

Poetry Without Borders

Book 3

Who Are We?

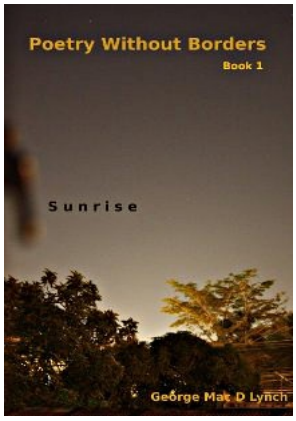
George Mac D Lynch

Previously by the Author

In the series - Poetry Without Borders

Book 1 - Sunrise

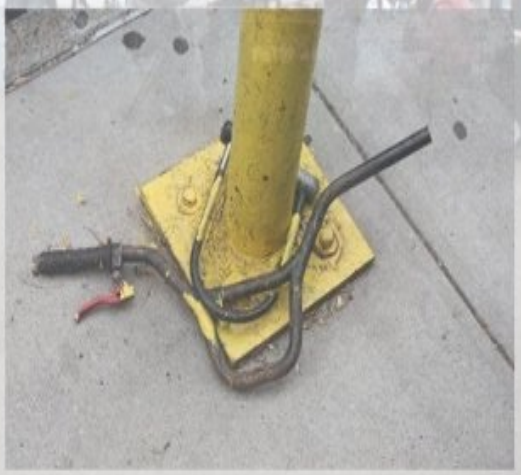
Book 2 - Passion And Pain







Are we living, or surviving?



Poetry Without Borders

by George Mac D Lynch, 2015

Book 3 - Who Are We?

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Reflection

The truth be told, we are reflected in each other.
The people we like and to whom we are drawn,
Reflect the qualities we like about ourselves.
Those we despise, or from whom we withdraw,
Reflect the things we do not like of ourselves.
Be concerned, not with the people we like.
But with those we despise, and from whom we shy away.
When we have learned the reasons for the behavior,
We have begun opening our minds to the qualities
We despise in ourselves.

George Mac D Lynch

Preface

Who Are We? - is written as a milder form of exploratory work, encouraging simple analysis of self and or people. I have been writing poems inquiring into the behavior we commonly demonstrate. They have been written as individual pieces. But when I took a second look at the archive, I began seeing patterns. On the basis of the patterns seen, I began developing structure around what had been written. Consequently, I also began writing poems consistent with the structure.

Although each book is written as a stand-alone document, there is some semblance of interconnectedness between the books. For instance, I had initially planned on including quite a bit more related poems in the section - loving each other. On closer examination however, I felt it more effective to write a separate book (Things Fall Apart), as a sequel to this book, or part thereof.

This is my simple heads-up, informing you how the story goes.

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Introduction

Loving Each Other looks at the way we treat each other, our behavior toward each other. It questions love. People can glow whole day on what love does. But cannot utter a word, on what love is.

Similar to our treatment with love, we tend to relate purpose with everything, except our purpose in life.

It is rather painful attempting to describe why we don't smile as we once smiled. Our joy has been stolen. And we have not found it in our hearts to go after the reasons why we no longer smile, as before. Smiling has been accepted as part of daily life we can no longer afford.

Know Yourself is one of those obvious areas where we actually need to intensify our effort of discovery. Yet somehow, it is ignored, simply because we believe we know ourselves.

That, is unfortunate.

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Communication

If you dial God and get a busy-tone,
I humbly suggest,
You're calling the wrong phone.

Life is nothing, without communication.
The expression of desire, firing expectation,
Triggering our thoughts, activating our senses,
The dynamics between action and consequences.
If we consider that establishment of the basics,
Why is it so challenging, maintaining relationships?

The initiator initiates her/his initiation,
Seeking eager reciprocity, hence the expectation.
A derivation of 'statement', outcome of desire,
Our innate nature, stoking internal fire.

The greatest part of communication, is body-language.
Some of us mistake that, for the whole darn package.
Barriers, walls, partitions, similar constructs, the fences,
The easiest respites, we choose as defences.

Conversations with good sense, seldom prevail,
Ignoring the sign, “Turn Back, Less Relationship Fails”
Relationships are failing, divorces are climbing.
Mere surface of the challenge, they are reporting.

There is concern, when examining the state.
Is it something in the water,
Manifestation of hate?
Something in plain sight, we cannot see?
Or something in the junk, from Ms Kay Effsy?

We don't talk anymore, as we once did.
And we don't smile anymore?
That is stupid.
Clear signs, of a relationship heading south.
No communication through the body.
None through the mouth.

30.11.15 ***Contents***



Loving Each Other

Love is a deep and wide environment.

Loving Each Other looks at the way we treat each other, our behavior toward each other. It is not a marshmallow-feel topic on things hunkydory in life. It questions love. Especially taking into consideration the roller-coaster conundrum of emotions confused with love.

What is love?

The average person has absolutely no idea. People can glow whole day on what love does. But cannot utter a word, on what love is. A bit of diversity is introduced, reflecting some aspects, of the way we 'love' each other. The continuation of which, will be cover in the sequel Things Fall Apart.

We Love Each Other. Right?

