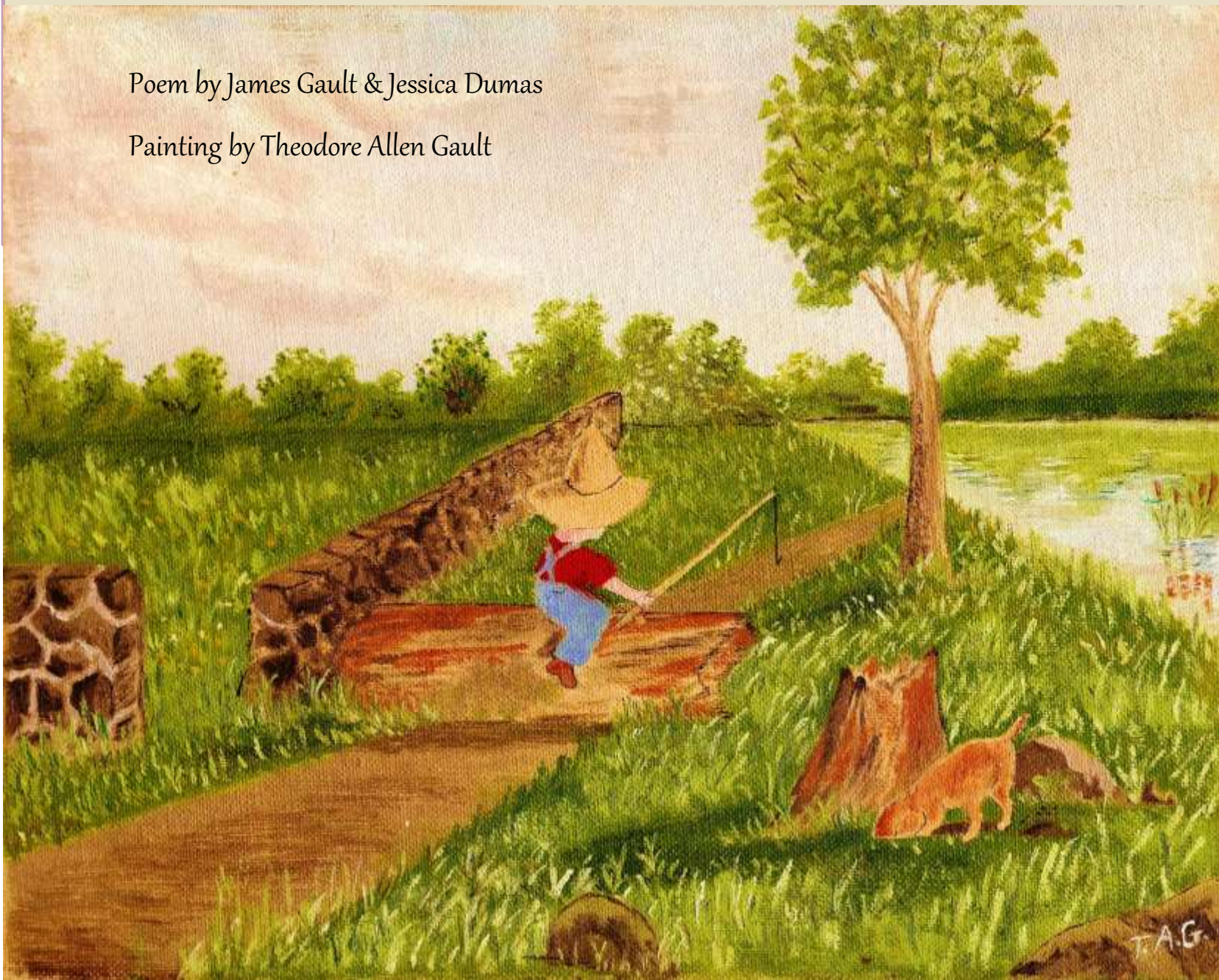
Which brings you to dizziness on the horseless merry-go-round.

