

Dr John WorldPeace JD
Prison Poems 2008

WorldPeace Poems

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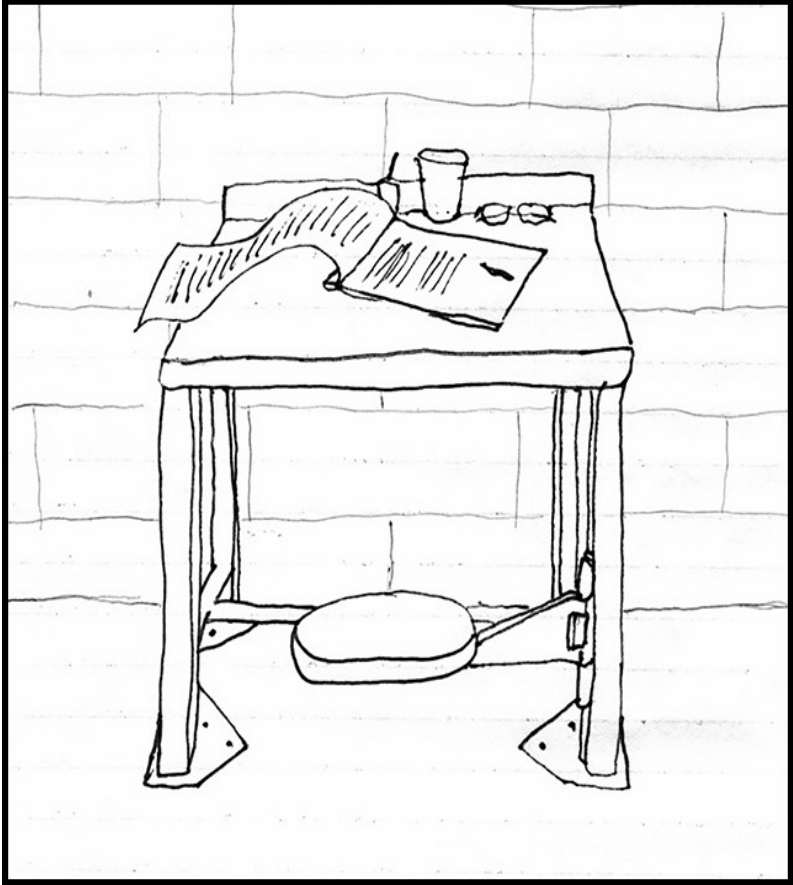
Dr John WorldPeace JD Poetry
<https://drjohnworldpeacejdpoetry.com/>

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Pencil shavings in a Styrofoam cup
and graphite removed in shaping
the writing stick

for writing moronic or forgettable words
most of the time

What kind of nail was it dear Jesus
and was it in the wrist or the hand
And what kind of wood
absorbed your blood and held you
fast until glory came

All who watched did not see

Soldiers doing their job
thinking about the drinks
when they were done

The women waited as your life drained away
they did not desert you
because no one paid attention to them
-- invisible they were just women

Did someone take those nails
or were they kept for another day
and what great fortune blessed
others crucified with the
savior's nails

2008

PEACE EXALTED

I awake to the silence of this tomb
Not a sound but that of death
the quiet blessing of day vision
the pure open channel to
the one God

Upon my knees, I pray
I listen
my mind receives
the message, the lesson, the knowing
and my closed mind
cracks open to Heaven

I am shown the path that I travel
but I see the sky above me
with golden rays of sunlight
striking magnificent clouds
the glory of the Lord

What bliss this day
what a blessing this life
I see the portal of my
birth through these cement walls

I see a New Age Now Begins
and I am an instrument of its peace

080304
0330

This day begins without sunshine
as the night went by without
moon or stars

I live in a cement hole
within a concrete block
one among many engineered
by determined men

The days and nights
are one cold hell
of community solitary confinement

I am fed like a rat
and treated like a mongrel dog
day by day until
my time reaches the sentence court

