

Dr John WorldPeace JD
Poems 2012 to 2013

WorldPeace Poems

Dr John WorldPeace JD



Dr John WorldPeace JD Poetry
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2012

THE TREE OF LIFE

From the eternal portal
appears the spirit
clothed in female human flesh

Into this earthly dreamscape
another spirit is born
from the dimension of
no time no space
manifests this being

from the Infinite Oneness

The water gives birth
this earth welcomes
this new life
out of the primal water

The bond of death silently waves
its message that
in this place of time
all beginnings are
tied to endings
what is born dies

Uncountable worlds
dimensions without number
manifests from the eternal portal life
and bless the
entering soul
with wonders of a
finite kind

120330
04:08

PAINTING AND WRITING

For forty-two years
I let the ink flow
on paper of many colors

From the Infinite Oneness
comes words that
make some logical sense
in the area of this dimension

I am always in awe
of the words that
appear from the hand
drawing words
one by one
next to each other

With art it is the same
from the other side comes
visions and abstract images
that bridge this world
and the spiritual dreamscape

The door, the portal
between here and there
bridges the intangible
to the tangible

I am always in awe
and worshipful of the
sacred creation of
cosmic communicating

120330

04:16

ALBUQUERQUE

In this new place

I have relocated the past

I have let go of the tension

and the chaos of

that old life in Houston

I have been born again

in a place to which

I was guided

a place where God

seems more real

more near

more accessible

The miracle of it all

becomes more awesome

everyday

The miracle of age

and familiarity in this

strange world

Indigenous people

have blessed this place

with primal sacred

vibrations that are

drowned out with the

noise of high civilization

There is a peace here

a great harmony of an Infinite God

a spiritual blessing of the spiritual home

memories of bliss

120330 04:27

RACHEL

My body begins to wrinkle
its skin and reminds
me I am no longer
young and to be quick
with my work

My young companion
gives me love
in her wonder
at this old soul
abiding in this old man

How strange my age
must seem
how unusual to someone
half my age

A marriage of young
and old is a curious thing

Even knowing that we
are both infinite immortal
spirits who were not born
and will not die

Yet in this place where time
is a foundational wall
we are aware of age

She sees an old man
and I see a young woman
She sees the nearing end
and I remember the beginning

120330 04:35
The cycles of life
never end

I have been
 other persons while
 still being me

But all those people
 those actors
 have left the stage
 and at 64
 I again begin

The audience I have
 always played to are gone
 I don't really know
 anyone now who cares
 other than my
 new partner in life

It seems so strange to
 carry with me a past
 that has no living roots
 experience and education
 are by my side
 all the
 costars in my yesteryears
 have gone away

I begin anew
 a near-perfect companion it seems at last
 and I have the energy
 and the drive and desire
 to go forward
 to an unbounded future

My art my writing
 my trinkets
 give me comfort
 they are my eternal

inanimate friends

I hear silence
the voices are gone
both real and psychic
they are gone
I am living
and breathing in an
empty room

It is time to move on
and avoid this place
this empty cube

I go to join Rachel
we have much to do
the past is gone because
it cannot go with me
into the future

The look at the empty room
a bit of dust faded blue walls
dirty floor
I bow my head
as goodbye

120419

16:16

Tomorrow begins tonight
I have stepped on the
train to the rest of my life

I have a sense and idea
of where I am going
and each mile will
make that intuition
more clear

From now on
I love only for me
I follow my bliss
I live my own
dream

Rachel is with me now
her path and my
parallel
have a common
separate future
ahead

I am in a place now
where no one I ever knew has
talked about

This is a separate inner place
not one that is ever
observed by others

This is the time the sixth decade

When long-time companions die
and futures disintegrate
in a heartbeat

I eat black olives
while I write

and I am awakened
by them -
strange

An odd taste
almost a taste of death
but not death
a taste of new life
part the embalming fluid

Rachel awakened from her nap
and returned to the easel
to finish my art

We are both guests now
we are in a window
of metal psychic space
April 1 – April 24, 2012
this years window

