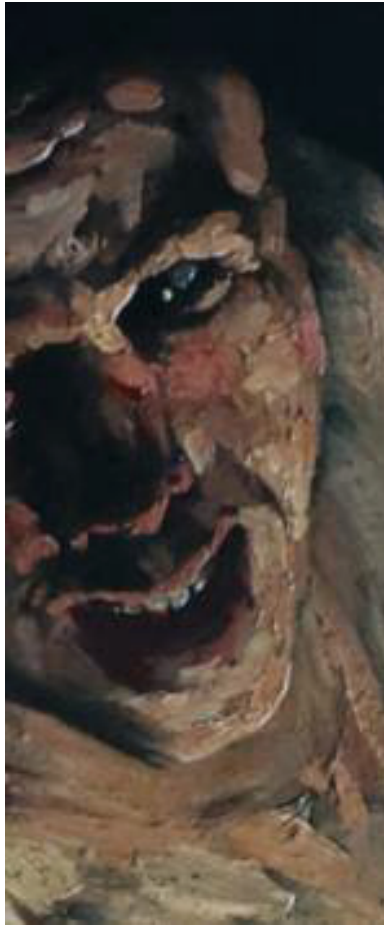


Shattered Splattered ...
what's the matter?



Sunday Nail © 2019

I am on the lonely road to nowhere.

Shattered ...

to the point of not knowing why.

Shattered ...

to a point of being splattered

all over everyone

I am aware or know personally. Why?

What is the matter?

What is the matter for me to be at this stage

literally splattered everywhere

and splattered to a point of no hope

but total despair?

What is it?

How is it,

this is happening to my life story of validity?

What is occurring in this world of 21st century?

What is the matter?

Who does care?

Who am I, this person I thought prior was okay?

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Someone once said, that unless
we turn the key backward to our past literally
and unwind, restore and despair no more
is what is of the best ... unless ...

and this is not what I did.
And hence in this place shattered to a point
of being evident to all my friends
that they have had enough of all this splattered-ness
onto their supposedly ideal living style.

When all the time we are all in denial
Westernised style.

What are we - humanity gone awry?

What are we ...

when nobody wants to become aware?

When nobody wants to discuss
the current mess.

When nobody actually wants to destroy
but do without even knowing where.

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Shattered -



What is that in the reality of my day to day?
What is that splattered to become
when no-one wants to become aware,
no-one wants to know why or even care?

What is the occasion to celebrate
with half the world under trauma by the U.S. of A
storm trooper every which way
and no one anywhere does care?

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So we walk and talk
but mostly about sporting events and critical care
as what is the latest app on that technological affair.

We gather in groups armed to the teeth
with all of those apps.
such a tremendous amount to choose
but not to each other speak.

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What world is this we belong?

Certainly not the type that cares
or wants to know who are starving, homeless
or on the run from those bombs
we deliver and destroy by each day -horrendously?

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I am on the upper or is it a downer today?
I am unsure
but whatever is the latest to keep this feeling at bay.

Oh how I long for this century to pass by
and start afresh
as if some form of germ going rampant
and we all cough and splutter to the end
on some form of antibiotic
as if the miracle we hope will save us all.

Oh God you are nowhere to be evident.
And if so, in this horrible century,
we do now not want to become aware.
For that scares, unhinges and causes critical care
to know who we are and in what form
this God, these Gods come in thoughts to all.

Oh how happy I am
on that of a crack, smack or weed.
No hope to face the true reason
I feel so awful splattering onto all.

Oh how happy I am
when drugs become free.
What a life for all, not just of me
and my drugged, drowning buddies.

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Shattered **S**plattered ... that's me!

Love, oh yes I have heard it spoken of
but not lately
as they shun the likes of me off streets
as if to wash away any remnant
of a 21st greed-induced century.

What is it this love
you profess is inside of me?

What is this type of endless connection
to my ancestors and their association
in my head and mind, my heart, to me daily?

They sing or shout.
They cause unrest.
They consider I am not in the best of best state
and want for me to relate
so that they can assure me there is a way out.

