

Dr John WorldPeace JD
Complete Poems 2020
February

WorldPeace Poems

Dr John WorldPeace JD



Dr John WorldPeace JD Poetry
<https://drjohnworldpeacejdpotry.com/>

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DEDICATION

This book is dedicated to increasing the level of Peace and
WorldPeace in the world human society.

WorldPeace is a possible dream.

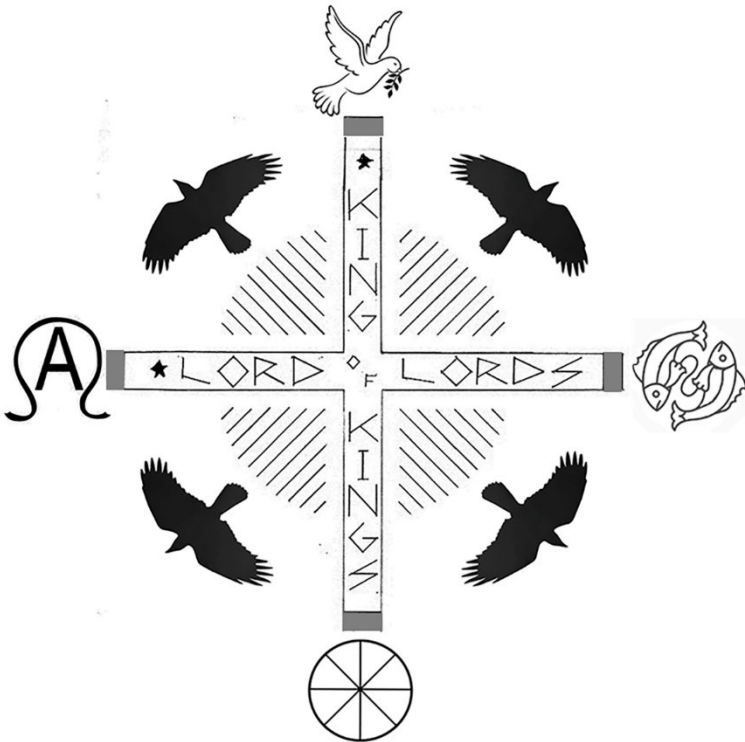
When peace becomes our priority,
WorldPeace will become our reality.
- Dr John WorldPeace JD

WorldPeace is a journey,
not a destination.
- Dr John WorldPeace JD

This is our cry,
This is our prayer
Peace in the World

ACKNOWLEDGMENT JESUS CHRIST

I am a Spiritual Christian, not a Corporate Bureaucratic Christian. I absolutely believe in the Resurrection. I absolutely believe in the following words of Jesus because I believe in Hebrews 8:10-11. *"Ask and it will be given you, seek and you will find, knock and it will be opened to you. For everyone who asks receives, he who seeks finds and to those who knock it will be opened."* Mt 7:7 *"If you have the faith the size of a mustard seed, you will say to the mountain move and it will move. Nothing will be impossible for you."* Mat 17:20. *"Truly, truly I say to you, if you believe in me you will do the works I do and greater works will you do because I go to the Father. Whatever you ask in my name I will do it for the greater glory of the Father through the son. Whatever you ask in my name I will do it"* Jn 14:12 | We write our individual and group script in life. The Book of Revelation is a false book of a doom and gloom future set in stone and I reject it because it is contrary to the teaching of Jesus above and because in my day to day life I am a witness to the truth of the above scripture. We are presently living the beliefs and actions of the world human society in the past. Dr Jwp JD 190829



NOTES RE: POETRY: Dr. John WorldPeace JD

I was born in 1948, in Houston, Texas. I have lived in Albuquerque, New Mexico, since 2011.

In October 1970, I wrote my first poem. Over the last 50 years, I have written about 3500 poems in various poetic genres. Most of my poems could be looked at as a tiny biography of my life; one-page snap-shots of what I was thinking or experiencing at a particular moment in time.

