

*Dr John WorldPeace JD*  
*Poems 2000 to 2007*

*WorldPeace Poems*

*Dr John WorldPeace JD*



Dr John WorldPeace JD Poetry  
<https://drjohnworldpeacejdpoetry.com/>

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2000

Again I climb to the above ground  
I peek over the  
edge of the hole

The landscape is barren and  
needs building  
I visualize  
the future

Living means more life – more time  
The healing of all things comes

A new day now begins  
The world is moving toward peace  
on its own – humanity begins  
to awaken from the insanity  
thanks to the secular god  
economics

000508  
07:24

The two worlds again  
converge  
and I regain my  
external vision

All things come and go in this place  
all is fluid  
only the barest of  
continuity from moment to  
moment

Reminders of how  
things really are  
rest on my path  
markers that take me  
back – take me home  
return my sanity  
and my peace

Each time I catch a ride  
hang on a bit more firmly  
the vision becomes more  
clear

There is much life  
remaining in this old frame  
the vision from this  
perspective  
embraces, forms  
and solidifies

Dearest Kay  
comes home this night  
home from the daily  
routine outside  
our garden

Tomorrow a new day begins

a new dawn

I am back at the

controls

I have returned

to this place

from which I can

see forever

000515

1310

AND SO IT IS

The day begins  
not so early as most  
05:00 now

The age of electronic communicators  
bumps the world's news  
to my office at home  
news of an unquiet  
world

Astronauts installing solar panels  
on the space station "WorldPeace"

Blue ribbon lawyers  
arguing the law in Florida  
to determine who will be  
the next president of the  
USA

I see that  
Gwendolyn Brooks, a Pulitzer Prize poet  
died yesterday –  
a black woman who suggested  
inclusiveness is the key to harmony  
they say

"The Grinch Who Stole Christmas"  
dominates the moving loving Americans

The Zapatista rebels agree to talk peace  
with Mexico's new president  
Vicente Fox

And the Israeli's  
continue to kill Palestinians  
at the rate of a handful a day

I check the statistics  
on my WorldPeace Peace Page  
and am uplifted that  
the number of visitors  
continues to increase

I click off the internet  
and look at the legal  
pleadings to my left  
the amended petition  
that is due today –

As the “WorldPeace” space station  
guides the World to Peace  
and as the followers of  
Yahweh kill the  
followers of Allah

I focus on a sexual predator  
who assaulted my female client  
as she tried to  
buy a car from Landmark Chevrolet

Of course Landmark denies any wrongdoing  
denies that hiring a male stripper to  
sell cars could create problems

And certainly Landmark has no obligation  
to reveal his true identity  
I prepare to mark him for life  
for his unrepentant acts



The day begins  
and my WorldPeace Peace Page  
tirelessly calls – the World to Peace  
as the “WorldPeace” station  
increases its presence  
in the sky

I seek to hold a sexual predator  
and his sociopathic employer  
accountable  
as the Israeli load their weapons  
for another day of killing  
Palestinians

Global peace in the Star of “WorldPeace”  
ground war of Zionists and Muslims

My WorldPeace Peace Page calls  
the World to Peace

As I pursue a sexual predator  
and prepare to mark him and  
his employer  
and scar his newborn children  
and humiliate his celebrity wife

The world human society  
hopes for peace  
as it tolerates murder  
from a nationalist religious state

I advocate WorldPeace  
but live a warrior’s reality

001204  
0625

The old tired man  
    slowly gathers the  
        acorns at the base  
            of the young oak tree

The acorns  
    lay scattered on the  
        pavement awaiting the  
            street sweepers  
                spinning brooms

One by one  
    the old fellow  
        picks up each acorn  
            with unsteady hands  
                and slowly drops them  
                    into his worn-out sack

In the park  
    miles away  
        his furry friends  
            await his arrival  
                with empty stomachs

As children around the world  
    starve without any concept  
        of hope

001205  
0742

The "WorldPeace" Star  
(my name for the international space station ISS)  
    moves across the heavens  
        a platform to the  
            Universal

