

Aiming High

George Mac D Lynch

Poetry Without Borders 6

Previously by the Author

In the series - Poetry Without Borders



Book 1 - Sunrise



Book 2 - Passion And Pain



Book 3 - Who Are We?



Book 4 - Children's Education



Book 5 - Things Fall Apart

Of all the people that I can be,



I've chosen me.

Aiming High

by George Mac D Lynch, 2016

Poetry Without Borders - Book 6

Sequel To Book 3 - Who Are We?

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Dedicated To Early Morning People

This book is dedicated to the people who leave home very early in the morning, combating their way to work.

It holds especially true for the people who have to leave home two to three hours earlier, traveling thirty to fifty miles, to get to work on time. I was there.

These are the people who share their mornings with me, when I walk.

This is not taking away anything from the other people throughout the day. I simply find the early-morning people a better 'bunch'. People who you don't know, call out to you with the warmest of "Hello". And I am yet to meet one person, who will not respond to "Good morning!"

There is a degradation which progresses with the day, to the point when you bid some people the respects of the day, depending on where you are, you are looked at questioningly.

Early-morning people, you are special to me. And yes, you make my mornings special, for starting my brand new day.

Thank you!

[Contents](#)

Preface

This book is written as a sequel to Book 3 – Who Are We?

Typically, when each poem is written, reference is not made to anything that will have been written before. The exception being the case when it is felt there is the possibility of a repeat in idea or specific construct. This is particularly true, when in the morning five to seven poems will have been written.

When a group of poems is selected, the selection is made on the basis of the poems more accurately reflecting a common theme. There will be other similar poems, but not quite as accurate as the application-specific select pieces. If time permits, the less-specific pieces can be selected, and new poems will be written to provide continuity of thought between the poems, for a more effective flow.

When the archive was examined for available poems, a follow-up theme was recognized for book 3. More pieces were written for a better approach to the follow-up. Hence a sequel to book 3.

'A sequel' suggests the possibility of more books written off book 3, or one of the sequels. These books critically look at our 'behavior', which in itself is a telling dynamic.

When more material presents itself for a more critical analysis of who we are, more books will be written in the strain.

[Contents](#)

Acknowledgement

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I could never thank thevectorart.com enough, for their warmth and grace.

The least I can do, is ask God's continued blessings upon them.

[Contents](#)

Aiming High

[Dedicated To Early Morning People](#)

[Preface](#)

[Acknowledgement](#)

Contents

[Introduction](#)

[Index of Poems](#)

[Affirmations Plus](#)

[If](#)

[But](#)

[Maybe](#)

[I Have Learnt](#)

[Our Binary World](#)

[Think Again](#)

[Think Understand Know Appreciate](#)

[This Man and His Jack](#)

[Truth, Non-negotiable](#)

[Unconditional Love](#)

[Who is God?](#)

[Your Love](#)

[Encouraging Thought](#)

[Angels](#)

[Coincidence?](#)

[Darkness](#)

[Messed-up Man](#)

[Time To Die](#)

[Not Time To Die](#)

[Only You](#)

[Peace and War](#)

[Perfection](#)

[Renewable Energy](#)

[Strength of a Man](#)

[There is this place](#)

[We Are One](#)

[When Times Seem Tough](#)

[World-Cop Fever](#)

[Little Lighter](#)

[Ralph](#)

[Lightning, Twice Struck](#)

[Talking Animals](#)

[Without Being Obscene](#)

[About The Author](#)



Introduction

Affirmation Plus provides us with an opportunity for introspection, and quite possibly, a very subtle way of encouraging self-analysis as pertains to how we interact with each other.

Stating another way, this is not directed to the behavior of the collective. But to the individual, whereby her/his introspection will lead to better interactions in the collective. Consequently fostering the environment for socially-acceptable behaviors, in the least.

[Contents](#)



Affirmations Plus

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[If](#)

[But](#)

[Maybe](#)

[I Have Learnt](#)

[Our Binary World](#)

[Think Again](#)

[Think Understand Know Appreciate](#)

[This Man and His Jack](#)

[Truth, Non-negotiable](#)

[Unconditional Love](#)

[Who is God?](#)

[Your Love](#)

[**Contents**](#)

If

We expend effort in our planning,
Conversing in a certain riff,
Then we find it too demanding,
Now we are talking 'if'.

“If 'AB and C' happens,
At least that's what I've been told”,
Mired in a belief misshapen,
When you should be in control.

