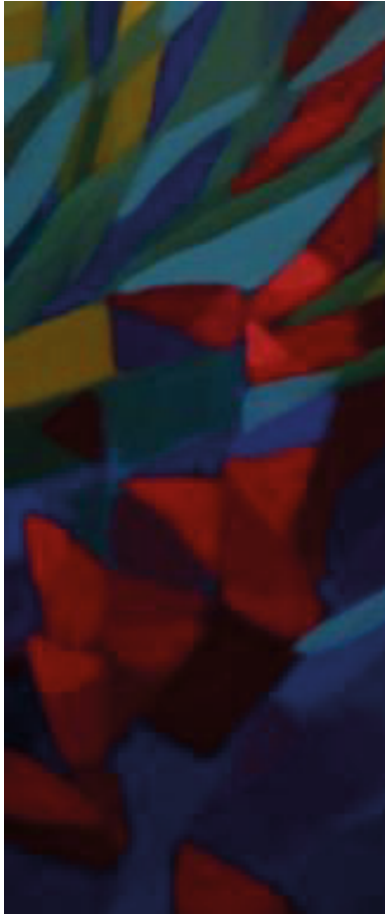


Structure Divine



Sunday Nail © 2019

Who is he ...
that God, that you and of me?

Who am I, that of a worldly, earthly place?

Who is this being human I am to live?

Who am I, that soul divine,
mysterious inner voice I hear but deny?

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I looked in the mirror
and wondered who else was in me,
those eyes mysterious
looking, reflected back to me.

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The love of oneself
not acknowledged or valued,
twenty-first century -
perhaps nowhere else histories past.

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Who am | this soul, mysterious divine inside?

I look out of my window clean
and a figure there stands
in the almost darkened sky.
I call out in crisis mode.

As I look closer it appears to me
I them do know.
People of my past also there.
People of my past I have never before known.

What is it that appears before me?

What is this?

Is it that of a mystery or not acknowledged
for fear, thought unstable, unknown -
or fearful to know more clearly; more wisely,
more beautifully as not an enemy
but voices, images, ancestors
trying to relay a message/messages for me?

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So what is it that I did see?

Was it those voices at times who whisper
into a mind of thought, words, ideas?

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Who is the one who is to lead?

Is it a forebear or some other form unknown,
brilliantly, regally standing among them all?

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Who is this person who came as he did?

Was it my father, brother or someone once homeless,
but here he leads as if knowing the meaning to be alone
as I was this day so desperate for love?

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Love is missing this day
but they, oh they came
all loving to me in this way.

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Several waved and chatting was soon heard
but not as an idleness but to allow me to settle
and then it became ever so clear ...

You are never, ever alone.

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Love is the answer
and it has to come from within ...
within one's mind as is in everyone.

So when misery of aloneness sets in
think of those past family members being led
by that of one, once homeless and alone
staring out at the masses who in them
he does himself too recognise ...

Characteristics we all contain:

The arrogant and shallow.
The idle to constantly complain.
The fearful, unusual, the imperfect too.
The illiterate and intelligent walking by too.

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No differences.

All combined at a time
when each, as he notices at times
we do exhibit what in another we despise,
hurt or lack to understand.

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So we walk and talk but to whom inside?

Maybe a part requiring us to love
and believe we too are that on the outside.

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How is this not of a miracle,
I ask them, in mind talk?
The reply, eventually ...
We are that of a miracle
in living in life the day to day being.

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We are the 'all' those pieces, characters
of what in another find difficult to agree.

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Save not yourself from the fear of life –
for our life is a constancy, diversity,
love, hurt and misery, love lost and despair.

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We are the value, the prize to our life's worth
when very clear, life of our birth and death to end.

So why hate and hurt?

Why lose out on the best inside
a mind, the voice of love,
your own worth
as is inside each and everyone.

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God is not a purpose-led adventure.
God is creation and we that of a creature,
created of love, to become of a unified self.

The part left when we alone
thought us the weak and vulnerable,
the least as too at times the best.

