

Dr John WorldPeace JD
Poems 2016

WorldPeace Poems

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Dr John WorldPeace JD Poetry
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The sun comes up
shadows on the stairs
ease down

then across the
parking lot

Every day the same
even though I
may skip a day
and not notice

Today is church day
and I passed the
shadow going down

Our paths crossed
I stepped on the shadow
as I passed under
the beam that projected it

Shadow and beam are one
As are my body and soul

The sun goes down
the shadow dies

The soul escapes
the body is dead

160403

12:21

Church is over
I go home

Home is familiar and
welcoming

I go to a coffee shop
looking for a chat
but no one there
and the noise is too much
to overcome and write

I will stop by again maybe later
but I have so much to do
I need to wait for a friend
not go seeking
I need the peace and quiet
now – so many projects
to finish this year

I am not that lonely

160403
12:46

The 68 year mark
is only 20 days away

My life is new
from medical care
heart bypass and all

Deleting companions
living alone

Going to church
peace

Books written
art painted

A lifetime of notes
and pictures organized

I am glad I did these things
The wives were expendable
the creativity was not

My desk is clear
my work space ready

My enemies held in check by God
time to run the good race
for which purpose I
came to this dreamscape

160404
04:42

From the gym
biking home

The coffee shop
lured me in

a cute blond young thing

I sat close but
did not speak

She was open to conversation
maybe more
I need to practice
saying hello

160404
04:43

Rachel is gone

I cannot allow her back

She is calm for a while
then she explodes

No warning

The pain of loss I feel

never before

I have tried all ways

but she has carved

and cut me

so many times

She seems to have an

agenda

to cut me until

she can no longer

cause pain

I want to rest

I want peace

someone to talk to

I cannot touch her again

no more talk

a sharp knife tongue waits

I must move on

160404

21:16

This old fountain pen
serves me well
It takes me back
50 years
I touch my deceased
parents even though
they did not give
it to me

The paper I am writing on
is old school notebook paper
white with 3 binder holes
on the left
It also takes me back

My days are quiet now
There are no children or
wives or others around
No pet. Just the silence
that allows me to think

I can feel the spiritual energy
I can feel the peace
I know words are there
but not communicating
Yet I look at the fact
that I am writing

I tried to go to the coffee shop
and write as I see others do
in those crowded places

I cannot hear my thoughts there
Too much commotion
too much chaotic energy

Same when I take my computer
and books anywhere expecting
to have a long wait
and time to read or write

But in those places
I just think. I don't
unpack my books
or turn on my
computer

I just sit and listen
and watch and be

Inside my humble home
resides my art and writings scribbling
my things saved from the
past. The important things
Family pictures my father's
Army uniform

The many things
from various times in the past
that still travel with me
because they give me
comfort

And I comfort to them I think

All things are at One
[because something has no life
does not mean it has
no spirit]

I love the quiet
I love the peace

I love to listen
to the soundless voices
I love to view the
unpainted canvases

The movies that play
on blank white cloth

My friends unseen
come to me in the quiet
or I am just more aware
when the noise around me
is held in check

and God can caress me in his love
and rock me back home

160416

I am birthing into this
new life

Lots of peace being alone
not totally alone
but alone in my cave

New things are at the door
a new life
place to live
lifestyle
companions
younger women

Employees
most especially
art apprentices

I am relaxed
sleeping more overall
new blood through an old heart
more peace
less chaos
even minor turmoil
is less

Not sharing my environment
I don't have to compensate or yield
at all

Relaxing a new life is at the threshold

Summer has dominated
but it is still April
the temperature dropped
the rain came

Always a last gasp
of Winter in April or May

A nasty day
but a good sign
the blue skies
and warm
sun
will soon dominate

All will be nice
for months to come

This old body
anticipates the warmth
such a small thing
warmth

A tree's shade is nice
in the high desert
in the Summer

But it takes a heavy coat
or a warm home inside
to get relief
from the cold and wind

160416
19:27

This Sunday

I see as a tall
glass enclosed shaft
full of today's
allocation of energy

a few small clouds
back pain and
bright balloons of happy
things to do
that I will not
get to this day

