

Dr John WorldPeace JD

# *Haiku 2019*

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

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First Hardcopy Edition 2020

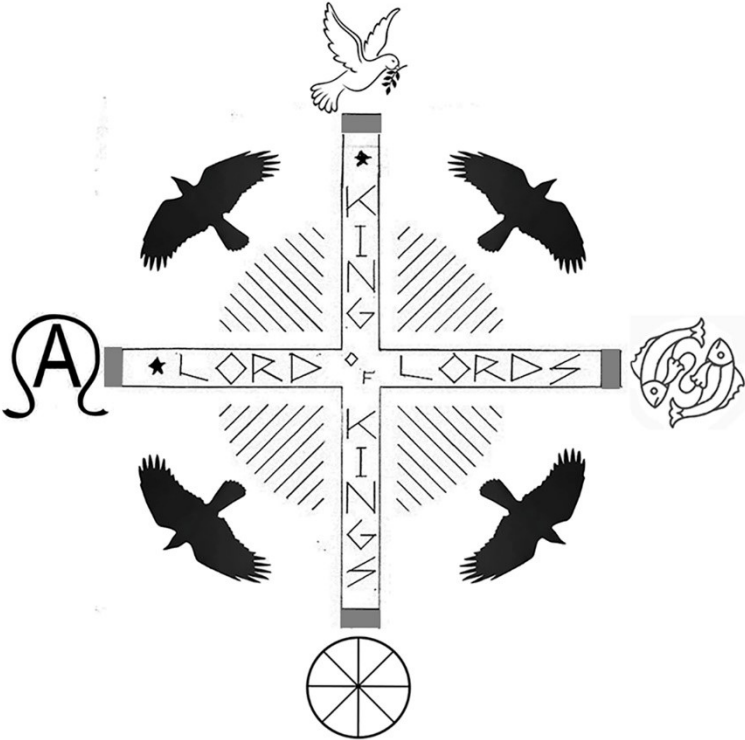
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ISBN:

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ACKNOWLEDGMENT  
JESUS CHRIST

I am a Spiritual Christian, not a Corporate Bureaucratic Christian. I absolutely believe in the Resurrection. I absolutely believe in the following words of Jesus because I believe in Hebrews 8:10-11. *“Ask and it will be given you, seek and you will find, knock and it will be opened to you. For everyone who asks receives, he who seeks finds and to those who knock it will be opened.”* Mt 7:7 *“If you have the faith the size of a mustard seed, you will say to the mountain move and it will move. Nothing will be impossible for you.”* Mat 17:20. *“Truly, truly I say to you, if you believe in me you will do the works I do and greater works will you do because I go to the Father. Whatever you ask in my name I will do it for the greater glory of the Father through the son. Whatever you ask in my name I will do it”* Jn 14:12 | We write our individual and group script in life. The Book of Revelation is a false book of a doom and gloom future set in stone and I reject it because it is contrary to the teaching of Jesus above and because in my day to day life I am a witness to the truth of the above scripture. We are presently living the beliefs and actions of the world human society in the past. Dr Jwp JD 190829



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001. I scribble ink lines  
on paper. thoughts just me them  
peace caresses me
002. I write on church wood  
red and gray on bleached white wood  
small words on small wood
003. One line poems I write  
Haiku as well too for you  
Word paintings that's all
004. I am floating peace  
my body wants to eat now  
I want to drift drift
005. There goes another  
thought racing too fast away  
I failed to capture
006. A shot of whiskey  
not a craving just passing  
need. to do it kiss it

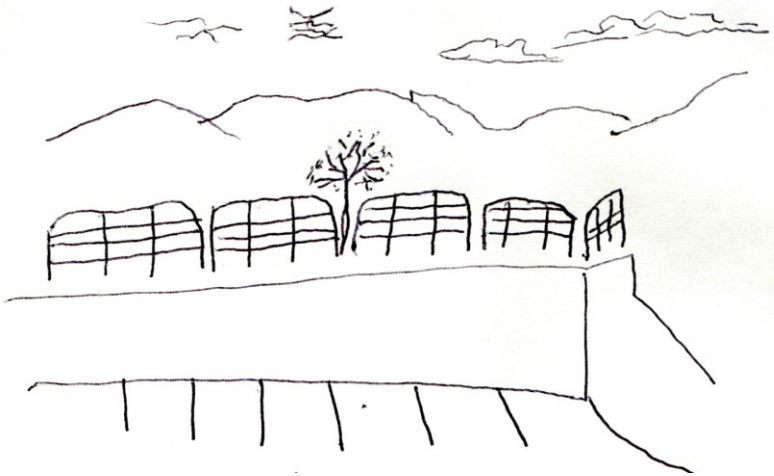
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007. Sitting backward on  
my motorcycle cool breeze  
drawing trees rocks



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008. The steel fence open  
just a clean design white cream  
between me and there



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009. Death is an old lie  
a worn out body laying down  
a conscious wonder
010. Night light lit park lots  
buildings lit and shadowed dark  
passage between cold
011. I sniff the pot smoke  
not mine ever never mine  
dulling clouding smoke
012. Board games he and she  
passing time nothing moments pain  
for me the connects
013. Fuzzy language all  
we hear the thoughts not the words  
miscommunication
014. Breasts bulging milk white  
I cannot hear the face talk  
my mind is hooked fast
015. In my house much time  
on every wall a round face  
I see my life pass
016. The hands of heavy  
work firm soft smooth touching me  
the warmth flows sex waves
017. Piles of black roses  
dead body upturned dirt damp  
ritual buried



