

Death does come
when is my problem



Sunday Nail © 2021

What will we be

or perhaps even do,
death being endless,
life no longer breath to inhale,
life on an open airwave -

that life on earth,
that life thought endless
even though,
death does in the end take us
but of whom, why and or when
mystery ensues.

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Life and death. Death and life.

What is it?

How is it

we do not embrace both?

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God and life as love
as is a consciousness state,
why is it God dead,
died sometime long ago?

Why?

Why is a God gone from our own life,
lives of a Westernised greedy side of human life?

Why are we in terror death surrounds?
Why not become aware, love is life and death too?
Why not learn that of a death we can unite as in life?

Life as on earth,
and life as in the air, the water and sea.
Life as bird as tree;
Life as oceans wide, rivers flood and stream;
Life creatures big, small and in between;

Life as matter in frame as human.

And then there's 'being',
the other form as mind consciousness,
mind as God, as seed, quantum and all.

Why delineate into a chip, bit
or quadrant circle
but life in all its mystery?

Life as is a death
an existence, a matter of breath
and in that too, of a state
or states of a life in all its array
and there too mystery,
each and every way and day.

Life oh joy,
but death do deplore,
fear or lack
any form to actually decide
what it is exactly at.

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People question ...

and are too curious, clueless some,
but when that of a word as 'death'
consider it unable to utilise successfully
in the day to day banter of a normal exchange.



People are very careful

to not awaken the dark, ominous life
we do each undertake,
date uncertain or way unclear.

But of the life journey
perhaps we are even unclear
the value, the purpose and meaning
too hard, too harsh too fearful
as it may entail 'time out' alone to reflect -

perhaps time alone, quiet out of the world
where noise as a violent storm, riot or war
of worlds who want the power, the source.

And yet ...

here we are in the simple life
to undertake to know that source,
that life as love, that life as meaning
is of experiences, as is learning and too
having the courage to own, value and correct
where now clarity of mind has come through.

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My heart, where ever you are,
my longing, my own view of self
valuable, worthwhile and true.

I am, it said of a life well lived.
I am the source, mind as is love.
I am the joy, playful and gaily at ease.
I am the difficult, but purposeful to learn –
love as death an endlessness.

So when in a fearful place ...

do not care what another may say or consider of you,
but hurts, painful too at times
but draw on the source as mind
to remember someone, somehow something of beauty.



For in you, they, those of thoughts shared and or known
can bring to oneself peace, at least for a moment in time,
to confer beauty as love as life is in you,
your own particular part of life on earth
as too those of whom you are united to life, endless.

So as to never become totally lost ...

unfairly treated and suffering to turn away
from that of a consciousness,
the whole of a mysteriousness
as life as death is in each
who are to live and those who are dead,
desire to feel needed, cared and valued -

So no part, no part at all is of no benefit ...

but of a life-living preciousness
that life at death has possible, if we can only believe,
that the DNA structure complete in form
carries endless the genetics of others
as mothers and fathers now as too before.

So who ...

is not psychologically geared to have,
ever lasting, a connective entwined thread
as is the DNA but too the living
as is too the living consciously but physically dead?

Life endlessness in the extreme.

Perhaps not if one is able to ascertain,
that all of our 'being' is not one
but of an endless, conscious, mind-like source
as some would call Cosmic, God
or ultimate source, life's creator, nature's way;

or more about a consciousness
that even in a computerised world
cannot, as a completion, define specifically
because as death as is life – a mystery.

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God can therefore perhaps define for us
that mystery as life as air to be living earthly.

God consciousness. God a word,
maybe DNA, psyche or even a mystery.

So ...

when I am on a physical journey I see
all and every aspect of human suffering and misery,
everyone of joy and lovingly kind
ways all part of how in each the mystery
changes as weather, nature too as in all we live and die

but of a consciousness array as thoughts
coming out of the ordinary
challenging to seriously appraise
what is in us uncertain but we can experience
yet not necessarily able to become fully known,
but felt so powerfully, hard to deny.

So ...

when in death, mystery as is a birth to a new view,
free of the womb and conditions of mother imposed
until born to be freed ... freed from constriction
and inability to know fully the path, passage or pace;
free of total awareness, but fully conscious to undertake –

So love is the benefit, love the joy



love of humanity: love of the truth:
love of a journey,
a passage of both a life and a death:
love as is, while here on the earth,
so no baggage taken when one does do die.

Thoughts to reflect:

How is it to be ...
that I am no longer frightened of my own death
but feel too a loss when it comes to those
I do dearly long to hold and be with
on a continually pleasant engagement
as touch, hug and love?

How can it be ...
that I will pass on into a state of endlessness,
eternal happenings,
that are to no longer worry but care to engage,
that of a conscious appreciation
for a life on earth lived and certainly felt available
when alive and to actively care
to be who I am proudly to portray?

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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
- Time Out
- The Bread of Life
- Forgiveness
- The Factory Doors are shut
- Adrift in Retirement
- The Other Half of Midnight
- The Ancient Mariner
- Reflections of a downward spiralling trend
- Hello Mister Bee

Continued...

- Standing Apart
- The Aloneness of 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
- The Mystic within us all
- Here we are again
- Frozen in the sand of time
- Conscious but Dead they Speak
- The Edge of Humanity – the Poor
- The Source
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- The Brave Unknown

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- I Am Love – What of it
- The World Undetected ... the Dead
- They Drift to Where and Nowhere
- To Become Me
- The Sound of Silence in Speechlessness
- When Someone Dies
- Parting in a Death
- Surrender All Lies
- No one talks about it ... Death and Dying
- Sacrificial Lamb
- Where did they go but Home
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- The Devil's Handyman ... America
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- The Current Phenomena – Nuclear War
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- Across the Waters
- Surveillance
- Suffering
- Fast, Furious and Fantastical
- Toward Loving Oneself ... the grief part
- The Grip of Humanity ... Who has it and what for
- Walking with (a) God by my side
- Dance the Dance of Humanity
- Keeping track for where you are at

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- The Bible Incomplete
- The Breath of an Angel's Wing
- Beauty – The Best of our Self Inside
- Departing
- He Electrifies Me
- Incomplete Pictures
- Never Again ... Release the Pain
- The Milk of Human Kindness
- Trusting the God within
- Holy Grave
- The Wind in Time
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- Cosmic Reality
- Forth Turning
- The Life Unknown - Mystery
- The Carriage to Nowhere Land
- The Orchard Grove
- The Word (of a) God
- God Consciousness
- The Way ahead God Consciousness
- Lost in a world of make believe
- Crossroads of Humanity
- As Death Appeared
- The Traveller Within

Notes: