

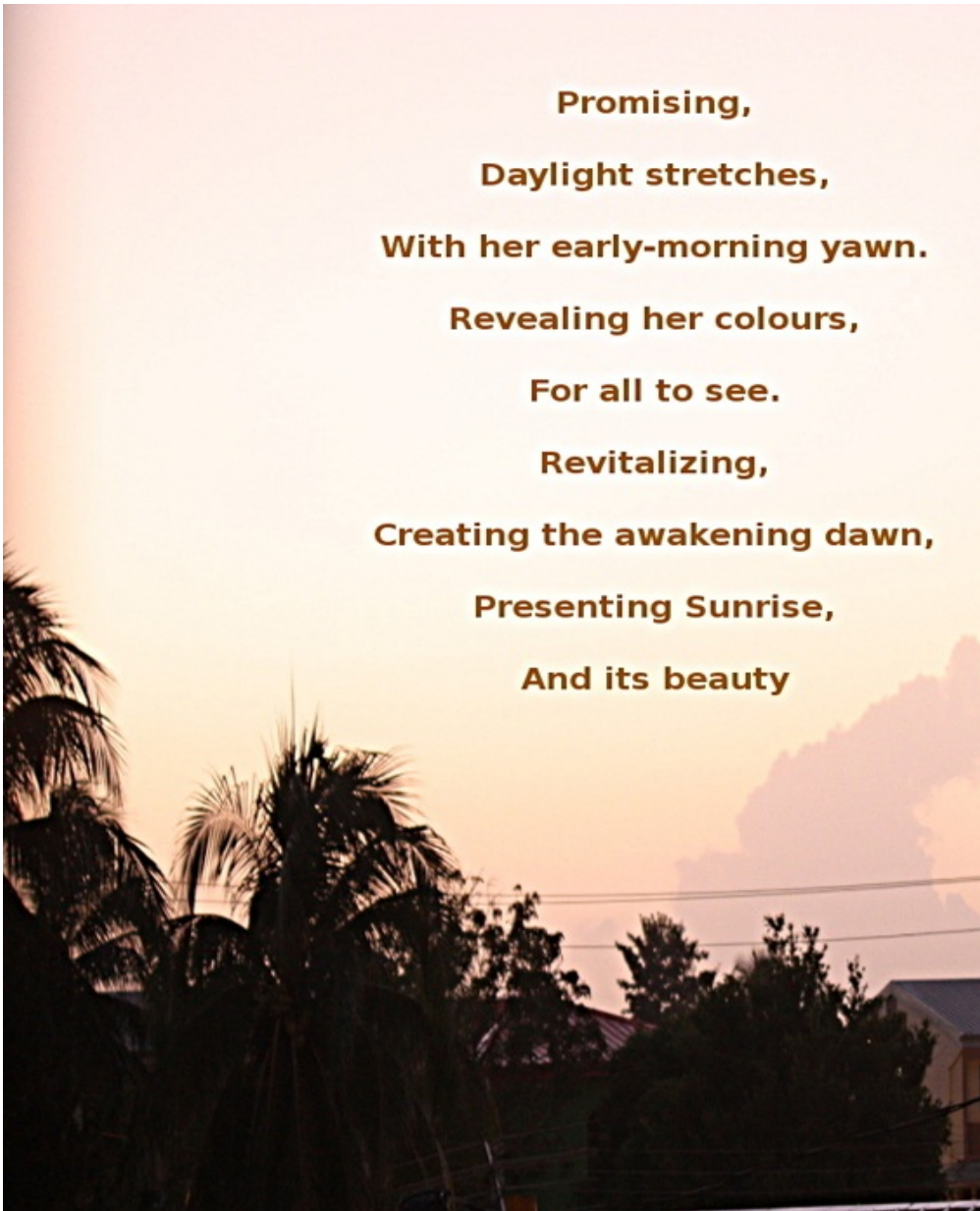
Poetry Without Borders

Book 1

S u n r i s e

George Mac D Lynch

**Promising,
Daylight stretches,
With her early-morning yawn.
Revealing her colours,
For all to see.
Revitalizing,
Creating the awakening dawn,
Presenting Sunrise,
And its beauty**



Poetry Without Borders

by George Mac D Lynch, 2016

Book 1 - Sunrise

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Dedication

To my Mother, Erene,
Vivid and serene,
To whom I owe everything.
My Aunt, Thelma
My 'listening ear',
For me, was always there.

To my Aunt, Rhona,
Cool, and sombre,
Eldest, with range.
My Aunt, Ellen,
Tall, slender, and
Sometimes seemed strange.

My Daughter, Candace,
Covered in her bliss,
Whom I dearly miss.
To my Sister, La Verne,
Who seemed unconcerned
But helped keep me firm.
Gone, but never forgotten.
God Bless!

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Foreword

George has been leisurely and intermittently writing poems for seven years. However, some four years ago, after he and his wife vacationed with my family, George sent me the poem “Just as God Made You,” a poem he dedicated to me. What an honor and quite a beautiful piece.

Immediately, thereafter, he began seriously writing, energized by his involvement in community work and a bit of encouragement. Consequently, in 2015 he began sending a daily dispatch of poems to a select group of people, some of whom were the catalyst for writing this book. George has written 'Sunrise,' as the first book in his series – Poetry Without Borders.

Sunrise is a selection of his poems extracted from those he individually shared in 2015. The collection moves one to look at life from a different perspective, as it draws attention to topics such as abuse, the awakening, awareness, revelation and offers a meaningful insight into leadership.

The “I Love The Mornings” poem is used in the Introduction as a way to ease the reader into the harshness of 'Abuse'. The flow changes somewhat after 'Abuse,' ending in a more relaxed tone, with 'The Lighter Side, which was written to make you smile. You will enjoy the Sunrise collection as it is a thoughtful work of art.

June D. Britton

Founder of JPB Holdings, and 'Learning To Let Your Spirit Fly'
Creator of Weekly Prayer - A biblical dispatch of call-to-pray,
inspiration, and motivation

Douglasville, Georgia

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Preface

Why did I write this book of poems/'messages using poetry'?

I realized poetry as an effective vehicle for reaching people easier and faster. Consequently, I decided using the mechanism as a pseudo-container for my messages. This enabled my sharing with the four community-groups with which I was involved, 2014 into 2015.

Rewinding a bit –

2005 - Giving back to our community (no charge), as president of our group, I had began working with various students from primary and secondary schools, religiously, Saturday mornings. This peaked with me preparing the secondary students for their final secondary examination, at the ordinary level.