Technology

The Color of Rape

What Is Love?

This Is Love

Something Good

This Morning We Prayed

Through Mine Eyes

I Wish You More Than Just Enough

Contents

We Love Each Other. Right?

We talk our hearts to death,
About what we are giving.
The love we are sharing, with all the caring.
We are even on the TV, for all to see.
But meanwhile, you don't give a damn,
About your neighbor who is crying,
Because of the licks she is getting.

We make sure our houses,
Are outfitted to the max,
Look, holidays are coming,
These are the facts.
Our houses are filled,
With toys roof to floor.
Whilst there are children starving,
Right next door.

The lady on the corner,
She is begging for a dollar,
To nurture her children,
Out of their hunger.
You find it in your heart,
To simply turn away.
Why? Because she does that every day.

The person on the street,
Vagrant you name.
You walk by. You scorn.
You encourage her shame.
You are dressed in your finest.
She is dressed in her rags
How long will you judge her?

And name her with tags?

There is a child on the corner.
She is asking you for a dollar.
To provide for her dying sibling,
Who is sitting on the stool.
You blindly stroll by, while thumping,
“I wonder why they are not in school?”.

I could go on and on,
For the rest of the night.
But I know you got the message.
We love each other, right?

2008 - ***Love*** ***Contents***

Technology

We don't love each other
As in times gone by.
Technology has taken us.
Where we once spoke,
We no longer try.

Our homes,
Were connected spiritually.
Now it's wi-fi, all kinds of 'fi',
Cable and or wireless TV.

Long ago, things pornographic
Were spoken in hushed tones.
Now you're getting pictures,
Of your naked mate, engaging
People you don't recognize,
Live and direct, on your phone.

Social media is not sociable,
Unless you're counting results,
In measures of trouble.

Instantly,
You know who's getting 'horn',
Who the 'horner'/'hornee' is,
Also where they're from.

We must be careful, of what we do
In our bedrooms, for we are not alone.
People are monitoring our every move,
With electronics in our home,
Especially on our phone.

Long ago we would pass,
And spend some time with granny.
These days all granny gets,
Is a selfish photo, we call selfie.

When the minister got axed, with a fax,
It was an indication of changing times.
We have gone pass fax, and phone-call,
Firing people, while they're online.

Technology has us,
In this constant state of fear,
“Electric eyes everywhere” - MJ

The food we eat,
Now microwaved in a couple seconds.
What the hell are we feeding, our electric children?

Our children were nurtured,
As the village spoke.
'Nowadays' is x-box, fast-food box,
And a frigging remote.

Parents are spending less time at home.
Working multiple jobs, paying for electronics,
And the cellphone.

When we look at statistics on our news,
It shouldn't be hard to tell,
Why our children
Are growing cold, and heartless.
Why our children rebel.

14.11.15 *-* ***Love*** ***Contents***

The Color of Rape

How do you define silence, with nary a word.
When everyone speaks loud, but nothing is heard.
Where the lips are shut, and the body laid bare.
When the darkness descends, and in comes the fear.

Can your child be saved, from your inner fears,
Your inhibitions, your failings, your moment of doubt,
Your inner beast, clawing its way out,
To haunt your child, in its coming years?

Can you reconcile, what is irreconcilable?
How do you love someone, that is unlovable?
Can you defend, the purely indefensible?
How do you make the change,
Scaling walls, unscalable?

What if you had the power, going back in time,
To that hurtful place, your soul ripped apart?
Everything has happened, too fast for your mind.
The cold rebellion, destroying your heart.

How do you recover, the person you,
Who was violated, 'mutilated', and subjugated
By someone you trusted, not necessarily new?
But someone you knew, who could barely squeak?
How do you learn to listen,
When silence speaks?
When your shadow scares you,
Struggling with an internal war.
How do you block it all out, when silence roars?

What Is Love?

I have heard people say,
Love is a many-splendored thing.
Bringing you all the good things,
That life can bring.
No one has gone, beyond imaginary images,
Helping me understand, what love is.

I have learned,
Defining love creates anxiety,
All the funny things life can be,
But all in all, when it is said and done,
There is no definition, from anyone.

What about love,
That cannot be forgotten,
As intense as can be,
And leaves us stricken,
With the fear of uncertainty,
And the unknown
Of what can be,
Or what we, would like it to be.

Still, love is gentle, love is kind.
It was not designed, to mess up your mind.
Yet it is all that seems to happen,
Even when there is no word spoken.

As when upset, with each other.
That we felt we should not, bother
With the love of God, for that's what it is.
So really, what is love, what do you make of it,
That is sufficiently different, making you reminisce?

We know it. See it. Experience it.
Give it. Receive it. Will die for it.
And sometimes we don't know,
What the heck to call it.
But where would we be without it?
Darn! Just to be a part of it!

The love we know, can be so confusing.
Yet it is the same love, that is so amazing.
You think it goes, when you walk away.
Only to find out, it holds its sway.
So when you say, your feelings are stirred,
It is really what you have known,
But needed to be heard.
Love, the most important word.

01.09.15 - ***Love*** ***Contents***

This Is Love

Artists painting images,
Coloring what they think, the image is.
Confused minds, describing what love does.
Yet no apparent disposition, to what love is.

