

Dr. John WorldPeace JD
Poems 1970 – 1976

WorldPeace Poems

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1970

Endless ranks of mad waves form
and rush to shore in a seemingly
endless attack on the beach.

What hard luck victims of the storm's
rage will be washed upon the shore to be
buried in a dune of sand or worse
be thieved by some tourist who feels power
at the thought of stealing from the sea
without reprehension.

I hate not the sea's rage or power
nor do I feel sorry for the upended sea creatures
or the greedy tourists.

This is life. This is the way it was before me
and the way it will be after I pass on.

How can one hate life?

701011

NOTE: This poem was written the night before I reported for duty after being drafted. I was in the U S Army from October 1970 to May 1972 when I was honorably discharged. The poems during that period were about death and dying. I expected to go to Vietnam, I was trained for 11 months in the infantry. In September 1971, I was sent to Italy by the grace of God. I had written some poems (25 +/-) about a year before but made the mistake of reading them to my dad and brother-in-law. Their reaction caused me to throw them away.

1971

The sky sent a universe of acquis soldiers
to attack the devils of the drought.

The grass and the flowers cheered
as the tiny men committed their bodies against
The Antagonist.

Slowly inch by inch
then foot by foot
the chokers of the living
receded into the invisible.

The whole earth was in a tumult of rapture
with tomorrow's thirst all but a dream.

711128

Beautiful wide eyes
strain for focus
and a small mouth hangs open in awe

Who can it be that she tries to see?
might it be her daddy?

711128

A small body
lies paralyzed on the floor with newness

The mouth screams to speak
at the sight which the eyes discover

and the limbs pop aimlessly in the air
reaching for the sense of touch

711128

Soft breaths
come and go as her little body sleeps

She'll never know
her daddy was there

Dreaming her into the future with a tear.

711128

Thunder said the shotgun
as it ripped the body from the spirit

Fold, then thud said the body
and shocked thought the soul

711128

Blood ran red
down his head
and life escaped his vision

Someone named death
had taken his breath
and started off to take another

Where and when
will we see the end
of this sad fellow named bodily death

The body is raped
but the soul escapes
to begin again in the new

711128

Hate is a blight
with a lot of might
and it'll eat your soul in a minute

So don't play God
and with a nod
obliterate your enemies

For the cost of this goal
will be your soul
and life eternity

711128

As I sit here watching the
soft silent snow
quietly coming down and
burying last year's grass,
I think of my own burial sometime in the future

I know there will be tears
cried in emptiness by you.
As I know that my soul
will be sad for the parting

But dear one
don't weep too long.
Life goes on and
there are others
who need your love
more than I.

I shall be with you at my funeral
but afterward
I must go on to the other place
where we will have spent much time
before returning
again to the heavy earth

Remember my time with you
as I know you will
and I'll never really die.

Tell your daughters and granddaughters
how much I loved you
and show them how much they
mean to you.

Just remember that the tide comes in
and the tide goes out
and life goes on forever.

720172

Step forth, please
those that would judge
Come and censor as you please

God has placed you in charge
of persecutions and placed
the biggest log in your eye for use
as spectacles.

710201

All of us are one
By our own choice we awake, exist

Who is it that would hate his brother?
Who is it that would frown?

The world is built on work.
From the smallest bug
to the most complex computers
We all must work.

The world exists for work
Work is growth
and growth is progress
and progress is life.

710201

Through the crumpled glass
I see a young robin
hop intently in the shade of a cypress
during the heat of a summer day while
in search of a worm for its little chirps

Inside the church we say
goodbye to a dear old friend
who saw his last robin Tuesday

710202

There are those who say that all
atheists must burn in hell
no matter what hungers they
feed or what thirsts they quench

There are those who say all
Christians are hypocrites and deny their good

The first group hates the second
and the second hates the first
without a thought to the good that each
does

710202

How the body cries
 when the flesh dies
It moans of pain as sharp as steel

The spirit consoles
 his brother flesh
 but all to no avail

the flesh cannot see
 that the spirit is the life
and continues in stride
 when the body dies.

