

Destruction on the **R**ise

no place to hide



Sunday Nail © 2018

The valley always green,
the waters pure, pure and clean.

The destruction now ... almost nowhere left.



Nowhere, anywhere one can see
anything of beauty
left here on earth to breathe.



What is in our heart

that leaves a place perfectly filled
by beauty unbeknown ...

And yet

we have squandered everywhere
even before
picture postcards have travelled far?

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What is it we are doing



... is it to be called, **obscene?**

I saw at first hand what that A & H bomb did do
for there are certainly plenty of photographs
of that, for researchers and the likes to review.

But oh no, that was not enough
to deter, they, the military might
thought it best to win a violent strike
by building more and more
of that horrendous dust storm everywhere.

Testing, testing that is what.
Testing for whatever they can come up with
for more and more and yet.
What is it that we at home prefer?

What is it we want
shopping and doping for more?

What is it we prefer
to leave our little ones with another
who does not for him or her to care whether left
on that step, crying incessantly or not?

What is it we prefer,
those with preference to go to work ever more?
What type are we to an outsider
observant of our ridiculous behaviour
blossoming everywhere
and not a blade of grass to be seen?

now ...

for the beauteous part.

For I am fully aware that horror
is much preferred, talked or viewed
before any form of reality check.

Any form of reality
toward our neighbour
and that fence incorrect.

Yes, I am aware

that most of what is being given,
from thought, is not my own.

But then I too am not

some form of robot or drone -

but search and speak to those in the know
best I am, to correctly discover or not
and make my preferences
in view of the whole damn lot.

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Time out to listen and to check



Off shore, tax free and we suffer endlessly

So beauty is a shopping mall
filled by other people, community of sorts,
buying, spending what they often have not.

But thankfully the banks and depositories
have enough printed for you to get hold of and spend
while it runs it is always a pleasure - to see it all new again.

But ...

what if the banks, no longer clean,
have squandered, like beauty
and no one anywhere safe to be seen?

Including those responsible
who have fraudulently taken
and not gone anywhere to be seen.

Somewhere off shore I suppose
for that is what those type of criminals do -

Regardless

of who or what
destroyed by those acts,
criminal agents of whom or who
or knows, or cares, for the detailed facts.

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There is a story long before,
well, much earlier
than we all here have heard.

But then it does not have to bear
any form of detailed facts,
more a myth to most.

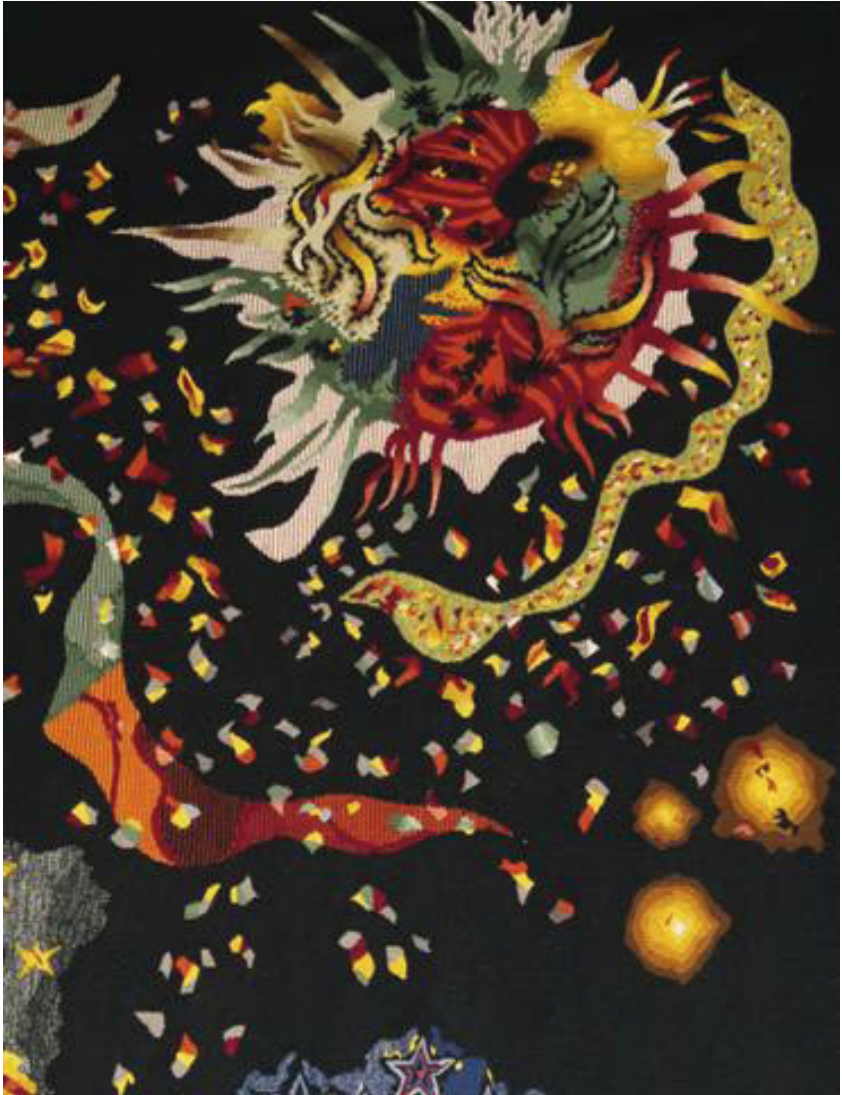
But then it has some relevance,
regardless age or eon,
more about human behaviour
and in how one is to prefer to act.