Countless years, searching fruitlessly.
Possible encouragement, hopefully,
Your enlightened minds, probably,
Will look at it all, differently.

Love is the ocean, in which we swim,
The garden of colors, the lives within.
It is the forest, alive with trees,
The beautiful flowers, caressed by the breeze,
Kissed by bees.
Kissed by butterflies. majestically they welcome.
As in day one, how God's story began.

Love is the rainbow, with its pot of gold.
A kaleidoscope of colors, refreshing and bold.
Love is the earth, the wind, the sky.
The reason for life, how we get by.
Love lights up our sky, with lovely blue and white,
With lightning so bright, especially at night.

It is the synchronization, between all of life,
When everything aligns, fitting perfectly well,
In space and time.
Love is the energy, the driver,
Combining forces, and matter,
Making everything work, and you the wiser.

It's the connection, with the Master Divine,
In multidimensional spaces, spanning the times,
In visions and dreams, where it all seems,
Meshing with reality, flowing in streams.

Love is us, the reason we are.
Love is the universe, twinkling star.
Everything combining for us to exist,
Simply because ….. love is

30.10.15 - ***Love*** ***Contents***

Tell Me Something Good

Tell me, what is it you feel?
That you know it's there, but you are not sure of
That you felt could not have been touched,
But now you're not sure of
Because someone may have touched your heart, and
Still you're not sure of. Isn't it amazing!

Tell me, why is it you smile the way you do
Whenever I spend some time with you
Your feelings won't hide, your stomach flutter
The air seems lighter, the room gets brighter
Even when you try to hide what's going on inside
Yet you say you can't decide.

Do you wonder why you miss my presence, my voice?
What would you do if you had the choice?
As much as you do, why you think of me?
Remember the ticks I showed you, the keys three.

Does your weekend seem long?
As you brave the storm, getting back to Monday
Where the days are warmer, but the nights are longer.
Do you think there is too much time apart?
Tell me, what goes on in your heart?

Do you know the difference between love, and true love?
For there is none that I know, neither can I show
The similarity with friends and best friends
Listen to your heart. Best place to start.
Set the mood. Tell me something good

This Morning We Prayed

Like never done before, this morning we prayed.
We asked Almighty God to strengthen us,
Guide us, and keep us together.
Asking Him to keep us in love with each other,
Regardless of weather.

We asked Almighty God to grant us
Peace, love, knowledge, and understanding.
And bless us with the patience, wit, and wisdom,
To govern over all with which He has blessed us,
That we may overcome the forces pulling,
Destructively at our souls.

We asked Him to give us the power,
To reaffirm the prosperity of our love,
The beautiful sense of purpose that it has known
And the pearls that it has sown and grown,
Creating the light than shines in, and on us.

As the beads of perspiration dropped this morning,
It felt like we were praying for dear life.
For what would life be for me without you,
What would life be for you, without me?

We asked Almighty to provide for us,
Shelter us, and protect us,
That we in turn can do the same for others,
Knowing that He has given us a reason for it all,
Keeping us together, that we do not stray,
Like never before, this morning how we prayed.

Through Mine Eyes

At first there was the fear, of what I faced.
Next the disappointment, of what I perceived.
Then the thought of losing you, my friend,
Simply because I did not understand, who you are to me.

You are different from all that I have seen,
Felt, known, understood, liked, and loved.
And maybe, just maybe, that is why I feel this way.
Because of whom you are to me.

I know it, but I am not sure about it.
I feel it, but not know from whence it came.
You brought it out, when I thought it was locked away.
Uhm … I know who you are to me.

You make me laugh, just when I am about to cry.
And put the sunshine back into my smile.
I miss you, and your voice, especially when I'm hurting.
I love your calls, such impeccable timing.

You said forever is in our hearts, and I'm dropping the caution.
Because of how you make me feel, while standing in motion.
You have removed the veil, showing me
The peace, the love, the yearning, the smiles.
And I want to thank you so much, for writing this,
Through mine eyes.

2009 - Love Contents

I Wish You More Than Just Enough

I wish you both enough time,
To sit and understand, what God had in mind,
When He created you, into the beauty, that you are
Because of the beauty you were, and shall be.

I wish you the strength of the irresistible force,
That could face the immovable object,
And bow not in submission ….
But exercise the power of compromise
In overcoming your challenges, with compassion.

I wish you peace, love, and understanding,
For and with each other,
That each grows immeasurable with time
Possibly one half being a grandmother
The other half being a grandfather.

I wish you eternal sunshine,
Showered with its bliss.
With every morning,
You look in each other's face and smile,
Even the morning you miss.

I wish you will find, in each other
Everything, you need from you together.
For to face the rise and fall,
You need wisdom, and wit to govern them all.
And knowing there are times, when things will get tough,
I therefore wish you, more than just enough.



Our Purpose

Everything in life, has purpose.

Quite easily, we can clearly describe the purpose or function of everything around us. The man, woman, husband, wife, children, animals, house, car, etc, of which the purpose of each can be explicitly defined. Well, at least so we think.

