

Dr John WorldPeace JD

Complete Poems 2025

Free Verse Poems  
2025

America has been  
hi-jacked  
by Donald Trump

and that is not  
a good thing

250104-0252

In a few months

I will be 77  
the age of my  
mother's father  
when he died

He was in bad health  
most of the last  
half of his life

But I at 76  
feel as well  
as I did in  
my early 50's

I had a heart attack  
at 49 and I had  
to slow down  
a bit for  
several years

But I refused  
the by-pass

and contrary to my  
heart doctor  
I did not soon die  
but lived another 19 years  
before I had to have  
a by-pass

That was 9 years ago  
and I still feel  
in my 50s

At 8  
I thought  
I would live  
to 150  
and at 76  
I still believe that

I have studied  
death all my life  
and have benefited  
from medical advances  
that have moved forward  
rapidly all my life

The belief  
now by science  
is that our DNA  
is programmed  
by telomeres  
to last only  
about 80 years

I don't deny  
the science  
I just don't  
believe it  
applies to me

And that belief  
is wired hard and fast  
in my spiritual  
consciousness

250111-0013

The morning  
is 70 degrees  
no wind  
clear blue skies

Trump is  
a bull in  
a china shop

His anger  
about everything  
manifest  
everywhere

He is moving  
so fast  
I expect  
him to be  
run over  
by his own train  
of chaotic change

250121-0856

I took your picture  
and stopped  
your aging

And saved you  
for your grandchildren  
who you may never see

and further along  
in time  
grandchildren  
you will definitely  
never know

You in this moment  
are forever  
memorialized

In time  
I will not be  
the one  
showing your image  
around

250129-0555

I saw

you light up  
when we  
passed by  
~ by chance it was

I downloaded

all that you  
opened up  
to me  
and I thought  
you were a  
petite queen  
from another realm  
~ dimension

You are still with me

my world for  
now common  
and plain  
you are ascending  
into joy  
from heaven

You are still with me

I will begin to  
go out more  
and more  
and look for  
others to smile  
at my passing

And I will

be happy remembering  
that my old man  
passed you by  
and you kissed  
me with  
your bliss

250215-1844

My life

is about  
to pass over  
the bend  
in the road

At 76

a new life  
begins to  
reveal itself  
just around the bend

I have been here before

but younger  
with more energy

but less understanding  
of pleasure  
when it  
touches me  
and caresses me along  
in its bliss

250115-1849

I find beauty  
in almost  
everything  
everywhere I  
go

But the beauty  
of a blissful  
woman full-on  
exuding  
her fairy  
light

is more special  
than a beautiful  
butterfly removing necture  
from an exquisite  
flower's  
tiny pool

The flower  
Flowing

The butterfly  
merging  
drinking nursing  
on liquid sunlight

250212-1859

I wear my  
worn out clothes  
not from  
unknown others

But my own  
from my  
younger years

that I have  
patched up into  
an item of  
wearable art

and memories  
that are companions still  
as colored cotton  
stitches upon faded  
cotton blue jeans

250215-1917

The sun

has melted

almost all of the

snow from

the mountain peak

I think of all the pain

and pleasure

applied to

my skin

and how

virtually all of it

has gone

The pleasure

and pain

come and gone

healed and

absorbed within

or cast off

I am mortal

I am alive

I endure

as I race

through this life

wondering why life

why this consciousness

passing by

my deeper knowing

This is a day  
I am peacefully flowing  
a day of quiet  
a Sunday  
without church  
alone but not

250216-1351

In a long life

there are many  
troughs  
and as many  
high roads

Some troughs

are so deep  
all you can see  
are high up walls  
and sky

and some

seem like  
mildly rolling  
hills

The nature

of this dreamscape  
is dominated  
by time

You are moved

forward  
toward your end  
no anchors  
or handles  
to grasp  
to slow  
your forward progression

You are always

on a treadmill  
with only a  
forward  
direction

When in a trough

best to sit down  
and as you are  
carried forward

reflect

on where you are  
clear your mind  
define your situation station

Bring on the peace  
and calm

then ask  
Where am I?