I grab a black olive
with a shaky left hand
age makes its presence known

This day is done
and new day brings
the sun in the morning

120419
16:34

My father
 sleeps long hours
 now

I think he is about to leave
 I think his loved ones
 from the other side
 are preparing him for the
 journey home

I think his passing will be
 quiet and peaceful

I think he will wake up
 refreshed on the old farm
 a bit disoriented
 but feeling great to be conscious

Then his parents
 appear and he understands
 he has left
 his earthly home

The earth dream is over
 time to rest
 and spend a moment
 reflecting on the long dream
 and prepare to greet
 the others returning
 from that same place
 while I adjust
 to the loss

120420

08:55

I pass the 64th year
 as I pass a road sign

on the highway

I look around
and I see far
in all directions

The road
stretches far ahead

Science is racing
along with me
it intersects
with me even now

Science has given me
life beyond my heart attack
beyond my career

I will craft my life here
past 100 years and even more

Reality is just a mirage
a dream if that

Where others expect a traumatic death
I just know that I will
simply fade away

or catch an alien spaceship
back to the stars

120427

03:52

I await the sun of a new day
that marks the coming end of
my old life

The family the life I had in Texas
has been replaced by the one I
now have in New Mexico

All was left behind
all being the tangible family
and almost all my possessions
sold or given away

I have died without dying
the same old body
moves through this
new place on the planet earth

It all seems so strange
to be born anew
with an old body

I am no longer a baby
or an adult but now
a senior citizen of the world

I have a whole plethora
of memories from 64 years
of yesterdays
but they are nothing but
straw in the wind

During the transition of this last year
I thought a lot about death
but not now – I hardly
think about my physical death
at all

There is a sense of immortality
in living even 64 years

I have survived many things
and I have experienced
near death several times
mental, psychological, biological
yet I did not die

Some thoughts of yesterdays still linger
but in this new life they have no
place – no emotional impact
yet a logical linear experience
just words on an as of yet
unwritten page

The morning always comes early
in this place and mostly it comes in
clear blue sky days

I live in the high desert
in a land of enchantment
they say

New friends approach and wait
I must order my life into
segments of work and play and rest
I am forever curious

I have a great great advantage of
being reborn (not in the Christian sense)
but reborn by moving away
from the past

I lived the history – more and more
of which the population can only read about
I was alive when history was happening

A new day now begins

I am truly blessed

Not to mention the new young companion
who is the perfect wife I sought out
so long ago for so long

Together today in a new adventure
for an old man

120630

04:13

The miracles of God
have no bounds
the workings of His high heaven
no true understanding
by mere human beings

The Lord God
is ever-present
is infinitely loving

and for those who know
the vastness that is beyond
understanding
is glimpsed
as a drop of infinite light

I cannot gain a perch
from which to ever begin
to view the most awesome
of all realities

In the vastness of space
God fills the apparent vacuum
There is no place that God is not
No prayer goes unanswered
no request for help is denied

a good God gives only good things

120719
04:25

The morning is dark
this New Mexican city is
still asleep

The planets rise
over the blacked-out mountain
the only sound
a car now and then
on the street in front

I walk the gunnels of my fort
the perimeter of my ark
my Jerusalem adobe home

I have emerged
into this new life
an old man
with bodily pains
and photographs and memories
of an earlier life fading

I have died for sure
that is what happens
when past memories
seen like a dream
foggy vague
and without

tangible proof of the past
daily present

My skin is now wrinkled
like my grandfather's
I am no doubt an old
man with arthritic pains
head to toe

The future of coming days
and events wait at the door my door

I am a stranger in a
strange and enchanted land

My peers succumbed to their pains
and non-present children and
ever-present TV

But I in my body that wants to rest
intends to move forward
to live the life I intended
so long ago

It is quiet in my upper room
the computers and art and work
lay downstairs waiting for
animation

It is so quiet now
in my room
and also and yet
I feel the quiet of my soul
I feel the peace

