

∫atellite tonight



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Satellite, satellite
what are you spying on tonight?
Countries everywhere no doubt.
Is there a specific enemy
or is it everyone you are to see?



Satellite, satellite -
whatever are you afraid of
and others you delight in spying on
into the dawn's day light?



Satellite above our own world
into a space dominated, even space,
like debris as on earth.

Whatever else are we human beings to do?

Let the waters and the earth eradicate, desecrate?

Whatever left?

No human space free of your invasion - no home safe.

Satellite you are the devil in disguise
thinking in a control tower about
your almighty over-throwing power, when in fact
fibre entwined and technologically supreme
when where-ever you can and do the extreme.



But as in a war you are useless
hiding under poor coverage
as the weather damnable
as it is blankets out - often when required.

And let us all face up to it
you are so, in fact, limited
when all that power does little to do
with the human mind, sacred as is
no matter who,
everyone does have and contain this ...

this most wonderful wisdom rich
knowledge above the rest.



And you, yes oh of you satellite,
no hope ever to invade the intent
into which divinely inspired, richly applied
creatively engineered, wholeness has been sent.

*L*ove and compelling - that is what it is.

And you poor dear, driven-ness.
No hope on earth.
No matter the spacious-ness
will ever never create this -
that which all on earth contain
within the inside of the brain.

Because this piece of ingenious
goes beyond to a consciousness,
way beyond time and space
is in fact where you in man came and went
as did those before histories and men.



No one actually remains.

Superficial, artificial,
the whole of Westernised mentality.
Lost it all, the whole view
to that as blindness.
And what is left ...
but to stumble in the darkness.



No view.
No hope.
No clarity.
No more than for drugging,
shopping, debating –
loss to wisdom and creativity.

Loss to human frailty.
Loss to purpose.
Loss to gain.
Loss to learning
and loss to human being.

We are on a road, level sure
but ends in time.

Unfortunately, we are running out
of what in fact is that safety
of a ruled white dividing line.



LOVE COMES
from various forms
and or source.

Love unique.
Love clear.
Love and confusion.
Love incessantly applied.

Love as small, tiny in fact.
Love as force creatively in tact.
Love as anger ruthlessly applied
when in turn no love but power over-ride.

LOVE as a source, wisdom rich.

Why ...

have we lost a source as this?



Why have I, this little soul,
allowed my earthly presence, West induced
to walk a path of madness, endlessness?



No one allowed to speak.
No one free of fear.
No one able to make a stand.
No one of peace, only warring clans.

No one, no one anywhere,
except our beloved satellite my dear.

For in her ultimate space
has you covered in case –
a terrorist.



Bibliography:

Pamphlets:

Burdensome People Burdensome Past

Courage to go on

Death in the detail

The Bastardisation of Truth