

The *C*rossroads of *H*umanity



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I am a traveller of sorts.

I am a voyager
on seas unsettled at times.

No thought as to when or how navigation helps
but natural world, as those seas can be horrendous
with waves as higher than normal, wreck the bow,
rudder too gone and no way to then navigate at all.

*S*o, when at the crossroads
of a life or death pending survival,
what are we, the individual, to do or be?

What is in the offing to provide
as a useful member of an earthly population
as one of a humanity?

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Am I a useful member of humanity?

The life short as it is no matter the death as age
but short to those who do prepare
to live as is in their own particular age historically.

*B*ut ...

when the storming of an impending event,
example wars, but then worse, nuclear spent,
what for our life if alive, what then?

Some have definitely tried to reckon on
some form of statistical sense

*B*ut ...

when of nuclear
what sort for the few who are then to be left?
No such data would be worth
the timed exercise or paper spent.

*L*ove, you see,
is missing at the decision-making.

Love of a life and all that does entail.
Love as you, your life and stories
held inside that mind of enormity.

Love as family relationship.
Love as a valuable companion or friend.

Love as children small to protect.
Love as is the wider community,
social and or part of that life held.

Love as creatures we have at hand to play.
Love as nature everywhere and variety.
Love as in our mind and thought.
Love as special deeper than most care to report.
Love as sport and whatever more that does have.

*B*ut when the above
and no one anywhere left –

What next ? What of life then?

What of all one had and then does not
as banking facilities
and shops to in an endlessness spend.

No housing. No pets.

No sporting events to hope for to win.

No government.

No more wars, except scavenging.

*L*ife you see
basically, would as now not exist.

We, those I mean who did escape
would probably prefer not to
in that cross of burden nuclear waste.

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So hence ...

when one does think, perhaps now,
even though somewhat a tad too late,
to put some effort re behaviour
and what one does when in company relate.

How

How one behaves is a clue
regarding violence, wars and spite,
hate and hellishness all over everyone,
no matter who or when.

How one relates.

How one speaks without care.
How one admonishes a child small,
far too small to brutalise and scare,
to a state trembling in and through with fear.

How one, in a relationship, treats the other
lovingly at first
then in a time of uncertain length
in comes torridness toward hatefulness,
dissatisfaction
then divorcing takes the place
of what before when no need for.

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I cannot relate
what in my heart
all my own past mistakes.

*B*ut if one has no time for review
all that nuclear waste is inside undealt
as in you - you who in the end
does not have a life of any loving.

*B*ut more about self as to that of death
and a sense of having 'missed the mark',
at the crossroads of humanity,
the point where
choices are being hopefully made.

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Crossroads are for deciding



about how one prefers to be ...

how one wants to *now*, not later,
discover opportunity
for changing habits displeasing.

*H*abits are those
when a love of oneself is not felt,
love of who life is, for learning more about.
Not only on the outside but inside too.

The dust bin or bowl of a population
is where one can easily deny exists
as often poor and not as us.

The dust of a nuclear explosion
is where it does fall
but more as to how it blows.

And then, oh then,
no colour bar or social class.

*S*o, in this world
of crossing one way or another
in how you are to behave
remember what you do
is as the waters on a pool
calm until you reverberate hate
and then tempest-like swirls.

So calmly
review and think more kindly
and act more civilly
toward a more respectful stance
then perhaps nuclear can be
part of what now you consider to uphold –

No more ...

No more wars.
No more hateful bigotry.
No more wars against people
and their own country's sovereignty.
No more disgusting hateful thoughts.
No more blaming. Own who you are.

Think more - speak less
until love enters and see your better self
and choose who then the best.

No more scolding little ones.

Take a longer term view approach
how best for them to act when they grow to adulthood
not to remain a blaming child when reaching older age
but remain - under age.

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*B*e at peace with who you - are in the now

*H*old on, I have not finished just yet,



one more to end before inkjet ink runs out.

*L*ove you see
is what halts at the crossroads of humanity
by being far more loving toward oneself,
a seed of joy
rather than one who cannot bring themselves
to know love exists
whether one wants to own or know
it is part of a human being's genome.

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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 Half of Midnight
- The Ancient Mariner
- Reflections of a downward spiralling trend
- Hello Mister Bee

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- 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
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- Conscience Calling
- The Song of Love beyond our face
- Structure Divine
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- 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
- Loss of Who I Am
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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
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- The Devil's Handyman ... America
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- 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
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- Never Again ... Release the Pain
- The Milk of Human Kindness
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- The Wind in Time
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- Trusting the God Within
- Cosmic Reality
- Forth Turning
- The Carriage to Nowhere Land
- The Word (of a) God
- The Life Unknown - Mystery
- The Way ahead God Consciousness
- God Consciousness
- It could not be, God would talk to me
- As Death Appeared
- Lost in a world of make believe

Notes: