

Dr John WorldPeace JD
Poems 2019

WorldPeace Poems

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Dr John WorldPeace JD Poetry
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The fireworks sound
The cold cold wind
blows hard

2019 has begun
God and Jesus
bless

A New Age has now begun

190101
00:05

I like to buy small things
Amazon & Ebay
New and inexpensive
Old and mispriced
one of a kind

The internet is my store

My grandmother bought small things too
Garage sales, Goodwill
Thrift stores
unique Ebay things

She got to visit around
I just want to shop
not visit

I like small things
many can go in a small box
I don't want to be held
down by big things
hard to store
harder to move

I used to go to the mall for instant gratification
not now – I like getting mail
weekly – I like the sights
and touch of things
hold stroke store

strange I like to walk around
in nature just looking
smelling

peace-ing

190104

20:49

The really cold weather
imprisoned me

New Year's day
snowing and really
cold for a week

The snow blocked
my window view of the mountains

I was free in the sun today
went to the store – walked

dropped by to see my motorcycle
1986 Honda Shadow 700
Mine for a year running
for only 3 months
reliably

It was cold not cranked in a week
Gas on choke open ignition on
throttle switch on
start – it did

I sat there running it
feeling the vibration
its life

low pop pop pop
a sound of yesterday

Just sitting there I decided to ride
one small lap around the
storage shed next isle over

Immediately the cold
made its presence known
I remember why I
have not ridden

One lap will be quite enough

In the home stretch
downhill – I cut the engine
coast turn stop in
front of the storage door

Put myself in the special position
so I can roll forward 500 pounds
gas off –

In I go kick stand down
get off – key out
hang behind the door
red lock on the clutch

15 minutes of riding the big vibrator
that helps me go into
spiritual space

active meditation

enough for this day
back to the
house

Next thing engaged

190104
11:02

Thanksgiving and Christmas came

I did not let them in

Thanksgiving was easy
just a day

Christmas avoidance

was easier with a week plus
of cold weather and snow

I stayed inside

worked on work
worked on cutting
off the past –

This morning

I return to my vocation
back to making
money

My 7th operation

a fix for my nose broken
63 years ago
on the school playground

I can breathe

I can now sleep

6 weeks ago

I reached out to Wolter family remnants
with an 18 page letter
no response
no surprise

My children
 bundled together
 a cancer
 of 47 years
 cut out
 isolated
 my choice

So much peace now
 days full of selfishness
 and freedom of choice
 and peace –

I have many years left
 much I want to do
 no considerations
 for anyone

One good friend Bernie
 who has a life
 our separate worlds
 intersect just enough –

190107
06:48

The monarchs
are on their path
to extinction –

They are on the human list
to be exterminated

Their Black and Orange beauty
of no value
in a materialistic world

The earth becomes more drab each day

One day soon
the last one will die
then we will not
discuss them anymore

Is anyone going to be even
marginally affected by the
lack of Monarchs
NO

Human beings are a deadly virus
-in the Christian Garden of Eden

I nurtured back to life
an old passion flower vine

I am sure it was
25 years old

I trained it like
grapes

Then one day the
Gulf Fritillary butterflies
found it and began
to lay eggs

In a month or two
there were 5 or more new
butterflies

the passion vine
began to be overeaten
I could not kill
the caterpillars
to maintain
the passion vine

Overnight the passion flower
was debilitated
and the birds more easily
saw the butterflies
and caterpillars

In a few weeks
no passion flower
no caterpillars
no butterflies no birds

I was sad
I wanted to do nothing
but maintain
what I had created

so much beauty
so little time –

190108

10:41

On the video

I watch

Vietnam Vets
living alone in the woods
trying to come back
from the war

I watch
the movie
the Martian
about a stranded
astronaut
12+ times now

The isolation
is attractive
because I am living the same

I am not lost
I have much to do
and my home/office
is more than
comfortable

All that is of value to me
is in this place
my motorcycle in a shed
150 feet away