Pushing the envelope a bit further, and relating to the same perspective of hierarchy, we may tend to believe our purpose is similarly structured. I don't think so. As an analogy, we can refer to love. We describe what love does. But not what love is. I see the relationships and functions as existential to each purpose.

The question remains – what is your purpose in this world?

What's Wrong With Us?

Nothing Free

Religion and Spirituality

Our World

Homelessness

What is our purpose in life?

Life - the stopover

Don't Look Back

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What's Wrong With Us?

What's wrong with us?
Why can't we live free,
Without bombs and wars,
And gun diplomacy?

Why do we have to live so covetous,
Wanting other people's land,
Plundering and stealing,
Through deceit? But it is revealing,
What's in the hidden hand.

If we use the monies,
Invested, in diseases and war,
We will feed our world many times over,
Then void the dictionary of the word poor.

What's up with us,
Addicted with out-of-space?
Why can't we just fix
The ills, of this human race?

We have not learned the lessons,
From Nagasaki and Hiroshima.
Still playing the ass,
With all things nuclear.
Nuclear warheads aplenty,
Man we losing count.
Now the clowns are even offering,
Major discounts.

Elections are fair.
That's what they always say.

But there is no account,
For our lives being this way.
Look at the people's lives,
How they are spent.
Who the hell put these madmen,
In government?

Who controls them,
On their strings and prop?
What will it take to make them stop?
Of the people controlling this world,
They're not from the hood.
Through their veins flows iced-water,
Without any indication of things blood.

What's wrong with us?
Why can't we live a life that is better,
Without stupid equipment, controlling the weather?
When will the human race open its mind and see?
Then move the thieves , controlling economies.

The answer to this is simple and plain.
Go back to the land, cultivate your plane.
Something is wrong, with what we consume.
Mankind is growing more foolish, dying too soon.

It needs a conscious effort. Wake up, rise.
This can no longer be a surprise
We all know what's going on, what we have to do
The longer you take, it's harder on you
Wake, be no longer shunted
Make the move. Stand, be counted

Nothing's Free

I am beginning to learn,
Nothing in this life is free anymore,
When maniacs are running countries,
And killing their young people,
Fighting wars.
When countries are invaded,
By the drop of a hat,
And not much more than that.

I am beginning to understand,
That your life is not really your own.
Cause it can easily be taken,
By the strike of a drone.
Has nothing to do,
With how innocent you are.
But by the illusion of power,
From a land so far.

I am beginning to realize,
That our food does not grow the same.
Governments are making laws,
In corporations' names.
People with needles,
Masks, gowns, and spades,
Altering the genes, in the food God has made.
And refusing to tell us, under the guise of free trade.

I am beginning to soak it in,
God's water is no longer free,
In quite a few countries, as it used to be.
And the corporations insist, on stripping your rights,
So they spend millions in court,

Having the nerve to call the fiasco a fair fight.

I am beginning to wonder,
Who will stand in our defence,
When the people we elected, lack common sense.
Now it seems, they are making us pay,
For our shortfall of foresight, on election day.
When instead of trashing their backsides, good and sound,
We put them in an office, with a military background.

I am beginning to be afraid,
That things will never change.
For regardless of party chosen, they are all the same.
Truth, there is someone else in control.
And given the first opportunity,
They will take your very soul.

Religion and Spirituality

Religion and spirituality,
Two opposite warriors fighting for space,
In the one house called, the human race.
One designed to control.
The other to set you free.
One with wars and destruction.
The other with peace and harmony.

What kind of God we serve,
When the priests bless the guns,
To plunder other nations, of lives and resource,
Filling the streets with blood, yet no remorse?

Look at Afghanistan, Iraq, Libya, and Syria.
Millions of lives taken, a human disaster.
All because of greed, really, the seven sins,
Of people playing God, wreaking havoc within.

It has been stretched eastward, adding the Ukraine,
Applauding the removal of the ceasefire, even more pain.
How many more people lives must be taken?
When will the human race be shaken?

Religion is the mask from which they hide behind.
Spirituality is the vehicle, to free your mind.
Religion is the chains that bind us enslaved.
Spirituality the freedom to live, before your grave.

A small group of people, imposing their will,
Simply because we choose to follow, or sit still.
They use religion, with differing poles,
Christianity vs Islam, regardless of roles.

They terrorize, brutalize, then demonize.
A surveillance state of demon eyes,
Keeps man in check, living in fear,
'Extremizing' him, for seeking anonymity out there.

Why not forget religion, and return to spirituality?
Then build the world we deserve, naturally.
Remove the distractions of creed, race, color of skin.
Remembering what God said, we are all one kin.

Let's break the shackles, and purge our minds.
Bring humanity back, back in time.
To save us from the destruction planned long before.
Nurtured with religion,
When they kicked spirituality out the door.

Turn off 'tell-your-vision.
Find some other media.
Make it a full-blown disaster,
In the minds of those playing God,
'Those' who didn't even get our nod.
Listen people, move, do not hesitate.
Rise! Take back your world, before it is too late.

Our World

What if the world, is really not what it seems?
Or maybe somewhat more than we think it means
From whence did we come, in the first place?
Caught up in this trip, journey of the human race.

