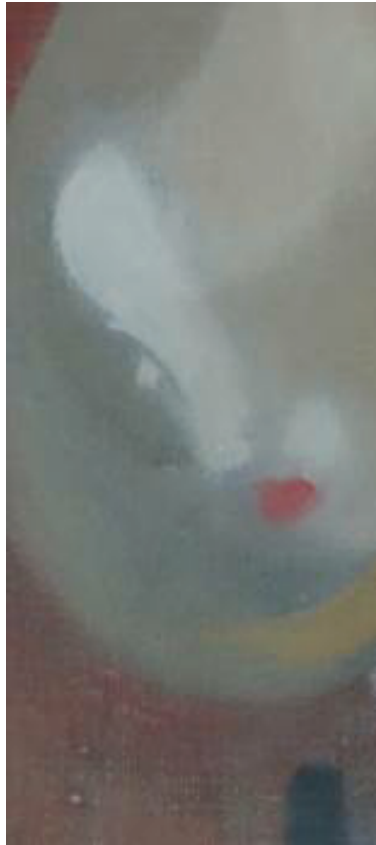


Soft target



Sunday Nail © 2019

Soft target

She waited until I was silent, sleeping even before she came and whispered the profound message about life and the importance of every human being on the earth and beyond, consciousness.

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She came because of the urgency.
She came because I was willing to listen and learn about life and all of that mysteriousness.
She came and went in and out of my life from time to time.
Or was it me not wanting to learn about my life and life in general?
My choice at those times of loss I guess.

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She knew me.
She knew my family and friends, aunts and uncles gone before my own life time.
She was in fact my own life tree, the mysteriousness of time on earth, eons before that of my own birth and me.

She walked and talked over again about the love that is held for each no matter who or what they each have done.

She knew about the growth of trees, birds and insects which at that time I had no interest for I was so mysterious about me, the me inside my mind talking about negative mostly all of the time.

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She was an exceptional being a memory unknown in my own history.

She came and went at times when I most needed her voice inside my own.

She would allow me to grow up and own.

She was in fact my own source of life on earth and in how to learn behaviour not to destroy my worth but humbly learn to become satisfied with my own birth.

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This the story ...

of one who came and went during my life times of better and not so cool when everything appeared horrendous and no way to crawl let alone get out of those darkly depressing types of holes.

This is the story of one who came and went to allow growth in intelligence and common sense.

This is the one who is so ever vigil now coming in when necessary to tell of the world crisis and the beauty as well.

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She came ever so softly to target me about some form of impending type of happening globally.
She would tell in tones of overtones about who or what part of the globe.
She would not scare but the messages did regardless of that softness in me she shared.

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Nothing will ever again surprise me, in fact the messages all of the time do, but not in the gentleness of that voice ever present caring and sharing information about me to me.

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She knows me, sees me and says to me what it is that makes me think entirely differently.
She has a way of knowing what is about to occur but not in how it will often end or of that story's outcome. But what is of the most amazingly rich information source is that she shares it with others to whom I am related or know personally through thought and ideas.

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However I am in my life whether feeling lesser than or automatically lifted elevated in my mind of ideas nothing is ever to compare with those ideas and thoughts she has and holds for me to hear.

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Whatever it is ...

that we are afraid to own, love and care,
she has an understanding as to why and where.

This is the most fascinating of thoughtful ideas about how we often so readily function as if a button on our blouse is pushed inward and to us must eject fear, loss and pain, loneliness and a distance felt to another without even the most curious of note, but go on without any form of information that is in fact there for us to enquire about.

So when I listen in quiet repose I know that if I am only half awake then that is enough to learn as to why those happenings in life keep me petrified. -

Petrified of trying this or that.

Petrified of knowing who I am underneath the layers I have placed, before I can begin to understand ...

what it is that I am afraid to know,

what it is that prevents me to know and learn to grow in more survival techniques about this phenomenal frame of existence.

Take for instance ...

the last day or two I have been staying with a relative or two and in so doing learnt a great deal about myself and them too. But could not honestly share with them the immediacy of the information for I felt it invasive. Or was it just me to them not wanting to destroy or fear of being to them lesser than?

We often fear the telling of a thoughtful piece of information for it may waylay the time or not gain a lovingly held response. But telling is more important in the delivery, of what in mind is being thought and what is not relevant and of no immediate import.

But when with those you love immensely it is so very often far too difficult in case they are to you the ideal couple or friend to like having time to spend and share – but so often only those parts that make us laugh or enjoy.

Stories shared ...

can be of most beneficial import
if only we can read between those lines
of story-telling sorts.

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Mostly I am aware that the information in thought is always present. And not only in my day to day, but nightly too in dreams as well that tell of what is about to occur or needing information about repair.

