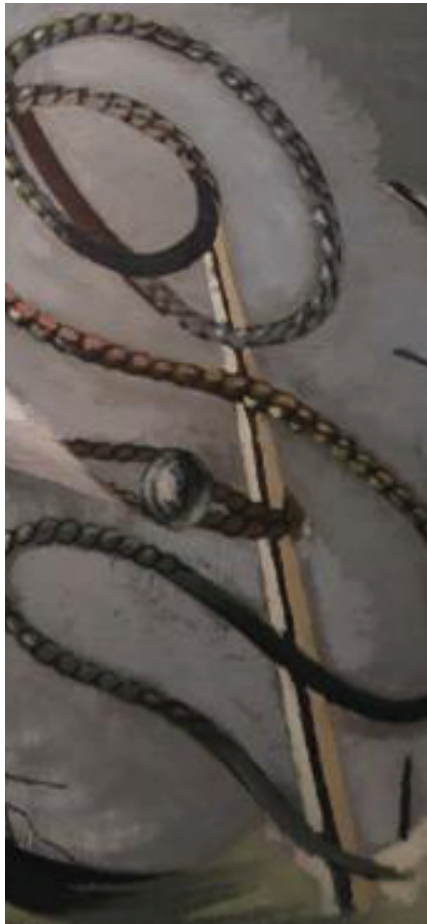


Reflections ...  
of a downward spiralling trend



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Who are you to cry out, **Crucify him?**

Crucify him, crucify him ...  
him who is without sin  
as shame, guilt or loss;

Sin, as wanting and taking  
what did at first yourself belong;  
Sin, as hatred to defame, defile and lose  
that which is yours to blame.

Not the other, Palestinian, Syrian,  
Iraqi, Iranian, Yemeni and Libyan;  
the peoples of Africa, South East Asia,  
globally, without recourse, blame ...

And not renounce  
what in your own heart you lack  
and blameful do not address.

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Crucify him,  
lose him of goodness  
to shame and ridicule.

Shame, blame, hate and woe  
is yours until ...  
you look at who you are  
and to yourself  
no longer crucify and die.

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Jesus,  
man or mouse, weak or strong  
matters to no one but of those  
looking out trying to do no harm  
but to follow a way ...

a way of beautifully rich ideas,  
notions to which a joyful life can endure ...

endure in upholding one's truthful self  
of goodness, joy and peace.

Peace,  
to embrace those challenges we face.

Peace, to live harmoniously  
to benefit and not destroy a humanity.

Peace, to not allow  
a corruptness of mind  
to wander and drift idly.

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Goodness, so hard to find  
when hate  
as blinkers to loss find and bind.

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Peace



... to embrace those challenges we face.

**A**waken to the truth of self inside



... **don't** be burdened with loss, hate and spite.

Read no more  
the words of a God, text of old  
until in your own life  
memory of hate, hurt and despise  
are unfolded lovingly to pursue -  
to learn not hate further;  
to learn hate as despair burdens one  
more so endless in its mindfulness.

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I walk, search and seek out  
but what for, if I am unworthy  
as one of a whole others on this globe?

Am I a strong and willing earth participant or not?  
Am I weak and for what?  
Who says so?  
Not the me of a God creation of life on earth.

Why then resort  
to further a burdened globe and peoples?

Why despicable, lost  
and in painful memories  
recalling to what end?

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I am that which is more  
and in that more have a lovingly rich part,  
a sacredness, an honourable part  
to know and love, share and express  
as creatively, genuinely as is my own to do so.

## Why?

Because as I have often held witness  
my life is as worthy as those to whom  
we shun, decide ugly, unbearable  
and not to be here as we,  
the so-called judges of no heart acclaim.

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Go to a part of quietness inside  
that oh so clustered mind.  
Reverence the time.

Thank over again and again  
the value of life, **yours**  
to bear witness to a life historically and ask, ...

What am I, in that pictured aspect,  
that tiny speck billions of seeded souls?

What am I to become  
when hate and hurt cloud as a pollution  
so no other light of a life inside shines,  
glorious as is an earth at peace  
**restore-eth** by love inside one and all?

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**Who** am I but you inside?

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**Who are we ...**

but the children of a future generation?  
And what are we,  
the Moguls and hoards, the vile and unjust.

**Who are we ...**

but the slaves of a wealthy  
one per centum of humanity's life blood -  
the future absconded; the future unrest;  
  
the future of a hopeful nation  
under constancy of a West, dominate and vile,  
cry out, God bless America,  
all the while  
weapons of destruction, armaments galore,  
killing and maiming our children, the future unsure.

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**Will it last ...**

the child Palestinian, Syrian, Lebanese,  
the Libyan, the Congolese,  
Ecuadorian, South American, Mexican?

Can we give these freedom to breathe  
away from we, the West,  
who deliberately torture  
without any form of reprieve?

**Who are we ...**

Westernised Moguls of a disease  
to ride bad shot over every other of peace?

What does this heart, Westernised be?  
Is it some form  
of virulent blackened heart – no ease?

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Thank you God I am me  
although alone  
I am in my own heart now free.

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Love no answer  
if love of one self is unattainable.  
God, that inside a mind,  
send more wise ideas  
to allow others I am to meet  
to also, as You say to me, ...

Be free of heart,  
love yourself as I do to thee.

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**L**ove is ...  
when hate and hurt,  
addressed, subside.

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Love not outwardly  
before love of self  
is owned generously.

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**T**ravel with an open heart



... **don't** hate and fear love apart.

Reflective I am  
but what of my thoughts -  
clear or underhand?

**S**omewhere,  
within a mind out there  
comes, flows, provides  
wise thoughtful, bite size prose,  
poetic style, graphic rich -  
but often too a form of love  
myself to know, value  
and become far more appreciative  
against a cruelly inclined world.

People out of touch,  
realism as a truthful self,  
left unattended then builds on  
all that hate and hurtful memoried stuff.

Keep yourself, as I try daily for  
some part you are proud  
as a gesture to another and think more ...  
more about the goodness hidden but alive  
when you find time to value **you** as you are ...  
new each and every day  
to love self and others as you walk differently  
than hurt stored and voiced before.

Love ... is that seed  
born into a life to breed.



# **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
- Hidden
- Value-less Plight
- Adrift in Retirement
- Time Out
- The Bread of Life
- Forgiveness
- The Factory Doors are Shut