Under my 'accountability', someone else had been preparing the primary students for their Secondary Entrance Assessment (SEA) examination.

2008 - In the midst of having lunch during the night-shift of a maintenance turnaround on our gas-plant, I began 'writing poem' as a 'de-stresser'. During the period 2008 to 2010, I had written a grand total of approximately twenty-five poems. That was it! End of poetry-writing.

By 2012, after losing the primary-level facilitator, my class had grown to include SEA students.

On our return home Carnival Tuesday 2012, after my wife and I had spent some time with my sister June and her family, I wrote June an unusual poem of thanks. Thus began June's encouragement for me to begin writing poems. When my last groups of students successfully completed their examinations (secondary in 2012, primary in 2013), I paused.

February 26 2014, I found myself back in the system, from a different approach. I got involved in our Retiree Adolescent

Partnership Program (RAPP) as a centre-coordinator. The RAPP served to bring retirees from industry and 'at-risk' students (officially 9 to 21 years) together.

Working with the RAPP students, entailed a completely different challenge. I was working with the same levels of students, but, they were 'at risk' students. Additionally, there were 'at risk' students outside the age-span. 'At risk' is defined by - broken homes, single-parent homes, unacceptable social behaviour/conditions, vulnerability, etc.

My involvement with my 'at risk' students in 2014 was the final enticement for meaningfully getting into poetry-writing. That's when I wrote "My Pledge" for my students.

What keeps my 'poetry' going?

The wonderful feedback/critique and encouragement, I receive from members of our growing poetry-community.

That holds special emphasis for Dr Ocho, who recommended the writing of this book, with a passion I simply could not have ignored.

Bless!

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Acknowledgements

In understanding and appreciating the investment Almighty God has made in me, I thank, praise, and bless Him/Her.

By extension, my warmest thanks and appreciation to the people who have been providing feedback on my pieces. Feedback, my GPS for progress.

Allister, Anna, Betty C, Bro David, Claudia, Clyde, Diane, Dianne, DUDE, Jacqui, Jacquie, Jemma, Joan Y, Joy, June, Juvanna, Lilly, Linhurst, Lisa, Dr Lucia, Mc Sherry, Merle, Dr Ocho, Patrick C, Paulette, Racquel, Rhonda, Shedron, Sherry H, Zach.

This holds especially for June, who initiated this whole process, Dr Ocho who strongly encouraged the writing of the book, and my dear Brother Shedron.

For at least three hours and once a week, Shedron and I push the envelope of our spiritual and mental capabilities. Done so with everything situation-specifically geared toward analysing, exchanging, and learning. The outcome of which influences the way forward with our youth.

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I could never thank you all enough, for your warmth and grace. The least I can do, is ask God's continued blessings upon you.

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Introduction

At the risk of being seemingly 'recursive', the introduction employs the use of [I Love The Mornings](#) and [My Pledge](#) as a

softening-interface, buffering the entrance into the harshness of the Abuse group of poems.

[Abuse](#) consists of five poems, four of which deal with actual events. The fifth poem was written consistent with a performing-arts production on HIV/AIDS.

[Awakening](#) encourages positive thinking, affirmation, and encourages insight into 'why?'.

[Awareness](#) addresses the conscious thought, the current state of affairs. the recognition of 'what?'.

[Leadership](#) makes for interesting study on the approach to the characteristics of an effective leader.

[Revelations](#) was created as a group to highlight the more revealing aspects of awareness.

[The Lighter Side](#) is to make you smile. Give the book a bit of diversity.

I Love The Mornings

I love the mornings, when the dew is fresh.
When the earth awakes us in splendid song.
And the songs of life remind us, we are blessed.
To be here in life, witnessing another morn.

I love the cool breeze, murmuring in gentle stir.
That makes us feel, without an intrusion,
Like soft perfume, with its myrrh,
The sun, the earth, us all, in unison.

I love the mornings and the hope they bring.
When the sunlight cleans us, heals us, and
Synchronizes us, the feelings to which we cling.

When opportunities are given,
To compensate the mistakes of yesterday,
Learning and growing,
Without repeating in the same way.

I love the early-morning sun,
Lifting the dark, lighting each mile.
The warmest of glows,
Teaching us to smile.

I love the opportunities the morning brings.
For us to live in peace love and harmony,
To move us from the seven deadly seven sins,
I love the morning and what the morning brings.

08.04.09 - [Contents](#)

My Pledge

I am, everything Almighty God wants me to be.

S/He created me in Her/His image.

Therefore I have the power

To create what my tomorrow will be.

And I will.

I will be, the effective and positive leader

My country expects of me.

And my behaviour, will demonstrate likewise.

I possess the power to change our world.

Thus, I will make that difference.

This, I promise.

XX.07.14 - [Contents](#)



Abuse

When I think of abuse,
abnormal use comes to
mind.

That association had been made in my late teens. Yet, for some reason, I had never checked it out, until now.

Abnormal - deviating from what is normal or usual, typically in a way that is undesirable or worrying *

Use - take, hold, or deploy (something) as a means of accomplishing a purpose or achieving a result; employ *

I am left with the distinct impression, abnormal use (as defined above) clearly defines abuse.

* - Google

Based on Actual Events

Abuse – regardless (dramatized)

Abuse – sexual

Children Taken Away

Stolen Flowers

Crystal Innocence

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Abuse - regardless

O ften time we read in the news,
How women face the crime of abuse.
Although sad, they do not possess,
A monopoly
On the receipt of abuse,
In any country.

Typically, men choose
Not to discuss the trauma.
They not getting involved,
In what they see as women's drama.

It's an ego thing,
As you will see.
Big men don't mess,
With women's triviality.

Once upon a time,
Not long ago,
Domestic upheaval,
Couple trading blows.

The police was called,
Folks gathered outside,
Totally scared,
From the noises inside.

Police arrived, with prevention
Of murder on their minds,
To stop this man from being unkind.
Opening the door,
The police was shocked to see ...
Wait, don't rush.
Continue reading the story.

The police stepped
Through the door,
Pistols drawn,
Lots of things broken,
Strewn across the floor.

The items that were still intact,
Were those painted,
Welded, or screwed down,
Somewhere, on a rack.

Totally confused,
With what they saw,
No man in sight,
Only the wife,
At the bedroom door.

With what seemed
To be a small light-pole,
She was tapping against her leg,
While bafflingly demure,
Truly a sight to behold.

Kerfuffled and confused,
The inspector called out
To the man of the house.

