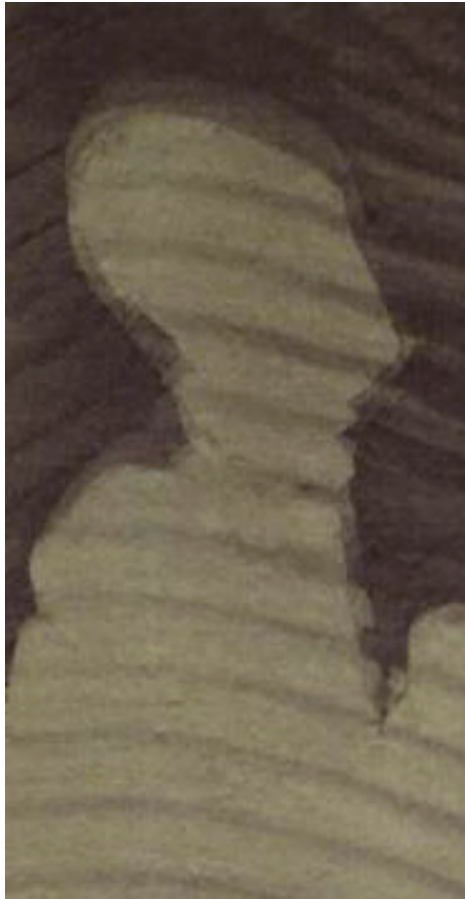


Frozen
in the sand of time



Sunday Nail © 2019

I know that I have a wordy soul inside my mind
chatting vigorously at times, poetry especially
but what I am unaware
is of the powerful expression hidden at times in there.

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Somehow somewhere
there is another form inside of me,
a type of energy, a similar sense
to that of my heart beating vigorously.

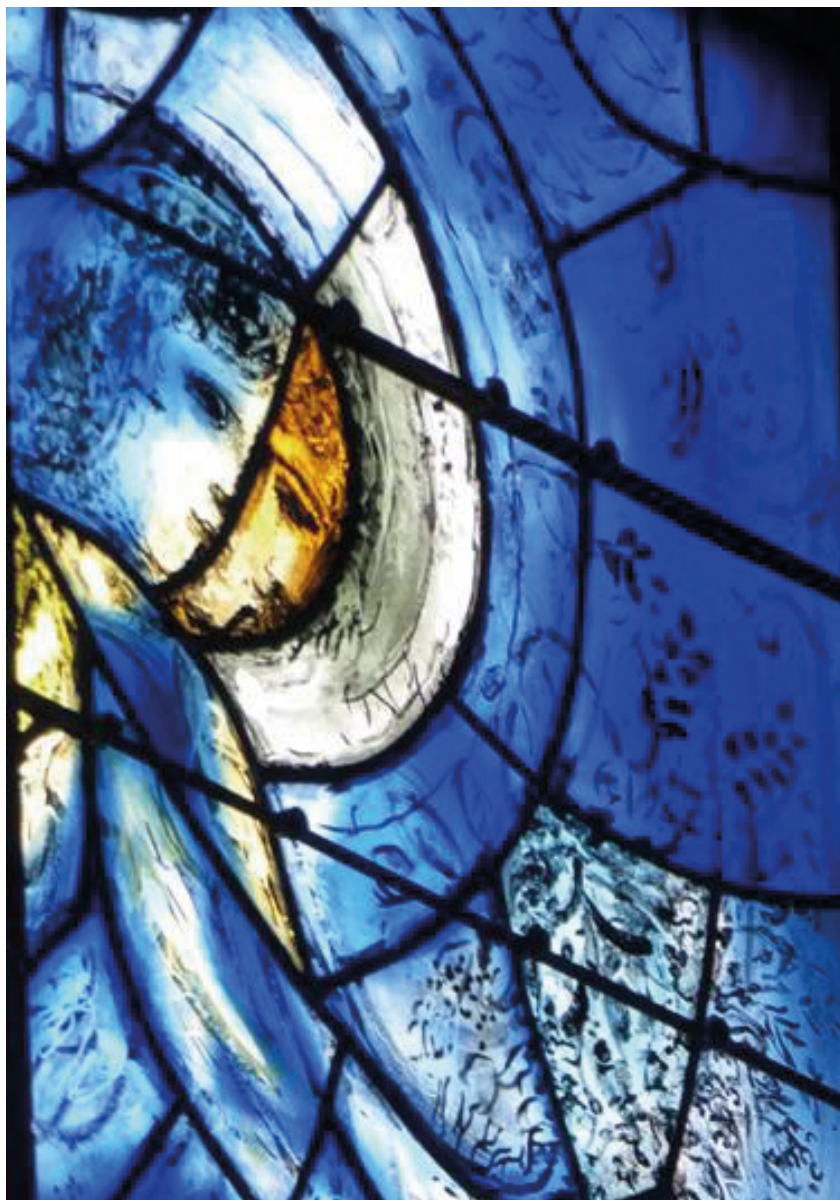
What is it we all contain
inside of our brain, the mind,
where ever that does
actually, physically reside?

