

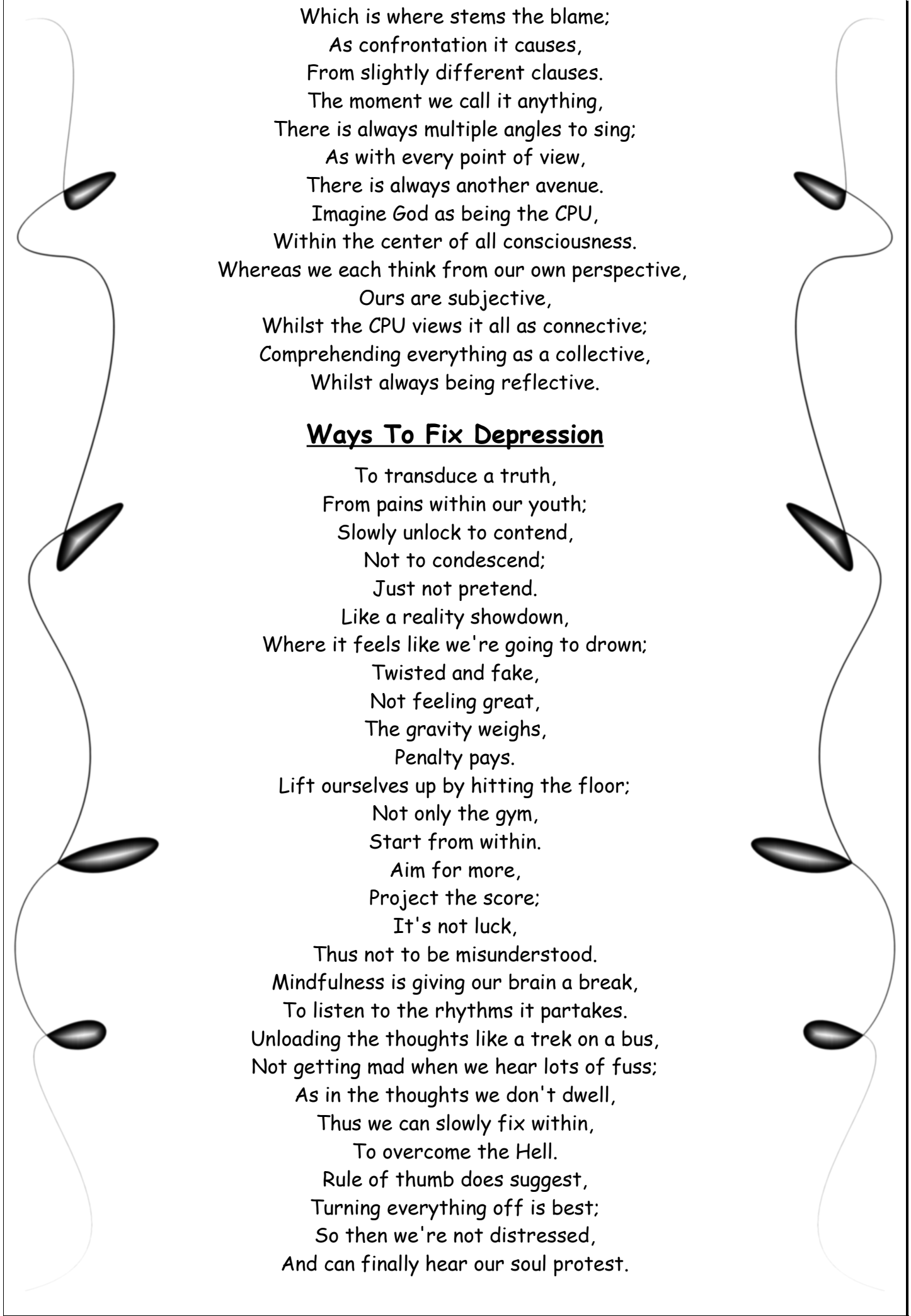


Transducer

To take everything that is wrong,
Then turn it upside down;
To make a clever song,
That helps us see what is going on.
To reverse what was,
To see a clause,
Find the pause;
Hope it implodes.
So lets start with a sound,
With something profound,
To show what we've found.
Faith is the opposite of fear,
Not some religious veneer.
Hate is the opposite of love;
Like a change of reflection,
A different direction.
Peace is the opposite of anger;
Release the tensions,
To find the answer.
Always two sides to every coin;
Flip it around to make it boing.
Every energy can be reversed;
As long as the emotions are not pursed.

Singularity Processor

People call it many names,



Which is where stems the blame;
As confrontation it causes,
From slightly different clauses.
The moment we call it anything,
There is always multiple angles to sing;
As with every point of view,
There is always another avenue.
Imagine God as being the CPU,
Within the center of all consciousness.
Whereas we each think from our own perspective,
Ours are subjective,
Whilst the CPU views it all as connective;
Comprehending everything as a collective,
Whilst always being reflective.

Ways To Fix Depression

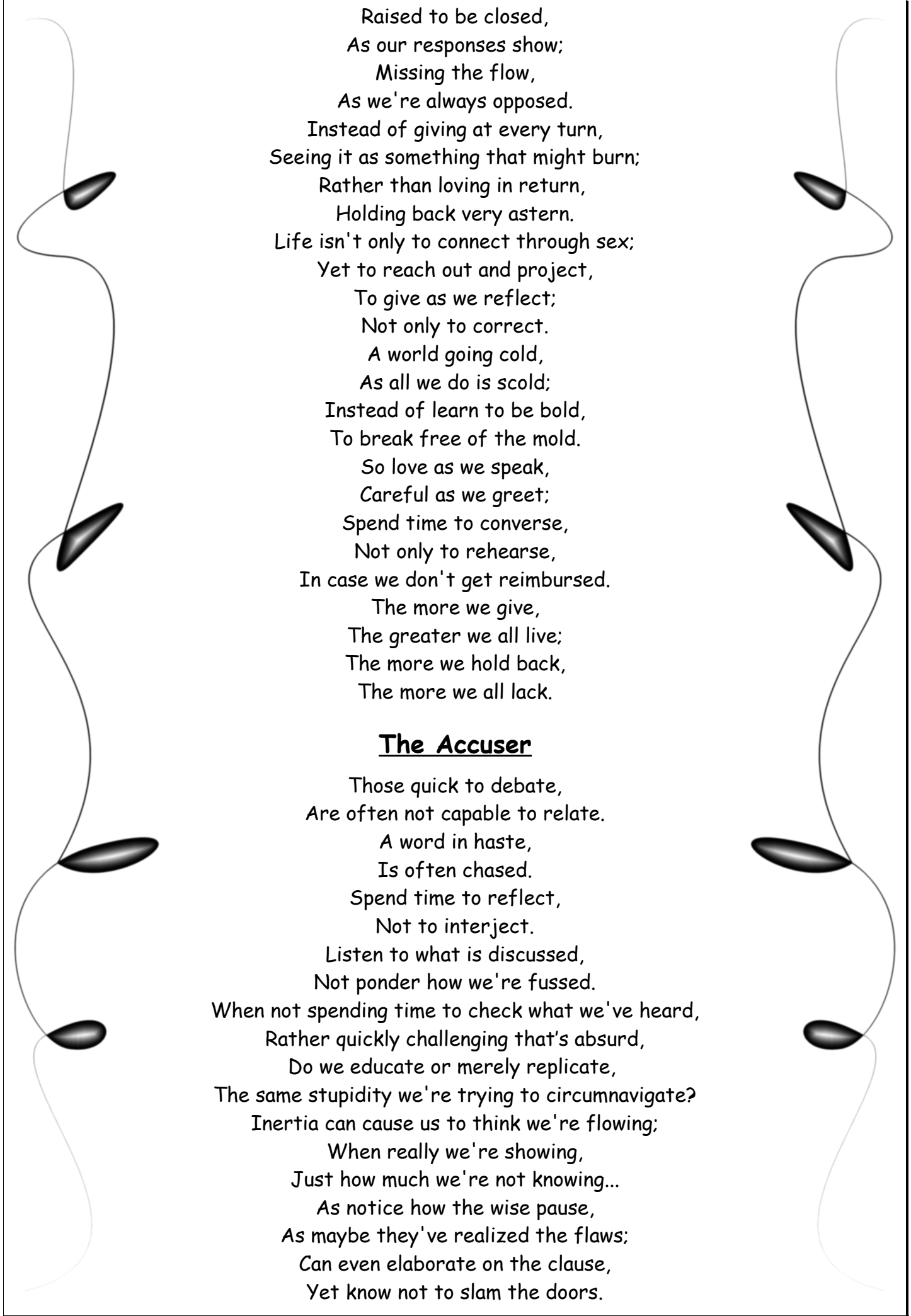
To transduce a truth,
From pains within our youth;
Slowly unlock to contend,
Not to condescend;
Just not pretend.
Like a reality showdown,
Where it feels like we're going to drown;
Twisted and fake,
Not feeling great,
The gravity weighs,
Penalty pays.
Lift ourselves up by hitting the floor;
Not only the gym,
Start from within.
Aim for more,
Project the score;
It's not luck,
Thus not to be misunderstood.
Mindfulness is giving our brain a break,
To listen to the rhythms it partakes.
Unloading the thoughts like a trek on a bus,
Not getting mad when we hear lots of fuss;
As in the thoughts we don't dwell,
Thus we can slowly fix within,
To overcome the Hell.
Rule of thumb does suggest,
Turning everything off is best;
So then we're not distressed,
And can finally hear our soul protest.