Some in the free life outside
who knew me smile smiles, big laughs
As they think about the
punishment they believe
is my moment to moment
incarceration

I keep warmly dressed in my
orange top and bottom
dropped in prison's torn and
tattered duty washed
sheets and towels

I am the ragman
in the jailer's concrete tomb

Yet behind my eyes
shines a light unseen
one of quiet worship
as the me I am
renews and heals
from within

My God, my spiritual clan,
my angels and guides of light
tend to my spiritual needs
as the jailer dutifully
feeds my earthly flesh and bones

What I see, no one sees
what I know no one knows
what I am God only knows
but rest assured I will
return to an unjust earth

as blinding light
with composed scrolls in hand

080314

0830

The morning began with
a breakfast delivery to my
special room

Another day without the weather
in a limited personal cell
with 21 brothers in 24 cells just the same

My spirit is limited
by the shroud of the human flesh
As this flesh is for now deprived
of the earth, wind, water, and fire

I only have my mind
and its memories to embrace
in this sterile place
and visions I can create

and God's telepathy
of clarity and expanded
awareness

I was locked into this stone cave of perfect geometry
- a space made sacred for a limited time

I feel a wave of change
firing all my atoms
radiating from heart to head
and heart to toes

I have seen no angels
or radiant light
I have heard no voices
from inside this human kennel

But I feel the vibration within my being

just the same

Layers of confusion and chaos
dark and light
are being swept away
and radiant golden light
placed here and there
within the rainbow's
sparkling lights

To this body another same same day
To this mind memories swept away
To the soul a lighter burden
and a thin veil between
earth and heaven

I breathe deeply
waiting for yet another
birthday
on this penal finite timeline of life

080315

SEVEN WHITE WRITING TABLETS

Seven tablets in a plastic bag
453 pages of penal history, now and future

Written words
some blue and some black
strung together
in a loose 453 page story

What is the destiny of these
handwritten tablets
Will the chain of words
impact anyone, everyone

or was it just an exercise
a WorldPeace delusion
to pass the days of
incarceration

At the least
they are a work of art
each page handcrafted
in a pre-bound 50 page tablet

There are infinite combinations
communicating English
- will these particular strings of words
amount to anything
other than the art of my pen
over a six week period
in my life

Or is there a global destiny
for these meandering words of WorldPeace

Another day begins

more words
more of me to be revealed to me

The day begins in this
cement and steel dungeon
no sky, no day, no night
sun or moon

Today 23 human inmates occupy
the 24 spots in Hell

From here
I cast a finite string
of words to earth from Hell

I think of my father's mother
crocheting geometric art
from one long cotton string

080317

The morning begins
with the hard plastic breakfast baskets
hitting the cement floors – loudly echoing
and trustees moving down
cement halls
cloning another day

My strength grows
in my body and mind
as this desolate place
requires me to focus
with a disciplined mind

on things to be done
and problems to be solved

My life is very full
the mandates I have placed
in this life are
significant in number
and complex in character

The makeshift exercises
strengthen and empower me
my mind sharpens
and focuses with cutting edge
on long unsolved
problems

And my immortal
spirit begins to peer
through larger windows
of each job to be done
now and when I am free

My anger is controlled
- evil withers with the lack of focus

and is slowly washed away
in the winds of change

I deep breathe life
I finally grasp the tasks at hand
and my light begins to
overwhelm the darkness

My faith breathes new energy
to bend the future
as history

I compose on the void laden
corridors with
artful walls of
infinite timelines

My determined steps
echo those destinies
I have chosen to empower
this life

080318
0438

KEEPER OF SMALL THINGS

I am a keeper of small things
nothing of intrinsic value
just little trinkets, coins, and
scraps of paper

It is the memory
that holds my heart
to touch and view
and takes me back
to old-time places
and long gone faces

I reviewed a letter today
from my second ex-wife
- the one I loved

The jailers opened the letter
as some do and kept the
envelope and a small
decal of two stars and
a unicorn

