

Dr John WorldPeace JD
Poems 1978 to 1980

WorldPeace Poems

Dr John WorldPeace JD



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Through these poems
I search for a moment
among the countless moments

Savor one
and pour out
some random thoughts

770408

1978

My thoughts
run out to yours
and pass you
like a comet

One day you will pass me

In time
I will be there
elsewhere
waiting

781028

The moon brightly shines
on my sleeping baby

Moon rays reflected from a distant sun

a haloed crib

For my mortal eyes to see

a tiny body with a dreaming thought

probably about from whence she came

Sandberg "Child Moon"

781028

A pot-bellied Venus
treads water in a clear blue still quiet pond

Darkly shadowed

Floating as her baby floats

Both calm
at the beginning

Sandberg "Pappier"
781028

Cast me aside on
a pile of trash

Leave me dirt on dirt

I have told all
my stories

Sandbergs "Pals"
781028

Bury me in the dry dirt
Bring on the worms
Bring on the damping rot
Let the gophers dig my grave
and make a home in my chest

Sandberg "Bones"
781028

1979

Blue skies and cool spring breezes

A big white swing swaying

Birds above

Black winged bullets

Martins

Life

A rest

Old time memories
of youth and things past

arise and go on

790325

I can write
 what I will write and it must be right
 because it is new to me

I can think what
 I will think and
 it may not be right for you

What I think
 I think
 and so for me
 it is true

79xxxx

I look at my calendar
 and I see the marks of
 a young girl

My daughter
 intimidating me

But I can't talk to her
 Maybe later

Maybe we never will talk
 Maybe there is no need

We could be that close
 or that far apart

790520

How many great truths have been written

If I live forever I will never be able to
digest what has been written up to now

Let us about face
and digest what is already
there

Instead of rediscovering what
already has been

Let us read it
its already discovered

Is there really a new thought?

790520

The day to day toils
which consumes my time and energies

The endless chase for
a dollar to pay for the comforts

The energies expended in the
service of another

I rebel. My soul cries out for
substance

To associate with the really great
men who have lived

My social station prevents me from
talking with those leaders of my time

So I listen to men of old
I need them because they give me the
comfort which extant human beings can't

I can not live by bread alone
I must have mental food
provided by others from distant times
who were out of step then and
would be now

As I am out of step
-- an infinite sojourner

790520

Up through the doors of the canyon walls

Blew the clear liquid wind

Sweeping the dusty canyon floor and
disappearing over the verticle walls

From beginning to end a continuous
moment

It's gone still now

790502

The time has again come for me to
meander throughout my bio-electrical cerebral
and clean out all the germinated
thoughts that have accumulated since
my last ramblings

790908

Bodies alive I guess
surround mine on its daily trek
and I just look and hear and feel
their alleged presence

Who knows what lurks in those other
minds and bodies
I don't know
and never really will

I don't even know me yet
and never consciously will

Yet I know there is a difference
-- as everyone seems to see physical differences
between bodies, muscle men and weaklings
I seem to notice at what level their
brains function

I don't presume to be right in my evaluation
I only comment that I notice a difference

790908

The broken twig
has a few brown leaves
which stand nakedly out
against their green brothers

There is no moral to be extracted
I just made an observation

790908

I question all
 I believe nothing
 I experience a lot

But I question all

With passing time I find
 that I recognize the black for every white
 the hard with the soft

But today and lately I notice the difference
 I explore the difference,
 I have no moral judgment

I seem to feel that all is sufficient to itself
 The game is to find the difference
 But there is no moral judgment

There is only this and that
 moral standards can be designed and applied
 But all is really of no true consequence

We function by the standards and goals we set
 for ourselves but it doesn't really matter

We exist as groups, societies, individuals, etc.
 interest and interest. No one right or wrong
 but just existing

790908

An original idea

a recombination of the known and imagined
in an exponential progression of
original ideas

790908

Life

a distinction from a state of no life
A cohesive biological unit functioning
in a biological world

Non life is synonymous
with life in a different setting

791006

If I listen to you
 I become you
 So go ahead and speak
 But excuse me if I do not listen

791006

I have my own reality

I keep my own counsel

But there are those at times who
 mock and criticize

They do not know that their scorn
 feeds my soul and pushes
 me beyond my limit
 to new heights of
 untread terrain

