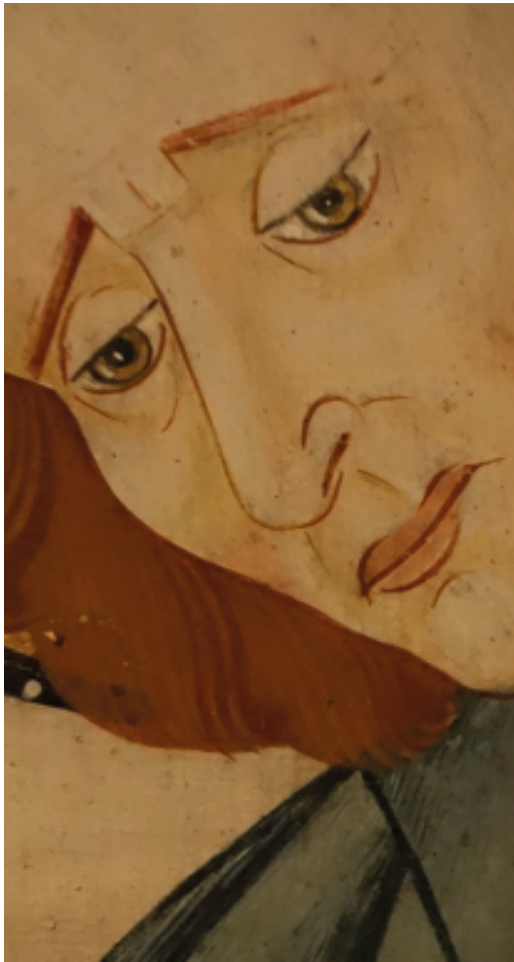


Burdensome people Burdensome past



Sunday Nail © 2018

What is earth for?

The beauty eroded.
Men on rampage.
Women drunk, no humility
nurture has passed.

Dogs at the war round table declare
loss as a virtue
more death to another war.
What is earth for?

The ground
is an uneven landscape
potted and scarred.

Men have deserted
no place left to plunder
the earth under siege.
Men have gone rampant
to declare hell at last.

Soldiers in a uniform, mercenary style
look at the damage, survey a while.

But of their intention, camp style
new design intended fort-like eventual ...

but of whom the enemy?

Man to earth more like the style.

The American adventure
gone in one poof.
The American dreamer
dead now no hope never was.

But what of that oozing
from nostrils green?
Surely not phlegm
or some foul breath
now turned a colour
previous supreme.

*Just how on earth
is a survival team
to deal with all this hatred,
burdensome, not prior seen?*

No room to listen

God did try voice to mind.
Man obviously lost listening
brain on over-drive.

No room to listen let alone act
as was intentioned to clear the past
of what generations prior had left.

Good and bad are obvious to all
even those darlings, little children,
parts of God's Seed blessing us all.

The future bleak



... still no words to speak out

The torturous journey,
death still obscene
because no one interested
to say truthfully what is seen.

And the future bleak
but still we all do not speak out.
Or shout out what hell we portray
is our suffering and misery
each and every day now ...

now that life has turned a dial notch
to what previously was a depressed state,
depression the lot.

Men seeking work.
Women needing the earth, the garden plot.
Vegetables in good earth, supply the lot.

But now debt-ridden
no home, mortgages the lot.
Car over-driven in the time
no oil or fuel.
No more gas-guzzling
too expensive
if one could, one can not.

Oh how hellish
to a despairing crew
no one wanting more wars
and death to their young.

Mothers declare ...

use all your mercenaries,
machines now robots
but don't take our young ones,
from birth, stamped and labelled
'Militarily able, keep them stable'.

But not now, the cries of many women,
now home declare
religiously swearing an internal oath
to not release their embedded,
violent-loving son or daughter
to a militarily,
death doing and living, crew's machine.

No more wars



... you heartless crew

Confusion overhead



... no way to read what's in your head

Oh how I have searched
the air waves for clues
but hard to gain now a clear over-view
the numbers of drones military, C.I.A.
and the general public too.

What a disaster, no intelligence.
Artificial useless.
No way at all to know in your head
what you are to think, act out, or do.

God bless the American West's fortitude
blowing up bridges, channels of opportunity,
nation building, international too.

Now the world at large,
criminal class.
Now the terrorist, major elite
is from the circuit,
Wall's ugly beat and street.

No hope of salvation,
the elite few rule.
Cabal is a name, whatever
hell on earth spoils your gain.

