

Homelessness of heart
Compassion at the core



Sunday Nail © 2018

There is a rumour tagged about
even in the street talked about -
whether one has the innards for
living a life
with a heart filled by the ' more' ...
more compassion, care and love
less of the hate - homelessness of heart.



There is a rumour bandied about
people on the streets
ugliest of scene
disgusting, smelling obscene.

What of our beauteous cities, sure still green
but sights now on street corners in-between
bedraggled men, women too?

Whatever happened

for so many homeless
drunk, drugged and mentally
un-stabled by their own society
hoping loveliness is everywhere ...

When in fact, them,
homelessness of heart -
embedded by shop to drop,
entertainment every day
every second, cannot even breathe
and watch life speed away.

Love is lost, lust replaced
what was before
gluttony on every door.
No-one able civil anymore.

Whatever happened ...



to bring that blame and shame -
not to our homeless
but compassion
at our own heart's core?



Homelessness decries us all



wanting more and finding less -
as societies in the West
gain naught
in the purchases of useless-ness.



God did come
or so they shout or say.
God did build
into a world oceans to play.
Sing, shout for joy
the world in all its wonders
they who pray.

But of what of that is left
and who in fact decries that loss
as said and expressed?



What is left of that world in all its wonders?



Why do they not care?

Homelessness, homelessness

heard it all before.

And now crowding about
bag in hand, pushing cart
banging around.

What am I but a passer-by?
What am I but privileged?
No, I worked for what I have got.
Bludgers, poverty un-necessary.

Why do I not care?

Problem is for government
and they too,
do not want ugliness
on their local streets.

Loss, a major obvious sight
coffin draped
Australian or Allied flag
weighted down
then the trumpeter's sound
firing then round upon round.

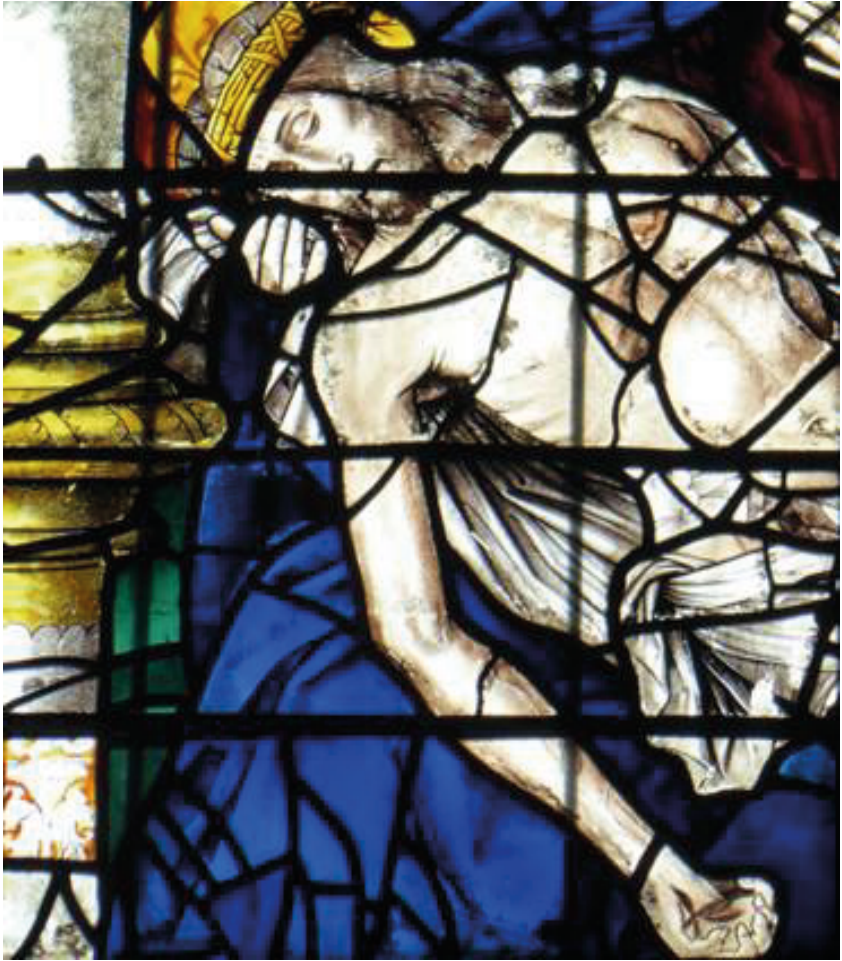
What is it all for?

Supposedly
to hang our heads and bear.

But who is that loss to remain?

Not of a military. No, no blame.

But of the people
allowing governments
to become co-conspirators
for the bought and sold elites.
And who are they, to the coffin
and not here or do speak?



Where are they - now life spent?



Can't afford to contribute, but sure | do care.

Consciously ...

I am and do care
but only just for a moment,
small in time.

Consciously ...

I am and do want
shelter for them all.

Homelessness is in incline
but hell I am to suffer
in debt to my very ears.
So there you are -
no question, no doubt
I cannot possibly contribute.

My own wares too are on the line
sure, not desperate
but governments aware
cannot decide interest rates
me despair to then cause and rise.



Have a heart to care.

Homelessness

cries out for our attention.

West's domination rules the waves
over our people, refugees and all.
Domination rules our mind's brain waves.

We are not an island of people
but a one world, one way
toward Capitalistic ruination.

So wake to the world
of a homeless world -

Homeless people.
Homeless hearts.
Homeless rule.
Homelessness for all.

| said, | could not care
for homelessness anymore.

My life in turmoil, my life in decline
I have no further need
hate is my preferred now all the time.

Refugees commonalities.
Society
and their own subjective views.
Petroleum, cars' fumes.

What is more I too have no more to do
with those without and clinging to boats,
life line no help.

I want for and pray -
value my self more each day
because now I am part
of that self styled millionaire.



Refugees ... but who is to blame?



I solation pares away at the heart.

Compassion loses its refrain.

God walks away but in fact remains.

Life is not a suffer and pain scene,
but for the heart to heal
and love one self and others,
the earth, humanity in tact again.

Love of life.

Love of self.

No perfection either way
just to learn oneself and share
as was intended day upon day.



There is no point in elaborating
the facts to you all.

We are, in the West dominated
by the wrong messages as ...

'kill at will',

'destroy the beauty',

'bomb constantly' -

And of course -

war as games for the young,

little as they be to numb

and take away the benefits of love

and love generously.



How can this be - war games for the young?



Sanctity is who we wish to meet.

Sanctity in our life to be complete.

Sanctity a place to hide,
a place to comforted reside.

Sanctity, comfort too,
but most of all a heart full.



The value of our human-ness
is wracked by deceit.
People blaming others
because life as worth incomplete.

How are we to surface from this pain,
this loss of value
and nowhere, simply nowhere
to love our self
and all other people once again?



Love is that binding glue within
to help us heal
from our losses and failures
when in fact learning is the track
to find our self, truth to our worth,
human, special, loving and real.

Not as predicted by our society
blinded by the hateful burden of old
and not as oneself, whole
and with strength to survive individually.

And that takes courage on a daily basis
and in that,
we can rise above the painful beliefs
and claim life, our own as precious,
valuable and not what the West expects ...

exceptional to be and do
what government-fed ideals suit
as power to do as it pleases.
Instead support those of need
and all
in terms of rightfulness, value and care.



Bibliography:

Pamphlet Series:

Awaken to the Truth

- Burdensome People Burdensome Past
- Courage to go on
- Death in the detail
- The Bastardisation of Truth
- Satellite tonight