

Dr John WorldPeace JD
Poems 1983

WorldPeace Poems

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Brief encounters
with someone
I didn't know

Personal involvement
with a detached
being for physical
stimulation

an emptiness
after the parting

was it worth it?

I don't know

I don't know

830327

I sit here in the dark
trying to think of what I
could give you that
will last as long as
my love for you

There is nothing

I can only give you my
soul
which thinks about you
every minute

We have come through
the storm and now we
sail on calm seas

I think
always about
how much I
love you

Forever yours,
Ken

830820

They look around for
one to lead them

They are waiting for
someone to come to
light the dormant
coals in their
furnaces

They look

they wait

and they die
waiting

Why do they stand
in large herds
looking at each
other

Why don't they
just move

why don't they
just begin

The one they wait for
is the one they know
best

They wait only for
themselves

830823

We once
inhabited the
biological bodies that
reproduce in the
universe

Our bodies
as they became old

were renewed
as mechanical and
biological devices
were installed

Finally they
replaced the brain

And now we inhabit
the androids that live
forever

And when we tire
we leave

830823

I opened a window
and I looked out
at a world I
had not seen
before

And as I looked
at something I
had seen
outside the
window

I noticed it was
somehow different
when viewed
through the glass

I can only
deduct that it
must be the
framed view
that makes
it different

as if looking through a
pipe

I am not distracted
by the whole

I can concentrate
on the
part

The philosophers
think about many
things and try to
construct the
entire existence
and nonexistence
model

They write and write
and define and analyze
and chose an infinitely
conceivable concept

It becomes more and more
complex and it soon
becomes so entangled
that only confusion
exists

They are hopelessly lost

I sit here and defy them all
It is simple not complex
It is all one
not many only one

It is a simple
nothing of One

830823

The thinkers all
take on thought
and logically
build a model
of infinite
airtight complex
explanations

A life's work

Then maybe someone
comes and takes off a
piece and builds another
complex appendage

The comers choose
this interpretation or that
depending on
the vogue of the day

It is so foolish
that we chose our
truths

We are such children
because we do not know

and I do not condemn the search

I am just amused at our
attempt to understand
what we can never
not know

830823

I am a traveler
and my time is infinite
and the things
to know are
are infinite to the
infinite power

I am a traveler
and my time is infinite
I am here

I think

I am a traveler
and my time is infinite
and as you can see
I am moving
alone

I am a traveler
and my time is infinite
and I move alone
through some of what is
experiencing it and
creating it as I
move along

830823

You ask me of the
 other world and I ask you
 which world
 do you inquire about

There are many

 Each has infinite doors

You do not know of any
 doors so I would have
 to choose one for you

I can not do that
 because I only know of
 my worlds

Since I know of mine
 I prefer to hear about
 yours

So tell me about
 your other worlds

830823

A red ball travels
 through space and
 eventually disappears

Atom by atom is peeled
 away and eventually
 there is nothing

We must ask if there
 was a red ball
 in the first place

830823

I am part of
 everything which is
 nothing

I sit staring
 feeling that I will
 shortly disappear

I will fade out
 as a ghost fades
 in

Everything will be as it
 was but I will not
 be observing
 from here

I will be fading
 into somewhere else

830823

I write for all
these and those
out there

I do not know
of them any more
than you

All I know is what
you know and see

and that is just
the writing

Don't be upset
if I can't explain

Only It knows
who sent It

We do not have the
wisdom to know
all of It

830823

Come things out of reach
 come and I will let
 you use my hand
 to make your
 mark

I see the line is long
 and I will try to give
 all a turn

Forgive me for I am finite and
 you are infinite

I will stay as long
 as I can

830823

I wanted to write of Love
 All that knew
 of Love came to me
 and expressed themselves

It seems that this is one
 idea which all have
 known

It is part of us all

It is part of it all

830823

Late at night when I am
tired and my mind
is dull

It is easy to write
for those that wait

This existence is not so
awake as to edit
and what comes

comes freely

I am so tired
that I soon
fall asleep

and close down
the telegraph office

830823

Dear Hieronymus Bosch

they try to understand
you as they
may try to
understand me

God only knows
that we are instruments
played by things we
do not know

We are no different
from all the rest

except we know
we are being used

And we both are
willing participants

830823

Up comes the sun
a hot yellow ball
radiating heat
in the
early noon

So it has been
forever as it is now

We are daily exposed
to this phenomenon
so that we rarely
think of this
fiery sphere
as being suspended
in endless
space

To us it is an
electric light turned
on each morning
a bulb screwed in
a blue sky

We pursue our day
hunting new wonders to
assuage our boredom

830824

We are sailors
on a blue marble
of endless
seas

We are surrounded
by infinite planet vessels
moving
just the same as we

We don't know
how we came to be
on this ship
and we
do not grasp
the true
wonder

All we know
is that we awake
and gaze out
into the vastness
and then go
back to sleep

with another dream
in our experience

830824

What monsters
 there are that
 live on this earth

None of us could have
 ever dreamed their
 symmetry

Monsters that nightmares
 are made of

We pay them little mind
 in most cases
 but if we were
 a hundredth
 of our size

We would live in
 the mortal fear

of insects

830824

I saw a picture
of a spider with
four eyes

Two in front
and two to the
rear

A hairy
four legged
beast with
a turret head
and black eyes

I try to
imagine
having four
eyes

830823

Come bring your beauty
to me so I may
inbibe your
perfect essence

Your form is
entrancing and your
eyes and face
are heaven
made

I want to sit and
look at you
forever

such is your
hypnotic spell

Let me move away
before you speak
let me have my
myth

I will leave with
the dream

I will not
think of
what more
could be

830823

I dropped
cat eyed marbles
off the edge of
the earth
and watched
them fall out
of sight through
space

One at a time I let
them go

Then two at a time

Then three and more

And finally I emptied
the bucket

I now think of
that long thin
line of
glass beads

Traveling forever
through space

830823

What is beauty
I do not know

What is ugly
I do not know

But I know
they exist
because I see
them every day

830823

The little white churches
of the last century
dot the South
like berries on
a vine

They represent a religion
of several centuries
and of new
frontiers tamed

They are markers
of lives spent on earth

They hold a basket
of memories
long since forgotten

Too bad they
were hand crafted
of wood that rots
in a few hundred
years

Too bad they
are burned down so
easily by the new congregation

830823

