

The Song of Love
beyond our face



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The Song of Love

beyond our face.

The love of our own source
that of a force spiritual unseen,
the all
whatever those/that experience
to you does mean.



I am, he said.

I am in you
and no further more regrets.
No more hate, hurt, spite or failure and loss.
No more to taint your good and kindly ways.

Oh I am open
but love in me is ignored,
fear fills my lungs
I am no longer of a faith lasting.



Love provides.
Love divides.
Love invites.
Love engenders more ...
and in that 'more' discover that source
I proclaim as adoration of the self inside,
that you so hidden from view.

And you who are you who speaks as me
from within a mind unaware, unknown, silent,
but comes now as a flowing stream. –
Now whatever to me, my mind does this mean?



Give to my life love extreme
to love the family, friends, neighbours
and too refugees
all upon the life on earth
birds and trees, rivers and streams
all of the natural wonders extreme.

Love abundant.
Love for all
so we can enjoy the beauty
in ourselves to be enjoyed.

How ...

can we become a more learned being
one that has a more openness to all?



*A*ffraid she cried,

Mother of my Earth, life itself,
love blessed love, do not betray us
ignorant and so blind
in your divinity of creation,
the life blood of our earthly life.



Settle never.

Create good as a constancy.

Develop one-ness with a difficult situation

to see both parts not division

for hate, in that flows endless-ness of pain.



Do not shuffle.

Do not rustle.

Do not suffer.

Do not tremble.

Do not tremble without becoming aware.

Do not despair for in you resolve is always there.



Tremble is not to love but ignore.

Tremble is not to lose hope.

Tremble allows challenge

to become more aware of who we are –

the person so often deeply despaired.

But are we actually?

Or is it more the love trembling within

anxious for you to come in.



*D*ivinity

the bread of life to life
is one of the most sacred acts
of human endeavour.



Divine is what in a world of hate and spite?

*D*ivine is in me ...

but where, why and what of that
is meaning and purpose to know and believe?



God is a word useless twenty-first century.
God is a word irrelevant
but who are those amazingly rich experiences
to, from and that do occur for me?

*W*ho is then this me, this you

I am to love, know and see?



Who oh who does care
or bother to spare 'time out'
to be discussing this word, divinity with me?





In God's Sight

What, in a world of hellish behaviour,
can we be but of a devil, deeply seated
in each idle who do not care?

*T*ake not ...

what you cannot believe
but believe in thee
for in thee that is all I am able to see
that spark I gave at your inception into a life.

Make it what you are able
but remember that spark in thee
is what I hope you develop
for Me to be pleased.

*C*are for self,

love that self
and develop the self - I gave to thee.



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
- Frozen in the Sand of Time