

Dr John WorldPeace JD
Poems 1991 to 1999

WorldPeace Poems

Dr John WorldPeace JD



Dr John WorldPeace JD Poetry
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1991

THE ARROWHEAD

Centuries have
 long ago abandoned
 this native camp

The campfires
 burned out
 and the clans
 never returned

The contemporary rains
 slowly removed the
 ancient dust

 and reveal the chips
 of flint
 and the arrowheads
 of death

The morning sun
 fires the edge of
 the ancient point
 half-buried
 in the clay

My fingers grasp
 the magnet of my eyes
 as I feel the ancient
 spirit smile behind me
 in his rigid stance

The guardians have
accepted me into
their spiritual clan

and time will
be the only judge
of any future
tests

I long for the shroud
of the ancient of days
the harmonic savage
the godfather
of the Earth

The spiritual gift
the humble acceptance
the bowing to those
greater than I

The voice of silence
now begins to speak
out loud to my soul

910113

ON THE VIDEO

The big drums of war
beat the occupied ground
half the earth
around

On the video
the battle unfolding
skirmish by skirmish
round by round

The hired killers
of the sanctioned
war

On the video
the airshow
that masticates
blood and bone

Soldier soldier
play your deadly game
kill your brother
forget his name

On the video
the sun goes down
night blasts lightning
from the ground

On the video
on the video

910119

THE CHILD OF AIDS

From where comes
the smile upon the face
of the terminal child of AIDS

No voice has she
she is less than
a child

more than an infant

Her days are few
and her pain her only known

Yet from somewhere
deep inside her
exploding shell

an ancient soul
resides

The loving touch
of her keeper
smiles the tiny face
for just an
instant

My soul screams
asunder

at a smile from
the little one's
terminal pain

THE WAR MAKER

Make way for
the War Maker

he comes in thunder
and Hellfire

Around the earth
he rumbles
down the manufactured valleys
of death

and up the
mountains of
bitter blood

Make way for
the War Maker

he comes this
way again

910119

THE VETERAN

When I was a
 young and handsome man
 with enthusiastic
 solid dreams of home
 and children
 wife and peace

I was drafted
 to fight a patriotic
 war

I said goodbye
 to family and friends
 and met and made
 new friends who
 were blown up
 in war's hell

I won the metals
 of valor and bravery
 and grave wounds

I survived the
 mortal hell with
 punctured body
 and traumatized soul

The hopes and dreams of
 youth eventually appeared
 but not to a naïve
 young man

It was to the battle
scarred veteran
that came the
children, wife and
home

I never forgot
the destroyed friends
I knew

I never forgot
the men and
women and
children too

I killed with
bomb and bullet
and blade and
hand

The years have
allowed few days
of inner peace

even the birth of children
came with broken joys
and suppressed fears

I have lived through
the time of remorse
for my murdering
acts

and times of anger
at my fathers
who dictated
the sacrifice of my life

I have received the
veteran's accolades
in holiday parades

I have reunited with others
the same as I

the possessors of
war's hollow eyes

Now in my antique body
I contemplate my life
in my remaining days

focusing
on that war
so long ago
away

910120

I am a US Army Vet 1970-72 Sgt. I was trained for a year to go to Vietnam but was sent to Italy by the grace of God. Jwp.

THE NEWBORN

I stand near

one of the billions of portals
through which
old souls re-enter
this plane

Nine months ago

the earth had
no evidence of
the life to be

not one molecule
not one atom
of being

The portal

we call mother
was ready
but not yet
fertile

The copulating act

the sperm and egg
the genetic fusion of
fire and water

The portal has opened

the new life entered

from the infinite nothingness of All
has arrived another one of us

910120

I am a mean
and angry time

of black dark
sunshine

and bloody acid rain

The lies of man
the civilization
of moral greed

The taking and accumulating
of soon rusted treasures

There is no connection
in the contemporary mind
admiration for
the ideal dream
only comes after
the death of the dreamer

