

Smoke Screen



Sunday Nail © 2019

Smoke **S**creen

... and screen again
but of what purpose underneath
that smoke is to be seen?

People are choking, watering of eyes
what is it underneath that smoke screen
you who wield power hide?



What is underneath



... the taking of our precious lives.

I am a soldier on the battlefield front
of the lot packed in like a sardine tin.
The enemy at the front of we poor soldiers
burdened with their hate
and what is it this smoke screen that they now,
yellow floating appears, to us to choke?

What a burden we all must bear.
What a catastrophe, no mask to shelter our eyes
watering and choking breath no air.



What is it about this horrendously difficult spot?
What is it about having to bear such pain,
for whom - they are not here
the whole band, militarized badged lot?

The difficulty I am to face
here on the battlefield
no longer to fear
but more now face to face.

What is that smoke screen coming in my way
surely not the army pretending all is well
and yet another most disastrous day?

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My heart is aching here at home
my soldier gone no place I feel safe
even here with the littluns by my knees
because our darling is away
and now we can no longer be at ease.

What is it he does try to write
in letters blood soaked
and no direct home to him route?

What is it ...

**that the army despise
for those who write
what to them
is not to become lies?**

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Smoke **S**creen, Smoke **S**creen
what is it they with power have
that we are not allowed for
to become known?

Who has that war paint bandied around?
Who has stripped out the real news
and now fake abounds?



What is the message or have they shot
those who are to whisper the truth?
Have they lost any common decency
or is it all just one big joke?

Smoke **S**creen, tell me this ...

what is it you are to do
when the wind does blow away
your smoky camouflage?

What is it that you can tell,
away from those who are to post my life
and soldier's uniform to a nowhere but hell?

What is it ...

they are not to say, once again
on this disastrous of days ahead?

**What is that message
and who is it from?**

Surely not a presidential legionnaire
without any conscience
just does as it is said as read.

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Smoky men and women too
come from all walks
to provide us with a decent type of clue,
but where are we in a sheltered state
hiding what, our conscience
not thought about since whatever type or date?

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Smoke is now filtering into our homes
without consideration as to the children
and their youngish lungs.

What type of animal
would allow their own young
to suffer what is happening
with this pollution on every sphere
not just this one?

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Smoke inhalation,
that is all we have at hand.

Nowhere safe even in our own home
that cruelly placed band
come in with paraphernalia strapped
onto every aspect of their own gear,
without any fear.

For those guns and bayonets whatever
part of their military gears have the power
and we powerless lose our own respect
and for them, hate the uppermost
beyond any consideration just more and more hate.

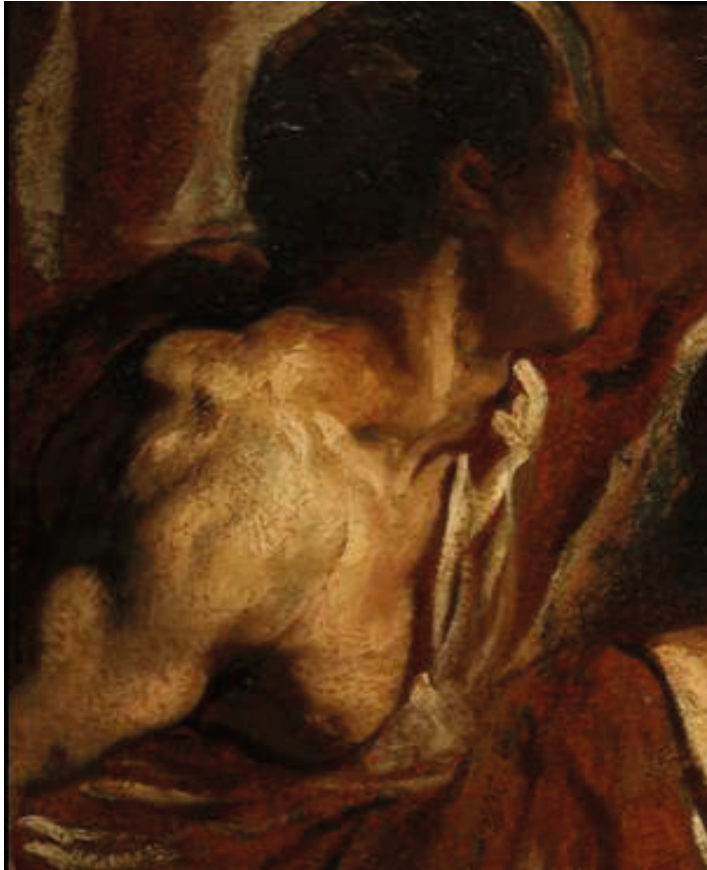
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So we walk and talk
the peaceful solution at the U.N.
but who is the U.N. when it boils down to it
but another smoking gun or smoke screen,
both in terms of hiding the truth
where ever it is required to shut out the truth?

Whatever is required ...

**who decides that outcome or not
when it comes to telling all about
what is and has for ages, eons been
to another, others deliberately done?**

I know I am an inquisitive person
at the heart of the matter
and that is what worries me day and or night
when quiet I am to think about
what is and has been occurring over time.



And it does appear, that this is
one of the most virulent war times.

I am afraid
for the younger ones,
future generations to come.

What is it that we the older set have left?
What is it that we are afraid to own?
Is it that we are the responsible-lesser-than set?

What have we to become valid for
in the Westernised hemisphere?

Are we the smoking guns?
Are we the smoking screens
every last millions of them?

What does it mean to smoke away
without any idea what the lungs are doing
hidden inside away?

What is it that they, that hide the truth, do say?
Well, maybe just maybe how we the many
are so very complacent and stupid to not discard
and stand together with a placard.

