

Dr John WorldPeace JD

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Poems 1989 and 1990

WorldPeace Poems

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1989

Black as night
dark as day
red energy

fired by a distant
sun

Showers each and
all

Protect Protect

The honeymoon is
over

they come now in
mass

Speak not
that you walk the
path an
infinite
child

Remember now
the times
of old

remember
well the
rhyme

Ginger root
take fast hold
grab the horns
and lock
them tight

Pull the head
with silver
knife

Cut shape and
deep and
fast

Place the red
meat in cinnamon
sand

3 stars
and silver
moon

Call the guardian
of the gates
of Hell

To clip the
wings and
to prison
return

Hear me now
dark spirits
of the
night

Return to the
evil pit
or vanish
in the

Universal
Light

I say no more
 leave me
 now
 or be bound

 in immortal hell

I raise the
 sword of light
 and count to
 three

Silver sun
 crimson moon
 turn green the
 blood of
 evil broods

The serpent's
 touch
 and short the
 scorpion tail

Be gone now
 I sign
 my name

Remove thee now
 or enter
 the silent Void

890409

THE ROSE NEBULA

(Jwp painting)

From the universe
of many wonders
I glide from
end to end

A particle of knowing
slowly traveling
an infinite
path

I appear
momentarily
yet it seems
like forever

I am less than
dust in the
concept of
time

I see the wonders
I touch
All There Is

I appear
and disappear

I come forth
in a photograph
in this dimension

I remain until
this portrait
is dust

I remain
for a thousand
year moment

and then I travel
on

890801

LONG AGO AND FAR AWAY TOMORROW COMES

(Jwp painting)

The convulsing earth
explodes from within
and burns all
that has been

The charcoal
mountains arise
from the sacred
place

As red hot lava
flows to the
endless sea

A tiny convulsion
in the Universe
comes erasing
the best
we had

Our collective minds
will not admit
the truth

That our perfect
beings could be
wiped away
as we set fire
to an ant hill

Our conscious minds
do not admit
a random
Universe

We have our God
to save us

And so He will
but not our
bodies and not
our Mother Earth

They are expendable

We put our conscious minds
to sleep and rest our
spirits in organic
bodies

But one day
we shall perish
if not all at once
then certainly
one by one

890812

Out of the mighty
Universe
churning

Comes the thundering
of new things
coming

My attention
resides in the
wake of unseen
thunder rolling

I awaken
from my conscious
knowing

For a moment's
pause on this
Universal plane

The forge of the Heavens
collide hammer and
anvil

As old worlds explode
and new worlds rumble

890921

Where were the
 unknown ones
 when I passed by

Were they afraid
 and gone hiding

I stamp out
 valleys in
 the Heavens

I disrupt
 the passive waves
 of new beginnings

My mighty presence
 creates divisions
 where there
 were none

And creates craters
 where arrogant
 races built
 monuments
 to their
 unremarkable
 existences

890921

What beauty
 lies in the gentle
 rolling seas

What calming peace

A nightmare
 thunderstorm
 comes and assaults
 the endless waters

Three hundred foot
 mountains of water
 rise and fall
 under
 black electric
 clouds

The angry Heavens
 dissipate
 and the mindless
 sea relaxes
 into an
 endless sheet of
 calm water

While we below
 hardly notice

890921

Pull down
the dragon's head
hold fast to
his spiny
whiskers

Mortal men
and immortal spirits
on an adventure
of the mind

Attack the monster
of the sky
attack the giver
and the taker

We shall kill
that mighty one
so that he
shall be
mighty no
more

Then we shall return
our dullard lives to their
peaceful destructive
selves

890921

Let us raise
a salute
to those defective ones
who live among us

They allow our compassion
to manifest in
heavy-hearted love

And once in a
great while
each and every day

We acknowledge the courage
of one or two of them
from whom we
hide our
shameless
faces

890921

TO AN ANCIENT ALLIGATOR

A grand old
predator
died today

The perfection
of her technique
has dismembered
many bodies
and freed many
souls

She's dead now
the killer has
become the killed

Her prized skin of
ninety years will
hang on
some hunter's
wall

Imagine
a trophy
of ancient skin

The river is now
free from this old
woman of the
murky waters

No more will she
be seen by a
chance observer

The myth is dead
the legend has been
removed

A new myth
may be growing
in those murky
waters

Who can say

We only know
that man will
continue to hunt
to satisfy his
needs

And if by chance
some young leviathan
should escape
the hunter's
traps and guns

And grow into
some future myth

Truly his fame
shall also be
his death

Come along now
children
let us be
moving on

We have much to do
before we grow old

Let us be glad
that we shall not
be rewarded for
long years
designated
as the hunter's
prey

