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Poems 1977

WorldPeace Poems

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Morals what are they  
they are changing

Man makes morals  
for his preservation  
man's, clan's, the society's, the race

And each succeeding  
generation makes the wrongs right  
and the rights wrong

So the life of any man  
like the piece of any puzzle  
is fitted into the right  
time and place

becomes an upright citizen  
a true man of the cloth

Possessions  
this is what we all seek  
from food to fancies

But none leave with us  
and we leave with no one

761231

Some hear a clock and they hear  
tick tock, or click click, or tick tick

But all I hear is hurry hurry

After all, what are clocks for but to  
count down the time until  
we must meet with some important micro destiny

Hurry Hurry Hurry Hurry

A clock never can say slow down, slow down, slow down  
only hurry hurry hurry

Sometimes I am on the verge of insanity  
even when I have nothing to do  
the constant noise of the clock makes me paranoid

They say without the clock that nothing would get done  
I wonder, I really do

770102

How strange things have become  
there was a time when each man had one bowl,  
maybe a knife, sometimes a spoon and cup.

And when he finished his meal he washed his bowl  
so that it would be ready the next time he had  
an occasion to eat

Now each family has five plates for each member  
and some as many as ten

I muse on where this will lead us.  
What is the point of so many plates?

The answer is simple  
or it seems simple to come up with one answer

If I have five plates then I can have five meals before  
I have to do any cleaning at all

I have heard of some who dirty the five and then  
wash only one  
the other four stay in the sink

Bowls and spoons and plates.  
what a ridiculous thing to even consider

But what about shirts and shoes and hats and ...  
When we have many, each is of little value.  
But when we have only one,

What is the  
value  
of ONE

We are always thankful for ONE

770102

The old doe had just delivered her last offsprings,  
male twins – quite healthy and handsome

They were her last  
the deer plague would give her but a few more months

The twins grew up and rivaled each other  
in all facets of deerdom  
and hate had built a wall between the brothers

There were only so many does  
and bucks don't share

One brother had emerged the stronger in physical prowess  
but the other was cunning

The physical one had control of the does  
a true king was he in his autocracy.

He came to think of himself  
not only as the master of a few does but the king  
of the entire woods.

It was this throne that his cunning brother coveted  
It was truly the universe to him  
and he would have it.

One day in the Fall the cunning one spied a hunter  
and connived his brother to go into range  
of the hunter's rifle –  
where he quickly met his end.

Thus the cunning one became the ruler of the does  
of the world, of the entire universe.

A majestic and powerful buck was he and he felt himself  
to be truly one of the blessed great.

It was the second day of his reign when the  
un-pious and disrespectful cougar  
slew the mighty buck, devoured his body  
and sent his majestic soul  
to another realm.

770102



Look around.

Tell me what you have and what you really need

We all have so much and if we were alone  
just our bodies would be great

But then we look next door and on the TV  
and then we know how poor we are -  
paupers indeed.

Isn't it strange we are rich or poor only  
comparatively.

I am looking for a mansion in the graveyard  
a golden laden soul

We come here with just a body and accumulate much  
but when we leave we don't even have a body

But still we accumulate and when we die  
our offsprings fight to see  
who will have the last right  
to pitch the things we cherished  
and loved right into the garbage  
where they belong.

770103

What a fool am I to read  
what I have written

You must surely think of me  
a dope.

770103

I chased the dollar and fast I ran  
here and there and everywhere.

Everyone said it was the thing to do  
and so away I went  
to catch his tail.

We can never catch him all

Some catch more tail than others  
but in the end  
what was it all for?

More food  
too waste  
more clothes to throw away  
maybe give away.

And if we don't chase the dollar then we chase our females  
and make more racers and chasers of the dollar.  
sacred dollar bill.

Where there is no dollar to chase  
and it will come to that -  
what will we do?

So bored are we that we let the advertisers  
and the salesmen  
tell us what we need so we can give them  
some dollars too.

Wouldn't it be funny in the end if we found out  
that all we were here to do was to be?

But who can be satisfied with that?

770103

The world is ruled by dogs and cats  
and if you don't believe it  
just look out your window  
for a minute and see what you will see.

They breed at night and they breed in the day  
and they chase a female a long long way  
and lo and behold  
what have we the next day  
more dogs and doggies  
more cats and kittens.

They are taking over they really are.  
We feed them don't we  
and why?

Does the masterwork for the slave?

But not a slave, a drone.

For what do cats and doggies do?

They like us  
that's all  
they like us.

I wonder if it has anything to do with the food we provide.

770103

The pole jumpers did not  
but the dog catchers did let loose  
what is this all about?

Who?

This can't be.  
Oh but it can

There is no need to criticize what you can't understand.

Why should you?

You never understood what you criticized.

So now where are we?

At the end of the course.

Why?

I'm lost!

So who isn't

770103

Who will judge what is good and what is bad?  
And who will criticize what has been deemed  
good as bad.

Good is good and bad is bad.  
it's all relative to your glasses.