As for the Christ
a billion Christian
ministries will
crucify him once again

should he again be so bold
as to challenge their
empty religious
game

910120

THE AMERICAN IRAQI WAR

The reality of the
Dictator of many

Clashes with the reality
of the President of many more

Two worlds collide
and war lets
the blood of each and all

The great destroyer War
mediates the cultural collision

Each calls upon the
same God

Each manifest
their destiny
of bloodletting

No matter the outcome
both win
both lose

In the end
peaceful coexistence

But the heterogeneous seeds
will never become
a homogenous race

and the many faces of God
shall never be known as One

In my dark divot
in the sandy earth

I wait to kill
the sons of man

I, the hater of
wars and killing
silently wait
in my hole
thirsting after blood

I screamed against
the war
I was at war
for peace

Then came that
fateful day
when they defiled the sea

with black crude
poison from deep
beneath the ground

I saw the wildlife
dying in the greasy hell

and vowed to decimate
the demented remorseless tribe

BILLY

I dance the dance
of mortal man

in deformed body
and half-wit brain

I am the forever
child of my father

I will never
be a man

I am a life
of moronic repetition

I am
a human monkey

Yet on some special days
I touch the ivory keys

I play the old old songs
that I hear
to children who laugh

and to adults who silently
clap and release
the all-knowing tears

910125

THE MARKER

The tattered shred
of green-brown cloth

has long marked
the chosen page
of the poet's
collected verse

The invisible touch
that resides on
who knows which pages

leaves no clue
upon the favorite words

Yet here
from long long ago
the woven thread
of some long-gone cloak

emerges from its
long hiding

The patient
and perhaps forever marker
of the verse
that someone liked the best

The morning eyes
of morning stars

The evening eyes
of smoldering embers

The magic
of the beaded wand

The eye
of each bound bead

The lacing
and placing together

of myriad thoughts

and infinite memories

The afternoon eye
of the rotating balloon

Endless days
forever nights
forevermore

910210

I am but
a son of many sons

yet I am not
a son of flesh and bone

I am
a son of
the crystal night

a son of cold hard
faceted sparkling light

I am yellow
and white
blinding fire

I am the son
of the invisible dust

In the region
of the deepest
darkest night

I reside in
perfect peaceful
shadows

of form and
formless raven black

I secrete my being
among the gradually
evolving asteroid stone

Between the cracks
and crevices I remain
in my eternal stupor

I watch
and see every
act and action
simultaneously

perfectly

910210

In my youth

I loveD from
inside my loins

It was the love
of lust I pursued

Firm soft
fleshy thighs
were my passionate bliss

Then in my prime
it was the
experience of love
that drew me to its flame

The women of many men
and women too

The inner knowing
buckled with
internal drives

Now in my days
of grey-blue eyes
and soul wedded
love and peace

I only answer
the call of Spring

when love ignites
behind unknown eyes

the lusty
breeding memories

And I choose to see
and answer the
all-consuming

loveless call

910210

VALENTINE'S DAY

It was the guns
of Valentine's Day
that erased
my husband from the earth

The day of lovers
became the day of
lovers' end

The first love of my life
the natural expectation of
years and years
of bonded bliss

The children
of our bodies
who have now
become the faded dream

Oh my dear love
why did you leave me
on this the day of
love's celebration

Why did you forever condemn me
to face with mortal fear

the day of lovers'
passionate bliss

910211

Death comes to the woods
in waves of reds and oranges
yellows and browns

The populations of trees
and shrubs die in
waves as each
species falls into Winter's sleep

From the hilltop
I daily watch the
chain of death

until the Black Jack Oak
flames red among
the Winter greys

The evergreens
hold the reminder
of eternal Spring

Until the elms
display their dull maroon

and each species
rebirths in waves of
flowers, scents
and unique perfect greens

910211

I was the mistake
that doomed
the newborn calf

My father the negligence
that killed the
beloved dog

The same day
in places far apart
death visited
father and son

What is the message
of the day
that held the
parallel events

How many others
were linked in that
unique but
unremarkable chain

How many events
link unknowing children
moment to moment
into ever appearing
and dissolving chains