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



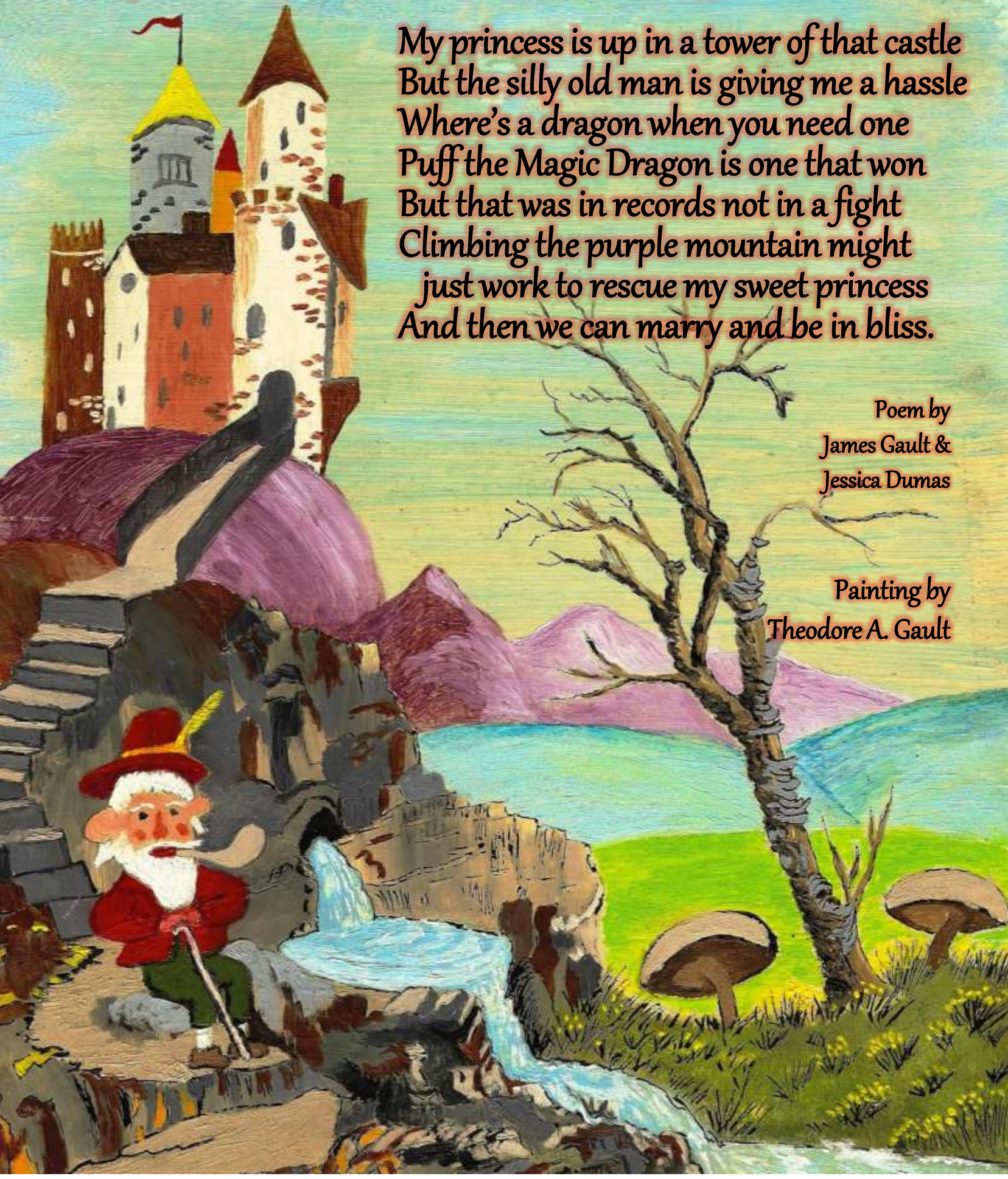


# Princess in a Castle

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 A. Gault



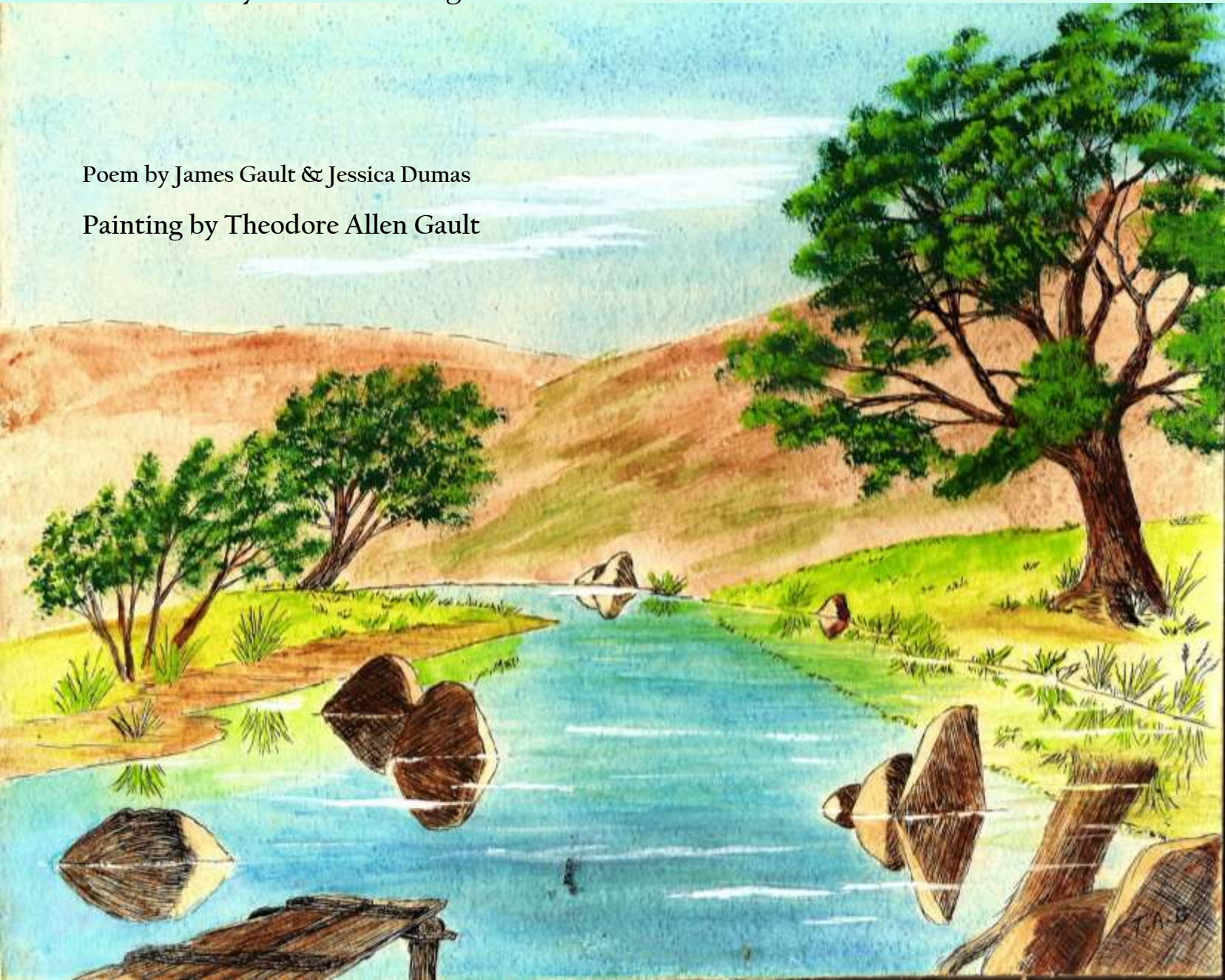


# THE MIND

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

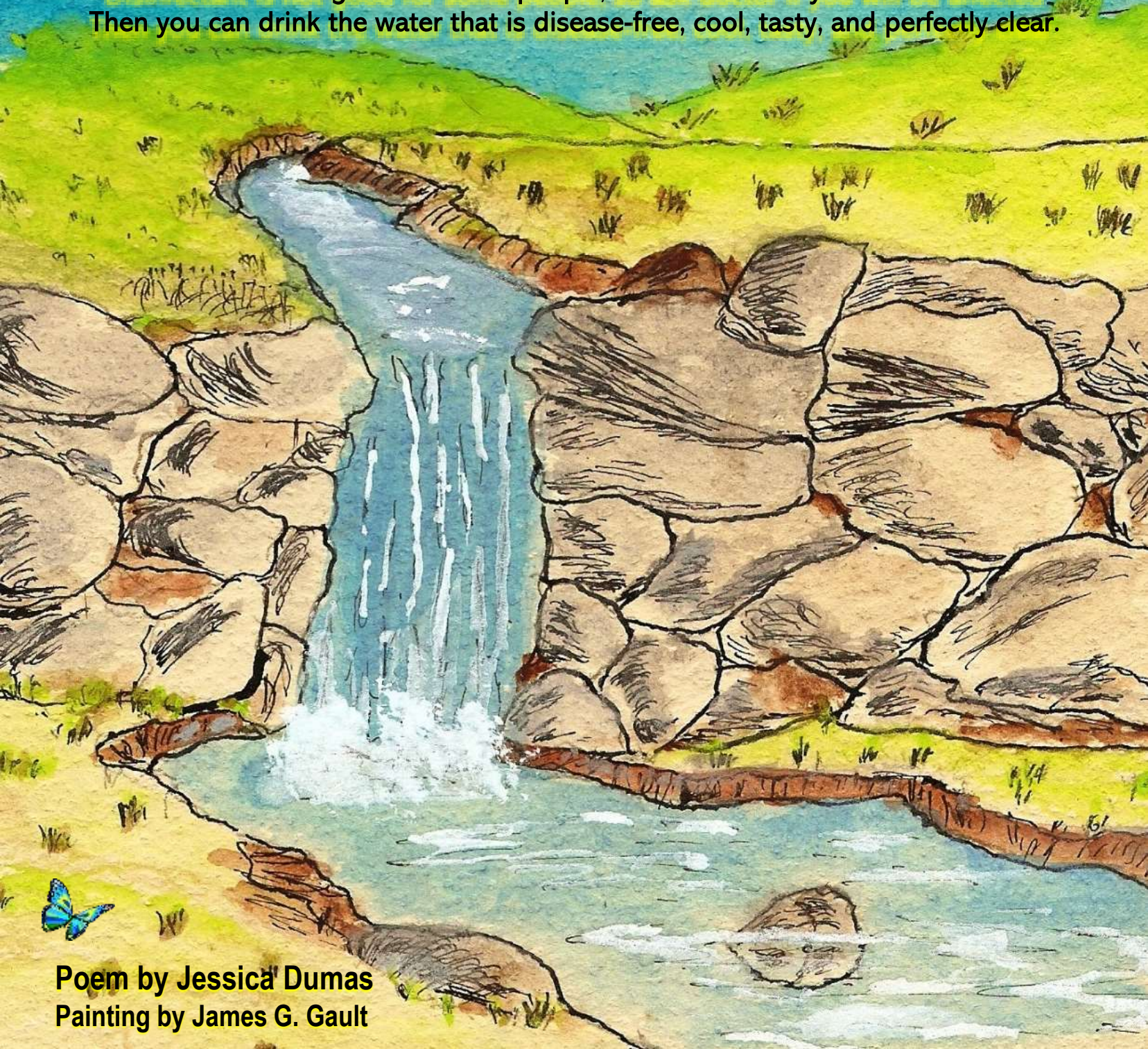
Painting by Theodore Allen Gault





# 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 is not yet safe, so you should prepare by taking with in your gear  
Something to heat water to a boil or a chemical to add to be 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 G. Gault



# TINY HOUSE

Tiny houses are compact and economical little homes built new  
Many are built on wheels so you can move and take them with you  
There is a guy who designed them long before they became a craze  
He's been designing miniature items since he was in the sixth grade  
He has a notebook full of his designs called Bay Window Bungalows  
All have names like Caboose Cottage that looks like a train caboose  
Jessica may be able to take a poem and add her touch to critique  
But James designs tiny houses that are stylish and vividly unique.

Poem by Jessica Dumas

Bay Window Bungalow Tiny House Designed & Built 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 contests, send your response to my email by clicking the Contact Me page at [www.jessicajdumas.com](http://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. I can have them printed on high-quality paper good for framing.\*

Thank You Reading!

Jessica 

\* Email me for prices for single copies, posters, or books. Also send inquiries about James' Tiny Houses here.



Painting by Theodore Allen Gault

