

THE INTERSECT BETWEEN TWO WORLDS



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WHO AM I, TO SUPPOSE I AM,
IN THIS OF A WORLD WITHIN TWO WORLDS?

WHO AM I, TO SUPPOSE I AM,
WHEN THE WORLD I AM IN, IS INSIDE
TELLING, TALKING, BEING AND AT ONE
WITH SOMEONE OTHER THAN
THIS ME I DO BELIEVE,
THINK AND SEE IS WHAT I AM?

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WHO AM I SUPPOSED TO BECOME
in a world within two worlds,
one on the outer sense or meaning of a reality,
the other inside
that of a mind brain mechanistic type of being?

WHO IS IN AND WHO IS OUT?

WHO IS REAL
AND WHO IS OUTSIDE
THAT OF A MY REALITY?

OH DO HOPE SO
that someone will answer
who I am in entirety?

Oh do hope that someone will say
for me to resume
that of a more equal type of living style
in the days ahead?

OH I AM ON MY WAY
BUT WHO IS IN THE DRIVING FORCE
OF MY OWN LIFE SOURCE?

WHO AM I TO BECOME
WHEN NO ONE APPEARS, ON THIS EARTH,
TO HAVE A REAL SENSE OR MEANING
OF WHAT IT IS TO BE HERE AND LIVE,

ONE AFTER ANOTHER, ENDLESSLY –
IT DOES APPEAR TO ME?

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LOVE IS SURELY PART OF THIS.

LOVE OF ONESELF AND OR ANOTHER,
BUT WHICH IS WHAT AND OR WHOM,
WHICH AM I, MY OWN LIFE, TO BE AND OR DO?

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THERE IS A TYPE OF INTERSECT
A PART OF MY HUMANNESS
THAT DOES NOT QUITE CONNECT.

THERE IS A TYPE OF INTERSECT
THAT HAS ME IN THE GRIPS AT TIMES
TO RECOGNISE BEHAVIOUR
AS IF ALL IS OF ME, MY OWN, ALL THE TIME.

THERE IS A TYPE OF INTERSECT
THAT HAS ME IN THE QUERYING TYPE OF MOOD
TO DECIDE WHO IT IS THAT COMES
INTO MY DREAMS OR WAKING STATE.

THERE IS A TYPE OF INTERSECT
THAT GETS TO ME
AND I HAVE NO IDEA AS TO WHY
I AM TO FEEL OR EVEN SENSE
MORE TO LIFE THAN HERE ON EARTH
LIVING, BREATHING AS IF ANY FORM OF INSECT.

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WHAT IS IT I AM TO BECOME ...



WHEN EVERY OTHER
IS STRIVING FOR THE ECHELONS
HIGH ABOVE SOME EMPIRE STATE
GIVING ORDERS OR INSTRUCTING -
TO WHAT IN EFFECT - IS OUT OF DATE?

LOVE, YOU ARE TO UNDERSTAND,
is not something I am to take literally
when so much is blatantly abused, tortured
or causing some form of illness or interfering
to the true meaning of what love is from within -

THAT VOICE OF INNER SPEAK;
THAT OF SOMEONE AS IF ME,
BUT FAR, FAR, FAR MORE INFORMED
THAN OF YOU AND OR ME.



WHAT IS IT I AM TO WANT
WHEN THERE IS SO MUCH OF AN INNER SOURCE
TRYING TO BE THERE IN ALL I DO AND SPEAK?

Oh how varied my life has been,
but too far, far too restricted
by what I am to know, educationally
and of that propaganda spewing daily.

Oh how I long to be able to communicate
with that one that comes
and in my silent type of space
speaks ever so lowly and humble
makes me want to reach out and touch
that voice of inner wondrousness.

Oh how delightful it would become
if I had the ability to speak as if I am one
and to the other me is there at night and in my day
as one to one, face to face so as to speak.

OH HOW PRESSING TIME IS ON THIS EARTH.
One moment in time is one's own birth
and then
as if the clock stopped and then began again
the time was ripe to end
at the stroke so as to speak at midnight.

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LOVE, YOU ARE TO UNDERSTAND,
HAS A MEANING
far, far more insightfully rich
than on this earth as in each day and way.

LOVE BRINGS MUCH IN WORTH TO MY MIND
AS I LISTEN QUIETLY AT NIGHT TIMES.

Love shelters, bringing warmth,
those of a beauteous nature as the life outside
storms, raining and longing to be here
inside that space of the other
so very, very apparently near.

*LOVE IS NOT
SOME FORM OF BLATANT-NESS
THAT CAN CORRUPT
AND CAUSE ANOTHER TOTAL MISERY OR DISTRESS.*

LOVE IS
BOTH CRUEL AND RICHLY SUPPLIED
TO HAVE ANOTHER
UNTIL ONE OR THE OTHER
DOES EVENTUALLY TO DIE.

LOVE
IS ABOUT UNION WITHIN ONE SELF.

A LOVE SO STRONGLY AFFIXED.

A LOVE OF INFINITE ABILITY
TO SPREAD THE WORD
ABOUT TRUTH AND HUMAN CIVILITY.

A LOVE OF INFINITE ABILITY
TO JOIN THOSE PARTS OF LOSS AND INJURY
TO THAT OF HUMAN ABILITY TO HEAL THE WOUNDS
AND LEARN THERE ON TO BE WHAT IS OF VALUE,
AS ONE DOES, AS IF LIFE, JOURNEYING ON.

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INTERSECT, OH INTERSECT

STOP THE DIVISION IN MY OWN SELF
AND TRY AS BEST AS IS POSSIBLE TO CONNECT.

