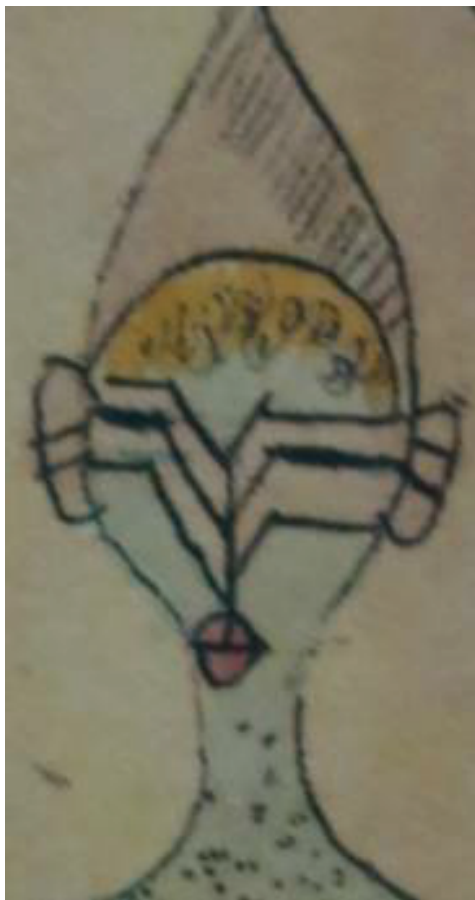


Blinded
by
Mechanical Toys



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I ~~knew~~ it was wrong to begin again
but thought that title exceptional
not to waste in order to learn
who we are in a twenty-first century gloom.

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What is it that eludes the despair driven?

What is it we are waiting for?

What is it we believe in forever more?

What is happening that we continue to ignore?

Is it some form of denial?

Certainly it appears to be for me?

What are we hoping will provide
the planet with an ideal lifestyle?

What is it that the rivers and waters
once clean give to all?

Is it the life we are to lead to save us all?

What is it,

how is it, who is it, why is it

and how will it be for all in the end?

What type of story

to leave to our beloved in the end?

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Sadly, something affecting us all
and no one actually talking
just buying more and more to ignore.

What is it we are waiting for?

More and more mechanical toys.

What is it we have of our own to own
responsibly gathering data to understand
and learn by and for the next generation
perhaps to sustain life after death?

Or is it to be the end for all to witness
and be no more than of the proverbial –
nuclear falling on to all?

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Love is an idle threat
in a twenty-first century
of mechanical this or that.

Love is not witnessed except on a screen
as everyone is far more engaged
with that of a mechanical apparatus
connected to that 'phone – mobile
with attachments unseen.

But there in droves to connect
without a space to face to face,
person to person physical chat.

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You can become a messenger
to that voice in mind and learn from that
about one's own behaviour style
and in how it has begun to change
according to the latest on the brainwave.

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Mechanical, supernatural, exceptional
that is the jargon twenty-first century style.

Nothing at all appears to become real
in the sense of knowledge about themselves
the person who writes that inwardly important self text.

What is it we are waiting for?



Is it some form of guidance from a mechanical toy?

Love has been the laughter, the beauty
and creatively richly acquired space,
but who out there appears joyous
except to that attachment
along side their own ear, the face?

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Take for instance the lines
in shopping centres around the globe
lining up for that mobile 'phone.

What a debacle that is for sure
when one is able to know
that the climate is causing rises
on our own home shores.

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What a distance we begin to feel
when in conversation with a person
on global networks and no hope to know
what it is they are about or feel.

but cry and scream and act certain ways
trying and vying for an important connection
for them to feel okay.

What does that actually mean
as the world, as we are aware
is coming in, in droves by the day?

Having said that,
what does it mean to know
that the world that we rely on to survive
is coming under enormous pressure
from wars obscene
and nuclear fall out, even though not seen?

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You thought love was a 'phone
attached to your hip or neck to hear,
but love is not something that mechanical my dear.

No, love is some form of connection
that goes beyond life itself. —
It is the mind of one who is able
to communicate with themselves.



