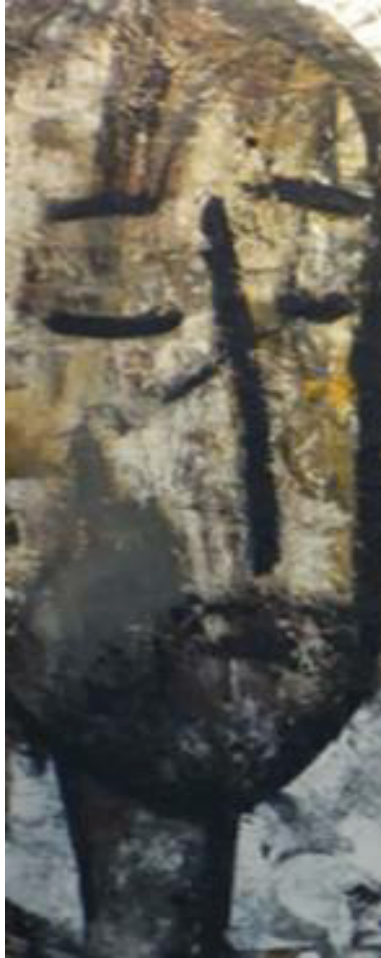


Can We Forgive



Sunday Nail © 2019

Can we
truly unequivocally forgive those
who are our threat, fear and loss?

Can we?

Are we capable within a present climate
of a refugee swell on our shores?

Are we able to know quite clearly
those who are truly our enemy -
those hiding, scared and at a loss
desperately in need of compassion
not to damage any more;
those to whom have lost all, through our wars
onto their own sacred spaces, shores, homes and doors?

Are we capable to learn, not destroy
out of an ignorance and lack of learning?

Are we open to even learn about who is our neighbour
and in those words as, 'Hello', learn they too
are afraid to share, scared, frightened beyond hope
love is in some form – somewhere?

-----0-----

I am hopeful, but too filled by a lack, my own,
in a world presenting more and more
as aging and poor, lost unable to know of where?

-----0-----

Love is lost in most who suffer
as the loss of life of one so valued and important,
sacred friend or lover, partner or child.

Love begins only to flow when one is able,
free of that suffering,
that horrible invasion of other peoples,
others deliberate intention to do them harm.

So what are we Westernised dogs of war?
What are we each as a human being,
a person of conscience, to do in a world
requiring a more solid appreciation of a life,
a most precious being of our earth?

-----0-----

Who is in our own heart of validity and worth?
Who is in our mind directing, hating and hurting
rather than of an acceptance to be and do rightful behaviour
from more consideration of others not like us?

Who is in that mind to hurt us,
this person of an Exceptionalism breed?

The call is to learn who is in a mind unknown,
controlling and driving us to where?

-----0-----

The cry on those streets, clad by a cart
overloaded by an essential or two
as an individual, homeless
no hope to gain a society who basically shuns.

-----0-----

Who is among us, our life in need –
do we care or gauge,
do we like them or poor,
do we know any one thing of them, their situation
to this point in their own life journey?

Or are we just another on their cold slab,
walking by, shunning
and feeling lesser than by their presence
on our so-called owner alone on those streets?

-----0-----

One person alone,
inside that heart, knows how to treat those
as the homelessness and poor,
refugees and orphans of war and/or disease.

That is the one, the 'Self' inside you as I have left
toward greed, abundance, ignorance, denial,
loss of compassion and crimes of despair
as not enough as the 'greed for more'
floods our thoughts without restraint.

-----0-----

Greed, golden, glittering must cease
as an incessant need in neglect for goodly behaviour,
respectful outlooks to all ... and in that
a valuable place to know the differences we face
and are challenging each one of us each day.

-----0-----

We are capable.

We are able
to be this person of inclusiveness,
honour, respect and compassion.

We are operating
but are we happy with who we are
toward our self, that being, the whole
and not half of that personal view?

-----0-----

Who ...

is able to like the life given
thereby every other is a likable person too?

-----0-----

Loss ...

is not a view, a feeling
when you have not understood
the value of your own life first.

-----0-----

Who is able to become a healer
of their own wounded-ness?

Who is able to become aware
of how very short a lifetime on earth is
to them, their own life story and journey?

Who ...

is able, capable of learning,
life is a sacred space
of learning about one self, 'the all'
not the half thought as you?

-----0-----

Comfort can only become evident
in what we do, show, care and share.

Care can only become ever so relevant
when we can say, believe and own
we care about us, this life, this opportunity
to be here and experience our life
on this profoundly prolific bounty – earth and all upon it.

-----0-----

God calls, cries and bellows
through each who are committed
to be pleased our lives are as sacred
as any possible,
if at all, to become compared.

-----0-----

Gratitude, honour and love, compassion and joy ...
are these not as to why you as I were born?

-----0-----

'To be or not to be' is the prayer
of each one of our human beings to consider
as they travel along the path of their life,
looking and seeking to know more
through those endless challenging moments or events.

However, as one travels,
differences are everywhere observable
but does one actually breathe that air
to understand, know or care?

Does one have the ability
to undertake to share, stop and wonder?

Do we consider learning, is to know one self
as we pass all those people to whom we often,
so often shun or deny
for they 'unhinge' our so-called privilege
or safety, ignorance or exceptional-ability?

Do we ...
have any one thing of goodness to share
to gain from a stranger
looking to have a respectful and caring smile?

-----0-----

Do we ...

love, care and concern about our own life
as one steps through the valley of impending death ...
that death of having to come through trauma and loss;
having to face trials of human rights being lost;
having to undergo the pain of not knowing when
that horrifying torture will end and no freedom in the end;
having to try and convince, not of an enemy but friend;
having to understand
no one available ever to help and/or support?