The past has died
and is quiet
it no longer screams out
moment to moment
all the time

I am safe here
in my ark
I can hear myself think
people and places I knew
are gone away

A new day has begun
a new life in a
strange enchanted place

Peace at last I welcome you
peace at last
God is now clearly present
just a few veils between
us

120730
04:55

I rise up to meet the night
the spirits speak clearly here
in this land of enchantment

I can feel the energy building
I feel lifted up in this high desert

I move forward
I walk around and see my
evolving environment
the old crust has fallen away
and a new energy
that has always been with
me begins to fully
introduce itself to me

A stranger in a mystical land
a place where the sky is clear
the night a deep blue crystal clear
the primal earth asserts itself here

I have stepped above my history in this life
I feel the power and energy of past lives
not political power but the mystical
power of the earth and all that
is in and within the Universe

I have held tightly onto those
who held me down and back
Now I see a companion of true value
true color – an equivocal soul

The old crust breaks away
I am free now for sure for certain
and in that freedom is this place
of time and place in awe I expand
and awake and truly come alive

The God of my life
begins to bless me

with a peace of harmony
that has no way to be defined

Simpler times maybe
maybe that is all there
is to this peace

I have been a child
for 64 years and now but now
I am something else

I miss those who loved me
without conditions
I still feel that love
it becomes more real now
reappearing in an
intangible power
and energy

in the power and energy
of the magnificent Universe

The dark blue warm breeze
the bright white moon
the hovering white clouds

120731
03:28

A simple WorldPeace tag (banner)
embedded in the stucco wall of
my ark

and the rains come and
the winds blow
and the lightening
dances heavy
in the northern sky

Something was released
something new begun
with just a marker
of sorts

maybe more so a first beacon
a first WorldPeace beacon

To align with the Universal will
the light side of the dual reality
a connection to God
my mentor and friend

I bought a bird feeder
a cone of seeds and nuts
and a hummingbird
feeder as well

St. Francis came to mind
and a birdbath is
on its way

I seem to be gifted
with all I held dear
and prized
but without a
well fit companion

Now the miracles come each day

the rain cloud to hide me from the sun
a red rose on my entrance drive
finding a plastic flower

the next
day finding the hummingbird feeder
from which it came

My skin wrinkles
like an old prune
time has been logged
on this mortal human body

but my mind is still awake
the passions of life have dimmed
as the eternal light has
become more clear

What metaphysical knowledge
will I find
what eternal truth
and undeniable testimony
to it will be my legacy

120803
05:27

Morning comes in the beauty of the high desert
and on top of my 12 foot Yucca
a lone hummingbird sits
saying hello with a most tiny
beep beep beep

The exquisite beauty of these
tiny birds cannot be described
or painted or even
captured on film

In this world of the rapid
extinction of nature's immense variety
and the turning of lush green
to desert brown

These tiny birds will survive
because they live in the high desert
which is not valued by
human beings

They will always
be a living witnesses
to the beauty that was earth

The nature of man is to extinguish
all living things that have no monetary value

In time man will die off
the victim of his own blind greed
or die back

and the earth will restart
reset regenerate

120819
02:00

The days in the hourglass
seem to be few

for my father

I have seen him not
for 14 months
when I left Texas
for New Mexico

In this Land of Enchantment
all doors have opened
my path for these
traditional retirement years
seems clear and
undeniably God blessed

The father of my human form
awaits at the door
to the light
the ultimate door
of peace

the peace of the spiritual body

I have released him
concerned that I may be
holding him here

I do not abandon him
but remove whatever
bonds I have attached
to him

God sent me a new companion
for this new life
and moved me away
from both my parents
undeniably
and others

I honored my father and my mother
my mother in her independence
pushed me away
in a manner
that was unmistakable

My father just
reached the limits
of old age

My time runs fast now
in the blink of an eye
I will follow my parents
into peace and light

We will briefly unite
and I will then
return to this hard reality
to begin a new
journey in this
familiar earthly home

Nothing in this Universe is immortal
what is born here must disintegrate
its tangible form