And for that
 I thank them
 without speaking

791006

There is no hope for the critic

He knows only hind sight

And that poor devil who must
believe that others look as closely as he

He never treads alone
on new ground

And travels his life in mediocrity

791006

I do not want to be different

But I am

So I accept it

and become as different as I can

791006

I will march on

I will hold my head high

I will step lively

And I will smile

I am happy
that I am who I am

791006

I never thought of how many lips
had kissed a cup

The beauty and the beast

I never thought of how many hands
had grasped a glass

The strong and the weak

I never thought of how many brews
had filled a mug

The potent and the weak

I never thought of how many eyes
had seen the tilted cavity

The young and the old

I never thought of how many vessels
bore the first and last touch

Of the newborn and the dead

I never thought of all the feelings
that lay impressed
on a plain old cup

Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam XXXL
791013

I awake in the cold early predawn
gather my bow and set out

I walk silently in the faint dawning
Fog blows from my nostrils
and dew clings to my feet

I stop. Draw my bow. And send an arrow
into the heart of a small buck

The warm carcass feels good around my
shoulders as I step toward camp

The sun shines in a cloudless sky
and my heart beats peace
and harmony
in the silent morning

791118

What is more enchanting than a clear sky full of stars
a billion lights in the heavens
The dew is forming on the grass
as I lay here enchanted
by the night

791118

I look through the clear clean smooth glass
and think of the
gritty opaque sand it used to be

I think of the grotesque caterpillars
and of the beautiful
butterflies they will become

I think about me
and hope

791118

The world tries to eat me up
It keeps up a relentless barrage upon my mind
But I fight it
After many years, I still daydream and think
and pay the price

791118

The prairie is silent
The sky is clear
The air is crisp

A lone goose
from high up
calls and breaks the silence

And says
“I am
here”

Thanksgiving
791112

FLOWERS

I close my eyes and imagine a
blue sky Spring day

I see myself at the bottom
of an infinitely rolling valley

Crowded into the grass
I see billions of flowers

All the combinations
moving in waves with the spring breeze
red yellow blue and white
all geometric shapes and sizes

I smell a million perfumes
permeating the air

I begin to whirl
as the sensations bombard my soul

I fall helplessly on my back
with the warm sun on my face

791112

As I sit
the sands are rapidly running out
on another decade

Life in cycles of ten years

I have almost completed
my third full decade of life

I am aware
that the eighties will
mark a new era
a new beginning
for my life

I am eager
to step forward
into it

791112

I planted an egg plant plant
I raised an egg plant chicken

The chicken plant eggs were white
The egg plant egg was purple

I ate the chicken plant eggs with bacon
I just watched the egg plant
plant egg plants

791112

Armies of the dead
fill new ranks each day
and one day soon
I'll be a new recruit
in the ranks of the army dead

Blow no trumpet
when I enlist
keep no somber face
march my body back to the earth
but say no goodbyes
for we'll soon meet again
in the ranks of the army dead

Cry not my friend
for me or you
for all that now lives
will join us
in the ranks of the army dead

Armies of the dead
fill new ranks each day
and one day soon
I'll be a new recruit
in the ranks of the army living

791129

The chill autumn breeze
materializes behind me
and carresses my soul
as it rustles through
golden leaves and
fades away

My enriched soul returns
for another ride

791112

I watch you only when you are unaware

I will never let you know
how often you entrance me

I am careful not to
gaze too long for fear of being
enchanted

I may do something stupid
like let you see how much
I love you

Then you would have me trapped

791201

I never look into your eyes
because I know that you
will see
my thoughts

I can never let you
know how I really feel

It would be like
going naked on a crowded street

No, I will never gaze into your eyes
so you may never know
how much I really love you

791201

D
R
I
B
B
L
E

791217

Out of paper
 Out of poems
 Out of day
 Out of life
 Sleep is coming
 It is here

791217

A crazy person crying out loud

 I hear him

No! I hear myself

791217

What is the number three
you and she and me

What is the number two
me and you

What is the number one
you

791217

How cluttered
a two poem page

How crowded it would be

Each life has a clean slate

Why should not a poem

791217

I am so tired I do not know
what I am writing

I'll read it in the morning

Do not worry if it puts you to sleep
.That's what it did to me

791217

A long poem is like an endless thought

I like to stop over too many times on the way
To catch another long thought
to catch another
to catch
to

791217

Tick tock one o' clock
lonely, sleepy quiet in the first hour of the morning

Tick tock two o' clock
a double warm bed and cold room air

Tick tock three o' clock
the second odd hour of the morning

Tick tock four o' clock
a perfect square, a four corner bed

Tick tock five o' clock
the third odd hour, time to rise for some

Tick tock six o' clock
sun's up golden rays through the window shade

Tick tock seven o' clock
coffee beans boiling

Tick tock eight o' clock
work time - ready set go

Tick tock nine o' clock
only seven more to go

Tick tock ten o' clock
halfway through the morning - awake

Tick tock eleven o' clock
double ones, sixty minutes to lunch

Tick tock noon o' clock
lunch

Enough

791217

Big fat moon in June

Big orange autumn Ball
Big on the ground
and small up high

Can it be the same
moon in June

791217

Little girls, little boys
little dogs and little toys

Sweet young girls and
tall young boys

Romancing and dancing
love's many ploys

Fine young men and pretty young ladies
Love and marriage
and baby carriage

Baby girls and baby boys
crying and whining and
other loud noise

Little girls and little boys

791217

Up and down
 life goes round

Up and up
 down and down
 life goes round and round

791217

I have a destiny with the past
 I have a rendezvous with the future
 I am in the present
 I am in the past
 I am the evolving future
 in the Now

