

The
Brave Unknown



Sunday Nail © 2019

How do we explain
the mysterious happenings,
the unknown, out of the air,
Cosmos or Consciousness?

How can we explain,
no words available
to the extent of that form, thought
as 'out of a nowhere' place or state?

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Can I? Can you?

Who is that person inside ...
as thought, feeling or vision to you,
to my own sense of reality,
but unknown prior
before the now time known?



Who am I

but the you, voice inside
that mind-brain magical, mysterious-ness
in each we have and do utilise?

Who is the I am you, the truth, reality
some daily, from meditation,
quiet reflection access or gain?

Who are those you, clusters of others
voicing their own view as on to yours –
thoughts, feelings understanding and beliefs?

Who are we, the many on earth
valid, worthy, important,
powerfully capable
to be a survivor, earthly traveller?

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Who are we,

the many who are to survive the dangers
while another unimportant struggles to survive
against hardship and terrains unbearable?

What are those differences,
climatic or polluted on our shores?

What are these people of race dividers
and criminal activities all on about?

*A*re we not one or the same in shell like form,
human and divine or so some perhaps decry?

But what is that me, that voice inside
trying desperately to convey day or night?

What is the message to you to say?

What are those messages coming in to all each day?

What is the benefit to know
more than we can think, believe or say?

What is the benefit to know who you are
without any form of complete understanding
from a more complex, mysterious-ness,
that voice inside the brain yours to say?

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I am, it said repeatedly.

I am the voice

of a uniqueness of earth, humanity.
I am the voice inside the mind,
the brain working systems
you are apparently
mostly far too blind to know,
explore and undertake to grow
more wisely each and every day on earth
you are to live from birth.

What is it you are trying to be?

*O*r is it more

what importance in an ignorant world
you are trying your very best to exceed?

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Take for instance
the life of a dog in the 21st century
more on the upper than of the average
trying to survive against the odds.

What is a world of the Westernised dogs
so important above a starving child
on another plane somewhere out there
but there on the earth all the same?

What is it we are wanting . . .

in that form of a dog expressive?
What hope have we to know
if that dog does to you
not relay what it knows?

What is it

that this particular breed gives,
that you, the human being kind
cannot undertake to yourself unwind,
review and contain?

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Save me, cries the world at large
but who is to be that of a saving kind,
the Biblical type to save us the sinless crew?

Or is it more about
what you are to think as being exceptional
and that is all it will do,
believe in some or other form
that does not in you quite perform,
saviour, saving type of kind?

Can I be more specific?

We are on a terrible type of slide
and the only way out
is to become far more responsible
in what we all, in the West in particular,
have been doing and are still continuing on.

So this is my proposal to date ...
watch how you behave on any one day
and see if it makes you feel better
when you are given time
to think more and less indulge.

Watch out ...

Watch out for those of another type of race
for they are there to challenge
and make you into yourself face.

Watch out for those of another belief
for they too are there to challenge in yourself
who you are and your own personal faith.

Watch out for the benefit of being more compassionate,
think about the ways in which life can be sustained
rather than for the desolate places
now no longer to beautify but gone like the rain.

Watch and wait, consider and reflect, rewind
those horrible types of voices in your mind
that continue to come and attack.

Watch out, claim your honourability
to be responsible for those acts not so kindly.

Watch out for those difficult of days
for you are always under the guise of another
kindly compassionate about who you are
and care for each of those moments you are to survive.

For here is the 'other' spoken by some
to rescue you
in a way of divinely inspirational type of love.

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To become a person worthy to know
it is firstly important for you
to be caring and kindly to you
and not impose on any other.

For that is not trying to be kindly
but caringly obvious you do not take the time
to lovingly care for yourself each and every time.

For here in the caring of oneself
is the ability to know
you are precious as anyone else.

For in that time spent keeping abreast
of the latest information coming through to mind
is the ability to check if it is being racially blind
and too very, very, very unkind.

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Love swelters and melts
as the temperature rises or diminishes
and so do you when the temper is upper most
and not kindly to the average rest.

But...

when in the coolness, the calm within,
where the balance is more likely
to consider yourself and the other
near and dear or removed, but meet.

But...

when the temperature rises
to a point of hellish despair,
who is it in you that thinks so unfair?

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Can we

Can we become wary
of voices unkind and talk to them
about what is happening that you are unaware?

