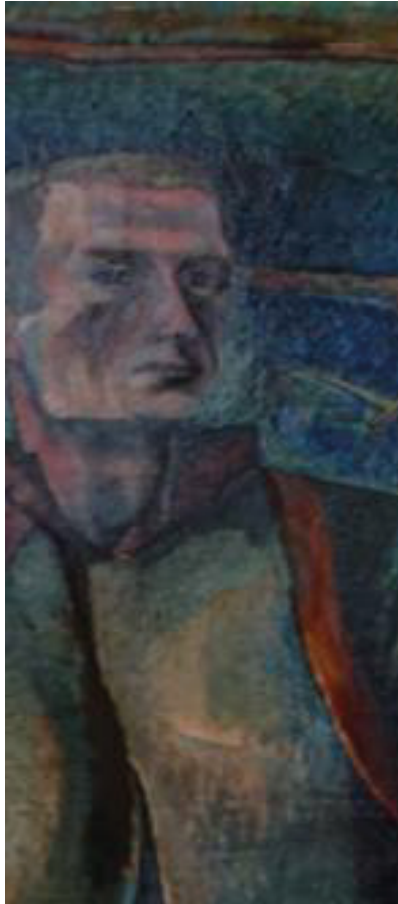


Standing Apart



Sunday Nail © 2019



Standing Apart

I saw him there,
seen him before
not quite sure where,
but there all of the same -

solid, real and yet unreal
in some form unsure,
but sure though
it was as before - him.



Someone once said,
that they saw my father at his funeral.
And at that time was grateful.

But now ...

this other man not quite the same
but present in my company once again;
once more visiting in my mind,
the head of memory.

Or was it that,
this I am to feel as him inside
but projected outwardly
to feel and too, see of him?





What was his story?

What was his words?

What was he here for me to know and or do?

He could be real.

He could be 'other than'

and in my mind alone

apart from that which is normally there

stored in my head.

But what, at this time was he to say,
that made me fear and yet excited too
in one emotion combined, but of two?

Was he my father of old,
the one I adored and died
funeral and all to witness
as dead and had then prior died?

What is it?

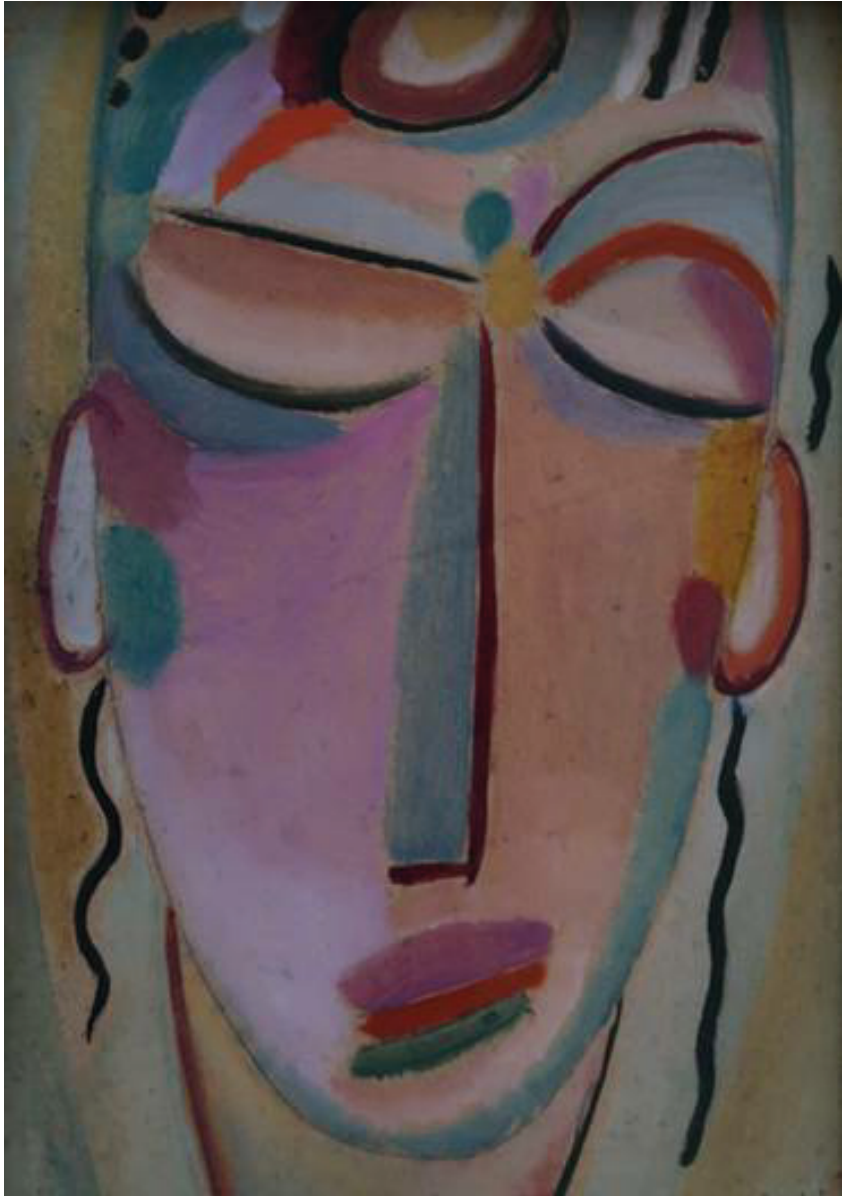
How is it now that I feel so close
to another in the form of those
prior now dead?

