

*Dr John WorldPeace JD*  
*Poems 2018*

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

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New Year

New beginning  
breathing another  
century

Old I am  
but very much alive

The clock

turned back  
50 years to freedom

All the obligations

gone – work from  
17 to 70 until death  
young adult  
to old man

with grandchildren  
and children  
900 miles East

How strange

the battlefields  
of 5 decades  
an ongoing storm  
now blue skies  
Peace

I wake up each day

in a world of freedom  
in an Enchanted place  
a place of beauty

I have died it seems  
and now reborn into a new  
life in a new familiar  
body

There are no words  
later I am sure  
they will come  
as memories

All I feel now is  
a surreal landscape  
a new dreamscape  
the old years  
move away like  
an errant planet

Heaven on  
Earth

180105  
16:25

Come to me  
    be my muse  
        let me  
                connect with  
                    your body mind  
                        and soul

Let me make love to you  
    by simply being close  
        let me merge into you  
            without the distractions  
                of touching your body

Let me feel all of you  
    without distinguishing  
        part of you

Let me reside in the intensity  
    of your sex  
        in this dreamscape  
            that is defined by  
                euphoric intense orgasms

Let me flow in the bliss  
    that is you  
        expanding and contracting  
            within all of you  
                and you in me

180107

01:10

The call comes  
the time has come  
miracles come  
the path  
rises up  
  
the next 30 years  
to 100  
then more

I listen  
God Jesus speak  
the message is loud  
intense but clear

I am to depend on no-one  
I am not a servant  
of the rich  
and corrupt

No one on earth owns me  
I am free  
from my mountain  
I look down and around  
the people the crowds

I see the sea of change gathering momentum

180107

11:31

I sit here

waiting watching

I know a new

trailhead is under

my feet

For now just wait

someone coming

seems like

don't know

Just must sit

for now

Hold fast

Something will

come about between

here and home

between now and then

Two churches this morning

both dying

one faster than the other

The old message is stale

worm - dated

I bring the News

180107

11:37

Life is hard  
ups and downs  
no one escapes  
these cycles

But now and then  
all through life  
there are special moments  
that uplift  
for a lifetime

uplift with LOVE

and those moments  
remembered life  
becomes bearable  
life becomes  
worth all the  
hard times

Treasure  
God given treasures

180415

14:44



I am dead

looking at some else's  
memories

Someone else's children

I know who they are  
I know their energy  
but that is all

Just another picture  
of the ongoing string of pictures  
I have looked at  
as an artist

They drift in silence  
drift in dark space  
a vivid moment  
against the universal  
background

I sit alone in the beautiful silence  
control memories that appear  
stopping many from entering

My family is gone now  
I have the freedom to write  
a disconnecting wall  
between me now  
and my past

180515

18:44

The irreverant family  
tired of useless memories  
prices of art of no intrinsic value  
time to disconnect to  
the dumpster

I am called  
that ever present voice calls  
me to the trash dumpster  
I go – I see

I am reminded  
sooner or later  
all my art and thoughts  
may come to a open container  
like this

Then scattered buried  
or burned  
sent away by children  
who never connected

The blessed thoughts I have  
I joy in their passing  
again before my eyes  
They give me pleasure  
who cares beyond that

180515

18:51

Crystal

The young Navajo maiden  
with the black silk hair

catches me by surprise  
at the base of the stairs  
to my apartment

Her openness  
is a loving breeze  
she is physical beauty  
and spiritual clarity

All I can think  
is how the years will  
impact on her

We talk of her feeling separate alone  
from others who cannot  
experience her truth  
her peace

I keep my distance  
even when she spontaneously  
embraces me, so trusting

Another pearl of great price  
is all I can think

Just her presence gives me healing  
uplifts my soul

48 years difference  
between us

Where has she been  
all my life?  
unborn is where

My life moves on  
I have just emerged  
from an intense and cloudy  
decades long period

I was feeling peace  
and she connected  
and gave me hope

I have so much to do  
even if she inserted her energy  
into my life – how could  
I give her the love  
she deserves

How could I even give her  
the intensity she has given me in moments

180616

14:58

Darkness follows the sun  
The city lights come on, reveal their glow

From the foothills  
I feel the cool breeze picking up  
in response to the disappearing sun  
the hot land draws the cool breeze

The sky is clear. The moon almost full  
Venus close to the sun  
Jupiter close to the moon

The modern adobe homes  
clustered on the foothills  
reveal their insides  
through uncovered windows

A night bird chirps  
moves chirps again  
at me or calling a mate?