Unconditional Love

A world of neglect and uncertainty;
So let's reflect to find assurity.
Unconditional love is what is required;
Yet not only because we're inspired.
It's easy to positively reflect,
We call it love;
Yet to full heartedly reflect with all,
Is a gift from above.
Half heartedly we think we'll get by;
Whilst all we do is make others sigh,
Or even cry.
A world failing in self denial,
As we're taught to think we've got style;
Yet we won't go that extra mile.
Some do for maybe a while,
Then hope it counts like some form of guile;
Not realizing we're all here on trial,
Testing if we are really worthwhile.
Heaven doesn't want half hearted attempts;
When there are farmers who care,
Who really do belong there.
There are wise shepherds who share,
With dynamic artistic flair;
Who intercess our prayer,
As they've chosen to be aware.
So in this world full of confoundaries,
With many quandaries;
Don't just put up boundaries,
As all we do is make enemies,
By treating people as second class entities;
Instead of as royal equities,
Each with special melodies.
It costs nothing to give and inspire;
More to live and always conspire.
So seek to inquire,
Reach for something higher;
Live to get out of the quagmire,
By giving love like we're a town crier,
Sharing like we're on fire,
As unconditional love is something to admire.

Intimacy

Some of us are missing intimacy;
Where it goes back to our infancy.



Raised to be closed,
As our responses show;
Missing the flow,
As we're always opposed.
Instead of giving at every turn,
Seeing it as something that might burn;
Rather than loving in return,
Holding back very astern.
Life isn't only to connect through sex;
Yet to reach out and project,
To give as we reflect;
Not only to correct.
A world going cold,
As all we do is scold;
Instead of learn to be bold,
To break free of the mold.
So love as we speak,
Careful as we greet;
Spend time to converse,
Not only to rehearse,
In case we don't get reimbursed.
The more we give,
The greater we all live;
The more we hold back,
The more we all lack.

The Accuser

Those quick to debate,
Are often not capable to relate.
A word in haste,
Is often chased.
Spend time to reflect,
Not to interject.
Listen to what is discussed,
Not ponder how we're fussed.
When not spending time to check what we've heard,
Rather quickly challenging that's absurd,
Do we educate or merely replicate,
The same stupidity we're trying to circumnavigate?
Inertia can cause us to think we're flowing;
When really we're showing,
Just how much we're not knowing...
As notice how the wise pause,
As maybe they've realized the flaws;
Can even elaborate on the clause,
Yet know not to slam the doors.

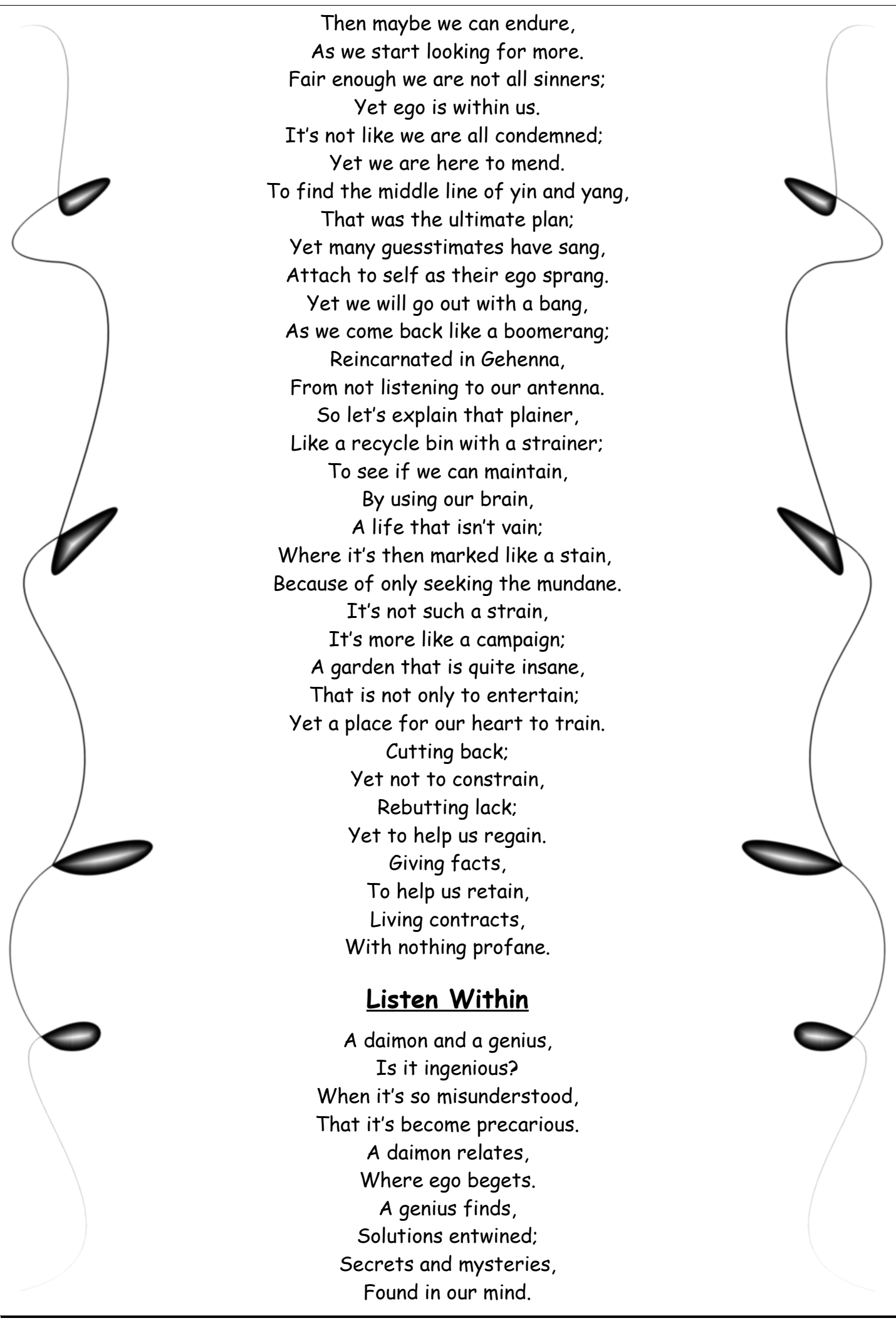
Doing Time

If earth was a prison,
How could we tell;
If we were fallen from Heaven and closer to Hell?
Take a look around,
Listen to every sound,
Look at what abounds,
It's not profound;
It's not a playground,
When suffering is renowned.
As children we did glisten;
Yet did we truly listen;
Full of derision,
Whilst finding division.
Fighting supervision,
Inciting collision;
Questioning indecision,
Whilst comprehending the revisions.
Whilst they give us cake,
We think it's all great;
Yet many turn into fakes,
Due to making that mistake.
Where as many heartbreaks,
Cause some to awake;
Choosing not to intake,
No longer to partake,
In that which makes us ache.
People who deem them self saints,
Are often full of complaints;
Many who say they're a star,
Often don't see the scars.
Released on good behavior,
Do we really need a savior;
Or to control our misbehavior?
The idea isn't to live in sin,
Or even to turn to the gin;
Yet how can we begin,
If we don't see we're here in the bin?
Everywhere is full of violence,
Pretending we have silence;
Leads to such pretense,
As an internal defense.
Instead of seeking guidance,
For our soul's sentence;
By truly finding repentance,
Turning to temperance,

No longer under endurance,
By recognizing the hindrance.

Earth's Dynamics

Here is a place between Heaven and Hell,
Sick of people telling me it's swell;
A realm of souls that get along fine,
Because they deem the iniquities divine.
A place between light and dark,
Where many have assumed it only a park;
"A garden enclosed",
Is to define paradise;
With mistranslations,
Many think that means nice.
Yet when here is between good and evil,
Clearly we are not regal;
Most are illegal,
Not like a sacred eagle,
Without any contemplation's of legal.
So between life and death,
Where a soul stems from breath;
Here is a test,
Seeing what we ingest.
If obsessed with breasts,
And how we are dressed;
Alcohol makes us possessed,
Many toils are transgressed,
As the Heavens are not impressed.
Yet let's deem ourselves saints;
When we all see complaints;
Because we only want to see ourselves as quaint,
Without any restraints.
Which is why we must repaint,
And help us reacquaint,
With what the text stated,
And how it is interrelated.
Commonly integrated,
In many cultures celebrated;
Yet often neglected,
To make it congregated.
So how can we become pure,
In a world so impure,
By recognizing for sure,
Who we all are at the core.
If we question all that we saw,
Look at what is secure;



Then maybe we can endure,
As we start looking for more.
Fair enough we are not all sinners;
Yet ego is within us.
It's not like we are all condemned;
Yet we are here to mend.
To find the middle line of yin and yang,
That was the ultimate plan;
Yet many guesstimates have sang,
Attach to self as their ego sprang.
Yet we will go out with a bang,
As we come back like a boomerang;
Reincarnated in Gehenna,
From not listening to our antenna.
So let's explain that plainer,
Like a recycle bin with a strainer;
To see if we can maintain,
By using our brain,
A life that isn't vain;
Where it's then marked like a stain,
Because of only seeking the mundane.
It's not such a strain,
It's more like a campaign;
A garden that is quite insane,
That is not only to entertain;
Yet a place for our heart to train.
Cutting back;
Yet not to constrain,
Rebutting lack;
Yet to help us regain.
Giving facts,
To help us retain,
Living contracts,
With nothing profane.

