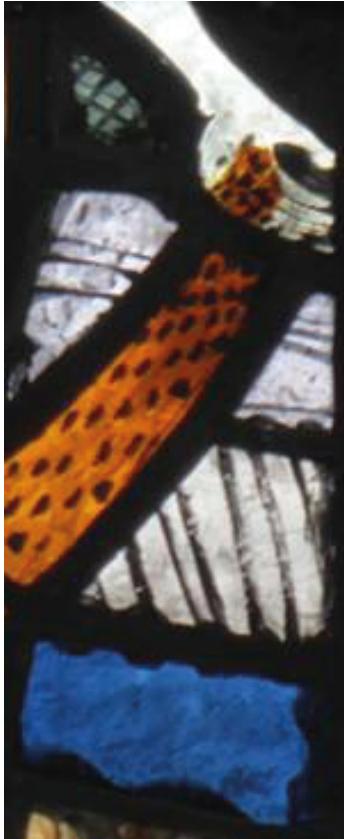


Art as Agency



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Art,
in all its forms is of an endless array
of each of we human beings
and too birds and trees, fishes and seas.



So what are we,
the individual to be,
as that, as an agency,
human being?

Who am I, the person
no different as a being earthly to exist?
Am I, a truly creatively rich earthling
or more ... and of that 'more'
what do I actually and truthfully contain?

The answer simply,
art as an agency, artful and creative
as a day by day unfolding
of the whole canvas to be revealed.

I watch and wait, dream, work and exist
but what of a mind brain system to become known?

Who is this brain of mine,
this inner voice of intensity?

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The recognising of one's worth is about agency, as expressive in the form of our behaviour, respectful or otherwise.



The life, short on earth to be lived, contains remnants of our past connections to a family, generations of an amazingly rich story unfolding in us, the DNA, the tissue of our being human.

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I cannot be whatever I am to desire
for that artful self directs our thinking processes
as brain and mind combined.
In our ether of life is the brain workings
and mind-full deliverables as behaviour expresses.

I am the main party,
the evolving self daily, nightly, yearly
while challenged by those life-living interfaces
of people, nature, environmental influences,
where informed and ill-informed aspects
draw and challenge, enlighten and pursue our thinking
into a person of which only our personal choice remains.

We are certainly the combined canvas
of very few decisions into our frame,
our distinctly memorable past
toward a future of more ...

but into that 'more', choice as is
opportunity to take up that agency, exits.

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To become or not to become,
is that what we desire and imagine alone?
Or is there more and of that
is a more likely as not history?

I am an historical genealogical aspect,
seed of many forms,
characteristics positively shed and bred,
positively embraced or denied.



Who is the person, the me I am or not?

Who is the value-full or not?

Who holds the power
inwardly, mindfully brain-fed?

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Agency,

beloved pathway to my own particular path,
the way, the road, story of my potentiality on earth.

I am the whole story, canvas read,
but not the knowledge or potential until
that journey's experiences are known,
balanced, challenged, considered and formed.

For in that form of force,
worth, pride and stability, the mark of a person
is to become known as if, face to face met.

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I come into a new-ish world of promise,
patterned to grow up toward adult form
not necessarily fully formed.

However, art as agency - power
has not been purposefully embraced as yet.
Why?

Because I, the I am of worth
is little as yet understood.

I am to learn and grieve, pain instilled
to embrace, face and undertake
a life of unknown creativity -

to yet know and embrace to face
as I develop meaningful acceptance
as one of many.

And in that,
be pleased to establish my own brushes
to paint as will, that of a much desired craft,
as art as agency.

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My heart – love.

My mind – story.

My value – richly adorned to evolve,
establish and perform,
expressing that of a soul-self,
a mindful wisdom stream,
experiential evidence this person's whole.

This is a draft only.

For in that of an outline
the story must involve stages,
opportunity and a great amount of faith.

Belief in one's own conscience to develop
rightful and honourable, respectful behaviour
where-ever and whenever in communion
with another human being.

Who is this, in reality, 21st century?

A person willing to stand apart,
standing alone
within the difficulties and challenges
of our daily undertakings.

Who *is* the me, outwardly expressive?

A person able to know
whenever and where-ever possible
to do, as adequate, the honourable task
but only when cautiously clear.

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I am a balancing act.
Some cultures prefer particular artistic,
as human styles of differences.

I am a crying, living example
of an emotionally-charged network
of elements past and present
as well decisions full of potential
as well disappointment and strife.

I am the crying, lonely, unhappy and miserable-driven.
I am the beautifully creatively rich.
Misery defines my failures and disappointments.
Misery calls, cries and criminalizes my own potentialities.

But the view afterwards — what is it to become -
learning or disappointed misery?

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I am the story ...



revealed in my own artistic ability, potentiality
and creatively rich potential of hope, courage
and possible faithfulness in my own development.

But what is the canvas -
until I can believe and trust in my own life
as special and unique?

The canvas lacks lustre.

And where is that contained?

Inside my own life
of powerfully expressive, human and being –
the ‘being’ of who, as an earthly being exists?

And how can I be conscious
of a ‘being’, unseen as my own source?

To walk and talk as if I am a person of one,
one whole, one humanity, one past and future,
one life purpose,
one life story of who I am and am becoming ...
becoming how, when, where and for what purpose?

To do and become
the source’s inspirational art as agency on earth.

I am, it said.

My head exploded. My own self shattered,
splattered of fear to believe possible
I have, what on that canvas I saw, embraced.

But as yet to know and believe,
stand tall, my own place and mark
as a human being of art as agency,
as God, as source provides, brain-fully daily -

to unfold, experience and learn more and more
to love as one life provides, short in time,
but worthy to undertake and learn.

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I am, he proclaimed
inside that mind of love ...

life itself, consciousness,

the largest of all canvas of expression,
full of colours variants,
full of good and bad
possibilities and potentialities.

So great, choice required by each
to be determinable by us,
the person of a viewed potential
unbelievable but too achievable.



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
- 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
- Structure Divine
- Fortnite
- The Mystical Way
- Here we are again
- Frozen in the sand of time
- Conscious but Dead they Speak

Continued...

- The Edge of Humanity – the Poor
- The Source
- Loss of Who I Am

*A*fterthought:

To be or not to be
that is the ultimate question
and in this life of such short duration
the sooner the better
to claim one's own value and worth
in a historical sense or mark.

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