The clear enclosed rectangle
disappears from the top
as the minutes and hours pass

I can never ignore
the descending ceiling

The tall shaft
follows me everywhere
I cannot ignore its presence

I am not bothered by it
there is no related stress
just reality
just time
an hourglass with
no sand

just a disappearing height

160417 08:20

St. Francis on canvas

stands quietly in the studio

I sent home

for good I think

his apprentice

my day is probably too full

to apply a stroke or two

of paint

to make

Francis more

complete

I say my prayers

my Christian prayers

to Jesus who

stands behind Francis

blessing even his

image

I will paint

my personal saints

in time

sooner than late now

I think

I have cleared away

other humans from my

living space

to make more room

for my conscious mind

to communicate with

my spiritual soul

to bathe in that
heavenly beam
in the peace of
silence

No sounds from outside
only a vision
of the mountains
from inside

I am safe here
I have no concerns

I have my other art
ceiling to floor
that strokes my
spiritual body as I pass

Paintings from unknown
energies from another
symbiotic dimension
who gave me their
uplifting images

to paint and then experience
with real eyes

160417
08:30

The city is waking
the rising sun
sends its light ahead
to hi-light
the mountains

It is April
still cool here in
the morning
on the high desert
of Albuquerque

It is a good day unfolding
I can feel the energy

It is a good day unfolding

160422

The wind blows
as violently as it can
unhinging whatever it can

I awaken from my sleep
the air conditioning units
on the roof
are making much noise

No point in trying to sleep
so I get up as per usual

and the wind
calms down

Was it a chaotic dream
I was engaged in
was it my quiet mind
that stirred the air
called the wind
that woke me up?

160501
04:54

I see her on the
black walking path
about 45 well shaped
soft and a smiling
face always

Today, or tomorrow
when I see her again
two eager dogs
pulling her along

I will approach her
I am drawn to her
positive energy

I want to be her friend
I want to lay down
with her
and rest in her peace

160501
04:57

It's the first of May
It is the first day
of the week
Sunday

The wind blew hard
away so many
yesterdays

So many irrelevant thoughts

This is now a new week
clarity

The past weeks
like a
planet orbiting away

It is time to return
to bed
the wind is not
yet so calm
but it is now
quiet

I can return to sleep
I need to
take my soul out
of my resting body

and preview my day. My life

160501
05:02

Long-time it has been
since we were in elementary school
5th grade I think

I felt your energy
warm and gentle
and I wondered
what is this

Something held me back
something said don't

Now over 5 decades
and I see you on Facebook
a yellow smiling face
and a comment now and then
directed to something
I posted

Months have passed
and you keep
coming to my attention

I reach out to you
I know not why
we have no future
but somehow we do

We chat in Messenger
much more than I
thought we would

All during the night
you came into my
half sleep

Someone of value to me
someone who uplifted me
a voice
though written
I felt
I needed to hear

You are a healing
energy
no doubt
words on a screen
devoid
of vibration
but I heard you

You reside in a grey fog
of healing energy
an attraction
a giving
an amazing
gentle force of
pale yellow light

160504
06:45

Our time is over
you with me, is fading fast
you destroyed what we had

I don't know why
but you cannot
will not

try to end your
cutting ways

I have already left
you just can't see
too many times
I come back
for more

No more
you have my presence
now and then

but the fire is out
and I curse the fire
that was there

but stop when I am forced to acknowledge
the help you gave me

160504
07:51

Your touch
is strange
to me

Something new

Only one other
could not keep her
hands off me

The significant ones
hated touching

I am going to open the
door. And encourage you

I will return 5 fold
and see where it goes

160504
07:52

The old life
releases itself
finally

The bonds of attachment
are vanishing
not breaking

The last child
the last relationship
vanishing

Some aches and pains
I thought were physical
turn out to have been
psychological
in their vanishing

Living alone
without others in my space
has allowed a clearing
a freeing

the dawn of peace

I am not accustomed
to this calm
peaceful vibrations

into it I gladly go
with positive expectations

160507
04:22

The old girl's bike
I bought in Austin
when leaving Houston

was upgraded yesterday
new tubes that can
resist the thorns
and goat heads
of New Mexico