The majority is always good and the minority  
is always bad.

Don't you see that is the way it has always been?  
and always will be

Whoever heard of the minority  
deciding what is good  
and the majority thinks its bad  
but they do the good of the minority.

Of all the paradoxes this is one, or is it?

Every question is its own answer  
and each good is its own bad.

So as I said good is good and  
bad is bad.

Today's good is tomorrow's bad  
and today's good is tomorrow's good.

If you are confused, forget it all  
except that good is good and bad is bad –

Always, always it is.

770103



I am an artist - one who creates  
I use the words as the artist uses the paint

Some, but few artists mix not complementary colors  
side by side.

And with words, I do the same.  
I don't care if the syntax is gone  
or never came.

All I care is that I am having fun.

I like to think with my fingers on this typer  
and develop new combinations as they come along.

I am the one thinking, randomly, I suppose but yet thinking  
just the same.

You may think I care if you can follow my thoughts  
if you can OK not good not bad just OK.

I write as I think and dream  
a spontaneous outburst of creativity  
And this must be the beginning of  
something new.

e. e. c.  
was free with his form and I am that too  
but he didn't let his thoughts be free.

He, yes he knew what he would say  
I don't and I don't care.

So that makes me more free than he  
you see?

But someday one will appear freer than me.

770103

They had a love that none could imagine  
They had met like many others do  
here or there.

And there was nothing really unique except that  
the fire was from the first glance.

He was a few years older and had known love before  
but not like this.

She had known men  
but she was young and had never known  
true caring, true love

But they  
neither one had known this attraction.

He was biased and unyielding and he didn't believe  
as she but he never made an issue of it.

She was fired by the spirit of God and he was not

She was a tireless converter but she never tried to  
convert him.

It was as if what they had  
had no bearing on the things most hold dear.

All they had was each other and not even that  
all the time  
because of prior commitments  
to earthly things.

For many years though it seemed but a day  
they met and loved and parted.  
    met loved and parted  
        until they were old.

And no one knew or said they knew  
    but if they knew they cared  
        because this was beauty.

Then one day he died  
    her cohorts said he went to hell  
        she knew that's what her God required  
            but they were something she could not  
                explain - it just happened.

It could not be stopped and neither ever  
    tried in fact they hardly ever had spoken  
        such kindred spirits  
            were they.

But then he was gone from this earth.  
    The next day she was knocking doors  
        for God.  
            and never gave them another thought.

770107

Have you ever been alone to a yard of bones  
a place where bodies rot beneath the grass  
and markers are placed there to remind us  
that a special body is rotting directly  
under there.

The marker  
yes it says be quiet be reverent because below  
is special rot  
of all the billions dead  
it is to be left undisturbed

It is special  
because someone marked it.

770107

The air was cold  
and where that is so  
one really thinks of things around him  
should be brown and dead

But I did see some grass the other day and it was greener  
than green.

770107

What can be done  
what can be said  
when one's love is dead?

Not a thing my friend not a thing.

Maybe we shouldn't become so attached to earthly things  
and it seems silly to think that such perennial  
bodies could  
be capable of housing any but the most basic  
of thoughts.

But here we are thinking about things that really don't  
matter here on earth.

It really gives me pause to think of the things we fashion  
ourselves as  
when I know that all we really are  
is so much meat or dust and water.

770107

Life threw up a thousand lives  
and took back a thousand two

The rhythm of life pulses  
like the waves that throw a million shells ashore

And like the sea most of what is born  
spit up by life  
most of what is born

is broken  
battered  
or dead

770107



A star shines on in the night  
but the light we see was born  
eons ago

And so I guess you could say  
we are always seeing the past

770107

The quay did quaff his quag  
and quit his quental quietly

and I who was Quo did Queev  
and Queev and Queeb.

770107

The boy did cry and cry because he had no shoes  
and when he went to school  
all his friends (who had shoes)  
did laugh and laugh

Anger and hate did rise up  
and unquenchable was his rage.

He hated all he liked none the less for want of  
a pair of shoes.

One day he began to walk to a cobbler shop he did  
pass and inside a cobbler he did see.

The shoes were the best he's seen  
and a critical judge was he.

As he watched the cobbler at his trade his anger returned  
and red his face became  
until he broke out in tears for never  
would he have such shoes  
indeed if he would have shoes at all.

The cobbler beckoned him in and reluctantly  
the boy did go.

The cobbler heard his story for a good listener was he.

The cobbler invited him back  
behind the counter but  
he didn't give a pair of shoes

He simply watched the boy's face  
The boy was blank  
he saw the maker of shoes  
had no feet.

770107

Pop cycles are made of ice - ice cycles are not made of pop.

Skies are made of blue but blue is not made of skies

Red is made of red

and green is made of green

and cars are made of parts

but parts are not made of cars

I am made out of me and you are made out of you

but none of this makes any sense

but that is good because it is not supposed to.

770107

The falcon rides high in his kingdom  
and the mole crawls in his darkness

Each is alive in his own element.

