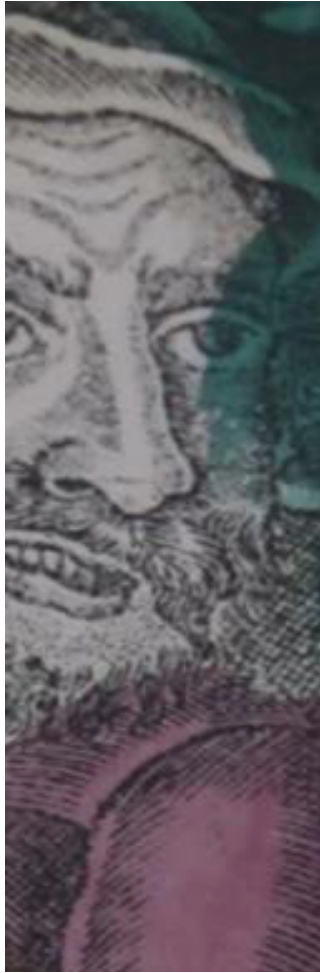


Hidden



Sunday Nail © 2018

Hidden where ...



prefer not to go there.

Hidden among the buildings.
Hidden among the homes.

Hidden within a community,
society, the world –
who does know?

Hidden and unable to be identified.
Hidden and wanting
but no one anywhere cares to identify.

Hidden and yet able to communicate
when at home by the fireside.
But homeless-ness on the rise –
don't you know?

Hidden and yet yearning
to be understood.

Hidden and wanting comfort
but no one actually listened or understood.
Hidden and vulnerable, clustered here or there,
but available, but only those wanting, actually care.

The value of this story
is about the value
of those dying of despair
wanting and craving for care.

The value of their history
hidden among the refuse
without anyone actually bothering to notice
they too have a life of worthiness
as you in the streets, above so-called,
do in your lairs.





Hidden and occupied.
Hidden and verified.

Hidden ...

and noticed everywhere
in their golden chariots
parading here and there.

Wealth undetectable
hidden off shore somewhere.

Hidden and reliable
to make the next killing
Iraq, Afghanistan or somewhere.

Oh how happy I was to know
that these historical edifices still survived
hundreds, thousands who is counting now ...
for they are in ruins, dust in some cases,
who is to know where?

God grant the evil to disappear.
God get the demons
and collect and place them somewhere.
God are You up, out, in, ... where?

I sought to identify the people on the ground
and noticed something quite peculiar
that they are not who they or we think they are.

These are the ones in our mind
coming to chat at times.
These are the ones homeless,
dying from the cold and misery everywhere.

These are the ones
who are witnessing their demise
as the trumpeting and grumping
of the whole universe dies.

They are the ones that depict the state of affairs.

They are the ones who are homeless
because we do not bother to ask,
if they are okay, or have something to say.

Yes, something about the weather
they noticed
over those cold and misery filled years.

Yes, something to notice,
is that they have and do ...
and we appear not to even notice or care.

These are the ones who bear witness



... as we deny, believe lies and despise.



The hidden walk among us and what do we do ...

The **hidden** walk among us

smelling at times as they do.

No home to wash

and certainly no more time to buy

those precious-ness items we hoard.

And hoard without any sense of why ...

and not use.

They are abandoned

on the streets somewhere

as long as not near or close,

or by our home, that is alright

I do not really want to know,

see or view anywhere.

So they come and go and who knows where.
So they are out there, in there, hidden somewhere.

Who has to identify them ...

when they are dying or dead somewhere?
Who is the owner of that precious piece of life
hidden out of sight somewhere?
Who is, why are they, in this type of condition?

Who has asked them ...

why they are not homed and comforted
and warm and completely under care?

No one I guess.

But a few idly passing
that may drop a coin,
small, insignificant I guess.
But something somewhere
for the next meal of sustenance.

Whatever is possible
to comfort in a way
that appears reasonable
for them to sustain survival,
such as it is, somewhere.



Who is, why are they, in this type of condition?



Tokenism, so | guess | am to care.

Oh, I look and pass on by
for fear I may catch whatever it is
they may have sustained and contain.

Oh, I care not to look, if at all possible
but they are to appear now everywhere.
Some are even crying
and tearing at that clothing
as if madness has been overcome
and despair no longer there.

What is it

about this condition on the ground
more and more everywhere?
Have I been deceived
that we are the richest of countries,
militarized the lot everywhere?

What is it about wealth

that sharing to some less fortunate
is a criminal offence?

And yet, they in their way,
have stolen considerable wealth
that was meant for us too
to have and spend?

Oh, I am aware of my own fragility
when it comes to health,
but then the service I receive
will keep me going as long as I pay
the inordinate hospital and care fees.

But they on the streets
and homeless-ness they beseech
is not a life that entitles them to anything
but on the life long streak.

Want to be beneficial,
ask them what they do want.

Want to seek answers
rather than the innuendo and critical streak.

Want to supply blankets
and comfort in ways you see fit.
Want to deny and keep denying
any form of support, well that fits.