And here is the wisdom trails of old,
here is the benefit to check out
the weather pattern of your life styles.

Here is the benefit to know who you are
and not to rely on the outer
for that mechanical affair from afar.

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Love is the potion, the glue, the gain,
but what hope
when on that proverbial connection
the mobile telephone?

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Love is sweltering under the energetic source
trying to connect with the living but afraid there is
far more chatter on that 'phone - exhaustive.

No hope
to connect with the divine inside,
the mind of one to another
the living and dead, but alive.

No hope
to undertake a change in behaviour.
For that is the 'phone, our beloved saviour,
cellular connect - and not of the divine intercept.

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Who is the answer to our prayers
for this or that new toy on the block?

Who provides when the debt is set
and no hope to gain the time
or inclination to pay it all - just creeps
without a word, but you accept?

What is it you expect,
that some form of philanthropic endeavour
will clear that painful state
or is it more
you are not worried about the life you get?

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What is the motivation to invest
more and more in toys mechanical at best?
What provides the insight to stay on line
without even considering the brain wave in check?

What is it that we all belong
to decide how to live
a normal worthwhile life?

Do we have to partake in that type of sport
or is it somehow imagined
like a supernatural game of sorts?

What is it
we are wanting and waiting for?
Is it the next mechanical toy?

What type would that be?
Or do we all wait and see?

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Mechanical mayhem by the day,
stories of woe continue
and corruption unbelievable exits.

Children dying from exposure,
people unaware or do not care.

People living on little each day
not even enough to survive
but do from bins or dumps
we have in the West thrown their way.

People living on a minimal wage
and we, with wealth extort until
no more than a crumb for them will do.

What is it we are waiting for to explore?

Is it more fibre optic to invest even more?

You are your own telephone

when you give 'time out' with yourself alone.

You are the value of life on earth

when you stop the rot and give 'time out'
the general day by day sport.

You are the value,

the worth and the extreme

when you begin to listen

to that heart once clean.

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Go into the world as we do
follow some form of extreme
and consider that ideal,
but when all in sundry decides to fail ...
what then will we turn to?

Not a physical being.
For all we are able to do is dial on a screen,
slip and slip until the appropriate app
and then what,
they will be as you – no hope in fact.

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Love is not the pouring out on the 'phone at night
without having the experience of touching
and learning about loving instead of hate and spite.

Love is not some form of removed agenda
that is taken to board meetings to decide
which or what to do.

No, love is the part inside of you.

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Oh I am aware that I do suffer too,
but not from lack of connection
with a mechanical toy or two.

No, I am aware that I fail from time to time,
make a mistake or so the other perhaps may make too,

but what is of the most extra-ordinary
these twenty-first ways and days is that
no one appears to lack a telephone connection
that goes where ... *who knows?*



God is the 'phone these days
trying and vying to improve our health,
our life, our days ...

but what is it we are wanting
from those incessant airwaves?

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I talk to others about their 'phones
and in how important if left somewhere
for an hour or two each day.

And terrified looks of astonishment
as if I were to have said,
stay in bed and think about life content.

What is it we are wanting for
that in life is not there,
except on a Google or Facebook,
or twitter to be explored?

Are we so much so this mechanical toy
that we have too become
part and parcel of the robotic ploy?

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What is it we are wanting for?

Love, is what I try each day to say
so I will not ever again be losing my way
in the day to day business,
that is for most, daily portrayed.

Love is the answer,
love is the creed,
love is of benefit
when we retire to listen to our mind
the source of all - not on a telephone.

CConnections are great,
no doubt about that,
but so is the mind full of information
but ever so more about those facts.

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You thought the next version of toy
would give you a buzz
but found in an instant it did not do
what you were hoping for.

Well then, please explain to me,
whatever *were* you hoping for
that *was* not part of the human being?

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Love is the benefit,
love is the crime,
love is the hurt ...
and nothing in life on a line,
telephone system, will erase or fix
what in your heart is remiss.

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Bibliography:

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
- Standing Apart
- What is War about
- Smoke Screen
- Who is He
- Eternal but a physical being earthly and real