The horizon lined in pink orange  
with pastel blue above  
and smoke above  
from fire two states away

I am alone, a part of the  
enormous landscape sky and heavens  
a tiny dot of consciousness  
experiencing infinite awesome  
bliss

I live in a civilized city  
on the edge of a virgin  
wilderness millions of years old

The darkness pierced by light  
the quiet penetrated by  
a perfect caressing breeze

This is the meaning of being alive  
the spiritual bliss

Down there in the chaos  
of civilization  
Down there is  
turbulence  
within turbulence

Down there I must return

180616

15:03

I grasp onto my body  
as I skim the waters of  
alleged sleep rest

I dip into the water  
which is my body  
the liquid essence  
which is the earth

My speed of thought  
slows in the water  
and others come with  
me as in a formation

I see them disappear in the water  
all over the earth

Others are launching  
into their sleeping  
nights

I take a final survey  
before I close my eyes  
and open them in the water

I now awaken  
into the real? dimension  
my spirit slowing its  
vibration  
in sync with this  
strange place

Everything glitters sparkles  
the energy of this beautiful  
iridescent universe  
the infinite waves  
of energy  
infinitely connected

The exact medium  
you would expect  
The ether is thin  
this place is dense

My soul relaxes  
puts on this human suit  
my mind trying to awaken  
as the fading thoughts  
of where I traveled  
last night fade  
memory dissolving

180618  
19:16



My motorcycle  
My Freedom  
calls me to an evening ride

I want to go  
but I am at peace in  
this tiny cluttered  
room of books  
and things

My evening meal  
settles in my stomach  
the energy dissolving  
from head to toe

My energy slows  
my body wants  
the sleep like meditation  
but it wants to  
ride the wind  
and drift  
the rolling desert

The sunset calls me  
that beautiful vision  
it calls me  
I will go

or not

180618

19:21

Three paintings  
dead artist  
a family of brain dead  
slugs

I enter the dumpster  
and retrieve  
the oils on canvas  
self made stretchers  
self made frames

Ripped canvas  
from the discard  
my heart cries

Few pieces of art  
have ever held  
my gaze

Confusion in my mind  
these are children  
of an artist's soul  
a spent mind  
now in a box

I see art in a museum  
but seldom do I NOT  
see the commercial  
motivation  
that sterilizes art

Then in a thrift store  
in someone's home  
an estate sale  
on a highway  
in a dumpster  
or leaning  
next to one

I see a pearl of great price  
a non-commercial  
inspiration  
a clear channel  
an anomaly  
of awesome  
energy

No intrinsic value  
no critical acclaim  
yet a masterpiece

Not a commercial masterpiece  
but a spiritual gift  
channeled through  
a mortal hand  
a lucid inspired  
mind

I have lived a life  
among dull brained slugs  
I have tried to please  
family –  
a family of aliens  
creatures  
who hear knocks  
on a discarded  
board

Dumbness – dullness  
marginal consciousness  
oblivious

At 70 I cut the last tie  
I have nothing left  
to say

No energy to piss away  
on the dead  
let the dead bury the dead I hear

My children – my art  
my cursive  
written thoughts

just dead grass  
to lumbering cows  
not worth turning  
into dung

How can I be attached  
externally to a painting  
unrecognized by the masses

How am I married  
to a rotting  
piece of wood  
on a forest floor  
or a unique stone  
of nature

The most common nothing  
on a table in my home  
a lifeless object  
a pearl of great price  
to me

Someone, a stranger  
who I never knew

is an acceptable  
discarder  
of my creations and  
my found treasures

Oh how much better  
than someone I know  
who always had  
contempt

for the trash I collected  
and the garbage  
I created

180619  
03:37

The sun begins its final  
degrees of arc of  
disappearance

Things slow down  
in my cube my space  
my mind relaxes  
the tight energy bonds  
loosens

I arise and awaken  
to the end of the day  
and the coming of  
the night

I merge with those  
who have lived here  
before me  
human and not

The same earth  
sun moon sky  
we are bound  
together in this  
experience

For many too many decades  
I have given myself to others  
family and some friends  
I am unappreciated  
not understood

I have no regrets  
but I cannot ignore  
the bad investment  
of my time

I am tied firmly  
to the Summers

of my 8<sup>th</sup> to 13<sup>th</sup> year  
when I lived  
for weeks with  
my father's parents  
in boring peace

