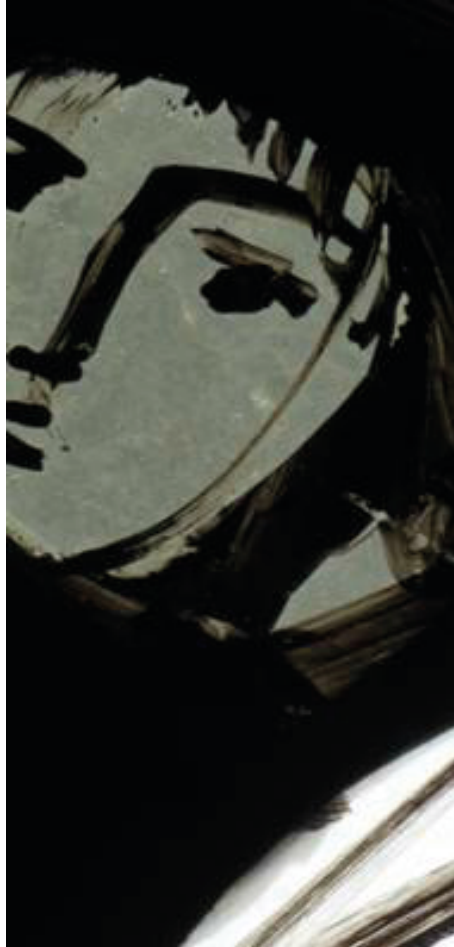


*You are it. I am it.*

*What of it?*



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The world  
is in a tumble down effect.  
What does this mean  
for us, the West?

Are we all displaying change  
or on the rising tide  
despaired - unprepared?



*Are you prepared or despaired?*



*Who are we in reality?*



*I ask of myself daily -*

*Are we all Westernised  
bleeding loss or gluttonized?*

*Are we caring, kindly folk  
or horrible bystanders  
to that obvious plight?*

Myself,  
an article of that greed  
trying, vying against that tide.

Or is it now decline and speed?



*Surely not decline?*



*Is it confusion  
or knowing how best to proceed?*

Myself, oh yes, myself  
that slimly designed machinery  
puffing away, drug inside.

Or is it trying daily to acknowledge  
West's incessant need ...  
conquer, kill at will to a point - genocide?

Is that who I silently, denying am?

Or is it all part of that elitist band  
trying all the time, psychologically  
to transform a conscience, once affixed?

Is it this - that keeps me in a turmoil,  
confused or mixed?





*I am the best of my tribe,  
historically  
but am I aware what part  
glistens with hope, future wise?*

*Love, sure does exist  
but how on earth  
do our young experience this?*



Divorcing on the rise.  
No commitment, wealth the prize.  
Loss oh yes but who is to win  
what of and for whom in the end?

Love sure I too am aware  
television such as is  
prepares more about our ruthless-ness.



But what of the soul purpose to exist –  
banality or creativity?

You walk, talk, sing or praise  
but to whom gains?  
Not you,  
I therefore am to suppose,  
with working to a point -

*No time for reality of thought.*

No time to consider speech.  
No time to relieve sectors of painfulness  
to heal, rather than a permanency of distress.