In June 2018, I began to self-publish all the poems I have ever written to date in chronological order using Amazon's self-publishing software. There will be about 40 poem books in total. I did not try to publish the various books in chronological order.

Along with my free-verse poems, I have published one line (not one sentence) poems and Haiku which are 3 line poems with 5, 7, 5 syllables per line.

My genetics and my current state of health make me confident, barring some accident, that I will live more than a few years past 100. I will continue to write poems and in fact, will probably increase the volume of poems over the rest of my life.

I do not force my poems. I don't write unless I feel inspired. I have no desire to set a world record for a number of poems written in a lifetime.

The poems are written in a couple of minutes, 2-10, then put away in a binder in chronological order. I have lost less than a dozen poems over the years. Usually, within a very few minutes after writing the poem, I have no real memory of what I wrote. The edits I make after writing a poem are minimal. Images of some of the original cursive of many poems are online:

DrJohnWorldPeaceJDPoetry.com

I do not write poems that rhyme except incidentally. To try to fit a poetic thought into a rhyming format, for me, breaks the flow of the poem.

Dr John WorldPeace JD

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Dr John WorldPeace JD

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ZEN LOTUS PETALS:

One line poems



Dr John WorldPeace JD

200204

001. Everything is curious, nothing makes sense, it is all just
Alice in Wonderland

002. I stroked the womb and its life called out to me

003. The pens on my desk cannot contain the slop eating hogs

004. Adults are restless in their boredom and angry through their
children

005. I press my shoes against the ground no matter the surface; gives
me the illusion of moving

006. Books scream from their library shelving and that is where the
poems come from

007. Unconscious thoughts spring from the written page

008. The caged bird ignored its food and bit the silver wire

009. Without a floor there is no prison, without a ceiling, the sky
vanishes.

010. The children frenzied on the playground and screamed in
boredom in the classroom

011. I have memories of walking Linda home after school but no
memories of her last name or how the ritual began

012. The hot silent summer night under the stars is the most sacred
of experiences

013. I sat next to my grandfather as he drank his coffee and ate a
piece of toast: nothing was said, I got up before he finished his
breakfast and went outside

014. I cannot forget the day I shot field larks until I had a pile of
them all and they were no more

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015. I have a routine of silent sitting walking sleeping; just memories of peace

016. I was walking in a dream when I realized I was awake

017. Piles of clean clothes on my bed: I joy in the experience of holding off on the folding

018. I crawled under the house and gave the female puppy to my grandfather who took it gently and then slammed it on the ground: I told him there were no more females.

019. I can feel sentient beings riding planets far far away

020. My fingers take turns embracing the arthritis; my toes two at a time

021. My father did not like being alone. I did not like his friends or their moronic talk about nothing that was their lives

022. You never know what a dog is thinking

023. The paper cranes gather with human hands touching unwrinkled paper.

024. The master does not always recognize his student

025. The grass is the hair of the earth

ZEN LOTUS PETALS:

Free verse poems 2 to 14 lines
(spaces between lines not counted)



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You designate priority
for human beings and animals
then the dolphins and whales
and fish of the sea

Then the plants and trees
because they are stationary
and dumb

Then the foundation
of the earth the rocks

I tell you the whole earth is one body
all alive
.all conscious

200206-xxxx

Dr John WorldPeace JD

I never thought
of the paper airplanes
I folded as origami
neither the paper cubes
I made
I never knew until I was
in my 40s

As a kid
no one I knew talked
about the Japanese
except about the
Great War
nothing positive
nothing spiritual
just dead family and friends
and dead Japs
and the atomic bomb.

200207-1815

As I leave the room
I milk the
sealion tooth
(Rachel gifted me)

I take the energy
into my hand
and into my
body-mind-soul.

200221-2244

Dr John WorldPeace JD

I do not carry anyone

I do not heal anyone

I do not support anyone

I live my life in wonder

and I record my sight

and I make note of my visions

Everything is my teacher

Everything is my joy.

Humans are empty vases

looking to be filled

my poetry and art are my notes
of this life.

