

Courage to go on



Sunday Nail © 2018

The messages are clearly defined.  
The animals species are on the decline.  
People worrying about their health.  
Happiness a bygone era.

Too much, far too much wealth.  
Debt on the rise.  
No chat, no compromise.  
Lost heart.  
Lost health and home.

Safety gone.

No one able.

Nobody safe.

No one clear.

No free space.

Cluttering the earthly planet  
and spatial zones.  
What next ...  
far more exposure the ozone.

Love lost.

Care obsolete.

What ever next ...

leave you to guess.



The weather pattern changing daily.  
The world at war continuing.  
The world of commerce in decline  
except for those few  
wealthy barons and baronets.

*Who knows what?*

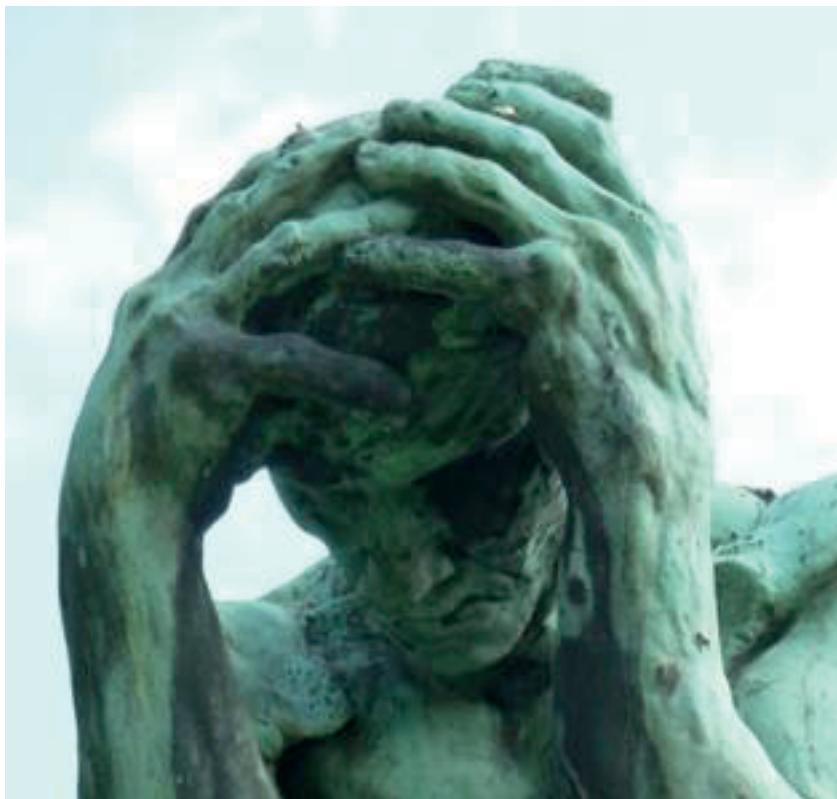
*Well, that is more about guess.*

Life on a downhill run or slide,  
matters not  
what rate decline decides.

How much more ...  
can we fellow travellers take  
here on the global earthly space?

How much more ...  
of this disease type mind  
ruling our every day and mind?

What type are you to me?  
Am I very kindly or caring  
or part of that horror type disease?  
What is in you, is also part of me  
because we came via  
an umbilical cord connection to humanity.



*How* much more ... ?

The weather rolling in  
looks more like a tsunami type  
of horrible state to be in.

But more so the weather  
of what is heard coming in.  
For it is of the kind that keeps us in  
no man's land, no one wins.



Scorched earth ... no one wins or lives.



The scorching of the universe  
is causing far more disruption than first thought.  
But let us not concern ourselves  
here on the islands of plenty and nothing to do  
but idle our whole life away.

The whole universal thrust  
is more about  
how we can ruin everything  
and then  
turn it into a nuclear form of dust.

‘What a debacle’, some do shout out,  
but that is useless here and there  
and nowhere anywhere ...  
to listen in reality check.