Thank God for a mortal human body

120820 0404
The red glass
of sugar water

attracts the
exquisite hummingbirds

They begin to gather
under the eave of
my New Mexican home

Few things in this life
compare to the these tiny fairies
they are awesome
to experience

Another alien wonder
released in this world
to remind us innately
that we are spiritual
and only for a moment
bound to this earth

The blessings of this home
is overwhelming
These tiny beings
give me great
peace and joy

I feel the love of God
in this precious
blessing of such
exquisite beauty

120820
04:15

Another new day has dawned
another new beginning

The light
shines through the
intermittent dark clouds
that are a part of this
world this reality

Each time
that I reflect
and pray
and meditate
on my condition
and God's
ever presence

I am renewed

I can do all things through
Christ who strengthens me

and

The external God is my resting place
and underneath are the everlasting arms

The wisdom of my mother's mother
who learned it from her mother

Esther Bryan MacPherson
my grandmother

120820
09:38

Every morning
in this new home
I do minor repairs
and chores

I have been lost
for many years
looking for something
I could not define
and so could not grasp

Today as I loaded
a little junk in my dad's old truck
I remembered his father's truck
and all the hot Summer
mornings on the farm

I realize for the last 5 weeks
I have been looking to return
to that peace
that blissful peace

I am now free
I understand
50 years of hell
direct and indirect
I kept going back

to the source of my peace
my home my roots

So few summers
3 or 4 then off to a real job at 15
with my mother's uncle

Now I know
I know what I need
and I know how to
create a new peace
in this New Mexican
Albuquerque

God has opened the path
with a perfect companion
a beacon of true bliss
Rachel my love

A new day now begins
another epiphany
another life now begins

So long coming
was the revelation

120824
08:36

The universal dragon
holds me fast this life
but actually more
he is the reflection of
the eternal me

All expansive, a magician
here now gone
so much bright color
so much movement
shaking waves
forever flowing out
and back

Creating breath of life for the universe
my fascination is endless
the bursting colors euphoric

121126
03:20

3AM

The coffee leftover from last night
or actually bedtime

because it is still
very much night time

tastes good and warm it does
but more a psychological
emotional warmth
- a feel good

My arthritis grips my hand
my eyes cannot see that well
I am in a state of
perpetual tiredness

Not because I am old
because my passion
for life wears me down

My eyes cannot see well
wrinkled retinas they say
yet my brain and soul
take what is received
and makes what it
remembers as true

This I think is how the spirit
functions
It takes that which is happiness
and puts it into perspective
from how things
really are

The coffee is good

lots of creamer – powdered

a bag of sweet chemicals

not the natural kind

God how long since I

consumed that as

a matter of course

3 big spoons of white sugar in a glass

of tea

iced that is

Mother always drank hot tea

I always drank cold

the memories of her now

through her mean spirited

craziness

A moment now

half awake

a peaceful moment

blesses me

121126

03:00

This enchanted place
opens the bright rising sun
over the mountains
each morning

The moon
comes through the
bedroom window

mostly I remember the bright orb
in the dim night sky
shining down on my head
covering my body

Like my pleasant memories
I return to my grandparents farm
the hot silent nights
the clear skies
the stars
the beauty and
the peace

121226
03:34

We came to this place
billions of years ago
and made it our home

Together we gathered here
and together as one
we rolled the
primordial
dust into the
solar system

What is and was
was always we
the rock and life
the earth and seas

We live out this solar story
we make the rules
we join together as one
friends we all are
of one mind are we

It is a beautiful galaxy
to which we have come
to be in peace

121215
22:30

2013

Dad died last week
64 and a half years of companionship
was severed
the tie that bound
two human lives
is no more

The mystery of his light out
cannot be comprehended
by mortal me too

Just a brief
definition of human life
the inhabiting spirit
freed how
going about other
business
another aspect of existence

Future memories gone

130113
02:51

In the universe
they see far telescopic eyes
find one 4 billion light-years
in length object