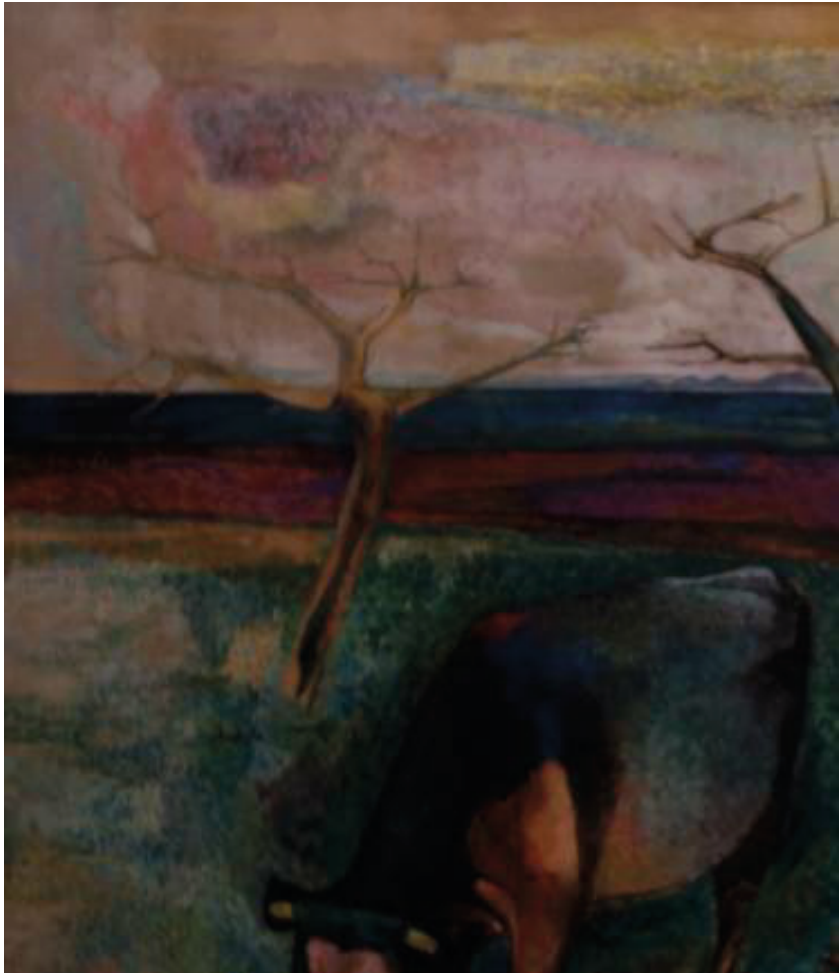
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God does create what we enjoy
as well the bounty taken without any thought
how our next generations are to them to survive.

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Love lost in a world of rape, blame, hate or greed.
Love is lost when a fear to survive.

Love is not a human being
when war and violence the norm and ever more is seen.



Love is found or formed
but there forever when one is born.

So why not come to learn ...

the whole of life is about the joy to know
how very fortunate to live and learn,
develop a conscience, a code -

to value all one is a party to;
to learn more about the 'who'
is actually driving that hurting,
alone-ness type in yourself.

Then, of course, a life is able to be understood
to no more harm oneself as a judging comparison
against those one does too enjoy and love.

We are each a divinely inspired created force.

So why despise at times,
what is inside ourself to learn and love?

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Who is this person I am inside?

Who am I that of 'he' who led my tribe?

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Who is this me,
this that they came for me to say,
so eloquently?

Am I more or less?
It is always a choice and up to me.

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Love is inside, that I now know.

Remembering,
is what they echoed as well
then and there to me
before that vision, that scene
faded from my sight, my seeing.

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Love, as expressive inside of me.



*L*ove oh beauteous love -
share now that bounty inside of me.

*L*ove extreme
is what is held for me to find inside of me.

*L*ove so deeply embedded
but always available
to see in others to whom I love
and they in return to me, myself I deny.

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*T*hankfulness
is what I am and in me is seen
when another comments
on how honourable and favourable
I am to them and have been.

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