But why?

Why the variety  
why can't we all be moles  
why can't we all be falcons

I'll tell you why  
because we can't that's why  
and that is an answer unto itself.

770107

The Moomaws ate the cow tols  
but the Soowa would never touch them  
they were unclean

But to the Moomaws they were sacred and that's why  
they ate as many as they could

The Veras were not allowed to have zit with the Copeds  
because they were not the same color  
it is wrong

The ones who cared not were the Carenots  
they ate all and they did all and  
they cared not what taboos they violated  
Sacreed days were violated and the  
opposites were raped.  
Who cared?

Not the Carenot for everything to them  
was carenot.

Now the entire Life hated the Carenots because  
they Carenot  
but Life couldn't

So on it went and with nothing sacred  
then everything was condoned and because  
all carenots were taught to carenot  
and indeed were not even punished  
for caring  
as a result, they lived longer than everyone  
no matter who or what.

Because they lived the longest  
I guess they had to be right  
because if they were wrong  
one of the gods would surely  
have struck them dead  
or  
made them live long.

770107



The newspaper came and it was page to page full of the  
same old page to page.

If I could only find something I hadn't read before

The accidents are always there, the blood and guts

And every year at Christmas time

there are the sad sad tales

to break your heart and call up your wallet

to ease the pain

and sell papers

But let me say right here and now that I love papers

They make an easy fire.

770107

He wrote his poems so neat and sweet  
and every line did rhyme every time  
and you could almost know what was coming next  
and I will tell you why they are poor.

because they are boring

The reader doesn't want to know what comes next  
if he did he would have written the poem himself

So write some junk  
and write lots of it  
and misspell a few words

Then it will have something for all  
and they will hate you enough to read what you write

Because everyone wants to know what  
the illiterate fool has to say.

770107

We all look hard to find the real reason  
for life and after it has come to an end we have to  
look back for a moment and justify it in our minds

So no matter what has been done it is justified  
or less we will have lived in vain

Oh no we could not have lived in vain  
we could never lay peaceful in the grave if we  
in the end thought we had lived in vain

No one will ever believe that the real reason for living  
is simply life.

770107

They read his poems and they discussed them in  
awe and deep thought

How long he must have worked to create such a marvel

His whole lifetime was devoted to the work  
It wasn't found until he died.

Nothing is good until it's creator is dead

His whole life to make such a thing  
it is good that he dated not his work  
or they would know that the poems were  
just a passing phase in his life  
at most a few years.

770107

What is a critic  
he is one who criticizes  
no matter what the subject or what the cause  
he is paid to criticize.

When he loses his criticism  
then he loses his purpose in society

So I really don't give a shit what the critics say  
because he is biased by his vocation.

It is too bad that his opposite cannot make a living

Who will pay to hear optimism

Why should we be optimistic

Really why should we

Give me all the reasons

but then I will remind you that you  
are going to die  
and if you can find optimism in that  
what are you waiting for.

770107

I like to make a statement and then contradict it  
This is the way life is  
there is always a Catch 22

You must always have kkk to get sss but  
as we know you can never have sss without kkk

So life is a contradiction and  
we always seem to be confronted with the  
exception that proves the rule.

And the rule which proves the exception

So when I contradict  
I only live life the way it is set up to live

But isn't it strange that this is the way things are  
and there is really nothing consistent  
relatively speaking

So why shouldn't I write in contradictions

Life is a contradiction

So I am just mimicking life

770107

All is one and one is all  
and some are what we are and that is the way it is

It matters not what you believe but only  
the way things are

The way things are is the way they are

So all is good and good is all

The dog ate the cat  
and the cat ate the rat  
and the rat ran away with the cheese

So in the end every one is a friend and  
a friend is everyone

770107

The kite flew high and wide  
and swept and dove and spun

I held tight the cord  
that kept it where it was

I'd let some string out and pull it in  
and jerk and pull some more

I wondered about the kite  
did it feel secure with me holding on  
did it feel its full potential in anchored flight  
or did it ever realize I was here or it was there

Then the cord broke  
and away it floated  
and I never saw it again  
never looked.

770408



The butterfly flaps and flutters and it is hard  
to believe that he knows where he is going.

You will never see a butterfly fly from  
here to exactly there.

You feel he just flaps and flaps and flutters  
and where he lands, that is where he is  
and where he intended to go.

Can you imagine a hundred million  
wings flapping right now the world over  
and not one, not even one knows where he is going?

But when we take on this kind of perspective  
we have to believe that their flights are  
not random.

That each goes where he is supposed to be.

770408

They locked me up and threw me in a cell.  
but it was more like a coffin with a locked door.

I guess they thought that I would be punished  
being locked up and all.

And I didn't tell them any different.  
I didn't say that my soul had been locked  
in my body for life and I was almost used to it  
but still aware.

I didn't tell them that I had savored many  
great days in my life and before  
and that my mind was free to come and go  
as it pleased.

770408