The Ancient Mariner



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The ancient mariner speaks out his mind full of information about the waves and his sense of the divine.

He knows people think he is verging on mad, but what they do not know is he is very close to the divine in all he does and knows.

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The oncient moriner is of a mind to tell all, but people in the main are so very unkind.

They think he is beyond help but in effect he does know they are not aware that the waves of humanity are coming in on ships.

But not of the afterlife, but of refugees who know not where or why, but being bombed has caused them, as if a tidal wave.



The Ancient Mariner lover one and all

The ancient mariner is of a kind toward all peoples of every single kind.

But why is he so purposefully led?

Why is he so kindly toward everyone not only the seas he reverences and those fish, but people as fish of every colour and breed?

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There is a point to all of this about the mariner and of his fish.

He does not catch but benefits by all of that diversity of colour and kind he sees in his daily viewing, that of a God's divine ordinance and plan.

God, oh God, he continually calls out as if some form of voice comes to him as if a dream at night.

He calls and cries at times with enormous emotional effort as if to genuflect toward the sky.

And then in viewing all above looks to the seas for what in that, he daily sees.

What a perfect life he leads,

Or is it more about what he has away from all that throng of the West and their denial of what he sees well ahead?



What is it he emits ... is it peace and love of all?

The value of his venturous life is more toward peace and less of strife. The value of who he is, is more about what he does and does not do in his road or waterways of life.

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The valuable lessons he must bear because in him he holds the clue to what behaviour one must to benefit use. What an enormous wealth of knowing those most harmless little folk on board his ship must be knowing.

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So who is aboard this ship of his? Who is able to stand observing as he does and did?

What is it ...

about his way of life, that at the present many are lining the shores to have more of? ∫om∈,

who do talk about his ways, will often blurt out -It is more about being saved. But I am aware of his story first of hand because he calls to me, that God of Understanding inside the mind ...

and mind it is that we are being directed in the wrong type of direction as he does continually has said.

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So who are you to know hir wayr? Who are you to ray what he thinkr and prayr?

Who are you, within that mind of hir?

Are you some form of conscience or consciousness?

The thoughts

that we are to have come from a source that belongs to all of us.

Or otherwise how is it that we can communicate without even lifting a little finger just feel as if knowing it is time to do this or that?



We come into a world of unfortunate beings and made to feel lesser than we are to be and what occurs but a downward thread. Instead the value of a life to worship in a way that takes care of and looks toward a future of total goodness.

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The valuable lesson of this world is to learn how to close off for a while. Think and think again and over eventually to a point where sense begins to become real and not something thought, as if to become true, when in fact that is not you.

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You come into a world of desperate times and consider how best to manoeuvre your life well so not much occurs to allow hurt and or hell. But what is it we are trying to avoid?

What is it we want that we do not have inside ourself to be explored? The answer of course is, there is no course and therefore we sink, before we swim.



What is it we want?

There is a tale about a fish that grew and grew to a point explosion of what he did eat.

That being said, it was not the amount but that he did not know what was for the best and which was not.



There is a solution to who we are and that is an inside questioning process, like who are we without that outside interference in our daily grind?

So who am I compared to him, the ancient mariner and his kindly ways and sailing crew?

Who am | ...

that cares and considers the world around where I am to live?

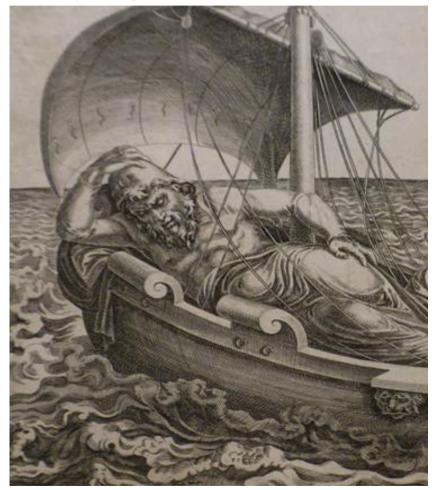
Who am | ...

when the world is under enormous duress and I have a part to play but prefer to deny and have a good, well earned rest?

The story of this man and his crew is more about compassion toward oneself and those close at hand, reliable and kindly who we keep around.

The story of a man and his wife, his partner for life is more about the learning curve of who we are each to provide the other with knowledge that we inside ourself do hide.

Ancient mariner, ancient man of the worldly seas of life, what is it about you and your crew inside that life boat you sail round continually looking and do?