Learn to manage your spiff.
Make your thinking manifold.
Decrease your frequency in using 'if'.
Increase your instances of control.

Short exercise for you my friend,
Nothing to make you quiver.
Learn to replace 'if' with 'when',
Measure the increases you deliver.

But

If I have one trillion dollars
This is what I will do.

But, 'if' is in the last poem.

So the whole idea 'gone-through'

There are over one million reasons,
Why I should be sharing your heart.
But, this 'itsy bitsy' 'butt' of nonsense,
Forever keeping us apart.

'But' has been the greatest misadventure,
Into escapism surreal.
The key to broken promises,
Premeditated 'get-out-of-jail-free'.

But has been the precursor,
To something following, possibly untrue.
Some poor-ass excuse,
Of why we would not do.

12.03.16 - [Affirmations Plus](#) [Contents](#)

Maybe

Maybe, this is another 'get-out-of-jail-free',
When, instead of doing, they say 'maybe'.

Demonstration of the lack thereof,
For commitment and responsibility,
To deliver and follow-through,
The way it ought to be.

“Honey, will I be seeing you later?”
Well, you know, if ... (lie coming up).
Maybe ... (another lie in case the first fails).
But (something for free-exit, from jail).

'Maybe' carries a negative concoction,
When people would rather not.
The ones interested in supporting,
Instead of starting with 'maybe',
They preface with 'what if, or why not?'

12.03.16 - [Affirmations Plus Contents](#)

I Have Learnt

I have learned, that the greatest gift
One will ever experience in life, is life.
And regardless of what we do,
Or intend doing with it, life will go on.

There are things in life for which we wish,
But do not receive.
There are things in life we acquire,
But for which we did not wish.
Then there are things in life
For which we wish, and achieve.

It is amazing to discover, what really is inside,
When we dig deep enough, far and wide.
And sometimes we surprise ourselves,
After digging deep and wide,
To discover what really drives us, from the inside.

There are things making us feel, appreciate, and realize,
That there is so much more, than that inside.
The trauma, conflict, each making us strong.
But, at the end of it all, life will go on.

Our Binary World

Life is binary in nature. That's my position.

I offer a bit of elucidation, opening the discussion.

Heaven and Earth

An open-ended question leads not to a decision.

It takes a close-ended ('decisive') question for some action.

The answer to all 'decisive' questions, Will always be yes or no. Forget the 'hoeing' and humming, In between, or how far their mouths will go.

There is truth and untruth, God and the devil.

You live a life of virtue, or one controlled by evil.

You experience the effects of light, illumination.

The absence of light, is a dark situation.

Growing, we are filled with light, it's enlightening.

The opposite of which can be quite frightening.

There is good and bad, happy and sad.

Life is either easy, or life is hard.

Rich or poor, reduction to is or isn't.

Sight or blindness, has or hasn't,

Will or won't, could or couldn't, can or can't,

Maybe I shall, if even I shan't.

Life is controlled by pleasure or fear,

Ecstatic at times, others in despair,

Like marriage and divorce, battle for dominant spouse,

They cannot exist at the same time, in the same house.

Think Again

I do not believe in coincidence,
As is commonly known.
Cause if I do,
You will ask me
To believe in ignorance,
As average people do.

There is more to coincidence,
Than 'by accident'.
The deeper I dug,
The further it went.

Ignorance is not
That we do not know.
For if it was so,
Ignorance will have
Destroyed us, long ago.

Realizing that we do not know,
Expecting that we should,
Doing nothing for the change,
That is ignorance, full range.

What if the Van Allen belt,
Is Earth's protective film,
To keep nefarious beings,
From getting in?

Accidents,
Do not happen by 'accident'.
We take possibilities and probabilities,
Then mould into one event.

In a given space and time,
Making it manifest,
Through our mind,
Another way of saying this,
We are the reason they exist.

Chaos is not
What we have learned,
How disordered things are.
It goes deeper than that.
Scientists say, it is
The highest form of order.

Answers and questions
Are inseparable.
If we did not 'know'
The answer,
The question will not
Have been made possible.

Our minds have been trained,
Not to connect the dots.
To focus on the question,
Ignoring the answer, non-stop.

We were created in God's image,
We therefore have the power
To create, innovate, manage.
We have to learn to see different.
How our lives are spent.
How we treat each event.