The letter called it
a little miracle
a small thing

Even when I was living large
as opposed to this desolate cell

I would have kept
the letter and envelope and stuck the
bright decal to a random page in my Bible

I tried to brighten this
stark white concrete box

with little origami peace cranes
I made from cut newspaper photos
and foil food wrappers

The keepers of this little small-time hell
trashed them all
This is no place for
pretty small-time things

I am wrongly held for a few
months and will soon be free
but the memories of this place
and its keeper who choose
to work inside
will stay with me

Sometimes the small things I keep
are no longer real
but just a loving memory
from a loving heart

A little mental picture
stored where no one can see
or touch with hands
that cannot feel

080318
1000

In this place of isolations
sometimes comes a kindred spirit
who uplifts my day
and reminds me of
good family days long ago

I am an old man
among many the age of my
estranged children

This younger generation
(discounting their criminal nature)
brings back memories of
active fatherhood

My own parents
at the outer edge of their lives
have gone their own
solitary ways

My adult life which began with such
idealistic dreams has
crashed headlong into a reality
where I am still alive

and my memories of family are mostly gone

Soon I will be returned to
the world that left me behind

My joy and bliss wait
outside these cold calls
I, like a Rip Van Winkle
will re-enter a world
that is familiar
but realigned

I know I am in a place of death
I have been visited by many ghosts

of days gone by

I have a week more of entertaining the rest
then I will make ready
to embrace the future

These walls absorb the past
like a sponge
and as the layers peel off one by one
the joy and bliss can be seen
through ever-thinning veils

The epiphany is coming
but not until
I am cleansed and
reassembled and realigned
by the ever-present
hands of God

080319

1500

Saturday morning has come
to this sterile environment
when more lights on is day
and less light on is night

I have 59 years of Saturday mornings
in Summer, Winter, Spring and Fall
- now it is Spring
in the free world

This desolate place
offers only what the mind
and soul can conjure up
in meditation
and memories of the past

Closer to God and Heaven
you are in this place

I have much to do before
I am free in 84 days at most I expect

These Saturdays will
stand out among all
the rest
for the rest of my

stay in this prison planet
in this body jail

080329
0430

Time flies by
in dreamlike hours
represented by grains of sand
in an hourglass

One grain
One hour

A finite number
loaded up at birth
and set free to
tumble from future
to past at a
measured pace

Microbiology and DNA chains
add grains to the present future
but cannot yet stop the flow
- yet eternal life is coming

Eternal but not forever
because at some distant time
the physical universe will begin
to collapse, implode, and condense

squeezing the space out of space
until the Holographic Universe
is one again one
and explodes

The most sublime essence
of the Universal God
immune from gravity
waits in place

to catch passing
particles from the
exploding black hole

waits to recreate
it's memory
in tangible form
almost like new

080418
0900

I look into the mirror
and I see the reflection
of an old man

It is me

The years have removed
the soft padding of years
the skin has thinned out
and the muscles are ripped
beneath

The head has lost its hair
the eyes have grown
a depth

the war of life
has stored many
memories behind these
portals

The soul begins to project
its light of knowing
outward
and sometimes
connecting with
a kindred spirit

the bright eyes of the
intellectually old
cannot conceal
the truth that

has revealed the
common denominators
of life

in human society

God always exists
even in a godless world

the devils of sectarianism
the abuses of religion
can never voided out

the spiritual reality
of an all inclusive
God

This is what we old aliens know
the undeniable currents
of a mostly hidden God
that transcends all things
and holds them together

coherently in what can
only be described
as God's eye

080419

am

In an increasingly secular world
I am the egg man
I deliver the viruses of
spiritually cells
of an invisible God

The human society
is evolving into a
super high tech
beehive
where conformity
suffocates individuality
and gives power
to a godless science

A plague of evil
confusion of the world human society
in the manifestations of the
Infinite Potential
preparing to colonize this
Universe

Only the implosion of the big bang
can suffocate its
arrogance of ignorance

I am the virus that
initiates the plague
that creates ripples
in the mechanical
robotigation of
enslaved humans

