

Fortnite



Sunday Nail © 2019

Fortnite -

I wondered about that game or play.

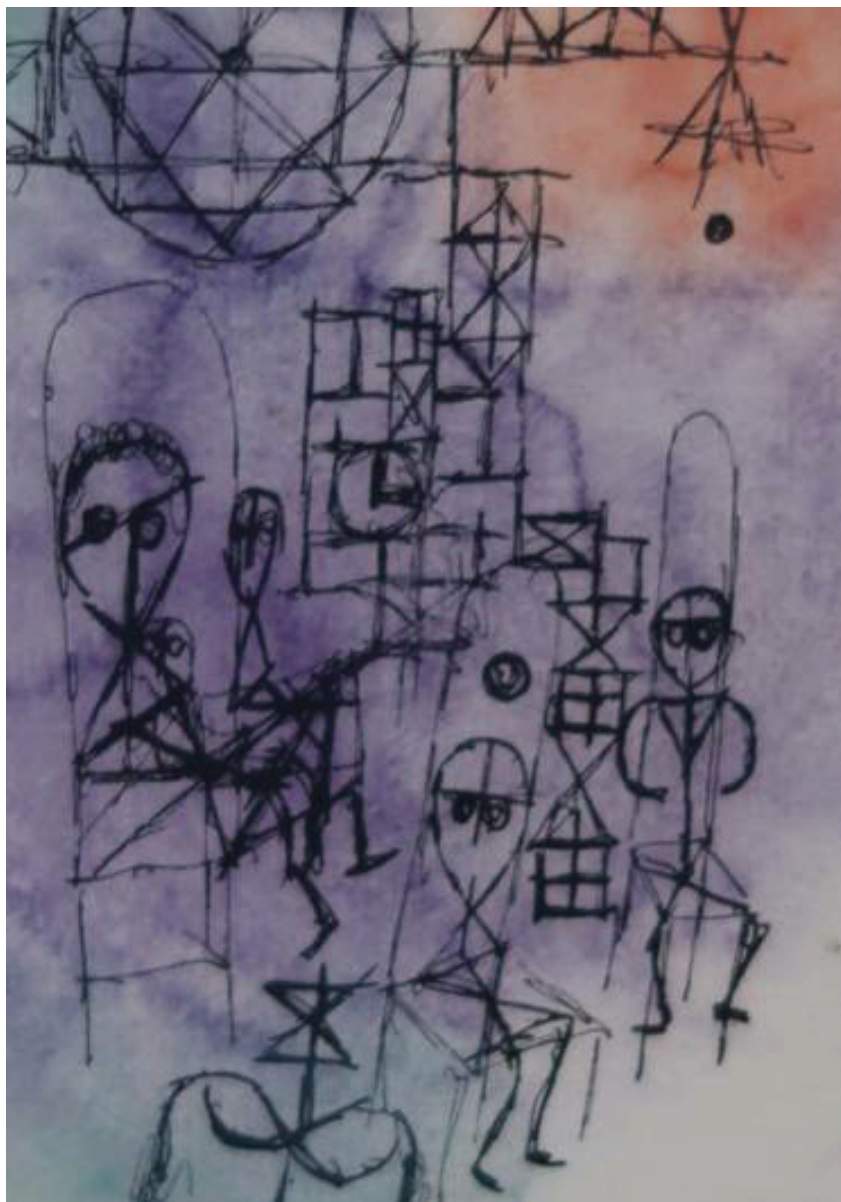
I wondered why and how so many
connected to that ever-flowing stream
or viral connection of many,
mainly youthful souls,
not only though and here I declare -

What are we to do ...