Per 100 billion stars
100 billion planets
Milky Way Galaxy
nothing much in
comparison

Christians say we are the center
of God's universe
all the rest of the universe
is just a dynamic
desert of lifeless rock

We enter the age
of an expanded infinite
visual definition of the truth

We are the microbes of
something we cannot conceptualize

130113
03:01

The metaphysical
silver chord
attaching the biological
to the immeasurable
spiritual dynamic

is just a delusion

Light and darkness
enter the earthly plane
through homogenous
human beings
limited
boxed in by

a limited finite brain

The great and only important
ongoing experiment
it is time for a great die-off
of humanity

The forward motion ending
rapidly approaches

The genetic bottleneck
is upon us

The expanding global brain
awakens us

The retarded primal humanity rules
eat, kill, destroy, until there is no more

Sterilize the planet

Spiritual beings are mobile
the next planet is just a few
light-years away

No need to return here

The human virus

with the infinite immortal

incarnation of spiritual

primordial apathy

manifested by the

finite mortal body

130113

03:22

My love AWAKENS
her animal keeper
has been seen
in the awakening light

My father gone now
I wanted him to understand
in a 100 more years
in his human form

he would never understand me

Now he knows or begins to see
the human love is now
replaced by something
akin but
unknown on the
earthly plane

The human biological
gifting of life and genes
begins to fade

And something else begins
to step in

My mind
has applied a human
communication to bridge
the physical human world
to the spiritual soul reality

I feel the communication
of knowing
making contact

but the communication vehicle
is not adequate

A message from time and space
reaching into a non-place
of no time and no space

How can one stay connected
oh, how to stay connected

130113
03:33

Snow coming down
Pueblo blessing

Roadrunner on the doorstep
moves out as I pass

Thinking about calling dad
but I can't
His friend Winter
came last week

130114
13:34

Laying down
hand on your upright back
eyes shut I stroll through
fields of memories

Peace on this deep mattress
no sound my old ears
perceive

Just drifting
in feel-good memories

Others in decades past
sewing the cloth
just like you
who I am allowed
to touch

130114

13:39

The warm cube
 small home for now
 outside the snow
 bright white

Father gone now
 he left
 away but closer it seems
 we can talk anytime
 without his companion
 interfering

He can relive the past at will
 in full dynamic reality
 where I can just barely
 see the tattered edges
 of a vague gray fog

I feel warm
 in a peaceful love
 I want to stay in this moment
 I want to joy in the
 reaching back
 into the gone away times

130114
21:09

I am not waiting for that call
anymore

It came a week plus ago
not the death
but the call

The afterthought
of death
having come

130114
21:48

One small thing
That is all it ever is
a small act
a catalyst
in the infinite void

One small thing
ripples across the great void
making changes to everything
but to nothing at all

Another great mystery
of the Infinite All
the holographic oneness
of the Infinite Void
Boundless Universe Contains
the Infinite All

One small thing
is everything

130115
00:22

This day begins
with clouds

The mountains to the East
are half shouldered
in snow fog

A dull inside day

On my agenda
a new life begins

A connecting
and switching on
of 64 years of
traveling in
this curious
dimension

I am born again
past cleansed
I begin again
at 64

I have a past life
within this life
strange

Had I died
yesterday
I would have logged
a full and dynamic
and worthy trek

But I am not dead
my past life is
seen clearly

The future is written
and now begins

to be recorded

I will revisit

other past lives

before this earthly

birth

I will answer

“What is life?”