910211

I am a warrior
home from the war

away from the dirt
and blood and
battle stench

I have long lived
the primitive life
of destructive war

I have made rubble
of other men's homes

and marked the battle
with their families' blood

There is no beauty in war
only the dirt of destruction
and the stink of blood

The rolling hills
have become desolate
pits of smoking earth

Storybook homes
burned-out shells

and beautiful loving women
raped into old age

910213

HOLY WAR 91

Holy War 91

I am Hell's Brigade
on the run

I am dead

even as I breathe

If I survive

the killing fields
I will be returned to life

but for now

I am one of
the living dead

Holy War 91

and my father
Holy War 42

and my sons

Holy War too

I have come

to kill a part
of the dark-skinned race

I abandoned my morality

as I exited
my father's home

I kill and destroy now
rape and pillage
and burn

I explode their puppies
and crush their kittens

and treat with contempt
all that is alive
in this foreign place

If I am dead
I shall live
among the dead

I have abandoned my life
and become
Hell on Earth

I am the grim reaper
and I lust after
the enemy blood

910213

Among the shaded trees
I noticed three men
in ancient robes
of white

Two were seated
one stood
one speaking
and two listening

They discussed
the world and
it's affairs

focusing on the
eternal despair

They were the great
spiritual fathers
and they were confused
about the great divisions
they had created

They were men
of different times
and races

of different visions
and different places

They could not solve
the riddle of why
one God

makes war
upon Himself

910213

THE SOLDIER'S BOY

Cry baby cry
 you're daddy
 didn't have to die

 and he didn't have
 to kill other daddies
 and their wives

Cry baby cry
 your daddy is
 no longer alive

 time will ease
 the pain
 but your daddy is
 forever traveling on

910216

On this cold and cloudy
planting day

I sit by the hearth
and hear the striking raindrops
upon my roof of tin
and windowpanes of glass
as I begin my mass

Father, here I sit
within my humble home
with unclean nails
and tired bones

I read the words
of the sacred books

And watch the raindrops
slide down the
window lens

creating abstract visions
of Nature's realm

My life at peace
the rain drawn massage
my soul to sleep

910216

THE UNQUIET GRAVE

Among the sea
of carved and
inscribed stone

rumbles the
unquiet grave

Just below
the ubiquitous grass

calls out
a troubled soul
from within
it's metal crypt

"I am the drumbeat
of senseless war

that pounds the walls
of my unquiet tomb

with the rest of
my life
that had nowhere
to go.

910217

I cast my seed
into the fertile womb

and brought forth
the flesh of my flesh

and the bone of my bone

but not the spirit
of my soul

The birthing of souls
takes place in the
secreted dimension

where God forever
labors in Infinity

I lay the
newborn body onto
the earth

and trace into
an image
that is familiar
yet unknown

910218

THE FAITH HEALERS

We murder
 our children in the name
 of God

The days of God's greatness
 are best witnessed
 at the hallowed funerals
 of our sacrificial lambs

It is with boastful
 pride that we withhold
 the cure from
 our trusting children

And it is with great
 fervor that we pray
 beside their
 dying beds

The world does not
 understand us
 because they have
 so little faith

They cannot see
 how much God loves us
 when we neglect
 our children
 to death

Thunder thunder
 rumbles distant
 in the night

Jagged lightning
 flashes bright

 the raindrops
 patter dully
 on the roof

The unfired
 rainbows
 fill the
 acquas sky

The night is young
 and sleep
 hours away

The silent womb
 the wooden room

The solitary soul
 struggles to reopen
 the door

 to the Heavens
 beyond the
 electric clouds

910302

I heard
of all the rules
of the society
of the races

and laughed
and wondered
at such foolish
words

Every rule
is made by some
soon to leave
fool

He makes it
to show his
power over
others

It makes me laugh
when I think
that we follow
the rules

of long-dead man

910304

Under the
big dark sky

there is room
for the angry man

The days of numerous
wrongs remembered
and new ones
manifested

Under the
big dark sky

the darkness
swallows whole
the anger

of angry men

He shouts
with his infinite spirit

because his
physical voice
is so tiny

He shouts roaring
with his hell-bent soul
relieved within
the apathetic abyss

910312

Frogs walk
on four feet
two at a time

I have heard
it said that
they hop
and that
they jump

Frogs walk
on four feet
two at a time

They traverse
the earth
arcing the ground

And within
their walking
between each step
they fly

And sometimes
a beginning step
terminates in
a swim

910316

I will not share my home
with the buzzing bee

His home is the great outside
mine within this wooden cube

My ears scare
my body
with the telling
of his erratic searching flight

His buzzing disturbs me
and I decide to
end his life

He is gone
he is forgotten
everywhere

except here

910504

THE PIGMY MOTH

The creamy pigmy moth
with shiny coal-black eyes
inspects the ink
upon my half-empty page