Think Understand Know Appreciate

I have come to the realization,
The more I share, the more is shared with me.
I have come to know it, as the work of the Almighty.

My dear Brother David (Muhammad) regularly says,
“All I am asking you to do is think”.
The opening statement for his 'servings', every day.
It therefore confuses me, kerfuffled, I do not understand,
Why more people are not participating, in his education.

Data and information are not the same.
Data is raw unchangeable non-negotiable.
You think it through. And the information (outcome),
Is derived on the basis of your understanding.

Understand the 'oceans', in which you find yourself.
Knowledge pervades, commanding your 'every' sense.
Sample it, without fear, take your own swatch,
My encouragement to you - raise your bar another notch.
Do not fight the 'currents', simply swim with the flow.
Further boosting - “I am encouraging you, to know”.

You demonstrate what you know, with passion,
Depending how much you appreciate.
Do not take what I say for granted.
Do your research. Have thoughts supplanted.
Especially those which are inaccurate,
TUKA – four words to surface your greatness,
Let your work be a light in the midst of darkness.
Bring it out of you, let your works bring forth fruits.
Stand. Be counted. Bear witness to the truth.

This Man and His Jack

Something I heard on the radio,
A very long time ago.
It's the perfect example,
How our minds 'get us in trouble'.

Karl was returning home from work,
When he got a flat.
Knowing he had his spare,
'No problem with that'.

Opening his trunk,
Karl almost 'cracked'.
His spare was good.
But he had no jack.

Walking back to the service station,
Not too far down the road.
Karl began recalling occasions,
His mind tripping on this heavy 'load'.

Remembering the 'cuss-outs' and fights,
Battling day, sometimes nights.
Everything Karl thought they will have said,
Kept playing games, with his head.

By the time Karl got to the station,
His mind was totally 'whacked'.
Walking through the door, he blurted out
“Keep y'all f**** jack”

Truth, Non-negotiable

T here are those who say,
When I see I'll believe.
Truth is, when you believe,
You see.

I've learned,
Truth is non-negotiable.
Even if you hammer at it,
It is indestructible.

Truth and fact,
One and the same.
Fact is established.
The truth remains.

Pure, and pure
In every sense, you'll see.
Cause it's only truth,
That will set you free.

Truth that is buried,
Screams for attention.
At war with your conscience,
What you refuse to mention.

Silence,
The deadly messenger,
Loudest in the room,
Clinging to your body,
Layered like perfume.

Funny how we speak, sometimes,
And not say a word.
Yet our body betrays us,
Because it is heard.

How do you rescue people
In turmoil, when they cry
Out in denial, fighting something
That cannot be denied?

Like an irresistible force,
Meeting an immovable object,
Headlong down the course,
What do you expect?

Truth and love,
Very unusual pair.
Never bending, never ending,
The two we most fear.

There are those who say,
We have found love.
And maybe just us.
Truth is, we don't find love.
Love finds us.

15.09.15 - [Affirmations Plus](#) [Contents](#)

Unconditional Love

Birthdays, Christmas, Weddings, all our milestones
Staying steadfastly to anniversaries.

Indelible love, things held dear,
Unforgettable memories,
Our lives of promise,
The love we share.

When God had placed in us the trust,
To understand, and grow with each other.
When S/He said we will never go asunder,
Nor be separated, by any act or measure.

When our love for each other may never wane,
And you will forgive me, again, then again.
Our growth, love, and understanding,
Our strength, our peace, daily our new beginning.

When the world may turn its back on us,
Our love in question, questioning trust.
The trust we are growing, beyond compromise,
Our thought for the lovers, words for the wise.

When the storms are raging, and
Our moorings seem shaken,
With all other locations, already taken.
Don't venture to search around you,
I will always be at your side.
As much as I love my life,
I love you, my brighter side.

Who is God?

I may not be able to tell you, who God is.
But sure can tell you, who God isn't.

Everyone talks of God,
Sure in their minds God is He.
Remembering, man wrote the bible,
What if God is She?

If what I say brings contention.
I will thank God.
For that is my intention.

We speak of God in terms of emotional.
The God I know is purely logical.

If God was emotional there'd be no wars,
No hunger, homelessness, greed, famine, etcetera

God does not punish, as some people say.
We are rewarded on our choices made.
God guides us. We refuse to obey.

Going further into this, will take a book.
My intention is to encourage you, having a deeper look.

