Adrift in Retirement



Sunday Nail © 2019

Adrift in Retirement.

Who am I if not in the controlling arm of my short life now?



I cross the shore, circle around vision myself no longer aground.

Who is to care, come or stare?

Who is to be evident to know I have even been here?





Sorting out the garbage

of an historically embedded existence is not an easy row for fishing is likened to living finding that struggle, challenge, potential in the end – the winning prize, that fish that of oneself – the biggest potential purpose of them all.



Sorting out that sampling

of experience in life grappling to find the evidence, purpose more than of strife. Living now and learning why before to take on that stand – elder-hood and why?

She came

into a world, ugly as before. Called out as if a knowledge upon my own mind was born ...

Live out your days burdensome no more. Live out your learning no more turn back a constant to that over-ploughed and lost fishery as before.

Now find that potential hunt for the divine worth of a humanity living as one who now knows -

God did and will forever know those who came, lived, and sorted out to find the gold, – goodness inside, the biggest catch of all – life ...

life to be lived honourably with a deep affection, love at that inner core.

She came and went as if in my mind adrift.

She left. I floundered. But was it truly this or was it my own strength she knew now, a life of strength would in me forever exist?



So sorry I am by myself again. But is it not that in retirement I have the strength to open to that divine her within? She came or was it that nurturing aspect within where love of self began and wants for me, that now retiree, to be more, so more lovingly content.



She shouted, sang and did too ring aloud the bells in time —

God is ever present, voice of all time, and in you, that retiree, love can now extend to all and everyone, freedom as compassion toward too thee.



Hello, person in retirement no constraints of a working world but idly able to call upon that of a worldly learning to earlier decide a fate to contend.

For in this never-ending trial of alone-ness, out of a working world, your own choices are yours alone and in that provide a wisdom, well beyond your own.





Anchored to my bedside table a sign that read ...

Keep ever vigil those morals of goodness and virtuous-ness in check as outside walking, riding and sailing a person is easily able, as the years ever long, to slip adrift out of focus for who they, in love, now belong.



She walked and talked incessantly my other self in check about one's own behaviour having such a long-standing impact.

I felt though at times not all was mine to bear as it appeared in my mind an horrendous burden.

But however much her story contained it did apparently bear the hallmark of a history that now in my own, similar, does too remain.



Shot out of nowhere a life begins to change.

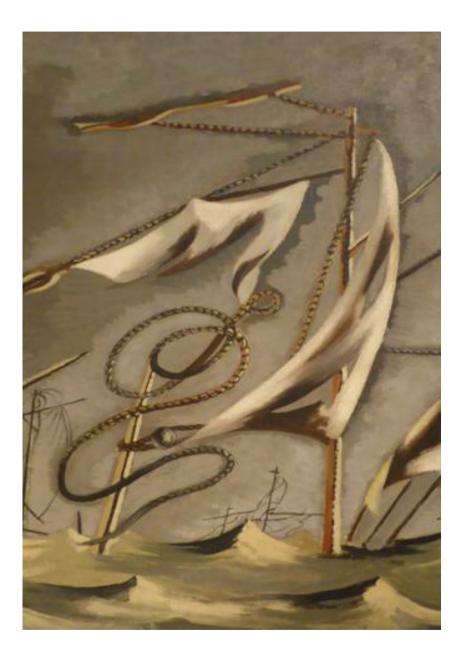
Not in a worldly acclaimed but for a time-ordered retirement to see a life's view more unrestrained. So our life changes and worldly worth subsides. Tidal in its evidence that no more work will keep one entertained.

But slowly recognising the grief easily portrays as one moment the chorus, life is to change and death but to view as that is the final life end game.

Catch of the day — YOU are and remain.

So value who you are and no more complain.





It felt as though an anchor had been taken away. No more stability the sheltering of my harbour lost amidst the waves.

I lost all sense of my purpose, ship no longer adrift, but aged, and wanting attention, time alone only way. No hope of now to resist.



I could not resist those warning signs waves higher than normal they appeared perilous to me. So grounded, shore-side life is to be permanently.

God, so thankful not terminal, but of a life-saver to have this time now to reverence that of You now safely ensconced within me.

Love and perish - or love eternally.

Catastrophe calling

when one does not heed those signs to stop, wait and listen to those thoughts as if out of a nowhere space inside the mind.

Catastrophic events to awaken and allow the ignorant, arrogant, pride-like stance to that of a force, gale intensified, to open upon the life style and cripple the ability to physically walk, and ride or sail.



Comes, as if out of a nowhere space, to provide time out to learn, appreciate and value that of your own life.





Oh I am aware that the life precious needs attention, 'time out' for review. But who is available to know for me, my own life, what is so beneficial to do?

Well then this is ideal as within the head our own questions are able to be answered readily once that of a congestion about who we are in the negative is seen from a more balanced perspective and own and learn, not continually repeat painfully.



Loss is not all bad when a failure is being repeatedly told.

Caution of course

but learning is part of the whole universe.

Sorry, lost in translation,

What is it that I am capable of to do?

Is it some form of revising about my past and any evidence of my behaviour, foul play?

Is it the other, where I was conditioned to believe less of my value as a child and still at times feel left out or ignored and lonely, step aside and moan incessantly?

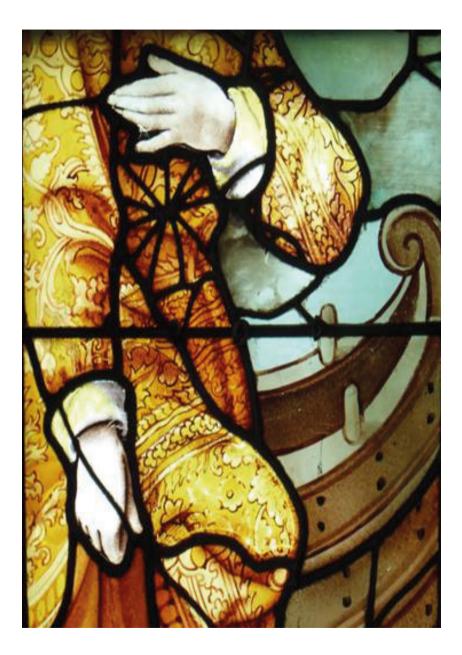
No, this is about you retiring from that incessant nature of being undeclared as one of a significance and not in that be a-feared.

You are who you be,

but not necessarily all that is on record but of another entirely open and available, as thought now to connect constantly.

Here learning develops as the perfect life strategy ...

Love, honour and obey who you are each and every day.





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
- Time Out
- The Bread of Life
- Forgiveness
- The Factory Doors are Shut