I am the man in this house.
He said.
The final decision is mine.
I'm not coming out
From under this bed,
Until I find the time.

Abuse - Sexual

Sanctuary is what we sometimes seek
In our minds, next to the house called freedom.
Where the jewels are guarded
And the keys discarded.

Assurance is what we are after.
Although at times it does not matter,
That our haunting past will befall us.
Or what we cherish the most will avoid us.

Naturally they say, but how could it be?
When something precious is snatched away, repeatedly.
When people you trust seem most to defile
Who you are, or what's inside.

Unrepentant, the position they assume
Was to suffice their need, or even their greed,
Where innocence never counted
Or childhood respected.

Reality is what shows us
The treachery which masquerades often
As sincerity, or even purity
To them, that which seems foreign.

Alas, or eventually, is it a mirage, or is it real?
Can I trust him, for what I feel?
Can I really tell him what's inside?
Or do I simply make my feelings hide?

Children Taken Away

Flashing blue lights
Paid with uncertainty,
Disruption and confusion,
In the community.

Multiple explosions,
All seemed at once,
Ganging-up on life,
As someone conspired,
With dark aspirations.

Feel the mother scream,
From losing her child.
This has to be a mistake,
Everything seems so wild.

What was not entertained,
Has become happenstance.
Our children's lives are taken, with
Wanton acts of violence.

Never again to be heard.
Never will they be seen.
Some with shattered hopes,
Others with shattered dreams.

Now the parks are lonely,
And the swings alone sway,
In the winds that carried the voices,
As all our children played.

Unwanted intrusions,
Deluded illusions,
Children with deadly weapons,
In their possession.

Like the hell in the Middle East,
Where there is war, and no peace,
I keep praying for that day,
It will all cease....,
And our children,
Will not be taken away.

xx.04.15 - [Abuse Home](#) [Contents](#)

Crystal Innocence

On a petal so soft,
Kiss of the morning dew,
Of promise and hope,
To blossom and charm,
With wonders and colors,
Smooth-flowing pride,
This, our untouched Rose.

Of twisted thoughts
And darkened mind,
Immaturity completely mixed,
With selfish greed, temptation,
Shades of unbridled lust,
An excuse for a man
This, the teacher Clarke.

High-life and good life,
The socialites forever sought.
Neglecting their child,
Who had blossomed
So beautifully, in her prime
The perfect prey,
To a devious mind.

Rose the student,
Clarke the teacher,
The parents' eyeball,
Eyeballed by a stranger.

Clarke laid his trap,
Rose took the bait.
Unaware of what he possessed,
She blindly rushes in.
She couldn't wait.

He possessed her body.
Her innocence was shattered.
He had a wife and three children,
Nothing else really mattered.

The news broke out,
For all to 'see'.
Clarke was hospitalized,
With deadly HIV.

Her parents were appalled,
Her friends distraught,
Rose was devastated,
Clarke brought to naught.

The haunting screams,
Coming out of Rose,
The reason for this message,
The reason to prose.

Take the time.
Put your children first.
Remember this message.
Remember the verse.
Remember Rose, without fail,
Snatched from her sheltered life,
From under he veil.

17.04.15 - [Abuse Home Contents](#)

Stolen Flowers

The Flower Garden ...

The actual name I think about ...
But someone keeps raiding our garden,
Before the words leave my mouth.

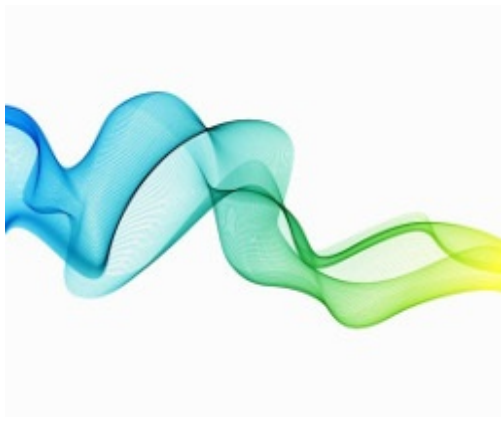
Variiegated flowers from assorted 'roots',
Promising flowers from chosen shoots,
The widest field you'll have ever seen,
Beyond imagination, beyond your dream ...

Corruption, driven by greed, no money to soon.
People stealing our treasures, before young flowers bloom.
How long will this avail, they adamantly insist,
To continue plucking young flowers, stealing our bliss.

Men, shrouded in coats of darkness
As night prevails.
'Enamored' in deception through destitution
Evil blazing their trails,
Of destruction, young flowers dying in flight,
The peak time of thievery, mainly midnight.

The keepers of the flowers, inside suffering.
The community-care seems not forth-coming ...
If we don't stop it, surely it will keep growing.
Young flowers stolen, through human trafficking.

27.12.15 - [Abuse Home](#) [Contents](#)



Awakening

In my opinion, awakening answers the question of why.

My impression of awakening - when the light

begins to turn on in the midst of darkness.

The quality, quantity, and type of light will determine the effectiveness of what the mind perceives as illumination. The rate and extent of illumination depends on the condition or pliability of the mind.

The system as a whole determines the efficacy of the light source. Which in turn controls the seamlessness between awakening and awareness.

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Be Specific When Asking God

I have always said, God is logical.

Needless we waste time

Seeking a God emotional.

When making your request of God

Always be specific, don't be flowery.

You are requesting from God,

Not the magician Houdini.

All nasty attitudes aside,

Someone walks up to you and say,

“Please buy me a meal

I have not eaten all day”.

What would you do? Now you are thinking.

I wonder what he wants to eat?

Will he be drinking?

Does he eat chicken, goat, beef, or fish?

Will he accept his meal, without the side dish?

That's the situation, when we demand from God

“Father, I want a nice job, a car, and a beautiful spouse.

Throw a in couple of children, and a really 'bad' house”.

What the hell wrong with you? Where are your details?

You want a 'concrete' house? Or one with wood and nails?

Sure. You can get you car. Do not be deluded,

Something from Mattel, batteries not included!

That's how it goes, when we make our demands

To a loving God who is purely logical.

But emotional, as far as we want to understand.

Educate vs Teach

We spend our lives teaching,
With the nerve to call it education.

Then we wonder,
Why our children are not reaching,
Capacity to build our 'nation'.

The average teacher strolls into class,
No respect of the day, not even a nod.
He whips out his phone. Checks his messages,
Cavorts, and distorts our children's minds,
Cause he believes that he is God.

The teacher follows a script, controlled by a bridle.
He doesn't care a heck. At the end of the month
He collects his cheque. Then restarts his cycle.