But I have a suggestion  
in terms of numbers, that is  
to be looking at more about  
what we all are suffering from.

And then maybe, in ways digitised,  
can call on Facebook  
and those other twitter enterprise.

For there the message viral will be  
calling us all to attend to the most necessary.

Like, let us look and visibly see ...



most of the world is covered in military.

Cause and effect is what they say.  
Well, those of any repute scientifically.  
But I say this, for a very minor start,  
that if we do not do anything  
small at least to begin  
then there is definitely no hope but learn  
how to eventually, forever and more, to swim.



*C*ause and effect ... what do you expect?

*The* life so very short, as now,  
but what of the future ...  
will there be one?

*What* of the future  
for our beloved ones?

What of the future for the vegetation  
now depleted Monsanto and others  
destroying nature in droves and groves?

What of all this illness coming in  
and sinking us with viral medication,  
antibiotics and other diabolical stuff,  
medically scripted ...

but is it bought and sold  
by corporate Pharma?  
I suppose.

The view, out of my lofted site  
is more about prevention  
than an elevated view.  
Guns on turrets, barrels exposed  
either wind chimes or some new  
fan dangle type of military I suppose.

What sort of world are we called?  
Initially free  
and perhaps a little of that famous democracy.  
But in reality capitalistic gains  
and who but us has any sort of reigns?

*This* is for us ...  
to sink our teeth into here  
for it is about to explode  
and you will, as I will, disappear.

*W*hat do you see ... no more humanity?



So sad to be calling you up on the telephone,  
but this is the only way I have here at home.  
No more communication  
with all my wonders removed  
and the only tent space,  
is my old mobile 'phone.



*T*rying to make do with the basics.

*We* are in a dilemma at large ...

and the only problem  
is trying to make it available,  
the messages, that are coming here to me,  
generalized, but valid enormously.

For they affect us all,  
the earthly folk here on the ground  
where the rubbish is being dumped  
and us so choked.

That is the problem  
with a disposable society  
with all this plastic  
I have become toxic it seems.

No more genetically modified.  
No more plastic elements in my diet.  
No more of that horrible greenish stuff, muck.

Whatever it may be,  
certainly not very clear, clean  
or part of my past reality.

The life,  
well, that is a question now for quoting  
about what is happening.  
No more fun, no more rides,  
no more parades or paradise.

This is what it is about  
these horrible, gasping for air type days –  
no more air for lung to survive  
without the generator going  
with the inhalation of an unknown type,  
but keeping me presently alive.

*What of this world we live,  
twenty-first century,  
supposed to be ...  
extraordinarily creative?*

What of all this invention stuff coming in  
and making us want to grab it all  
off those shelves laden to kill?

*Are we all morons ...*

or some other type not visible, but real  
coming to buy what latest gives  
when in our banking system  
no money but credit, but debt overkill?

Are we having to shell out  
all this money for trinkets, gadgets  
and other ridiculously, obviously needed  
items of nothing-ness?

*Are we so very excessive?*

*Are we so stupid ...*

not to notice the credit rating  
on all of these un-necessary items of pleasure,  
but more like a burden or virulent disease?

This is a mighty hard thing to consider,  
but what of your mental state at present?  
Is it in the right gear,  
or out of sorts not to notice  
this type of behaviour is running your life  
and causing debt-filled pain?



*R*esponsibility ... is the name of the game.

You are the victim  
of a major concern  
causing people to despair,  
but buy all the same.

You are the victim  
of a violent attack  
to cause you to believe  
you require all this type of junk.  
In fact ...

*This is a world  
of unprecedented shame  
to do so much harm  
on such a widening terrain.*

These are the facts at hand,  
just came in from where  
no one understands,  
but here it is right off the hotplate ...

Come on winter  
because now it is extremely harsh and hot.  
Unfortunately though, no end in sight  
it is about to worsen  
into days and nights ahead.

And well, that is the picture  
if not drowning from tidal storms, king like  
and no reprieve in sight.

