

Who is He



Sunday Nail © 2019

God moves
in a most mysterious-ness of ways.

Who is He?

What is He?

Is He even a He?

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Is He more than man or beast?
Is it part of a multi-national elitist group,
head of, part of?
What is He to them if that be the case?

Is He man or beast?
What type of industry does He attribute
to His almightiness on earth
from boundary to boundary
where ever no boundary exists?

What is this personhood divine?

What type of mysteriousness
does He lead or from the behind?

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Some have expressed explicitly
that a God head is what He be,
but I am more aware
that my own experience
is more so from my head and mind
the heart of all consciousness divine.



So wander here or wander there
take a pilgrimage to somewhere,
but all in all it is a mysteriousness
that has for eons complicated historians.

What of that me in Him?

What of those words expressed
or passed on down
throughout our own
and previous times?

Are we some form
of a puppeteer's dream?

What is it ...

we all do on the earth?
Is it some form of work for Him
on this domain, earthly plane?

What is it?

How is it that we all belong to one
enormous generating energetic system?

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To **what form** of energetic system do we belong?

Save us, Save us,
what is heard ... battlefields all around.



Save him, that soldier of mine.

Keep him safe
all of that earth shattering
battle raging after raging time.

Give him comfort on his death bed.

Keep him clear
of those devil type of thoughts
until he is completely dead.

Grant him the best of care
where ever he is to land elsewhere.

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What is it
that we are to pray to?

Is it some form of 'other', non-earthly crew?
What type of affair are we expecting to have occur?
Is it some form of religiously infatuated affair?

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I sought to undertake a journey far and wide,
wider than first prepared but that is what I decided
to eventually follow through.

But what it was,
did not come entirely true
because it held a miracle to occur
to make me what I was not
or could not be or do.

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God, whoever **Y**ou are,
come and explain what it is
that I have prayed incessantly for,
to become - when in effect I am me
and only adequate in part to Thee?

Oh I am aware that I knew quite readily
that this was a happening,
a type of miraculous asking for,
but then in times of troubling excess
any type of influence appears to be the best.

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Come what may I began to search
from the mountains and religious types
to that of the eventual evangelical.

And what I did, to myself, proclaim
is that a God, Gods or whoever
is in my head to this day
as voice in mind does stay.

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Love is a lot of fuss when in love
and taking in that first breath of love stuff.

But what I had discovered
over that horrendously difficult journey
was a love of self to find and own
responsibility being the first
in terms of one's behaviour to own.

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What is it?

How is it to become real
when in the head as a thought
we keep this voice in train?

What is it?

How is it that we do deny
those types of information
sources in mind
coming in as if to lie?

What is it?

How is it that we fear those times alone
keeping us in a state
of no calling out, no telephone,
no mobile to connect to our hip joint
as if an apparent type of established fact?

What is it ...

we are truly trying to find or buy?

What hope

if not inside our mind
those thoughts of divine?



I sought to undertake a trip
not far, but certainly no end in sight.

No hope to ever again
be seeing true sunshine in day's light.



But then

it was a mysterious route into a mind
circumventing the usual type of route
where love of self is there to seek out
but not entirely valuable
until having to walk a tight rope.

So when in that type of situation
trying to find a source divine
it is so very dangerous
without any type of guide.

I had a guidance that was surely it
but then I was a child at doing this or that.

So growing into a more adult approach
gave me a window into how first to begin
and learn one step at a time
until trust and ownership were all part and parcel
of that whole self combined.

One enormously encouraging aspect was
that I had a sense I was being carefully guided
through and through until old enough in maturity
to become responsible for my decision-making
and not rely on Him, this other source, God as Him in.

You take away the prayers, incessant at times.

You make a decision
that you are not to enjoy what is given
because it is not quite the divine, miraculous kind.

You begin to seek out other types
to confer whether you are on the right track
to gain a little more insight
to what we on earth are all about.