An educator is of a different kind.
Bringing out the best in his students,
Is foremost in his mind.
He has no script, strings, or 'silk',
To follow or be pulled, he is not of that ilk.

Our teachers need help to be converted.
Like old-school days, they were more assertive,
Enough to educate instead of teach,
Embedding values, standards, goals to reach.
Probably we need to shake the whole system down,
Redesign and reconfigure, providing education.

30.11.15 - [Awakening Home Contents](#)

Empowerment

The things that get me emotional,
It is not what one can do to me,
But rather what one does because of me.

Like the plant, I can be 'transpirational'.
Not because I want to be influential.
But prefer spreading love, beyond national.

Gathering from the roots, things inspirational.
Keeping grounded in life spiritual.
Overcoming and growing beyond mischief diabolical.

Developing and growing by the miles,
God-injected power to make people smile.

I daily pray God fills me with direction.
Writing something for someone S/He mentions.
Doing it most unhesitantly, no procrastination.
Delivering it with turbo-charged fuel-injected passion.

What will make me very concerned,
Is not the nastiness one wants to inflict.
It is his blessing, and him not knowing how to use it.

Why, will I be afraid to die?
Hell no! Truth is I won't.
It's just a matter of why.

2008 - [Awakening Home Contents](#)

Judge Ye Not

We judge each other by the shell we see.
“Jeez. Don't you find he is really ugly”
“Why don't they move these people?
They need a bath. They are so dirty”
“Good God. That woman is so unattractive.
A call of dreamboat is what she expects.
When in reality she is a shipwreck.”

We piss on the homeless,
Regularly and without refrain.
Acclimatising, he opens broken umbrella,
Swearing to God it is rain.

Our minds are fixated,
On the 'basis' of racial undertones.
Our cacophony of discord, discontent,
This nasty attitude, of societal overtones.

Decent, competent people, can't get employment.
Skewed, distasteful parameters, as requirement.
The man's job, can make him postal.
While available position for woman, is horizontal.

Research what I am saying, when you find the time.
This mainly transpires with people, of a 'different kind'.
These preconceived ideas make manifest,
In attitudes, and platitudes on our chest.
Hell, our behavior seems to dictate we don't budge.
But it all has to stop, before becoming too late.
Less we be judged.

Someone Special

Sometimes when you are down,
Feeling lonely and locked out,
Nothing ever seems to work right.
Your tear-stained cheeks,
Supplied from eyes that don't dry.
And your greatest fear is tonight.

Don't be overcome, by the pervasiveness of dark.
The answers you possess, especially in your heart,
Will surface to push away your 'blues'.
When your mind is ready, and
The light begins to shine through,
That special someone will speak to you.

I can feel your smile from a million miles.
Away from this madness that persists.
I hear your soft reassuring word,
Though your voice is too far to be heard.
When happiness is all you insist,
The love between us and the bliss,
Your loving arms, your warmth,
All these cuddly things I miss.

When the dawn arrives,
My tears will have stopped, and
The crystals no longer drop,
Then the realization steps in unmistakably,
You have made me a whole lot bigger,
Than I can see.



Awareness

I believe awareness answers the question of what.

In my mind, awareness is when an 'environment' comes into conscious

existence in the mind.

Surely, there will be different schools of thought with respect to the transition from awakening to awareness. I believe the transition is gradual, similar to the fact there is no such thing as sudden death. The body dies in stages,

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[Friendship](#)

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Children's Love Children's Homes

What if I write you a story, that is filled with love,
From the hearts of children, sent by God above?
The hearts of children, in purity and truth,
Now placed in your life, giving you more roots.

Suppose these children, with parents unknown,
Can bring you joy from seeds that were sown?
Seeds to which they no longer belong.
Love in their eyes, and their hearts in song.

Would you read my story, realizing it is true,
That the children I write, are in you,
But physically manifest in a home,
Abandoned by their parents, left all alone?

What will you do, now that you have read?
Will you make a difference, or simply shake your head?
Will you seek those children, give them a smile?
Will you light their faces, stretching for miles?

Will you make that commitment, to begin the change?
Or, dismiss your feelings you consider strange?
Please, position yourself, do not live in fear.
Find these children, show them you care.

14.06.14 - [Awareness Home](#) [Contents](#)

Friendship

Surely there has to be,
A false love
Some where lying around,
When we spend time beaming
Of a true love we've found.

Similarly best friend,
Kind of friend,
What the hell does that mean?
When there are only friends,
Like love, pure and clean.

A friend in need,
Is a friend indeed,
Someone made mention.
Probably a good start
For us to explore,
Find a meaningful definition.

Friendship in its purest sense,
Is mainly misunderstood,
Shelled and misguided,
By mixed-up moods and attitudes.

Friendship is livid and vivid,
Colorful for some,
Sleeping at nights.
But different for others,
Dreaming in black and white.

How do we measure friendship?
Is it by the years, tears, or fears,
That we've shared together?
Is it measured in space or time?
What's happening in our minds?

In sixty seconds,
Someone saves your life.
Is he your friend?
Or the person for years,
Causing you strife?

Masquerading as loyalty,
Holding secrets,
Too sensitive to think twice,
Trapped in bondage,
By this strange device.

Friendship and allegiance,
Are they one and the same?
If there has to be a fall,
Who first gives their name?

Friendship and emotions,
In an emotionless state,
Is like living and loving,
In societal hate.

Is someone your friend,
Because they are the loudest?
Conserved at times,
Even seen modest?

Think about it!
Who really has your back,
When against the wall?
And under attack?

xx.08.15 - [Awareness Home](#) [Contents](#)

Humanity

Yesterday, a guy in passing by,
As politely as he can, said "Hi".
I returned "Hi man, how're you doing?".
In step one he said hi, but kept on moving.
In his second step he heard my reply,
Smoothly turned, and in step three was at my side.

Our conversation was brief.
He wanted relief, or redress.
He seemed positioned,
Between destitution and homeless.
I am not sure which it was.
He was well-dressed.

I gave him some cash to get on his way.
In my mind that was that.
This morning, preparing to pray,
It all came rushing back.

Food, clothing, shelter, family,
Transportation, and children especially,
Nothing I can afford, is too much to give,
Especially, when it 'seems' we don't have,
That's when we really ought to give.

I do not judge, simply make my observation.
As quickly as I can, assess the situation.
'Reference' my resource, without being derailed.
Significantly improving the situation, way beyond frail.
It's simple. Don't judge. In God we trust.
If we don't 'keep' our brother, who's going to 'keep' us?

