

The
Aloneness
of **S**tanding **A**part



Sunday Nail © 2019

He is Dead ...

He 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.





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 ...

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



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
- The Other Side of Midnight

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