A raised seat
to redistribute
the crippling effects
of a seat too low

An old friend with history
better than new now

It was dark
the predawn morning

I went to ride
but the danger
of these city streets
keeps me waiting
for the sun

A beautiful place
open
The high desert
the mountains
the Enchantment

160507
04:27

The old notebook paper
30 years or more
it has been tagging
along with me

The holes are not
in sync with
current binders

the pages have to
have 3 new holes
or they fight
being turned

in their binder home

I can't throw them away
they are not valuable parchment
just senior white paper
that has somehow
traveled a long time
with me

It is appropriate and
uplifting to now write
in blue ink on them
with a fountain pen
that is over 20 years
old itself

Writing in the future with and/or the past

160507
04:32

An old man am I
no doubt
68 years

Yet the young girls
smile at me
when they just
acknowledge other
old men

I am in shape and alive
maybe that's it

Maybe just being thin
in a world of
excess weight

I don't know
but in time I will
know these
motivations
these smiles will
reveal their
secret

In the meantime
I will continue to seek
out the place where I
can harvest more smiles
from fresh young
faces

youth is life
my peers are used up
and with out an eager future

160507 04:36

The sun goes down
west over the North Valley

The temp drops
in the high desert
of ABQ

I have come
to Starbucks
to chance meet
a female
with a friendly
disposition

An unknow she will not come to my apartment
for no reason
and knock on the door

I must go out
I must go see
and be seen

One place or another
everyday I have
to show myself
be present

Think positive
I will learn to connect
with them
just a matter of time

160507

I am

a solitary
senior male

I left my family
elsewhere

They are not like me
we have nothing in
common

They are ordinary
I am born each day
but I will never
grow up

because I will never
stop growing

I sit in this
ceiling to floor
coffee shop
with clear glass

looking at the remnants
of this day

This is my living room
a public place

I have many all over
not the same boring
decor night after night
not the emptiness

A public place
people come and go
most only speak
with those they
came with

and the cashier

Others with nothing better
to do on this Saturday night

Like the public bus
faces virtual faces
because I will just
watch seldom
knowing names

and if I know
I forget when they part
doubt about another
chance meeting

This is a good life for me
freedom being me where I go
not visiting those
who want to direct my
life at every evening together

160507
20:15

I came to this
coffee shop alone
a few days ago

I could not concentrate
I could not write or think
just watch

A few more clones
various times of the day
I understand
I can write
I can think

I can see who came
then turn them off

I am looking for someone
when they arrive
I will decide if
to engage

In time
I will discover the times
and places best to be
to catch a fish
in a cubic bowl

Chat
and who knows
they may connect

160507
20:29

Older couples

minds are in sync
things happenings

no need to speak

Seems so boring now
to be so predictable
to be in sync
or not

pay attention

Nothing much left to discuss
kids long gone
parents long dead

The home of decades
is still there
dust and old
memories

The fire of passion
forgotten
the desire to do nothing
not to be bothered

drifting alone
to the end of
nowhere

160507

20:34

I am without intention
racing the clock

I fall into a poem

A string of words

Clock it in
when done

Flash back to reality
and acknowledge a
few more minutes
have past

I am in no hurry
no quota of poems to write

Just curious
the moment to moment
leap
to the end of this
visit

to the coffee shop
going home with
harvested
poems

160507
20:39

Mother's day
but mother is
years gone

In ABQ
the town is quiet
a family town
of Hispanics
and Natives

Mothers are honored
children go to visit
the town becomes slower
than slow

No mother, grandmother
great grandmother

All passed on

A blood holiday
a special day
a worthy day

A day of love
with little present meaning for me

160508
19:30

The sky dims
the jackrabbit runs
800 miles away

from my grandparent's farm
where wildlife flourished

Now the air is not sweet
the birds are not there to sing
few frogs croak
giant grasshoppers
long gone

