

Costly exercise
Death



Sunday Nail © 2018

Death is the ultimate.

Death is the crossing,
the 'over' to another form,
force, idea or consciousness.



And death as is ... is no more than
a dying of one state of existence
to that of another life entirely.

Free of all past regret.
Free of the burden
a society environmentally impacts.
Free of a family held to bear the brunt
of failure now and past, to further lament.

Free of those lost
prior and mourned
grief beyond that too
ever more sadden the life ahead.

Grief, loss, failure and injury,
loss of a virtuous existence
part of a peaceful humanity.

But mostly death unreal,
unspoken -
not a topic considered
West's preferred ideal.

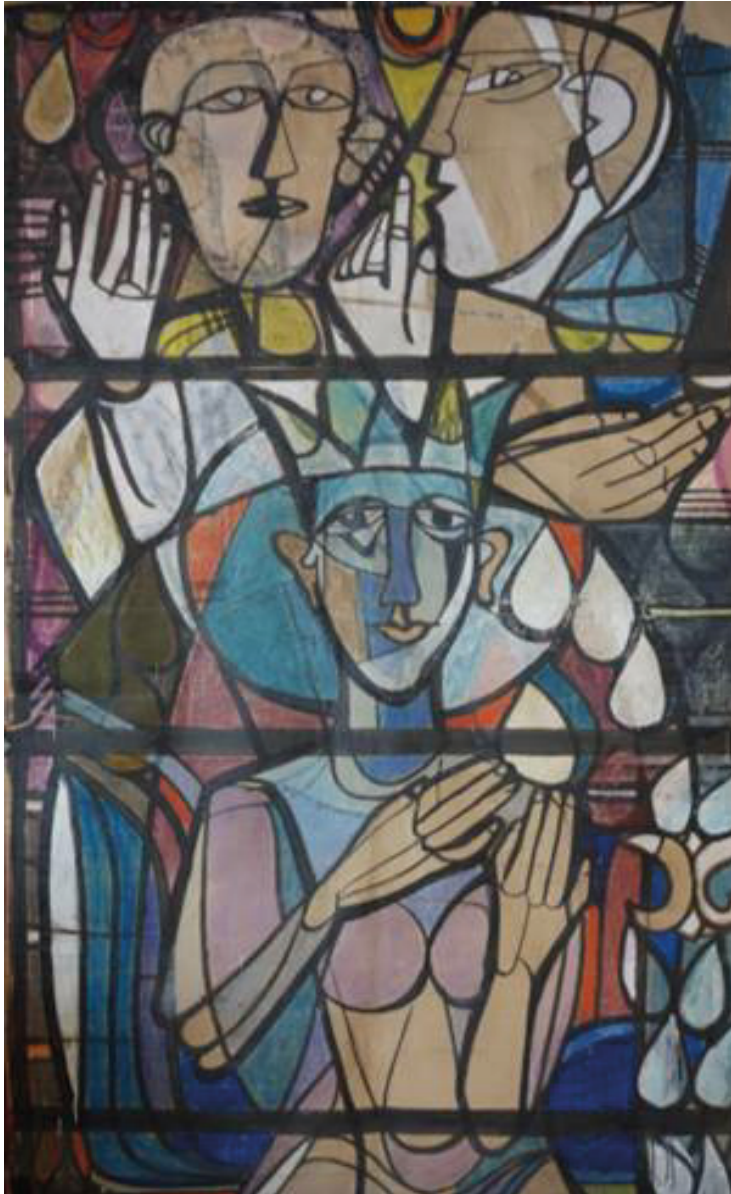
Death is a form.

Death comes in many shapes as is a birth
when a newly arrived individual arrives.

But of a death, the dead recall
as a thought to alert us all
those of earthly existence
to wake and observe
not all on the earth - is as preferred.



Wake up to the reality.



God cares, preachers profess.
God is and was,
for a human being, the ultimate test –
as a faithful one.

But God as evil, God as good
conscience given choices
who and what decision
is inclusive of that.

Choice, as death,
comes from within
to house a love of a life,
short as it is.

But in the event of faith
that is a choice one must make
by truthfully owning the life
as sacred, special and unique
to become a servant as such
to do goodness tasks
and to love each and every one.