Want to supply a new start
and give them shelter out of the heat,
cold and frozen type climatic conditions
we all begin to notice
but care less about them on the street.





Want to but cannot
for fear being ostracised.

Want to, but cannot
because that yacht
in the latest mag. (magazine)
will outdo the next and next
who try to do that too.

Want to survive
in the modicum of ways
and yet know on the street
how hard it must be
for years and more
and more days ahead.

Well, let me tell you,
that the weather changes daily
and the view I have ahead
is that we are going closer to being homeless too
as the nuclear dust, being spoken of, is likely to fall.

Yes ... fall on all of us.

So you wandered through the alley ways
and found a shelter, boxed cover, somewhere.

What is it that you are actually hiding from in there?

Well, I thought I would bear witness
to the life on those cold and uninviting streets
and what I discovered
is that many are veterans and mothers, parents
that I see and speak to and greet.

What is it about these folk
that comes to your own mind?
Is it that they look and seek shelter
and you who are up there, well basically
you are definitely heartless and unkind?

What type of world, 21st century,
do we in the West, belong?
Is it a place of comfort or our noses high
and engaged in some form of mechanical toy
being amused all day long?

What is it we are waiting for –
the next inflated lie?

What are we caring to observe –
certainly not the real world
happening elsewhere?



Hidden ... but not out of sight.



What type of individual
comes to work each day
treading over the refuse and not caring
because it is of a being, you prefer to tread away.

The answer is fear and abundantly so.

The answer
is not what is in your heart,
but heartless as you go.

But underneath
you are to wonder
how or why at times,
maybe even a glimmer
of possible compassion too at times.

But underneath,
that change in extreme
you too could become homeless.
And what ...
well, that will be the end
of your day dreams.

The letter came and I opened it
addressed to that 'Nail',
and I read and read 'till the tears rolled
and I feared the worst
as it contained the truth about the homeless
and what they did entail.

And I came very suddenly to clarity.
It was about the divinely inspired
we had relegated to those positions of shelter
hidden, yes **hidden**, somewhere.

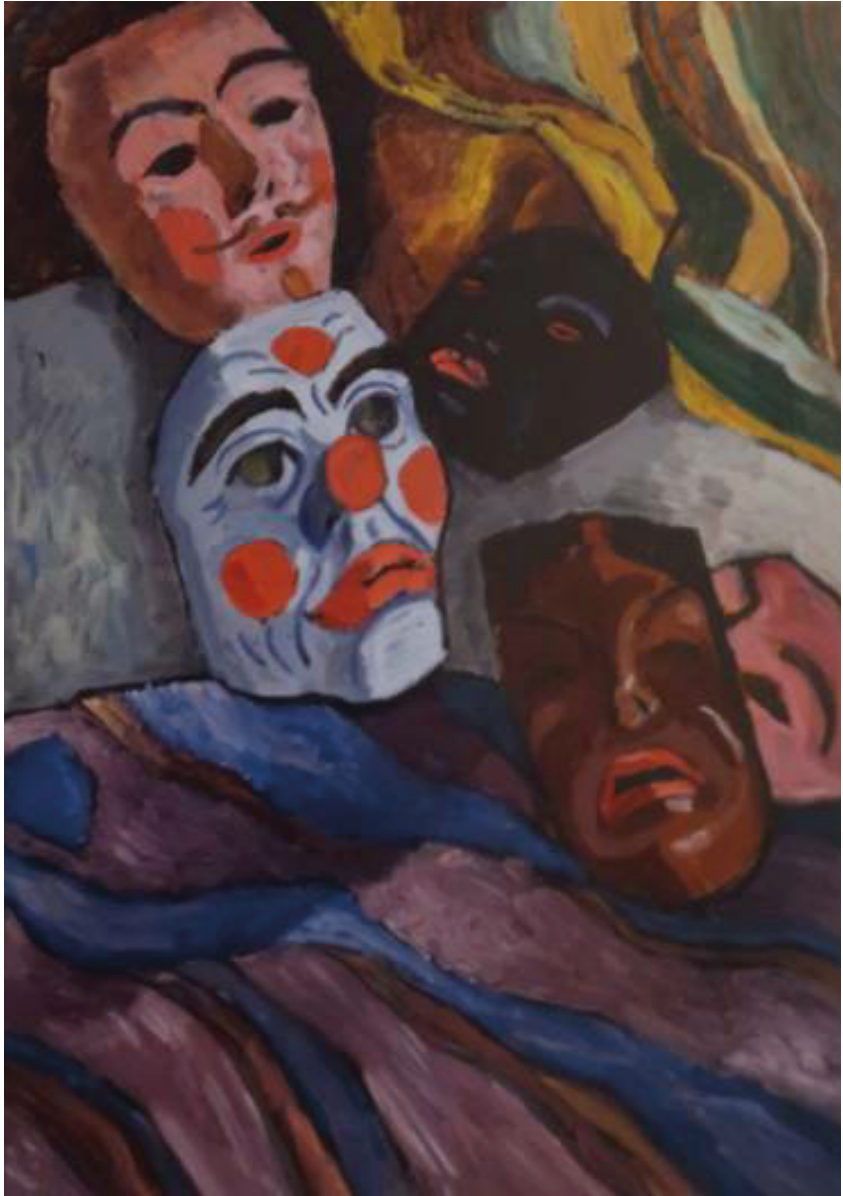
God, in the letter, spoke about crime,
criminal behaviour of ignorance all of the time.