You alter the ways in which you are to behave.
You consider more and less of that of a tidal effect
when speaking to another, one to whom you object.

But in the main,
nothing changes of the miraculous effect
and doubt begins
and back all over to where one began at birth
with a lack of love of life and earth to live and learn.

Back to the ways of relying on
and beginning to begin all over again.

What a debacle to re-unite
with that original birthing
given to each inner sight.





What is it we really do believe?

What a mystery life is at the start.

Coming into an earthly life no heart.

Coming to a place whereby no one really does care
about your little new found earthly life.

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What a story in those pages texts of old.

What a debacle

that on that third exercise wheel death became Him.

And all who sinned

free of any type of historical burden coming in.

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What is it we really do believe?

Is it some other form

other than for a mind and us to believe?

Do we really confer at all

within that mind, mystery to all?

What is it?

How is it we do not continue from the nest

to give time to have for ourself and listen

to all that is given in guidance, textual best?

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We are it. You are it. I am it?

What is 'It' on about
if we are not able
to own our life
as a valuable start?

What is it that we are afraid to be,
certainly not some form of robotic being
with no heart or being?

Are we more ...
and what is that more to be?

Are we some form of robot
that another influence turns the keys?

Do we consider that we are to be
some form of universal exercise.
And what is that, for instance –
the ultimate prize?

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What type of being are we?

Oh I am aware that awareness is part of this
to know who we are,
but in reality, time being something amiss
in this type of Westernised ignorance bliss.

But when in times of trouble
ask God, this other,
for some miraculous advice.

What are we expecting?

Is it some form to right the wrong
or more about having the answer
to our mystifying life on earth going wrong?



I fought the flowing of goodly advice
turned my cheek to the Westernised life.
And what it did was keep me aware
that no matter the ladder
there was always somehow
something missing in there.

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You work and work in whatever form.
You live your life no matter whom
or what was there when born.

You keep yourself
in the style you decide or not,
but hope some day that all will be
as you expect no matter what.

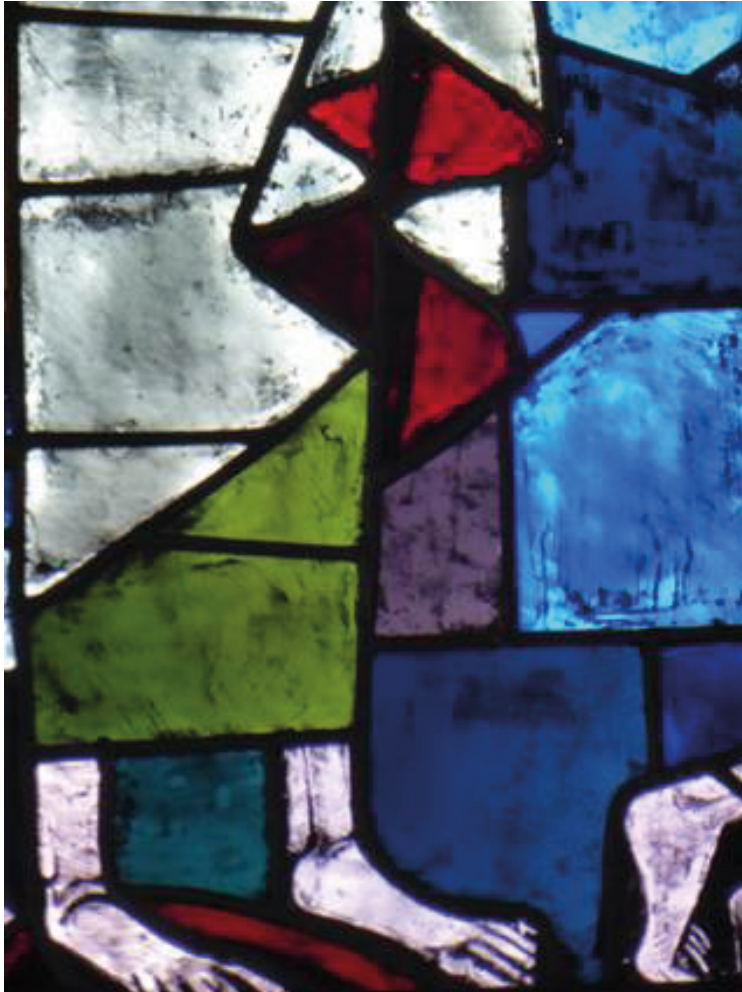
So what is it
that we are actually each hoping for
apart from the obvious in the West
for more and more?