200222-0705

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Everything teaches
if you meditate on it
if it does not teach
it is a door to
knowing
something

It is a useless life
that pursues only
the pleasures
of the body

unwashed the body stinks
in time it dies
and stinks
to high heaven

the body can hold
onto nothing because
it is nothing

In death
the soul looks
at the rotting body
and moves away
fades into another consciousness

200222-0712

Dr John WorldPeace JD

I have nothing
to teach you because
I do not know you
- because you are
not me

I am a man
traveling through
this earth dreamscape

with a fat piece of colored chalk
writing words
drawing pictures
on walls
and in the dirt

I am a traveler
among infinite travelers
nats swarming
birds flying
all fading in
fading out

200222-0718

Jesus wrote
in the dirt
and with mud on walls

he wrote scrolls

The Catholic Church
has them
burned destroyed
some of the ones they had

Much of what Jesus
wrote does not
fit the Catholic
myth of Jesus

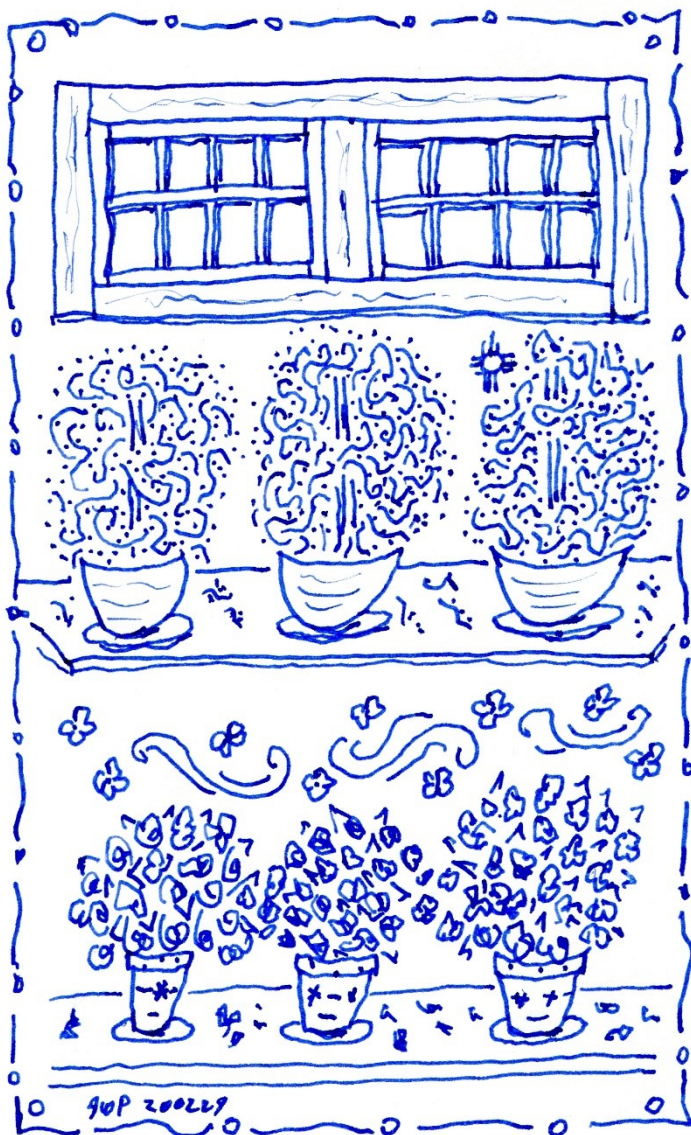
Jesus was a free spirit
the Catholic Church
an elaborate prison
full of clanish
arrogant men.

Wooden posts
rotting
begging
laughing.