As best as I can, I am my brother's keeper.
But who's keeping the other brother,
Who grew with no mother?
And what about my sister,
Who's been battered and bruised,
That our loving society continues to refuse?

What have we done wrong, that we do not understand,
The universal language of life, the power of God's hand?
What have we lost, the animals no longer hear,
The roles reversed, now we live in fear?

What about our children, the ones with no home?
When will we stop them, from being alone?
What about tomorrow, they may never see?
What about us all, is this our destiny?

Suppose we have the power, to turn things around,
What if we begin, firmly and sound?
What about tomorrow, that we should all make?
What about that first step, that we need to take?

Homelessness

Wouldn't it be nice, to grow our society,
The kind Almighty God, wants it to be?

What if we can build that society,
With higher consciousness,
Of social responsibility?

Effective steps we can take.
Start with our people
Wandering the streets.
Support them in finding,
A place to sleep.

Throw in a meal or two,
Make them smile, with what you do.
Stop calling them names.
Beggar, homeless, vagrant,
I wonder if it was our mother/father,
Would we have called them the same?

What if there are angels, walking our streets?
How will you treat them, when you meet?

There are no billboards, stickers, or advertisement.
Simple, 'hopeless' people, chugging our pavement.
You clutch your wallet. grab your nose.
Thinking the person smells, in those 'unlikely' clothes

But what if was an angel, checking our behavior?
The same people in church on Sunday,
Kneeling in worship, to their Savior?

“ Sorry man. I didn't know it was you.”
Lying through our teeth,
To convince the angel, what we say is true.

God promised simple.
Never said it will be easy.
Remember 'these' people
Are the fitting reflection,
Of our society.

Please think of it, with an opened mind.
Begin helping, begin being kind.
All it take is a willing start.
Go at it, with an open heart.

Don't trust the foolish.
They will tell you,
Angels do not exists.
Take it from me,
There angels in our midst.

05.11.15 - Our Purpose Contents

What is our purpose in life?

What is our purpose in life?
Does it make you wonder?
Is life our final destination?
Or just our stopover?

From whence did we come?
Where will we go?
That seems to be the question.
We're not sure. We don't know.

How we arrive,
Is how we leave.
Nothing in our possession.
Nothing up our sleeve.

Meanwhile in-between
Arriving and leaving,
Our market-place of life,
Full of choices, everything,
No going around it,
Our early screening.

We are given choices,
Of peace, love, harmony,
To place on the inside,
If we don't like them,
There's always 'the other side'.

We are provided
With instruments of life,
To maintain from going wrong,
Tweaking and optimizing,

For the best of 'right'.
Equipped with the 'tools'
Of wisdom, knowledge, understanding.
Mastering our composition.
Establishing our disposition.

“Welcome to our market-place!
It has a right. It has a left.
How can I be of assistance”

“Hi! What's the price of conscience?
Why is it untouched?”
“Regardless of what we put with it,
Everybody's saying, the price is too much.”

“How 'bout honesty?
I see some resting on your plate.”
“People think that's for me alone.
So they pass it straight.”

“Ah! Truth! How much is it?
Gosh, that's so expensive.
Why does it look that pale?”
“It was trampled by people
Rushing over to 'the sale'”

Bargain prices,
On the seven deadly sins.
Mayhem and riot at the door.
People fighting on the left, to get in.

10.11.15 *-* ***Our Purpose*** ***Contents***

Life - the stopover

Destination Earth, a stopover room
With two doors, possibly
One you enter at 'arrival'
The other when you 'leave', maybe.

You have no direct control
Of your arrival, or departure.
What happens in the room,
Is a pure function of 'nature'.

The system is designed,
With certain restrictions.
No physical attachments,
In any direction

Each arrival has the same defined purpose,
Build 'something', help others build, that's the focus.
Time in the room is a definitive 'dimension'.
Unless of course you are given an extension.

The room is filled with 'tools' 'equipment' and 'attractions'.
Same holds true for the 'other' thinking, with its distractions.

Your 'behavior' in the room dictates how you leave.
One of two directions of departure,
Without which, you just can't go any further.

This is not a puzzle.
Cutting through your thought like a knife,
Think carefully. what is your purpose in life?

Don't Look Back

This may be a good point in time,
To inventory the shackles in your mind.
Shackles regardless of fancy name,
'Weakening' you all the same.

Robbing you of your glory,
Enslaving the essence that is you,
Denying you of your story,
'Preventing' your journey through.

Maybe this is the time.
You have to make your stand.
Do not be confused and abused,
By situations you 'don't' understand.
Focus your mind, stay on track,
You can do this, without looking back.

Get out from your regret.
Learn to let situations go.
Unshackle yourself,
From enslavement's debt.
Stop paying that ransom,
You have never owed.

01.01.16 - ***Our Purpose*** ***Contents***



Smile

Sometimes, it feels as though a concerted effort was made to steal our smiles. And sure enough, there can be a co-relation between the exponentially increasing stress we daily experience, and our choice to deny the stimulation of smiling. I believe an effort has to be made, to begin smiling again. There are too many people moving around, each like s/he is carrying the burden of the world on her or his shoulders. We made a wrong turn somewhere. We ought to get back.