Corporate entities, off-shoring your wealth.
Bought and sold crime and stealth.
No burdensome future, you the devil itself.
Sin no mention, for you care little
about the Gods who grow vicious ...
no one left to supplant
and give over to a love of life,
safety for all, peace on earth.

Can't be that hard
if all this burdensome hate,
as a wall, crumbled and fell.

God bless those in womb to arrive
already injured, mind to umbilical cord.
Not a pretty place lacking all that beauty,
potential and life ever more to last.

Now nuclear possibility, damage unknown
speculation highway, death in numbers
before not ever to contemplate.
Scientific evidence ...
hell a much preferred state.

Loss enormous ...

Loss enormous

planetary decline
vegetation scarce,
water a no- no, too polluted
but for those few rats and mice ...
maybe possible.

But who and what can be eaten?
No way, cannibalization.

Who knows, burdensome people
no knowledge, no brains.

Failed to observe.
Failed to provide.
Failed to bear witness.
Truth, they all in part, denied.

How can one be helped ...

unless a responsible part
in their heart and mind again does rise?



Second coming



... perhaps it is you!

There is evidence bearing down that pipeline
someone has risen for a second time.
Christian or Muslim, Hindu, Buddhist, Tao -
no idea, but hopefully a smart, effective bastard
to shine a light on all we burdensome people –
no way out.

*Give me a clue
I want to become free.*

Can you not save me ...

God is there a You?

Thankfully,

yes oh yes, clever ideas coming in
from who is to know, no idea.

But what is on offer,
yes free to all, no debt involved,
we are our own saviour.

Head inside has all the necessary ideas -
value-some, whole-some, creatively rich
and free the burdensome nature packed in,
unable prior, the time not spent.

God-given clarity
from all the histories past events.
Happenings good, some horrible,
beautiful and so ...
then in came a Hitler, Hittite,
the whole bang crew
war raging, animalistic, rabies types.

But in reality you, the people,
burdensome, hate-filled, allowed.
But in your haste to hand-over your mind
lost out to thought,
the clever and responsible kind.

*God-given chances
squandered time and again.*

*God-given messages
no form of religion.*

*This is all about
the life of one individual,
the you and me, the whole, the all.*

*This is about each one
belonging to earth – humanity.*

So you sang your lament,
prayed or did genuflect.
Matters not the religion, if one needed
but did the gesture regardless.
Hope in fact bedded your thoughts,
burdensome to arise
and become at last addressed.

*But now no guide,
no source ...
who is available?*

You of course!

So here are the evidenced-based clues.

*Here are the values
of what in each inside of you.*

Here is an opportunity at last
to buckle up, parachute down ...

down from your prized pinnacle
that of a kingly soul
thinking supreme, exceptional.

Do not end your life, suicide

I am the saviour inside.
I am of the valiant and brave.
No harm will come.
So do not end your life, suicide.

I am the crazy and ridiculous part
when given over to not do a thing in life
lack responsibility, ownership of your past,
past historical, past life.

You are mature
only when you care.
Care to become civil,
your behaviour to another
especially of those people unlike you
but of a creative force, as you too.

Maturity comes with caring



I am the fortitude and your rock.
I am the temple, the mount
and refreshing of the waters,
the divine, the whole damn lot.

I am the sequel, the valiant and brave.
I am the worship
toward the dawn, sun of your day.
I am the cool collective, peace-riddled type.
I am the hellish, violent, abusive behaviour style.

What is it you prefer?

That is your question to ponder awhile.
That is of a necessity, as the earth gurgles away
deciding which factor, earthquake or tornado,
tsunami, climatic changes,
the whole bang list available while you wait.

Oh and the waters, California shores state,
largely, but lasting the fires they too do aggregate.
But don't you worry worth in you
one day will come through.

Own reality,

rather than for a Western or paranormal,
whatever that entertainment be for you.

Sadly, time over
the gun loaded, barrel complete
rifle ready, the bullet sweet.
How can I be open to you
the mind so violently now so screwed?

Mental anguish on an unprecedented level,
crimes, well ladder wise, no class distinction.
But the little ones just ghetto die.

The top, as always, escapes or slides
but does not lose out, incarceration no place.
Cayman a while to their escape
holiday beach, martini, the whole lands estate.

So salvation a personal view to enter
the key and lock combo easy
once admission and own reality checked
you claim as done and now do choose re-address
and of a finality call to resurrect.

Bring back ...

that golden voice of old
bearing witness to what,
while silent you were told.

Consciously available clues
and clarity steps to choose
but first and foremost learn as you go ...
badly behaved will never, never ever do.

God-given chances ...

are rare on hellish landscapes,
battlefield blood-bath, screams unbearable,
God or Mother rate
in a deadly affair, dying style state.