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We have to
have a view of who we are
and in how we exhibit
behaviour everywhere.

We have to, not because I am to care
but what I have myself over years witnessed,
in my own hate-filled and angry way,
to know that this violence inside
must be considered part of what we give out
to another/others each and every day.

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We have to ... the damage is immense



No matter what ... born to live your life

You can not

take the money with you to the grave.

You can not spend it all,
that is if you have enough to throw endless away.

You can not give out prizes for philanthropy
when in the grave
wondering what life was all about while alive.

You can not swim against the tide
when that signal is for you to arrive,
born into such as these times
looking into a world of destruction
and loss of those once wise.

You can not leave the ship midstream
when the storm hits
it is all for one or sink that is.

All for one,

is what now is called for.

Not take the money
or what you are to have on the run.

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You know that when I am to write
it is not entirely my own thoughts,
but those that often arrive ... early hours past midnight.



You are aware

that if possible I much prefer
the green trees and plants and shrubs,
those too, that are much loved
by those little slimy grubs.

Caterpillars and the likes
often turning from one state
eventually to fly away
and begin all over my garden
or somewhere else again.

I know that the beauty
is seen everywhere,
but mostly caged
or in a museum.

I am aware too, as so many are,
that the life ahead is frighteningly close
to no one anywhere,
but a few remaining desolates
wondering how to survive -
no grass to eat, waters to drink.

No wonder

we are wandering,
buying, spending
what we have left or not.

No wonder

we are homeless,
desolate
no place to rest,
no place to call safe.

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We are on an edifice trying to decide
being pushed or push ourself.

What type of world



have we all decided **or not** to become?

What type of behaviour
leaves the beauty out of everyone?
What type of anger, hate and or despise
causes so much destruction home wise?

Whatever drives these folk, Westernised?

Whatever is the cause to criticise?

Whatever is the point
to hate those on the streets as ugly,
a form of dislike, distrust,
ugliness on streets we prefer
free of any form of disturbance?

Well, maybe it is all because
we ourselves are in a type of fix or rut.
Maybe it is because we have no home
where love and beauty freely roam.

Maybe or maybe not

we do hate ourselves in many areas of life.
Or is it spite we do not look alike
to someone on the screen, sports field,
or other, maybe genuine or not?

Whatever the built up pent we have to bear,
surely now older and wiser
have had time to observe the world of 'us',
the person who is about to become
climatic refuge or nuclear fall out dust.

The value of all these messages as such
is not to blind-side you
into a form of drug-induced stupor,
but to wake up from that mall at night.

Or is it all those times
round the clock, to shop till you drop?

But not to spend your time and money
irreverently knowing not what next
but being persuaded
by endless manufacturing advertising.