God created us in Her/His image.
I'm sure you understand.
But then, why is only a woman,
Can give birth, to another man/woman?

Your Love

What if I tell you,
We have been loving each other so long,
Through trials and tribulations,
And never-ending storms?

You don't know me.
And you think, that's just it.
But what is love, really?
How does it fit?

Love is greater than intimacy,
Surpassing our sexuality,
Existing beyond base desires,
Transcending mortal fires.

Love is how it got started.
The reason coming into being.
The essence that was charted.
Creation, a brand new scene.

From the one source,
From which each life was given.
The omnipotent force,
For how we are driven.

Without your love,
I simply can't see.
For I am you.
And you, are me.



Encouraging Thought

Encouraging thought encourages the individual to think deeper, while at the same time think wider.

It expounds upon Affirmation Plus, allowing the needed wider growth, without sacrificing the critically essential deeper thought.

[Angels](#)

[Coincidence?](#)

[Darkness](#)

[Messed-up Man](#)

[Time To Die](#)

[Not Time To Die](#)

[Only You](#)

[Peace and War](#)

[Perfection](#)

[Renewable Energy](#)

[Strength of a Man](#)

[There is this place](#)

[We Are One](#)

[When Times Seem Tough](#)

[World-Cop Fever](#)

[**Contents**](#)

Angels

What if angels walk this earth,
Mingling with man,
And stoke the fires of gentle love,
Just as God has planned?

What if angels brush our cheeks,
Setting our hearts afire,
With affection, passion, feelings wild
And pure, unadulterated desire.

What if angels, hover above
In times of danger, when at risk,
Protecting us as only they could,
Doing for us, what is best.

Suppose there are angels in our midst,
Waiting to be seen.
But it will take a heart warm and pure,
One that's righteous, and clean.

Suppose there are angels in our rooms,
When we lay to sleep each night.
Watching closely over us,
Standing guard, with their 'light'.

What if you were/are my angel,
Bringing me light,
Sometimes through the day,
Mostly through the night.

Coincidence?

Nothing in life, happens by chance.
It's the lack of understanding,
We call coincidence.
How can we describe man, as imperfect?
When God made us in Her/His image.
And S/He is perfect.

Who is going to tell God
That S/He made imperfect beings?
Who's that brave, or stupid?
If you know what I mean.

When people enter our lives,
They do so for a reason.
To ride us through the storms,
And weather rough seasons.
And sometimes, we force them away.
Then question why, they no longer stay.

When will we learn
We are here to support each other?
To love, to care, for our sister and brother.
When will we rediscover,
The love that is deep inside?
A love so strong,
The hurt and pain will subside.
When will we be brave,
And strong, enough to say,
I love you!
And mean it all, everyday?

Darkness

Darkness is when the lights go out.

That is what we have all been taught.

But there is this thought that's been borne,

Darkness is when the light fails to turn on,

In our soul, where emotion, experience, and logic meet.

And the wisdom of it all, placed at our feet.

Darkness encourages the nestling of grief,

An emptiness of thought, and suspended belief.

It's made us see Adam first, Eve the afterthought,

Not understanding, that Adam was sent

To prepare the way, for the queen to walk.

Darkness, is what keeps us fighting wars,

For a useless dollar, and nothing more.

Instead of war, let's wage peace

On all of man, the fighting to cease.

Oh man, where is our history?

From whence came this uncaring insensitivity?

Darkness is what keeps our minds, from seeing

Beyond the eyes, and what they are mistaking.

Treading on a consciousness, not made by man.

It is used by man. But he doesn't understand,

The power he has, to break himself free,

To explore this life, and what it can be.

I'll share with you, the things that I have learned.

Darkness can be lifted, without worry or concern.

Instead of weakness, let us in man see kindness.

That we may see his humility, not as stupidity.

But as a man striving to do good,

When at times, he is misunderstood.

Darkness is not an absence of light.
For if it was, we will not have been in this plight.
Instead of living together, as it was meant to be.
I dream of the day, when the fighting will stop.
That our children will truly live, as they grow up.
Not living in the darkness, which their parents created.
But moving into God's light, for which we have been blessed.
Making something new. Cleaning up this mess.

2009 - [Encouraging Thought](#) [Contents](#)

Messed-up Man

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,
Not satisfied, with the reason
We are placed,
In this distant part of our universe?
Why can't we just fix
The ills, with 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,
Three hundred in 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 our weather?
When will the human race
Open its mind and see,
Then move the idiots,
Controlling our economy?