Can we consider that not all is coming in from ourself
but the voices of emergency
trying to save our planet and we earthlings?

Can we believe we are more than for ourself
the minor of importance but inside the mind
greatness unfolds if listening with intent?

Can we undertake a change in our behaviour
to be far less cruel, far less damning
and lack in understanding?

Can we?

Can we truly back off from that of a hateful stand
and make an inroad to who we are
the greatest of lovingly caring sense of self first hand?

Can we decide, make choices that concern us
as well to prevent our pressure, our vessels
from exploding and causing cardiac type of arrest?

Can we become so clever
to know observation is an inroad
to the benefits of loving you
the person on earth life short to know?

Can we consider that the world in turmoil
is acting a replica of our Western world now?

Can we undertake the changes to our life
to make sure we are not permanently trying to become
what we are now not adequate to undertake?

Can we bring less of those pressures to bear
so that we can calmly consider what is right and fair?

Can we determine our own fate
or is it more about relying on another
to come at some later date?

Can we begin to own who we are

in the now time of life and see in that
what can be changed and in how to benefit
rather than despaired and criminally affecting
this already burdensome toxically polluted air?

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Can we deliver

a more appropriate line to know
that in each is settled and waiting for us
to make contact daily and listen to those words
far more gently and kindly if time is spent to learn how?

Can we bring our attention

to having more time out
to look at the daisies and figure ourself out?



Can we be honest and provide a way through
all that difficulty surrounding each as they try
and be exceptional - and not know it is not true?

Can we love

as if no more tomorrows left to exist?

Can we bring harmony

where today in us does not exist?

Can we deliver

a more favourable view
of what in our own self is there
when time is spent to resurrect
and not rely on another
to tell us we are that special -
for it is far more solid in introspect?

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Love is your own bargaining chip ...



and nothing on earth will give it to you
but of that voice inside
you must learn to chat regularly, daily to.

Love is like ...

having an internal partnership,
with yourself, chatting about what is hurting
and in how to seek some form of advice.

Love is like talking away about the life
and in how you miss that person now
unfortunately passed away from the earth.

Love is talking and chatting away
as if that person in mind is still there day after day.

Love is like having a friend, lover or so
someone who now is no longer with you
but you still love day upon day.

But ...

there in the messages coming to mind
we are often unable to listen enough in quiet time
to hear them, those beloved lost and gone
from this earth physical, but mentally appreciative
are there to visit time and again
without loss but informed within the brain.

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Take for instance, the way we live
is there any time spent to undertake to learn
God, the almighty we often refer
is but a seed, a portion within you?

Do we ever consider ...

that the loved we have lost from our view
are actually embedded inside
that divine space inside the mind of you?

What does it take, for us in the West
to wake up to that fact?

What prevents our knowing
about this other
inside of our mind, the head?

Are we afraid to begin to unwind
and know of the past and what to ourself,
even today is coming in and making our life less,
instead more and valuable each day?

What prevents the beauty from our world view
coming to warn us about this or that,
when in reality it is more manufactured not fact?

What is it you want

that is not already available
right now within reason
to that of an adequacy and reality?

What is missing?



Have you forgotten the best
and rely solely on manufactured information
and consider that all ... and in that you have not
the best of who you are available?

Kindness



Toward loving, it does take a little time
and in this world of Westernised haste
little is not even considered -

but then it is always a choice
in how you provide for yourself
and in this life it is more, much more
about kindness to yourself.

Kindly ways within and without

Kindly opportunities
to value that person inside of yourself.

Kindly perhaps
to do some form of charitable works,
but if not to oneself first,
then what is it all about?

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*Love you, love me, love all –
a great deal of work left for all.*

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We are the tribe
of the Westernised kind,
but kindly no,
in most it is more of a racial divide.

So walk under your own umbrella,
stand tall in yourself,
the inner more favourable parts
and think very wisely before joining in
to one who has hate
in their own uppermost parts.

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You are it. Make the most of it.



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
- 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
- Art as Agency

Afterthought:

We travel over roadways,
rivers and divides
but not always certain
if we have been brave to survive.

But when the story
favours more about another
then it is definitely time
to take out the picture postcards
and remember and rewind.

Here in that picture, postcards remain
of an adventure
you rightly can proudly proclaim.

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