Then you  
will know  
what to do  
how to proceed

250217-1111

DENISE

Happy Denise

your smiling face  
at my door

instantly

I am surprised  
happy

Me 50 years

your senior  
but I cannot  
see that  
through my eyes

but you cannot  
miss it through  
yours

I have been

31 and 33  
margins

I don't care

you make me  
happy  
and if I  
did not  
the same  
for you

you -would not

spread your  
arms so wide  
and bring your  
body so  
close

I since then

have determined  
that it is time  
to push  
ahead  
to see if your  
lips will connect  
or  
something more

or less

tomorrow maybe

250222-1921

The preacher man  
said

\$25 to bless him  
dead

How much

did you charge  
to bless him  
while he lived

Says he –

Cant say I  
ever did  
bless him  
alive

I did get

\$10 to come  
to his hospital sickness  
and bless  
him then

And for a couple

of cuts of steak  
across from your  
sister

That blessing

of mine  
I ate for free

250222

I have memories  
of sitting in silence  
with each of my  
grandfathers

Grandfather Wolter  
slow drinking  
his caffeine-free  
Sanka coffee

Grandfather Ellis  
slow drinking  
his scalding hot  
super strong coffee  
stove top boiled

Every time  
I agreed to  
join him  
I would burn my mouth

As an old man now  
as they were then  
I am sorry  
that I did not  
ask them  
questions  
about their lives  
and times  
and their memories  
of their grandfather's  
lives and times as well

When I leave this life  
and re-engage  
with them  
I will immediately  
sit down  
with them  
and continue those  
minimalist  
conversations

250305-0530

while traveling into the  
infinite light

Sitting quietly  
in the first hour  
of the day

The city quiet  
no cars on the street

I reading my  
poetry in peace

Then four shots  
Out of the silence

I dare not go out  
~ I heard no voices  
no cry of pain

I did not  
go out  
or call the  
police

This Land of Enchantment  
is peppered always  
with gunshots  
and other  
city sounds  
in the night

250310-0103

I sit

at this big  
glass top  
writing desk

wondering  
if I should  
insert a  
rhyme or two  
into my just  
stroked poem

I have channeled  
a poem  
from who knows who  
or who knows where  
as it passed by  
through my mind

No corrections  
necessary to these  
channeled poems

no right  
have I to crush it  
with a rhyme

250310-0110

I am 5 weeks  
from 77

channeling poems  
in peace

occupying  
this silent  
night  
flowing  
random thoughts  
onto this  
common green  
steno pad

I begin  
to be at peace  
~ that I had  
recorded some words

that have value  
for some  
others  
later on

250310-0114

The quiet

is my peaceful friend  
in this silent  
night

No companion

have I  
in this space

and I am

glad of it  
concerned  
that I  
find my aloneness  
of significant  
value

I encountered

a woman with  
bright red  
thin greasy  
lips  
she smiled  
and I nodded  
back  
and moved on

Those red  
greasy lips  
are still  
with me

I wonder

if I should  
take on a  
companion

I just cannot

get excited  
about it

If she were

living here  
and I wanted to  
end the conversation

I would not

could not  
just up and  
walk away

to my preferred  
silent space

I no longer value  
sex;  
much less love

from women  
passing by  
or occupying  
some of my  
sanctuary's space

250310-0127

It is nice

to write poems  
slowly

and to consider  
tiny edits

I am interested in

how my handwriting  
changes in  
this process

I am wondering

at its smallness  
at words slowly  
inked  
and not  
scribble scratched

There are times

when I write  
significant words  
in racing scribble  
scratch

my hand  
with a restless  
anxious mind  
of its own  
~ almost angry at writing