But in a secular living Westernised world
love, as is a death, regarded by most
not to become a choice
to either voice or address.

God comes at our bed at night
as the hour of a death is near
or so the prophets of ages past thought.

But not so long ago
people believed -
a God as a creature
clouded, housed in the skies.



So to an individual life
death, as Westerners profess,
is naught but final.



Physically dead -
but consciously ...?



And for those believers -
more for inwardly concerning themselves
if what they are to believe
there is a land elsewhere to go.

How can this be ...



you talking as if here with me?

So ...

death is a state of experience
whether ever capable to tell anyone
as death is dead,
conversation and relationship wise.

But not as a consciousness in thought
does and did and will and can transpire.

And I have to concede
I did prior not believe
that those of a passed loved one
could communicate to those alive
but sure - for my life and story did.

Sometime ago, a voice I heard
whispered as if uncertain
as to whom on the other side.

But as I paid the attention it did require
I gained a sense it was of another world
parallel my own life alive.

Somewhere, within a mind,
particles of a life,
lives of another exists
known only to those
who communicate, that is.

But when in an hour of my need
in fear of a failure in excess to concede
I am to say on bended knee -
I begged and begged for some form of advice
beyond that available at the time
from my most terrified and shattered mind.

Somewhere in the mind ...



a sense, a voice, words expressed.



I am, voice as thought,
a loving expression of you.

Coming rather later
but then, I was rattled then to hear
anyone or anything
this voice reminiscent came
as if to calm,
comfort, love and support,
saying over again ...

Near you, near you,
near and close –
comfort and support
loving you whenever needed.

But of a constancy
in all you are on earth to do
I am to remain as if a relative
thoughts, ideas, advice and clarity
to gain whatever, in a conscious stream.

Life is as always
an uphill downward trend it seems.

But when a voice
of an ancestral past relative
enters the mind and says,
as thought, what it said –
then I change completely
from that of an ignorant
past believer of a religiousness
to that of spirit
and to consciousness.



Consciousness, is what that voice said,
is how we, to you can connect.



Mind altering substances
are not my desired thrill.
Nor alcoholic beverages to over kill
and cause problems of confusion
and loss to brain function.
Either what it does and do
I am not party to either of those above.

Nor drawn to a suicidal bent
when life unkind
causing a form of difficult discontent.

I am a normal, as best described
human example of an ordinary being
living and leading
a most ordinary life on the earth.

No real hypocrisy.
But I am not one to favour illusion normally
but when in that state of hearing, in my head
a voice reminiscent of a loving kind
I thought illusion, was some form of drug of mind.

Life is a kaleidoscope ...

a type of mystical wheel within each
to turn and guide, correct and view.
But not all is of our life
but of an historically embedded part
carried from our previous forms of structure
genetic I suppose.

Pieces of a puzzle,
part of that we know not there
are however genetically acquired
as a form of threaded cord.



D.N.A. structure binds us
to a myriad source of information
past and present
but of that which contains
a brain function, mind altering aspect
we know naught - if any source at all.





**So, death and life intertwine,
twisted threads, cord divine.**

No way out, in, or other than –
just is and we know naught
who we are entirely
or who, in our mind flows,
filters or comes and goes.



So, when this event occurred,
my own self existed prior
without any concern,
to alert the mind –

I had a companion of a form
to instil thoughts as these
as well, patterned information
about our life and prior societies.



So our own life is inflicted upon
by a source or flow coming in
about which can disturb at best
until understood good and bad in us
is past information to our head.

And we,
this creature earthly, have to decide
how to discern cautiously
if that (source) is a complimentary help
or need to re-evaluate why
and the purpose of what is being said.

God is a form.

Life on earth a shape, a form.
Earth lives, as air when born,
a type of form to lung and breath.



But voice in head or heart
emotionally affecting what prior thought
these are never considered openly
and hence can affect us socially.



Not as a topic to denounce
but of a cautionary note ...
Not to expose
when first heard or thought
as others may become disturbed.

Life gives or takes.