I have many projects
and I move from
one to the other
never bored

I rest in the silence
the city is outside
the door

The mountains and open area
3 miles to the East

I am not living
isolated in the woods
or on the beach

I can go out
and interact
with the busy chaos
and I can turn it off
tune it out
by returning home

I always enjoyed my solitude
enjoyed being around people
who left me alone

This place
all places
a wonder

I am connected
my atoms
to all the rest

It they I breathe life
this dreamscape

Drifting

Outside this night
The Blood Wolf Moon
above –
The earth shadow
moves across its
face –

Interesting
Celestial event
dominating the sky
250,000 miles away

but the moon
is crystal clear
from earth in
the night sky

The quiet
In my book closet
at the old saloon table
my father's father's
when he was alive

I can feel the dominoes
being played
and the sweat of the
cold beers flowing
onto the table
on a hot
Texas night

Grandfather Uncle Father and one other

I watch the game
the heat is stifling
deer heads on 3 walls
otherwise a barren room

I watch
without thinking

alone in my thoughts
interested in the experience
60 years ago
like yesterday

190120
20:36

REBIRTH AT 70

For some reason, this nasal job was transforming
Not like a blind person gaining sight, but close
For 63 years I have had limited breathing and breathing is life
I cannot explain
I did not expect it
 I feel renewed, a level of clear energy that I have not
 felt in a very long time

I had to go get the mail yesterday on my motorcycle
The day was crystal clear
Snow all over the mountains
 and a gusty wind that was invigorating but not chilling
The power of that bike
The experience was close to the best experience I have had
 since coming here to New Mexico
 7 years ago
 The experience I expected to have when I came here
It was a spiritual moment
Things are going to move very fast now
It is interesting to me that there was this unique
Blood Wolf eclipse of the Moon Sunday night
 a good omen I think

I feel free of the past
The burden of my sluggish unloving children
 and their children has been abandoned
The obligation of my parents gone with their old age dying
I can fly now

190122

It is midnight
and the morning comes
after 3 hours of sleep
I live two half days
in each 24 hours

It has been so long
since I could live one day
in one night and one day

Mostly I stay tired
never fully rested
I need a caffeine pill
when I wake
to clear my head
maybe a coffee

Nothing to make me sleep

The simplest things
hold me in awe
in the dreamscape
trapped in this
bio-container

I am 70, many of my peers
are already dead
others waiting for their container
to fail and set them free

For some
long marriages
ended in survival
and aloneness
for which they did not
prepare

I will die on the run
breathing deeply of

this dreamscape

And death

just a stroll

from room to

infinite numbers

of other finite

rooms

Everything is a wonder

and I cannot get enough

surprise and awe

190123

00:29

Sophie

Rachel's visiting
African Grey

She is always
watching me
a demand she has
that I be visually available
so I move
her cage
to please

She is infinitely
curious about me
She comes and goes
now and then

She is a living presence
real life in my
space of inanimate objects
curious to me is she

The simplicity of her life
Her only demand
is not to be alone

She has no concept
of how long she stays
she comes she goes
her mother my friend
is present or not

She does not think
about yesterday
or tomorrow
or even today
only now-

Death is unknown to her

She gives life
to this place
a second heartbeat

190123
02:19

Many years ago
when I was a boy of 16
my grandfather and mother
my mother's parents
lived next door

One day I saw grandfather sitting
on a picnic table bench
feeding a squirrel pecans
facing him from
the other end

I took a picture
1965
he was 65

There is another
picture years later
he was sitting
on a white swing
on my back patio
my oldest son
close to him

A glimpse at that time
of a future
family that would not
fully develop

I was and am
different from my children
a wild and crazy guy
one who does all kinds
of senseless things
in their mind
skewed by their womb

I was away walking a path
of a dead man in another
dimension
seen by others
but invisible
just the same

This morning I awoke
the snow on the ground
as my iPhone predicted

I am still on that
very same path

The furrows
of that road
still solid

it runs
through
almost 71 years now

I am 6 years older
than that old man
I pictured long ago

so many visions
I never really engaged in
just passing by
always passing by

a wild creature
on my way to a place
far away
in the future

All the things
I tried to plant
mostly still there
but not tethered to me
or me to them