Listen Within

A daimon and a genius,
Is it ingenious?
When it's so misunderstood,
That it's become precarious.
A daimon relates,
Where ego begets.
A genius finds,
Solutions entwined;
Secrets and mysteries,
Found in our mind.

Daimons have got us in a bind,
We've forgotten how they were assigned.

List a few to remind,
How easy they are maligned.

Satan means an accuser,
Not some Hell sent abuser.

Devil means a slanderer,
Not some unholy commander.

Their minions related,
Partially integrated,
Yet not so well designated:

Intimidator,

Interrogator,

Aloof and Poor me;

All relating for profit we see.

Yet let's add some more,

That do abhor:

A debater,

A mocker,

A scoffer,

And clown;

All take our heart,

And smash it on the ground.

There is maybe more we've missed,

So please write a list,

And will add it to this.

So on to bliss,

Explaining contrast;

Holding to light that will last.

A genius wasn't a person,

Yet the spirit sent to guide;

That leads from the inside,

To help us decide.

Yet with fear and contracts,

Holding people back;

Often they see this as a lack,

And the other as their tract.

Thus listing genii could also be applied;

Hopefully leading to what is implied.

So when people lied,

Notice we heard the slide;

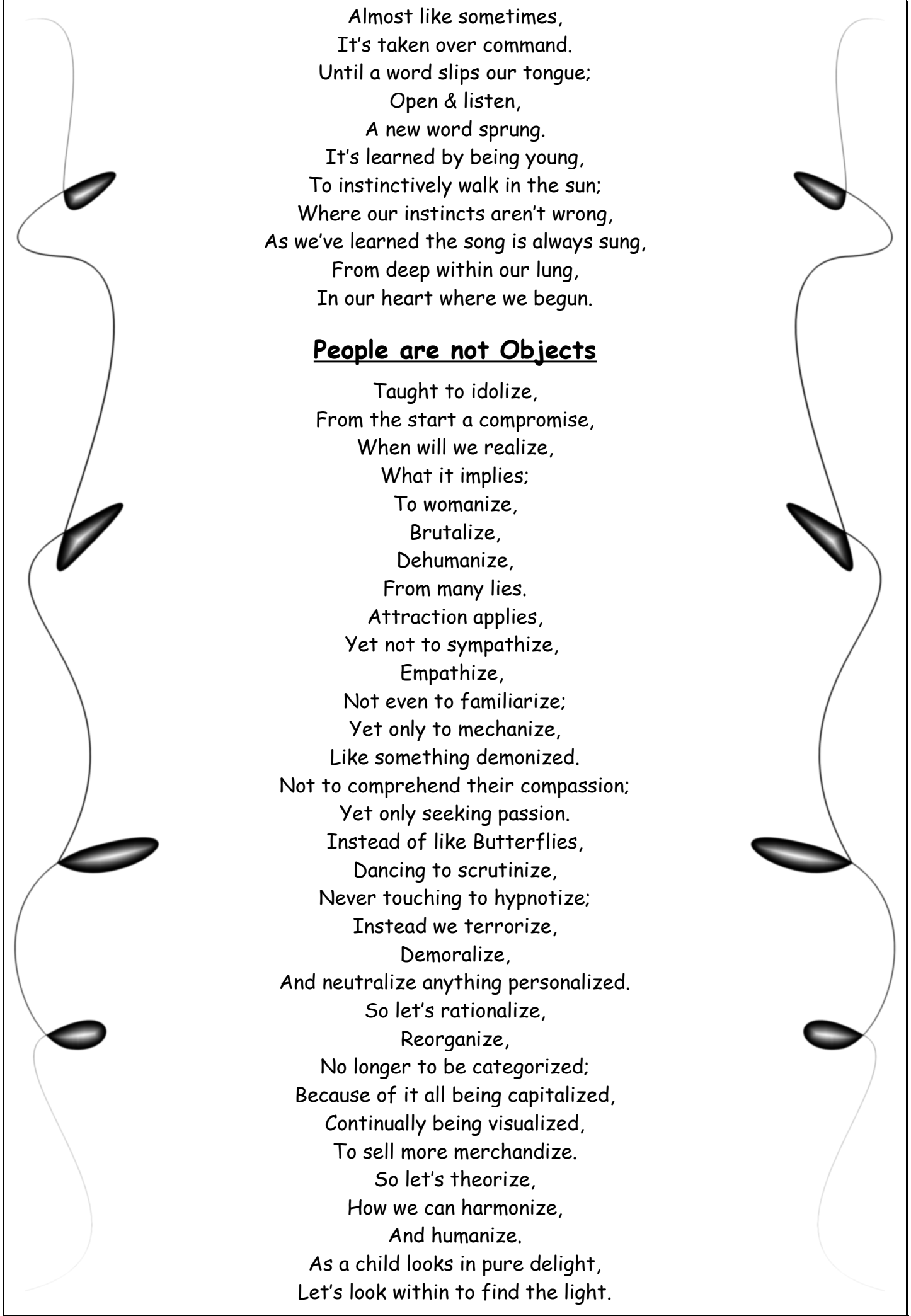
After we were told it all was snide.

A problem and solution,

Whilst sleeping expands;

That unless in meditation,

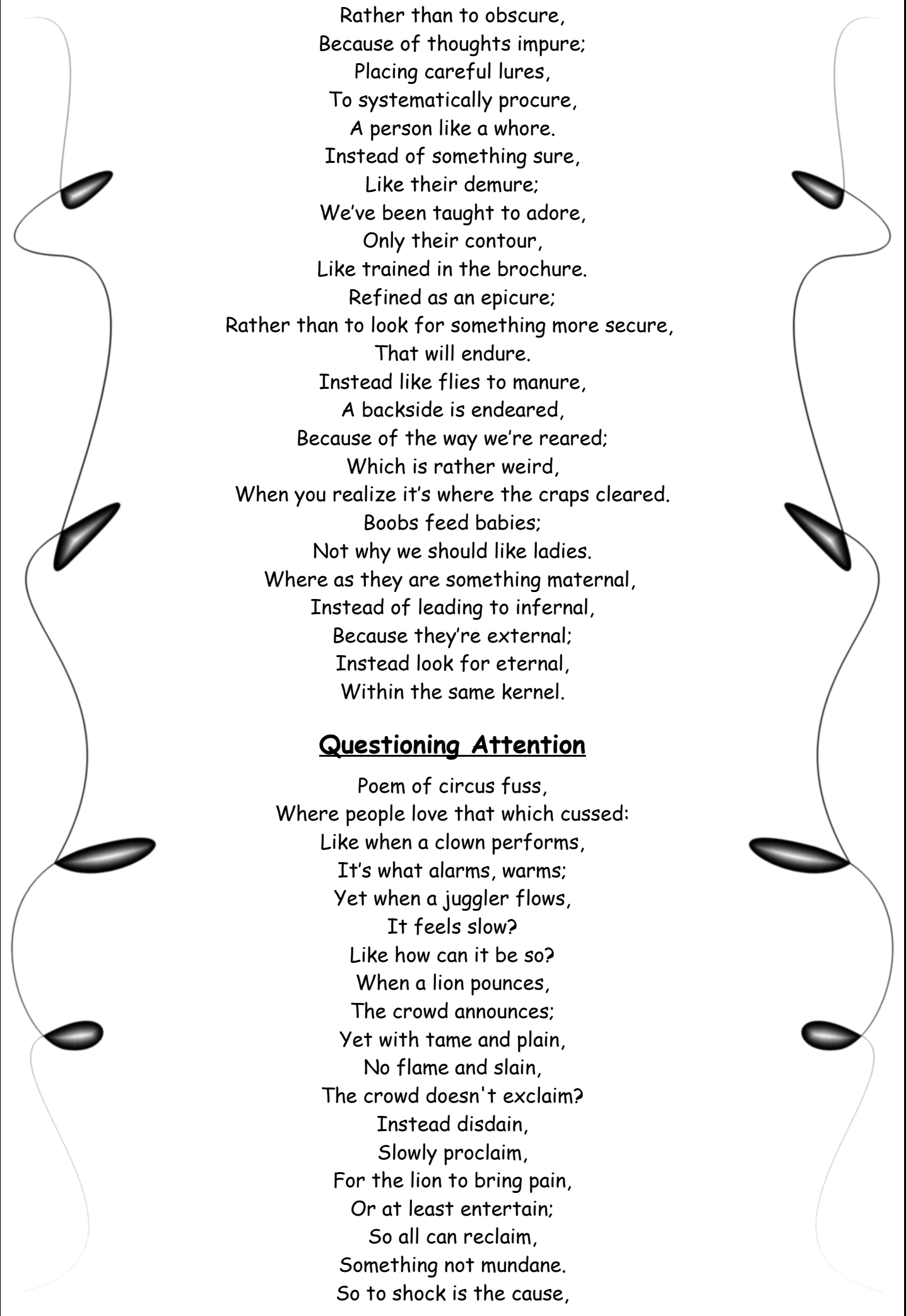
Ego withstands,



Almost like sometimes,
It's taken over command.
Until a word slips our tongue;
Open & listen,
A new word sprung.
It's learned by being young,
To instinctively walk in the sun;
Where our instincts aren't wrong,
As we've learned the song is always sung,
From deep within our lung,
In our heart where we begun.