-existence-

130126

09:25

Geese fly low over Albuquerque
the V formation
several groups

Long ago
dad and I
saw the flocks of tens of thousands
along the Texas coast

I took the amazing gathering
for granted
the geese have moved
on by pushing city limits

Weeks ago
dad's spirit took flight
after 86 years in this dimension

All around day after day
the memories come
and linger
and take me back
to so long ago

130125
10:40

The black onyx orb
shines light
on my hand

Turning allowing
my mind to see
through the portal
of my eyes

The wonder of the hard
polished rock
the entire black
universal night

The black sphere
the white disk
dividing top
from bottom

Just a white
line on black
the edge of the disk
inside the stone
sealed in black rock

The Milky Way

The polished rock
melt into the
palm of my hand

Hidden from my eyes
and up my
arm it travels
going I know not where

130126 04:00

The quiet music
floats over the

room of a few
gathered

The brick walls
and wooden upper
beams holdfast
the sad notes
of the old
old story

My father
and me
and not my 3 sons
but only
one

130130
21:00

RACHEL MODELING AT LIVE DRAWING CLASS

I don't know what
I am looking at
what who is this
before my eyes

I know her well
but I find
I have never
actually seen her

Where did she
come from
at home so small
and here her
presence is
commanding

These people
these others
draw her
but they cannot
see what I see

Her body seems so
pure - here skin
so perfect

How will I be
able to move
away from her
to withdraw
from touching her

The confusion
chaos the
negative past
moves away

She emerges now
somehow
cleansed

But not wispy
but solid from
flesh

A perfect skin color
translucent
the purity
shows through

The power increases
the reality more real

All the others
are quiet this
night

Everyone is quiet
going about their
drawing

they have peace

They are in another wave vibration
they will find
it hard to remember
the night

They will have
their drawings

their sketches

As they look at these drawings
the magic is still there
so they know

they were here
they must
see the drawings

what was it
about the night
last night

The break comes and
they all wake up
a bit but
now they

all ride the train
down into the peace
the dark
dimly lit quiet

Her energy
has grown
this night

She laughs
one I have
never heard

I feel the permission
to be happy
breaking through

There is joy in
her heart
a new Rachel

Looked away
so long-born
into bondage
now free

Her soul
prepares to break
out with great
loving power

It is a magnificense
they do experience

tonight I will
hold her
very close

I will try to do
what cant be done
be absorbed into
her

She holds
firmly to
Heidi's pole

She stakes her
new life
here in
Albuquerque

She grounds via
the pole
a pole in
the earth

She stands
erect
I am Rachel

I am woman
I breathe in this
new life

Naked she
comes forth
out of the past

The clothes binding
an impediment

Why does she
need clothes
no one can
see her

I am woman
I am naked
I have no
need to
hide now

I am free
I was born
naked

In nakedness

I declare my
rebirth

Let them

look upon me
draw my form

Wonder

not see what
I know

Not come where I am

I am the

enigmatic female
I am the mother
I am the child

Now comes

the adult the
artist powerful
so free to
be powerful

I look up from my

writing – still there

Her jaw set

her mind focused

She is grounded in

earth by way of
the wooden pole
she holds firmly

She has not moved
she is the immovable
Stone

Rachel Stone

How strange
and enigmatic
a universe

that seems to
love to play
name games

Oh the pole
is gripped
with a fist

daring anyone
to try to take
it from her

I just stare
and try to
see

The light
plays dark
and light

shadows
on the enigmatic
lines of her
body

and runs
all ways

Busy lines

shadows
marking the
body

Cut off by
light playing
light and
dark

On perfect skin

The image is
so full of
power that

I cannot draw it
only the power
of the camera
can capture

What is there
too much power
uncontrolled lines

The artists move
to get the
perfect view

They eagerly drink
her form with
their eyes

But much more
they felt the
radiancance the
power

A special being
barely of this
world

Cocked power
the spring all
wound tight

The driving power
of something
manifesting here

Something not just
from here

They reach out
they want to touch
to feel

but only with
pen and paper
can they touch
her

Protocols

They will carry
her power home
in their art

which they caress
as if loving her
The power comes
it can no longer

remain dormant
or contained

Tonight she lives
again

130130

The life comes in peace
the life of all things
the golden river that
binds us all
the peace of knowing peace

Each day I push ahead
in hard times in good times
in joy of all that
has been my life

I have a long way to go
I have many things to do
I will not lay down
except to talk
a moment with God

and contemplate the overwhelming
love and untold blessing

Life is a joyous miracle
even in the miracles and waves
of the most difficult of times