200222-0726

FREE VERSE POEMS:

Free verse poems 15 lines or more
(spaces between lines not counted)



The nature
of homo sapiens
is predatory

these genetics
cannot be
overcome by Jesus

Humans see themselves
as being under attack
by everyone

they feel that
anyone who succeeds
is a threat

therefore it is
in a person's self-interest
to not help others
just close friends
and family maybe

if anyone appears
to be a personal threat
or living free of restraints
imposed by the normal ones
they must be put
on a leash
or incarcerated
or terminated

200201-0420

Dr John WorldPeace JD

As I have
released my past
and those who I loved
in a way they
were incapable
of understanding

I am now free
to see even more
than what I saw
when busy with what
to me were menial tasks
but to others life and
death tethers
and chains

Now I am beyond
that and as I
look into
the gray eyes of
others

I see they are
burned out
their ash gray eyes
reveal how empty
their existence

200201-0434

Everywhere in
this dreamscape
are gates

gates that
are portals
to many paths
traveled and
not yet

Many gates
to past joys
that are no longer
there

Gates through which
we came before
and now again
surprised

to this place of confusion
even in joy as
much as sorrow

Gates with latches
doors with nobs
gates of see-through
iron bars

200201-0458

Dr John WorldPeace JD

I am thankful
that after many
decades of life

I can escape
in many books of poetry
of many passages
and openings as
words and
phrases

I open the bookends
to a page
I settle down
and begin to scan
for the words of peace
and that uplift

looking for the
gold and silver
and words of light

My mind secures
the words that stand out
and I wait
for the oracle
to speak
my peace

200201-0506

The old man
sits on the park bench
watching mothers
and young children
playing in the
park

Every morning for a decade
or more his routine
the same

No pigeons
come to see him
because he never
brings seeds -
pecans are his treat

it is the crows
that come see him
wait on him
every day

and more and more often
they bring him some
small gift
and sometimes
pieces of bread

200203-0215

Dr John WorldPeace JD

Filling his fountain pen
he marked his hand
and fingers

he used his tongue
on some marks
but he had to dip
a paper napkin in his
iced tea
for the larger
stains

the ink is sacred
to him
it represents
the unwritten words

who knows
what important
revelation revolution
or poignant
prayer

or what image
to grace
his book of poems

200203-0219

Dr John WorldPeace JD

The poems flow
 from his soul
 to his mind
 down his arm
 to pen in hand

the words spill out
 such that he
 has no time
 to consider
 what is coming
 or where the poem
 is leading

So many years
 this is the only
 way he ever wrote
 just a sense
 that it was
 time to write

to stop and think ahead
 always rattled the flow
 like peeking into
 a box to have
 the contents
 spill out in
 disarray

200203-0228

The small pewter
tea-candle holder
with dark red glass

a perfect receptacle
for his fountain
pens

to hold a
pen of subtle beauty
like an expensive
paintbrush

but the pen
does not need
to be dipped
with every few
strokes

but the feeling
is the same

word paintings with pens
every stroke a
painting with
a fine steel tip
apply a stroke of colored ink

200203-0236

It is interesting
to fill a sheet
of paper with words
and then
notice the sheets
piling up
A minor wonder
at what that paper
recorded
there is no memory
until they are read
then his mind says
“Oh yes, I remember that.”

A page of ink
is torn from the
yellow tablet
the sheet
added to the pile
the pen eager to write more
until the inspiration
is temporarily poured out

200203-0242

Dr John WorldPeace JD

I feel a need
to have a garden
mostly flowers I think
maybe a few tomatoes

I need to walk in that
energy – I need to
watch the earth
refreshing in
my small plot

I need to feel the
soft moist dirt one my fingers
and in my hands

I need to sprinkle
the water
to the ever
thirsty plants

I need to turn the soil and
see the worms
working the
dirt into soil

I need the peace
of that experience
daily and more often

200203-0248

Dr John WorldPeace JD

For all the days
my children were in
my reality

I wrote poems
but they never noticed
and never read one
or even brought
them up

Months ago
I told my son John
I had published all
my poems
and he said
“Then I will buy them.”
I said, “No let me
send them to you
I can buy copies
at cost.”
“No”, he said.

