The Song of Love beyond our face



Sunday Nail © 2019

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.



9 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.

\mathcal{H}_{ow} ...

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



Afraid 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?

 \mathcal{O}_{r} is it more the love trembling within anxious for you to come in.



Divinity

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?

 \mathcal{D} ivine is in me ...

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



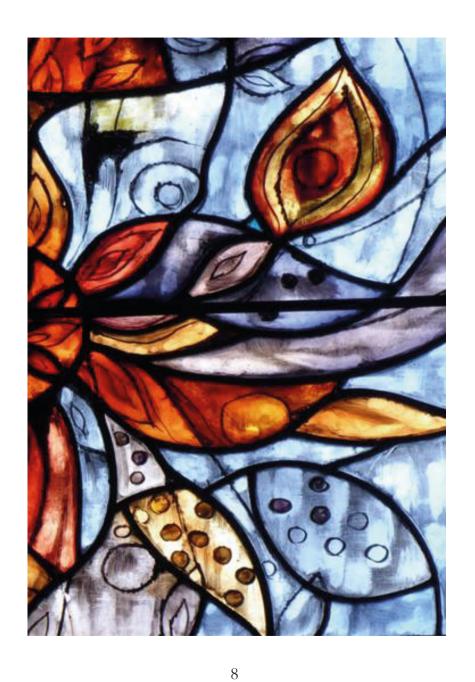
God is a word useless twenty-first century. God is a word irrelevant but who are those amazingly rich experiences to, from and that do occur for me?

 \mathcal{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?

Take 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.

Care for self, love that self and develop the self ~ I gave to thee.



${\cal B}$ íblíography:

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