720401

Who is it that claims
to tell the sick of the healthy
and the healthy of the sick?

Who is it that can tell
the rich of the poor
and the poor of the rich?

And who can tell
the ignorant of intellectuals
and intellectuals of the ignorant

Oh we all have a claim to knowledge
about our counterparts.

But have we ever really been starving?
Can we see the value of Picasso?

720501

1973

I caught your dark eyes
across the room as
I turned

You had a loving smile
on your face and
my heart quivered to think
you noticed me.

I tried not to think
of you for hours afterward
because you touched me deeply

But here you are still
Will I go back and
try to see you again
I shouldn't
I am married.

And I know how
way leads to way

But if I come back you may burst
my ivory image of you
and that I couldn't bear.

You'll never know who you are
and I will never speak about you.

I love you though

I believe in love at first sight

And I believe people
need ideal loves
to draw on
just as they need heroes

Thank you, my love,
I'll not forget
for a long time

Goodbye, my brown eyed Venus.
I love you.

Maybe our paths
will cross again
in another time.

1973

As I sit here absorbing nature's beauty

The horizon loses its crimson beauty
and the early moon
admires herself in
nature's aquas mirror
while a few presumptuous stars
ask inquiringly
Is it night?

Far off I hear the cackling
of geese low in the twilight sky
and somehow I know that
they will come to my solemn perch

Suddenly their excitement increases as
they see the moon upon the ground.
They make a turn which
I couldn't see and call to me
of their coming.

They're very close now
I will see them any minute.

Boom-Boom-Boom

And two of fifteen fall limply
raping the silence of the pond

'Fetch' and it is over

My eyes strain to silhouette them against the fading day
and steal their beauty for my memory.

1973

One
Two
Three
Four
One
Two
Three
Four
Ready
Set
Go

Ready
Set
Go
Time
One
Two
Three
Four
Ready
Set
Go
Birth
Life
Death

One
Two
Three
Four
One
Two
Three

Four
Ready
Set
Go
Ready
Set
Go
Time
One
Two
Three
Four
Ready
Set
Go
Birth
Life
Death

One
Two
Three
Four
Dot
Dot
Dot

730708

Through my eye
Through my glasses
Through the window
Through the tree
Through the sky
Through space
Off the moon
I saw the Sun's light
reflected

730708

Silly people, write silly things, and then
they read them.

Who cares what it says or what other's say
as long as one needs them.

730708

A B C D E F G H I J K L
M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z

An A wanted to say to a B,
be C, but C saw D and popped a tit
and was an E. The F looked back and the
G very pompous became.
The H never cares but the I sees all
and called the J a fly. The K opened
his mouth and the L ran like hell.
The M was two bumps in want of a camel
The N was the Z when he used to drink
O was the hole who stole the B's son's bottom
bump so he became known as P.
Q is a propped up O and the
R is a horny P. The S is the snake who out of the F
did take a horizontal line which resulted in his being
changed to T. You know who
U is and if you do not ask the V. If you are crossed
eyed ask the W. X is a hex and the Y is a place for
men to eat and women too. That leaves us, my friend,
with the Z who is the end.

August 1973

When the sun comes rising its Orange
façade over our little country bridge
and dissipates the low lying
fog early in the autumn morning

I walk in the untrod grass and
leave marked places where my feet
the dew has been vacuumed.

The morning stillness brings the song
of field larks beginning their day
and rabbits exploding into their first run

In a few minutes, the sun will heat up from
its orange ember into a yellow hot ball.
The thin layer of the morning will disappear
from the ground

While I walk, I think of those who will see
their last sun today and
of those who will see their first.

It will be a busy day. The factory of life
will continue to recycle itself.

There is so much to do, so many who need
help so many who need to help.

What a day this will be.

But now the sun is very warm and
the early morning is almost gone.

How sad it is. The day is great but

I love the beginning.
I love the morning.