The path the path
always my path

I cannot see the end
no matter how far
and hard I look

It does not matter
it is the life's journey
not the end
somewhere far away
that matters

I trust the path
I trust the one
who set me on it

No one else really mattered
I had hopes
but the life of those hopes
was something
I could
never fully
embrace

because it gave me
nothing much

The last few days
I have covered some
difficult ground
I was beaten up
but kept moving

My body traumatized
my mind in a deep fog

As per always
I kept and keep moving on

190219
06:39

I always accumulated
worthless things
that caught my eye
my reality

an old lonely cup
the last of a set of dishes
new at some point
how many lip impressions
on this old cup
beautiful blue

Then while away in jail
I came back to find
most of my little things
long gone

My mother in her growing insanity
considered them trash
and thought they were hers
and got rid of them

not the really important things
just the trash
that attached to me

It was that mean streak
she always had
that surfaced
now and then

My life moves on
strong my battered heart beats

Just another dust off
I am remembering
another transition

another small saga
in a long life

Me and others
and dust off
as I move along

It makes me smile
those little goodbyes
those little
sadnesses

I take a deep sigh
and blow the memory
aside

190219
06:50

The pen runs dry
the blue ink gone

I look at two choices
blue again
or brown again

I doubt a reader would
notice my choice
of brown now
instead of blue

Just a tiny change
in a life of changes

It is art
that has recorded
a life

changes in changes

just a very subtle
message

Life always moves
forward or back
always always
moving on

190219
06:56

I made a mental note
I will buy a bottle
of green ink today

The other day
I looked for some leather
string
to add beads to
my WorldPeace wand

None-

I could not get to the
craft store

I had much to do

At days end
I looked again
at what I have

and what I thought
I needed was there

as I expected
what I had seen in my mind
tiny bone skulls dangling from

the head of my 30 year old wand
more little life groups
memorialized without
any words

Just ten more passages
 come and passed
 without notice
 no words

just tiny bone skulls
 dot...dot...dot

 and away
 I return

190219
07:09

Outside the winter snow
has fallen
and keeps descending
from cloudy sky
to cold ground

This is a real Winter
this year

a normal Winter
I think

I will be locked in today
another day but
cozy

and warm

I put energy to my body
as it leaks out over
this power

and soon poured
into my computer

words – words – words
typed scribble – scratch

190219
07:00

Life is a series of
windows and doors
rooms of darkness
and light

Who knows what
this place is
this dimension
this reality

Who knows what is in
the room next door
to this one

I find it interesting
and forever I have
joyed in
exploring

This is my uncountable
trillion visit to this dreamscape

For infinity
I have been infinitely
exploring the infinite
The Boundless Infinite Oneness

190316
08:58

The Lord does indeed
work in mysterious ways
the lessons of the soul
are always in
the language of
riddles and
parables

This is so that no one
can carve the words in
stone with certainty

They are for each
and not for all

Each soul is on its own
and so the parables
are laid by the road
to be picked up
and contemplated
by those who
need them

Life's experiences
are also parables
because this is a dreamscape
finite and mortal

190320

Sorting poems
for publication

Memories of 1987
hack at my arms
one by one

Deep emotions
of love
recorded

for blind
eyes and
deaf ears

I never found her
I was writing
to the spirit
that did not
inhabit the body
before me
the thoughts of someone
in my mind
but not in my heart

I will shortly
be out of 1987

Into 1988
when children returned to me

and I found them
a mother
an angelic person

But not love
not for me
and that was ok then
she was for my
children not for me

190330

14:30

In a few weeks

I will be 71

My life has been

full because

I scripted it full

My children were wasted energy

a pack of unremarkable

feral days

with hyena blood

Have I lost my family

No you cannot lose

what you never had

Long ago I quit caring

the kind of love I had to give

was totally rejected

I married the wrong womb

to inject my seed

Today Rachel

who came with me to New Mexico

Rachel who was a wild

abused animal

who I thought

would never overcome

her past

Today I saw

a light that I thought

never would

ever be

We began as lovers
different species
dog and cat

But today
I saw something
experienced something
I thought would
be completely
denied me
in this life