The desert encroaches
sterile comes
dynamics gone

many species
are now few

Giant grandfather fish
are not allowed now

no giant anything
death is a mighty
cleanser
of seniority

Millions of years of variety
wiped out in hundreds
the quiet earth comes

160508
20:15

I love the night coming down
I love the morning coming up

Endings and beginnings
peace in both

The long heartbeat
of 24 hours

The earth breathes in
rotations

The human heart
breathes in beats

Life in cycles
rocks

are long in forming
and long in disintegrating

Just one long inhale exhale

a life of one pulse one breath
one birth while dying

It all manifests

it all disintegrates
manifests

disintegrates

as we run by

160508

20:17

Clinking coffee cups in this public space
devoid of patrons
but a few

Night has almost come

The old hot frame house
the family gathers
around the kitchen table
coffee cups on
saucers
clanking
loud and low

The smell of worked bodies
the wait for the cool
night air that
requires a quilt

in this present oven

Conversation is slow
no phones
the night creatures
increase in volume

fireflies light up
a coyote cries
a pack on the chase

Outside millions of stars

160508

20:25

The city is outside
the door
only one step out

My inanimate
bicycle waits

My old hips
creep up
to check its
presence

This is the city
where things disappear
in a flash

I have no desire to walk home
on a still busy street

My bike is my friend
breezes of night in
my face
cold on my neck

Rubber and metal
not a flesh and blood pet
refined steel aluminum
rubber and some
plastic

I am attached – Freedom is a ride
Peace is worthy

160508
20:30

I chose to come here long ago
from far far away

I gathered my energy
I charted my course

What is all around me is new to me
but I have a past
long gone experiences

I am living
tomorrow past
I am joying in the now
of tomorrow's memories

I live the now of a memory

I am long gone from this place
dreaming back

Moment to moment
it is all just a past memory
within a nano-second
of false illusion
reality

160508
20:33

About to leave
in she walks
tall and young

Leather jacket
black hair
snow white streaks

Ankle-high leather black
sandals
long feet
and colored nails

Long nails on long fingers

Ah, youth

Who knows what planet
birthed her
what kind of space
vehicle waits
outside

I think about a hello
to go with the smile

I think about a moment
of conversation

she's gone

back she comes
now what

Her energy is different
more animated

I sit and wait
a joy she is to watch

now gone again
out the other door

Away in a youthful life

I an old man of 68
also mentally pursuing the
gathering of youth

ignoring my old body

160508
20:43

New coffee shop
new place to write

Moving around night
to night
sometimes day
others evening

The place is busy, bigger
different
things and people to
watch between
poems haiku

Three nights in a row now
the poems flow

Like Jim Chrome 1 my sci-fi novel
7 pages a night
82 days
finished

The method of production
more intense
300 pages not 25 – 30 lines

Poems short bursts of a streaking thought
start to finish – in and out

end it sign and date it
move on

160509
19:07

JD on my mind

stranger interactions

I cannot tell

clearly see forward

I go, the energy flows

I leave, it does not linger

I am an intriguing magnet

she tries to hold back

but before I'm gone

she sneaks a moment

a touch of light kisses

closer to the lips

I am not rushing

We dance a slow-moving engagement

but cautious

not expecting anything

but flowing forward

none-the-less

Loving women

who give but

did not marry a giver

a toucher a caresser

desire to be stroked gently

and more – a cautious more

160509

19:14

The Flying Star Café
is more like an artist's
working place

Not a place to paint
but one to draw

For now I am syncing
my writing
with a public place

the art will come
in a week
or start as a
doodle on

these poems

This cafe is a perfect place
to meet when it is crowded
and a nice female – or male
conversation is forced to
sit near and
notice what I am
doing

I have made a discovery
the coffee I weaken
I do not expect to be
sick in the AM

160509
19:20

I look out from my perch inside
to the open tables in the open air

The shadow of the sun
spotlight in patches
the green the cars

I have been here before
but it was different
I had a companion then
apathetic – intensive
my guard up

The night is coming
the sun setting
when the rays end

I will mount my bike
and ride West in
the closing light

Down the asphalt trail
along the arroyos
between the houses
downhill to home

The sun below the horizon
not blinding my eyes
the cool down comes quick
on the high desert