Like a horse

beneath me  
I pat her neck  
to calm her down

But it is different

when a muse  
has taken  
over my hand

and writes

with angry  
scratching

A fountain pen

gets respect  
from most muses

So regardless  
of my mood  
I pick up  
one of my  
fountain pens  
to begin

as opposed to a  
cheap Bic pen  
which my  
muses seldom respect

250310-xxxx

As I view

my old and antique  
photographs  
from long ago

I notice some are

blurred and  
I don't  
remember  
that blurriness long ago  
soon after they were  
taken

These in particular

are from an angry  
event  
a forced Christmas  
gathering  
with my  
sister at  
my house

I consider

that over the years  
she has blurred  
these pictures  
with her lingering  
anger

all I can say

is that after  
all the years  
around her  
I really don't  
know much  
about her

I remembered

when my mother  
first showed  
her to me  
but I don't  
remember what  
you looked like

only that you were not

brother

a

and I told my mother  
I wanted a brother  
and walked away

250310-0154

The poems flow  
out of me

I seldom write  
a book of them with  
a theme

My poetry is  
just a endless river  
flowing

and when I have  
about 100 pages  
I determine  
to end the book  
with the end of the month  
I am in

Then open a new  
volume  
such that  
I only have an extended  
body of poems  
in one multi-volume book

250310-0159

I need to be  
writing some political  
peace prose

but I am  
too tired for that  
level of concentration  
right now

So I keep  
to flowing  
these short  
poems  
so as not  
waste these  
irretrievable  
hours  
in the night  
awakened

250310-0202

A shadow comes  
from the past  
~ my cousin  
Linda Ellis

Like many others  
I was too busy  
to communicate  
the pressure to  
keep moving  
on my long  
road ahead  
so far back ago

I have only the pictures now  
She is dead

We were one and two  
on a swing  
and me as usual  
tied down  
in my seat  
with a towel

Oh how many  
missed conversations

I could not see  
I had no time  
to talk  
idly

I was always  
in a hurry  
to get to now  
and beyond

250318-1036

I don't know  
how I can be  
happy  
in a sad life  
but I am

I am smiling  
at the bad times  
because I  
survived

and I am still driven  
by the same heart  
and my same  
intellectual  
brain

I am one of  
a kind  
the kind  
that travels  
through bad times  
mostly apathetic

and later  
remember them  
with a smile

I am a survivor  
my friend  
and there is  
great pride  
in getting up  
and going again  
and then again

Seventy-seven  
comes round  
in a few weeks  
one hundred fifty years  
was my plan

That is what I always  
saw – see

But now I think

there will be more  
than 150 years

I look ahead  
to more sad times  
to survive  
and then to look back again  
and smile  
again

A dusty road is life  
~ is long long

but I find peace  
and happy when  
I am riding  
My Honda Freedom 86  
bought in 2013

Still with me  
almost 77  
am I

250401-2011

That place so far away  
I have been  
looking at  
all my life every day

Is right outside  
my window  
this day

All that  
was spinning round  
has stopped

Time for me  
to step  
out of my past  
and be my  
future  
looking ahead  
not back  
as much

250402-1909

Humans begin  
to line up at 65 years  
to meet their end  
at 70-75-80  
or more

It is programmed  
into the asleep mind  
of the human herd

People who make it  
to the ending door  
some too early  
some afraid  
they will  
miss the calling  
of their name

I am not one  
of them  
As long as  
I am alive

~ I will stay alive  
always always  
pushing more forward  
at the end of  
my time