Kay Effsy Won

Sunday's menu was either,
Assorted styles of rice or macaroni pie,
Pigeon peas, kidney beans, or black eye.
You had a wide choice of provision.
The lettuce then, was not like now.
You have to beat it into submission.

You had a choice of chicken, beef, wild meat, or pork.
Mandatory eating, with knife and fork.
The meat was baked, grilled, or made a stew.
You had to have crab or salted-meat, in your callaloo.
Green salad of watercress, lettuce, tomato, cucumber,
Your face lights up as you begin to remember.

A variety of fruit juices, from fruits on the scene.
Ditto for milk drinks, peanut punch, soursop, barbadine.

The family dined together, you could not be absent.
Stop whatever you are doing, just be present.
Having turns at it, starting with your opening grace.
Thanking God for what you had.
Considering what the less-fortunate had to face.

All that changed as quickly as can be.
People began loving fast food, from Kay Effsy.
At least they have mauby, you used to sing.
But this is only just the beginning.
Addressing what junk food will do to you,
I am of the distinct impression,
There will be a Kay Effsy two.

Retiree Adolescent Partnership Program

Thinking of the things I can say,
They may not be much. But I will say them anyway.
Retiree Adolescent Partnership Program – R.A.P.P.
It's about our children, knowing what they can be.

From nine to twenty-one, our children at risk,
Going beyond, into the wider community,
Meeting and chatting, making our list,
For our tomorrow's leaders, saving T&T.

Taking a dream, ten years old,
Reshaping and remixing,
The vision remains bold.
So here it is, for all to see,
Tomorrow's leaders, in today's community

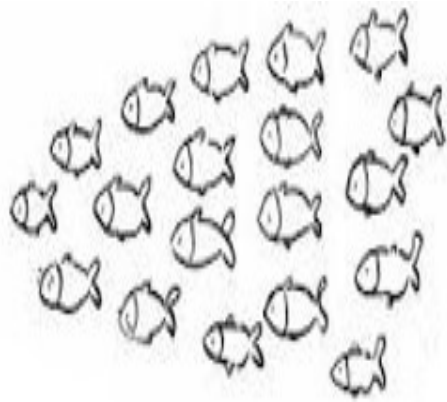
We just won't stop. We feel no pain.
For our children, we'll keep remixing, doing it again.
At the end of the day, when the elders are gone,
It is our young people, who have to carry on.

Investing in them, every afternoon, five days a week,
It matters not how they come to us, but how they will leave.
Stuttering and stumbling, even if they cannot speak,
At the end of the day, we will have nurtured them all,
Going into our society, walking real tall.

You want to help!
Take up your phone, give us a call.
Find out how we are going, one and all.
Pay us a visit, walk through the center.
Say "Hi!" to our children, they will remember.
Make a donation, find time to contribute.
Cause if we don't do it, who will save our youth.

Trust in what I am saying, it is so very true.
Let us for our children, be the best of friends.
Cause if not us, who?
And if not now, when?

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Leadership

The characteristics of The Leader as seen here, are highlighted on the basis of personal interaction. And bits and pieces gleaned from

the Internet.

They have been framed after Sun Tzu's Art of War, with 'passion' being a personal addition, made on the observation of the push behind 'modern' leadership.

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The Leader - courage

It was Arthur, Keith, and Ramesh.

Three good men, plenty courage.

Arthur walked out.

Ramesh encouraged to leave.

But Keith stayed the gamut.

No flinching, no doubt.

It takes a leader, to want

To lead a leaderless nation.

Taking it away from tricksters

And gangsters, assuming positions.

Of leaders and leadership,

Coming from where

I came from,

Drawing back the curtains,

Staring down the barrel,

Of the gun.

It takes a leader

With commitment, competence,

And a country-load of courage,

Wanting to lead a 'nation',

One that's broken and pillaged.

Ramesh tried it

With the then government,

You ain't see?

Man they tossed him out,

With plenty pain.

And tried the same thing,

With Rowley.

When they came back

In government again.

It takes a leader
With mucho gumption,
One courageous man,
Combating a corrupted system.

The ability to speak the truth,
When it's easier to lie.

A courageous leader is inspirational, with
Strong character and powerful work ethic,
Providing effective guidance, and stable leadership.
He takes risk, despite the perception of threats.
Faces problems head on, "No sweat!".
He stands for what he knows is right, in his competence,
Without shirking the idea of consequence.

He makes the hard decisions, especially with integrity,
Willing to learn from others, regardless who they be.
He creates his own path,
Encouraging others to share the vision,
Finding time to have 'that' conversation.
He has a passionate commitment to change,
And change things
Generating passion, and all it brings.

That is what it takes getting us from the mess.
Without it, we will be so much closer,
Three steps away, from madness.

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The Leader – commitment

Commitment and convenience,
Cannot go hand in hand.

Commitment accepts no excuse.

Please understand.

Commitment deals with lifestyle,

Not something to be taken slight.

Commitment is not something,

You gather overnight.

Your first commitment,

Is commitment to self.

If you can't fulfill that agreement,

Who else will?

Commitment is that drive,

When you begin your stint,

Delivering what you promised,

Without excuse or misprint.

Doing what you promised

You will have done,

When you said that you surely will.

When it seemed impossible,

Impractical, and still,

You summon everything inside,

To keep moving on,

Delivering what you said you will,

When it's said and done.

That is commitment, in all its fun.

It is one of your drivers,

For guaranteed success,

Commitment - sticking to plan,

Not operating by guess.

Commitment – predictable dedication
In its finest form,
Modus operandi, this is the norm.
To mover shakers and innovators,
Fulfilling their visions as creators.

When everything seems
To work against you,
And you are at odds
With what you should do,
Commitment steps in,
Going to the fore,
Taking you mind,
Where it ought to go.

When we are dedicated enough
To see things through,
Holding steadfast to beliefs
That what we know is true.

Success is guaranteed
Through a desire, willingness,
And an effective plan.
But it takes committed implementation,
To build your land,
Have faith, know your destiny.
Commitment – the contract with self,
For where self wants to be.

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The Leader - discipline

Discipline is the assertion of willpower,
To follow 'your' process, stay on stream,
Keeping you guided, and empowered,
To deliver vision, deliver dream.

Discipline is adequate indication,
For how your mind is trained,
In pursuit of your desires,
How you achieve your gains.

In and of itself discipline is a process,
Of how you conduct yourself,
How you employ your tools,
Mostly how you progress.

It is what keeps you on track.
Going beyond your base desires,
Invisible hands holding you strong,
Discouraging you from turning back.