The essence that has infected me
that has awakened me from
the suffocating matrix
reproduces by spawning

The eggs are human
the content – the DNA viruses -
-GOD-
laughing

Laughing at the beehive
and the workers who
build transient structures
both physical and mind-wash
that looks real

but are no more than
dust within the
intangible mind
of the egg man's
God

080419
0400

I sit in this jail cell
thinking about my second wife Kay

I feel like a hurt pet
who endures pain without
whimpering
Just enduring
the cruelty of abandonment

The joy in puppies
for someone to play with
a little attention
a pat on the head

I sit in my jail cell
wondering where my mistress
has gone

080422

In this stone cell
the memories of the free world
grow dim

There is no sunshine or night here
no sun or stars
the air is sterile
with dank mold

The clockless walls
sometimes friendly
and sometimes an oppressive burden

Yet this sterile environment
allows a closeness with God
for those who choose
the lack of distractions
and push the mind closer
to the metaphysical reality

My free world walks have always
been solitary affairs
but my senses
pleasured in the dynamic
experience

Here the walks are
in a circle 20 feet in diameter
round and round I go
eyes on the ground
until my hips begin
to creak after an
hour or so

My exercise is much the same
a mindless station to station
circuit where time is suspended
as it rapidly moves ahead

At the end
a shower to cleanse my aura
of sweated poisons
a daily baptism of renewal

Then sleep comes
and dreams and visions
as I lay naked within my
prison sheets

080426
0200

They tell me I am in jail
punished for my crimes

Yet I look in the picket
I see the guards
every day they come
some for more than 20 years

They come and work
at a job of watching me

If they don't come
they get fired

In their glasshouse
they look at us
we look at them
wide blank eyes
on both sides
of the glass

One day, my sentence will be up
yet they will still come until
they get too old, or quit or get fired

They have to commute to work, I don't
They have to buy food, I don't
They have to wash their clothes, I don't

They are paid to watch me
do nothing

They are free
but to me
that freedom isn't what is its
cracked up to be

Looks like they are imprisoned to me

080426
1700

The days move fast
morning to night
but the string of days
seems long

most long-termers say the days go slow
the years go fast

I try to wrap my mind
around the coming last days
and freedom
but that is not
easy

My world is a 50' x 50' cube in a cell block
shared with up to 24 other
alleged criminals?

I have little doubt
that my persecutors
and judges
would give everyone
life imprisonment
for every crime

I am living in a small world
with only reading and writings
as an outlet

The free world is bigger
there are more choices
yet I am still imprisoned
in this body
on this planet earth

in this solar system
this galaxy
this Universe

It is my perception
that defines my reality
not my actual physical
condition

At night,
my body sleeps
and my mind and soul fly

I am guilty of something as we all are
but the inhuman punishment
never fits the crime
in this place of
no clocks no windows

and the ever present cold

no outside air
no TV to the world
a limited library
nowhere to
exercise in a large space

I thought prison was about claustrophobia
but found it was about mind-numbing boredom

080523
1800

In this dungeon
 where time is suspended
 I extend my mind
 over the bridge to
 my rebirth outside
 and to my loves

I cannot focus on the
 plank by plank
 bridge of days
 between now and then
 I only feel that the
 bridge shortens

Letters came from
 the woman I don't really know
 but I can feel she has a
 firm grasp on me
 In free fall
 she caught me
 in her silken web

She pulls me close
 and wraps her arms
 around my cold and naked soul
 and brings my head to
 her nurturing breasts

I catch my breath
 like one who was asleep
 now awakened
 to eyes caressing me
 as her arms cradle
 my head

She is silent

as am I

I know she has pulled me
from the no man's land

This world is so confusing

and heaven just as well

but the blurred reality
brings bliss and anxiety
of the unknown

I swing in seeming free fall

but time and again I am

caught by everlasting arms

Without death I am reborn

within the spirit of love

held fast by the soft sweet exquisite
body of lady love

080524

1230