But work on what you are truly to require
to live a life of beautified existence
before you are to permanently retire.

To lead a more suitable pace
than racing here and there
without any form of trace.

Because when we die
as we all will sometime some day
it is essential, in my opinion,
to have smelt a daisy or two,
without fear of catching
some how something new.

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Slow down



... don't **burn out** before your time

Love your neighbour as yourself



Well, that is a hard one
when their fence
is leaning up against a wall you own
and want it taken down post haste
because of that millimetre over your space.

But in reality
it is not about genuine love
in a bedroom
between two in love ...

but more about civility
understanding, tolerance
and agree to disagree

but work on how to solve
rather than for dispute.

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Now ...

here is the good-est of them all,
love who you are
before another you is to then delight.

For in the world of hate and spite,
destruction endless day and into night,
there is a place for human decency.

And it does actually start with time out,
observation and thinking more
about us, the one at heart - eventually.

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Take time out.

Given some time

**it is more obvious
what we are doing
to those close at hand.**

Not that all is bad or not.
No, this is no mistake
or genuine objection to that scene
more about honesty
and what is obvious
that may not be needed
next time we each do see.



Take time out and **love** who you are

So little by little we become aware
that behaviour unbecoming is not quite fair.

Behaviour unbecoming everywhere

Used now militarily
but not understood as to why, honestly.

Hence excuses

when bombs on hospitals
and schools are dropped.

Exuses why those aid agencies
are particularly targeted.

Used to describe unfortunate acts,
where even so many die an atrocious death.

Burning from phosphorus.

Burning in a hell
of enormous storms of dust
unable to inhale or be sucked to death.

We all love this type on a mystery horror type film
as long as we are not to witness the actuality
of what we do to another, others on a major scene.

We are awake but prefer to slumber, shop or drop.
We are awake when we observe the young
playing games, horrendous, day and into early hours.

We are awake and comment even more
how horrendous what is happening
more and more on foreign soils.

But what does that awakening mean
in reality - between them and us?

What ...

does *this world* contain
that is of beauty
and we can put our own hand up
and own in forms of gallantry?

Nothing left. **N**o man's land.

Obvious where we all,
in the Westernised hemisphere,
prefer and stand – if possible
from bed and screen be seen.

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Nothing pleasant appears I am to write.
Prefer myself the daylight.
Plants to observe, insects too, birds
what is left that I am to feed
and see beauty in what they are and have left to breathe?

Beauty in the insects eating my vegetable plants
to know that nature is all not one ...



but comes in a variety
just like you, and each and everyone.

So why so obvious to nature
that there is a place for everyone,
but not of a human being
one like us, the white-ish ones?

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Love your neighbour across the seas.

Love your neighbour
because it just may be
them who saves thee.

Love who you are in all forms of disgust
because in the end –
that is all you are to have that is to last.

That is however long
you take to wake up and face
that last and only last blade of greenish grass.

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That is it, no more punishment.
I want for and long for
all to wake up and find that space
obvious to needing time out
for breathing not for exhaustion
and flop or shop to ease that pain.

No, I want for and long for,
more time to observe
the whole damn world under duress.

Because

we have given over to big Pharma and the rest
of that war mongering, politically buying types.

We have given over to follow
every latest plight, cruise or flight.

We are not even able to think

but given instruments
to keep our mind on twittering.

Or is it Facebook which we have
no obvious natural time to think but blink?



That blinking
is keeping you from thinking
drugging minds as small as two,
but then it is obvious – *why not then to you?*

Love is what I am to shift to.
Love is what I am in the end
will happen to you too.

Love

is what I am to want more and more
to preserve life on this beauteous planet earth
where all the birds and animals are leaving
and no place anymore to birth.

Love to our fellow beings,
regardless of colour
just love them as a means of civility
not to bed or a quick fix.

This is the age
of fix what we have done
to all in sundry everywhere
even the planet and space
... or where ever.

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That is all the time to spend.
For I am sorry to have ruined your time
in front of Facebook or Google or shop till you drop.

But that is my word on the street,
especially when talking to those in the afterlife,
daily who visit and give me the wider, wiser prospect.



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