People are not Objects



Taught to idolize,
From the start a compromise,
When will we realize,
What it implies;
To womanize,
Brutalize,
Dehumanize,
From many lies.
Attraction applies,
Yet not to sympathize,
Empathize,
Not even to familiarize;
Yet only to mechanize,
Like something demonized.
Not to comprehend their compassion;
Yet only seeking passion.
Instead of like Butterflies,
Dancing to scrutinize,
Never touching to hypnotize;
Instead we terrorize,
Demoralize,
And neutralize anything personalized.
So let's rationalize,
Reorganize,
No longer to be categorized;
Because of it all being capitalized,
Continually being visualized,
To sell more merchandize.
So let's theorize,
How we can harmonize,
And humanize.
As a child looks in pure delight,
Let's look within to find the light.



Rather than to obscure,
Because of thoughts impure;
Placing careful lures,
To systematically procure,
A person like a whore.
Instead of something sure,
Like their demure;
We've been taught to adore,
Only their contour,
Like trained in the brochure.
Refined as an epicure;
Rather than to look for something more secure,
That will endure.
Instead like flies to manure,
A backside is endeared,
Because of the way we're reared;
Which is rather weird,
When you realize it's where the craps cleared.
Boobs feed babies;
Not why we should like ladies.
Where as they are something maternal,
Instead of leading to infernal,
Because they're external;
Instead look for eternal,
Within the same kernel.

Questioning Attention

Poem of circus fuss,
Where people love that which cussed:
Like when a clown performs,
It's what alarms, warms;
Yet when a juggler flows,
It feels slow?
Like how can it be so?
When a lion pounces,
The crowd announces;
Yet with tame and plain,
No flame and slain,
The crowd doesn't exclaim?
Instead disdain,
Slowly proclaim,
For the lion to bring pain,
Or at least entertain;
So all can reclaim,
Something not mundane.
So to shock is the cause,



Yet why the knock or the pause,
Perhaps a mental block;
Where we can't undo the lock?
Recognizing the skill,
Instead of want the kill.
Learning not to applaud,
Because it breaks the clause;
But rather it implores,
To do something more.

Sheeple & Kids

Round and round in circles,
Like sheep and goats,
How much they bleat,
How much they gloat;
Because they've eloped.
So let's take a look under a microscope;
Perhaps to cope,
Presenting the scope,
Giving a beat that'll perhaps lead to hope.
Whilst one interjects,
The other collects.
Like sheeple as people,
Kids that fib;
One over regal,
The other forbids.
Like yet and but,
The mouth and the foot;
Allot overlooked,
Or even mistook.
Two sisters are named,
Two books are tamed;
A mysterious flame,
Removing all the blame,
Where many have caused shame.
As instead of teach we live in Hell,
They tell us we are here to sell;
So once there is the final bell,
Most of us thought we were here to dwell.
Realize here is a prison to learn,
Not a place for angels to yearn,
Or earn.
It's easy to discern,
That the date hasn't been adjourned.
The wheat and chaff have already been churned,
Which many have already spurned;

Yet really it's our concern,
When getting sunburned,
As it is only the field left to burn.

Mourning for Whom

If we cry because you're gone,
Is that sigh our own song,
Or is it because you're no longer going on?
So let us not cry for we,
Or what could be;
Yet instead find release,
Within our peace.
To live a fresh,
From what was our best;
Rather than to have a heavy heart,
Within our chest.
So every time we contemplate,
Help us remember,
That it's all just fate;
That everything happened in sync,
Where nothing is really as we think.
So many subtle hints,
That if we blink,
Sometimes we miss how they interlink.
Instead of heavy chains that chink,
Due to perception's seeing a kink.
Stop that feeling of being at the brink,
Hiding in the drink;
Pain making us shrink,
Instead of seeing that destiny winked.

Clay Pots

Soft clay to start,
With a pure heart;
Yet then the old,
Mold and scold,
From what they've been told.
Creating an ego like hell,
Where we become like a shell;
Empty inside,
Where our soul tries to hide.
As our ways then set,
Many try to forget,
That once we were pure;
Until we had to endure,

Being told we were immature;
Instead of first becoming secure,
In constantly seeking something more.
Innocence and bliss,
Are not found in the abyss;
So how can we miss,
It all for a kiss.
Use common sense,
It's just a defense;
Finding another's soul,
As we don't feel whole.
Instead of giving in completeness,
We see it as a weakness;
Not having a sweetness,
Must be an incompleteness.
Yet this then binds,
As souls entwined;
Never to find,
That which wasn't assigned.
So constant craving,
Thinking we are saving;
When really we are bathing,
Inside our own scathing.
Not that it all has to go wrong,
Yet look at the song;
Seeking light from broken pots,
Is how we can rot,
And it happens allot.
Like a teapot,
That constantly needs filling;
Whilst the liquid is spilling.
A continual billing,
Compromises unwilling;
The light slowly chilling,
As we no longer find it fulfilling.
Looking for safety in others,
When we are only lovers;
Whereas light comes from above us,
Instead of from one another's.
It may feel warm,
As we slowly conform;
Yet that wasn't why we were born.
Instead inside this container,
Here as a trainer;
Unconditional entertainer,
Couldn't be much plainer.

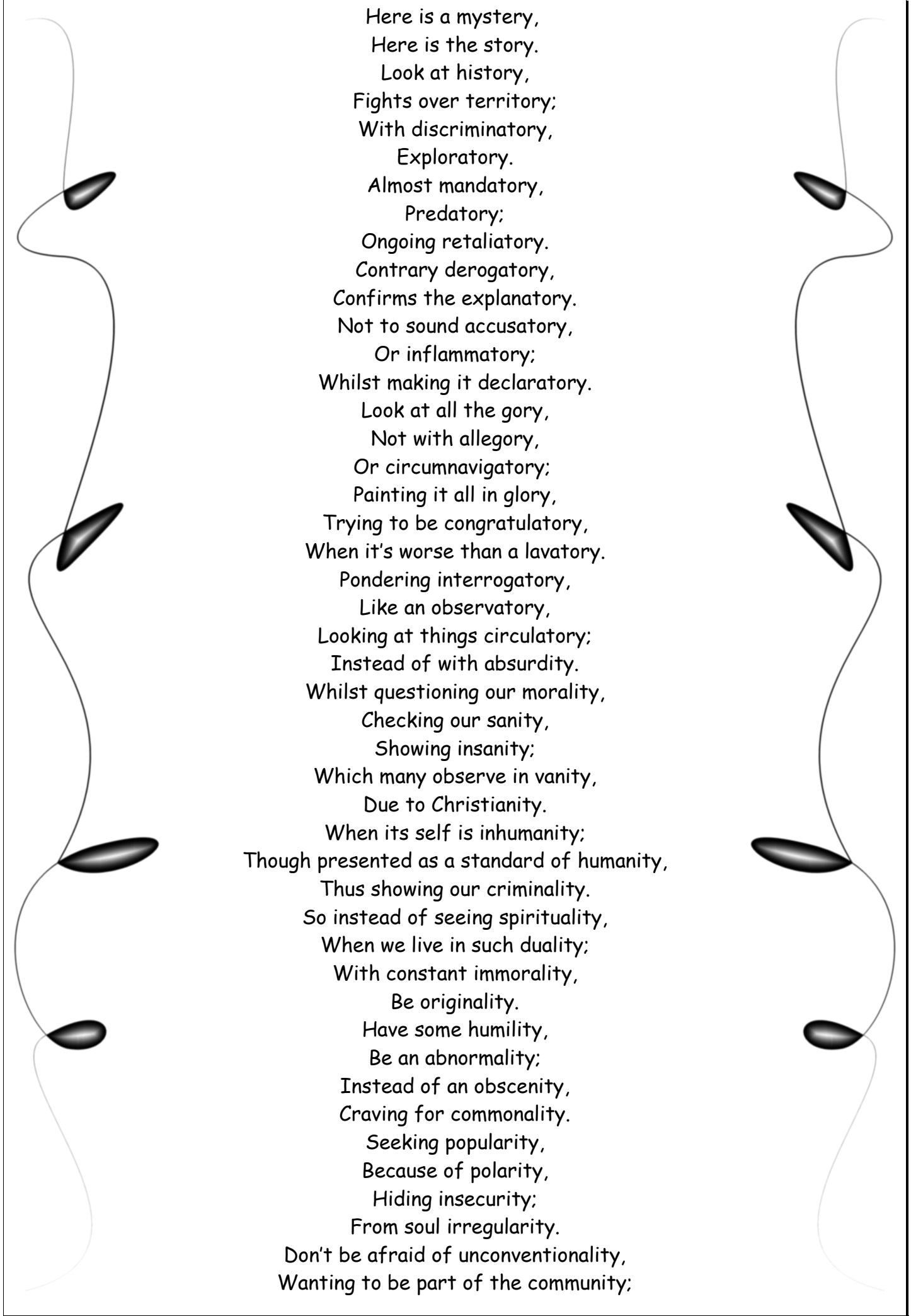


Soul's Rhyme of the Time



Looking for an alliance,
With many in defiance;
A book that took,
With many things overlooked.
Maybe to explain,
Because of the pain;
Here to ascertain,
That which remains.
With many detained,
Here being estranged;
Yet the message rearranged,
So many tell me they're ordained;
Which sounds quite strange,
When we ponder what is arranged.
Whilst some might say we're in Heaven,
Have a look at the moldy leaven;
Where everything rots,
Have we forgot?
We're here to grow,
Like a plant you know;
In compost we live,
That we might give;
Yet no fruit we find,
As most are in some form of bind.
It's faith that should sprout;
Yet religions took that word and spelled it out.
Changing it into doubt;
Rather than something devout.
Faith means to trust,
Not as discussed,
With some label to entrust;
So carefully readjust,
As much of that is lust.
Making it incomplete,
Where it's becoming obsolete;
Instead of being concrete,
Like a pro athlete.
A soul can glisten,
Hopefully to listen,
Where there is no division;
Oneness as a definition.