What of their diagnosis, their efforts to survive
hell in high water, storms not to cease but divide?

-----0-----

Who am I ...

but you in soldiers' brigades
coming in to a stranger, their homes to invade?
Who am I but you whose greed off shore
is stored, no tax haven but fraud?

Who is this/these individuals I raise –
are they not us at times terrified
that they who we honour or are to despise
will reign hell and high water one day on our shores
and homes once safe and sacred indoors?

-----0-----

Take heed in our conscience,
rewrite that story completely now
from a learning so difficult but true.

Take store, take shape, take reality
and wake up this century not next –

For next one, be at least for sure,
will not become at all pleasant
as was as you thought before now.

Wake from slumber the sleep in denial.
Wake from worrying about the next bullion,
in terms of gold store to pile.

Worry more about your self
the one part connected
to that of a love of all.

For here in the afterlife as a nuclear burst
nothing then will save, just a choice –
who was I, the me I forgot to enquire
just tiny split moment perhaps before a cinder,
a part of a storm so large no bone
let alone the life once my mother in life bore.

-----0-----

Take humbly those words prior
not to become so fearful
truth is as is not so bad
when in life you can take advantage
and storm no more
but inwardly, quietly enquire ...

Who am I, can I become

now the chance to reside in the mind
now a little quiet time has become open
to listen once more as to how I came onto this earth
and gained love and appreciation
to become so valiant and resilient to last this long?

And how possible to change or adjust
to love my self, the whole,
and no longer turn toward that
of a greed and gluttony, puffed-up stuff.

-----0-----

The Trials of Man on a Plate



The trails of man now on a plate
to identify within thee, the you and me.

The trials of man now available
toward knowing who we are
as a Westernised tribe of individual beings
racing toward the precipice
of humanity's demise or decline - whichever suits.

No more existence as before
and hence what will we leave those darlings
we favoured and bore?

-----0-----

The trials of man wander around
in lost perplexity about who they were.
And now the children bear the brunt
of their injurious lifestyles and events.

Where did they go astray?

Where did we go ...
when they came toward life and were born?

Did we desert them, even then in their infancy?
Did we deny them the privileges we had
and on that destroyed future hope,
future loveliness and beautification everywhere
especially of the earth and seas, the life blood of humanity?

What did we do? How did we exist,
to do so much harmful-ness everywhere?

Blunder blindly toward hellish-ness
and the devil deceit in all its horrendous nature,
the man without conscience, dictates.

-----0-----

Oh how I long to be backward looking to see.
Oh how I long toward the past for information
about who came with me at my birth toward who I am now
and what did or would I become if only ...
and that is it now?

-----0-----

How am I toward the future for all who are to survive,
especially those to whom I sheltered
and cared for initially when younger
and needing my nurturing and loving embrace?

-----0-----

Who is to watch over them when I am gone
as they too develop families of their own?
And for them, well for them those younger ones
who has a conscience now to be caring for them,
at least oh God for them at the very least?

Cry, a waste of water, salted for sure –
so no use whatsoever.

Cry and cry well once more no use that
for you or them for ever, ever, no never.

Cry and cry and cry forever more
then that is what in death may make a difference
but in reality we are the fallen and falling daily
never doing a thing of appropriateness
and hence the demise is set ... UNLESS ...

We have the courage to speak out,
placard in hand
and handle the reverence of life and birth,
death as a saviour once did.

We are that courage. No saviour elsewhere
but in the now of our own life story and worth
and those we have born into this world.

We are the developmental stages
of our own life story and learning
and what did we actually learn must come first
to know, to understand, to live with knowledge
and no longer be a 'led' being,
but a leader of one's own life and value.

-----0-----

Come on ...

Come on Christian live as one.

Come on heathen live as one.

Come on brother or sister, children of nature.

Come on leaders everywhere
become valiant and do not shelter.

For no longer the time to prevent the inevitable
coming in waves of horrifying newness
that we are not able to confront
for it is far too difficult to assess knowing how

BUT ...

what is available
is certainly one's own conscience
of rightfulness and fairness,
equality of thought and deed,
action and fair play for all.

-----0-----

Do I want to become a cruel deliverer
of a fateful story to warn, harm
and consider all responsible?
Oh no, that is not the writer of this text's intent.
No this is about us,
the you and the me, the other and others.

This is about who we are
in our individual nature
toward healing our own past and learn.

Oh God learn ...
learn to become an appreciative soldier
of your own value and human right
and those to whom we share
this global story at this time on earth.

For now is the opportunity to save
the one and only saviour –
that of your own self inside;
that valiant aspect;
that part of knowing and wise information
and wise sources of others
to whom we are connected to by time itself.
The ancestors and their own life stories
of validity and courage to survive honourably
with purpose to succeed for our sakes, yes ours.

So our responsibility is to each other

but firstly our self - the divinely inspired self,
the inward self, the dangerous self,
the believable self, the challenging self,
but the self of who we are,
in all of that mess and wonder
to decide and placate.

But not deny. For in denial is all hell around
and no need to advise about that to those aware now
on our own sheltered apartments and dockyards.

The everywhere the shore line exists
we are under threat of rising tides,
king and queen no matter the royal lineage
these waters are rising whether we deny that fact or not.

Yes, we are under threat
from our own demise of ignorance
and certainly no warning in these factors
for they have a life of their own, not ours.

No, not ours
for our life is the only one
and only area of change possible
and in that all is possible.

-----0-----

You are it, I am it, we are it
and it is about to blunder
over the cliff of never any more
unless we pick up that bed
of a slumber state and wake.

-----0-----

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
- Blinded by Mechanical Toys
- Destruction on the rise – no place to hide
- Frozen in the Sand of Time
- Shrugged Shoulders