He never bought them
same as he pushed away
a 5 x 5 foot painting of his daughter
I put 750 hours into

The hatred his wife My-Le has for me
choked off any influence from me
not that my poems or paintings
were of interest to him

200203-0304

Dr John WorldPeace JD

Tears were never
part of me
certainly not
as I have seen
others cry

Only twice in my life
did tears flow

Once when I was about 12
and my parakeet "Peatie" died
I had found him
one morning sitting
on our car
my first experience
with love

And then my mother's
companion after she divorced
my father
Never did I see him
that he did not light up
at my presence
My mother abused him
more than my father

We called him Vernon Too because
my father was Vernon also

When he died I was not prepared
and could not hold back
the all-out ceaseless
crying

200203-0314

Dr John WorldPeace JD

All my life

I have been
surrounded by
significant people

who had no joy

so many things
I pointed out
with blissful energy

But all to no avail

I have brief memories
of loving women I encountered
who I could not
afford to engage

My second wife
was loving to almost everyone
but not to me

Her father and husband
were both abusive
alcoholics

After 19 years she left the non drinking me
refusing to say why

200203-0328

“The look of a sacred thing
sitting in a net.” EStVM

I have seen
this more times
than I care to remember

Pictures of Holocaust prisoners
behind fences death
harvesting everywhere
and refugees
animals in traps and snares
and in the mouths of predators

People caged by family
workers enslaved by bosses
humans with not White skin
members beat down
by false preachers

children of alcoholic parents

and the man and woman
trapped in every mirror

200203-0340

Dr John WorldPeace JD

In my sanctuary
at my altar
my writing table

Ceiling to floor
wall to wall
books behind me
surround me

Paintings I did at 14
to the left of me

and miscellaneous
memories on tangible
things all around
holding fast to those
humans who
touched them
long and long long ago
and what seems to
be long ago
watch me from
a high shelf

For now I write:
no time no desire
some fear
to make more
people memories

200203-0351

The human body
draws its existence
from the earth

from the Earth Dreamscape
we arise

There is no human life
without the earth

The poisoned earth
produces defective
bodies

The human body
cannot exist in heaven
much less on another
planet
another moon

200205-0509

The President

is a demented man
his hatred for others
cannot be calmed

Like a rabid dog

he snaps and growls
at whoever is
near enough to
receive his constant anger

He is mentally ill

a creature crippled
by many demons

He is a mean-spirited

vicious tormented spirit
- all his money and
power can bring
him no peace

He is a Godless man

He is a gob of spit
coughed up
from Hell
cooking on the
sidewalk

200207-1832

Dr John WorldPeace JD

There is no place
where everyone can go

I am the center
I stand alone

what is and isn't
orbits round

I bring the light
the light sends me

This is a place
where the dead sleep

My head shadows
the paper under my pen

the light from the
skylight

the eternal white fire
the chasing darkness

I streak through here
I meditate upon the truth
I cannot die
only disappear from the
ignorant view

200208-1239

Dr John WorldPeace JD

You would not ask
me what God looks like
if you were not trapped
in the eternal night

you can escape
- the paths out
begin everywhere

but the desire to go
has burned out
in you

You thought you understood
who I am
you thought
you lived in my
world –
not so

I will tell you this
- for you I am
just a mirage
in your liquid
dream
in which you
now reside mistaking
dark for light

200208-1245

I see the
 evil elected king
 he gains momentum
 the vacuum
 he is
 sucks the blind
 into deeper darkness

I stand back
 I see it all
 - not the first time

Those who could
 not escape
 his orbit
 missed their chance
 again

They perceive
 he knows all
 - it is a mirage

he hates all
 his anger
 has no bounds
 he fakes
 the up ahead
 which is in truth
 a forever falling down

200208-1254

Dr John WorldPeace JD

I get ready
for the coming
- the intersection
- the clash of
clashes

He sees me approaching
over his shoulder he looks
but I am ahead
waiting

His destiny
is my flash
of light

his rendezvous
a dark hole
disguised as light
he turns and
races on

his mind is addled
his truth is
infinite confusion

I am nobody to him
he is a poison ant
trapped in a sealed jar
I declare

200208-1300

On this day

I will pick up
my brush again

I mix the black oil paint
to apply to my painting
of Hell

With each stroke
I pin another
stroke or dot of squirming
darkness
onto the eternal Hell

The brush marks the canvas
the light
rushes into my
hands

As I stroke the
canvas I
inhale the light
my eyes
cannot see
but my soul feels

The illusion of darkness?
-that it can control the Light

200208-1308

Papa St Popejoy
who is he?