890922

When we cry out
for peace
and scorn
our brother
for his violent
acts

We never remember
the new born
child that was
his teacher

The actions of our
own incarnate soul
focused on
an unassuming
child

are the scripts
from which
all children
read

We cannot spawn peace
absolute
until we are
at peace
resolute

The violent acts
of each and all
are simply
the fruits of
ancient seeds

Peace will surely come
when we cease
to sow the
subtle seeds of
distaste

when we hold the
lightening bolts
of our venomous
tongues

and send forth the
light of love
from our spiritual
mirrors
the eyes

We can never
forget that those
we criticize
for their violent acts

are nothing more
than the fruit
of our own past sown
seeds
reborn

890923

1990

Endless sky
and endless
sea

Come together
on a
horizontal plane

White-capped waves
below
white puffed clouds
above

Air
and water

No earth
or fire

Many lives
many days
come forth
one by one

My monotony
dulled brain
reaches through
the Void

for substantial
thoughts
of why

The sea
and sky
disappear

I have caught
my vivid dream

Away I go
to who knows
where

Away I go
that's all
I care

900220

Red Gold Fish
crowd the
crimson sky

Polka dotted
clouds sail
uncharted courses
in and out

The sun
in its green
glamour
radiates
all in a
purple haze

Where is this
place that I
see

This place of
wrongful
brilliant
color

It is in the
recesses of my
mind

Maybe
some coded
memory

or maybe
a reality
I once
knew

How full my
 tiny brain
 of unremembered
 things and
 spaces

How full
 must be
 the Universal whole
 the Infinite All

900220

In the pre-Spring
days of closing
Winter

I severed
a grape vine
in order
to move
a gate

Long and ever so long
had the vine
held fast
the gate

that no one
cared to pass

I am a destroyer
of fences
within fences

I love to walk
long forgotten
ways

For seven days
now the vine
has cried

Its life's blood
continues to drop
by drop
to spill
upon the ground

I cannot
ignore the
endless tears

that fall
one by one
from the severed vine

In time
the flow will stop
but maybe never
in my head

900220

The eternal sun
attempts to radiate
its heat

through the transient
Winter breeze

To warm my body
and enlighten my
soul

I reach out
for each ray of
heat

But the shield
of icy wind
holds me fast
to the cold
reality

I remain cold

My thoughts
reach out to
hot summer
days

The winter
clouds have momentarily
given way
to the radiant sun

I am reminded
that the
Summer days
which expand
my soul

await
in the future
as well as in
the past

Transient
events
terminate
our visions

And send us
for a time
into cold
dark places

900220

I glide slowly
through the
tall pine forest

midnight or
later
I think

The cool damp
air
the almost
perfect silence
holds fast

I see the moon
beams
faint shafts
of foggy
light

laying among
the dark
pines

It is a perfect
night

I am blessed
to be within
this piney
wood

at this
worshipful
moment

I move
in and out
among the
trees

left hand
touching one
right hand
another

And so on
and so on
along my
way

900221

Where do black
crows roost
on starlit
Winter's
nights

Sit they high
on high thin
boughs

or side by side
lower down

What is their
vision in the night

What dreams
invade
their sleep

I doubt
I'll ever know

I only know
they have invaded
my pre-nocturnal
voyage

900221

The clinging vines
holdfast dead limbs
while the
March winds
swings them

The tangled web
of ensnarling vines
reach out
to cloak
virgin limbs

The grand old tree
awaits its death
soon to come

For twenty years
or more, the
relentless vines
have slowly
matted
their prey

I stand
and consider
a few swings
of a sharp
axe

I can kill
the grandfather
vine and save
the grandfather
tree

The winds blow
 hard at my
 back and
 side

As I turn
 and walk
 away

900222

THE SEED

The seed
preached a
sermon to
a congregation
of birds

Each comes
one by twos
and threes

To feed upon
the lesson of
the seed

“Come forth
each and all
and partake
until you
have your
fill

I am the
homogeneous
multitude
of life
sustaining”