Try, oh do try to find the right space inside
for me to have that voice in loving contented-ness
come and visit ... and perhaps in time
stay the distance until I too have no longer here
life on this most precious of soils, earthly life.

INTERSECT OH INTERSECT

GIVE ME THE GRACIOUSNESS TO BE AT PEACE
of this person I have known
and no longer want to hate
or cause incredible on-going distress.

OH DO PROVIDE A SCENE
WHERE I, THIS LITTLE INSIGNIFICANT ONE,
CAN COME INSIDE AT TIMES OF REST
AND BE AT PEACE
IN EVERY SINGLE SPACE AND CONTEXT.

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LOVE WANES
SURE I HAVE HEARD IT SAID,
BUT YOU, OH DIVINE NATURE IN ALL,
IS THERE IN ABUNDANCE DAILY,
AS I TOO CAN BECOME
WHEN I HAVE YOU INSIDE
AS MY BELOVED ONE.

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TAKE FOR INSTANCE,
THE OTHER DAY,
A PERSON CAME INTO MY LIFE
AND NEVER WENT AWAY.

THEY STAYED ...
ON AND ON AND ON AND ON
UNTIL I BEGAN TO CONSIDER
THAT THEY WERE ACTUALLY
MY OWN SELF INSIDE THAT MIND
COMING IN TO SAY, QUITE DELIBERATELY,
THAT THEY HAD ALWAYS BEEN
INSIDE THAT MIND OF MYSTERY.

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SO HOW DID IT GO AWAY?

HOW DID I SHUN IT AWAY?

HOW DID I NOT DESTROY ALL THOSE IMAGES
OF WHAT I THOUGHT ABOUT MYSELF UNTRUE?

WHAT IS IT ABOUT THIS LIFE ON EARTH,
Westernised at the very least,
that does act and consider itself
some form of superior beast?

IS IT THAT WE HAVE SO VERY BADLY BEHAVED
that we have actually forgotten
life as was meant to be considered
as a preciousness, a gift of an immensity,
a type of God-like Seed inside one and all
for day to day connection -

A TYPE OF ONE ON ONE LOVE AFFAIR;
A TYPE OF INTERACTION SPACE TO HAVE A CONNECTION
TO THE ONE BELOVED INSIDE THAT HAS OUR HEART SPACE?

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LOVE YOU ARE TO UNDERSTAND
is nothing more than treating oneself
in a type of respectful stand.

IT IS ALL ABOUT HAVING TIME OUT.

IT IS MORE ABOUT
having yourself in a state
of more peace and less of hate.

IT IS MORE ABOUT
having time to be quiet in reverence
about what is actually meaning to be alive
in this earthly space and place.

LOVE IS WHAT DOES BIND US ALL
AS IF THAT SEED OF GOD-LIKE ABILITY
IS A CERTAIN TYPE OF HUMAN AND BEING;

A COMBINING OF TWO WORLDS
AND NOT TO BE INTERSECTED BY EITHER ONE,
BUT JOINED IN HARMONY TO TRY AND BECOME
MORE CIVIL AND PART OF HUMANITY.

*LOVE DOES NOT
CREATE WARS, DISPUTES AND VIOLENCE.*

Love does not achieve greed
and taking over others property,
lands and soils of ancient histories.

Love does not cause
children to become idle and weakly placed.

Love does not give over
to lack and fear out of place.

Love does not cause harm
and hinder progress
where truth and honour and respect exist.

LOVE IS WHAT MAKES THIS WORLD GREENER
AND LESS DESTRUCTIVENESS.

Love gives over to that of an evilness of intent.
Love provides and love agrees to disagree,
cause no injuries.

LOVE IS WHAT WE ARE INSIDE.
WHY NOT LOOK MORE
TO YOUR OWN LOVINGNESS INSIDE?

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TAKE CARE
AS THE WORLD IS IN NEAR FREE FALL.

SO WHAT IS WANTING AND LACKING IN US
TO CAUSE SO MUCH HARM
AND HINDER
OUR OWN SPECIFIC INNER BRILLIANCE?

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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
- Standing Apart
- The Aloneness of Standing Apart
- Who Am I to (a) God
- Divided Loyalty

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- 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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- Art as Agency
- The Brave Unknown
- I Am Love – What of it
- The Bible Incomplete
- 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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- Surrender All Lies
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- To Become Him
- To Become One
- The Devil's Handyman ... America
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- The Current Phenomena – Nuclear War
- Across Borders
- 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
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- Dance the Dance of Humanity
- Keeping track for where you are at
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- He Electrifies Me
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- The Milk of Human Kindness
- Trusting the God within
- The Holy Grave
- The Wind in Time

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- Scholastic Genius
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- Forth Turning
- The Carriage to Nowhere Land
- The Orchard Grove
- The Word of (a) God
- The Traveller Within
- Death does come - when is my problem
- God Consciousness
- It could not be, God would talk to me
- As Death Appeared
- The Life Unknown - Mystery
- Grace
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- The Crossroads of Humanity
- The Way Ahead God Consciousness
- The Cold Abandoned Sea, Me
- Can I Tell Will it Help
- Can it be so
- Life and Death of Humanity
- God the Invisible Presence
- Preparing for War the Christian Way
- The Evangelist
- Honourable Gentlemen don't do that
- Old Age Sucks
- The Earth is Round but we are Square
- Can it be so ...
- Sometimes I need to know
- Sacred Life, Sacred Self
- Sacred Land, Sacred Space
- How can it be

NOTES: