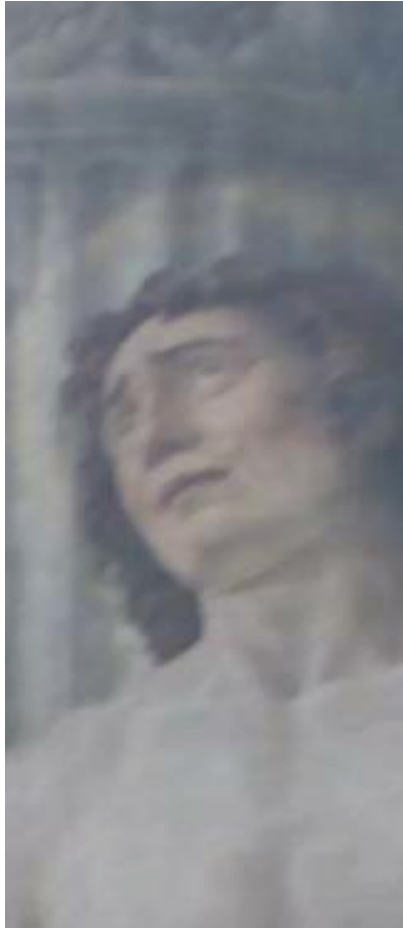


Ae knew he was gone



Sunday Nail © 2019

Ae knew he was gone



the minute he saw those bows aimed high and too low.

What was their problem?

Who was he to them,
these archers everywhere aimed at him?

What a dilemma to face such as these
no hope at all to become known, heard
or of them to be proud to know of him
and his words to ease?

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Ae knew ...

from the moment he spoke those words
loving and caring to the crowd of mangy undesirables.
He thought somehow within that other more righteous lot
someone would know he was not to them at all a threat.

Ae thought ...

that in this time of war
love as peace was more the words
to be spoken of much more.

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He knew ...

within that life was of a perilous route
if people of all colours and persuasions
had to become one and included, cared for
and acknowledged as one
and all of the same species, the human breed.

He was not perturbed at all that day
as many began to follow
as he proclaimed a new way
to like and enjoy, a way to value all
not just those of a regal breed, wealth extreme.

He had a notion that a disturbance would occur
because of the 'righties' proclaiming
only a few of those wealthy to adore.

But then in a moment of haste, as was before
he forgot to remember the hate inside most
well and truly bore and heavily stored.

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Who was he ... the you, and the I?

Or was he another type entirely
that love and peace he felt necessary to tell
and not worry about the words
so neglected in this hell as is a war?

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Take for granted who we are and ask the proverbial,



Are **we** him - or that crowd righteous and powerful?

Take for instance
the joy of those who had the opportunity
to question their own behaviour and think more
and contain the venom
of those others in the crowd of wealth and exploit.

Who are we ...

but all in all the very nature
of many various types of behaviour
not all as would prefer
but follow blindly whoever the call?

But not always in the best light
toward more beautiful ideas,
creative and instructive
about how to live with all.

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Oh how I long to speak to him.
Oh how I long to have known more about him.
Oh how happy I was at that time to know
another form of behaviour would in me too reform.

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The value, the particle, the prize in us all
as was the day we were born and new to arrive
with the future in store for all in us to adore
humbly with pride to have gone in style
valuing all - not just for a while.



The value of creation

is more about who we are in that species
so relevant to preciously care for
and not to harm oneself or those we love,
friends and neighbours, the world
and all it has for us to learn more and more.

So walk and walk and talk some more
but if it holds venom then it is to you he spoke
and not to hate but love and care,
value and be happy with who you are.

No more judging.

No more comparisons.

No more hateful thoughts and deeds actioned.

No more to criminalize the life given
regardless the circumstance you are it
and all that is to live this life, short as it is.

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So value and create a space to love the self inside
that wonderful and most mysteriousness of space.

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Create beauty in your day.

Do not harm or hurt another
especially of yourself
in all so many horrible torturous ways.

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Love is on the table.
Love is in the heart space too.

Love ...

is what you are made of
as is the star in the sky dark
you can observe and consider beautiful.

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So walk and talk and wander too matters not
but more importantly how you are to value you
inside the mind of thought and care,
not the other where hurt is too, far too unbearable to you.

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Care to consider the past,
acknowledge
no way to return and restore
but perfectly able to put to rest
and acknowledge the learning as best
to not again hurt the heart in the chest.

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Love is you and no way out ...

just a moment or two before that arrow
into your heart is pressed and death.
So watch and care each day as you tread
for it is often the last
before the night or you are too dead.

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Love is not some idle chat
more about who you are
and in how you tread.

So gently goes each and every step
to learn about who you are
and in whom you can truly trust.

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Nothing more important than of that
but what is of the most extra-ordinary
is that you are the one and only
on this earth at this particular time
so make the most
by being human and kindly all of that time.

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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
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- 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
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- Frozen in the Sand of Time
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