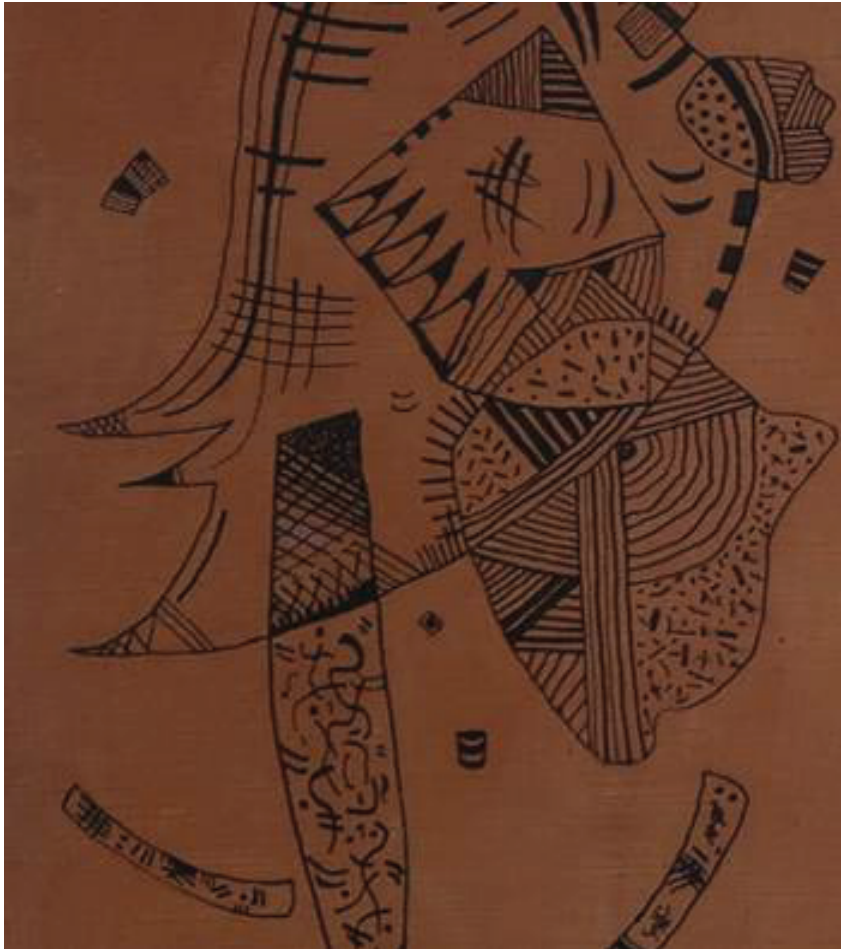
to gently care for our youth,
anxious to talk
or 'chat' virally connected?

But at home who without
a technological tablet as such
speak as one to one, face to face
as a love in each intact?

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As I wander across that landscape
of hell and despise,
hate and torment in their eyes,
apps, slaps, violently connect
what in our life Fortnite we can be honest
and in ourself, that whole, who we are to neglect?



Fortnite, Fortnite,

what do you do ...

game as splayed on your screen,
that they devise
for another, others to genuinely expect
will give some form of fill?

Entertainment
violently subjecting our youth
to mind full of disrespect,
idle to know of in reality what a kill and blast
of those horrendously powerful machinery do
to one, so ever precious once lost no more ...

and yet ... families of love forget.