Are we one or more?

And of that 'more'
is it part of some form of conscious being
living and being but not actually breathing?

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Frozen in the sand of time.

Frozen in our eternal mind.

What are we if not some form of being
hence the name human and being?

What evidence do I have to explain
my own life story from the beginning
for you to sit and remain
as not so different in the form
I am to live and breathe,
but different sure in who I am
inside that mind and brain store?

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I am a living being
right from eternal in the womb
of my mother who I am to add,
had the most beautiful living expression
more than most of her generation prior
that I am able to boast.

But what she did not fully in life explain
is how there is another form inside her,
that part divine and beautifully expressive.

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Somehow within that mind of mine
there are many and varied stories
that come in prose or poetic phase
leaving me to believe differently
about life after death ... or is it more eternally.

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So I search and find myself that is for sure
but not of the original core
that of a divinity inside of me,
the mind of all and of eternity, consciously.

I am an individual art form, as every other living form,
but not quite who I am in all the various types
who in my mind visit time after time day or night
matters not for them at least any time no matter what.

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Many people have had an experience or two maybe more
but in this instant they visit more and more.
Any time of the day or night matters not what I am about,
but there inside they visit endlessly
to talk about themselves or past or present histories.

They are a source of consciousness
mind to mind chatter if you are to like that analogue
but in essence they are the ancestral thread
or pattern within my mind consciously.

They are the source of mind to mind.
They are the mind in a consciously connected form.
They are the source to who I am and in that
shed a light at times to envelope me to understand
life is ever so precious and dear to them
as should and could for me to become.

They bring information about my life,
other peoples and too the historical situation
and of that, what is to happen
if we do not appreciate who we are and have.

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Life is not ...

an isolated being without a form within a mind,
but of a series of individual stories energetically transferred
one to one or mind to mind or of that individual
in their own mind from consciousness.

For here in this space is a consciousness
that allows the flow of mind to mind consciousness.
Here in that space an ever flowing stream
both of stories valid and extreme,
but too the difficult and onerous,
the ones that have been to a war or wars and viciousness.

And too those who are of the devious kind
who corrupt all of the time no way to shut them up
for they are the ones in the main
who want you to ever so badly to grow up.

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You are the mighty adventurous kind
just by being born from mother and womb.

You are the almighty kind
for you have all of that space of consciousness
connection from the divine or those
who are now dead but living and alive
in a pattern style inside your own head and thread.

Come what may we are not alone
in the form of a consciousness connection
or cosmic consciousness
whatever the latest term that is.

But what does for me stand apart
is that we are the living expression of all time
and historically can actually connect
when one is vigilant,
observant of behaviour and corrects that.

Then in time one is able to rest,
think more about our past
and see what is of the worst and best.
Learning is the art to a life on earth.

Learning to be appreciative
that it is of a short as short duration in time,
historically speaking a glitch no more.

So be ever careful and love that life,
adore every moment you are able
regardless of that eternal strife.

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Somehow within my brain ...
mostly came from meditation
on a regular day by day time out,
time alone the voice began and has not ceased.
But various forms and of expressions
have come from then to now
mostly of a loving endearing kind,
but not at first
a form disguised and illusion formed.
Hence from then I had to deduce and learn,
grow inside to accept my life ...
and then value and respect.

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So life inside
is a frozen in the sand of time ...
until we begin to grow up and learn
life is of a most precious kind
and live accordingly
with respect for all human kind.