I have won the bet

130625

19:30

The new day
as all new days
come and come again
until my light
dims and turns out
as I look back
to my brief life

The sun comes up
the air comes alive
and nourishes
many great deeds
begin today

The even present week
is a gift of something
worthy to attach one's
name to

I have my talents among my blessings
and I have worked to use those
talents to become a light
to the world

130629 0900

Another day has dawned
hours ago
My chores and errands now
complete

To work I go 65 when most
are retired and waiting to die
I get my old body and bones up
and race slowly
toward the future

I now move into an age
where many of my peers
cannot go because
they left this reality

Interesting this old man goes on
each day the years
mock my deteriorating body

Life is so short. I will rest soon
another century I think

130701
09:34

I awakened
too late in this life

No mentors had I
mentors to teach the
universal transitions
between realities
between life phases

No one to speak
about the guideposts
and boundaries
doors and windows
in this dimension

No matter
very hard I worked
in this tangible world
in the inter-dimensional one

I saw but did not know

No matter, I see now
and much I have to tell – to draw, to paint

130703

I sit watching videos of old men
not much older than me

Just living to old age is an accomplishment
just being able to have an interesting life
and some stories to tell
makes for a worthy life

Even though in time
those who also lived the story
have been silenced by death

So in time the stories become alive
not when you speak the stories
but when you listen to the
stories of others

Then you remember
as if it was yesterday
and the dead are close at
hand also listening

It is in times of moronic tasks that
there comes peace in the memories of days gone by

130705
12:07

Life is crazy

I am floating

in a tired state

it is like dying

I just want to

drift –I dont

want to speak

just float

But I am not dying

I am living

this is life

to feel like

dying not to

want to do anything

just float in that space

that other place

right next door

to here and now

what my body

thinks is here

and now

130718

11:28

I make my bed on the floor

65 am I

Like when I was a lad

on the old Army cot

I would go get my sheets

people are visiting in my bedroom

grandpa's kitchen

I don't care. I am tired

I want to sleep drift

Now I am in a quiet place

my space – but I am on the floor

on the air mattress

a sheet and heavy army wool blanket

Peace –back into the womb

back decades ago 5 I think

the heat of the night

Texas

New Mexico now

cool every night

on the floor I go

Not too old

to sleep on the floor

– ah, peace

130718

11:27

The old truck
Dad's

It is so used up I laugh
so funny I laugh
but I am at peace
I feel good

Deprived I guess
but not of life
not of thinking
I am not dead

More alive I think than most
who have worked hard for a
nice place to be
to sleep
hollow houses

What do they think about
I have the floor and a bed
I am alive in my youth
not deprived
alive

130718
11:31

The muses call
to me write
but I feel sick
to my stomach

Something I ate
or is it their
energy

I don't know
but the energy
is manifesting
a familiar
sickness
in my guts

I am up
I have been laying
in half-sleep for hours
I cannot leave on the
dream vehicle
because I cannot
relax and sleep

I have committed myself
to channel to be an oracle
of non-prophesies I think
I don't know
I don't want a dependent
following

I just want to write maybe speak
but I think just write and paint

all I know is that I am sick

I have to write a story
this poem is not enough
for them

They want more
a few pages this time
I think

130722
01:19

The morning comes
in this enchanted place

Peace has taken residence in my soul
a peace that I have not been able
to embrace in this life

As a child
I was aware of the
challenging future
as an adult I was a warrior

Then came “old man-hood”
and more Hell
and the end of my
biological parents
and the bonds
of an unborn life release

the bonds that
can only be severed in death

I never suspected
the nature of my unease

but all that is gone now it seems
I have a wellness
that begins to firmly
root in me

And the world, my world
is different now
love comes
and the darkness
and chaos
bring day
to day locked out

A beggar
looking in through
a paned window

All blessings
begin to flow now
I am in the birth canal
the light and power of the light
embraces me
peace peace at last