*What time is there for working on me?*

*Love is you inside.*

*Love gives choice  
and wisdom therefore too resides.*

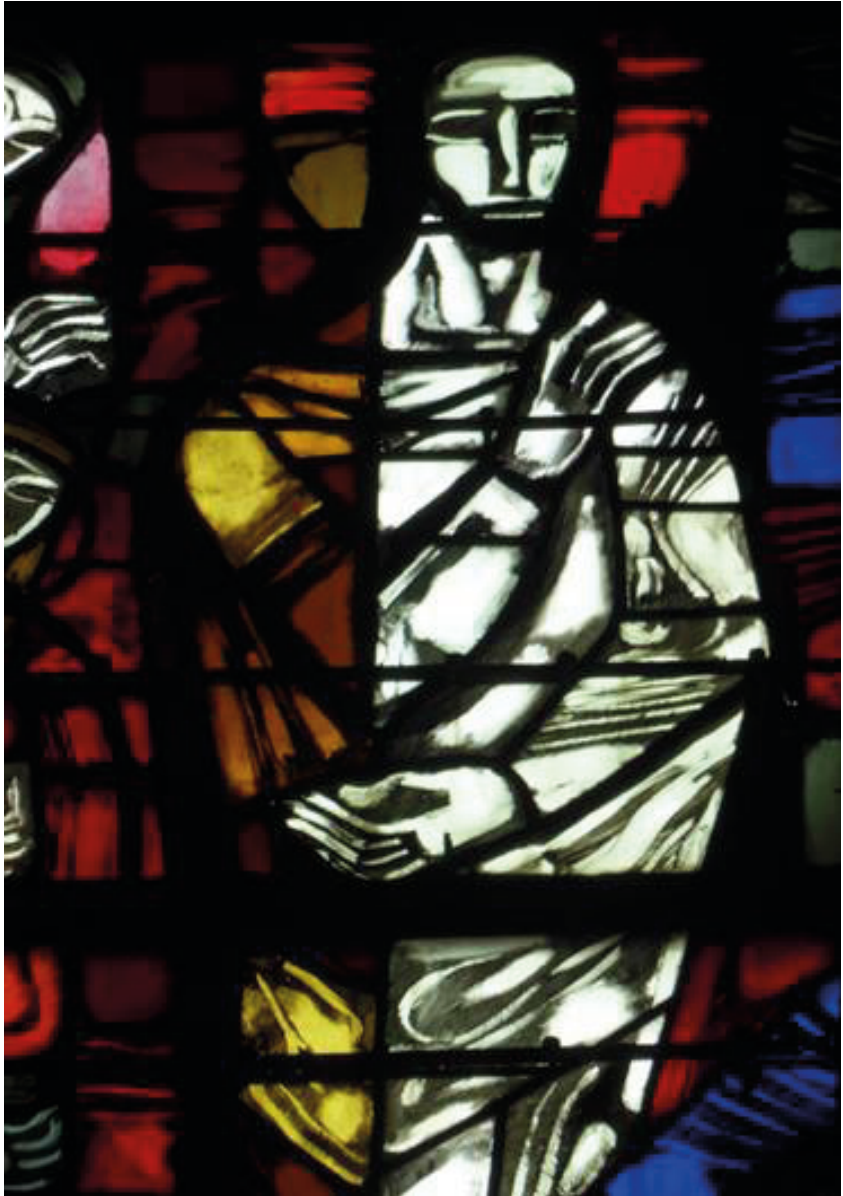


But what of that hate, hurtfulness  
crippling your own experiences  
of worthy deeds, care and concern?



*Whatever happened?*

Did they lose power  
or got driven toward anger to burn?



*You are mine, he cried  
but was that -  
a form too of genocide?*

*My own life crucified,  
sold out, burnt away  
in one word,  
I am yours, no say.*



There is a saying regularly portrayed,  
in the Westernised hemisphere of mind,  
that what I have, can achieve, or grab is okay.

No thoughtfulness.

No prayer to seek solace from above –  
wisdom rich.

No way out. No clarity.

No form to consider outcomes displaced.

No way to salve hate and hurtfulness.

*Worst of all - fame-less-ness  
and too of utter disgrace.*



She did say, and I quote:

*Love is inside -*



*can you not wait long enough,  
spare enough  
of your own time in a day  
for a simple modicum of space?*

She did say over again,  
Love is in yourself,  
ally as such  
a part rich, inwardly placed  
to clarify parts un-dealt  
to see the view away from hate.



*Love – there when the pain is dealt.*

Can I become aware  
that life here is,  
at the very least,  
short lived and then no more.

*Whatever is to become of me  
once love is extinguished  
from those I am to love - incessantly?*







*What I pray tell, what?*



*So you ventured into a form  
where light did actually dawn  
that we, the West, declining so  
needed a review long, long ago.*

*And now of course state, 'too late'  
or is that truly actually the case?*

Somehow deep within a soul  
the beauty of another me exists as well.

Not that I am of the only one,  
no oh no, this that I am to speak  
exists in each and everyone.

We who live,  
a life to live earth bound  
but to freely exist  
whether rich, poor  
or as said, incomplete  
have a richness to express,  
exhibit and or too address.



There are simple rules of life to be lived.  
First and foremost  
not everyone is able to speak  
as limited by political will,  
warring, abuse or still -  
far, far too small but hurting too.



*Love is needed, care is too  
but I insist toward observation  
it has to arise out of all, me too.*





So let us begin to chant  
from our inside mental stance.

Love not hate to all  
even if hurt is present -  
subside and wait  
see not all the blame exists  
on one side of that space.



*Love not hate in that head space.*

You worked until an appropriate time or age.  
You worked and worked until that final phase.  
You worked, slave-like no respite.  
You worked ardently to understand life and people,  
patterns as weathermen and women do.

But then, as dawn appeared,  
gathered those thoughts of a loved one,  
as if out of a nowhere land, appears and said,  
you too are love, not only work as worth  
but more the good, daily you shed -  
or expressed.



*Gather the good and worthy deeds.*



*Why me – can I not be eased?*

There is a sense that pain or fear  
drive us daily.

And then behaviour too  
is part of a deadly sphere.

And if no balance does precede  
hell as life drives us  
and no time or value to our worth  
but pain, loss or greed -  
depends on the need.

But more likely pain-killers,  
drugs of kinds not to say,  
but that is life, pain un-dealt each day.

Much has been exhibited over eons.  
The behaviour styles, the impacts as such  
but little if any of the courage to try  
and each and everyone to love.





*Don't seek to judge but love.*



*The goodly life is being kept inside  
away from the ugliness.*

*But what if able to be expressed  
how then the strength of character  
to share of one's own inner best?*

Somewhere - uncertain where  
that voice of inner self wisdom  
to my own thoughts appears.

Voice reminiscent of my own  
but far more informed  
and of a deep desire to connect,  
share and value, learn to myself respect.



*What is it ... you desire of me?*

There is a message clearly known  
about the value of a hero,  
special one, to admire as if to own.  
But of that person's character –  
unknown.

Therefore,  
more important to value self  
and learn to acknowledge  
the strength to survive  
and life also satisfied.







*Trust yourself.*

*Live the life.*

*Don't do lack or criticise  
but learn, a daily exercise.*

*When awake,*

observant of my so-called life mistakes  
I remembered I had left the goodly acts  
out of my own self assessment -

And hence  
hate, hurt and distress,  
poetry then  
gave a form to express.



## **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