August 1973

It is very frightening to see a tree
struck by lightning

Standing alone
in the forest
a pine bears the sharp
distinctive writing of God

A bolt of lightning drew a jagged
line down its side

On this blue day
the green needles
the grey-brown bark
emphasized the barkless
yellow stripe

1973

Watching people
on a busy sidewalk

I see many faces
Each is very distinct
and each is attached
to its own personal body

I used to walk the sidewalks
and see only faceless forms
But now it's different somehow

Each faces each body continually
repeats who and what it is

I am Fat
I am ashamed
I am tired
I love you
I hate you
I am inadequate
I am inferior
I am superior

So many unnecessary thoughts
haunt our bodies

So much concern about trivia

When I look closely I see God
in all the eyes.
The eyes burn bright the soul

Some have God in them but
many have Him outside.

Watch and see!
Watch and see!
But don't speak!
Not with words.

See quietly and you will hear.

730818

Through an eerie door, I passed
and my body lost weight
I stepped off the curb onto a busy
street and was terrorized by
an oncoming bus.

I jumped back on the curb just in time

Screams were heard.

God how close it was
My heart was pounding
My brain was throbbing
my legs were weak

I kept on moving
trying to get my mind off
what had just happened

My body feels weird
The Shock.
I guess

Wait! in the street behind me
my body. My mangled body.

Was I fantasizing?
Was I thinking so hard
about what could have been

I saw it.

People were crowding around
I shake my head

I awake looking into a
glass storefront window a few blocks
from the incident

Boy that was an experience

But where is my reflection!?

730818

1974

No poems written

1975

Up, up, up little boy
Up to arms,

Up little boy
step to harm

Up, up, up little boy
time has come to
give my joy

1975

Love is a bee
upon the wing
buzzing

1975

Far and above
Far and wide

For a little baby
to be my pride.

750410

The air is heavy
the wind is light

The sun is hot
the moon is night

750410

Wake up little girl
wake up now

Wake up little girl
so daddy can kiss your brow

Wake up little one of today
tomorrow you'll be gone
and I to stay

750411

Out of the ground strains a tiny life
Short and green with head bowed
giving thanks to God – for this new life

Last year mother died
I never saw her face
but I can see her fate
for mine to it will be

Thank you for this life
Help me play my part

750413

A tall green umbrella grows
in my backyard

With shaft, a mighty three feet round
and crooked arches hanging down
that hold the cloth
of little leaves
each one
a mini tree
of my

NA-TUR-RAWL
PERI-SOUL

750413

Who is it that would have a kingdom
Who, show me who would reign.

Ah ha!
My friend and for how many lives
will you lead?

One maybe two or more
but somewhere you will follow
as those you lead

A humbling thought
that he who would be first must
be last

And he that was last will be first

So –
Do unto others ...

750531

Crowded around out there above
below and siding
my soul

Many friends wait and call
and watch my life unfold

Will he make it
and bet he don't

Yes I can, Yes I will
but please help me still

The world is cold and
full of foulness
but with the help of my friends
I will endure

I will be bold

750611

Let us affiliate with the winners
let us go with those who
give the extra ten percent

Let us stand tall and proud and
let us breathe the dynamic air
that comes to those who try

Let us strive to stand up
Let us forget about the meanderers
and take stride with the stars.

750611

A jird creamed a dangernal to his wilothers
and flaced onward to cream regain

The Kilman wacoming and his beast Wasoo
Squabits and rarells were his pleasame today
and all foranimals knewit – too

Boopowang Boopowang, resounded and coded
and strueared in all that walive.

Thump, OOee, OOee, Boopowang OOee

Silence, then the noise vaccummood
grew buzzum and wistlewin and chirpong
until the peacenatural returained as the
Kilman gowent.