Around the room
he moves from globe
to lighted globe

a voyeur
of my private space

He is not
what he seems to be

maybe the vehicle
but not the soul

Something pure and great
resides inside
the cavern beneath
his skin

The knowing black eyes
reveal the soul within

and await my answer
to the query from
the ancient long ago

910504

STEPHANIE

I send the little
teddy bear messenger
to the sweet
daughter of my youth

She'll never grow up
no matter how old
she becomes

From distant shores
on this land
and later the land
beyond the sea

and later the land
beyond the horizon
of the setting sun

I send the little stuffed messengers
tigers and lambs
elephants and unicorns

upon each I have
projected my touch
and into each
I have whispered

the silent message
of my soul

“I have a message
from your father

I am the tangible thought
I have traveled far
I am from time
immemorial

I am the confirmation
of unconditional eternal love

Your touch receives
the whispering abstraction
that has no words

but only the indescribable
emotion that caresses
your soul

as you caress me.”

910512

FATHER

The time has come
sooner rather than late

When all that is
to be revealed
must be

or forever kept
locked in this
time and place

The time has come
when barriers and
inhibitions fall away

because time is on
the near horizon
with the empty glass

We both stand
at the door of
new directions that
diverge from

this solitary point

I have received your love
and I have cherished and
treasured each word
and deed that bore it

For whatever you considered
done and undone

for whatever perceived regrets
that you hold too close

Know that I have
received your love

I may leave my children

Their knowledge of my love
for them is all that I value

so you may realize
how much I
cherish your gift
of love for me

910512

I think therefore I am not

By thinking I separate myself from
the whole; therefore, I am not whole but
a part in my mind; but whole none-the-less

I consciously know only that which I think
and that which I think I hear myself say

I do not mourn the withered grass

I am the All that has limited
it's focus to some experiences of the All

The greater my focus, the greater my experience

Yet could I achieve infinite focus
I would be chasing less than the ghost of a flea.

My father was the unstruck match

My mother the portal through which I entered

The earth is the inside-out lining of the Universe

I eat death

Death does not exist

The glass jar is empty
on the outside

All my colors run together
in black ink on paper

910513

Butterflies

with tattered wings
play hopscotch

on the solitary
orange petalled
plant

Like puppies

they scramble
from cup to cup

I contemplate

their small but
brilliant universe

And wonder

if it will be the progeny
of each

who return
next Spring

910515

I lived in the house
with death stalking near

I had no fear
for I knew
he had not come for me

There were times
when I thought
he had changed
his mind

and maybe
he had

Does death come stalking
or does he come waiting

Isn't he always
called

I have been
wary of human death
all this life

but now
I have seen him
a breath from the door
for a long-short year

I was there when
he finally came
and my sons
were too

I was there
 when the spirit
 snapped the
 silver cord

Now the dark
 portal has gone away

 but not emotionally
 far

The grandmother
 of half my blood
 has called
 to say goodbye

Two aged spirits
 one gone
 one leaving

Their day done
 their race run

They say goodbye
 and leave

I stand alone
 on the evening
 seaside shore

 trancing toward
 the orange ball
 going into the sea

Trancing far beyond
 to the ship
 that comes for me

The hooves
of the ancient beast

plod along
the overgrown trail

carrying the rider
into a not
so distant past

The modern world
is beyond
the low rolling hills

All things contemporary
beyond the senses

On this path
upon this horse
there is no contemplation

Only a merging
with the earth

A natural oneness
of perfect harmony

910718

The Summer breeze
sings through
slow creaks
and deep whines

as it slowly
spins the
windmill fan

Under the silent
star-filled night
the time blades turn

and mesh the gears of the
un-oiled hub

On the lonesome hill
turns the blades
that vibrate
the steel

A symphony
of parts and pieces
time and steel play

to the almost
silent prairie
and unhearing
stars

910718

In the crowd
I sang out loud
and heard my own singing

All alone in the night
my tiny voice
becomes a part
of the Infinite All

And although I yell out loud
I can hear
nothing at all

910718

The old brush pile
finally met the flame

The obtrusive sticks
become the black
and white smoke

and powdered
gray ashes
upon the ground

The unburned
grass stands
tall around the
now near barren ground

At the center
an upright
charred stick
stands crooked
leaning and tall

The young sapling
the child of
the old sticks and limbs

Stands crying
in silence
in the ashes

910718

In ragged clothes
upon the purebred horse
I sit

I ride the
peaceful pasture
and wood

upon a stallion
bred for violent times

My soul recalls
the many horses
that I have ridden
so long ago

and the many
steeds which died
under my well
worn saddle

and subject to my demanding
rein and spur

I was one
and they were one
and together
we were war

Faithful partners in the
letting of blood
expendable servants
of cold command

bonded beast
and master

Together we tasted
the enemy blood
and received the baptism
of the warm red syrup