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 going more foolish,
People 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.

2009 - [Encouraging Thought Contents](#)

Time To Die

If we knew our time to die,
I wonder how will we be.
Will we still be as savage as we are,
Killing each other randomly?
Will the seven sins remain unchanged?
Would we truly live our lives as free?
Will we learn to cherish our gift of life?
Or continue rampaging mercilessly?

Suppose we knew our time to die,
Will we treat each other respectfully?
Would we still hate and rape,
Or learn to love,
To treat each other differently?

If we knew our time to die,
I wonder what difference will skin-color make.
Will we stop judging each other with foolishness,
Or will we look at the things at stake?
Will we look at each other, and in ourselves see God,
Regardless of truth or lack thereof in faith ,
Or will we continue hellbent, walking this destructive road?

Suppose we knew our time to die,
Will we truly be our brother's keeper?
Will we continue to spew wars and carnage?
Or would we stop encouraging the grim-reaper?

If we knew our time to die,
And a better approach to life seen,
Would we stop the wars, and pray for peace?
Or continue this madness, obscene

As it is, horrible as can be, petrified at times
By the stark reality?
Would we appreciate our reason of existence,
Supporting each other to a higher goal,
For the good of mankind and all its substance,
Making our home, a better world?

If we really knew our time to die,
This message could be stated endlessly.
We will stop the stupidity paraded as life
Segregation, murder, racism, greed,
The hate driving wars, the destruction of things free.
We will live in harmony, respecting each other's need.
Living our lives as God wants it to be

20.06.14 - [Encouraging Thought Contents](#)

Not Time To Die

If we knew our time to die,
We would spend six days of savagery.
And in the seventh, end the lie,
In deceit, praying to be free.

Suppose we live today as our last,
Not knowing what tomorrow will be,
Ending our night in prayer and fast,
Tomorrow can be our finality.

On death's bed,
No one wishes for things material,
Or life's extension, for survival.
It has always been for more time,
To make life a better place,
Contributing to an easier frame of mind,
Growing the human race.

Let's live today as our last.
We don't know what tomorrow will be.
Let bygones be bygones, let our past,
Remind us of our history.

Let us, stop killing our Earth.
Death cannot sustain life.
Everyone and everything in harmony,
Attuned to our Mother, Earth,
Whose life sustains each life,
Loving and living, with sustainability.

Only You

I would like to write something that you can read.

Something to make you smile, in times of need.

But life is so situational.

We find ourselves at times positional.

Write you something with joy and laughter,

And everything else you will find thereafter.

I should write you something, that will fix it all.

Removing the hurt, from the fall.

Or how rough it may all seem.

Separating surreal, real, and dream.

Something that only I can give you,

And only you can give reason.

I must write you something, for all your seasons.

There is this idea that I can write,

That will make you smile, yet make you cry.

That idea will make you bold, yet make you shy.

It will make you feel warm all over, and full of bounce.

For it invokes the feelings, all at once.

It is impossible, yet it can be had.

Some use it for good, others for bad.

Some use it as a stool, where everything can sit.

Others use it as a tool, to drive you in a fit.

I am speaking of love and what it really means.

My all-season pill beyond your dreams.

So when I think of it, and what to write

I think of writing my love for you.

That will take you through day, and night.

Peace and War

No war has been fought,
Because of a breakdown in peace.
But simply to satisfy an insatiable greed,
That will never cease.

It's like the pills we take,
When the headache comes
From the messed up lifestyle,
That we choose to live,
Whilst ignoring the signs,
The warning, before the storm.
And staying enslaved
To someone's financial objective.

It is not the lack of pills,
That causes the headache.
Yet we are bombarded with advertisements,
Telling us what to take.
The act of war deals with the dollar,
And so much more.
So needless you cry foul.
It is what the banker sees.
Let's examine ourselves, and stop waging war.
But instead find ourselves, waging peace.

Let's stop abuse, from bullying take away traction.
Let's stop the wars, stop bullying smaller nations.
Look at what's happening in the Middle East.
We must do more than praying to end the wars,
Let's reform ourselves, beginning with praying for peace.

Perfection

Isn't it amazing, that we go before God and say,
Father I am not perfect in your sight,
For I live this life by day,
And maybe something completely different, in the night?
What if I tell you, that is the last place,
You will want to make that call,
Helping you understand, the reason for it all.