A thistle thinger winged to the top
of a birch
and creamed a plea to the air

750622

I sit here and look intently at
the heavy brick wall

I have never torn down such a
barrier before

Sure I've jumped a few and burned
some more – but this brick wall

I have no shovel I have no ax
I have no hammer
I have no desire

You see I need not tear the wall down
It is a choice I can make

It's really more than a wall, it's a barrier
and it hides something I can use
even though I don't exactly
know what

But I know if I choose to open this
conclave I will never be sorry
I have never been

I wonder why I don't follow
the crowd and pass the pyramid by

I don't know but
I know I probably won't.

But I sit here yet in contemplation
knowing the hard road ahead
and contemplating the reward

I will have to work very hard

I also know I cannot quit.

Once started it must be finished
or my spirit will never rest

The short pleasure toward the end
will be so rewarding
like sunshine after a rain

Yes I'll be a better man for it
and that's what I want

I look back over my shoulder
and I see all the other
barriers broken in two

More than most, no more than many

I care not for applause
my part is dust.

I have only the future
and the doing of a great task

I will seize my courage
and stretch my body and soul
I will begin
for now, I am ready.

750717

People, Spirits are what they are
Dark or Light
They are what they are

Each perceives through
his own glasses
and none see the same

We never learn
we never change
We are what we are

We move forward
because times does not

I stand here and watch the world
run like a giant machine

But it is more than
a machine because
there are so many diverse parts

I cannot stop it
or change it.
I can only adapt to it and
communicate with a portion of it

go back
I stand here and watch
what I can and contemplate

750904

I am an erector of columns. I join a group
to build these columns and I pitch in
with my whole body and heart. When I
look around I am above all. And rising
like a balloon but there are no strings
to grasp me by. Even though many try. I
cannot be held down.

Many columns I have helped raise always looking
ahead. never back. until now. And as I look
back. I see a row of columns in a circular
formation. I look and find my mark at the top of each
I see a colosseum of which I am the master
architect.

Everyone looks up and wonders or just looks
but now I look forward. and see the work
ahead. I say to myself. OK. Let's go
We have seen the past and part of the future
scheme. That's nice but I have work to
do. I have work to do.

As now, as then, as tomorrow. I am on that
endless path. Looking back briefly on all
behind and seeing fewer ahead.

750929

I hear a distant gong
a rich tune
far off in the universe
Far far away

I can only hear the very loud notes
I know it is true.

How glorious is the full sound
every creation playing its own tune
but in harmony with those
great cycles, declines and falls,
risings slidings
of intricate complexity
meshing of songs
forever crescendoing

I long to sit in that concert hall
in the middle of the universal
orchestra but at the same time
with each creation, hearing,
absorbing each delicate tune
while hearing feeling the
entire rhythm of infinite movements
woven together in the song of being

The great musical artist brings
this spiritual music to the physical ear
but how crude it really is when dared
compared with its Inspiration

I take another step toward my seat
wanting to run on my crippled legs

There was a time I ran
it was in the distant past when I sang
and played in that orchestra.
But since I have been struck, paralyzed
then learning to drag myself
then crawling, and I am only
now learning how to walk again
to hear, to sing and to live

751004

Have you ever watched a blind man see
Have you ever seen a legless man walk
Have you ever seen a man without
hands write.
Have you been aware of the
deaf hearing.

A deaf man composed music
A blind man painted

What excuse have we with all our facilities
What could we achieve for God

What could we give?

What could we contribute?

751005

Time you miserable but glorious hourglass
that gives us but a hand full of sand

So much to do so much
but you give us only a chance to sample
a few delicacies of life

When we begin to overeat and enjoy
you run out.

As each day goes by
I see the sand passing through the glass
at a faster rate as if the neck of the
glass was enlarging

I yell stop

But the sand still scrambles like a stampeded herd
from the top to the bottom bell.

And I watch it sometimes for too long
and miss God only knows what

But this is everyone's fate
He begins life with his own hourglass
in his pocket and as he travels that road
of life, the sand pours out the neck
and onto the ground

What a fate
to begin to die when we are born
A preset time clock ticks our life away.

