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

830823
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