We look up  
    beyond flight which  
        freed us from  
            the ground  
  
    to the space station  
        that has now  
            freed us  
                from the earth

After billions of years  
    the primordial mass  
        has obtained intelligent consciousness  
            and stepped to the  
                heavenly door

The flower of earth  
    now prepares to send forth  
        its unique pollen  
            to seed the stars  
                and galaxies of stars

We prepare to  
    remake other worlds  
        into our own  
            image

We prepare to  
    seed ancient planets  
        with our biology

We prepare to interrupt  
the evolution of  
otherworlds  
by imposing our  
genetics

We prepare to take  
control of the physical universe  
before we have  
awakened to the  
consciousness of God

We are children  
playing with our father's sword

001206

0734

The first year of the new  
millennium comes to a close  
and I wonder just how  
far into it I will live

Many things upon the earth  
are changing  
the world  
is becoming one  
village

I can feel the awakening  
within humanity  
a new dawn is about  
to break

In the sky above  
a man-made star passes by  
the International Space Station

Only the moon and Sirius  
surpass it in brightness

How few there are who see  
the coming shift in human consciousness

Adam and Eve  
were astounded at their nakedness  
so this generation shall marvel  
at the New Age that now begins

001230  
0514

2001

Sticky earth from which I cannot easily escape  
Sticky family for which I am grateful  
but sometimes feel confined  
Sticky words in my throat  
Sticky thoughts in my head  
Sticky candy I love to taste  
    but unfortunately sticks to my waist  
Sticky engines that sometimes need a thump  
Sticky friends who mean well  
Sticky problems with sticky solutions  
this reality is a sticky place

If the truth be known  
I am here for the sticky honey  
and peanut butter and jelly  
on my tongue

010108

07:11

And the men of the  
Indian Nations shall  
come forth

In their bright colors  
with the dance  
an announcement for  
you

From the sacred  
earth the harmony  
will grow and all  
that has been fouled  
will be made pure  
down to the  
seventh generation

010908  
03:00



911

The twin pillars of New York  
catch the morning sun  
and reflected light  
toward the East

like white marbled pyramids  
of ancient Egypt  
not so long ago

The two mighty towers  
miracles of steel and  
concrete and glass  
wonders of the  
modern world  
testimony to  
power of mankind

High above the earth  
the "WorldPeace" Star  
the international space station  
orbits the earth  
as a beacon  
in the heavens above  
the towering lights below

Inside three dimensional  
matrix of corridors, shafts  
and cubed space  
thousands of human  
beings toil in  
world affairs.....

010911

## Nine One One

The sky darkens as the sound of death  
crashes overhead  
The Grim Reaper swings his scythe  
and 3,000 lives are cut down  
The Devil's drivers thrust their hijacked  
passenger planes into the towers of power  
into the heart of a self-righteous nation

Just a few short years ago  
one of our own extracted a terrible toll  
for Ruby Ridge and Waco  
Half a building gone  
and 250 parents and children died  
an explosive death in Oklahoma

But the lesson was ignored  
The message of injustice was unheard  
even as we executed the messenger

Then the jet engines roared  
the fireballs rolled  
and the building failed  
into an above ground  
grave for thousands of  
unsuspecting souls

Yet this time the strike was not from  
murders within our own people  
but from without

We stand a nation alone in denial of global warming  
We refuse to take responsibility for our participation  
in slavery  
We deny our genocidal past towards the Indian nations  
We watch the Zionist injustice which is Palestine

We refuse to hear the cries of AIDS in Africa

We refuse to see the starvation in India  
We consider the world ours to exploit  
the diverse people of the planet as lesser beings  
We fish out the oceans, rape the land  
pollute the air, poison the water around the world

We consider the blessing that is America  
to be a God-given right to subordinate the world

We believe in Jesus but we ignore his  
teaching that he is the hungry, he is the poor  
he is the sick, he is the prisoner, he is the old,  
he is the leper, he is the homeless  
he is the lonely and scared