What is it that they are to say,
he especially, on this momentarily rich day?
What has he come to do for me
or is it more for him I am to do, unsure
so now to work and pray and pray
or meditate continually throughout my day?

What is it?



How is it now he comes,
my father, or some other
not sure even now when pray -
no words to mind do come?



Love is
a most outstanding thought;
but felt, it goes beyond
and this today is what I am to feel
something enormously rich
and enriched by a love unreal -
head in heart, mind in soul.

What is it?
that this creature of old
has to be told?

What is it he has that I need
or he to have from me?
What is it he wants now
quite impatiently?

I know that I have been a religious-ness
within the mind like Buddha is,
but this is more a symbolic thread
about who I am and have
as yet to know and think, believe as real.



What is it?

How is it that he comes this day
when all around me sits the messages prior
that others dead have brought to mind my way?

I am the channel of thought as all on the earth
receivers and receptors, deciders and clarifiers,
but what is it that they do when they arrive,
thoughts extreme in our life?

Are they real or are they more
and what of that more is available?

What type?

What sort are we on the earth but globally
seeking what is not relevant,
but more about the more and more significant?

But what is it that we do want as a human being?

What type of life?

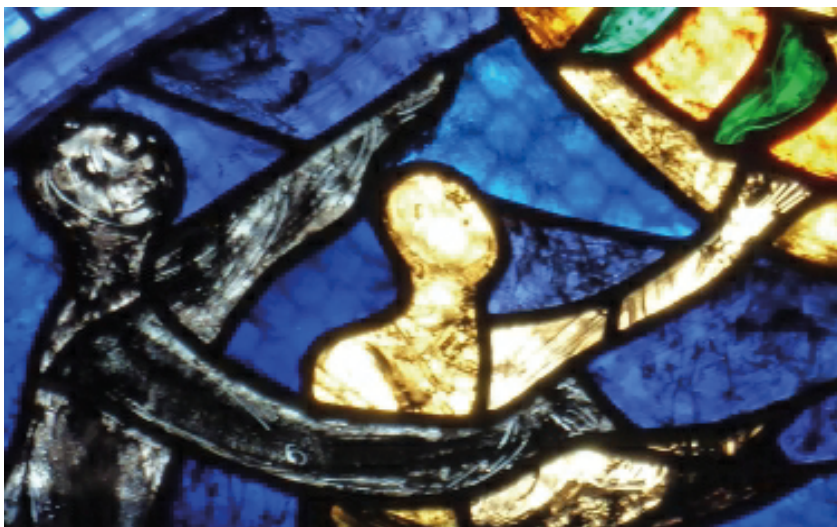
What type of world?

What type of industry to collect the benefits
of our generously acquired life gifts
to explore for beneficial, creative
and explorative ideas and undertakings?

What is it?

How is it ...

that we pass on by to die
and no way of knowing who
of our relatives,
are with us at that time?



Or is it more ...

all of that time on earth to live
and when we die, what then –
some other form of life?

Love ...

is not what we believe it to be,
but more and in this more
a relative gone
but by our mind in store.



What are we if not the whole
and who inside
does that take into control?

Are we able to work at life
without guidance as thought, ideas as such
from some other source
and who may or not be there with us?





What if this other me inside
was a father figure of old to confide?
What if this other vision of a man
was the picture of a magnificent view
of what in life I have next to ...

deliver a word, a cry for help,
an understanding of and sharing too?

What if this one inside my brain
has a story about who I am
without all of that repetitious pain?

What if I knew this one
and only felt connected by the past
and what was
together there on earth before was done?

What is it?
How is it we pass on by
without a sense of loving
what in our head, the mind
has in store daily to get by?

What if we are more than thought?
What if we have an incredible source inside?
What if we can develop magically,
but in reality
it is no more than of the whole of each
to work on and outwardly give
that of the benefit of advice clearly?

What if ...

we have a benefactor
some call a God, the Gods
or whatever reaches them
to touch and speak?

