

Conscience Calling



Sunday Nail © 2019

Conscience Calling



... no end in sight.

Calling into a day's dawn light.
Calling into a dream state at night.
Calling, calling to a mind in turmoil.

How did it start?
Who is involved?
Who had the incentive?
Who brought it about?

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I search a mind
troubling, no end available
to extinguish what is occurring
endless my own plight.

But world un-resting, wars persisting.
How now to stop this deluge?

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Come September I am to travel West
to understand my fellow travellers
un-rested by the current global scene;
to understand, discuss, debate
what is this constancy - war inside us one and all?

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My present situation calls to work on a plan
singular at first
to bring some form of pattern to bear
to clear my own personal present fears.

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I am myself a cautious being
afraid often to speak of my own personal plight
about my younger compatriots who are naturally wary
of our generation's damage, destructive nature obscene.

I am conscious I have participated by denial
to what has been occurring continual for so long now -
waterways unclean, damage obscene,
rivers polluted even underground streams.

What is occurring to air once clean?

Now lungs of our young, asthmatic - unable to breath.

What is their future ...

with the burning of fossil fuels, industries run amuck,
people of care lost in a moral dilemma
no longer to worry anymore
for who or what is pollution, just some unseen air?



But then, silent as any form of virulent state,
creeps, crawls, rolls in like a thunder storm, out of nowhere.

And us wonder who is to blame.
And then comes that endlessness of fake
and political pundits rhetoric.

Clashing of ideas, perpetual crimes,
wars at homes
unseen as any pollution outside.

But of that house divide
children hear, hurt and war, any as such
post traumatic, endless hurt
and suffering type mental stuff.

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Cost to humanity - no stats.
Cost to an industry - shares okay
building liquidity who cares. Not seen.
Shored off any tax haven site.
Nowhere traceable usual play.
Out of harms way
in terms of a conscience – them, no way.

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Loss to a community, village as such.
Well, who is to care?
Divided them culturally do not care.
Division everywhere racially.

Blame on minds too blind
to in conscience check,
'Is it them or really more about me?'

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So long happiness.
So long hope.
So long sanity.
More now about violence
or of a doped state to cope.

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God bless insanity - no way out.
Stay in stupor best to keep out
of all this violent Westernised disease,
conscience-less mental depravity.

Who or what started this
downwardly spiralling trending disease?

I am personally myself to blame.
Horrified at my behaviour outburst.
Had to learn ownership, responsibility
and to change at least one at a time step
and step toward a more beneficial sense
of who is driving my conscience - societal or me too?

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Cost to my life purpose – unbearable.
Cost to my life and family – fracturing,
painful, and at times disgusting too.

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Love is lost in this conscience-less world's
Westernised plundering of a human being.

Lives lost on a battle scene.
Lives lost - incarceration
and torturing of our fellow beings.

Whistle blowers named,
obsessive corruptive beings
when in fact a conscience
and ever so brave human beings.

Love your enemy. Well, Christian folk say
while in uniform military brigades.
Cost to a family now a refugee.
Children in death camps dying
because we, Westernised beings.

No more conscience to care any more.

Prefer to drop, dope and shop.
Debt increasing who is to care.
Banking institutions love it, that we,
mounting debtors, no more to pay.

Jobs gone, houses for sale,
mortgages open up buying frenzy
for those institutions - moral code nowhere.

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Costing up in terms of a suicide.
Costing naught.
No hospital available, beds in corridors,
streets burdened by the homeless.

What on earth, even in the West.



God bless *who* anymore.

No way conscious,
let alone with one as a conscious-ness
open to hear those words filtering in,
right or wrong, keep focusing on
who you are in a world so wrong?

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Love is a dangerous affair
with so many affairs.

People injurious.
People no code of care.
People homeless.

Children fraught know not who
often thinking they are at fault.
Parents' role not understood
or understated the value
of caring and nurturing motherhood.

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Love is not a word I use
because today it is hardly used.

Relationship another one
to stay clear of when chatting
as often brings pain and loss.
Even tears of anguish, anger and a betrayal too
comes to a surface, vulnerable and unfair.

Doors locked, bolted too,
locks changed no exchange
all comes about
in a textual telephone exchange.

Where are we now, West wise?
Certainly at a home-less-ness
of a heartfelt need for any personal change.

Behaviour rampant
as an excess of warring types increase
racially stirring to a point
of a riot on our shopping streets.
Nowhere else more so than the West.



Where does that arise ... only thought – heart-less.

Caring gone, blaming on the increase.
No hope to personally ask why,
mounting pressures, suicides,
drugging and shopping, debt over-drive.

Bring in a conscience and who in us decides?

Love is to become a nightmare if we lose hope and live in denial and perpetual despair.

Avoidance rising.

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Who in you know now which route fair?

Who is available to comfort, consider, value, and in yourself compare, - what is and is not a human being, their own right to be considered equal earth dwellers and not to live in a constancy of fear?

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No time to waste
otherwise
where on our beloved earth safe?

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I am a conscious dwelling being
hoping to change
now I have been made aware -

that life is a most beloved affair;
and each and everyone has a right
to be treated with a sense of respect -

as we are all human
and have those rights of passage
to live here and develop, grow with freedom
first and foremost
freedom of being, culturally and socially with decency
and consciously, spiritually, neighbourly, favourably.

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What do you say?

Time to reclaim your right
and the rights of another
the right to have a peaceful existence
and live in a state of relative fair play,
safety ...

And in the knowledge we are all clear
that of a conscience calling -
toward those areas of moral decay
are immediately addressed
to live as desired, creatively.

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Life is a most beloved affair
so treat everyone with respect including you.

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
- 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
- Shrugged Shoulders
- Can we Forgive
- He knew he was gone
- The Song of Love beyond our face
- Shattered Splattered ... what's the matter?
- Soft Target

Afterthought:

Love

is a life time exercise
when it does concern
'conscience calling' from inside
where the value often hides
of that of a worth –
your own precious life.

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