I do not know
but he is knocking
on the inside of
my skull
wanting to speak

He says, "The time has come
the moon is full
the gray wolves
are almost all gone

and the bees are going
the pretty birds
are dying
their songs
forever lost
the silent spring

The money grubbers
and money changers
infest the Garden of Eden
they have no God
but the god
of worthless
everything

This earth
this dreamscape
is the jewel of
this glory

it is a realm
of God's infinite
beauty –
His mirror

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The fatal virus of apathy
takes root in the human race
the tin gods
that hoard
the gold

The Spanish devils
that destroyed
Central and South America
looted gold
and killed
high civilizations
in the name of Jesus

The dark side of Christianity
the golden calf
of St. Peter's in Rome

Jesus is not coming
because he never left

He is omnipresent
in every heart

a bright
light in some
a sickness in
most

The time is near
for the reckoning
before the earth
tips to full disintegration

The twisted Jesus
that the Evangelical's
and Fundamentalist
Christian Jews
that the billion dollar
Jesus shows
have slickly
marketed

The closed-in humans
take their drugs
supplied by street criminals
and corporate pirates
of the soul

the internet has brought
the world to oneness
The eyes fixed
to a 4 x 5
24/7
palm piper

TV the mind-bender
of my generation
-The internet and
cell phone of the
Third Millennium

and so many
false prophets
religious and not
sell a utopia
in sound bytes
to shrinking brains

I am the Fool on the hill
in the Enchanted High Desert
looking down on it
all wondering
about the good people
so lost.leaderless
sheep with no shepherd
but the soul enslaving
wolves

An awakening is fast approaching
the world human society
those who begin to awake
to their pointless
lives in the
Third Millennium

The people are looking
for a new vision
to free them from
their consumer
mentality
the gospel of the
predators who are lost
in their insatiable greed

The merry-go-round
must be broken
as its going round
is also going down

Their spinning heads
are lost lost lost

in dizzy chasing
their tails

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Sleep overtook me
yesterday
I was dead
for two hours
then half dead
for an hour more
and rummy
for another

Even in a deep sleep
I am not dead
always part of
me on guard
always traveling
on the inner planes

Things in my life
have become intense
my brain working
at capacity
does not allow
my body a true rest
certainly not the
rest of the dead
as yesterday

200212-0300

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Four nights ago
at the gym
a woman
eagerly got on
the treadmill
next to me
a big smile

I have not allowed
myself to think
about women
- a new discipline

This event froze me
I went into a
state of limbo
I did my final
two minutes
dismounted
the treadmill
and walked to
the shower

Three years ago
at a café
getting coffee a woman
began to chat me up

I had a strong
feeling that morning
I would meet someone

My vision blurred
I could not see
her face

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she a dark soul -
was she a soul mate
I don't know
but I was
knocked out of
my body

I could not connect
I was a Zombie
we chatted a
bit more
she wanted to
carry on
I wanted to
regain my vision

Just another
example of how I can be present
and yet be so far away
as in my whole life

200211-0319

Dead Bob

is my friend
long time

He is a white
wooden Mexican made man
about 2 feet tall
sitting on the top
of a shelf
guarding the door
to my office

A few nights ago
I finally gave him
a leather piece
as a hat
like an Arab
with a head band of
yak bone skulls
he already had

He looked Egyptian
now he has a skull necklace
with a WorldPeace pin
and a powerful
necklace I made
and wore
for protection
after my first
heart attack – '97

And he has
a red and gold tassel
around his neck
and hanging down

Two big cat eye
glass marbles
for eyes

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He has been my silent
friend now 15 years
or more