that drains
the mortal life

I see their
dying eyes strain
to see me go
and see me die

and I look
about and see
more battlefields
than I will ever remember

910721

1992

TO KAY WORLDPEACE

The beautiful peaceful harmony
flows through my infinite soul
the harmony of two loving eyes
the peace of a kindred soul

Love that is more than love
beauty that is beyond all words
softness that is all caressing
knowing that touches God

Multiple dimensions produce our light
time and space envelop our essence
permeating All that Is we caress and be
in everlasting moments - we love

There is nothing that we do not know
nothing that knows us not
everything of which we are all
one heart, one soul, one life, one love

It matters not what I write or draw
it matters not what you read or see
Look inside your heart, close your eyes
Experience the light, know my love

010292

Blinding light
and blinding speed
sling this earth's galaxy
into the universe

I reach out
from my tiny
speck of space

and receive
the vibrations
of past and
future past

I lift
my hand and paint
the art

As I travel
through the
by and by

012992

The blond son
has abandoned the land
and returned to
the city

The leaving
was abrupt
and without
forewarning

I am aware of my
gaping wound

with shock
masking the overwhelming pain
soon to come

The boy has died
without saying goodbye

And the father
holds his tears within his heart
as he looks down the road
for the man
he hopes will soon return

021592

The small hawk
 lays just dead
 upon the ground

Only yesterday
 I saw him
 sweep and dive
 with his companion

Now he is gone
 and I wonder
 what death has
 folded his wings

I fear that
 the other shares his sleep

The sky has been
 partially erased
 the beauty
 laying still
 in my hands

021592

THE DANCE OF THE BIRDMEN

(Jwp painting)

The sleeping soul awakens
with symbolic dreams
in primary colors

Many worlds collide
in overlapping times
as the shaman
records the unremembered
dream

The dance of the birdmen
is revealed on
colored canvas-stone

A memory of some
lost elsewhere

Far away in time and space
the birdmen dance
their dance

As I memorialize
what I know
but do not physically see

920512

The fire
melts away the night
as I dream of
great beauty

The artist
reaches his star
and lives in the
beam of its
perfect light

I caress
the magnificent
clay pot

The exquisite
glaze that has
flowed from the
master's hand

The master's soul
throwing off its light

Fire
the catalyst of
beauty coming

921104

What is a man's life
but a unique string of days
a chain of events
one at a time

What is a woman but a
manifestation of the
All That Is

What is life but living
What is God but thinking

What is the meaning of life
but the experience

From whence do we come
and where do we go

We have come from nowhere
and we have nowhere to go

Here and now is All-There-Is

113092

1993

The three intransient murderers
were bound by insanity
upon the earthen plain

Until the people began to
multiply and in their
growing numbers became
agitated and full of hate

They unloosed the fetters
of the loosely tied restraints
of the ageless murderers
of religion, nationalism, and race

Fired by the inherent hatred of
Piety, patriotism, and bigotry
The three murderers stalked
the earth with two-edged
bloodletting swords

It is again the time of the
bloody harvest
and the indoctrination of
innocent children
into the cult of

God and Country and Race

930429

1994

Nothing written

1995

BOSNIA

The refugees of a religious war
travel crowded roads
carrying all they own
in shaking hands

A young mother
rests with baby on lap
and tearful son by her side

My sons are men
but in this boy
resides the pain of
their helpless father

He cries my tears
as other fathers
in victory cheer
and smile at the
backs of human pain

Happy are the victors' sons
who play childhood games
on the blood-soaked ground
of their fathers' shame

All sons are sons
and fathers are fathers to all

The whole world is not big enough
to contain the burden of pain
of one child
devastated and hopeless