751006

On the earth there are bodies
and each one has a tiny rhythmic muscle,
a heart

And for each one of those little
bodies the heart pulses life
every second and millisecond

Thousands, Ten thousands, a million, a billion

A billion hearts all pumping life

I can hear them I can feel them all

And the throbbing is overwhelming

751025

Why do we trap ourselves in these bodies
which are so temporary

Why do we trap ourselves in
so short a time span

Are 80 years in the physical as worthy
as 80000 in the spiritual

I look at the stars and the timetables
they keep

The 26000 years until Ursa Minor again
hangs itself on the polar north

This is a matter of course for it and yet...

I won't even see it begin to lose its prominence

Oh how short life is
How important it is for me to travel a
worthy path.

751101

I was a little crab
in a common hermit little shell

I was a mighty eagle in a stately
feathered eagle suit

I was a tiny blade of grass

I was a mighty oak tree loss???

1975

The sky, the sky
How empty the sky

No streets, no buildings, no trees

Three manned balloons
Alone in the sky
Alone in a vacuum
Alone

All earthbound eyes
look up, opened mouth
they look up

1975

There lived in the town of gent
a man who had a terrible scent

When the dogs would pass by
water would fill up their eyes

And their noses would bleed a repent

The I was, There I am

1975

1976

I thought a new thought and it felt good
I wanted to tell everyone
but I knew everyone wouldn't understand
wouldn't see

So I kept it to myself,
because I had enough Hell
and when I died then everyone did begin to see
and talk of the greatness of me

All were sad that I was not there to accept the laurels
and cash in on the fee

They could not understand that I didn't care for the laurels.

and had enough fee

My joy came with the thought,
My pleasure with the deed

Now I am in a different place
and overall things are quite
the same

But I am just as happy,
because I understand the game
and will play it for the rest of ever
and you just the same

I am happy with my part, as you should be with yours
and if you are not, take mine. I can make another
you see

760102

People come to the park, alone and in their cars
They are dressed in many ways, and no one can
peg them into a certain class.

The rich and poor all come here alone.

Its very peaceful, and no one honks a horn or yells
everyone just listens to some bird off in the woods.

Everyone is working on some problem or daydreaming
away from one.

A strange quietness resides here

A peacefulness without meditation

A reverence without a church

I came here for the few minutes I can call mine
not my prospects, not my clients, not my friends
or family's, but mine
to squander as I wish and dream as I can

I know what I do not do in these few moments
will not make any difference as to whether I
live or die

But will affect how I live

760203

In Genesis

Let us do away with the dreamer
and then we shall see what becomes
of his dreams.

I am a dreamer of dreams
Behind my façade lay the intangible
the vapor of anything

I have found that it is there
like a soul, I have found it
and no one can take it away
because they can't make me
unaware, they cannot unborn me

I am a dreamer and I have dreams
and the dreams shall be my comfort
in time of trouble – and my goals
in times other

If I can dream a dream
Who? can keep it from coming true.
Who? can stop its reality

A man can do worse things than dream

760502

I had a dream of tomorrow
and I saw us all plodding along

Things were no different
than now

Man had remained the same
more technology, more science
But man is the same

If we - infinite souls
Can't you imagine how far,
really far ahead we must
go to see a change?

760531

I am the only one on the mountain
I wonder if there are others
that I just can't see

Possible – the mountain is infinite

I feel as if others are on the first step
but I will only see them as I get to the second step
strange

What calls me up
It'll be a long time before I
really know

A really long time

760609

A one arm man pitching a ball
in uniform

He was only 17 but yet a man

How often I have thought
of how many people without
rise so high

They spend more time evaluating
what they do have and using it.
Maybe overcompensating

How many of us have shed
a tear for the one-armed ball player?

And yet he probably knows
more of life than most

I have always been motivated
by these people
these handicapped successes

And I have always asked
myself what a man with
all his facilities can really do

And I will know one day
But someone will know
better than I

760615

Who knows what key it is that
unlocks a man

What is it that makes one aware

Why does one integrate with his world
like an integral wheel in a
universal machine

Who holds the key ring
And who unlocks the man?