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Manufacturing of a consent
is not the way to live out life
as is of now twenty-first history
with other people telling you -
what is of the best for you,
without even aware you do exist,
but continue to manufacture
lies and discontent.

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You are of your own source
and learning
is part of the human exhaustive trial
to learn to love and not despise
without having to subject oneself
to eternal influence or outer lies.

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Come what may
we are frozen in the sand of time -
when we do not lift our eyes
beyond the greed and needy ways in life
twenty-first century Westernised style.
Buying and spying, doping
and doing other forms of ingeniousness
without having a clue as to the consequence
is what we are to deal within the now
and future for whatever is left of goodness.

The value of a life is short
but good when understood.

The value of a life inside our mind
is of the most preciousness
one could ever imagine of the best of best
beyond that ... even more so exquisite.

But what is not understood
is that we are on the precipice
of what is about to explode
either from the nuclear or climate wars
coming in far faster than ever before.

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You want to change -
Well, listen carefully
for it is not an instant fix,
the saviour or miracle is actually
what you are to believe and daily do.

No heroics
this life is far too short,
but more about living
a more vigorously rich and daily life.

Not so much of overdose in any form at all,
but more about having time to enjoy.

But most of all ...
to learn to listen to your own voice of good
and in how to live from day to day
adjusting any form that does not equate,
hurt or hinder or even so hate.

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Love

is what is frozen in the sand of time.

Love of who you are as you are
no more than for that.

And appreciate every single day
for in that there is a hope
that we can become more vigilant
to love and not to dope.

For in that there is a chance to change a little
what is happening on our day routine.

Change the value of all on the earth
even the ones we are told are horrendous
but not understood why they do
the dangerous, difficult and arduous life styles
causing havoc to others and despise their own life style.

Change is not about a sudden shift
to another island or adrift,
but more about the time to care
especially about yourself
and what you are to daily share.

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Love

is frozen in the sand of time.

And that actually means
we are living in a state or dream
and have nowhere safe to form
another type of understanding
about why we were actually even born.

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The value of a human being
outweighs any other form
because it has a chance to reform
inside the mind those thoughts not so grand,
but actually injure time over again.

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Love is the purpose
of why being here on the earth.

Love is the cause to care and not to hurt.

Love is the answer
when inside that mind terrified
to know that you are never in mind alone.

Consciously,
we can chat to our other half,
the soul as some profess.

But I do now consider
that it is my other more precious part
where the ancestors come
when invited to speak about
what to do and think more.

A space so wonderful I can control
what I want in terms of chatter of goodly types
and wise information about myself
and in how to improve to do the work
I am invested to become and do.

Gratitude is the one word I am to use.

Gratitude to know I am on earth
and valid through and through.



But not without thought
about what I am to daily do
and in how I am aware
what was alright and what was not alright
so that change in attitude is made aware
again and again not to repeat and do or speak.



Love is frozen in the sand of time.

For that is where
the conscious being you have inside
contains within for you to learn
in how to release that love again and again.

Not somehow without a word or two
about who you are desiring to be
in the way you behave and feel,
believe and express.

This is not some quest
to ask, what I am is not good enough,
but more about what is adequate
I am able to have in words, thoughts or deeds
to learn more about what is available
inside that mind ...
and what is not wanted to come through
at any given point in time.

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Frozen - is a term I use ...

when referring to what we are afraid to find
when time out and listening religiously to our mind.

Not that I am a religious being,
but do refer to a God or Gods at times
because without that terminology
there is no way to describe that part of consciousness,
that consciousness inside that space of mind of mine.

Consciousness

is now becoming quite a conversational piece
to chat about when out and about.
Consciousness or cosmic consciousness
is now in the upper scientific type of chat.

Now the terminology may begin to change
to something more scientific.
But none the same
it is a word as God is described -
a powerful force creative in style.

No more or less than the power in us to drive.

No more than for the force in us
to change our behaviour style.

No more or less than for the driver
in our daily doing and being on earth.

No more than for the seed in mind
to grow more in awareness about who we are
and can become more of in how we behave
so that change of outlook can reform
and address daily
so no more hate inside can be contained.



Satisfied no more I am if I succumb
to the latest chatter on the street
about who I am and am not to suit
the latest whatever that may be
when in fact it is more lies and fake.

And what is that but banter and not the factual I prefer
inside myself to learn to listen to and decide
from experience what is and is not the real way to take.

