

*Dr John WorldPeace JD*  
*Poems 1981*

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First Internet Edition 2009

First Hardcopy Edition 2019

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ISBN: 9781075656576

A city hunter  
a boy  
a BB gun  
a blue jay  
a robin  
a mockingbird  
hanging head down  
by the feet  
in his hand

Son, I award you  
the accolades of the  
victorious  
and I am sad at your cruel guts

I only kill birds in the country

810207

How preposterous  
to think that I created life  
-- my children

I built a home  
by planting a seed

Simply a home  
for a family  
to live in

810207

The whales talk

They could tell us much

They tried

We learned how to speak  
with them today

Yesterday we made them  
extinct

810209

We trudged alone  
in complete boredom

Pursuing many things  
to pass the time

And when we reached  
the end

It really was

810209

How great it would be  
to be an idiot

To enjoy simple pleasures  
to never know the  
chains of existence

I envy you idiots

Sometimes

810209

I seldom  
take notes

When I do

I seldom read them

810209

Hard thing to be  
    possessed by love

A mindless drunk  
    on a binge

Tacked to the  
    side of someone  
        by the heart

810410

Life moves on  
    like a merry go  
        round  
            go round  
                go round

Get off.

810410

Oh Lord  
    my God  
I am here  
    I am  
        here

810410

Deep in space

I drift

A million thoughts

suspended around me

I avoid them all

and mindlessly drift  
in the star filled void

810515

Many years have past

and I am tired

I think I will rest

for a moment

810515

In the Spring of my life

I wonder about the Fall

and Winter

Summer is coming

I embrace the heat

I am always glad for the brilliant Fall

but more so for

the white Winter

810515

Martyrs come

-- they have passed this  
way before

I neither admire or  
criticize them

They are as we are

Martyrs one and all

810515



Deep in the forest  
untouched by man

I stop entranced  
I am captured  
I am one with life

I cannot break out  
I am trapped  
I am serene  
in my bliss

810515

I will live until I die

I will live  
until  
I die

I will live until  
I am  
born

810515

I sit back now  
    an old man  
        with life a plenty to  
            review

I fondle as many moments  
    as I can remember  
  
        serene in my past

I am as  
    I am  
  
    A part of living  
        I am

810515

I look at my son  
    He is still young

I am thankful  
    I didn't miss  
        his growing up

810515

What is a genius?  
Who is a genius?

I don't know!  
I never met one!  
Nor heard one

810515

My mind is tired now  
I am about to go to sleep

My spirit has had its orgasm for the day  
and its time to close

Even though I desire  
otherwise

This writing thing becomes boring

The great insights these words give me  
to myself

None-the-less get  
old

810521

Would that I could be happy  
doing one thing at a time

But no matter how  
worthy the task

I always feel I should be doing  
something else  
distracted always by  
something else

If I could ever conquer this mind chatter

I may be able to do  
One great thing

810521

What I desire from you  
dear reader is a question

Or a statement

A response?

810521

I am a one-sided conversation

I want something more to talk  
about

Have you a thought my friend?

810521

A thought or an image  
If not captured will disappear  
forever

As the Universe grows  
and evolves  
the conditions that  
produced this NOW

Those exact conditions will never  
return  
and so neither  
the thoughts and images of this NOW

It's gone

We can never know if it will be missed

But it did come  
and always did  
GO

810521

To you who read these words

I admire your searching  
I admire your tedious mind

For me the moment is gone  
and I didn't have  
the patience to re-read what I  
wrote

It is there for you

Would that you could tell  
me who I am

But even if you could  
It really wouldn't matter

810521

Volumes of word combinations  
that I will never know

Oh time is so short and I must  
decide what kind of fruit I must eat

Otherwise,  
I will meander through  
life's garden

Alive but unsatisfied  
moment to moment

810521

Speak to me of genius

I know of Leonardo

Maybe Michelangelo

There must be many more

But these are the only two I know

810521

God help me not to be discovered  
I think

as much as I think I would  
like it

Discovery means an infinite amount  
of dull questions to waste  
my time  
and crash my sanctuary

Could I write and not grant  
interviews

Could that be

Could I be and not be discovered

Can I write and in silence refuse to explain

810521



How is it that one can be  
possessed by a thought

Consumed by it so that no  
others can enter

Thank God that my thoughts  
my all-consuming thoughts  
can be temporarily released  
so that I may go on

to other ideas

810521

I run in the open wind  
My mind is free of the  
pain that must be following

I am in neutral  
cruising in space  
made free by running

810521

From somewhere came what I wrote before

It is not meant to say  
anything

It has no meaning  
But from the depths of  
somewhere it came

I have given it reality  
by reproducing it on paper in ink

But who knows from whence it  
came  
who knows what it means

From somewhere it called out  
and I captured  
and recorded it  
and moved on

810521

My mind is at a blank when  
I write

I make it like a  
hollow glass ball

I am inside with a  
towel

And as condensation forms I  
reach out and blot it

And then I write and then read  
the blot

I keep the ball clean

when I clean it

But I don't clean it very often  
so I wonder how much  
condensation formed and  
just evaporated

Never to return

810521

I wake up at times  
like a poor Captain of a ship

I am approaching a port  
I do not know its name  
because I have not  
checked my course in  
many days

I am where I am  
I doubt that I didn't  
desire to come here

But I think I wanted to  
go elsewhere

From this day forward I will check  
my course daily  
I will use my sextant to  
arrive at the port I  
intended to see

There is nothing wrong with chance  
but I chose not to put my life  
in its hands  
even though I do

often

810521

I am that I am not  
I am one side of duality  
An infinite combination of  
    blacks, whites and greys  
        a unique item  
            in the Universe of items

There is not a perfect balance  
    of duality but on a statistical  
        balance

All combinations are possible  
    all conceptions are now  
        or will be  
            or were

I am

810521

A yellow flower  
on a green stem

A distinction my eyes make

When seen alone  
a part from most of  
its space  
it has beauty

The closer it is inspected  
the more it is separated  
from its space  
the more  
unique and beautiful it becomes

As its space becomes devoid of  
items one by one  
through concentration

It stands apart

It becomes something among  
nothing and so it becomes  
absolute beauty

810521

What good does it do me to live a  
different reality?

What are the chances I would find  
a worthy companion in my reality?

So if I have truth and they have untruth.  
It matters not to my actions because

I must become an actor in their play  
I must recite  
this script because they  
outnumber me

I am out of my time  
either before or after  
but out of my time

It matters not what is my reality  
I must live theirs  
temporarily now and then

810521

I went to a story on film  
and after it was over  
I did not feel that I was  
alive

All my endeavors to control the  
variables around me had succeeded  
and I thought maybe I am  
a computer

I have lost emotions. I have deliberately  
tried to kill them.  
and for the most part  
I have been successful

What I now ask is what is the  
logical conclusion.  
I ask not about the  
emotional conclusion

To invite pain and swim in pleasure  
to what end.

To feel alive for a moment  
and then the ultimate emotion  
death

To face the end of life afraid. NO  
Death will be later.

I must  
find a way to live now

I want to be alive now.

810626



I reach out for a companion  
Someone who is in my realm  
Someone whose mind has been  
down my path

Communication of thoughts unspoken  
the community of a life shared

I have been too busy to look  
but the time is soon approaching  
when I will set upon my  
destiny

I will expand myself into a life

810621

On top of the world  
Crusaders of the handicapped  
have arrived

We are all handicapped  
mostly with nowhere to go

810704