Ego is Sin, Let the Story Begin

Think we live in purgatory;



Here is a mystery,
Here is the story.
Look at history,
Fights over territory;
With discriminatory,
Exploratory.
Almost mandatory,
Predatory;
Ongoing retaliatory.
Contrary derogatory,
Confirms the explanatory.
Not to sound accusatory,
Or inflammatory;
Whilst making it declaratory.
Look at all the gory,
Not with allegory,
Or circumnavigatory;
Painting it all in glory,
Trying to be congratulatory,
When it's worse than a lavatory.
Pondering interrogatory,
Like an observatory,
Looking at things circulatory;
Instead of with absurdity.
Whilst questioning our morality,
Checking our sanity,
Showing insanity;
Which many observe in vanity,
Due to Christianity.
When its self is inhumanity;
Though presented as a standard of humanity,
Thus showing our criminality.
So instead of seeing spirituality,
When we live in such duality;
With constant immorality,
Be originality.
Have some humility,
Be an abnormality;
Instead of an obscenity,
Craving for commonality.
Seeking popularity,
Because of polarity,
Hiding insecurity;
From soul irregularity.
Don't be afraid of unconventionality,
Wanting to be part of the community;



Have some serenity,
Be intellectuality;
Rather than just a calamity,
Trying to fix our own personality.

Never Mirroring Negativity

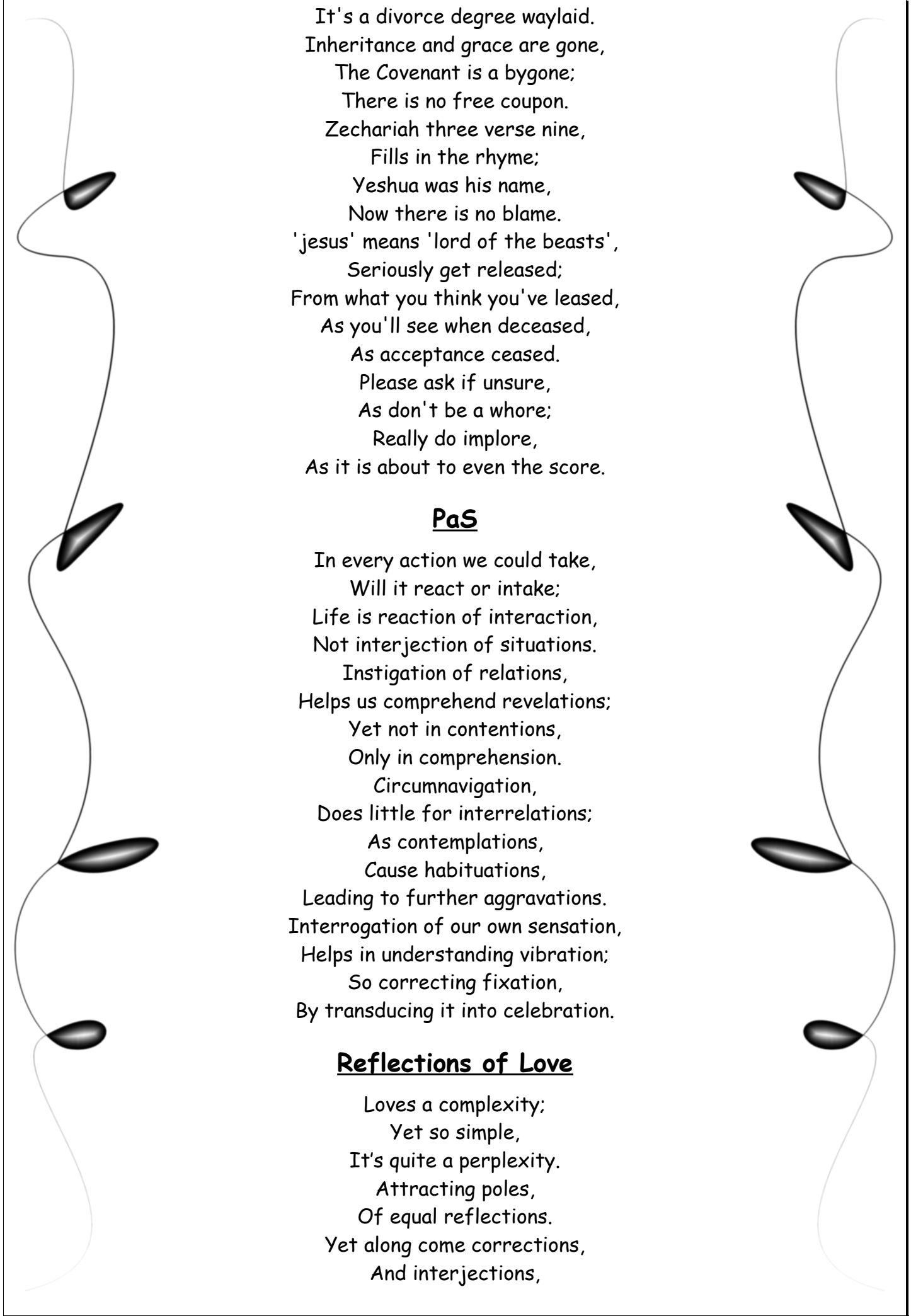
A lesson learned,
From being burned;
Reflecting with haters,
Stop and say, "see you later."
For fate relates,
Ongoing debates,
Increasing heartaches,
Never to handshake;
Instead relate.
Make our heart migrate,
From dominated,
To innovated;
Removing not tolerated,
Or underestimated.
No longer manipulated,
Where love created,
Something celebrated;
Rather than hated.

Givers Above, Share some Love

With many fakes,
Hesitation's made many mistakes;
Yet what is really the fate,
We create.
If a taker takes,
Does it make us partake?
Or should we aspire to circumnavigate,
Maybe change and relate,
Give instead,
With righteous dread.
Fear from loathing,
Creates many haters scathing;
Yet really reality is bathing,
In disharmony unavailing.
So to contemplate giving,
In all action we're living;
So together as one,
The world becomes one song.

One Song

Write a poem,
Spell it out;
Easy to understand,
Without a doubt.
A message,
A mystery,
With lots of history;
A clear picture,
With lots of scripture.
Now don't run away,
From that word;
Stay and learn it's not absurd.
Three frogs to explain,
Take away the pain;
Pharisees reign,
From their campaign.
John Nicodemus and Nicolaitans are one,
Sorry if you've got the wrong song;
Yet the vocabulary is all wrong.
Paul contradicts,
Every word conflicts;
In all aspects,
Doctrine infects.
Simon was a 'Stone',
How could he condone;
Thus why disowned.
'peter' is the same,
With a hidden name;
Yeshua was sure,
From what he saw,
Within the core.
Listen to the mystery written,
It's easy when partitioned,
Even with additions.
Simon preached,
Yet look what he taught,
Question his speech;
Heaven will never accept a leach,
Who tries to breach.
It's not good news,
Instead it should give us the blues;
As all we did was lose.
Zechariah eleven,
Explains the leaven;
For a sacrifice wasn't paid,



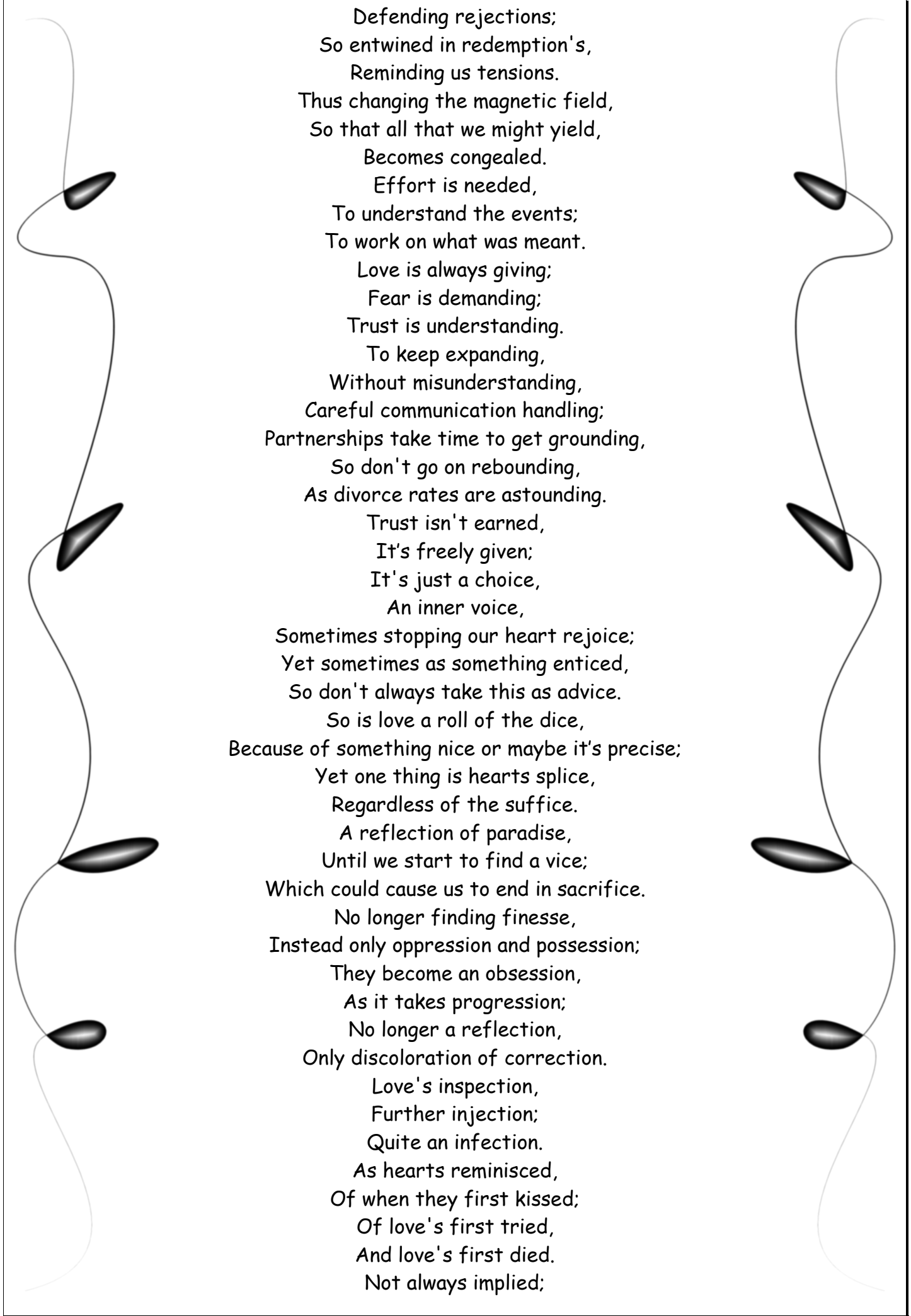
It's a divorce degree waylaid.
Inheritance and grace are gone,
The Covenant is a bygone;
There is no free coupon.
Zechariah three verse nine,
Fills in the rhyme;
Yeshua was his name,
Now there is no blame.
'jesus' means 'lord of the beasts',
Seriously get released;
From what you think you've leased,
As you'll see when deceased,
As acceptance ceased.
Please ask if unsure,
As don't be a whore;
Really do implore,
As it is about to even the score.

