

The Ancient Mariner



Sunday Nail © 2019

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 ancient mariner
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.

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The Ancient Mariner loves 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.

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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?

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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?

Some,

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 his ways?
Who are you to say
what he thinks and prays?*

*Who are you,
within that mind of his?*

*Are you some form of conscience
or consciousness?*

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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.

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

Who am I ...
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.

| am the one ...

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

| am 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.

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Spread goodly kindly ways ahead - not tidal waves



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

So 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.

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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.

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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.

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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.

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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.

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How calm are we in the West?

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
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- Time Out
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- Forgiveness
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- The Other Side of Midnight

