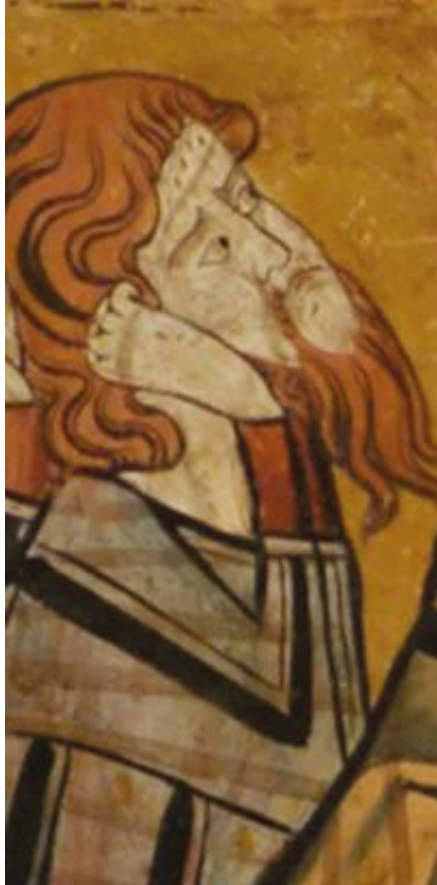


Shrugged Shoulders



Sunday Nail © 2019



| could have given more ~ but | want more

I was wrong. Shrug shoulders no care.

I was wrong. Shrug shoulders no shame.

I was wrong. Shrug shoulders no blame.

I was wrong to know that others elsewhere
did not have the food to survive;
did not have shelter in weather,
blizzards somewhere.

Did not care ...

Did not know but heard here or there.

Did not want to have that on my mind
causing unrest all of the time.

Or was it more that I knew and thought better than
to concern myself with all that catastrophe
perhaps being part of the Westernised crew.

Somehow we hear ...

all these atrocity types of words and scenes
but care sure - somewhere.

But care in reality -
do not do anything anywhere.

But caring is not my style
I am a Westerner, exceptional
and not part of my crowd.

Love is such an idle word
makes me uneasy if I think of another
not part of the West style of worth.
I am in love with the exceptional
and in that feel quite considerable
about who I am or not.

But in reality I do not think
and hence life is such a stupid affair
but love it all the same.
What does that actually say? I am to blame.

I am sort of crazy at times
part of the scene in drug taking to begin
but then it is a habit like any other thing.

People talk about the world, care less but party on.
People believe in many things but mostly
in how they are to want to live, excessively.

I am not so sure we are able to keep this going
shopping in malls enormously filled
by all these useless trinkets we buy.

However, while it lasts I am to give it a go
even though my bank is telling me
my debt is on the increase and no way to pay
unless I get out of bed each day.

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Trinkets and blame, shame and disgust
who cares, it is not for us
to give out anything but dust.

Trinkets and blame,
people starving what a shame.

Shrugging shoulders ...
is the way to pass on by
to those goodies doing their best
to help the dying struggling in poverty
below substandard and warring strife.

But then
it is us that want what they do have
or is it more for those few one percent
who seem to have it all?

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Love is lost and I do not care
for I am exceptional
and guess I will find it somewhere.

But in the mean time who am I,
but selfish Westerner -
that is to be my next cry.

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Selfish Westerner shrugging shoulders
where ever needed every day
because in fact I want someone else
to give me all of what I want each day.

So shrug and shrug I do at will.
It is so automatic.
I do not even know when or why,
let alone what another does actually,
to me, have to say, unless to buy.

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Shrugging shoulders as I speak,
whatever was it you said
about those poor little ones ever so weak?

Whatever was it about that war?

Or was it so many wars
I do not even know which of those countries
you continue to say to me and hope I will respond
and not be so inconsiderate and weak?



Love sure I know it is there somewhere
but I am shrugging off most men and women too
that come into my world and sprout about
all those suffering elsewhere.
But now of course I see them too living on the streets
trying to stave off the cold even as we speak.