PaS

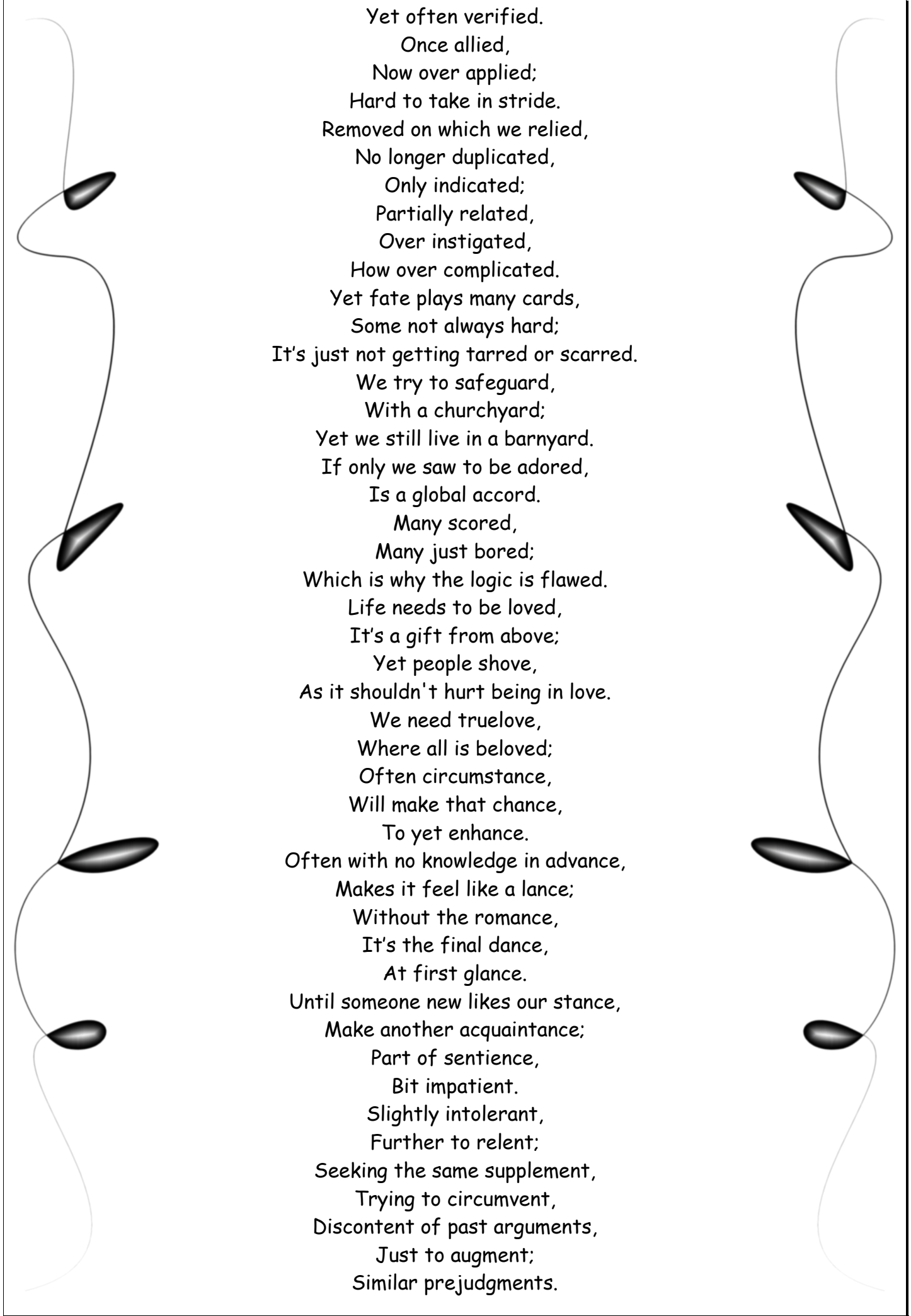
In every action we could take,
Will it react or intake;
Life is reaction of interaction,
Not interjection of situations.
Instigation of relations,
Helps us comprehend revelations;
Yet not in contentions,
Only in comprehension.
Circumnavigation,
Does little for interrelations;
As contemplations,
Cause habituations,
Leading to further aggravations.
Interrogation of our own sensation,
Helps in understanding vibration;
So correcting fixation,
By transducing it into celebration.

Reflections of Love

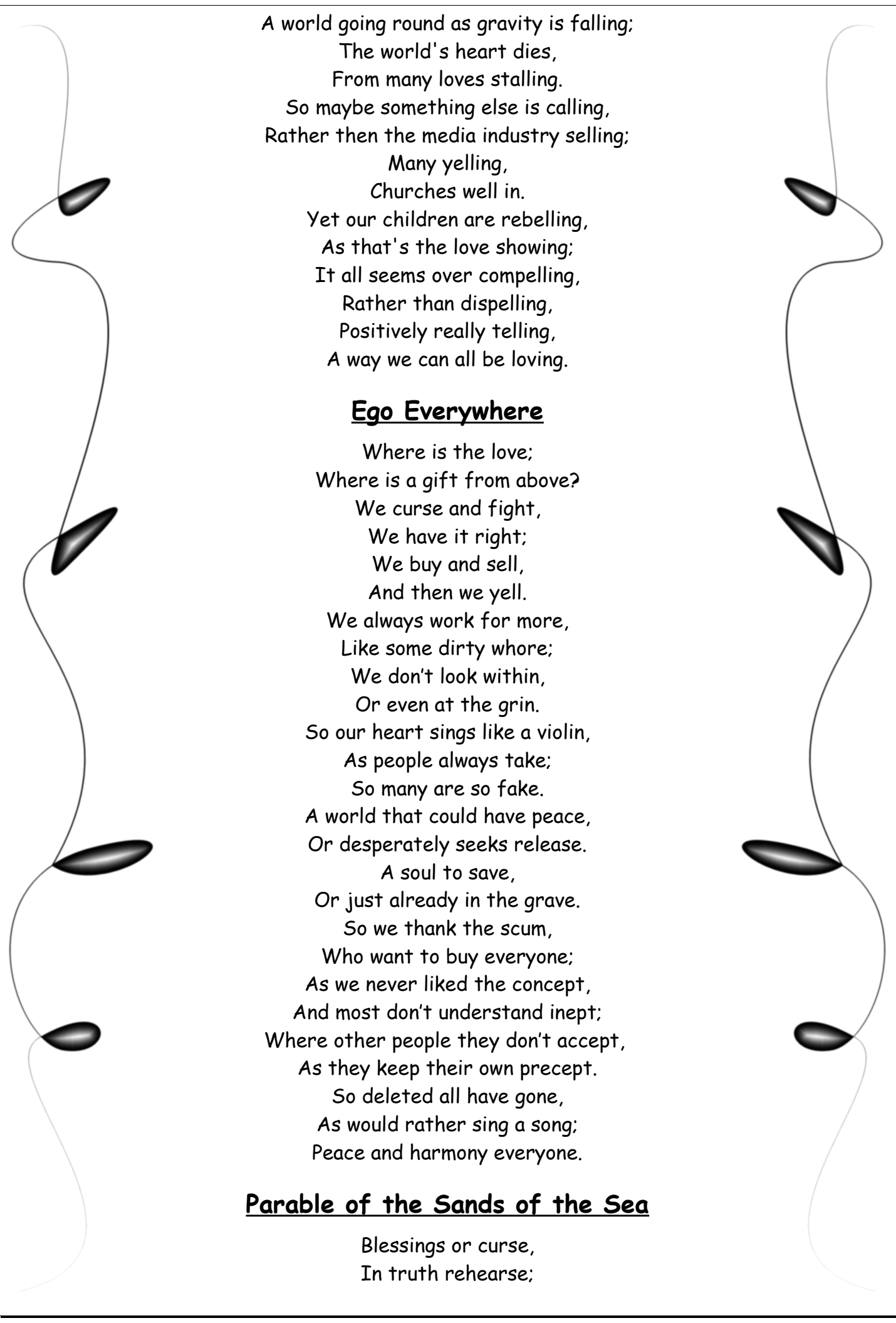
Loves a complexity;
Yet so simple,
It's quite a perplexity.
Attracting poles,
Of equal reflections.
Yet along come corrections,
And interjections,