I walk the stepping stones
of one life

With each step
a new manifestation
of this reality

With each step
something is added
something is lost

From above
I watch the steps
of the holy man

Crying tears of letting go
experiencing the pain
yet moving along

950805

1996

Nothing written

1997

AWAKENING

As I ride the waves of high technology
the physical backbone of the awakening consciousness
of the coming metamorphosis
of time and space

I catch myself looking from the perspective of “out there”
at the perfect beauty of this blue marble spinning and
circumnavigating the fiery ball of a radiant sun

From the swirling dust of exploding creation
congealed this tiny island within the galactic whole

The fiery sun tossed and turned and spun the perfect
spheres that traverse the
endless circular path

Through the living dust of endless space traveled this
tiny island embracing and nurturing
anything that would
grow upon its tiny revolving platform

Slowly, ever so slowly, humanity crawled from
the muddy mist
crawled from the primordial dust
from the genes of ever complexing cells
from the intangible oneness

from the demigods
and gods of God
and the Infinite Potential

Now we begin to open the eyes we thought were
already awake
now we begin to see what we could
never imagine
now we stand naked
like Adam and Eve
in the garden where we thought
we knew and understood

We look down at our hands and feet
and wonder at our human form

We feel the infinite light penetrate our fleshy shell
and begin to hear the coming light
as the vale of our childhood
is drawn back

and the universe welcomes
us into what
we could not know

As this glorious moment fast approaches
I begin to cry at all the love that comes
despite all that I have done

My eyes begin to open
where I was blind I begin to see
where I thought I knew all things
I understand I knew nothing at all
where I thought I was alone
I feel the infinite touch
of everyone

I feel the love that comes from starving children
I feel the love that comes from those killed by my
vicarious acts and harmed by my words

I feel the naked love
from the pain that never stopped
as I traveled my self-engrossed way
within the darkness that
I perceived as light

970504

NOTHING

Stacks of human flesh and bone
 packed and pushed, bruised and beaten
 no more than fish in a net
 transported to somewhere nowhere
 anywhere but here

Rebels with blood-letting guns
 villagers with their knives of steel
 pierce and slash the flesh and bone
 of just so much useless humanity

Who are these people
 Why are they here
 Why don't they go home
 What have they done

Who knows who cares
 What does it have to do with me
 They are not my kin or clan or race
 or of my country or religion either

Just a note on the evening news
 80,000 human beings
 Just a paragraph or two
 between ads for cars and clothes

I can't smell their fear
 through the sanitized television screen

The light changes green
 the school bells ring
 the church bells toll
 another day begins

Tonight is pizza night 970506

CYCLES

The dark soil lays in the peaceful valley
 season by season nourishing the green grass
 that manifests the white rice of life

Soldier men supported by the businessmen of religion
 stalk the valley end to end
 killing in the name of
 Krishna, Muhammed, Buddha

The peasant folk, living there because they always have
 go about their human chores and work
 raising children, caring for parents,
 resigned to the senseless war
 that make this paradise
 a living hell

Fifty years of unproductive war and who knows
 how many fifties more

This has now become a place where grandsons
 are sent after being prepared by
 fathers and grandfathers
 who fired at other fathers and grandfathers
 across the fertile valley

How much rice nourished on human blood
 spilled in the valley
 is being eaten around the world

One day, all the human beings will be gone
 soldiers, farmers, parents, and children,
 and peace will return to the valley

No one will remember the soldiers then

There will be no one to remember the religious causes

Only the dark soil, in natural apathy, will possess
the vibrations of the senseless murderings.

970510

STRANGE PEOPLE

What a strange people
are these Jews and Muslims

From the same blood of Abraham
they have come.
from the same earth, the same God

And yet something evil has been embedded
in their hearts

A hell being that demands they kill each other
for the dirt of their God cursed land

The intransigent hatred
the horrendous insatiable craving for blood
the apathy regarding the future of their children

Two groups of children from the same father
forever locked together in their murderous insanity

The world looks on
Children pray
And God looks down

970511

CAN'T WE ACT AS IF JESUS WERE HERE

The rolling hills and valleys, oceans
 mountain and plains rotate endlessly
 to bask in the light of the sun
 and rest in the shadows of the moon