250403-1210

In this room

is my poetry

my peace my love

In the other room

my committed life

to end

Donald Trump's

time in office

with steel sharp

true words

and my anger

at the dark sides

of this Garden of Eden

250403-0747

Life is full

of various days

from waking in pain

to arising in

peace

The weather

has a limited

bundle of

different days

And most

can be tolerated

in different ways

The human brain

can conjure

up infinite

wake up calls

Some are deeply

integrated

good and not

some are just a breeze

All are subject

to the apathy

or dictates

of the infinite

immortal unique soul

of me

250405-1042

My father's

parents never fought

I cant even

imagine it

~but grandma yelled at

my aunts

My grandparents were in sync

they were in love

She was 10 years

younger than he

He died at 82 in 77

10 years later

she the same

38 years ago she left

Fewer people

less and less

family remember

them

The memories

of Grandma are fading

away

What is it all about

~ everyone's lives

250406-1255

My tools are

clear plastic Bic sticks of ink

spread across

my glass desktop

with red and blue

black and green

and purple

with fine and medium

tips

hiding wherever

they can

among other miscellaneous

things

~ until I stop and

collect them

in one of several

ex-food jars

among others

~ pens and pencils

sharing space

with scissors and 6" rulers

plastic and wood

and one unique Japanese brush

pen

250407-0643

My mother's father  
drank coffee  
throughout  
the day

My father's father  
mostly in the morning  
once  
~ with dry toast

My father  
kept his coffee  
cup full  
all day  
until his stomach  
could not tolerate it

My mother's father  
drank tea like  
it was coffee  
which I never  
saw her drink

My father  
was an alcoholic  
which I did  
not know  
or admit  
until I was  
in my 30's

I did not  
like coffee  
until my 60s  
a cup a day  
maybe then

I did not  
drink beer  
because my  
sinuses would  
not tolerate it

I did not drink  
alcohol until  
I was in my 70s

So much of  
the visuals of my life  
are crystal clear

and I have 10s of thousands  
of photographs  
that take me  
perfectly back

~ I have learned  
to yell softly  
or out loud  
when an unwanted  
memory returns  
in order to  
bust it away

250415-0305

I am emerging  
from the cocoon  
where I have  
been evolving  
to climb  
the highest peak  
where Jesus  
resides

I am not him  
but I have  
my place  
on the high  
mountain  
within the  
star forming galaxie

Beyond the best  
this body incarnation  
can reveal

250416-1609

This morning early 0700  
was clear blue sky  
no wind 60 degrees  
near perfect  
the mountains  
were clear  
no dust

I did my  
outdoor cleanup  
came inside  
had breakfast  
read the internet  
news

My mind not clear  
not at peace  
Ate breakfast  
sat in my  
lazy boy to relax  
and digest breakfast

Then the knocking  
came the wind?

I got up and  
looked out  
the window  
15+ mph wind  
bending trees  
kicking up  
dust everywhere

When my mind  
processes difficult events  
the wind comes

when I am making plans  
to insert some peace into  
the world human society

Or working on some  
current dream  
the entities  
come  
the wind blows  
the trees bend  
the dusk chokes

250411-0951

I am happy  
to be alone  
~ where did I  
pick that up?

I feel at peace  
when alone

I am not  
bothered with  
the irritation  
of moronic questions  
~human voice noise

Yet I am happy  
to teach in a college  
I am happy  
to teach live

~something I have never done

I joy in the full ownership  
of my time and space

250417-1043

What is it  
that drains  
    out of a man  
~ that withers him  
    into oblivion

He has lived  
    his youth  
        He has used  
            up his  
                middle years  
            and now  
time bends him over  
    drains out the  
        last of him  
    and he is gone  
        to all those here  
as his shadow  
    turns back  
    into the light

250419-2053

The Mandela Effect

appears when  
the words you  
remember from  
your youth  
are not spelled  
the same

The maps of the  
world you memorized  
as a child  
are drawn differently  
as an adult

The mind of human beings  
homo sapien sapiens  
is being opened  
by the gods  
of other worlds  
in the universe

The truth is that  
all possibilities  
are merged into  
one truth

Duality is  
merged into ones

Everything is a dream  
every dream an illusion  
the universe  
sings as one  
vibration

Duality is an  
illusion of two  
when there  
is only One

There is no beginning  
there will be no end  
there is no light  
there is no dark

Easter Sunday  
there is no creation  
there is only remembering  
in duality disguised  
as two

250420-0210