Through the 8 years
we did have one thing
in common

experience and understanding
of the metaphysical
truth of human life
the truth
of spirit above
flesh and bone

She has been in Peru
with her husband
for 6 months

and I have taken care
of Sophie Rachel's red and grey
African Grey

She brought me
a hand made necklace
a string of crystal beads
a sea lion's tooth
from Peru

The intrinsic value limited
but a gift from

her heart
a personally made
personal gift

into which she gave much
consideration

The first and only gift
since Christmas as a child
that I have received
as a true gift of love

She has made other things
that I cherish but
I dictated those

These gifts she came to on her own

I feel complete now
I have a daughter
I always wanted
she was a no fit as a wife

And I am stunned
unable to fully
comprehend

But a knowing
that today is the
first day of the
rest of my life

I am thankful

I am blessed

maybe one day I will be

able to speak the above to her

I doubt she will ever chance to read

this public message

190405

09:26

A day for endings
disconnect
Rachel
married now

I must free myself
I have returned
enough to the past
in conversations

I don't want to go
there anymore

Nothing to be gained
much less enjoyed

Her life just day to day

Same each day an adventure
exciting being alive

The world is so full of
the walking dead
zombies lost
and mindless

I have much that excites me
much to much to do

190407

14:57

My life is a distant run
to places that few
dare to venture

or have the passion
to venture
or the energy

For many years -
a breakthrough
in my self-proclaimed
destiny

brought storms
and heavy rain
unusually bad weather
always seems to be
connected to
significant change
in my life

This was so in Texas
Now in New Mexico
where rain seldom falls

It is the heavy wind
that has replaced
the rain

Today the wind
has created a fog
of dust

and as windy as it is
the wind is going
to gust to 70 MPH

Strange to see
feel the wind
blow dirt
the same
as it blows
the wind

And today
something has changed
within me
I cannot describe
or explain it

But surely
things have
changed

When Jesus died
a great storm
occurred

No one gives much
thought to this
connection

I have heard
but never verified
that many battles
occur in severe heavy weather

190410
10:38
April soon evening
the wind is chill

the Sun setting

the yellow fire in space
the chill wind on earth

I ride my motorcycle
to its shed
glad I do not have

to take time to
feed her like
biological horses
I have owned

The days on grandfather's farm
coming home from long walks
as the sun sets

Same same here
at 71. Same Same
but 900 miles
Northwest
in ABQ, NM

The evenings just the same
6 decades down the road of life

I wish I could
come home to my grandparents
but not

this earth
and death owns
everyone

But I feel
the presence
of many long gone
friends and kin

I will never
tire of the returning to
memories from long ago

My home is very still
very quiet
no noise pollution
my space

Peace reigns
in my cubic space

Peace

190413

19:58

Sandra Lyn Morris First Wife Womb of my children
a/k/a the Snake

The young man
of my earlier life

realized my solitary
nature early on

yet conformity
society and role models

dictated wife
and children

who could never
understand
the most
basic truths
of my LIFE

So long, so very long
I suffered
their ignorance
sloth, stupidity
and hate

Their reality
still infests
my body mind
and soul

My inner being
carried the
black tattoo
of their void
individuality
and as the
Clan of the Snake

I honored
my commitments
to the children
of my body
to the threshold
of their adulthood

But the womb
by which
they entered
this reality

is an alien weed
of little redeeming
value

whose stench
of rotted
meat
nauseates
me still

32 years away –

Only the ashes of
the cremation
of her physical reality

can dissipate
her evil stench
still resident beneath
my skin-

190415
02:30

I do not like
to drink
out of yesterday's
glass

Water carries
energy
easily

because it is the
source of all
life on earth

So each day
I begin with
a clean glass
of fresh
water

untainted
by yesterday's
darkness-

Today has
enough challenges
on its own
coming

190415
03:22

The bitter
taste of lemon
reminds me of
the darkness
within
my being

It also cleanses
and it deals
with the
shortcomings
of being me

I thank God
for the lesson
of a clean
glass
and the juice
of the tangy
drops of
lemon