One and all
they came
and partook
from the
common bowl

One by one
they departed
to tend other
duties of
the day

Then soon
came when all
had gone
away

But not the
seed
for its bounty
was diminished
not

900222

THE SANCTUARY OF SPRING

Down the
 valley of the
 dark green
 forest

Lay the marble
 columns of the
 sanctuary of the Spring

Time has
 erased almost all
 that once
 here stood

The hour of
 yesterday has passed

Up the hill
 of reconciliation
 I climb

To chance a
 view down
 the other side

Nothing
 before me
 lay
 except
 more forest
 green and
 brown

My eyes
cannot see
that which
the timeless
forest

has erased
from view

Yet my spirit
well remembers
this forgotten
sacred ground

900222

The light of our
life
begins to dim

soon to fade out

We begin
to view our folly

A lifetime
of dreams
not yet come true

No matter
how hard we strive
no matter how great
the effort

The end of the
long path
leaves us standing
alone with
a view

of what could be
had time not
run out

At the end
of each day
we can hope
no more than
one tomorrow

We cannot
visualize
the day after
tomorrow

until
tomorrow night

Our biology
betrays us
and brings
down the
curtain of
life

As we stand
with perfect
vision of
what a
few more
days was
to bring

900328

Come now
my children and
touch my soul

That I may not
fade away

I am
traveling far
from the
door of reality

where you reside
in concrete
spaces

The walls you
touch of
earth and sky

no longer
blind my
wondering
soul

Come touch
me firmly
and reach forth
into my eyes
to grasp
my light

and bring
it
home

Use your
weight
to hold me
fast

for just a moment's
Hello

I have come
to live
where few
men walk
and those
that do
seldom speak

I await your touch
and the heaviness
of that below

Come that I
may feel your
love
and you
may feel
my soul

900329

Lay me softly
down in a
deep bed of

fresh cut
Spring flowers

Lay me to rest
for a moment
on the
beauty of
the Mother
Earth

Caress my
white linen-clad
body with
Heavenly scents

surround it
with rich
pure color

Let the gentle
Spring breeze
caress my
soul

and gently
dislodge it from
its heavy home

Send me back
to my heavenly
light

on delicate
clouds of
Spring born
perfume

from joyous
colors of life
re-birthing

900329

The ubiquitous
grass snake
again makes
its presence
known

The dove has abandoned
her waterlogged
nest

The coastal breeze
blows change
on this cloudy
morn

The revelation
comes
the precursor
wind
makes the coming
known

I look out
onto the horizon
preparing for
the tidal wave
of change
that soon arrives

900329

Happy are we who meditate
on the wonders of the universe

They are our delight

The magnificent beauty of creation
Our joy day and night

In all that we do
we know that
we are a glorious part
of God's majestic All

900612

HITLER

The creative side
of the evil
dreamer

The creative side
that sowed the
evil dream

and captured the
lives of the
heirs

of the barbaric
genes

The creative side
that was
the seed

of destruction

to the bureaucratic
machine

The dreamer
is free on the
dreamscape

And we have yet
to clean up
his chaos

900628

OLD HIPPIES RAINBOW FAMILY

We are the wild ones
crazy and free

We travel the earth
in a loose band
of eccentricity

The world moves on
in its routine
way

While we watch
in wonder

Fools with
open eyes

We survive
on the edge
of freedom's
bliss

Watchers of a
world more
insane

than we

900710

THE MAYAN RUINS

We race out to

meet the stars

and seek out

worlds unknown

far far

away

we project

our

tiny craft

Yet here on earth

lay the ruins

of all we

shall

ever

find so

far far away

900710

CHERNOBYL

I fly
 an unremarkable
 path of death

Death below
 radiates its
 obscure nuclear radiation
 into my
 defenseless
 body

The time has
 come for which
 I was born

The fatal
 task to be
 done

I expend
 this temporary
 portal

 and breathe
 my last

 My day
 is done

900710

THE CHRISTIAN SCIENTISTS DEAD SON

We live our life
of inflexible
fear

We were lost
and the flock
took us in

We miss
our son

And our hearts
cry out in
unbearable
pain

It was out of
fear of the world

That led
us down
the path of endless
tears

Our fears
have become
our reality

Our tormented
souls cry
at the Savior's
feet

The deed is done
our destiny
complete

Our peace
rests in each
others arms

Our knowing
in the
Universal
soul

901007

THE RAPE

I was a Lamb
and he
the black
heart

He entered
my temple
and forever
scarred

my inner
sanctum

Within his soul
he retains
a stolen
part of
me

He lives in a
land

where I can
not go

Into the pages
of immortality
is written
his heinous
act

of which
I can not yet
let go

The days come and
go

His body now
locked in a cement and
iron cell

And my pain
locked inside
his dark
soul

901007

I hear
the diverse voices
of billions
crying in
the nightmare
of their reality

Each has his/her
perception
of things
right and
wrong

And her scant hopes
of good things
to come

We have come
too far, too fast
and we have
lost our God
along the way

The infinite starry Heavens
rotate in silence
forever illuminating
the night sky

We look out
from this reality
lost

lost in the
confusion of
an inconceivable
tomorrow

I know
that sweet death
unveils the
temporary peace of
blissful Heaven

Yet now as
I write in
the early hours
of the night
reaching for
an anchor
in non-existent
stone

I beg to know
just what to do

The answer
remains elusive
while whispering
“I am here”