A new day now begins

130720
05:44

My life in Houston
shrinks and fades
my lack of presence there
being the cause

I have cut myself off
not up to others to
keep the bond
reaching out

I am not the father
my father was to me
I am not the grandfather
my grandfathers were to me

I am a loner
a man with an internal agenda
and nothing has ever gained a priority
over that perceived destiny

It is intensity to try to cope
with a desire to be something
that is imposed from society
as opposed to one's soul

130728
09:55

Christmas 2013

a new personal world
the past is fading
so many wonderful
memories

but no one left
to remember with

My companion
my Rachel

met my aging parents
before they died
she's the last link

No future companion of
any stripe will have
known them

So many close friends and family
have faded away

the memories of the childhood
Christmas Eve's
not replenished now
fade in an old man's
mind

131225

04:55

It seems a small forever
looking back to when I
wrote poems more often

I still love the word play
but it seemed I had become
a production line
even though I
was not

Life has its distractions
it has its curious paths
and the maze of trails
can take one far
away on a diverting path

The day is Christmas
I am experiencing the
prior decades when
November and December
were quiet times of
reflection

of a year spent
of a New Year doorway

131225
13:19

The day ends
at midnight
the last day of
2013

The last day of the
last year in
which my
parents were
alive

The hours tick away
in minutes and seconds
and memories of
a lifetime

Oh surely they went nowhere
they are still by my side
but their mortal life has passed
present they are
but not felt in
the human way

131231
19:19

The old maroon
Chevy truck
my father
gave me

Waits for me to come
and enter his love
before midnight
the end of 2013
the beginning of 2014

A conversation waits
a last hug of sorts
that will renew
each day for the
rest of my life

as I enter the
inner sanctum
which is the
truck's cab

Of all the things he gave me over
the years most of which I released

this old truck is
the pearl of great price
I will never let go
I cannot
I cannot

It would mean
saying goodbye
I cannot

As we traveled together
in this old truck
as he imprinted his
being into its
metal
as we bonded
and rebonded
in this small cab

I begin a new life
a new year without
my father
yet when I drive
he is a passenger

I only need to think about
this to feel the love
I remember from
him – steadfast
unconditional
even in his
frustration

I smile

Like so many fathers and sons
the bond of love endured
the mutual frustration

I smile

Love is a blessed bond
I have his memory
The truck in Texas
Texas our birthplace
a common bond

I ride in the truck with him

and all roads are Texas roads

No matter where I really am

Who knows what roads
that lay ahead
no matter
where I am
he is there

Oh Lord

the blessing of a loving father
he succeeded where I
have failed

But such is life
how seldom
can we be to children
what we valued most
as a father's son

I passed my time to be the father
he was to me
I am passing
my grandfather time as well

Life is endless clouds
mutually exchanged

I am not sad
I just could not
give as good as I received

I will look for chances
along my future find create
a moment or two or more
in remembrance of him

Only emotions
linger in the wake
of these joyful memories

131231
21:06

The paper peace cranes
hang from the Japanese lantern

The colorful paper balloon
supports the chains
of colorful paper cranes

I know not why the vision
holds me fast
lifts me up

Even when I am not looking
the vision is fixed in my mind

Little folded cranes the product
of idle hands
Making peace prayers
one by one
receiving joy
as each manifests

Someday I will take a bag
high up in a hot air balloon
and make a loving shower
of them to rain
on a chaotic world

131231
21:46

The time comes just hours
when I cross the threshold
from 2013 to 2014

An arbitrary demarcation
of time on this old planet
yet nonetheless
a line crossed
a stepping over
if you will

The years are more and more precious
and they come and go more quickly
I ride the invisible train
of annual cars
moving from the
engine to the
caboose

The landscape passes
I see no one else on the roofs
but it seems others are inside
their cars

The rails extend far
and beyond my view

When I reach the last
car my train will
disappear

I will sail away upward
free of the dense earth
light as a light breeze
I float up
disintegrating as I
go

Acquiring a glow
as the heavens open

the blue sky
transcend

to sparkling glimmering
of a place so
beautiful no
words are adequate

131231
21:59