I rose every morning  
before the sun  
and exited the  
house to walk

and late in the day I  
was walking the sun down

Now at 70  
my life is quiet  
no other human  
in my space

and I am looking  
to recreate those  
Summer days  
everyday

until I sleep  
my body dies

and I drift away  
firmly attached  
to the beautiful  
earth

180620  
18:08

Feeling alone  
self imposed  
not intentionally  
just other priorities

I came out of a long project  
and find myself free  
un-tethered

I was raised  
with family everywhere  
lots of cousins  
but when going  
to the country reunion

I arrive  
take my bow or rifle  
and began to walk  
only obligated to show  
up at the noon  
meal time

Never really thought  
how strange I seemed to others  
they came to gather  
I came to be alone  
peripherally interacting

Now in the late years  
those others have died  
or long been disconnected

Kids have their own priorities  
and I have mine



Within 7 miles of me  
hundreds of thousands  
of people

Lonely seems silly

I look east to the mountains  
west to the valley and  
the setting sun

I mount my motorcycle  
start the engine  
ride away  
the awesome beauty  
caresses my soul

180624

17:44

I stand at the door  
the threshold, pause  
then enter

I am in the womb  
the soft words  
the slow live music  
peace comes  
unannounced  
it is here

embracing calling  
gently  
drawing me in  
cleansing massaging my soul

I drift above the waves  
early morning of the  
perpetually rising sun

Flowing drifting peacefully  
quiet love  
caresses  
healing my  
always restless

soul and  
active body

180701

11:22

I am moving  
farther and farther  
out of bounds

Going where few have  
gone riding on  
many horses

You can't catch me  
not beginning now

The ones who can  
catch up are young  
but it will be decades  
before they can even  
taste my dust

180722  
16:57

Each day I go  
to work on my motorcycle  
in the space between  
the commercial storage sheds

I go early in the morning  
until the sun rises over  
the mountains  
and over the sheds  
to the east

I work until the  
sun vanquishes all  
shade between the  
sheds and heats  
up the black asphalt

Later in the day  
I see the shadows  
growing on the east  
of the sheds

I go and work  
until the shadows  
turn to dark  
and end my work

Out the small window  
of my jail cell  
I watched the sun  
on the telephone poles  
  
cast shadows on the ground  
sundials

No clocks in jail  
it is important

that time is hidden  
and the cells  
remain cold

Disorientation and shivering  
keep the monkeys  
lethargic

But the shadows were my  
friends – I knew the time  
as I checked their place  
when food was served

all I had to do was  
keep warm  
by wearing all my  
prison clothes

180722

17:27

The poems  
that I crafted  
in fountain pen and ink

More appear  
from within my very old  
friends the pencils

The greasy ink  
allows me to write  
too fast and therefore  
scribble my words

The pencils drag  
and make it harder  
to scribble scratch  
my thoughts

180722

17:30

The motorcycle  
my motorcycle  
calls me

In January  
chasing an ad  
I first saw her

In the grassless yard  
your black and chrome body  
leapt into my heart  
a part of my soul  
came home

who knows for how long  
you waited for me  
since your birth in 1986

You are the Honda Shadow  
1986 was also the year  
of my freedom  
from the Snake

Here it is July  
6 months I caressed and stroked you  
I had no idea how  
abused you were

I did not know  
except step by step  
as I healed one wound  
then saw the next

I made you well I thought  
whole enough to be  
dependable

But time and time again  
I was wrong

Each healing  
    only lasted a day  
        as the next wound  
            appeared

I worked my way  
    through your disease  
        until the last puzzle  
            was all alone

From the gas tank  
    to the carburetor  
        fuel line fuel pump  
            filter

I fixed  
    but not the problem  
        again, again, again, again

I am not  
    a mechanical doctor  
        just a marginally  
            trained mechanical medic

Your illness  
    stranded me over  
        and over again and again

but I endured  
    until I hit a wall  
        weeks ago  
            and had to leave  
                you alone

I needed the freedom  
    of your rides  
        the healing  
            of your movement



the vibration of  
your sound

but the dark gang  
was blocking me  
or my angels  
knowing the time  
was not yet

Then I saw  
your older brother 1983  
a ravaged  
crippled veteran  
with a  
resilient soul