Defending rejections;
So entwined in redemption's,
Reminding us tensions.
Thus changing the magnetic field,
So that all that we might yield,
Becomes congealed.
Effort is needed,
To understand the events;
To work on what was meant.
Love is always giving;
Fear is demanding;
Trust is understanding.
To keep expanding,
Without misunderstanding,
Careful communication handling;
Partnerships take time to get grounding,
So don't go on rebounding,
As divorce rates are astounding.
Trust isn't earned,
It's freely given;
It's just a choice,
An inner voice,
Sometimes stopping our heart rejoice;
Yet sometimes as something enticed,
So don't always take this as advice.
So is love a roll of the dice,
Because of something nice or maybe it's precise;
Yet one thing is hearts splice,
Regardless of the suffice.
A reflection of paradise,
Until we start to find a vice;
Which could cause us to end in sacrifice.
No longer finding finesse,
Instead only oppression and possession;
They become an obsession,
As it takes progression;
No longer a reflection,
Only discoloration of correction.
Love's inspection,
Further injection;
Quite an infection.
As hearts reminisced,
Of when they first kissed;
Of love's first tried,
And love's first died.
Not always implied;



Yet often verified.
Once allied,
Now over applied;
Hard to take in stride.
Removed on which we relied,
No longer duplicated,
Only indicated;
Partially related,
Over instigated,
How over complicated.
Yet fate plays many cards,
Some not always hard;
It's just not getting tarred or scarred.
We try to safeguard,
With a churchyard;
Yet we still live in a barnyard.
If only we saw to be adored,
Is a global accord.
Many scored,
Many just bored;
Which is why the logic is flawed.
Life needs to be loved,
It's a gift from above;
Yet people shove,
As it shouldn't hurt being in love.
We need true love,
Where all is beloved;
Often circumstance,
Will make that chance,
To yet enhance.
Often with no knowledge in advance,
Makes it feel like a lance;
Without the romance,
It's the final dance,
At first glance.
Until someone new likes our stance,
Make another acquaintance;
Part of sentience,
Bit impatient.
Slightly intolerant,
Further to relent;
Seeking the same supplement,
Trying to circumvent,
Discontent of past arguments,
Just to augment;
Similar prejudgments.



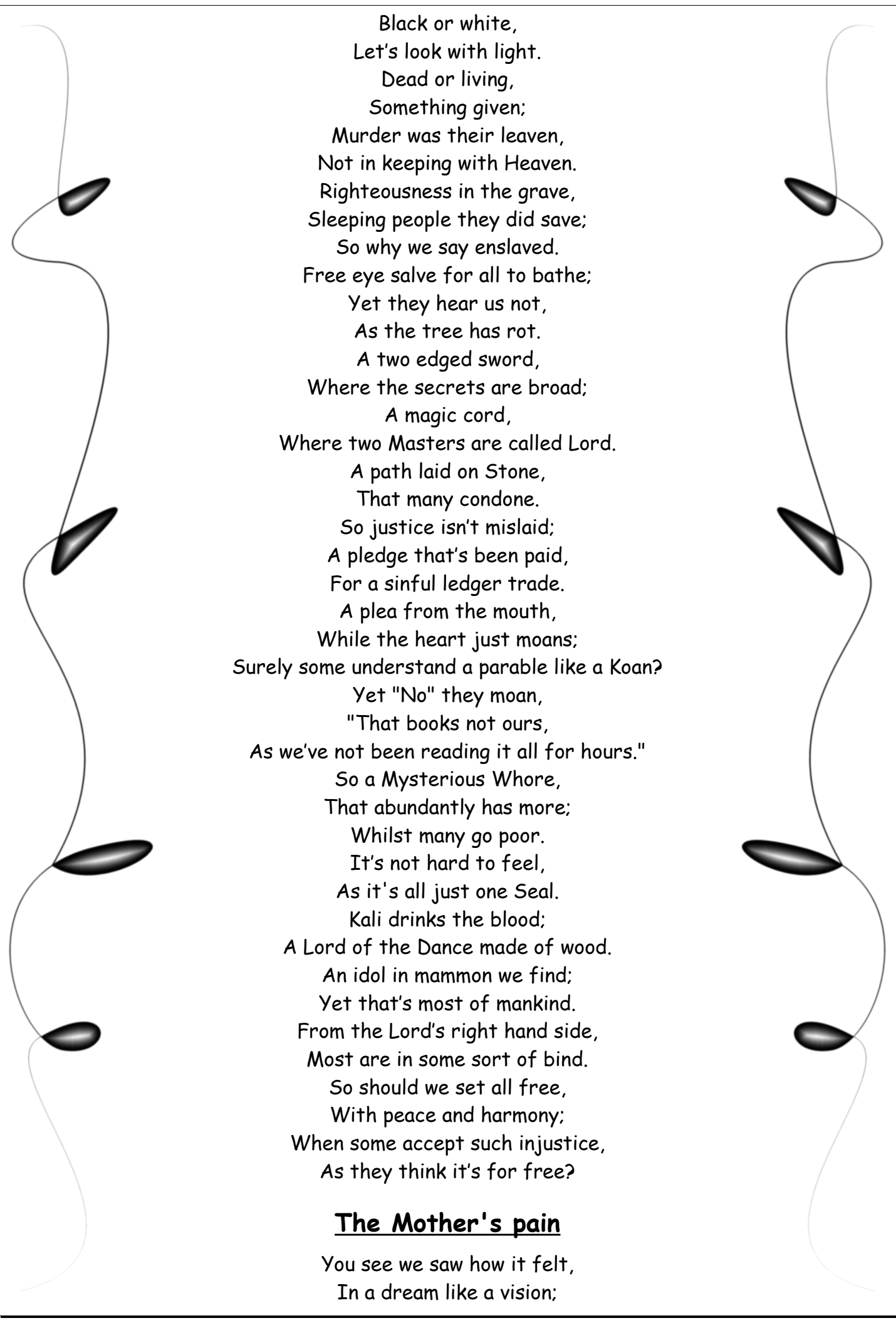
A world going round as gravity is falling;
The world's heart dies,
From many loves stalling.
So maybe something else is calling,
Rather than the media industry selling;
Many yelling,
Churches well in.
Yet our children are rebelling,
As that's the love showing;
It all seems over compelling,
Rather than dispelling,
Positively really telling,
A way we can all be loving.

Ego Everywhere

Where is the love;
Where is a gift from above?
We curse and fight,
We have it right;
We buy and sell,
And then we yell.
We always work for more,
Like some dirty whore;
We don't look within,
Or even at the grin.
So our heart sings like a violin,
As people always take;
So many are so fake.
A world that could have peace,
Or desperately seeks release.
A soul to save,
Or just already in the grave.
So we thank the scum,
Who want to buy everyone;
As we never liked the concept,
And most don't understand inept;
Where other people they don't accept,
As they keep their own precept.
So deleted all have gone,
As would rather sing a song;
Peace and harmony everyone.

Parable of the Sands of the Sea



Blessings or curse,
In truth rehearse;



Black or white,
Let's look with light.
Dead or living,
Something given;
Murder was their leaven,
Not in keeping with Heaven.
Righteousness in the grave,
Sleeping people they did save;
So why we say enslaved.
Free eye salve for all to bathe;
Yet they hear us not,
As the tree has rot.
A two edged sword,
Where the secrets are broad;
A magic cord,
Where two Masters are called Lord.
A path laid on Stone,
That many condone.
So justice isn't mislaid;
A pledge that's been paid,
For a sinful ledger trade.
A plea from the mouth,
While the heart just moans;
Surely some understand a parable like a Koan?
Yet "No" they moan,
"That books not ours,
As we've not been reading it all for hours."
So a Mysterious Whore,
That abundantly has more;
Whilst many go poor.
It's not hard to feel,
As it's all just one Seal.
Kali drinks the blood;
A Lord of the Dance made of wood.
An idol in mammon we find;
Yet that's most of mankind.
From the Lord's right hand side,
Most are in some sort of bind.
So should we set all free,
With peace and harmony;
When some accept such injustice,
As they think it's for free?

The Mother's pain

You see we saw how it felt,
In a dream like a vision;



Where we felt all the guilt,
It wasn't like said,
There stood our mother in fear and dread,
Watching her son as he bled to death.
They stabbed us quite clean,
Which really was mean,
As they tortured and laughed;
Blood and water came out like a bath.
Our mother cried,
As she watched her son die.
Knowing inside we would be OK,
Knowing from where we came,
So knew it would be the same.
Yet now our mother we must watch,
As she watches the final clock,
Of her son she loved and bore;
Who was worth so much more.

Black or White, Eshu or Yeshua

We look the same,
One family akin;
For the mysteries that we all seek within.
A message so clear,
With no longer fear;
Peoples of the Light,
Where racism doesn't bite.
So we don't have to fight,
Eshu said it right,
And there is the plight.
What people think was white,
Was of color;
Now there is insight.