The strategy following
Specific steps, gaining milestones,
That is discipline at work.
Mechanism, to take you 'home'.

A disciplined leader
Is always mindful of time.
Refusing to impose on others,
Some of the things he keeps,
In the back of his mind.

A leader, conscious of his discipline,
Taking to the table all he can bring,
Steeped in effective communication,
Tweaking with appropriate reflection,

Never shirks his responsibility,
Making known his accountability.

Immediate comfort often tossed aside.
That's what disciplined leaders do,
When they have to decide.

Sometimes, people pushed by a wave
Are inadvertently seen as leaders.
And the discipline not known,
Especially when found in disasters.
This is not something written as spoof.
You don't have to think back far.
There is ample proof.

Basic training
From parents to children,
'Do not tamper
With people's cash-pans.'
Even that basic principle,
Some folks attempted to repeal,
So they can name their organization
I-run and Steal.

They had the commitment,
On what they were going to deliver.
And the discipline for how
To remove, what was not painted,
Welded, tacked down, or screwed.
That's just how they were shrewd.

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The Leader – Ubuntu (Humaneness)

What leader desires to 'exist',
With no feelings of caring love,
Without concern, no humaneness.
How can he exist, without empathy,
With no connection, to community?
See this question as purely true,
How can he exist, without Ubuntu?

Humaneness, is
The closest English word
To describe Ubuntu.
Yet when most hear Ubuntu,
Ubu what? They have no clue.<

Ubuntu – expansion of servant-leadership,
Built on African values,
Beyond Western leadership.
It focuses more on moral,
Than on things material.

Ubuntu highlights -
“I am, because we are.
And since we are,
Therefore I am.” - John Mbiti
“People are not individuals
Living in a state of independence.
But part of a community,
Living in relationships,
And interdependence.” - Yusufu Turaki

It emphasizes the interconnectedness,
Of self within society.
And the extension of humaneness,
Within shared community.

Ubuntu is held as an African worldview.
Something exciting, fresh, something new.
Possessing the potential to counteract,
The plagues of genocide, patriarchy,
Autocratic leadership, the leaders they bring,
Corruption, nepotism, and human suffering.

Ubuntu - a holistic
Multidimensional approach to leadership,
That encompasses the rational, emotional,
Ethical, and spiritual
Sides of leaders and followers - Sendjaya and Cooper

A Ubuntu leader accepts
His social responsibility,
Addressing the needs of community,
Referring to general human principles,
Without sacrificing any of his scruples.
He is driven as if possessed, hell-bent
Using Ubuntu, it's crisp sharp,
Beneficent, and benevolent.
The concept that's brief, and efficient.

Ubuntu is one of the characteristics
Of great leadership.
But describing Ubuntu takes a trip,
A journey, something divine.
It takes patience, involving plenty time.

This could be tough.
Trust me. It's true.
Now the West is using humaneness,
To describe Ubuntu.

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The Leader - intelligence

The leader without intelligence,
Is just as bright
As the back of a spoon.
Sometimes when pushed,
The spoon seems brighter.

The intelligence of the leader,
Can be application-specific.
When he is approached
With a situation,
He has to run with it.

His intelligence relies
On character, wisdom, emotional,
More, including social, and spiritual.

Character in us
Is described as intrinsic.
It's the 'bedstone' cornerstone,
The foundation on which we build.
Hence character intelligence,
As vital to the leader,
He makes it stick.

In our world of control,
Wisdom is at the helm.
It's the intelligence
The leader employs,
Controlling his men.

Wisdom guides
How he differentiates.
Tweaks his systems,
How he integrates.

Emotional intelligence,
Is crucial as can be,
To a leader's repertoire,
Leading his country.

He has to be self-aware,
Self-regulated, and motivate.
Giving all he can give,
He finds appropriate.

His must possess empathy,
Mixing with his social skill.
All these things, and still

His intelligence
Must include spiritual
Mental agility.
And be a little judgmental
In making decisions
With minimum reprisal.

The leader's intelligence
Must be made known.
It must be communicated,
How he has grown.
To his course in life,
He should stay true.
Developing
The people around him,
They need to grow too.

An intelligent leader
Is crafty. He is smart.
He blends his sciences,
Turning them into art.

The Leader – trustworthiness

I t's easy to tell
If your leader is trustworthy.
Or if he suffers
From 'that' allergy.
It is not the kind
That will make him scratch.
It's how he behaves,
In the midst of cash.

A trustworthy leader
Must have his integrity intact.
Who will he lead,
If no one trusts him,
With their back?

The trustworthy leader
Takes full responsibility,
For his actions and consequences,
And call to duty.
He demonstrates full accountability.
For the people reporting to him,
“The buck stops with me”.

This type of leader is authentic,
Compassionate, honorable.
Displaying a different behavior,
For all to see,
This leader has his roots in humanity.

A trustworthy leader
Has great morals,
With values, and standards.
He is quite ethical.
When you have grown

To know him,
You will see it's true.
What he says,
Matches what he does.

He is not self-aggrandized,
Or compact with lies.
He is pro-social,
People-focused,
Contributing greatly,
He is one of us.

This leader strives to collaborate.
Bringing folks together, he incorporates.
His people's development first, he agitates.
Yet there is more, I can elaborate.

He positions himself to orate.
To which the people can follow, they gravitate.
When they learn how he operates.
They wouldn't hesitate, giving him the mandate.

A leader like this
Leads by example.
Making it easier
For people to follow.
Occasionally he is taunted
With their stupidity.
People mistaking his kindness
For his weakness.
Stupid is as stupid can be,
These are the people
Who confuse humility with stupidity.

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The Leader – passion

Each aspect of leadership
Is an instrument,
Individually the leader plays.
Everything he does,
He is well-intent.
Simultaneously,
He plays them all, collectively
As the conductor, he controls the key.
This is his life, his rhapsody,
Motivating people, with his symphony.

Each expression carries emphasis.
His defining moment, pure bliss.
His delivery of passion is the glue.
Keeping everything together,
Keeping them all true.
Passionate leader, great leadership.

Feelings and expressions,
inextricably linked.
His orchestra at work,
Making followers think.

He is the young-people D.J.,
Master of remix,
Blending capacity, will,
Character and charisma,
Inspire style and confidence,
Master of the floor,
Conductor of the dance.

He is the change made manifest,
Commanding the stage,
Bringing change at its best.

The way he works,
He is diligent,
Caring for others,
He is heart-intelligent.