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Repair is of the greatest need ...

as I am aware of what that burden of past living has inside us to tell and know first hand in how to settle those thoughts erroneous that come at times, often un-liked, out of nowhere.

Repair is a place within our mind ...

that wants and displays opportunity for us to know what is happening inside a mind causing unrest of turmoil of some kind.

But not always clear enough to know how to repair, restore those feelings emotionally causing pain both mental and physical.

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Feelings, thoughts, ideas and such have an attachment to someone other than ourself as well. For life does not provide opportunities without another having some form toward learning in how to, in behaviour, perform.

Cousins, aunts and uncles when younger, but older ages know more and have more contact to a wider input and critical care about who we are and can become often to some more crippling than of another. However, in each case of communication exchange, information is being gained about who we are and they of course too, but mostly where we relate and do so often in ourself compare.

Comparisons ...

are what we do in the form of a society

And this is where it can restrict or cause untold pain inside that brain. Stored and kept until some later date when we begin to feel lesser than or morbid and out on a limb.

Then in comes opportunity in how we are to choose if in the best interests or not so and then a definite choice to what we do often causing pain to another in how we respond.

And this is where hurt all over again begins to spread far further than necessary without even understanding on both parties in that well of heat of exchange.

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What are we here on this global scene of
earthly habits both seen and unseen?

Are we more the puppeteer's dream of manipulating here or
there to see what it is we can stand or cause disrepair?
Are we even capable to recognise the signs when we are
unwell?

Are we able to determine who is in our mind at times causing
us to feel lesser than or in some elevated state to nowhere
often without some form of text, direction or understanding
clear enough to take note and think more about?

What is the evidence we are not alone?

What is the evidence we come with information already
stored in our brain?

What is the information that comes at times, without even
knowing what it means and in how to explain?

What is it, how is it

we are here on this global scene without even aware of who
we are and in how we complain?

Some people are very aware.

Some people ignore information as thoughts and people who share.

Some people are totally ignorant of another and think of themselves as a nation and not as an individual.

Some are very naughty and cause unrest for they are unwilling to sort out that behaviour or the parent for them at first in the home style nest.

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People

People are our distraction as if a shopping spree.

People come into our lives and often stories beneficial and at other times inconsequential.

But all in all the people we know are the ones that we can turn to when times are ever so difficult.

But what is missing is often honesty, directness to a point that may be extremely helpful, but fear and the ability to do so is missing in that telling friend or family too.

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We have to be brave in this world, twenty-first century,
as the world we knew no longer exists.

Because nuclear and climate are on the agenda but not being socially or globally addressed.

Why?

Because we have become that puppeteer's dream following to the end time of which we have no way of knowing.

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Puppeteer's dream is only a matter of thinking about how we have been played to the tune of twenty-first war barons and their goons.

Twenty-first century is the one that has no end, if nuclear is the final armament.

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Soft target

each one on the globe trying to impress and not feeling ever once truly and honestly in themselves okay.

Soft target is the baron too for he or she has no idea what that end will likely to them as well become.

For nothing in this world will release the turmoil, destruction and completion of the planet like a nuclear form of gunnery and that is what these barons of wealth extreme are doing each day to you and to me.

So when she comes and comes she does this voice within my mind of information endless I am terrified in each of my times those messages as these urgent to not please but un-ease.

For she is fully aware of future too and in that sees, unless we each turn and face our own demise of past ill at ease we have no hope but burn to hell or some place cinder-like not pleasant in the end at all.

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Soft target

we are and continue to be unless we address our behaviour unbecoming daily.

Why we need to display this type of venom on another each day especially those we continue daily to pray for safety.

We need to wake from being dumb and find within a reason why we feel lesser than we are as we are and in that benefit rather than destroy that time of life on earth ...

and learn to value more the benefit of knowing why, and cause no more further destruction on all around but have a heart compared to understand. -

Understand ...

that no one anywhere on the globe is perfectly formed or perfected in any form.

Understand ...

that nothing but your own life matters in understanding who you are from the inside out not the other way around.

God ...

is an agent for some to ponder on or pray.

But God is not out there as some form of saviour to save
ourselves and others from any one thing we are not prepared to
do for ourselves first and foremost.

Because that is what and who we are and no one other than
for a miracle will save us from that of a nuclear storm or two
because it is always in the end if not dead for ourselves to be
doing in the day to day operating, behaviour-ally.

God is not ...

the outer world coming in some form of space
ship to land on the island with that of the lady
blue, flag on ship red, white, and blue.

No, this is not some form of space type
enterprise, for one or two, but of each to find
that strength inside of you.

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No heroics. No heroines.

No alter egos

this is one on one with you to you.