Each moment awakens and rests
 millions of human beings as the earth turns

If, upon rising, we could focus on the ever-present sun
 and leave our shields of race, religion, and nation
 on the floor next to our beds

If we could just for one day refuse to prepare
 for battle and determine to live in peace
 for twenty-four hours.

 to acknowledge our parents and children
 and allow ourselves to touch
 our wives and husbands
 without the barriers that all shields impose

If we could just enjoy twenty-four hours
 one moment at a time
 and believe that peace is possible

If we could just make that commitment
 I am assured and convinced that all sorts of
 peaceful and loving events
 would be set in motion

 all sorts and manners of coincidences would manifest
 the number and depth of which no one can
 really dream or fathom

RELIGION

What is it about religion
that lifts one up and then shackles
both hands and feet?

What is it about religion
that advocates love for all
and then defines all as “less”
than everyone?

What is it about religion
that ministers of great power and wealth
revere the poor and penniless
life of Jesus and Buddha?

What is it about religion
that impassions men to kill
in the name of God?

What is it about religion
that condones the subjugation of women?

What is it about religion that
fosters the fear of death?

What is it about religion
that promises peace
but delivers hatred, prejudice, and war

970823

Drifting away
 more each day
 the other world beacons
 and I cannot ignore the call

Sailing on the finite seas
 navigating the infinite heavens
 Daily I go
 walking two realities
 to and fro

Fighting the silly battle
 peace-ing in the Infinite Oneness
 unable to focus
 experiencing all

Come back
 come back
 pick up the battle-ax
 pick up the shield
 fight fight

971104

There is a time and place for all things

The Universe is expanding
and telescopes see so far

The biologists are unraveling our DNA
What drives the chemicals
the inert chemicals
what energy is this

A smiling God
personalized yet Infinite
drives all things to be

The magnificent Infinite space
where all things come to be
and melt away again
and again

The tremendous peace
disconnects my nerves
And I fight to perform
my routine tasks
in the hard-cold reality

971104

1998

DEATH

The wind blows
 through the trees

Who can say
 why some fall down
 and some remain standing?

980109

SAILING THE COSMIC SEA

The sea of life
 spins
 and within all that lives

Through the endless
 oceans of worlds
 this island makes
 it's way

One small life
 beats its tiny heart
 a hair out of rhythm

 and all is seen

Holding on to this plane
 as peace beckons from
 out there

The road has been long
 and the long path
 rolls over the horizon
 in the linear lands

Yet from the top of the world
 in the shadow of the earth
 I am so much more
 experiencing the pain of
 being so much less

With two feet
each in one of two worlds
life goes on here
with transparent
knowing of there

Silence and peace
permeates all that is
the absence of worry
and fretting,
fear and desire

Breathing in
I remember
Exhaling I see

Each moment is precious
coming like tidal waves
changing –
moving and changing

I release my desire
I joy in the moment
finding peace in the
chaos and confusion
to which my
body is attuned

980515

The air turns cold
and the clouds overcast the sky

the seasons have come
and gone 50 times
but in my mind
nothing has changed

Many have gone away
not to return
as they were

not to be seen again tomorrow

But the land remains
The ageless dirt still blows dust
and the sons of hawks I knew
still hunt on the wind

The water trickles down the creek
the big rock holds firm

I begin to blow in the wind
away
I prepare to go

981124

1999

I walk the jungle path
in peace
meditating on the
dynamic beauty

I think of peace
but never forget
where I am

In this place
many creatures
would like to
eat my body
and lap up my blood

There is no security
in such a place as this
and there is no place
but this place, the jungle

So on my walk
I carry my
spear and knife
to give the sting of death
to those that
would kill me
or harm me
in the attempt

990516

My bags are packed
but with me, they'll never go

I am ready
working – living
detached even as I
hold those I love

I move about my daily
tasks of tolerable routines
avoiding boredom
at every moment

Yet all the while I am aware
that I am pacing
up and down on
the platform

waiting for the train
that always comes
at the end
of each dream

990525

The peaceful valley of
milk and honey
glows from just ahead

Their arrows and stones
and lightning bolts
strike my body
but I move forward

Everyone knows
that victory soon comes

Everyone knows
the golden baton
is about to spark
then shine

At this point
I am alone
I storm the many
I the one

Just a bit farther now
a few more ticks of the clock
and I will be within reach
and then I will strike
the ancient seal