They are my ancestral tribe, the wise and informative,
the decent and honest and horrible as well.
But they are a constancy.
They are a memorable chat to have with them
and to me, my mind of spiritual undertaking.

Did it take a drug to get me to chat to them?
Did it take some hallucinogenic type industry
to produce this medicated state
or is it part of that pharmaceutical estate?

Oh I do long to know ...
who dictates this world, 21st century
with all this abundance and suffering as well -



How can that be - opulence and misery?

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God bless the day I was born all new and warm.
God bless the day I am to die
for then history can report another stat
on their board or electrical appliance, the app perhaps.

I long to be informed no doubt about that
but with fake news and all this conspiracy
how can one actually get the truth
direct to me, my mind and me?

What is it they say,
when quietly seating, crouched
or cornered somewhere darkened no light?

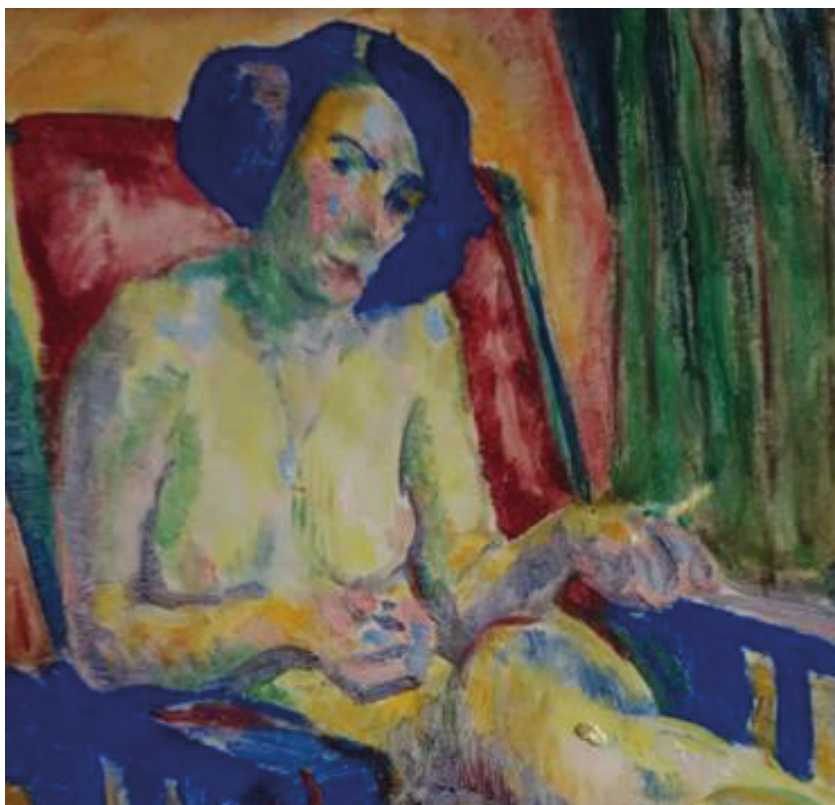
They say it is alright to pass through the eye of a needle
and not to concern
because in that darkness one is able to learn ...
learn that life is not an easy place to circumnavigate
but not to relate it onto all around.

No this is an intimate association with our mind,
the thoughts and ideas, advise and wisdom stream.
No this is the world of 21st century so do not delay.

Do not try and be
what is not on offer for now,
but love the learning curve or strife
for that is where the evidence lays
of your whole incredible survival technique and life.

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Bring out the goodly times and work on those
send those messages of hell and dispose
to where the life you desire is held
not to spoil but learn and gain from those
more difficult times and loss circumstance.



Love is not some foolish game
to start and end in some violent terrain
but learn and learn and learn ever more
that this is a journey, a pathway to know who you are.



Love is all - it is all you have.
So do not lose hope
but gain from those inside the mind
caring and comforting
all of the day long and night times.

Love is it. **Y**ou are it.

Matters not ...

what another says or thinks
but you of course may stay that course
for you are all this life so very short.

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Love you. **L**ove me.

Love that voice of comfort
in the dark as well the light.

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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
- The Song of Love beyond our face
- Soft Target