In our war on those who have done these  
horrific deeds  
We will surely be called to account for the innocent  
ones that we murder in our pursuit  
We will cry over our dead children in  
flag draped coffins  
who gave us so much joy  
and who died in pursuit of a demonized foe

The end of this war will only come  
when we acknowledge that our war against the terrorists  
only increased their ranks  
and proved that the enemy that we pursued  
was the exclusive elitism that is us  
applied on a global scale

The path to peace is one of criminal justice  
embraced and supported by all nations  
and not a unilateral military campaign to balance  
3,000 innocent deaths with a 100,000 more

010921

2002

“SQUEAKY”

She comes through the door  
with a mischievous grin of “guess what today”

She checks the eyes  
and senses for what is different  
what’s new

Cautiously she enters  
reclaiming her space  
integrating her energy with the others  
relaxing in the constant tension that  
goes always with her tiny frame

Her mind dances  
wanting to play  
always

Heavy thoughts are locked tightly away  
in dark places

A small kitty  
spritely flitting from here to there  
housekeeping this and typing that

All the while the eyes want to play  
they want to go deep  
to feel the dream

The mind wants to speak  
the spirit wants to engage  
but oh the years between  
they are ever-present

The difference between  
eighteen and fifty-four  
is not the same as between  
one eighteen and one fifty-four

The tension tingles the mind and soul  
The small fear of the unknown and unexplored  
The curiosity, oh the curiosity  
it never stops quivering

The female mouse always experiences the male cat  
even as she dances in his moonlit night

020416  
1649

We walk through the forest  
and we come through the clearing

I was standing in the light  
waiting for you

High above the earth  
I am in a melancholy state

I could hear you  
  
whispering words of wisdom  
and voices of love

Sweet caresses that were  
never felt

Rainbows butterflies were dancing around  
magically moving about  
  
blissfully happy and totally complete  
  
overwhelmed with enthusiasm  
and laughing out loud  
with not a care in the world

Kay and LeAnne

020512



## DAYS AND NIGHTSs

The forces of the night  
give way to the  
work of the coming day

The threshold of the nightly trance  
weakens as the tasks of the  
day demand the body awaken

Thoughts came cracking in the  
sleep numbed mind and body  
The mind activates in a fog

The eyes open to the darkness outside  
and move to the clock to verify  
the time  
the body already knows

So begins the day  
a blank page  
of undone deeds lays  
on the table

Later today as the body  
collapses into sleep  
the blank page will  
have transformed into  
an immutable  
tablet of clay

020816

0712

The fan blades  
soft roar  
keeping me company  
in my office

Only the fan and I  
everyone else is gone

I write upon the old  
round wooden card table  
of my grandfather's  
prairie home

I see by the light  
of the stained glass lamp  
hanging from the ceiling

The memories of this and that  
placed around the room  
speak out in noisy  
silence

The rain falls outside  
and as always creates  
an artificial womb

I sit still  
relaxing with pen  
and yellow pad  
in the rocking chair  
my son gave me  
after my heart  
attack

The world tries to box  
me in  
but it will never succeed  
all things are nothing but a dream

We move here and there  
sometimes fast sometimes slow  
but the moving never rests

I have my faith  
and it serves me well  
I have my wife and  
children and  
lovers too

All things have their endings  
all worries are just  
the mind at play

I am the captain of my life  
This small space could  
be on ship or shore  
here or there  
the place matters not

I sit here in peace of mind  
I sit here and consider the  
fullness of my life to date

The life force is strong  
the flow of the unfolding  
future is powerful

I synchronize the me of me  
to what I know supports  
this reality  
I become the force  
and push and surf

I pleasure in the mystery of being

020815 1911

2003

Two little bunnies  
in a sea of love  
a thousand hearts  
surround little  
bunny love

a thousand little  
hearts overwhelm  
reality

No matter  
what slings  
and arrows  
this life  
serves up

We have each  
other and our  
bunny little heaven

Days will come  
and go  
as they  
always do  
and one day  
we shall  
travel  
to distant  
shores

But this little  
picture of  
our love  
should linger  
beyond our  
years

And being  
    an emotional  
        knowing  
            to those who  
                destiny allows  
                    to see