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018. Canary bird singing  
yellow flitting calling listen  
the echo another
019. Cleopatra love  
can you ride her up and down  
with her bit in your mouth  
> and reins in her teeth <
020. My freedom smiles me  
I forgot my bliss is my  
prison sentence struck
021. Let me write some Hai-  
ku for you to allow you  
too cool down your mind
022. From 912 to  
937 I took po-et-tree  
2 abstract express
023. Creativity  
on steroids, I am right now  
without stimulants
024. Who do you know now  
whoever wrote Haiku like  
I twist and bend it
025. I have entered  
your contest game jet washed it  
with supreme I AM

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026. I am wondering  
if to take my Haiku to  
the last petal Z
027. Oh now I have crea-  
ated Haiku petals when  
petals just made new
028. I love to dance at  
cosmic speeds infinitely flash  
meaning fast away
029. Haiku petals R  
millennium poetry  
not third but four TH
030. My eyes won't focus  
my brain struggles with writing  
I am far away
031. I sat down 2 write  
scribble to the thou-sand-th  
end it me and down came these
032. My one-line petals  
morphed into 3 line Haiku  
from bloated petals
033. I have ripped O-  
pen the belly of Haiku  
from bloated petals
034. I have given I  
can't back I can no intent  
to undo Haiku

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035. My mind demands sleep  
the silent clock ticks in my ear  
I am now open
036. The savage civil-  
ization is possessed of  
the power of possessions
037. The growling tiger  
on conquering many is hate  
red incurable
038. The earth the mother  
the breast and blood that manifests  
all is not cherished
039. The geese move across  
the sky south then north sailing  
man grounded killing
040. Fields flower colors  
no interest in man.ignored  
war comes beauty dies
041. My old teddy bears  
released.now watching over me  
in my writing room
042. The day was bone cold  
the snow moisture rides down the  
cold to much colder
043. I long to return  
to my easels to paint bliss  
to kiss bliss away

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044. My books are soldiers  
and angels-teaching loving  
light all times solid
045. Never in history  
has man made war on the earth  
true insanity
046. The earth is man's whore  
he sells her gold silver  
earth erases man
047. When the time arrives  
will we eat parents.children  
first how much a pound
048. You will not eat your  
children you say. yours or oth-  
ers – Difference is ?
049. How will we value  
children meat - sex.age.color  
what will we barter?
050. In a survival  
society only power  
has any true value
051. I do not write much  
about women anymore  
when did that happen?
052. Be strong in your pas-  
sion walk deliberately  
your path of living

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053. The bells of glass ting  
the ting ling of blowing steel  
the windmill turning
054. The builders of dirt  
leave grass over scars flowing a-  
cross the sacred earth
055. A million candlelights  
burn colored was with fire string  
empty bowl thirsty
056. Invisible winds  
bend limbs rustle leaves fallen  
play songs everywhere
057. Clouds white red yellow  
sunrise sunset carousel  
spherical spinning
058. Each and all of each  
gather in clustering spheres  
many voices sing
059. The seashells record  
the ocean waves moving sand  
of pulverized shells
060. Flags and banners  
wave above zealous isolation  
elite exclusion
061. Highwaymen travel  
the world on freeways waterways  
under sun and moon

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062. Death is a used up  
    life among lives not finished  
        quick flipping pages
063. Hearts of trees first ring  
    life of trees all other rings  
        death forever rings
064. Masterpiece of man  
    my brain thinks it is the heart  
        emotions keeper
065. Beads strung on leather  
    beads free on the floor run run  
        beads dead in a jar
066. I hold fast my plan  
    my body mind rebels at mo-  
        ronic work on path
067. The focus on small  
    art like short concise Haiku  
        clear intent on words
068. The universe of  
    orbs sun planets in orbits  
        concentric sameness
069. I scan my inner  
    vision around writing it  
        drawing obsession
070. The art of wording  
    visions – to show others  
        who cannot believe

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071. Poems are bad grammar  
squishy communications  
defy clarity
072. Poems demand talking  
outside suffocating box-  
es moving loosely
073. Poems petals Haiku  
3 roads artsy tongue speaking  
my domains to share
074. Exploding the poem  
conservatism crooked  
structures deconstruct
075. Haiku 5 7 5  
no other rules – beauty ugly  
another facet
076. Sonnets bolts nuts beams  
exploded passion beauty  
pasted on torture
077. The landscape moonlit  
is surreal like the sun dimmed  
outside the city
078. 40 lines of poem  
is too much for me – I stop  
my patience ended
079. Telescope stars planets  
galaxies of stars comets  
universes missed

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080. Against the night sky  
rests the sugar-dusted ridge  
shining melting snow
081. The slick bay between  
tides – gulls above feeding trout  
cast one line hook two
082. The tide all out far  
the pass still water resting  
gulf side shells in mud
083. Old man strolls the beach  
memories decades ago  
wrong choices dead now
084. Clear night John Deere pull-  
ing corn – filling trailer with  
big ears golden corn
085. Summer night-dogs running  
coons up a tree two knocked down  
15 dogs coon fight
086. Out of bed sweet water  
over the sink moonlit roses  
no breeze owl in tree
087. In the stands 2000  
30 cal machine guns on line  
firing orange tracers
088. Ft Polk 70  
2 thousand a week to Nam  
hard killers going



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