791217

In the time that you
 chase me through these words
 and letters
 I hope you find some of you

791218

Think
 All is void

All is empty

What will you
 think about

Your mind is blank

You wait on a word
 from this hand

I give it to you

791218

I fear I cheat you dear reader

I sell you a word or two
and all they do is to make you think

I hope

791218

After the sun
died
We did not

791218

Nothing
 is what makes up all things
 Nothing physical
 Nothing spiritual

Nothing is what all is made of

Each something must be of something
 Infinitely?

No! the most basic something
 is composed of nothing

Something from nothing

We will infinitely unlock
 the infinite doors
 back to nothing

791218

A million rabbit skins
drape around numerous
warm bodies

Rabbits are dusty as we

All is dust

We enjoy killing it

Dead dust

Killed dust

Deceased dust

We too are

dust destined for

violation annihilation cremation

and soon

791218

Dogs
 four legged
 friends of man

We treat them
 like people

791218

Writing black on yellow
 a creamy banana paper

I want to lick it
 but I would observe
 my own idiocy

791218

Isolated
in many dimensions
are many things and unthings
isolated

Adrift, alone, apart
all things exist
isolated

Unions and tri-unions
are isolated

with only solutions
not isolated

791218

Space
near and far

Space within space
infinitely

Measured cubes
inside measured cubes

Space
in space

All is made
of space

All is contained
in space

791218

Under the concrete
lay black dirt

Under the concrete lay
the vanished footprint
of some long dead man

This spot, this area of
space is still here
and always will be

One day my footprint
will be remembered

781218

Far out in space
cold vaccums
contain one myriad
rotating globes

An emptiness so vast
and yet so full
our minds
short circuit

791218

I pull the words from my being
 They keep coming
 Like smoke from a fire

But now I must add some
 wood

791222

I close my eyes and slip
 into that other life on the
 other side of awake

I wander in my dreams
 I can do almost anything

In fact, that is how I know
 I am dreaming

791222

How will I slip out of this place
How shall I pass through the door
How shall I break out of this encasement
and expand into the Universe evermore

When will I cease to be
When shall I part from these eyes
When shall I become senseless
but yet aware

Soon very soon

791222

Dread Death comes to all that lives
And life comes to what isn't
anymore

791222

At the bottom of the cup
lay the last dregs
of some liquid

At the bottom of everything
lay the last of something

or is it the first

791222

I love to watch the weather
sow the clouds

And when they are ripe

I love to squeeze them invisible

washing the earth
in the process

791222

I would like to eat a cloud
in one big spongy bite

I would like to compress
out the air

And send the pure water
down my throat

I would like to be
an eater of clouds

791222

Alone in the woods
civilization is a dream

Bird songs
Breezes through the trees
Green leaves

Silence

791218

Out on the sea
I float

Water below and sky above

A hot sun in a clear blue sky

I rock on the gentle waves

Wondering what lay below
And what unseen hangs above

791222

Deep in the dark forest
shafts of light
lay among the trees

Shafts of Light
gently resting on the forest floor
limbs and leaves

As one looks
up the shaft
the sun stings
the naked eye

791222

Winged bodies with greased feathers
live about my house

In the trees they roost

And in the morning they sing
me awake

The sun comes up

The birds begin to sing

A single singing bird increasing in a
rising chorus

Then off on daily tasks

I love to hear the singing break of day

791222

Why should I complete my thoughts

You need to think

You complete them

Only then will you remember

If I give you the key to the puzzle
it will no longer hold your interest

So take this half thought

791222

Yesterday the trees were green

Today they are naked

Tomorrow _____

791222

I saw a shadow
that the sun made

I saw a shadow that
a cloud erased

I saw a shadow that
the moon had made

I saw a shadow
a shadow made

791222

Sea shells
 lay on the beach

Brought from what distant times
 and places we will never know

Who makes these shells
 where does he live

As I write, shells are being made
 and shells are washing upon the shore

Shells I will never know
 and that is just shells

791223

Who named the kangaroo?

791223

Walking across my yard
are six young doves

It seems strange
for the city

I will not kill them

But if this were the country?