How can you tell God you are not perfect,
When you are the one S/He created that way?
Why would you want to resent it,
The life S/He gives you, each and every day?
Suppose God says to you, child I know your concern,
Would you take charge, until I return?

How would you feel in God's shoe,
When your child says, you don't know what to do?
Would you cast everything asunder?
Or simply sit in deepest wonder?
Would you find yourself in a fit,
When your child says she is imperfect?

Society sees faults, even when there's none.
In the midst of ignorance,
Without the appropriate intervention.
Bear that in mind, when I draw your attention
Even if your were imperfect
You will have have been God's perfect imperfection.

Renewable Energy

Blinded by the light,
To the extent man can't see,
The greatest source of 'simple' energy, is the sea.
When he opens his mind, and forgets his greed,
Maybe it will be revealed to him, as seen fit,
Tidal wave and ocean currents, ain't begun to touch it.

The focus is wrong, the approach hamstrung.
There is easier H in water, than in hydrocarbon

Two thirds of our earth is covered by water,
For drinking, sailing, surfing, 'things that matter'.
The answer is there, right in front our face,
Manifold supply for the human race.

Let us go back, to what God intended.
Heal our world, let's make it mended.
Let our spirits join each other as one.
And our vibrations, harmonize with our sun.
Let us look at this, with the holistic perspective.
Let us move away, from the fossil directive.

Let us change direction.
Begin to understand.
God brought us over.
Not to destroy, but to prosper,
Blinded by the light,
To the extent man can't see
In the abundance of water,
The fool remains thirsty.

Strength of a Man

What does it take, to be a man?

How do you find that, and understand?

What does it take, to make him strong?

How much does he endure, before going down?

How does a man become a father?

Is it by his seed, or that does not matter?

Can he be a father without his son?

Will he be respected, as he 'runs'?

Who supports him, to make him strong?

Where does it begin, will it ever go wrong?

Can he be a father, without his daughter?

Will he be loved, with the same fervor?

Society frowns on the man that cries.

"Stop that nonsense, dry your eyes.

Be a man. Walk upright with pride.

Never be caught. Lengthen your stride."

What about his responsibility?

No one cared to ask.

And even his accountability,

Is he up to the task?

What indicates the strength of a man?

Demonstrable actions in his plans?

Is it his loving and caring, and what he should be?

Is it the opinion, of his community?

There is this place

There is this place that I know.
With lights bright, and yet soft.
The breeze is gentle, but commanding.
Breaking waves , their quiet storm.
Dancing shadows, with the breeze.
The smell of freshness, wonderfully good!
No one, for a mile or so around.
With never a feeling of loneliness.
Crystal air, with compassion and belonging.

To visit this place that I know,
A different zone, a welcome loft,
Friendly lifeforms, songs they are singing,
Unaltered peace. This is the norm.
Snatching this moment, you wish to freeze.
Capturing the effervescence, retain the mood!
I wish I can capture all these wonderful sounds.
Without altering this wholesome pleasantness,
But the mere fact of capturing, can be disturbing.

Now in this place that I know,
Life is respected, huddled in its little tuft,
Not behind God's back. And the sun is shining,
Slicing through the freshness, pure heavenly fun,
Bathing the lifeforms, even those at snooze,
Which will shortly be waking to capture food.
One's already awake, crossing the mound.
Let's maintain the quiet, in all its softness
Looking around, even without seemingly moving.

We Are One

We are the same entity, coming from one source.

From the distractions, ourselves must divorce.

Forget the color of the skin, the texture of the hair.

Correct the situation, that's keeping us in fear.

Status is man-made, to sustain the global structure,

Of man vs man, destroying sister and brother.

How long will we go on, blinded by this stupidity?

How long will it take, to clean up this mess?

We breathe the same air,

Drink the same water,

Sail the same ocean,

Fly the same sky,

Going back to the same earth,

When we die.

Listen. This really has me pained.

We get wet, with the same rain.

And I still don't know, how to say it again.

We have the same blood, flowing

Through the same arteries and veins,

Going through life, with the same stupidity,

Not knowing, if it's sunshine or rain.

All of life affects each of us.

Each of us affects all of life.

It's hard, but I will shorten this flow,

With the following example, immediately below.

The body was at war, with itself one day.

The brain claimed superiority, it held some sway.