I saw its un-paneled guts  
I saw the fuel's path  
from tank to carb

I was entranced  
I followed the line  
over and over

I absorbed the message  
the lessons  
I saw the errors  
I imprinted  
all on my brain

I let a few days  
process what I saw  
I fixed your disease  
in my mind  
again and again

I was about to give  
you over to a hired  
professional

when I saw the light  
but I was weak  
6 months  
so much time  
so much work  
so much progress  
  
but still a diseased  
motor bike

I had even run  
an ad giving you  
an open door to leave  
but no responses

Three days ago  
you were fixed

and yesterday  
I called the '83 owner  
to give him \$40  
he did not request

as a token of my appreciation  
for his lessons and  
knowledge

Now you wait  
in your storage space

when the sun rises  
I will take you  
on the street

Up to the foothills  
to prove you are  
well

So many months of successful  
healing this or that  
but not your whole  
that weight is loaded  
still in my memory

Yet all my euphoria  
my hopes and dreams  
and visions of  
freedom  
six months ago

try to awaken  
but I am damaged

I have climbed  
the mountain  
that you are

I am at the top  
I am ready to fly

I am ready to purge my soul

I know you are well  
I know our energies  
will merge  
driving the coming  
ride

I have healed you  
now you will heal me

But my disease  
and remnants  
are 7 decades

7 decades  
that have bent  
me over

The wind  
will do its work  
your vibration  
will shake

off the decades  
of scum

The healing comes  
the sun and sky  
the mountain  
the high desert

The Land of Enchantment  
accepts me  
and prepares

to baptize me  
and give me its power

its essence  
my life

my destiny

my power

my strength

my energy

my rest

my rebirth

180724

03:50

The clearing comes  
the things of my youth  
and young adulthood  
family kids wife  
all far behind  
me now

The freedom  
of a life without  
debates or discussions  
about the day week or years

The feeling of weightlessness  
clear sailing the universal  
waves of infinity

I emerge clean and clear  
all those past things  
a fading dreamscape

how strange it feels  
to be so detached  
from the me that  
used to be

The giving to the thankless  
the wasted love on the apathetic

180726

10:12

Two watches  
on my desk

\$20 gold band  
\$20 cloth band

There are clocks  
in my every room  
no need for a wrist watch  
inside

When out I go  
I make a choice  
gold or cloth  
errands or work

My cell phone  
always has perfect time  
but it is in my pocket  
and not  
easy as to twist  
my wrist

And there in the mechanics  
of the moving hands  
is time

190726  
1018

Sitting in  
my straight back chair  
boat captain's hat  
soft cotton  
on my head

Hands clasped on my lap  
eyes closed  
I am remembering  
my motorcycle  
ride last evening

Sailboat motorcycle horseback bicycle  
the magic carpets  
of peace  
me alone traveling  
the earth  
sun wind  
heat sky  
endless roads

My body caressed  
my mind in the  
starry heavens

Body mind soul  
peace-ing alone

180726

10:26



Burn marks

stains paint cuts  
old nails

and sweat from  
who knows how many  
humans

spilled drinks

all create a history  
on this old oak  
saloon table

The silent memories

it holds  
the conversations  
the emotions  
impossible  
to extract

Together they are a chorus  
an incredible mix  
of many humans  
who have sat  
at this table

Here it is that I write

180728

03:21

JOAN BAEZ

Our hands touch  
as our eyes meet  
and I see  
the life we did  
not live

I have no regrets  
we have each done well alone  
in crowds

The hourglass is close to empty  
the end of our dreamscapes near

I am glad for the traveling  
I am glad for the  
moment

This moment is forever  
together I would have  
been your slave  
and that would  
have not been  
regretful

180728  
20:15

Oh Joan

in these late years  
you attach completely  
to my soul

your voice drills  
into my being  
I am paralyzed

I am frozen in time  
in awe

I ran from you  
so many years ago  
you angered me  
I have no  
understanding  
now

why was it so then?

I must avoid  
the internet  
Youtube is saturated  
with your ever  
smiling face

I cannot breathe  
you infest all the air  
I cannot move  
I can only listen  
a bug pinned  
to a screen

In my mind

all I hear is

why was I not there

In truth

I had no choice

Had I met you then

my life would

have been over

All things would have stopped

memories and memories

of other times

choking smoke

Right now

Right now

I seem to know

but reject

that you will pass away

With the same energy

you entered

and I will

have missed

every real

moment

of you

180731

19:38