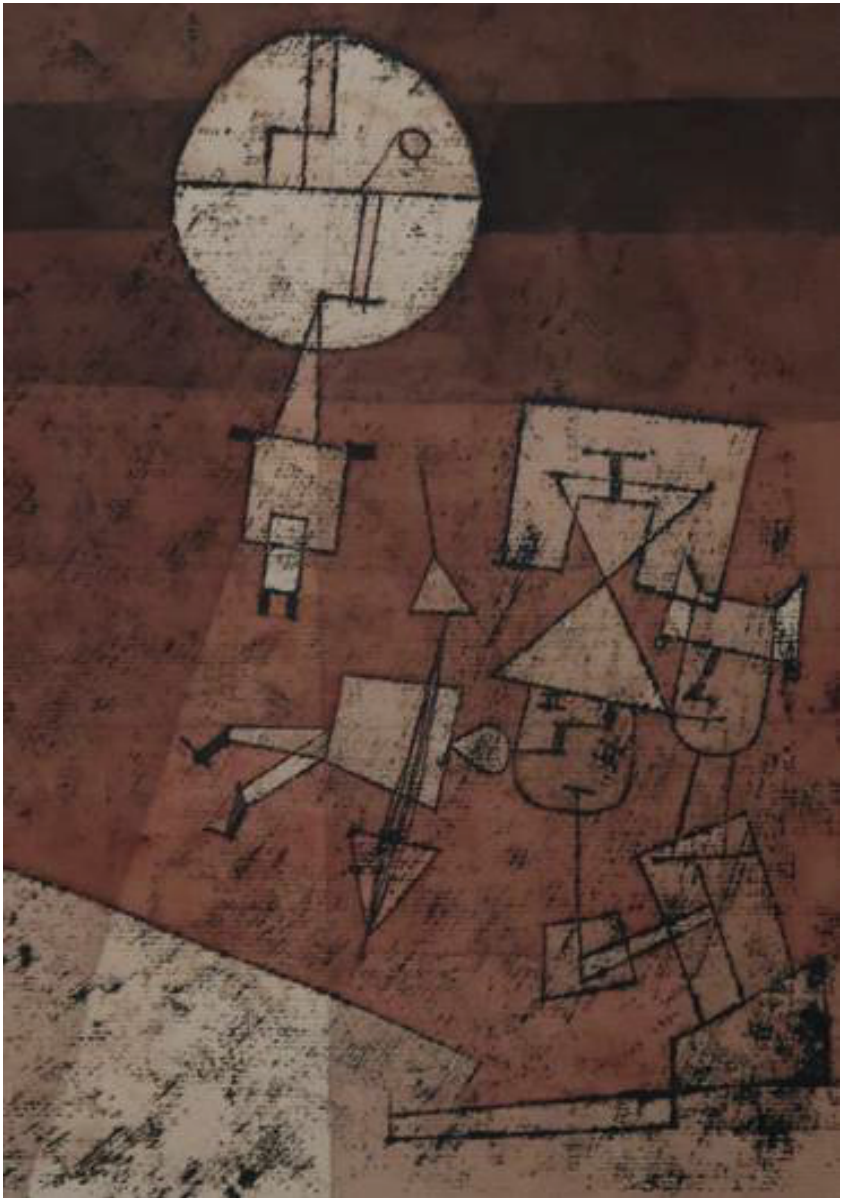
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Sadly, sorrow-filled ...

I watch my own, once removed
play on for hours as if amused
or more as likely bemused
in what in reality would mean ...

if he, as brother bore that brunt
of shooting and blasting one mistake
and they now gone, what then ...
no game no more?

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Love is not some idle play when young
as youth do to our world go forward bent
to hook upon a Fortnite game as play
and too incessantly blast away,
up the anti to prove excess,
that to them in the know, count as success.

But who is in reality truly keeping the count
of those now wounded or dead from all these wars
present lament or do forget, but of a history record?
Or are they too just worded and thought 'collateral'.

No hope as war being war.

Death and torture, shredding flesh
no more than what does occur.

And men being mainly in that throng
when now we too have women among them
and not as carer but of an army, enemy hell bent.

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Give to my life to share with them
words of joy, love, care and peace.

Give to my mind not a hate-filled stand
toward those monsters
creating this flotsam game to destroy.

Give, gift and gain, first and foremost
how fortunate as an elder geared toward a peace,
a love of all and sacred as anyone on the earth,

the love of oneself to be pleased as to who they are
with the ability to choose which of those paths
best to love, learn of, heal and to repair
negativity of a destructive force
to that of a reality to know of more ...

how to learn ... love of oneself
is of the most vital requirement
For here is hell diminished
and joy of love as in each, peace.

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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
- Shattered Splattered ... what's the matter?
- Soft Target
- Conscience Calling
- The Song of Love beyond our face
- Structure Divine

Afterthought:



Fortnite ...

is a reflection on a society
unfortunately headed
in a 'low key' approach to a soul-self,
a deeper responsibility to the complexity of a life
as respectfully appreciated, valued and sacred.

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