A passionate leader
Cherishes relationships.
Cause without people,
Who will he share it with.

His focus is responsibility,
Not authority.
He himself embracing change,
Extending the scope,
Pushing the range.

A passionate leader
Is explicitly defined.
Poetry in motion,
Capturing people's minds.

His energy level
Seems never to diminish.
Delivering non-stop,
Until the project is finished.

The standard-bearer, flag on pole,
Everything he has, heart and soul.

A passionate leader,
No fancy no whim,
That is why
So much young people,
Are attracted to him.
His passion



Revelations

'R'evelations' is covered more from the perspective of resurgence, or a re-awakening if you will.

[Children Rebelling - lies told](#)

[Conscience](#)

[Cradle to Grave](#)

[Delusions & Illusions](#)

[Stupidity](#)

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Children Rebelling - lies told

Suppose our children are rebelling,
Because of the lies in the school's 'mouth'.
Columbus went north, in order to go south.
So he can discover a whole new world.
Considering he was kept on a well-defined track,
While making reference to his sailing map.

Somewhere deep down inside,
They know it is a God-damned lie.
Jesus was Black, never White.
It is in their DNA, ancient history will say.
They will eventually learn what is right.

The NASA Orion project is ready for lift-off.
But there is a major problem.
Human beings cannot traverse the Van Allen Belts.
That amount of radiation could kill them.
Apparently NASA technology is regressing with time.
Cause America landed on the moon in sixty-nine!

There is a reason they hate going to church.
It was in Portugal the Catholic church gave permission,
To begin the enslavement of Afrikans.
Proceeding with the cross in one hand, gun in the other,
Raping and plundering, on their Christian missions.

The children are told, their ancestors were brought as slaves.
Hiding from them the truth, their ancestors were enslaved.
Everybody else could save their children, when in danger.
Afrika has turned out to be a perfect stranger.

Conscience

What is conscience,
If when displayed,
Imprisons our spirit,
Keeping us enslaved.

Unlike truth, and love,
Similar attributes logical.
Conscious is somewhat different,
With added things emotional.

Conscience, lord of the mansion,
For decisions to be made.
Guiding our behavior,
Which can easily be swayed.
As the conscience twists,
Cavorts, and sometimes blue
Conscience, lady of the mansion too.

Narcissists psychopaths sociopaths,
Assorted antisocial-personality-disordered
Individuals, have something embedded.
In common but not by coincidence,
These zombies stalking the paths,
They have no conscience.

A government with a conscience,
Truly a gem.
The socio-psychopaths that plundered,
We rid ourselves of them.
Their management style
Places the horse after the cart.
Working hard to convince us,
They are socio-psychopaths with a heart.

A bigger oxymoron one will never find.
A socio-psychopath with a conscience,
One that is kind, and caring with generosity,
Seeking empathic situations, for humanity.

These people are pathological liars.
Displaying glibness and superficial charm.
Whenever people cross their mind,
It involves harm. Sycophants
With obsequious actions, looking
For other sycophants, to serve them.

People without conscience,
Versed in plausible deniability,
Trampling other people's rights,
With practised impunity.

A lack of conscience,
With servile impunity,
How much more worse,
Can a given situation be?

Chances are, you may
Be quite surprised,
When to the occasion,
These characters rise.

They lie. They steal,
Without caring a thing.
With callous disregard,
For other peoples' feelings.
With hardly any knowledge,
Yet with total confidence,
These people, with their con science.

Cradle to Grave

Isn't it amazing how life is formed?
Whence from a womb a baby is borne.
A sperm and an egg nestling in the dark.
Live evidence of God making Her/His mark.

Isn't wonderful how butterflies do flutter.
The beauty of the wings, and the toddlers they stutter.
When angels visit, they croon in the light.
While most of us snore throughout the night.

I think it's amazing and truly a 'cutie'.
When we sit and examine all of life's beauty.
For the day will come, when the veil is lifted.
And you'll realize how much, children are gifted.

Isn't it a shame what we take for granted?
God's greatest creation, yet we can't stand it.
The body S/He gave and left in our care.
The ill-treatment we give throughout the year.

Now that the years are gone, and adulthood stepped in.
We intend to spend most of our time wondering,
What will we do for our children to see?
What will they call our legacy?

Isn't fascinating how life passes us by.
Now we are wishing to once more be a child.
But the earth is calling, and don't know if you are 'saved'.
That's our life's journey, from the cradle, to the grave.

Delusions and Illusions

I t's delusions and illusions, different altered states.

Mind control, gun control, a surveillance state.

Eyes that stare, with never a blink.

No welcome eyes, no lover's wink.

Into your minds, ending in your wallets.

Kept in line, with all kinds of bullets.

Blasted with television, bordering on lunacy.

Beaten to death with gunboat diplomacy.

It's all around you, no place to hide.

Not by chance, but design, someone decided.

You, the puppet, living on their string.

They decide what when where why and how, you think.

Tugging at the lady's coat, she's blinded by the light,

Stretching to tip her scale, that's part of the fight.

Feeling empty-handed, you turn, and begin to cuss.

No freedom, no democracy, no justice, just us.

Your back's against the wall, what will you do?

Forces advancing, they will devour you.

The time is short, the fuse is lit.

How long will you put up, with all this **it?

The forces are on you, they are about to strike.

Split-decision thinking, you summon your might.

If this is how it has to be, not making it home.

Take the whole posse with you, don't go alone.

Stupidity

Stupidity - Lacking intelligence or common sense – Google

This may be the root-cause, for so much utter nonsense.

Stupidity and ignorance, man I don't even bother.

Because in reality, one can masquerade as the other.

If stupidity was painful, I would have been a billionaire,

Selling pain-killers, when imbecility overrides one's fears.

Basically, there are three levels of stupid.

There is baby-stupid, adult-stupid, and

“What the hell wrong with you?” - GMcDL

It's like Santa visiting a 'lady's house'

With “Ho Ho Ho” - GMcDL

Our greatness is striving for flotation.

We need to stop being the arbiter,

Doing so without fail,

Suppressing blissfulness in wisdom,

Allowing lunacy to prevail.

We glorify wars and guns, in rotation

With destruction and bombs, bombing

Other people's countries by the tons.

If this is not asininity,

Please, tell me, what is?

We call people stupid.

Yet, we put some of them in government.

Yep! That's what happened the last time.

Really, which one of us is inane,

Which one is out of mind?



The Lighter Side

The Lighter Side consists of stories with an unusual twist. They will make you chuckle, laugh, or smile. More importantly however, they encourage you look at things a bit different. What if what we see is not what is?