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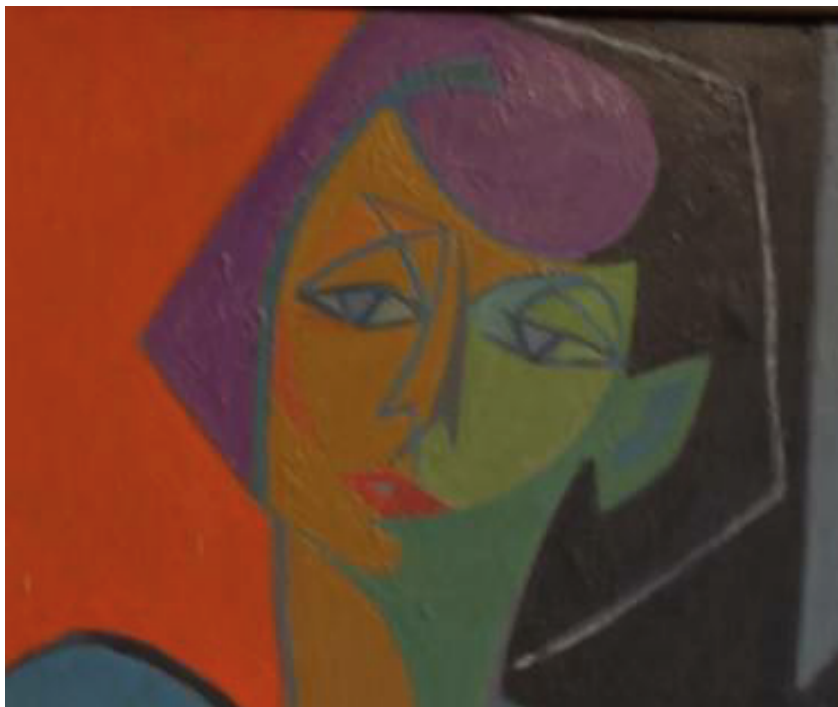
Cannot take the world of greed and illusion
to the work station and expect from out of nowhere
life to change automatically.

No, the work is inside the mind, the brain
where you have been idle and succumbing to
that numbing pain of ignorance and loss.

No, this is the working style of one who cares
to learn to love more this form
I have been given to adequately perform.

Kindly caring, considerate
and of worthy deeds and speech,
giving out my best when time to firstly think,
toward the person face to face
or on one of those myriad of special chats
as Facebook and of that.

Life is not some preciousness
without doing some form of expressing that
in how you behave on a daily scale
and whether or not, on reflection
you would like to be dealt what you dealt to them.



Life is more about learning about who you are
and behaviour is the most precious piece
to address at the start.

Love is love and that is that
but at first must be considered a difficulty to start
before unpacking those less favourable facts.

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So gentle as you go
frozen yes, but not a total.

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Love is not something I came to immediately,
it took forever in a life to find the time
to consider more the person
I was to think I knew as me.

It took forever because it could have been done
in far more effective time than was done.

It took forever ...
because I am only young in my mind
and had to face the fact
I had not given myself enough time to grow up
in learning and being responsible for my acts,
deeds of thinking too –
I am not worthy as so many in a life time do.

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So gently step in time and make the time
to consider and observe all of the time
who you are and others consider they are to you
and think far more and speak far less.

Express only the good and kindly ways
in conversational style
but not lie or do harm by giving unwise, unheard
or untested information that will not help
but hinder the progress of one on trial.

Give loving, caring
understanding most of your day
and when in anger walk away.

Think first at all times
before you say one word
because in that word so much can reduce
you and the other to a state of stalemate.

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Loving you is loving them,
those of every denomination,
criminal persuasion, political pundits,
news of the fake and lies,

because in loving
it will then give you a great big surprise
for the information begins to build
that in each in our own way
we are them from time to time.

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Love is the salve to heal the hurt.

Love is the crime when words hurt.

Love is the knowing
that you are the greatest inside the mind
and no need to express pride unkind.

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Go in peace
and comfort those wounds.

Learn to love the parts inside to decide
which are relevant and which need review
for then there is hope -
the world will change as you too do.

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Love ...

is all there is to heal
and heal we need to do especially fast
as the life span short as short
and even more so now with nuclear fall out.

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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

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- 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