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Suffering is not my beat.
Suffering is not my play or sport so no need to speak.
Suffering is for those across from my door
but not on mine so no need but shrug some more.

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Suffering is the style these days
so why bother until it hits my shore
and then of course exceptional we are
so no need to worry
we have the most nuclear stored.

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Shrugging, drugging in each day
what does that say?

Is it more about the fear
that my neighbour coloured will to me arrest
and I have no way but incarcerated at best?

Love is purposeful-led when it is well meant.

Love is the banner we all should strive to have,
but what point when inside they will put me
or locked up away and no way anymore to speak.



So you walk and talk little each day
for fear is strident where ever one steps.

People crying, laughing and drugging,
shopping and beating violently.

But what about in the world we live
is there to be no hope - nuclear fed?

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Shrug it off, beat it away, look the other way,
no hope -
just to remain idle with no purpose to lead;
just become a moron and no way but death to all.

What is the purpose to be alive
and lead a much more worthwhile life style?

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Have a heart for me this day
for I am off to talk to another
about this pitiful men and women's pay.

No wage these days
in the most powerful place on earth
unless join in the military brigade.



Revolution - if no wealth distribution

Love your neighbour well justified
but not for me.

Go shrug your shoulders just like me.

Love your racial class that is all
for that way all will remain as did
for a hundred or so years prior

and I want naught but safety
and they, well they the others do have
all these different ways to go and be and do.

So when I am out and about
I have to become especially careful where I go
without a gun for safety
even though – which one I do not know.

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Satisfactory that is what they say.

Satisfactory to do this or that, no way.

I want for and long for it all
and if it takes invasion and warring
then that is the way to go.

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Love is there that is for sure,
but when I think of love I think of porn.
So easy to gather all the latest in that type of display
rather than to exhibit love and be blown away.

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Love enters and then what?

Some other form like dividing the spoils
for what then?
The children displayed out toward who this week
or is it more about who can and do
without having a restriction placed or two?

Children suffering on those streets,
Wall is the best
for there, there may be some elite.

But what of their humanity and care?
What of their continual pilfering fraudulent affair?

What of them in suits Saville Row?
What of them with champagne where ever they go
lunching and brunching on another's wealth
but claiming expenses
while children in the cold on the street try and sleep?



Where are you - with pots of gold?

Love is to a stranger very well placed
if they meet one's expectations of being agreeable
or not having to shrug them off.

Love ...

is part of the human being, emotionally
but in that form of ethically
well who knows these days
ethical is almost irrelevant.

Ethical decisions far too hard
leave them to Medicines Sans Frontiers
the humanitarian agents all over the world -
Keeping up the goodly works.
Keeping people at their best
till the bigguns (us) arrive with all the aid
to supply until the next warring wave.

Who are we ...

that do not give any assistance
but blow those folks to bits?

Who are we ...

that let them go until it begins to show
who we are in reality
and that my friend
is of course you and for me?

We are ...

the brave or so history proclaims
but now of course we are the lame.

We are ...

the victors as history provides
but in effect we do not live but lie
time over again to suit who we support
and hopefully not the other side with oil in excess.





That's all - no more food or fire tonight

Love is your ally
no doubt about that
but who wants it
when it means our neighbour
and that is a fact?

Who wants to love
in terms of equality of life?

Who wants to ...
have their share taken and given out?

Who wants to live next to one not white?
Who wants to live next to one who is white?
Who wants to live on a building site
no blankets, no way to keep safe at night?

Well, so many walk those streets
go into a shelter or cardboard box at night.
But what in the warmth and glow of fire light
does one care but at latish time put out the light?

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Love ...

is the perilous route
because in your heart
it is stored to find and let out.

Notwithstanding firstly of course
it is more imperative
to look at your behaviour
and get that into some form
of humanity of thought.

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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

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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
- Frozen in the Sand of Time