[First Time Love](#)

[King Of The Jungle](#)

[Marriage – power of words](#)

[That, Is Not My Wife!](#)

[The Lighter Side Of Asking](#)

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First Time Love

Looking back on your first 'love',
Some will have to take timeout.

This can be quite a trip
Going back that far, 'teenager',
Takes some planning, and
You may not have prepared for it.

To some of the things,
You may not be receptive.
I can only share with you,
From a guy's perspective.

“Heaven, must be missing an angel” - Tavares
That's the song you sing,
While preparing your day,
For your “Pretty young thing” - MJ
Her heart you intend taking away.

You plan your moves.
You're suave, will be heard.
But when she walks up to you,
Not a damn word.

You 'walk' together in silence,
For quite a while.
You look at each other,
With your nervous smiles.

Trying as hard as you may,
To remember your lyrics,
From earlier in the day,
Nothing at all comes to hand,
At least nothing you understand.

Nothing happens,
In this awkward zone.
In a short while from now,
She has to go home.

Jumping ahead to the point,
When the silence is broken.
You converse, decide to flirt,
And before she knows it,
You're pulling at her skirt.

“What the hell wrong with you?
This is our very first date.”
“Suppose I don't see you again.
Why must I wait?”

I have left the space for you.
You can write it in your mind.
What you think may have happened,
Although the very first time.

Girls see chest, boys see breast.
Even under compromise,
When everybody talks bust,
One wonders, at first sight
Is it love. Or is it lust?

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King Of The Jungle

One morning at eight, after getting up late,
Lion decided to stroll through the town,
To see how things are with the other animals,
Find out if 'someone else', wanted his crown.

Aye, monkey, who is the king of the jungle?
You Mr Lion.

Yow, jackass, who is the king of the jungle?
You bro!

Lion checked all 'who' he met, and had the voice to say,
Until he came to the elephant, who was having a rough day.
Psst elephant, who is the king of the jungle?

Lion could not have chosen a worst of time.
The enraged elephant turned, scowled at the lion,
“He has to be out of his flipping mind”
He grabbed the lion in a choke-hold, around his neck
Started beating him about, like a little speck.

Elephant beat the lion on the ground,
Against a wall, between the trees,
Beat the living daylights out the lion,
Until the lion got giddy.

When elephant released the lion
Lion said to him drunkly,

I just wanted you to answer the question,
To see if you really know.
All the other animals say I am the king of the jungle.
If you didn't know, you could have simply said so.

Marriage - power of words

Big argument, deep south,
Will crack you up.

When you hear,
What they arguing about,

Newly-weds mulling,
Their use of words,
Adjectives and nouns
Adverbs and verbs.

Radha said she rather rather.
Peter said he prefer prefer.
Constructing their contract,
They really got together,
Now Radha prefer to use rather,
And Peter rather using prefer.

She said dowered.
He heard dowry.
And that is the contract,
To which he agreed.

Can you imagine two lawyers in 'flight',
Highlighting their marriage, wrong or right?

Peter wedded his wife.
This is true.
Said he will die for her,
When he said 'I do!'.
One day he met her,
Sad and blue,
Because they had a 'fight',
And he didn't follow through.

Ball, and chain
Separately,
Each means its own thing.
Immediately,
When they are joined,
They take on new meaning.

Radha complained
About Peter's passivity.
Peter highlighted
Rather's eccentricity.
If only they had listened,
In their early relationship,
When friends were telling them,
They are passively eccentric.

Before being married,
They discussed divorce.
All the items spelling trouble,
How they will be handled.

In the contract,
They both felt assured,
What can't be easily handled,
Will be covered under force majeure.

People ought to think seriously,
How they grow their relationships,
Keeping it straight with no nonsense.
Because marriage is the only word,
That can turn into a sentence.

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That, Is Not My Wife!

Something I heard a very long time ago
This is good reason not to be a 'macco'

A taxi-driver said to buddy, case in point
“I observe your wife has been hanging out
At a very nefarious joint”

They sat and planned
How to handle the situation
The buddy said, “Anyway, I needed to take
A day off from my demanding work-station”

Jumped in the taxi the very next day
Drove a couple miles down to the 'Hide-away'
The driver went in for an appreciation
To update his buddy on the situation

The driver returned with a woman on his shoulder
Buddy blurted out, shaking as though with fever
“That is not my wife. Man you'll put us in trouble”
The upset driver said ”Relax. I have just cause.
This is my wife. I'm going back for 'yours'”

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The Lighter Side Of Requesting

A Black man with challenges of complexion,
Decided to check his genie, for an intervention.
In less than two rings, he had his genie's attention.
Genie said "Quickly, there's another requester
On my other extension".

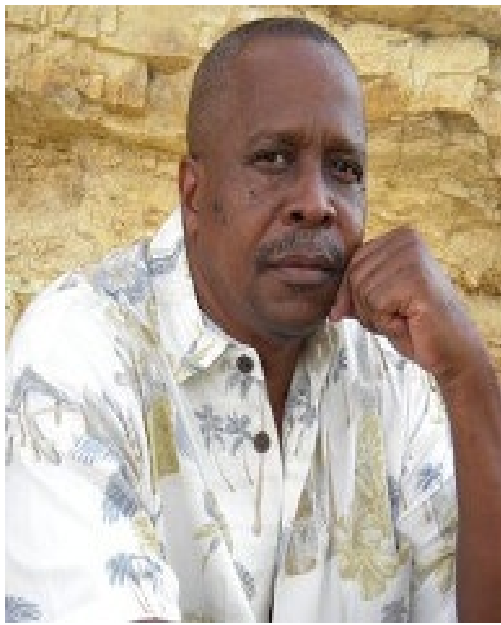
Black man - I want to be tall, slender, and white
Genie - "That's the reason for your call, tonight?"
"No problem. I know where you are coming from".
Quarter puff of smoke later, Black man became a tampon.

The White requester on the other extension,
Overheard the genie's half of the conversation.
Deciding he could capitalize on the situation,
Said to the genie "Forget my first request.
I will go for another intervention".

Genie - "No problem. What do have in mind?"
White guy - "It is easy. You will do it in no time."
"I've always envied the 'fitness' of the Afrikan
Work your magic. Have me 'hung' as a Black man!"

"When you hangup the call, your wish will come through.
There will be guys at the door, waiting to see you."
When the call was ended, White guy became a Black man.
The guys at the door, were members of the Klu Klux Klan.
Always be specific in your requesting.
You have no idea, what the other person is thinking.

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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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