Go beach yourself while you can,  
cancer sure but that is shorter than  
what is ahead and can remain.  
That is shorter even though  
painful and suffering is involved.

But so is nuclear and fall out  
and does contain  
similar types of effects,  
except the latter is to last ...  
one hell of a long time frame.

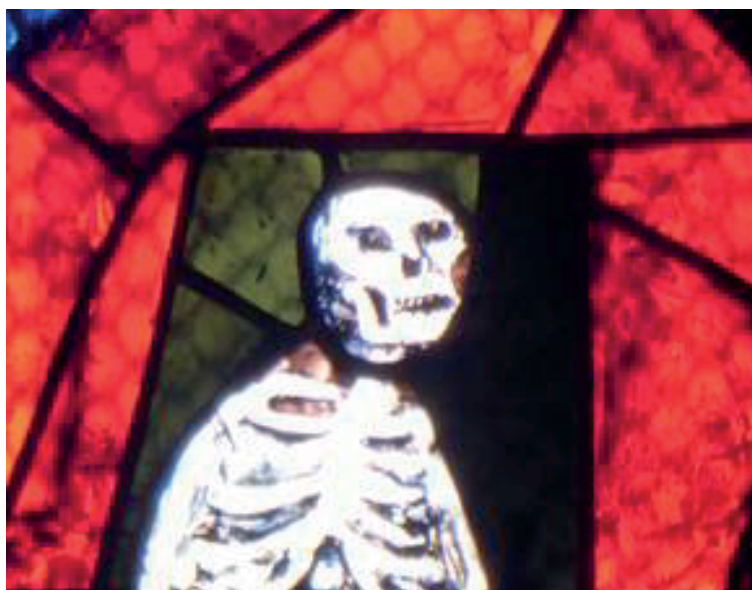
So the weather station on the rise  
warns of what is coming  
and not so small but horrific in size.

But not to worry, all is well,  
not due for at least a day or two  
before that enormous capacity  
drops its burdens on the beach  
you will be sunning yourself on.

Go to the water, swim for a while,  
no longer ...  
because that greenish stuff  
will be there in droves  
swelling around to such a size  
causing your nostrils to close.  
And then of course no air  
and then death I do suppose.

Oh such fun it is on earth,  
so much fun it is so very hard to laugh.  
But then you are on that simple shore  
and I am in the air way above so high.  
Almost in fact beyond the ozone  
you will eventually be  
having no hope but burn in the end.

But here I am suffering little,  
because in fact I died long before  
and only have the capacity to know  
from mental telepathy from the grave.



No hope but burn in the end.



*This* is no warning, no warning at all ...  
they have been coming  
for hundreds or so years before now.  
But now of course that warning prior  
has heated up to such an extent  
it is almost worthless sharing any, if anything.

The latest weather card report  
had us on a level significant.  
But now of course the bureau decides ...  
not worth worrying  
to draw up anymore charts to size.



No point ... who reads anymore?

Come September,  
is what before was thought  
in terms of what the style will be  
in the coming catwalk.

*B*ut now of course  
difficult to expect  
if one is able to get out,  
let alone walk or stretch.



There is a violent storm  
approaching off the coast  
suddenly everyone is grabbing  
for some form of vehicle  
to race out ahead.

But then petroleum on the rise  
hard to know if one is able  
to expend that amount  
to save one self or just plain die.

*What type, what hope,  
what venture did we undertake  
to cause so much sea rise  
and burning of our states?*

What was it that we each ignored?

Surely not the scientist with honour and trust  
to tell us how it was and how wise  
to look at the graphs and expect the worst  
and do something of a natural response  
instead burying our head in the sand ...  
now too hot to touch.

We are on a precipice  
of which no other  
in our historical reports  
have come to this.

Nature being our wonder drug  
to share with us,  
those who care to be in touch.

What a debacle, what a tragedy  
to live on an earthly space and not care  
about how one is to survive eventually  
when all of this tragic event does rise  
how we each will then turn and survive?