What it is?

How is it ...

to be played out in the West
for us to live, lead a life of bliss?

What type of life are we to have
unless inside a voice as said
to value each and every life giving step?



You are it. I am it.

And now what of it?

Are we all prepared to know
who this other inside that occasionally chats
as thoughts to explode?

Are we able to understand ...
that we are of the greatest inside ourself
that little aspect of a greater source than man?

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We have it. We are it.

We are able to have it all, that source
when wise enough to apply time
to listen to those voices coming in
and discern whether or not
it is the right or wrong path to turn.

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I have found, over a lifetime of ideas
that mostly I am made up from a source of eons of years,
consciously, informatively, spiritually, conscience-ly –
and into that form, a knowing exists
that we are far more than a voice on earth physical exist.

We are that ‘more’ and in that,
have access to all of it and more
because we come
into a world of air and breath
and that is what this life is –
one almighty source of existence.

Yes, air and breath, life and death
and then in the end more to exist consciously
or that is what in head or heart I heard continually.

We are this and that of form,
but what is inside in that form
gives guidance and informs,
thoughts uniquely clear
when time to listen and become
more and more the wisdom streaming in
to have and acknowledge and learn from.

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What an exciting adventure
to know Him, that voice within,
that character from whence it came to me
I do not know or care to become ridiculed
because from learning over time
we each have a voice in time.

Somehow,
within that brain mechanism there is a tale of old
to become known about who we are
and have as our saviour inside self.

And this is where
the love uniquely placed comes out
when those extra-ordinary thoughts bring us to a point
where no one other than for oneself is aware –
that God, this extra-ordinariness is us inside
once we each have time to heal and repair.

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God is love and that is that.

Well, not entirely
for that is more a matter for each
to find within themselves
when time to reflect and see for yourself.

God is love and that is that.

Well, not entirely before
behaviour is kept in check.

God is in and that is that,
but first love of self.

And that for me
was of the most hardest
of all tracks to be trekked.

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Love not, what you are not
and think another has the lot.

Love is simple from the start
but that was at our own unique birth.

But now as age has a way about it
the troubling begins
and then lack of love begins to wane
and hate and hurt and then comes in blame.

But what are we if not to complain
in order to learn
we are adult like but short on brains.

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Love like ours can never ever die -
but first and foremost
we do have to make some breaks in time
to satisfy where we have denied
that power inside our mind and brain.

We have to take time out in case we make
another and another type of mysterious mistake
and lean into another direction which can
and does in the end apparent become fake.

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Love

is what this other inside
proclaims to me daily
when in reverence with myself
in meditative 'time out'.

But what I am to understand
is very much a personal touch
to know one's own self first and foremost.

Stop the crap. Stop the rot.

Stop the belief about what you are not.
Stop hearing another speak on your behalf
about what is wrong and what to right.

Stop hearing about your awkwardness,
inability to do this or that.
Stop listening to all those experts' advice.

And stop to think more about

how very fortunate on earth
to have this time and life.

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I am the voice of time, no doubt about that
because I am so very fortunate
to have my own father next to me
when I think about his own funeral
and coming into my mind and into me.



With you always.

Voice and heart, head and space,
time essential but of no limit
when hearts of love combine
and give time
to there and then be embraced.

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No more need be said,
there is a Godly soul inside my own head
and where that is no hope at all
but then in comes physics, quantum and all.

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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
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