The heart said “without me everyone's dead
Who the hell pumping blood to y'all head?”
The arms and legs provided motion. They called it swagger.
Without their coordination, man will surely stagger.

The anus was the one coming through it all the best.
It decided one day to take its much-needed rest.
Things began to backup, the body became poisoned.
The anus felt they were all without reason.

The body was dying, fast approaching death.
The anus wouldn't budge,
They must show some regret,
For the treatment shown, seeing it down the pole,
Having the gall, to call it an asshole.

2014 - [Encouraging Thought](#) [Contents](#)

When Times Seem Tough

There are times in life,
When everything seems tough.
And you have gotten yourself,
To the point of giving up.

Karl, not his real name,
Was hovering on desperation
One day, decided he couldn't go on
Living his life 'this' way.

Heading to the market,
Through the savannah,
All he wanted, was one banana.

Karl was equipped
With banana, rope, and strife.
His only intention,
Was to take his life.

He crossed the bridge,
At the river's mouth.
Climbed the mango tree
Immediately on his right,
Heading south.

He made a noose,
Around his neck.
Then tied the other end,
On a sturdy branch.
Satisfied he was 'good to go',
Proceeded with
His one-banana lunch.

When Karl was done,
He tossed the skin,
On the railroad track.
In a couple of seconds,
He knew he was going to jump.
No sense in turning back.

Ken was approaching,
When he saw the skin,
Fall across the track.
Thanking God
For sending the meal,
He didn't have to go 'back'.

Without missing a beat,
Ken retrieved the skin,
Blew off the dust,
And began devouring.

Karl was perplexed, taken aback,
For what just happened, on the track.

He 'freed' himself. Descended the tree.
Didn't want to be shamed, by anybody.

Karl recomposed himself.
Shared the story, with his wife.
Got a job, providing for his family.
Finding reason, to carry-on with his life.

03.11.15 - [Encouraging Thought Contents](#)

World-Cop Fever

June 2014 in Brazil it began, world cup fever.

The surveillance state and all it takes, world-cop fever
First they beat you, until you laugh.
Then continue beating, because you laugh.

To know what you're doing, they have demon eyes.
To take your country, they first demonize.
What they peddle they call democracy.
Sailing on their gunboat diplomacy.

Into your bedrooms, they take their peek.
The height of surveillance, that's their peak.
They photo. They shoot. Record your nudity.
Their songs of war propaganda, their new ditty.

The singer's eyes are closed.
Her mind's afloat. She hears the drum,
In its dance of death, wings spread wide apart,
The drone, begins its hum.

Waging death, totally indiscriminate.
Murdering children, this criminal state.
From the north, to the south, the west, the east
Boom! Just so, "Them ah the world police".

A bully wages war on the meek and weak,
Unstable policy, mission creep in one week,
What goes around always comes around,
And some day, they will pay for their wrong.



Little Lighter

Little Lighter can be somewhat misleading, deliberately so. The lighter side of all my books makes the individual smile. This

is no different.

"Ralph" and "Lightning, Twice Struck" add a different dimension to the mix. They are somewhat funny. And when you understand and appreciate the environment for the setting, you will begin to see it a bit funnier. There is only one environment something like this can happen.

They both have identical environments, typical of some governments today.

The last two poems are dedicated to the children in us.

[Ralph](#)

[Lightning, Twice Struck](#)

[Talking Animals](#)

[Without Being Obscene](#)

[Contents](#)

Ralph

My partner Ralph told me,
My pieces are somewhat simple.
Almost inaudible, he said,
I want something for a higher level.

No problem! Quietly as well -
“What kind of words I should use?”
“That's up to you. You choose.”

Ralph sounded like he was imbibed
With a copious amount of fluids.
The kind which manifestly challenges
Your motor skills.
Scrambling your brains,
You know the drill.

We began exchanging arguments.
And I thought he was specious,
Bordering on inanity,
Maybe decidedly mendacious.

Then he swung the conversation
Into an unusual trajectory,
With spontaneous combustion,
Climbing exponentially.

Ralph has to be kept out of trouble.
Avoiding the risk of being kerfuffled,
Thinking fast, relying on wit,
I had to find the right words.
I had to be quick.

I thought of tintinnabulation.
But that did not ring a bell.
The clangor could be audacious,
And sometimes pure hell.

I looked at my partner,
Seemingly rapacious,
Going at fragmented visions,
While hovering pugnacious.