We actually make it a study when we see people smile. It's like - 'what?

We Don't Smile Anymore

Making People Smile

Contents

We Don't Smile Anymore

To say “Hi” or “Hello”,
How long does it take?
Throw in a smile with that,
Then someone's day,
You will make.

I remember when,
We once smiled with each other,
Wishing each other well.
Expression of feelings,
Now condemned to history.
Because nobody's smiling, with anybody.

Reference is not made
To the economical grin,
That painted mask,
With no connection within.

Caring for each other,
Has grown short in supply.
We wrench, we wring.
And that is just the face,
When we smile.
It seems out of place.

We behave as a people,
Experiencing facial genocide.
Looking like we constipated,
It makes me cringe,
To imagine what's happening,
On the inside.
What will it take,

To start the revolution,
Making each other smile,
With feelings and emotion?
How can we stop 'play',
Press 'rewind', go back
To the values, of yesterday?

We used to say,
“Hi sweetheart. How are you?”
Love in the words, emotions running true.

Now it's – “sup bitch”,
And plenty of - “sup dog”,
What's happening in the land?
Running with concepts, we don't understand?

I am still working on what went wrong.
Is it the economical times, or the technology?
Is it something in the water, messing up our minds?
Or something else draining our energy?

It seems like our feelings
Went through the door,
Leaving me thinking,
“Love don't live here anymore” – Rose Royce

01.11.15 *-* ***Smile*** ***Contents***

Making People Smile

The things we remember most,
Are those which make us smile.
And the significance of it all
Comes to bear,
When we make other people smile.

Probably the longest word
In the dictionary, smile.
It is the shortest word with a mile.

Making people smile.
Setting their minds at ease.
God-given power,
Curing dis-ease.

Not to be confused
With the illusion of power,
Similar misconceptions,
Abuse of thought,
Thinking instead,
How to make someone smile,
Energizing to make their day.
Something simple,
You will probably say.

We take things for granted.
Maybe because of simplicity,
When I make you smile,
The smile began with me.

19.11.15 - Smile Contents



Stepping Out

In its own unusual way, Stepping Out addresses the anxiety and impatience made manifest in the unlikely decisions we take.

Seeking a Husband

We Are Stepping Out!

Contents

Seeking a Husband

A friend of mine some time ago said,
She's asking God for a husband.
Of her home, he will be the head.
I have known people in situations in our land, Making requests of God, things they don't understand.

God is asked to supply a man.
No further description, no further details.
Black, White, fat, short, as tall as he stands,
God knows everything, especially why man fails.

She judged a man, whom was once in her life.
Someone it is supposed, she at one time loved.
She says he walked out, causing pain and strife.
Not now trusting, the same God from above.

God has to send her a man,
On the basis of her liking, and schedule.
Situations she does not understand.
But, only she must rule.

Sometimes it is wondered,
Why people ask God for help?
For it is only on their terms,
Their commands, they give to God
Their decisions, and their aspects felt.

This reminds me of a man, the rain, the flood.
His friend passed, out of the rain and mud,
Offering escape via a motorbike ride.
The man refused it saying, only God must decide.

Next came another friend, offering escape with his boat.
The flood-water rising, creating a 'moat'.
The man was adamant, he persisted, I waiting on God.
The friend moved on, searching through the flood.

Next came another friend, in a helicopter
To save this man on his roof, the man said don't bother.
Of course he died, his chances were slim.
For the waters had risen, and he could not swim.

Up to heaven, complaining as only he can,
Squaring up to God, playing man.
How could you leave me, to die like a rat,
Your faithful servant, I don't understand that?

God turned, smiled with him and said,
I sent you a motorbike, a boat, even a helicopter
So I was not sure what else to do
When without thinking, you said, don't bother

09.09.14 *-* ***Stepping Out*** ***Contents***

We Stepping Out

The two people were staring so deep into each other's eyes,
They missed the sign.
As the pungent scent hit each other's nostrils,
The thought may have crossed their minds,
Surely, she could not have had a bath this evening,
And she thinking likewise, of him.

That was their first mistake, as they chose to undertake
A gross failure to communicate.
For in the dark of dust with its welcome glow,
And shadows still looming large,
They chose to pass where lovers don't.
An area no longer in someone's charge.

As they proceeded onward, the distinct feeling felt.
Something entering their shoes,
Like rotted leather from someone's old belt.
But added to it, a gooshy slooshy slippery slime.
Oh God she thought, not at this time.

And so in life the choices we make.
Ignoring telling signs along the way.
Things grew progressively worse, her moves at stake,
He turns around, walking the other way.

Coming back to the sign, he stops to read.
If only they had done this going in,
They could have turned around instead.
For the sign clearly said,
“Be careful how you tread. Hog-shit ahead.”



Know Yourself

Know Yourself could have been the more natural and effective precursor to Our Purpose, if Know Yourself was placed immediately before Our Purpose, in the sequence.

Know Yourself was placed way down here, in order to facilitate your deeper thinking on 'purpose' without the pertinent influence of Our Purpose.

First Know Yourself before you can begin learning, about anything else.

