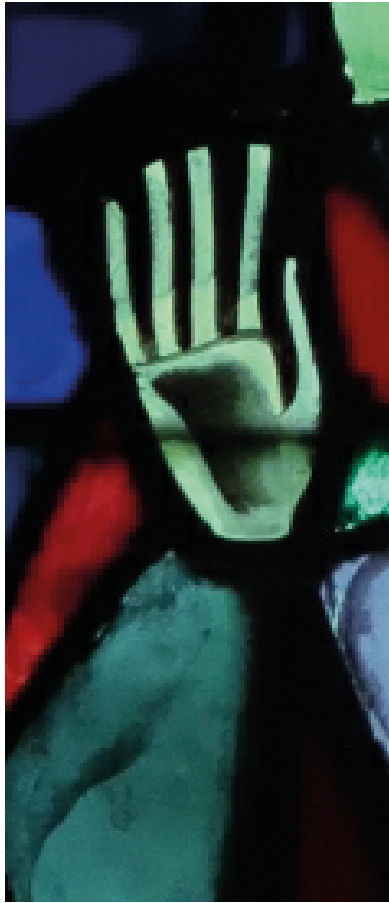


Loss of Who I Am



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Loss as to who **I Am**



'Loss as to who I am',
came among a talk I was witness to,
under the banner of 'Art as Agency',
but more of a Christian based community.

What stood out was more about us,
the person of our time, as art, as agency,
art as an expression as me, my own special-ness.
Christian - no, but human and being,
human and personal to me.

My life as an agency.

My life as a person expressive artfully.
My life as purpose-led, story unique,
story wonderful and too so sad and sorrowful.
My life as honourable but being challenged endlessly.
My home, health, state and place as artfully appreciatively.

Who am I as person of light, story and worth?
Who am I as sorrowful, lonely and agency?
Who am I then, divinely inspired or as useless-ness?

Who is the me, the **I am?**

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Who are you, voice inside a mind?

Who is *your* inner sense not mine
but of a voice as expressive of me,
my own mind inside of me?

Am I a token, gift or treasure-full
of a sense, a total concept,
agency as my own source expressive,
creative and genuine in truth too?

My own life lacks that agency
so who am I to be then, those times unbearable?

Am I but you ...

you the source of my life on earth,
is this an art as agency or more so?

'I am', it has been recorded over again in mind as thought.
I am, it has been a constancy –
so who are these as thoughts, ideas, understanding
and joy, misery and too life, my own as an agency
full of varietals, beings eternal –
mind extra-ordinary as me
my mind expressive, creatively mysteriously.

I am art as agency because within as without
I am expressive, unique as art – ever growing,
ever knowing, ever experiencing,
ever unfolding, forming and dividing.

I Am truly the unfolding, art as agency.

And who but of that 'I' inside can know perfectly
my desired and formed creativity, potentiality
while on earth and beyond as a consciousness
earthly as with death eternally?

Consciousness.

God in all and us as God, Universal
all as one in oneself and others too
joined as voice as thread.

No matter blinded, lost or humanly undervalued –
the same life as the bread and thread connected and fed.

Life as a source continually undertaking
and understanding, growing, life exploring
as was this earth as life as art is meant.

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Love, blessed love,
is this what an agency in each too is meant?

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Love, surely is the ultimate prize . . .



as love is the art as a created being
one who as is perfectly imperfect,
joyous, creative, expressive
and undertaking those life living steps
led as is by that force, that thread,

God creator, God unique, God extraordinary,
God supreme, God exceptional, God eternal.

But...

who is a God but that as art as agency,
my expression so very unique as speech,
but what I am to speak ...
careful attention
when God **I am** in each to meet.

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Love, therefore I am naught
but all I am as one of the many expressions
of a God as creator to do and be
no more than to create
a better type of person as me.

Then that will be an eternal cause
for I am all in all and that is now
what is truly my own and others
unique, artistic, creatively rich ability
as art as agency.

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Love is not morbid, lost and deathly
but a total commitment to self as the creator
of a more vitally acceptable self,
as art as expression in all I am.
And too left to be expressed
as an artist learning more each day
as a clever observer of who,
as artist is learning to express.

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I am art as agency
and as this is my call, my voice
I can and do stand daily,
truly Thankful.

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***A**fterthought:*

What am I but of a love divine ...
divine as the more I am inside
unknown but shown expressively
as art as agency.



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
- 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
- Fortnite
- The Mystical Way
- Here we are again
- Frozen in the sand of time
- Conscious but Dead they Speak

Continued...

- The Edge of Humanity – the Poor
- The Source