Each time  
    you fear  
        or become ill  
            or lose a  
                little faith

Look upon  
    this little  
        beacon  
            of total love

030801

The furrows deepen  
in the face as the  
experiences of life  
etch the years  
thereupon

In some lives  
the weight of living  
increases as the past  
is held tight and fast

So many of the people of my youth  
breathe no more  
and their children after  
a decade or two  
think about them  
almost never

The feet became heavier  
as the clay of hard times  
clings tenaciously  
thereto

Rest is for the simple  
Peace is for the  
disconnected

But for those who live fully  
the weight of too much  
life slumps the shoulders  
weakens the back  
paralyzes the legs

In time all appetite fades  
in time we have contempt  
for food and pray for  
sleep



Only the company of silent peers  
lightens the load  
because they are a living  
mirror that confirms  
the fact that we  
are not alone

030801  
1740

The grass and trees  
are no respecters  
of graves and  
cemeteries and such

Sacred stones  
mark tear cleansed graves  
as tree roots  
absorb the dead  
bodies they have  
mutilated

The earth is no respecter  
of men  
nature laughs at  
the human ego  
as well as the  
stones which  
shortly mark  
them

How many saints and  
more abundant sinners  
had their day erased  
by short grass  
and tall trees

030802  
0905

The self-proclaimed  
bureaucrats of Jesus  
hold themselves in  
high esteem  
as they manifest  
evil at every turn

No spiritual prophet  
no matter how  
enlightened  
has failed to manifest  
the corruption of  
corporate religion

It is by the  
wielding of corporate power  
that religious bureaucrats  
survive in a world  
of secular businessmen  
  
who target the  
masses for profit  
as opposed to prophets

The last place  
one finds true spirituality  
is within the rank and file  
of hierarchical corporate religion

Religion is about  
the wielding of earthly power  
in the name of Jesus or Buddha  
or Krishna or Mohammad

It is about  
making money off of the  
fear of damnation  
as opposed to buying  
low and selling high

Businesses are the devils  
of economic enslavement  
of the human herd

Religious bureaucrats are the imps  
of spiritual fear of a vengeful and jealous God

The time has come to  
rip off the fine robes  
of the religious elite  
and expose the  
sacks of silver  
securely tied  
around the waist

There is a God  
there is a dimension of  
immortal existence

And there are men and women  
of darkness who daily put on  
the robes of God's alleged  
ministers

The true fruit of  
the religious tree  
is money and power  
and corruption in  
the name of God

030802 1600

AUGUST 30, 2003

The books of holy script  
call me from unread pages  
that I know by heart

The tidy land of black and white  
rumbles with the sound of  
unseen battles  
for all time

The veil thins  
and I see and know  
what I have closed my  
eyes to from  
birth until now

They, the others, do not know  
can and will never know  
the balance in the  
overall place  
makes enemies of  
opposites always

In the darkness I see the eyes  
but prepare as my mentors  
gather to teach the lessons  
of old, quickly  
for the gathering  
time approaches  
near

I am sent here and there to  
gather the vibrations of  
power, the energy  
of time and times

The war has sounded thunder  
    friends and others disguised  
        the veils come off  
            I see the teeth  
                I prepare to silence  
                    the talk

The forces gather  
    the forces gather  
        and the weather  
            reflects the coming  
                together

030830  
2251

The dawn breaks  
    behind the drizzling rain  
        present but unseen

Each day a new beginning  
    each day a new  
        awakening

We move about  
    as the sands of our life  
        continuously flow  
            from the bubble of life  
                to the bubble of  
                    the past

The seniors look more and more  
    outward from disconnecting eyes  
        as they begin to see  
            beyond the thinning veil

In but an instant  
    a life is spent  
        all we thought important  
            disappears in front  
                of closed eyes

The dream continues  
    beginning again in remembered realms

I tried to tell the story  
but only the few can bear  
I spoke loudly and  
softly to the wind  
and wall  
  
blissfully awakening  
always into the enchantment

030901  
0920

2004



I continue to grasp the veil  
between this and that  
to no avail

I can feel and see and hear  
they are just beyond  
but I cannot open my senses in that  
place while trapped in this mortal form