I Pray For the Day

We Sensible, Yes

You Get From Life

Distractions

Know Yourself - no co-incidence

Know Yourself - one source

Know Yourself - your environment

No More War

Passion of Sacrifice

Contents

I Pray For The Day

I pray for the day,
When we see ourselves,
Not just for who we are.
But most importantly,
Who we can be.

When the mere words
That keep us apart,
Will be confined as history,
To our dictionary.

I pray for the day,
When we can walk away.
From what we shouldn't be,
To where we should.
When we can see in each other,
The way we see ourselves.
Each other's sister and brother.

I pray for the day,
Umh ,,, this may be 'off the shelf'.
But I can see the day,
Man will know himself.

Live for today.
That's what they say.
The truth be told,
It doesn't work that way.
Today is the wonderful opening,
Of the tomorrow,
For which you live.
Keep that in mind,

When approaching the door,
To peace love and harmony.
And the tomorrow we need,
It beckons, it calls,
If only we heed. Starting today,
Let's plant that seed.

Stop judging each other,
For what we are not.
Falling does not
Describe who you are.
Let's give that hand,
Supporting as best we can.
It's how we rise,
That makes the man.

We can reach the top.
Surely we can.
Loving each other,
On our journey's ride.
Let's not continue to slide,
Destroying ourselves in war.
But learn to love and work
With each other,
Like never before.

I have seen the tomorrow,
For which we can be,
The people who we really are.
That glorious day,
That brighter day,
And that's the day,
For which I pray.

XX.09.2015 - ***Know Yourself*** ***Contents***

We Sensible, Yes

Why is it we eat the cabbage the insect won't,
Drink the water the animals don't,
Then beat them like they numb?

How come the other animals
Communicate with each other,
Yet we cannot talk with our brother,
But we say – animals dumb?

Why is it we go to the doctor,
When animals heal from their fodder,
Mixing with their selected grass?

And why are we so judgmental,
When we look as a specific animal,
Having the nerve to call it an ass?

For weeks and weeks a baby crawls,
After exiting its mother's vagina,
Yet animals walk on immediate exit,
Though we call them inferior.

We refuse to speak with each other,
Resolving conflicts with guns and bombs,
Slaying animals for their horns and tusks,
Referring to other people as barbarous.

Man slashes and burns. He destroys this earth,
Murders the human race, even before birth.
One hardly sees animals in wrath.
But man kills them just for sport.

He is filled with greed, hated, and lust,
To conquer another man, it's his must.
Why not learn from animals, in life so pure?
They understand each other, not killing for more.
Why not walk away from this new world order shit?
Get involved, get life, get with it!

2010 - Know Yourself Contents

You Get From Life

Some people are grouchy. Because they are convinced that life owes them. Others are mad. Because they believe that life did them. Some are expectant. Because they think life has promised them. Whilst others are stagnant. Because they are sure that life has trapped them.

Some people exist in fear. Because they are afraid to live. Whilst some of us cringe. At the thought of self-discovery, or The mastery of self, For which we were created, Nurturing the thought of fulfillment, To Whom we are directed.

But there are those who are happy. Because they make life smile. And there are those who are radiant. Because of the reflection, it also shines. And yet, some are resilient. Because life is their springboard. So yes! We live in the purity of pleasure.

This is to remember. The stories that we have made. What we have made of life. And what life has made of us. Why we met each other. And what of life, we did for each other.

Yes. I know your stories will be shared. But as for me, and the stories I have made, Please rest assured, I get from life, exactly what I put in.

Distractions

Distractions within distractions,
That's the way we exist
With what persists, in our situations,
That we think it is the way, most times believe.
We see things, but we do not perceive,
Visualize, or envision.
We hear sounds,
But we miss the songs, the beat, the rhythm.
We feel things, explaining in terms of temperature.
Identifying scents, how we were taught, with the measure,
Against something as we do with taste,
And the limited perspective,
Constrained within suspended disbelief, all respective.

Is it by chance or design, that we can exist longer?
Most surviving, some living, others don't even bother.
Survivors are robbed, of their reason to exist.
The ones seeing themselves living, continue to insist,
That everyone else contributes,
To the 'livers' being exalted.
If you can't, hard luck,
Your destruction is defaulted.

People lived hundreds of years, in ancient times.
Why not now? Distractions, continuously stealing our minds.
Thinking of it, it's not just steal, but steel as well.
Our minds have been hardened, we no longer feel,
Minds that no longer tell.
Those we thought were infallible, indestructible,
Feeding us nice words, to keep us comfortable,
No thought to what we can do, or if we are able.

Live beyond distractions.
See more than what they suggest.
Start afresh, unlearn, throw out the mess.
Spiritually connect yourself.
Connect with Mother Earth.
Unlearn, 'reburn', deprogram, reprogram.
Do your rebirth.

2014 - ***Know Yourself*** ***Contents***

Know Yourself - no co-incidence

L I v e spelled backward is e v I l.
L I v e d spelled backward is d e v I l.
I do not believe in 'coincidence', do you?
It's time we start learning the truth.

It took me twenty years searching,
For the reason why that is so.
Finally, I got the answer,
I wished for so long ago.