990617

The battle intensifies
as the armies of darkness
and confusion
attempt to organize
in response to their

random trumpet
blasts

The dense fog
of confused energy
attempts to choke me off
but I refuse to die
and shirk quitting

The final barrier
is beneath my feet
and the enemies
frantically gather
on the raised horizon

I have stepped out
from the ranks
away from
friends and family

I move toward the top of the rise
horror is on all their faces
and in all their eyes

990625

The morning breaks
and the radio comes on
as I return from that
distant shore
where all things
are possible
and more vivid

I return to the door
from which I departed
entering the heavy skin
feeling the pulsing blood
coursing through
torso and limbs

The time approaches when
I will not return to
this body
but shall none-the-less
return through
an adjacent door

where another body
is being prepared

I wonder
through how many doorways do I pass
in a night

How many doors are there?

990719

I wear the weather
about me

In times of potential victories
over the mortal foes
the sky clouds up
and thunder booms
as lightning strikes

The flashing light
the rolling thunder
integrates with my
meditation

The tiny sparks
of my electrical brain
manifest the thunder
lighting and rain
outside

Parallel universes
synchronize
and my ears hear
and my eyes see

the battle electric
which I always win

990719

LITTLE BRIGHT EYES (Emily)

Little bright eyes
and smiling face
traversing the room
on shaky new legs

The world is a curious place
and joy is all around
in the awakening of
a child

You are the archetypal memory
of all things new
of all beginnings in
all places and things

My heart is happy
in your joy
my thoughts are young
in your exploration

For the rest of my life
you will day-to-day
be a 51 year old's memories
of my life
at your age

991031

I awaken with my heart racing
no pain but only anticipation

Is this the beginning of a close at hand end
Am I about to die
Is the returning home about to begin

I feel no pain
but it is strange for my heart to race
yet I am not breathless

I lay very still
My love brings the medicine which I take
My body begins to shake as
the cold hand of death
touches my soul

There is a calling home
a chance to leave this hard and loving reality
but for now, I only have to
quietly say I am not yet
ready to leave

Moments pass and my heart settles down
still no pain
possibly because my soul has
ever so slightly disengaged

For now, my plea to stay
has been granted
the end has been postponed

All those who would joy in my death
turn away in disappointment
Those who will miss me
are relieved

I know the peace of the light
is only a heartbeat away
yet I have just begun
to step deeply on
these effacing sands

My labor is my joy
My labor the answer to my curiosity
my labor my worth

The crisis passes
my soul returns
I think of how peaceful death will be
if I can leave after
my work is done

991031

THROUGH PORTALS

In the middle of the night
I awake, heart racing
wondering if it is time
to leave

No pain, no panic
just experiencing and
wondering if it is time

The companion retrieves my pills
which I take and
silently return to my vigil

The heart slows down
the crisis passes
and I return to sleep

All is well in the morning
and we leave for Austin
and children and grandchildren

All is well
no further scares
and we return home
on Halloween evening

Monday morning arrives
back to work
back to reality
back to business

It is All Saints Day
and I feel as if the
new millennium
began last night 991101

THE CANDLESTICK

Four wax skulls
 a candlestick makes
 on top of the bookshelf
 in a small glass holder

I pass by
 considering that today
 is All Saints Day

Then I hear a sliding movement
 and the tinkle of glass breaking

I look but see nothing
 A minute passes and I see
 the candlestick and holder
 broken and smashed
 on the heavyweight of iron
 on the floor next
 to the bookcase

I know it's the ghosts and angels
 I know how they work
 They want their presence
 acknowledged
 and their message
 heard

991101

The daily hours
pass as tasks
manifest demanding attention

And in between
conversations of friend
and family
and thoughts of
pleasure and
possible pain

each moment
demands attention
and if not challenged
flows pleasantly by

The days pass in
relative peace
if good and bad
are not distinguished

991118

OLD AGE

The years have gone
 when I was son and brother
 husband and father

The days of youth
 and middle age
 and early old age too

Now I sit here in
 this old red rocker
 that has been
 my friend most of
 that youthful
 road –

Rocking back and forth now
 family gone or grown
 apathetic

I remember

I remember what I can
 - what my feeble mind allows

I have outlived all I knew
 and made the mistake
 of not looking far enough ahead

991125 Thanksgiving

