

Centre Stage



Sunday Nail © 2020



I woke

to an audience, a major throng,
a crowd, crew or tribe, I was unsure of whom.
But there in the middle of them all,
those men and women too,
he stood proudly magnanimous
a man of intelligence, mysterious but true.

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He was of a source

divinity some would have said.
But in the essence, the life blood of truth,
the light of humanity,
the wealth of all knowledge prior to this day,
in fact the whole as everything
including night and or day.

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He, this other, apparently does come
in one or two or three hundred years or some,
depending on the urgency, the warnings as such
but in all and everyone
in the mind consciously as thoughts, feelings,
ideas and even visions and touch.

He was of an angel,

a type of visionary too;
a type of energetic magic
to change in any one or more entities
or characters depending on an individual
and their own need to be told, learn or heal.

He was,

as I have said prior, a voice within myself,
the inner more appreciative meditative space,
a time of quiet, a time away
from the buzz and hurrying of pace.

He was, as if an ancestor, so connected
he knew of my own life and all I had done
or others I had and have known.

He was, as if an historical authority,
a genius of a school of thinking thoughts revelatory,
creating ideas, devising plans and thoroughfares;

a means of understanding
every type of life on earth human concern
and in turn, ability to know of all,
even from when first earth-ed and born.

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How ever can we be

so immediately informed
daily in our endeavours and nightly too
when in sleep and so-called dream?

I am aware of how stupidly we can become,
arrogant even and in some pure dumb
in terms of the obvious as ourself,
the human and being, the earthly experienced



How ever can we become
more informed of who we are
as an individual form of living energy
daily expressing and yet so often
asking those questions evident as -

Who am I

this earthly human being?

Who is inside chatting as thought
or voices all of the time as apparent when alone
and listening to the gabbling and cackling
inside my head, brain and or mind?

Those type of never ending questions as,

Who am I

inside the mind?
Conscious.

And yet ...

only half aware of all those characteristics,
those elements expressive.
Even unaware of who, why and when
they, in my mind and voice, constantly appear.

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Characters

of beneficial ideas
and knowing of how best to become
in living, working and understanding
who I am and can become;

then too those creatures, demon-like of intent,
smash and crash the value of my own belief
of who I am and can then in time truly be of worth
and stand as I am, comfortable to know,
even in the highs and lows.

I am of worth, my life sacred as any relic
adored by the religious and others
in worshipping another of worthiness and praise.

Characters of beauty, ugliness and pride,
humble as arrogant, dumb in terms of denial.

Characters of worthiness.

Characters of joy, fun and humour
and characters of failure, loss and or demise.

Characters of innocence, baby-like
trying not to be responsible
and own what they do, take or like
as in wanting what another has
or is idle of any work ethic, value
or resourcefulness to live a full embracing life.

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All these are within each on the earth
as we are definitely a connected form of life,
living and breathing the same consciousness
as air to lung and heart to live and daily survive
regardless creed, culture or even as in a birth.

No one apparent seems to be removed
what is done in a place of birth
connects as any animal tribal and instinctive
to become worldly to survive
what ahead is in their own direct path.

It all is so fascinating.

And yet ...

the world of enterprise and greed
pushes us further into a form destructive
as any war does

to destroy all in its endeavour to conquer
and greed-led speed ahead to the end
whatever that is for most
and usually morbidity, insanity and loss.

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Who are we people
living daily in whatever is a possibility
according to our colour, culture and religion,
our views and outlooks,
our instinctual patterning, our world inside
and that of an outside happening too?

Who is the voice,

the leader of our thoughts inside?

Who is the driver to do and be
whether in hindsight we would have followed so blindly,
or in another to do and be, into the desert to think freely,
unencumbered by a society
or religious persuasion or country?

All in all we are complexity, we are insular
and yet so-called Westernised worldly.

But in all this matter of form
we have a heart as human to reform or reborn
into a more valuable artisan's creative expression;
an artist of genius
to allow consciousness to become so profound
in as much as what is in us to become known,
as prior hidden ... but now newly found.

What is available

is supposedly well known.

But it appears all too much
as at first unbelievable, illusion
or fear too does in one's head surround.

What provides a window clearly to view?

What drives the individual to change
as if a major new step in direction
not thought prior but does do?

We are as if a puppet or robot,
automaton on the run.

And yet ...

inside this human being machinery,
the largest of mainframe computer
we have insight available
as does every other on the planet,
human and being, physical and real
as too mystery, complexity and insight unreal.

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The Gods of Creation

must have been mad

to give us a guiding hand at birth and when older
spat at the help and arrogantly joined the crowd.



Wake up, wake up ...

Follower, follower wake up now ...
now before too late
and death as a form does take that life
and pack it into a consciousness of one's life,
the goodly and badly, the life of worth
or what is wasted in total dismay
being whatever the instant
or immediacy of the latest fad of the day.

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We are choice driven

but choice is not all ours
until thought out and known
how best for our life
to turn or go straight ahead.

And what if no thought?

Back to the follower and led.

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Consciousness,

quantum, cosmic, universal, the whole lot and more complex and confusing, mysteriousness the lot.



But ...

if one is not clear of who they are and do want
then all those of forces known and unknown
take one as an individual and toss here and or there
as in a stormy day, windy and cold
turn that little fallen leaf into any one shape
from when first bud green with innocence
but guided by instinct to do and become
one of the most magnificent of leaves
on the life, living earthly continuum.

Life is the choice

living provides in how best to become -

one of the responsible participants
to assist, heal and develop a more creatively open,
quietly humbly peaceful person of worth
to do and be whatever is thoughtfully perceived
as the most beneficial outcome -

so no hurt is ever to be inflicted to self
or any other person along that road as a pilgrim to learn,
life is love and love is worth and worth is of each
born to live upon this most precious opportunity -
planet as earth provides.

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Love you see

is what he,
the masculine energy,
is among the rest.

Centre stage

is where he is.

And in that space, as a consciousness,
I am privy, as each are too, to have
all the access
to listen intently and quietly,
to have all those answers
to honest questions about the health aspect -
as a living, breathing,
cautious thinking
and speaking human being.

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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
- Silence is Golden if Peace is involved
- Brutalism on our Shores
- Betrayal
- Hidden
- Value-less Plight
- Time Out
- The Bread of Life
- Forgiveness
- The Factory Doors are shut
- Adrift in Retirement
- The Other Side of Midnight
- The Ancient Mariner
- Reflections of a downward spiralling trend
- Hello Mister Bee

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- 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
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- The Song of Love beyond our face
- Structure Divine
- Fortnite
- The Mystical Way
- Here we are again
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- Conscious but Dead they Speak
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- The Source
- Loss of Who I Am
- Art as Agency
- The Brave Unknown
- I am Love – What of it
- They Drift to Where and Nowhere

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- To Become One
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- Toward Loving Oneself ... the grief part
- Walking with (a) God by my side
- Dance the Dance of Humanity
- The Bible Incomplete
- The Wind in Time
- The Breath of an Angel's Wing
- The Holy Grave
- Departing
- Scholastic Genius
- Cosmic Reality