

Collected Poems

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Dead Branches

Oh! Thee fair.

You barren branch.

Your death tells tales of time.

You creak and groan and crack
where once you'd swing and sway.

Your brittle breaks
and jagged ends
signal your end of days.

The vines will climb
into your peaks
and pull you down below.

Return to dust
from whence you came.

Arise new growth!
Ye fine and fair
Reach for the blue
the sun
the sky
the world is yours
go flourish now.

Grandfather Grandmother

Grandfather tree.
You tower and sway.

Grandmother tree.
You hold storms at bay.

Sentinels, protectors, guardians for an age.

Clouds touch you as they pass by,
asking your blessing as they cross your lands.

The sky
bright blue; or dark gray
belongs to you,
you towering hulks,
you bastions of tranquility.

You hold the power of peace.
You grasp me in your heights.

When the wind blows your branches,
when sunlight dapples your green leaves,
I am carried to a place of nothingness
and become nothing but a piece of you.

When autumn strips you bare,
I mourn and pray
For your safe return
from your winter away.

Imagine Living

Imagine living.

To know that each moment is a unique slice of time that matters and
any moment could be the last.

The last thing you say.

The last thing you do.

Every single one can never happen again and can be the last.

All the rest,

stolen away at the time between beats of a heart.

What would you do if you were so fragile?

So brittle and breakable?

Alas, we will never know what it could feel like.

That fear,

that ecstasy of impermanence.

So life takes on a dullness of permanence.

This Is Love

Have you ever stopped to think
about how a loving god hides his words in riddles and languages so old
men spend centuries arguing their meanings?

And to fail to find the answer
to his riddles is to spend all of your future non-existence
in torment and suffering
in a place designed to be unimaginable
in its purpose of pain,
designed not by Him, the designer of everything else,
and not under his domain,
not within the purview of the all-powerful
nor the knowledge of the all-knowing.

This is the price to pay
when you are not wise enough to accept his goodness-or-else.

Spend thirty minutes staring at a featureless wall in a room with no sound.

Spend ten.

Hear the nothing.

See the blank.

Sit in your own head with thoughts fed by a brain designed to make you fear,

to make you see what isn't there,

to hear what didn't happen,

to keep you safe from every imagined harm.

Spend an hour there.

Survive it.

Spend a week.

A year.

Sit in the tortuous silence for seventy-eight years.

A lifetime.

You won't.

You can't.

This is suffering that cannot even pale in comparison to the forever and always of his promise when you fail to divine the secrets of his obfuscated works.

This is love.

Amen.

Nature's Green

There is green
and there is every green
All of them at once

The blade of grass, underside and under sun
the leaf of a tree, flashing and playing in the breeze
and the leaves of a bush, every one of them its own green.

Unripe berries
The fronds of a fern
undergrowth and weed.

Green on green on evergreen.

Look for eternity and she will find a way to show you more green.

Rick

A man of a smile

A man of a joke

His country betrayed him and stole his youth

"Not mentally capable" said his papers

"Take him away" said his warmongers

He wanted to see rabbits, he wanted to see birds

He wanted to see his people but only when he wanted to

Sometimes he made racist jokes

I think he thought they were funny

I think he wouldn't if he understood better

"Well...anyway" he'd say

because he didn't know what to say

"You probably gotta go..." he'd say

hoping you'd stay

His life was sad

cat-piss-ruined-walls-ruined-house-small-spaces-roommate-in-a-room-
the-size-of-a-closet-old-people-smells-and-screams-at-night kind of life

He smiled and laughed every time I saw him

Weeds

I let the weeds grow because I am lazy

Ex nihilo, I create

Where I refuse my duties, worlds grow

four foot tall forests of grass

canopies of color

petals bursting from greenery

I long to be the size needed to live in that wilderness

To forage food in the land of towering clover and sky scraping
sunflower

I would return each night to my cabin

My hovel

Deep in the heart of the fruit of my inaction

Only there would I never need to weed

Where Lies the Self

There exists a house
on a typical street

There are cameras on the house
facing outward

A person walks up to the front of the house
carrying a pizza

In the door
a slot opens
the pizza is placed inside

A conveyor belt whisks the pizza away where it is turned into mush by
devices.

Further devices turn the mush
into nourishing liquids

The liquids enter tubes
and travel to a room in the house
to a chair in the room

The chair contains systems to care for the biological functions of the
flesh which sits within.

The flesh has appendages
which interact with a computer

The computer is used to monitor and run processes which interact with
physical
and virtual worlds

thank you wind

thank you wind
for whispering peace
thank you wind for carrying my concerns
I sit under these boughs
about to break
they swing and sway
I am lifted
what I feel is gone and you are all
I pray to you
please don't stop
move
shift
push
please
when you end they return