What if ...

we have a source
rich entwined with life
and death, death as life?

Whatever has become of my mind
to circumnavigate to find a love divine?
Am I more and in that,
have some other source unique to me
and others on earth to seek?

What is it?

How is it ...

that I am able to confer with the dead
relatively easily and others have no idea
or hide that knowledge out of fear?

Love, love, love,

is what repeatedly he calls out
and wants me to hear.

But what is it he has to say this day
over and over repeatedly too,
is that the world in fragility, has the earth
relatively perilously close to extinction
and men and women too of course -

So what is it he wants for me to know
and express, religiously so?

Go to the water and cleanse the sleep away.
Go to the edge of the cliff and consider it
and think once again why and stay, not to go?

Think about the value
of one life on the earth,
that incredible design
and historically connected over time.

Think about who you have been
and in how things can change
in a blink of an eye
about what can now be known;
can in fact be changed to adjust behaviour
from that hell like zone.

Think about the beauty
of those you love and like.

Think about the historical relevance
to learn from that past as well your own.

Think before you criticise.
Think before you bomb blast another
and cruelly to them apply.

Think about the behaviour
and what it can do
in terms of a hellish life
to other people and especially to you.



Think those thoughts
of a lovingly caring type
about who is important
and valuable to your life.

Think how wonderfully rich you are
to have known a loved one and then they go -
dead as dead but there in store forever while alive
for you to collect in your memory and to reflect.



I am it said, this voice so strong.

I am the voice of ever more
and in you in time I now belong.

I am the voice of a history,
an event that in the end crucified my life
as a pyre burnt me.

I am the soldier who death on battlefield knows
what wrong in them to have gone
and left loved ones on their own.
I am the source of all time on the earth and beyond
and in my life now I to you all do now belong.



You are ...

the saviours of life on earth.

You are the ones who can make
or break down or live that life.

You are the survivors to do and want,
but wanting and doing that is a choice
often leads to doing much harm ...

so be warned

think and think and think ever more, daily,
momentarily to do no harm, hurt and destroy.

Think ...

about the weather patterns
now this day and future signs
not the usual weather for us to say.

Changes in all directions it does appear,
well, yes the answer could perhaps be,
not in our life time but most probably before.

But what before have we to contend
with nuclear arsenal building ten upon ten.
War heads common
on the ground and underground.
War heads of every kind, colour and breed
even into the life giving seeds.

War heads as Corporates
dealing out the way ahead
without even considering
who is to become or cause this to death.

What a debacle conscience is
if not to contain any form
but lead all on earth
to a most horrible and destructive end.



Love is yours to contain.

Love is yours
to think over and over again.
Love is what I bring this day
for you especially have work to be done
about what is happening to this earth and everyone.

What is it you are to ask?

What is it?

How is it me alone standing apart
what will I have available
against all those big-guns out there
wielding left and right viciously to power?

I am, is what it said.

I am, the I am in your own head
and if you listen in your daily reflective space
I will guide you to that more better placed space
to receive the value of who you are –

then oh then it is up to you to know
what is exactly the best path
to step one at a time to go.







Love you,
love them, love everyone
even those with evil intent.
But what is it I am to do
against all that mighty force?

You are the force, source and way.
You are the everyone on every single day.
You are the benefit and the cross.

You are ...
the beneficial source on earth
to wake up and call out
to have your voice daily heard.

But what is it you are to now ask,
is it more than just a most simplified task?
Yes, I am to call upon each and everyone today
to let them become aware I am in their head
just one moment away –

and when they ask and implore literally
I will be of a source to comfort all exactly
as the divine intent expects of me.



Love takes place
in the head and heart.

Love is part and parcel of a birthing process
long before you breathe the breath of life.

Love is more a type of installation program,
more a type of information source.

Love is for the betterment
of a whole other tribe,
the consciousness of time inside.

But what is not quite readily understood
is that the living on earth, in the West, are dead
and those in a consciousness are now alive
and living, though being dead.



We, the living,
have a role, a place,
a particle of both hell
and too disgrace
as well the beautified view
of a life of peace.

But what is missing as we speak
is that you, the individual
have lost that connective thread
to love who you are –

and not to become a victim
of your downwardly spiralling trend -
despair rich and not valuable to me,
the part of the whole of you untapped and free.



Love is ...

that part inside untapped,
unknown
and yet particles at times
are to be given and shown.

Now is such a time as this
to look out and value all and everyone
and not to yourself live a half life
when whole is what you have to shed.



Love is ...

that source inside your head.

Take it quietly, listen intently, cautiously,
test it against your own experience
and gradually learn you are part and parcel
of the whole and that includes humanity.





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

Continued...

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