160509

19:26

The pages
with writing
milk lined
spilled over
in blue
scribble

My pouch
under the yellow tablet
is pregnant again with
thoughts on white
loose leaf paper

Words with some weight
validate the paper
give it purpose

Thoughts that came the hour
recorded saved
maybe never read
before disintegration

maybe enshrined
elusive – long-lived

who knows
who cares

From me came something
unseen until I sat down
and forced myself to write gently
in peace

160509
19:54

The routine of life
that everyone experiences

the same grocery store
day after day
turns into years

People that work there
seen day after day
but seldom friends
do they become

I have never been so
settled – so routine

I have never lived alone
and incorporated
these people into
my mind

My life has never been
a weekly routine for long

This all seems so strange to me

My life has slowed
in the routines
I now pay attention

Even though my
internal external engine – spins fast

160510
03:00

The LED strobing
light on my helmet

slaps the
small white flowers
blooming on the
vine covering the
high wall

These flowers do not
close at night

without my little
headlamp

I can see
these dim white
faces
in the shadow
of this side
of the building

The artificial light
has its affect on me
the unlit wall another
and in the day light
there is another
energy

All a dream
a micro dreamscape
with no bottom

160510
03:05

My skin is browning
in the present late Spring sun

The long sleeves
of warmer shirts
are in the closet
and T-shirts
can be worn

Something there is about
the energy of the sun
burning my skin
turning it brown

In the younger days
I would lay almost naked
baking my whole body

but I have no place
in seclusion to
allow the sun
to heat my body

and warm my soul

In this high desert
there is no sunbathing cult
even in Summer here
bare skin is bright white

No erotic sun-browned bodies and limbs

160510
03:11

I look into your eyes
and wonder if we can
fix each other

The old wounds
cut so deep
the scars
could not hide or heal
the rips and
tears

I want you
but mostly
I want you to be whole

because that is where
my healing
resides

I open my tattered body
and shredded soul
bound by a logical mind

and wrap around you
what is left of me

I hold on
as the wind blows
through both of us

160510
20:31

The old arthritic hands
play out the heavenly
music on an old
used up piano

One can only
imagine
the beauty of those
hands long ago

and the perfect practice
that so smoothly
produced the
unearthly music

Only a life long-lived
could attach and embed
so much feeling
into the playing

A young prodigy
can produce a certain
perfect beauty
where one ignores
the sterility

Only a real and long life
can expand each note
and note combination
into a past now
expressed and saved

160510
20:52

I woke today to you
for five years together
I thought we were a team
that you were committed
to us-

I thought being older
I should carry more
give more understanding

So I ignored and ignored and ignored
again and again
what was so obvious

We were not a team

I have to wonder
how hard you were laughing
at me

An educated man
an older man with
more than a few
experiences with women

But more than anything else
I was blind

I woke today to you
there was never an us for you
Only you

160512
13:47

SERENA MARY CROSS

There is no us
we have never met
we live on the other side
of the earth

Just an electronic screen
of texts and images
is how we know of each other
so in truth we are
just virtual imaginings

I see images of women
everyday on the internet
those images cannot be
avoided

and mostly they are flat
sterile nothing of note

But there is a certain image of you
and onto that image I have
projected a loving
peaceful spirit
and much more

But its not just an image
because we do communicate
lightly and brief

I do not consider
a life together if even meeting face to face
the real world and logic
dismiss those thoughts

But like many things
that inspire a person
to be uplifted
and feel a level of bliss

your image and words
to other humans
and some to me
hold me fast

You are a portal
to a greater dimension
where I can go
by looking touching you
through words

A place where
mystical
formless pastel light
resides

And through you
I hear the vibrations
that I filter and record in words
and find loving bliss and hope
moments at a time
in so doing

160512

14:12

A chance meeting
a short interaction
and I am
floating inside
a soap bubble

You speak and it vibrates
intensifies thickens
and begins to fade

Another word touch
or glance
and it pulses again

Time swiftly goes
the interactions show
the bubble's bright
colors fade
the walls thin

The rainbows
fade to invisible

And I blink my eyes
feet on the ground
losing my daze

160512

16:55