Is the key there for the asking?

Is it himself who open the lock?

Why if it is so, doesn't
everyone take the key from the
ring and open the lock

Could it be the key is hidden
But where is the place of hiding
if it is so

Could it be in the heart and not on some
elusive ring?

What is it that tells a man there
is even a key?

Who says there is a lock?

If one isn't locked up
why think he is

Is there an answer to this riddle?

What riddle?

The riddle, that's the answer.

760617

A juxtaposed juxtaposition
juxtaposed into a paradox

A wrinkled shirt tied into knots

An untier of knots followed by
an iron

A thought's
thought

760617

Ode to an unbridled spirit

Awareness of ourselves is what we seek

But some are born completely aware

Rules and Goals are to the superfluous

A totally free spirit aware but undirected

Free flowing in all direction at once

But on this plane the most free
are killed or locked up

A soul where the body has no effect

A total emotional state

How can it be to live in
two worlds at once

Very few are brave enough to try

The pressure from this plane is too great

Everyone must conform at least
to some basis

Total freedom I salute you

Thank you for the view

I'm sorry we can't all join you

If we did we'd all starve

And no one wants to die

760626

Note: I wonder if anyone will ever understand what I was thinking when I wrote the above. I don't care because my ejaculation of words is mine. Part of my search for the "Meaning of My Life". The words help me order my thinking. And further, explore myself. These words are great because they help me. I really doubt that they can help you. But altogether they will if you understand the road I am on. The road to self-realization.

760626

I had a thought just now
That if everyone stopped work
no one would starve

That if we all lay down our greed
and worshipped God
The Bible says God would provide

god can make grain grow out
of solid rock. Why should it be doubted?

I really don't think we would
all starve if we all worship
in Love

Imagine it.
No work and yet plenty
No worries
Just love

In an infinite universe, it must have happened
Where there is infinitely
There are all possibilities
fulfilled –
and forgotten?

760626

A night of a thousand stars
a clear night
And all the wonderment
of the Heavens

But far out on the horizon
a thunderhead
stands up
and flashes it electricity

For a moment
it seems as
a hole in the Heavens is opened
and hell is showing through

What a horrifying emotion
to actually look
into the far-off abyss
into the fires of hell

760626

How the Dreamer must hide
his dreams to keep the
conservatives away

I feel misunderstandings all
around I care not. not really

Because I can see that I
am beginning to rise to the
level of observer

An observer of life
a detached participant

And the things I see tell
me of what is to come

The road is infinite and the progress is slow

But the exhilaration is in the
traveling and not in the arriving.

To speak of arriving is
Nothing. There is never a
point of arrival. There is
no end to this journey.

There is no end to the journey

No end

Only the traveling.

760626

I love to grab a thread
And grab it – not knowing
that it is there

But reaching and bragging
and pulling the thread

Until it is a rope
and then a net

A tangled net – One that
will never be unknotted
completely

Why – Because each knot is
infinite

And you can't untangle
unknot or unwind infinity.

760626

Ode to a cockroach

Oh Roach

what a quick beggar you are
How immortal, How adapted

You'll own the world one day if
man ever lets it go
You can't be wiped out

I have killed many of your
relatives, some with spray
some with a broom
But seldom with a crushing foot

I can't stand the crack
which signals your guts
have been popped and leveled

I've pushed and kicked you
toward your black little home

I've almost gotten used to you
Almost. But not quite

I can't deny you much in
my house and don't
really try.

But tonight is different
Sandy baked a cake
and I have an airtight
cake tin

Yes, you can have none of this
cake. No not a crumb
you fucking brown bastard-bitch
Not a crumb. And I feel great

760614

Unmercifully he laid the blows
to my body as I stood in
the corner and watched

My body was still alive,
still breathing but I was not with it

He was possessed, I did not know
what caused him to lash out
so savagely

I stood and watched and said nothing
and had no feelings

And then for a second, I saw
him separated and he saw me
But not his body

He knew I had always been there
but now he dared look
like Lot's wife

And the fear that came over
his body when he saw me
caused it to collapse
and him to leave

I stayed for a while for no particular reason
In front of me
were two dead bodies.