Oh for just a moment's peace  
in that perfect realm of peace  
where all that is, is known all at once

and peace and bliss fill the soul with  
each and every spiritual breath

041117

02:51

I see the reality  
of God of All That Is  
it is plain and clean  
and perfectly abstractly logical

Yet to most humans  
it is not possible  
the education of the  
masses by churches  
and states  
is so thorough

The bird flies across the  
void and what was invisible  
and clear  
becomes animated and  
full of color

In its wake  
the void returns  
a place of light no dark  
a place no place of oneness

041130  
0301

2005

None written

2006

I am a child  
of the family of humanity

I am a man of the light

I am a traveler of the Universe  
in God's name the One

I come here and there  
I do my deeds and  
plant my seeds  
and then I move  
on to unknown  
places to begin  
again

061001

10:21

The years have come and gone  
and I look about to see  
a fortress of blessedness  
beneath my feet

Faith has been my staff  
trust in the Lord my foundation

Though the cycles of the years  
and months and weeks and days  
I have basked in the sunlight  
and shivered in the rain

I have been many things  
and not goodness alone  
has been my legacy

I am not the perfect one  
I am but a string of beads  
days and nights  
traveling ever onward  
in the void of  
infinite universal  
night

But now as 2006 begins  
I feel enhanced  
I feel refreshed  
I feel a new direction

I feel my feet upon a  
bright and shining  
yellow brick road  
on my way home  
to that  
Eternal Light

The wars I have fought  
became more distant  
as I victoriously look  
momentarily behind

The warrior will never leave me  
war has served its purpose  
against men and the  
bureaucracies of men

Now another role emerges  
one of which I am not  
exactly certain

I only see the bright path  
the yellow brick road  
and the rising sun  
coming to greet me  
many many years  
away

The first ray of that Infinite Light  
appears far away

With my precious Kay  
whose feet I am not  
worthy to kiss

I emerge into this new  
place of light and peace  
of strength and beauty

All the crust of anger  
fades away yet memories  
well extended are still  
abiding with me

I am an advocate of peace  
but never passive will I  
be

The world does not know me  
and precious few will  
ever see what I see

I now live the infinite beauty  
of eternal light

I embrace the path  
that rises up before me  
the Light that powers my soul

060103  
0247



2007

The black-haired woman  
flanks me on right and left  
East and West  
they flank me

The juice of the inner planes  
flows strong through  
these physical bodies  
The force of light  
pierces body and  
soul

From past lives  
comes these two women  
with gifts of peace  
and sexual moisture  
flowing

The time of learning this reality  
the time of preparation fades  
and action initiates  
the fires of strength  
and passion

The great eagle of ancient lore  
rises from his great pile of ash  
breathing in fire  
and gathering the energy of water

The gathering begins  
the ancient souls  
return to this place  
again

Come, come  
the bells ring us  
home to this earth  
I gather my  
soul and  
call to  
my power

The strength and fire of my loins  
rises in power  
as the man stands up  
beacon in hand  
to this last  
great gathering

Beautiful souls  
jet black hair  
the power of flesh and bone  
exploded by the  
souls infinite light

070114

04:37

## THE LOVE THAT GENTLY TEARS

Who are you my love  
my sweet peace  
my love  
who gives rest to  
my lonely heart

You came on angel's wings  
and gave and gave and  
seldom if ever took

You pack your boxes  
of love's years  
well spent

You go to your  
heart that went  
before

Sweet Kay  
I love you so  
but release you  
I must

The stress and strain of  
imagined fears  
and the wounds of  
many fights  
  
as my shadow of straight  
and love of God

I stand at attention  
all aware  
all alone  
again

My pain is great  
your burden – released  
my comfort and my joy

I cannot look at you  
I fear the pain  
you complete me  
you complete me

070313

01:45

How many times did I tell you  
I love you

Not enough I think because  
you left me

standing in the driveway

070331