But it is
tomorrow
when the knowing comes

“What is happening”
I ask my soul
I say “speak”
to the silent
oracle

I return
to this pen
and paper
empty-handed

Answerless

I reclaim an uneasy
peace
knowing that
all is as it
should be

And knowing
that when the
trumpet sounds
and the bugler calls

my eyes will be opened
and my path
clearly shown

my destiny
unfolded

and my life placed in sync
with the Great Tide
of Fate

At long last
when the deeds
are done

and we all rest
in exhaustion
after a hard task
done

For a brief
moment I shall
find peace
within these tired
old bones

And then I
shall fly to
the beautiful Light
from whence I
came

to merge
with old friends
once again

before I depart
to future realms
unknown and
unremembered

900914

Midnight comes
and I awaken
from an elusive
dream

The natural quietness
of the woods
beckons me
to walk
the darkened
earth

I pull on my
boots and
move
naked into
the star-filled
abyss

Down the lane
I go
careful to avoid
extended limbs
with sticky
spider traps
below

The earth
beckons me
to lay
upon its
lap

And the Heavens
call outward
into space

I dare not
lay down
for the earth
crawls with
little horrors

both real and
imagined

I tilt my head
and cast my eyes
far into the
infinite Universe

I look
into the magnificent
realm of the distant
worlds and other
eyes tracing
back

My mind
awaits a message
from my soul

I await
the knowing
that called
me from
my sleep

I merge into
the mystic
night

and explore
one pace at a
time

Under the vibration
of never-ending
light

Soon my eyes
began to burn
for sleep

and I return
to the security
of my bed

My consciousness
has gathered
the obscure
message of the night

and now gives way
to that other realm
where all things
are known

but only
minutely remembered

I sense the
barriers between
life and death

disappearing like
an overcast
sky opening
to the radiating
Sun

I contemplate
the time
when I shall
see multiple
realities
simultaneously

and wonder
if I will disappear
or just go
crazy

900915

The city lights
have barely begun to
trespass on
this rural
earth

High above
the airline routes
are clearly
visible in
the Heavenly
bowl

The earth
is no longer
large

It is small and
getting smaller

I can no longer
be alone
because my kind
continuously makes
their presence
known

I remember
the virgin earth
and I long
to be alone

900915

To all you
lonely people
of the earth

I say hello

I come
to greet you
and tell you
of things to
come

The glorious days
are at the door
the time of
things fulfilled
upon the
earth

I come to remind
you that even after
great events
comes the
anticipation
of things
to come

900915

Silent night
 tiny cats
 alight

Mystic night
 a Harvest
 moon burning
 bright

Starry night
 other world's
 pinhole light

Sleepless night
 second sight

900915

Golden leaves
set sail
on Autumn's
breeze

Flickering down
toward the
speckled pond

Tiny ships
set sail
across a
blue green
sea

Aimlessly swirling
and resting
lightly
here and
there

The annual
dying
has begun

900915

The forest trail
 lays silent
 and vaguely
 masked by
 Autumn's leafy
 shower

Crisp
 and rustling
 leaves dance
 ahead, behind
 and side to
 side

I stand
 entranced
 by what
 I see

Familiar sights
 of year's past

Repeating

I suspend
 for a moment
 thinking
 blank thoughts

 somewhere between
 a moment past
 and a moment yet to come

900916

Love
 alights on
 the most
 common things

A solitary
 rose passing
 from hand to
 hand

A perfectly beautiful
 monotonous rose

Carries a simple
 emotion purely
 given

From heart
 to heart

900916

Pure white salt
and pure white sugar

Lay upon
the dusty ground

A world far
away
and unnoticed
lays monumental
inside my
vision

The pure
white granules
hold fast my
gaze

While my
mind races at
the speed of
light to

understand why

900916

I have been
a vehicle
for life
still living

Children of my
body breathe
in undefined
spaces

As I breathe
in mine

From whence
and whom
have I come
I do not
know

How many
of my fathers
and mothers
from eons
past

would even
be curious
about the me

of their
long, long ago
copulating act

I am but
a link
in a long
long chain

that had no
beginning
but may
well one day
end

900916

LIFE

The monotony
of everlasting

brings forth
into my daydreams
visions that
I will never
truly see

but shall
experience
just the
same

We ride
forever these
trains of
delusion

Day in
and day out
we ride

Going toward
everywhere

Coming from
nowhere

Day in
day out

Night in
night out

I ride

Taking the
least I
can

humbly offering
to ease
one pain

900916

Why do
we search
so hard

for a tangible
God

We are
that which
we seek

It can be
no other
way

Why not
play the
God we
seek

And give
one tiny gift
to one
unasking
soul

900916

I do not
live by bread
alone

But by
the grace
of the
multitude

of unseen
forces

which nourish
me with
their
perfect
giving

The bliss
of their
perfect light
permeates
my being

And makes
me cry

when I consider
how seldom everyday
I remember
to thank them