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So walk a line, maybe one or two,
come to a conclusion which best is to fit you.
Then in a time of horrible circumstance
begin to realise that you are perhaps
in denial of that truthful you.

When in times of a trouble or two
best to think first before bellowing out
blaming another especially one of colour.

Best to consider who you are
and what in your own life
has been let go far too long
and in fear or loss
have avoided at any cost.

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Do yourself a favour
and ask this one thing ...
are you a part of that hidden
and hiding smoke screen?

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If you are part and parcel
of that warring type violent machine
think about your family
and what that future will now mean.

Think about the ways you behave at home.

Think about when with friends,
are you placid and generous
or is that all a smoke screen too?

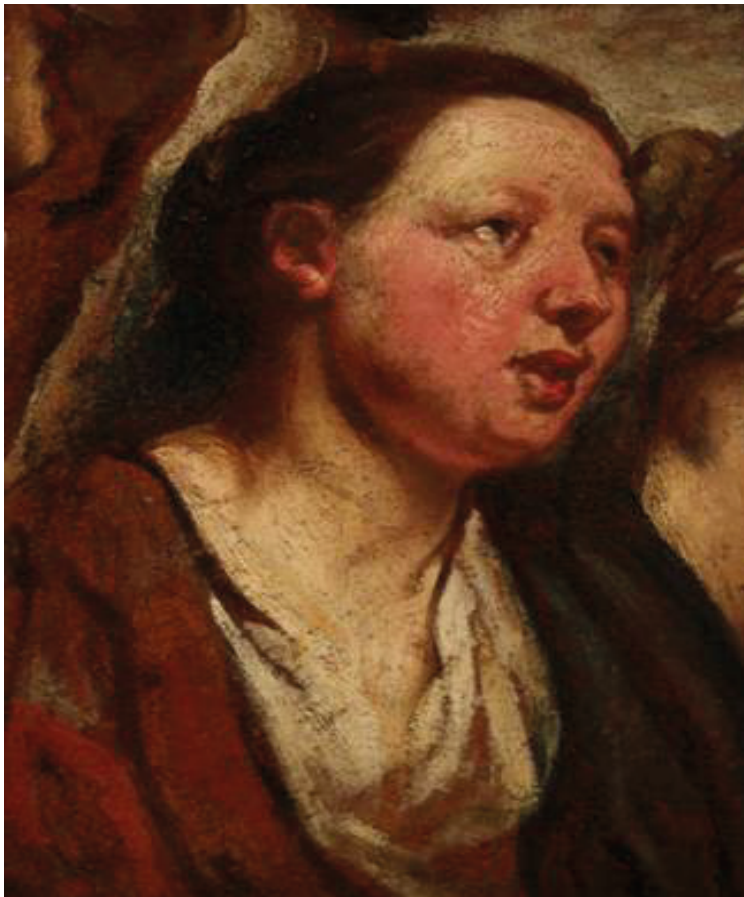
Think about behaviour on the battle scene.

Think about the hatred
when another person enters your scene.

Think about the future and who you will become
when that smoking gun is not from your own
but another to bring you to the Hague
and what that, in public, will show of you
and your big'uns that smoke those guns.

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Love is always on my mind
but not from some form of sexual kind.
No, my mind is to purify for what I have done
in the past that I am ashamed to say
but pray that in my prayers day by day
I will have the strength of foresight
to not again stray toward that harmful way.



*Love is
about the peaceful solution.*

Well that is a laugh 21st century
Westernised mentality
for that is a no go smoking gun explode.

*No harm in trying day by day.
No harm in loving who I am
in a strength inward
to outwardly display.*

No harm to become a more peaceful soul
one who has chosen the truthful path
and not the fake
as I was when part of that societal set.

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Wake up America
and those Westernised allied tribes
For sooner rather than of the latter
you are to become
part of the Hague and despised.

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Wake up America
and the United States
of a smoking type gunnery

For you are on the path to a source
that reminds me of the olden type of days.

Smoke and brimstone
and all of that religiosity,
all of that purpose you use
to demonstrate how to hate
and now too despise.

But when the time is right and right it will soon become
people around the globe will arise out of their hatred
and guess who ... will be brought to bear
and it will not be pretty for that smoky gun affair.

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Wake up Westernised allied tribes



... to what **you** have done **and still do.**

Love your neighbour

do not invade their space.
Love your fellow human beings
for that is all we have to face.

Love who you are

and in what you did and continue to do
then turn a corner and think again,
was it fair for what you did and do.

Think about the future
and the prospects ahead.

Think about the young'uns
and what they ahead do face.
No hope. No way.
No thought to think
if life is to last
into the centuries ahead.

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Think about
the climatic influences in your daily grind.

Think about
the way you have behaved so very unkind.

Think about the future
and what do you leave behind.

Think about that imprint
and what if it is seen
as a smoking gun type and kind.

Think about who you are
and in how you daily tread.

For that is the imprint that the divine,
in consciousness, does record
when you are then to become dead.

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Love is

*not a spoken
but a divine imprint.*

Love is

*what you are born to rise to
but not to when dead.*

*This is a life time exercise
to walk and walk with
that love divine inside.*

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Love your father and mother influence
because in them
you have a particle of common sense.
Not that you are a replica
but more to learn how to be
the best from them to invent.

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*God bless the day you were born
to make of your life a responsible choice.*

*A choice is yours to live the way ahead
and always possible to change that course
if time permits ... prior to death.*

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Love is love and no one can deny
but if one is to live a lie
then love as life is no more than
of a passing in time to death.
And what point ... may as well be useless
and join that smoke infest crowd at best.

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A **choice** is yours



... **to live** the way ahead.

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

*A*fterthought:

*I travelled far and saw that war
survived – sort of
but my mind destroyed.
But in all that of a dust, disgust,
mud and lust
I found a source I now call, love.*

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