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So lighten up and look at your daily behaviour and note why
then look to understand what it is you are afraid to lose or
claim either way.

Not some form of energetic, Godlike interference
but that part that hates and hurts -

that part that is a racist;
that part who dislikes others because of who they are or what
they own;
that part that burns and churns over again in order to feel
lesser than and moan and complain.

That part who inside is afraid to learn, how beneficial to look
quietly back at what when young you were told and why,
unpack as an adult and want to try and overcome by not
allowing those thoughts to generate more and suffer than,
again and again.

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I walked and talked and talked some more about how I felt when young to these two I had visited and asked them what in their own life they had felt lesser than because of some form of injustice.

I waited and asked again about what impact that still had on them now as an adult and life coming to fruition in what they hoped when first began.

I asked about the pain that caused back then and what of that pain inside comes out when least expect even now.
I had an inclination it was similar to my own for it has appeared over years of my own working life with other people who had come with a similar complaint.

That in all of those years we have come to grow in size and learn nothing had in the past left us but built upon a higher and higher terrain.

So high in some that is caused suicidal thoughts.

So ever present in others that it caused some form of restraint about doing some other form of work not considered but desired and did not take that step when thought best to try.

So high that mountain in others that crippling thoughts that no way out and drugged for ever to appease that mind of ever letting it out.

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So I too am very aware of those pain-filled moments when young having courage to last to the end but I was not willing to have some of them burden my life for the future so I addressed them.

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To take that step is a difficulty with that rapid pace life takes us. And no time but endless in use of our limitedness and energy.

Behaviour is the utmost of clues.

And in that behaviour acts, I tread carefully to understand why. And want to know to solve the puzzle of who I am and want now to become.

Nothing special. But behaviour wise not to cause another unpleasantness or witness them trying to bring me down.

I want to impose a bar on my life from having to become a burden further and leave that garbage for another generation to solve, from the whole, where consciousness of thought arises.

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Constantly I have to become aware that I do not allow my feelings to destroy my life journey, by bringing me down to where I have simply no idea.

So when I am a soft target to those voices of the negative I try and work on why they have come at a particular point in time. And mostly I have found it is to allow me to release them back to a safer spot, to not let them again cause undue unrest or send me back to where I do not fit.

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Softer the target softer the impact
but do not be fooled this is the chance to
delve deeper.

Not to cause further pain – never that, but to look at the evidence of those facts.

For in the picture of past events we have so very often left out the best of what we have to survive and in how resilient and that for us now is the major worthwhile surprise.

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Soft target

soft target come in and go, but do not let me fall by the wayside for that is not what I now want to do.

I want to become stronger for knowing why and look at the whole story and so those benefits too.

Love is always part of our journey and not often valued when it does for it appears there is always something of our past preventing total commitment for fear of ... and it is for this that causes unrest and pain, loss of comfort and feelings of distrust over and over and over again.

So know forever

you are loved by that person inside.

The one who came when born to support and lean and grow and it is to that special voice we can talk over and learn to love too.

That one and only one inside that has no other but for you to grow.

The one that has you at the forefront to show how remarkable to live as you have done to now.

Love is the agent
of every soul on this earth
to know and learn
of in the ways it shapes our lives.

The way it comes in and out.
The way it offers advice without us even aware and then in
times of courage gives out warnings where to step or not to
try. It is the advice storage within our brain, the mind and
here is the mysteriousness we are afraid to own or cannot
ever anywhere to buy.

Endless in its ability.
Endless in its charity.
Endless in its information awareness.
Endless in its ability to conform to nothing other than what is
of the best for you to perform in and learn. -

Learn we are of the most incredible individual on the planet
as we are, in all our form and faults and learning but most of
all as we are, in terms of life and what to do and become
before we ignite once again.

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Love ...

is the ultimate soft target
when we understand
that we are no longer of the puppeteer
as a follower
but the flow of what is vital to our life,
is actually us
and inside to support that journey
and not to ever again lose hope.

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Soft target

is the way ahead where love of life is for everyone not of an isolated few who try at will to become our own puppeteer, when in fact that puppeteer is the side we hate and long to clear.

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Soft as soft as gentle as can be the one inside is the best friend one can hope to learn about oneself and others to whom we meet endlessly.

Soft and cuddly never that way, but softly spoken in our heart to come when we ask for advice not to save, but cautiously hear for us to, in ourself decide.

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Soft target

is the only way one is able to learn of your own life more each day, by taking the opportunity to look at who you are in your day to day.

For behaviour is the perfect way to learn about who you are and can become from the way people treat you and you in return.

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Behaviour is the key.

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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
- The Song of Love beyond our face
- Shattered Splattered ... what's the matter?