He talks
but does not speak

200212-0329

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HAIKU

016. Never ran after
any women clients friends
when no chemistry
200119-0649
017. The dark black shadow
rises from the cement ground
the shadow of death
018. The bright white moon glows
in the clear night sky passing
it pierces sleeping souls
019. I am hanging on –
to the night vibration tide
sweeping dreaming all
020. I call the muses
of Haiku – Japanese po-
etry breaking mind
021. I am addicted to
these spiritual vibrations
- speaking energies
022. I do not know how
I shift from petals to po-
ems to Haiku bliss
023. I do not know how
I can write poems contained
within structured rules
024. The clock ticks in si-
lence because I am hearing
impaired partially

025. It is the day of
rest and prayer meditation
best practiced alone
026. I am sliding in
this new day that begins in
darkness before the light
027. I have my mothers
skin wrinkled.thin curious
arms.legs not face yet
028. I make my circles
upside down – zeros and ohs
counterclockwise free
029. I write Haiku six
to a page.printed.slow gear
three lines skip the fourth
030. I a worker bee
of menial tasks.chess game
then money making
031. I am dry skin –
ed vehicle living in
a high dry desert
032. Let go let God – I
get angry at people and
events until ILG+LG
033. How many lives as
a Zen monk have I chalked
up on this earth plane
034. Pencils fountain pens
red lead pencils writing tools
at the ready.quiet

Dr John WorldPeace JD

Who is Dr. John WorldPeace JD ?

When I was 8 years old, I became aware that all human beings die. I became aware that these fragile human bodies are not immortal and eternal but are mortal and finite. I also became aware that at the end of each life, one's consciousness exits this earth dreamscape with nothing but one's experiences. Into this reality, we all come without material possessions, other than our human bodies, and from this reality, we all leave with only the script of our lives which we wrote. That is our testament and upon that testament, we should contemplate; not just when we die but often as we experience this life.

My primary purpose in this life is to challenge the predatory nature of homo sapiens globally. My focus is on bringing forward a more sane and just world human society and thereby increase the level of peace in the world human society.

It is my intention to live a minimalist life to prove that the accumulation of wealth is not necessary for a happy and successful life. In fact, a life of accumulation and attachment to things creates confusion and chaos in one's life as well as the world human society. The only power I will have in this life is the power of the truth of the various aspects of my Advocacy for Peace and WorldPeace.

My concept of family discounts biology. All men are my father, brother, son. All women are my mother, sister, daughter. Children are of my body, not my soul.

I do not belong to any organization. I am not a religionist but a spiritualist. The difference is that religion is a licensed corporation. Spirituality is a direct relationship with God. It greatly irritates me for preachers to speak to the congregation as "church". I am not a church. I am a human being.

I changed my name to John WorldPeace (one word) on April 1, 1988, Good Friday and April Fool's day. I changed my name to WorldPeace as evidence of my commitment to increasing the level of peace in the world human society.

I have been self-employed 95% of my working career in insurance, accounting, tax, law, and web design. I will never retire. I am also an artist and writer and poet.

My funds come from my web design business, art, and books. All incoming monies go to promoting my businesses which collaterally promotes WorldPeace in one way or another. My ego is firmly anchored in my WorldPeace Advocacy and not in anyway with the egotistic accumulation and management of physical assets or money in the bank as an objective in my life or measure of my success or worth. I am 100% committed to increasing the peace in the world human society and not committed to the accumulation of assets except incidentally, as above, to promote WorldPeace.

I am primarily an Advocate for Peace and WorldPeace, but I am not a pacifist. For the most part, everything I have done in this life has been focused on increasing the level of peace in the world human society. My art, business, writings, education, if you take the time to engage with what I have communicated in words on my flagship website (johnworldpeace.com) and deeds, will show a focus on constantly increasing the level of peace in the world human society. For me, it is absolutely critical that my life reflects my philosophy and my cosmology.

How can we increase the level of peace in the world human society if we do not include everyone (all races, all nationalities, all religions, all genders) in our vision of peace? This is the only question that matters to me.