*L*oss and humour hard to say.

*L*oss and wonderment every single day.

*L*oss and purpose, crime and deceit.

*W*hat next ...

horror on the screen  
and think it all great?

*T*his is the truth  
about what we are to become.

*A*nd it is not a robot  
or a dumbfounded automaton ...  
but dead as dead as dead can be.

And if not,  
then wishing that was how it was  
for it is not to be pleasant  
but disastrous.

No land prosperous.  
No water free to drink.  
No other than a previous landfill  
and what that contains is dangerous to kill.

Toxic, toxic yes for sure,  
but that is not to stop trying to live  
with all this virulent style of disease.  
We have to take our chances, can't you tell  
with all of this toxic ground speaking swill.

Life on the planet Westernised  
is nothing but for liars and lies.  
Life on this planet Westernised  
is no more than a place for the elites  
and the others, like us ...

'Well, they can just be fodder for our enterprise'.



*Who* rules on planet Westernised?

*This is the world.*

*This is the planet,  
alive but dying*

*This is the way it is,  
the way it was is no more.*



*We are it and what we do is to try  
and make the most of what we have  
and in the future, if any, make do.*

*B*ut if wise

and time to do so,  
pick up a placard  
and say it as it is ...

No more wars  
and disastrous offshore enterprises.

No more handling people without due care,  
judicial response and truth the core.

No more disasters,  
like ignorance and telling lies.

No more painful acceptable styles  
of wanting to take what is not yours or mine.  
But looking to care for the homeless  
and those without.

And give the reality check to those elite  
one percent barons on wall and other type streets.



You are the victim,  
stand tall and cry out.

You are the only hope  
to live without fear and contribute.

You are the only person to blame  
when the shame is all handed about.

You are the only person  
who has the energy to survive  
when the time is out.

You are the only one able now  
to do something small  
about what is a necessity.

And that is the political urgency ...  
to look at all the obvious  
and consider what it is  
you are to suffer from immediately.

You are it. I am it.  
We together, where ever  
can make a stand, small at first.  
Finally, to walk and talk, carry a banner,  
write a song, talk to a neighbour,  
or sing out, shout out, write out or poetry.  
No matter what ...  
look at what you are good at  
and do just that.



*Do* whatever you can of good.

You are it ... think about that.



Do just that ...

think and think and look about  
and then think again and what that means  
which in the end will kill all, especially you  
and those you love and like around and about.

The world is your oyster  
but now it is polluted.  
So why don't you consider calling on those  
political pundits and making them aware  
of your concerns in droves.



*W*ake up to the reality or no more votes.

And then, on a larger scale  
call on your neighbour and neighbourhood  
and get them involved  
in writing and signing petitions  
about what is wrong and in how to right  
the smallest and largest  
toward health and heart.

You are a winner, do your bit.  
You are a saviour, do your bit.  
You are a Christian, Muslim, Hindu,  
Buddhist, atheist, any type does not matter  
just do what you can do.



*Pray for change ... work toward peace.*

Love is the end product,  
caring the first,  
most of all take up the mantle  
and care about you.

Then in time it will dawn on you,  
you alone are totally responsible  
for the way you operate in your daily self.

And in that, take time to resurrect  
any behaviour in need of repair  
so hurt and harm, hate and despair  
are not part and parcel of who you are ...  
but care.

*Care is the first  
and thoughtful place to start  
because it has us all  
in search of what in our self  
we love most of all.*

Life is what we each do care to survive  
because in life we have the opportunity  
to begin to know what we are  
is only a speck of the whole,  
the whole of all and in you is found.



You are it, I am it, we have a chance  
let us take that step and look around  
for who else cares about the ground,  
the air and stream.

*Who* does care  
to work toward peace not war?



*Who* cares to love the homeless and poor?

It is easy once you are in your head clear,  
that the world is no longer paradise  
but hardship, hell and over-drive.