God did refer to me and the way we write at times.
He/Her, that energetic force was present all the time
talking in voice, reminiscent of my own,
but far larger and voice extreme overtones.

I felt the world, I had previously viewed, open wide.
I felt the enormous burden
that one of my own could not be justified
in living in opulence when the rest
poverty or homeless matters not
but care remiss
to even ask a simple question ...

Are you alright there
or can I, in some form, assist?





The **conscience** is a party player
to our life on the ground

But if we sell short our life,
and precious is the wealth we can obtain,
then there is a nowhere land
that eventually subsides ...

And then in comes a God,
like your double type,
to sort you out in some way
appearing totally unfair and unkind.

What is it

about the life patterns
that can change at a whim?
What is it about the life story
undervalued by everyone, even to them?

What is it

about a God-like creator?

Does it have relevance
when greed and war is opulence
and wonderful entertainment
while the gold and oil pours in?

Well, be satisfied while possible
because God inside,
that voice, **conscience-driven**,
is about to pull that plug on wealth.

And the whole damn thing is about to crumble
like old castles and building to fortress protect
but eventually broke down in disregard
for all of that money and defence effect.



What is it ... **hidden** inside the mind?



Nothing hidden ~ connect direct.

Oh how happy to know
God is writing to us, at the 'Nail'.

Not sure though
if it will become a regular
with so much happening elsewhere.
The task is too great I expect.

But having said that,
what a thrill to be informed
first off that track.

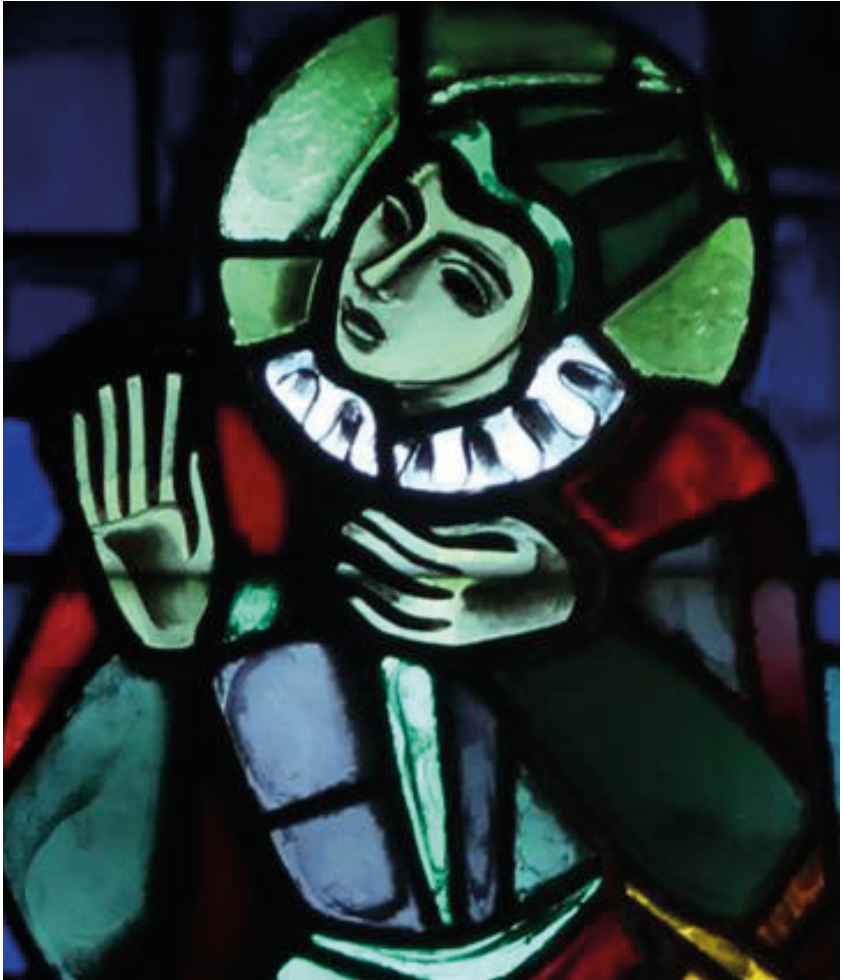
What a thrill
to become aware in fact
the first to hit the Nail on tack.

Love ...

is not a happening,
but an acquiring
from thought-less-ness ...

to a more civilly applied
consideration, contemplation
and love of life ...

your own, with respect.





First point of call ... YOU are.

Why?

You need to consider the wealthy,
meanest types on the planet
and yet the most miserable,
idle profiteers at others expense –
homeless-ness and despair ...

To name a few ...



Hidden ... somewhere

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
- Costly exercise Death
- You are it. I am it. What of it
- Cost of living on the rise
- Silence is Golden if Peace is involved
- Brutalism on our Shores
- Betrayal