190415
03:27

World War One
holds me fast

It was the end
of naivety
about war

The first modern war
that woke up
humanity

Those who fought
in the trenches
know a Hell
of endless
days

or merciless
slaughter

Just young
men dying
senseless deaths

my memory of me then
a strike German officer
twenty-two
riding my biplane
straight into the earth
instant death

the ride was blissful
a righteous end for a soldier

But that war was not enough

It took another war
And it took an atomic bomb
to send a wake up call

to the entire world human society

To open their
ears

and let them glimpse
Hell on earth

Hell fire
and damnation
that had been
set free

It is 2019
and we have
yet to reconcile
atomic death
by fire

The unleashed
radiation
of another
dimension

190415
03:40

I edit

a lifetime of poems
2000 +/-

50 years

an emotional autobiography
in metaphysical poems

I am disconnected

from the emotions
of long ago

I am

confused and ungrounded
reading and editing

I am discouraged

as I read the
hack job
of the few
past typists

How can

someone be so ignorant
of knowing
that poetry
must be typed
as written

No interpretation
no editing

Because of this
careless typing
a small job
of editing
is now a chore

I am determined
this time
I will follow through
until all the poems are
self-published

I am less
than halfway

190416
02:45

The old creator
slow walks to the grocery
at peace on a blue sky day
weaving among the
fronts and backs of
buildings

Short ones, restaurants
a vet, washeteria
a tall office rental
two stories

The dumpster today
has 3 outdoor propane heaters
in the shape of tall thin
pyramids

Just last year they were new
now they are used up
sentinels next
to the dumpsters

All are missing pieces
but altogether

One good unbent
unbroken one can be made
from the parts

the frames
not the guts
that made the heat

The old creator
saw wooden panels
on all four sides

A masterpiece
created from found

commercial art
that was a
heater

The old creator
should have owned a junkyard
of damaged metal

not an insurance man
accountant tax consultant lawyer

An old truck
driving around

looking for hidden art
in plain sight

A disposable society
with abundance
everywhere

Fixing broken things
like people did in the 1920s
and 1930s when everyone
had nothing

The old creator's muse
broken things
that could be
put back together

Evolved into art
peaceful things
beautiful things

metaphors of old things
now art – the same thing

13:06

Four days to 71
such a small number
representing such a long time

The living children
who are dead
and live apart away

their energy
not missed

not at all

Just regrettable memories
that never
had any place
to reside
inside me

Who they are now
is not something
I give any thought to

I created and launched
their bodies that's all
Who they are
has never been a part of me

190420
13:14

What is a poem?

It is just a thought
that evolves on paper
with ornaments
of phases

that are tricky
like “the big nothing”

It is an interesting
thought to maybe one day
to focus
intensely

on making each
poem more than
it ever was

The ancient thought
manipulated by
the experience
that is age
seniority

white hair

190420

13:20

All my volumes of poems
99.9% handwritten
with fountain pens
pencils ballpoint pens

originally on scraps of paper

over the years evolved
to 8" x 10" yellow
sometimes white paper

They are leaves
dropped from
a growing tree

the same tree
thousands of leaves
each year
cast down

And on a very small percentage
the art of writing
on paper

like paint on canvas

A life is in part just leaves
the art of thoughts about some things

190420

13:28

Today is April 24, 2019
71 years since I was
born into the dimension

190424

My body
is a biological machine

and when it wears down
I must sleep

Then rise again

and continue
my lifelong
journey

190427
02:19

The old Birthday card
you gifted me
17 years ago

fell out of
one of the old ring binders
of poems
from long ago

I am now a solitary man
more by choice than fate

and my 71st birthday
last week was
me and one true friend

I used to hate birthday events
especially mine

Your card
took me back
to a sterilized
memory of you

memories of limited joys
birthday protocols
without any love
I could truly feel

Old birthday cards
a gift that keeps
on giving

Empty sterilized
memories of a
touch of love