



Sunday Nail © 2019

He is Dead ...

 ${\sf H}{\sf e}$ is Dead, they cried anxiously, nervously.

For they, the crowd, fearful of his goodness wanted him disappeared so no more fantastic ideas would arise out of a profound-ness as he, the creature of whom a God did inspire.

God bless that soul, so inspirational lasting life times over in hearts divine;

But alive among us, when spending time for a time to hear within a mind spacious and willing, hopeful and clear.

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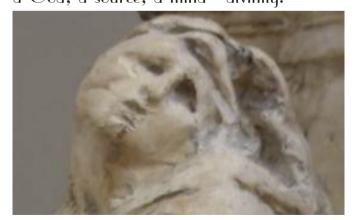
He is Dead ... He is Dead

Seek not a soul but of thine own soul-self divine inside.



Seek out the good and fill that hollow emptiness with worth of thee.

Not outwardly seek for that leads only to a whisper not of a soundness inside that of a more substance, a God, a source, a mind - divinity.



Go walk among Me, that of a love so strong; that of a strength so powerful no one can contest.

For you emit yourself from the strength God united as mind flowing forth.

Strength, so powerful tribes long to know of your knowing that brings out a strength of courage to alone stand tall among an unruly and cruelly inclined tribal crowd bent on fear and lacking of inner-worldly pride - humility.

No longer ashamed - but owning that Godly, goodly connection - mind to mind.



Loss no more.

God inside that mind of mine complete, but willing to learn as continually as those breaths count one at a time - divinely, inspirational, mystical, substantial.



Hollowness - Madness



Hollow man. Hollowness within. Hollow self. Hollowness in heart, mind and soul.

Hollow man. Westernised tribes hate and spite filled. No heart. No clarity of mind.

Thoughts greed-filled. Lonely but joined to kill or maim, torture or frame. So who are we Westerners but full to the brim of a nothingness; full of pridefulness and of a pre-occupation of idleness ...

No hope, heart or soul, - thought at all.

God spoke what \ldots

naught to those of a thoughtless, lacking of a mind to contemplate and care for all.

But of that one alone standing tall they cried all, Crucify, incarcerate, tear him down -

no longer to those of a heart continue to communicate.



Long lost but of a fear fail to relate even though tears flow – no hope.



How great Thou art

How great Thou art You, who visit us at birth, trembling new and cold that source inside a mind ever more open to Your voice and source.

God divinely inspired, I continue to grow unaware as I am to age environmentally, socially and wealthily.

But in You ...

I long to now know and show that presence You gave and I left before, so young of age; so vibrant with all possibility, talent and skill, knowledge learned, knowledge of You

once again want for and long to know that which is of You in my mind, heart and soul, love expressive, creatively enriched to know and adjust, make amends and trust.

God bless that which is within the all of oneself.

And too those of difference, culture and belief to know through Your intervention as thought goodness can be possible to know and enjoy ever more, physically, solidly, richly adorned by that presence – spiritually.

God, almighty source of mind to mind, consciously ...

You are the me inwardly, mindfully where hope of a more peaceful self is to be found, embracingly with courage, to join where-ever called knowing that times cruel, do to us learn the passion and need to occasionally fall, Christ-like born in You.



Love is that of yourself a God-given self within. Amen



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
- The Other Side of Midnight

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- The Ancient Mariner
- Reflections of a downward spiralling trend
- Hello Mister Bee