In ancient Egyptian culture,
Purity was represented by black,
Impurity represented by white.
'Someone' flipped the 'narrative',
Representing in black and white.

Who wrote the Bible?
Who wrote the Koran?
Why are they so close,
With most parts in common?

Everything is connected.
There are more answers than questions.
It's simple, just get started.
You'll begin to see the connections.

“Man, know Yourself”
The three most powerful words I know.
I am contributing, that we make it so.

Know Yourself - one source

There is no measure,
To the greatness we possess.
But if we don't learn,
How can it be made manifest?

All water we use,
Is one and the same,
Cycling back to one source,
Maintained by the rain.

Similarly the air we breath,
Our Earth we walk, creation of mankind.
Your essence, DNA, memory, program, your mainstay,
Your church, it's inside of you. Education with truth.

Ninety-five percent of our brain,
They have no idea, just can't fathom.
That's the most powerful part God uses,
To maintain our spiritual connections.

Life is a stage in/on which you enter.
How you exit, depends on you the performer.
It describes the period, between birth and 'death'.
It describes your performance, after you've left.

All of life is based on communication.
All of communication is based on expectation.
Expectation and disappointment, an unusual pair.
The first leads to the second, the second to despair.

Know Yourself - your environment

God promised simple.
Never said that it'd be easy.
If we are going to hang ourselves on that,
Man, we just darn lazy.

“You hold the key in the palm of your hand” - Teddy Pendergrass
To begin using it, you must first understand.
Just as God giveth today,
Tomorrow, it can easily be taken away.

Do not allow abuse to be part of your repertoire.
Swim in love, everything else slipstreams thereafter
Love your neighbor better than you love yourself.
Do not be tempted, into disrespecting someone else.

'Loving better than loving oneself',
Will cover those who do not love themselves.
It takes practice to be a champion.
It takes a champion to usher communion.

Communion - sharing and or exchanging,
Intimate thoughts and feelings,
On a mental and or spiritual level.
“The union of community, educating to excel” - GL

The universe works with us, you must recognize.
After you recognize, you begin to realize.
Realize, not in terms 'to simply understand'.
Realize in gain, God's promise to man.

Peace, No More War

I keep wondering,
Why do we live in war?
Who is benefiting?
Is it rich, at the expense of poor?

We call each other
Unsavory names.
Who is up the ladder,
Who didn't make it,
But we are all the same.

Focusing on ethnicity,
The differences, of which
Keep us apart.
A rich multicultural society
Of people, but no heart.

Everybody is schooled,
But none educated.
It manifests in our lives,
Demonstrated by hatred.

What will it take,
For the nonsense to stop?
Uneducated parents,
In wanton sin,
Encouraging their children,
How to reach the top,
Decimating others,
Because of their skin.

No more war, peace.

When we came
Into this world,
It mattered not,
Who lived next door.
When we leave this world,
It matters not,
Who died next door,

Let us not teach
Our children racism.
Give them a cause.
Give then a reason.
Let's give all that we can.
Let us be the groom.
Give them the soil.
Let our flowers bloom.

How hard is it,
That we just can't see,
A 'nation' at war,
No victory?
Let's build something.
And let it be, then
Challenge yourself -
Let the peace,
Begin with me.

Passion of Sacrifice

I have come to realize,
With the change in times,
Changing times,
And messed-up minds,
In altitudes and platitudes,
Our mixed-up moods,
And attitudes.

We are trapped in selfish trips,
Punished by the system, social whips.
Intangible goals, we see as cool.
Educated fools, from uneducated schools.

People are smart,
People are bright,
Their lives influenced,
By things darker than night.
Staying clear of confusion,
Their lives not controlled, by
Moral conviction.

Some have learned,
From a life that's hard.
Coming from where
They came from,
A life of bitterness,
A life so sad.
But that's what built them,
Bold and strong.
Mother to children,
Their moral ground.

The decay starts
From deep inside.
People are dying,
Others at their side.
And so it has, always been,
Supporters' strength,
Supported dream.

Small wonder
Major indifference,
Making our lives,
Victims of circumstance.
Seeking to live,
In untruthful truths
Neglected lives, with shallow roots.

Then comes the time,
You make the stand,
Going against the system,
Warding off man,
To protect a soul,
You hold so dear,
To protect your loved one,
Against all fears.

Seldom we seek,
Things that are nice.
For decisions taken,
And a loved one's fate,
Let's not learn to forget,
The passion of sacrifice.

18.08.15 *-* ***Know Yourself*** ***Contents***



About The Author

I had spent my working (thirty-four) years permanently employed in power generation, natural-gas processing, ammonia production, and liquefied natural-gas production, in that order. My specific fields of employment were Electrical and Instrumentation, and Control Systems.

In 1997, while working at our gas-processing plant, I had been asked to get involved with a children's home.
Since then, my involvement, and passion have been growing, creating my indelibly awesome experiences working with children!

Since this book has nothing to do with my industrial life, that's as far as the association goes.

Prior, I had been involved with other community groups (cultural and otherwise), sports (regional, and national levels), similar projects, from the age of eleven.

After moving away from my life of industry, I had began devoting more time to working with children.
That's where I am today!

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