760620

Oh what problems I have
what magnitude have they reached

So important, Money, Power, Love
Rejection, What problems they are

In the dead of the night, I ponder
my problems in the grass

Then I look up
a billion stars
How small I am
How small
am I

My mind had burned you out
You had gone away
Now you're back
And with you the pain
Oh how I love you

What would they say
if they knew I loved you?

What would they say
if they knew I cared?

760625

In all the universe I think
there is nothing more flammable
to the writer's hand that
that of God

First love is so volatile that
few of us can control it

The welling up inside of those
emotions that have led to
countless deaths

And yet love is why the world
was created. God is love.
But why should love be
such a torture when two
souls meet in this plane

Why should the souls not
couple through the bodies

The abstinence the standoffness
in what creates words like
this. And wars that defile us all

Love is POWER-FULL

760625

I see myself at the base of
a thousand steps

Carved crudely into a mountain
Not unlike the great
pyramid in its present state.

And each step shows a path
more traveled at the lower
levels

And evidence that each traveler
climber has kicked or thrown
a pebble off that level and
onto the ground – some rocks

Thousands of pebbles lay strewn
at the base of the mountain
evidence of the above

But the teeming masses which
I only see as head and shoulders
moving-everywhere

All look straight ahead
-few look up or down

I see myself about to roll
onto the first step. I see
millions but only few
watch me – and no one follows

I always saw this mountain
most don't – the first step
is just above their heads
and they have no call to
look up

I intend to climb the mountain
but I have no reason
except its there – It must
be there for a reason. Only
recently have I understood
the clues upon the ground

I could never grasp them all
because each is different

I'm sure all that have begun
this journey has seen some
of the pebbles – but each
is drawn to a certain one-
but not to others.

A tiny bell ringing
a tiny brass bell
ringing ringing

Its waves traveling out –
calling a blank mind

A something in nothingness
A hello - A ding-dinging
A ding-dinging

760708

Up comes love
a beauteous
thing

With power
oh what power

Can anyone
so struck
withdraw
the strike

before it grows like
cancer

The pain in
oh the pain coming out

Oh the pain
the sweet soft
beauteous
pain

761120

Hayden – Trumpets

The trumpets sound, sound good tiding
of men victorious from war
of beginning, of pure joy unfolding
and resounding off walls and
returning from the heavens

The trumpets, attract the ear
magnetize it and force the brain
ah! the soul to know that
there is something, something
coming – an event

No trumpet could hark a bad
tiding. All is good all is strong
when the trumpet calls. Men
marching soldiers returning from
war. The King approaching

All is well, all is well they say
what a glorious sound no sound
linger in the air no sound so full
so clear. Oh what sound a million
trumpets strong to Heaven and harkening

Harkening soldiers, soldiers from the heavens
endless and from the clouds. All perfect
all clear and pure. Trumpeting Harkening Angels

761127

Lord

I ponder the word

Lord

what can it be

a constant euphoric warmth

But how small and insignificant I am

the Universe has a vastness that I cannot
perceive

My Lord

As a child, I thought you a father
as an older child the keeper of my planet
as a young adult a rule of space
but now as a young man

now I can only begin to fathom
the Universe

How small I am

How short my time here is

I am nothing. and how hard it is
to function with that. To make
nothing seems as something

But I am here for a reason

I am not here by chance

So I will proceed
and constantly – look out!

761127

The orchard is full
the trees bend to the ground
laden with their fruits

And I,
I stand here eyes open
but I now realize I can
only eat a few pieces
within my reach

I want to eat it all
now. I see and I want to
eat but I know that I
can only eat one bite
at a time

And so when I did stop
running in the infinite
orchard – I stopped
picked up a fruit and
took a bite
and slowly
chewed.

761127

I found it!

I found it!