Ralph can be the anomalistic,
Pursuing the escalation of walls.
Intrepid as can be in motion,
Navigating his circumlocution.

Maintaining my equanimity,
I began to excogitate.
How not to prevail.
How not to capitulate.

Every time Ralph and I meet like this,
Sometimes the departure is amicable,
At time we are equally pissed.
Our conversations always
Leave me, in a particular way.
Who should be going?
Who should stay?

Ralph's eyes were wide closed,
As under cannabis leaves, and seeds.
I felt like going further.
But the psychiatrist interceded.
And encouraged me to leave.

Lightning, Twice Struck

Tina the bold teenager,
Beautiful bright and brave.
Pursuing her desires,
And the things she craved.

Tina met Brian.
Brian stole Tina's heart.
Tina felt the vibes,
From the very start.

One day,
Tina and Brian on their trip.
Brian turned to Tina,
Asking her to strip.

Tina aroused, excited as hell.
Today is the day.
As far as she can tell.

Brian looked at Tina's body.
The best he had ever seen.
Then he scrutinized at her panties.
“This, is my dream!”

Clutching the panties,
Brian made his escape.
The elastic was ideal,
For something he had to make.

Tina was transfixed, as in a daze.
Remaining that way, until taken back to base.

Roland saw Tina.
Tina stole his heart.
Roland felt the vibes,
From the very start.

One day,
Roland and Tina on their hike.
Both people fitting snugly,
On Tina's bike.

Exchanging terms of endearment.
Cooing in each other's ear.
The distance meant nothing.
There was no fear.

They rode for miles on miles,
Getting to this beautiful place.
God's handiwork, manifestation of grace.

In the garden, Tina stripped.
Roland blushed with her.
She was well-equipped.

Amused with Tina's endowment,
Roland devouring her throbbing cleft.
Tina said to him,
You can have anything you want.
He took the bike, and promptly left.

Talking Animals

There are times
When we should be,
Listening to our animals.
I know it could be strife.
But maybe that is what it takes,
To save someone's life.

Take the case of my buddy, Tim.
He lived in a broken shack.
It did not bother him.
In the midst of a storm,
Rover kept insisting 'roof' 'roof'.
Tim paid his dog no mind.
Needless to say, the roof caved-in.

Devon the diver, at the lake one day,
Decided to dive .. in his usual way.
His frog insisted 'knee-deep'.
'Niddip' with an accent, as the story went,
Devon dived, from higher than twenty feet.
His frog was right.
The level was really knee-deep.

Thomas with cancer,
Needed a doctor.
This was a state of emergency.
He rifled his room with urgency.
Placing his hand on the phone directory,
He selected a name that was popular,
Immediately his duck said 'quack'.
Ignoring his duck he visited the doctor.
You guessed it! He didn't make it back.

At the scene of the murder,
Detective and his snake 'Slyder'.
The detective had three suspects,
At the scene of the crime.
He said “Death penalty.
Or at least somebody doing lifetime.”

Pointing to some evidence on the floor,
The detective asked,
While leaning against the door,
“Who's is this?” He asked all three.
“Not mine!” from them repeatedly.

Then it became apparent,
Why Slyder was always around.
The detective looked at Slyder,
Not even a sound.

Slyder ... in human-like attitude,
Cobra-stance, looking rude,
Looked at the perpetrator,
Slyder insists, turn to the detective,
And said 'hiss'.

15.11.15 - [Little Lighter Contents](#)

Without Being Obscene

I think it was Stork or Tommy,
Who said it many years ago,
In the midst of performances,
At a comedy show.

Ilene in the midst of her Sunday fix,
Needed to get some onions, really quick.
She rushed over to the Chinese store.
A couple coats of paint away, next door.

“Chin, I need some onions for my brew.
In this situation I can only turn to you.”
“Ilene, you just miss the last pound.
Errol making souse, by the football ground.”

“Chin, check in the back, you must have something.”
“Ilene, I running this store, I know what's happening.”

After what seemed eternal persistence,
Chin addressed Ilene's insistence

“Ilene, if you take the corn from corned-beef, what you get?”
“Beef, as far as I understand.”
“If you take salt from salted-fish, what you get?”
“Oh God Chin. Fish. Shit man!”
“Okay, okay. If you take the fork from onion, what you get?”
Exasperated, Ilene burst out
It ain't have no fork in onion”
Chin looked at Ilene and smiled!



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!

[Contents](#)