791223

Far out on the water
I see a cloud
transform
into rain
and rush back into
the sea

791223

Far off
on the prairie
the dark clouds
dump their gray water

As the last of the moisture
leaves the cloud

the first
has not reached the ground

What must the grass think
when it feels the rain and
perceives no dark cloud

791223

A rainbow
 arches high above the earth
 through a cloudy blue sky

A mist
 reflects the sun's light
 of red yellow and blue

What other colors
 lie on the outer edges
 that our poor eyes cannot see

The beauty
 that we see is only
 a shadow of what else
 must be

791223

Why do we have to die
 Why must we wear out

 If we remained forever young
 we would not tire

 Do we get old because
 we tire

791223

I sit alone in the
lantern-lit room

Bare boards
make the walls

A few inches
outside
the window

Is blackness

This one lighted cube
encased
suspended
in blackness

And I am contained
in the room
alone

791223

Roots grapple dirt
and siphon water
and minerals

Grappling siphons
in the earth

The sun sucks on
green leaves
and roots
siphon water in the dark

I live in life's vacuum
and some of my brain cells
siphon the infinite
and some are siphoned

791223

1980

Stand up my friend

Who will fight for truth

Who will die for our sons and daughters

If not us, who

If not now, when

Goodbye

800217

Cold air

chills my bones

and chafes my hands

I wonder

off into mental caverns

to a warm summer's day

and take a breath

or two

Then I dive back

into the cold

present

800301

A merry go round
goes round and round

and horses and tigers and
rabbits cycle up and down

Round and down
Round and up

The world outside is
a continuous blur

And I am a continuous line

800301

Many years has it been
since the flowers bloomed

This year they came
early and as they began to
populate the earth

A cold Arctic wind
cut them off in their youth

There will be no blooming flowers this year

And this year will never
return

800301

War

There is no war like a religious war

Born of ignorance and superstition

War

You will always be with us!

800301

Down in the hollow

where the grass is green

Peaceful life flows on

I come down there

to flow on

for a while

800301

I am a poet
but a soldier too

I coast in idle liberal
ivory thought

But I would kill
without a thought

To keep what I have
known

If I were to live in
another time

I would sustain the quality
of that life

But kill just as readily for the
preservation of that one

800531

I want to read of war
of great battles
and total commitments

Death as the price of failure
Death accepted – Death imposed

I want to read of great leaders
who killed many

Of blood and rape
of insanity gone berserk

Of the roots of war

800713

Most have no self direction

It is imposed from without

I believe in the great men theory
that history is the story of great men.

The masses don't care.
They are here for a simple life.

The great ones impose their will upon the herd.

The herd accepts and moves

All crises are crisis of leadership

So bring on the truly great ones
Let them impose their will
-- I am bored.

800713

I am lonely
but surrounded by
loves

I am lonely
because she doesn't
know I am

800816

I am fond of blue
 paper too
 I am fond of you

800816

I love you Sandy
I wish you knew.
Then when I called
 you'd come –
 because you'd know

Love, it voids me
 when you don't.

800816

I don't need much
I don't know why.
But I need you
I really do.

800816

What is this love
that I keep buried?

It's painful when it
comes out

It covers my canvas
skin –
I am cast adrift

Hailing you from afar
I love you. I love you
I love

800816

I love you
but after all these years
I don't like the
feeling

I don't like for you to
control me

You do control me

I wish you knew

800816

Someday
 you'll read this
 and you'll know
 my secret

The secret I've told you
 everyday

The secret you never heard

The secret I LOVE YOU

I wish you knew now

800816

I was in a battle
 and death was gone
 but there –

I expended myself
 but did not die
 that day

800816

At times

like these I feel
invaded

Give me privacy

I am naked
my defenses are
gone

And even your brief
presence is irritating

Why can't you see?

800816

One day

I'll be gone

But I won't know it

And when I find out
I won't care

800816

If everything is
as it is to be

Which it is

Then why is there emotion

Except for deeds undone

But in the forever
it is insignificant

But important

Everything counts
and for always

800816

To have a mountain
I can't climb

To find a wall I can't
scale

To find anything I can't
do

What would that be?

800816

I am a sword
I am steel

I have been
burned and fired and
tempered

I can be broken

Then I would be two!

800816

Who am I?

Why am I?

I am Kenneth Edward Wolter

because I was born!!

800816

When I am hungry I eat
and the feeling goes away

When I am emotional
I write

And the feeling goes away

Thank God

800816

I knew a man
and emotions ruled his life

And I was sorry for him

How painful life must be

A cancer called emotion

I am glad I have only
a chronic case

800816

I saw a man
 physically shaken

I saw a man
 emotionally tormented

I say a man physically
 and mentally tormented

I saw them in one of my calloused states

I think about them now
 in an emotional state

But before I think too
 long I move my thoughts

800816

I saw a peacock
walking

and I thought if I
were alive in another
world

I would still see her

And she would know
then as now
that I was
watching

800816