I found it!

it – JC – Lord – Bible

This is what they say

and they are euphoric

for a time

I never really lost it

no one has

The ones who find it

are the ones who

stopped

and looked

761127

Cold
 how few see the cold as I

Cold
 in the universe
 freezing

The cold comes and we call it winter
 but I think we should call it space

But why is space cold
 why should it not be hot
 And you know – it may well
 be to all
 but us

761127

Everything is relative
so remember when you
associate with thieves
stealing is OK
A thief must rationalize
his stealing – or he would not steal

If you associate
with greed and the greedy
then avarice is OK
The greedy must rationalize
their greed – or they would not lust

If you associate
with judges you
too will judge – and rationalize your
judging – or you could not judge

So set about
yourself what is for you and what is not
and try not to rationalize this or that
Just look at your heart
And if it will not speak to you

Be for a moment the one thieved, the victim
of greed or the one judged and then you will
know.

761127

In the soul there lays a talent
to sing and write and draw
And locked away it is in a box
just within the heart

A forever singing. A multitude of bliss

And who of us takes the time
to open this little box without a lock
and listen and feel and see?

Very few indeed few if any really do

These fleshy bodies have their own
mind and fleshy desires and lusts
and little time to listen to the music
from within

My flesh has a curiosity but no
matter how hard it tries it can not
hear the songs inside
So to the pen and brush, it yields
free rein.

To produce what it will
and when all is done
the fleshy mute looks and sees
and understands not – but feels a peace

761201

Tick tock tick tock tick tock tick tock tick tock
Tick tock tick tock tick tock tick tock tick tock
Tick

The world
keeps time in time

Tick tock tick tock tick tock tick tock tick tock
Tick tock tick tock tick tock tick tock tick tock
Tick Tock

And the
wall clock tick tocks

Tick tock tick tock tick tock tick tock tick tock
Tick tock tick tock tick tock tick tock tick tock
Tick Tock Tick

And the clock's noise
is the world times voice

Tick tock tick tock tick tock tick tock tick tock
Tick tock tick tock tick tock tick tock tick tock
Tick Tock Tick Tock

761201

I sit naked
nowhere
with nothing

And contemplate
the desertedness

White floors
and walls and ceiling

Later
much later

A red ball
enters

And I
marvel at its beauty

761201

I heard the mathematician
today talk of permutations
and combinations

And realized the millions
of combinations of 1 to 33

The words of English
are almost infinite
and the permutations and combinations
of these are more than the stars

My few combinations
are ridiculous
when I think of what
there is

I just considered a
composing computer

Working day and night
to write
a hundred thousand
permutations I can't read
into any sense.

Who needs a computer
for that

761201

Morals

what are they

Man makes morals

for her preservation

man's, the clan, the society, the race

And each succeeding

generation makes the wrongs

right and the right wrongs

So the life of any man

like the price of any puzzle

it fitted into the night

time and place

becomes an upright

citizen

a true mean of the cloth

Possessions

this is what we all

seek from

food to fancies

But none comes with us

we leave with none

so the question must be asked

What if there were no possessions

What then would be important

A body is a possession
and if the spirit rules the body
then the spirit should be able
to make the body

So if we ever had
nobody
What would be important

Life is a possession
but existence and being is not

Being cannot be important
because not being is neither important
or unimportant

Not being
cannot be punishment

so if there are no possessions
and there is only being

What then would we do?

A man cannot worship two gods
He cannot have two masters
He can love only one?

We all worship gods
But they are not idols
as depicted in some movie or show

No, they are more disguised
and so more dangerous

How many of us
 how many worship at the
 alter of food

How many
 at the altar of smoke

of drink

of sex

and love

Who worships love
 who kneels at care

good cannot be
 because there would be gooder and goodest
 and so rank and so a possession

Being is nothing
 but being

761231

The days were blue and the
nights were dark

For many days we had the
clear blue sky and then a beautiful
cloud appeared

A clear face is loved in a clear society
A rugged face in a rugged society

7612031