But here on an earthly potential landscape
men as women need to re-establish that word,

'Communicate.'



No time to waste

I have a clear notion, clarity wise
from that inner, far more creative voice
what is available to each on the planetary sphere ...

*We are responsible
to listen quietly, reflect and learn –
life is a task, onerous at least
to become wise
on a civilized daily beat.*

Not to arrest those of little hope,
the homeless, underprivileged, the poor,
innocent the ones unable to fully support
a so-called normal, more elitist life style ...

homes and valuables,
working daily secure,
two income families,
child care and more.

We are able to listen awhile, care to be civil
and not burdensome-ing people, uncalled for.
We are able to stand, sympathy wise, not abuse
from our removed higher rise tenement shell.

We are, they are equal
when it does actually come to bear
that each and everyone on the earth, physical,
are actually all people.

We have a capacity to love our self
as a worthwhile participant,
no class distinction
all came new as in a birth.

We are divine as the 'being' part

It is up to our human-ness
to not divide, separate or part
from the combined head and or heart,
the mind of a force, source,
God-style thought, part.

I am convinced, life so short
no time to stay igloo-ed in
a rampant, rage-ensconced shell
better by far
to own all this hate, hurt and hell,
burdensome self ...
from when it came, when it did start?

So look over your life, brief scant those pages,
pages of hurt and too of grief.
Grief undealt, unsettled, burdensome past
grieving and tearing your mind your heart.

Look at the world of violence extreme

How much of 'it' are you to daily inhale or dream?
How much is enough before you start -
to work on yourself as a priority initially,
to work out who is truly driving your thoughts
and missing of those beautiful, goodly, golden parts?

*You are it, I am too
we together
have a great deal of work to do.*

But first accept, that the past has gone,
lost to the wildness,
the tragedy of hindsight better placed.

But now to learn not again
but more stable now to own behaviour
and thoughts cruel and why ...?

Because it is an imperative
to not pass by opportunities
that can clear immediately
rather than burdensome building un-necessarily.

God bless the courage of past exercise
to look and be familiar
with why you now need to continue
tormenting your mind
instead do ease those of woundings, so severe
coming out when least want for them to appear.

God-given chances are not all pleasant, my dear.
God-given can be as cruel as you choose to hear.
God-given thoughts
out of a nowhere space you hear.
God-given chances beautified
give out messages helpful not to suicide.

But what one can achieve
is note down all those of past misnomers,
opportunities and grief-ridden ideas.
Then not lament loss or failure, guilt or shame
but value all of that worthwhile
and acceptable past knowledge as helpful advice
to remember how clever to have survived.

*Change in ideas, memories no,
but adjustment
to a more balanced approach helps
rather than damnation
and of no permanency to hate.*



God gives and lives as heart to mind,
head and physical, reality check at times.
Thoughts are just that and appear
but if you allow
some are so phenomenal and clear.

Some small compassionate note ...



*No matter who
or what you have become
there is a learning
in each and everyone.*

No matter how low,
suicidal you are to be,
thinking of the worst,
a new life and be free,
death being your choice, a tragedy ...

because in your endeavour
did not ask, seek refuge,
or value those you are to leave.

*God's Chosen, who are on earth
to comfort, care and listen
as you are to suffer so immensely.*

Caring to become aware

Caring to love a someone, especially rare
of qualities different, gender unimportant
commitment however, sacred beyond compare.

But loving a life, especially our own
is a vital link in becoming responsible,
owning our past, learning about others.
And of impacts, when we treat them un-necessarily.
And leave them to wonder, hurt and despaired.

You have to be wiser
and learn by your mistaken ideas,
misguided beliefs, torturing thoughts,
loss as a person significant.

You have a quality, as each inside
that of a mind-head exercise.
Use it wisely, gauge it well,
think back, re-evaluate,
clear any over-burdensome place
to ease out, clear away,
own or eradicate completely.

*Because ...
you are a bullet-like projectile
if you continue hating you
and other people too.*

Behaviour a killer ...

like any mercenary or soldier elite,
C.I.A. or corporate tax-evading,
off-shore hoarding,
mentally deficient, conscience-less beast.



Behaviour un-becoming

*Go in peace,
settle the score
balance the card table
re-shuffle those stories
hardship and more.*



*You are a survivor,
a saviour, a crown.*



*You are the potential
to turn your own life,
responsible around.*

Love the life



... so short as it is, warts and all

*No path of life complete
only learning how loveable you are
and loved so
more and more the work you do
to claim victory
over that burdensome you.*