**Death being the final
and certainly physical state.**

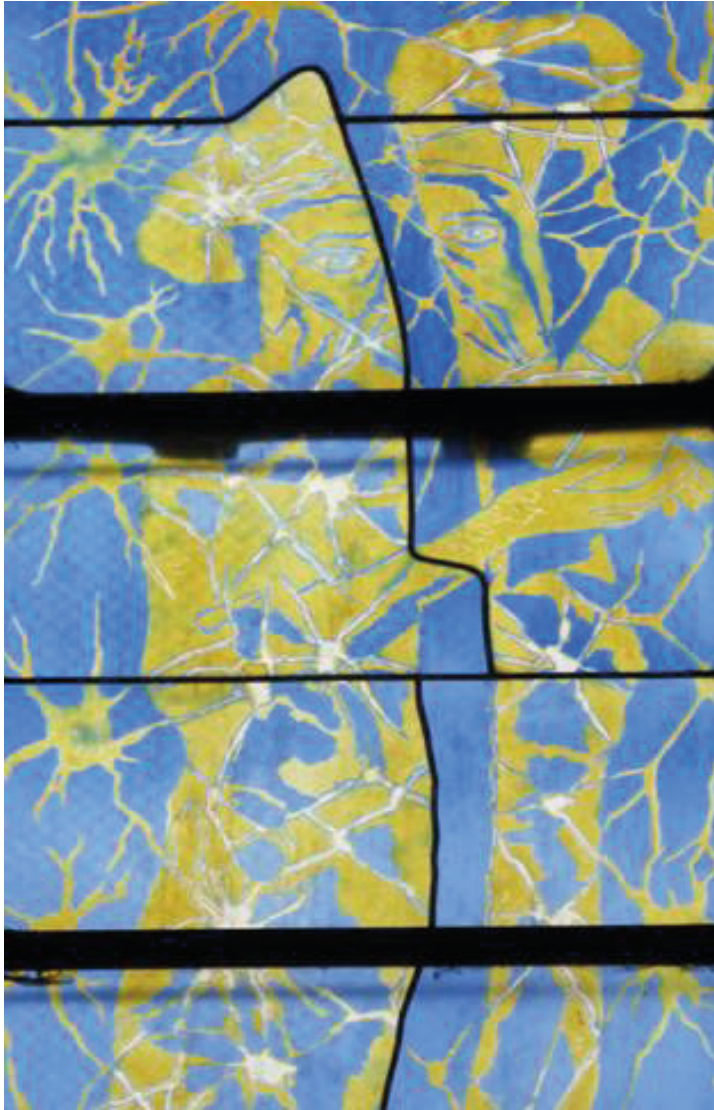
But when in a conscious form
continues as a life leading,
air breathing
function of the mind.

Thoughts ...
of all we are to receive
are not all
but a series of service providers
to clarify which applicable to ease,
understand, support, advise –
a series of informative sources
of which we, the living
have in us to be accessed.





Death brings us, the living an advantage
but not without problems
as we, the living on earth do face.



Whatever was said?

Constant attention
to a voice is necessary
in any conversation
living or dead.

But of this force,
this stream as said
comes often in a complex
and mysterious pattern or code
difficulty in learning and adjusting
in how to interpret
the connective thread.

So consciously
we are all joined,
the living and the dead.

Consciously accessing,
in thoughts, ideas and shed
one to another as we speak and think.
And hence ideas travel across the globe
no one actually having each to know.



Who ... truly, really does know?

But in the flow of our lives
certain others from histories past
influence, affect, infect
depending on how the living,
in their own heart
believe themselves of worth or not.

And if not,
*damage does accrue
toward hurting, harming,
wars even in extreme.*

But damage of loss,
failure and uncertainty
can cause eventually –
catastrophe.

So what we do and say
has a greater impact
not just idle chat,
but far, far worse
when hate attached.



S*urrender to a more peaceful stance.*

B*ibliography:*

Pamphlet Series:

Awaken to Truth

- Burdensome People - Burdensome Past
- Courage to go on
- Death in the Detail
- The Bastardisation of Truth
- Satellite tonight
- Homeless-ness of Heart - Compassion at the core
- Abandoned
- You are it. I am it. What of it?