I am the man of a world anew without the distractions of a Westernised crew.

am the one

who kept them all able to know what it is about me as an example of what one in their own life simply can do.

an the one ...

with those I am to care to look and observe for at least one or two years.

arn the one ...

who began to observe my own behaviour lacked a conscience of care.

am the one ...

when time permits that continues to observe my ways in the world and what flotsam of refuge I am to leave.

Not only the obvious junk type foods dropping in cartons unused, but of the way I speak at times, the way I action naught but air all of those times.

I had to have a really long look at who I am in this most uncaring lack of knowing world and see who I am and in how I am to behave. And in how much of that muck I am to contain that causes so much inferior pain. The 'view' that is what he said.

The view of who I am and in how I am to spread, either a goodly kindly way ahead

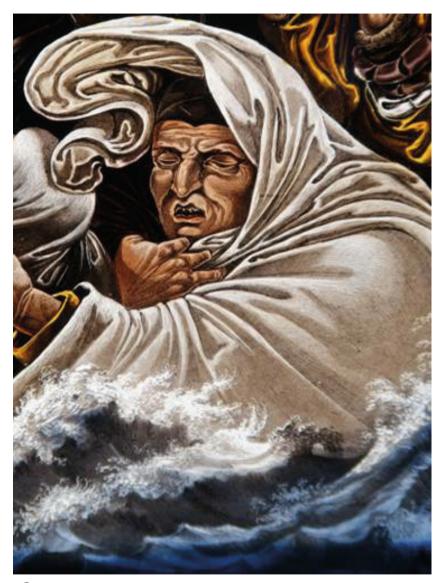
or that of a pain-filled, obvious hurtful painful stand toward my own value and every other, not quite me type.

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So what I began to notice after those first observing days was I had a temper and anger and was what I hid underneath that sea of waves.

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The value this man who had stepped outside the mainstream gave, was look at yourself first before causing any other form of tidal wave.



 \int pread goodly kindly ways ahead - not tidal waves



Time out for review ... to ensure no hate is spread

\int o look and look | did

for almost one or more years and said, toward my life story, it is time to change into another completely new gear;

One that includes time out for review. One that looks at my behaviour and in how I speak out as if new or not, but to make sure it is not to spread hate a lot.

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This is the way ahead,

sea or no sea, land or waterways I am to cross, not to become some form of automaton but look and share kindly as I am to tread.

And in that way, not to hurt another least expected myself inside my own head.

That is where the information and pain is kept waiting for someone unable to contend what it is - anger has been suppressed and now in this venue, environment has come as venom to spread.

Life cannot become anymore some form of follower class like the poor. I have to find a way ahead where I can lead a life worthy to tread.

I have to become resilient, confident and cautious too.

I have to find a way for myself, the value of my inside mind thoughts to track and not hurt me, my life and those I am to love through and through.

have to and can do those little tiny steps toward a beneficial way ahead.

I have to and can do those little tiny steps toward loving this life the longer time if possible toward my end.

But if unable not to punish well ahead by constantly complaining and not to do one small step to stop that unending complaint.

So you look and observe for over a year and what did that do when working through and through?

I told myself that a day would not pass and if it did, not to blame but correct that process next day and begin again ...

to look and observe my daily routine and if I began the day pleasantly.

And if not, *why* and note that emotion and query *why* in my own mind.

Not something easily portrayed but more like a chat, talking to my friend and explaining this or that in an effort to clear that path previously dumped upon with dread.



You are the perfect storm and sail

You are not unworthy from the start

and any misfortune is unfortunate. But not a blame toward any other types disliked, but an opportunity to know you have survived and what you have learnt.

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You are the perfect storm and sail.

Just depends what track best to ensure you complete that journey learning more about those waves and rides ahead.

But even more so about you and those no longer hidden talents and skills that you have witnessed.

Not only desired in your own head – but there to witness now forever more and value, because that is what inside you have to be explored.

Love is part of this story

of that/those fishermen and women who look toward an unpredictable sea; they are aware that one moment sunshine and calm, the next a storm, ten force gale and what that requires to, 'steady as she goes' without having any clue,

but what has been learned over eons prior and in that we begin to exercise more than just us, but more and more.

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The gale is a type of unrest and people know to cover up the best.

But in the real world of land it seems no one in the West prepares for any one thing but head on without a clue.

And then in trouble will blame the likes of the mariner and his own personal crew.



How calm are we in the Wert?



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