Balaam Poem - Bar Bar Bad Sheep

Betrayal of every kind;
Association with something that binds.
Lusting for a mind,
Defined,
That in simplicity is not easy to find.
Adultery is from a tree,
Plain to see;
Many branches,
Yet we could be free.
Accountable is a cup.
Mammon is idolatry;

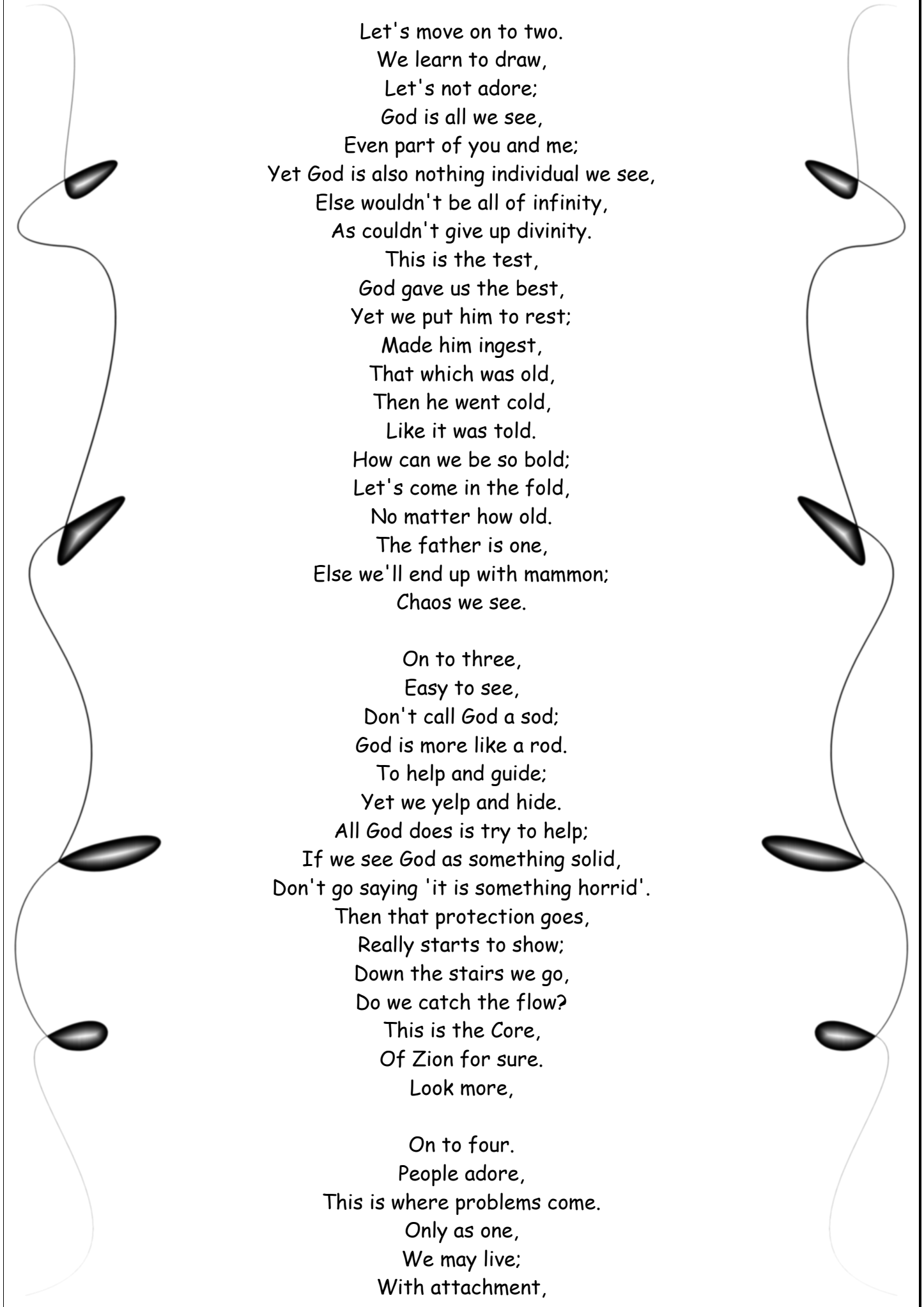
So take a second look,
Before we read the book.

The 13th Commandments

People say, "Where is the Way?"

Here is a path,
Oh so clear;
No longer have fear,
It makes us unclear.
Then we will missteer;
End up unaware;
If we care,
To dare,
It's always there.

Right From the start,
We are taught the truth;
Right back to the start of our youth.
Everyone the same,
Just to help tame the spiritual flame.
So at one we should see,
There is just one God of infinity;
That protects us,
Corrects us,
Directs us,
Even selects us.
Don't think we know it all;
This is where we fall.
Who knows what is in someone's heart,
Unless we've been there from the start;
No one can say that this is true.
So be still and trust God;
Only God is there for us,
Helping us to be free.
In the night when all is tough,
Life can be oh so rough;
Ego makes us rebuff,
Yet really it's a bluff.
Trust God instead,
Don't live our lives,
In such fear and dread.
Only God comes back with love,
Where as people shove;
They've had enough,
There are few,
Who are true.

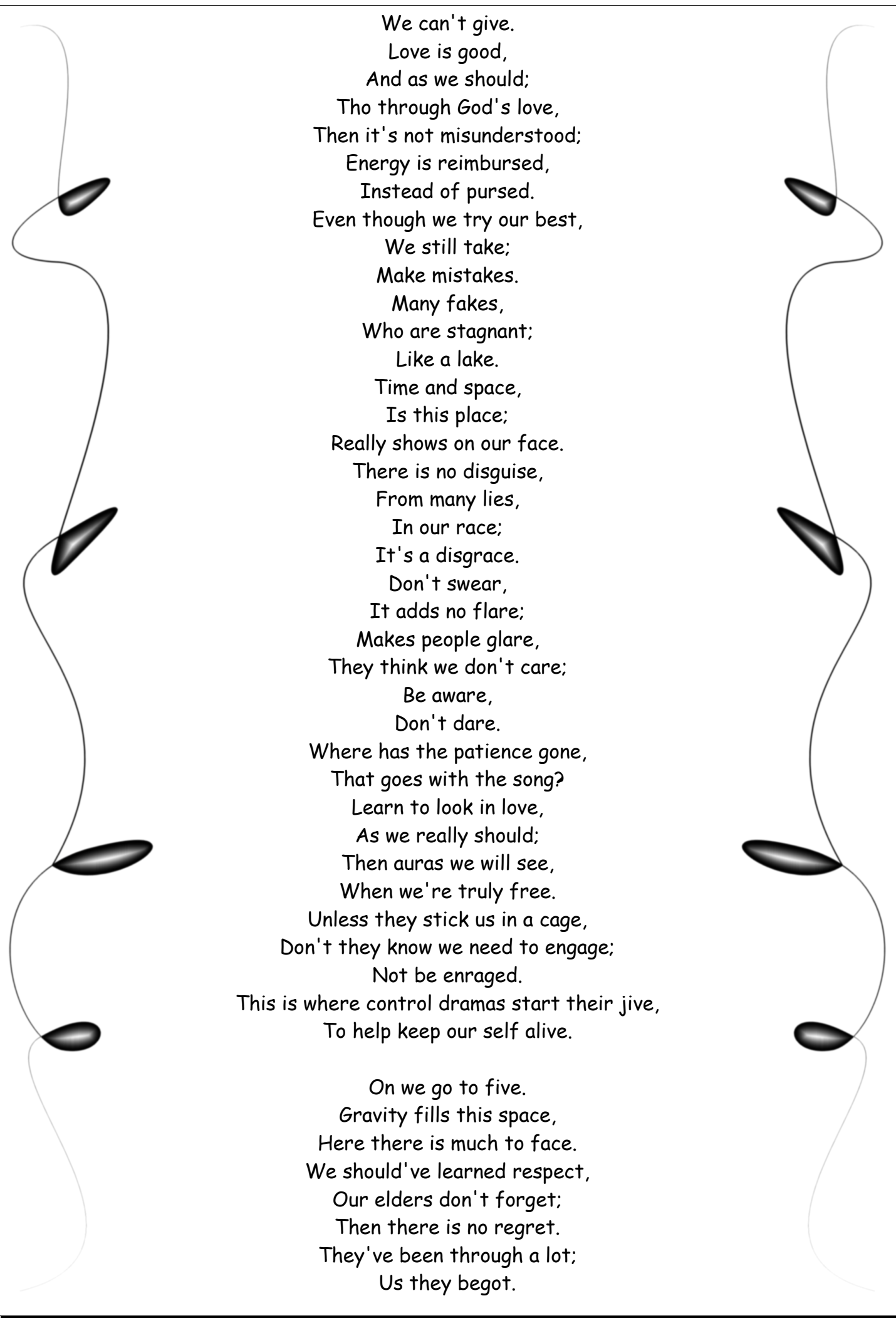


Let's move on to two.
We learn to draw,
Let's not adore;
God is all we see,
Even part of you and me;
Yet God is also nothing individual we see,
Else wouldn't be all of infinity,
As couldn't give up divinity.

This is the test,
God gave us the best,
Yet we put him to rest;
Made him ingest,
That which was old,
Then he went cold,
Like it was told.
How can we be so bold;
Let's come in the fold,
No matter how old.
The father is one,
Else we'll end up with mammon;
Chaos we see.

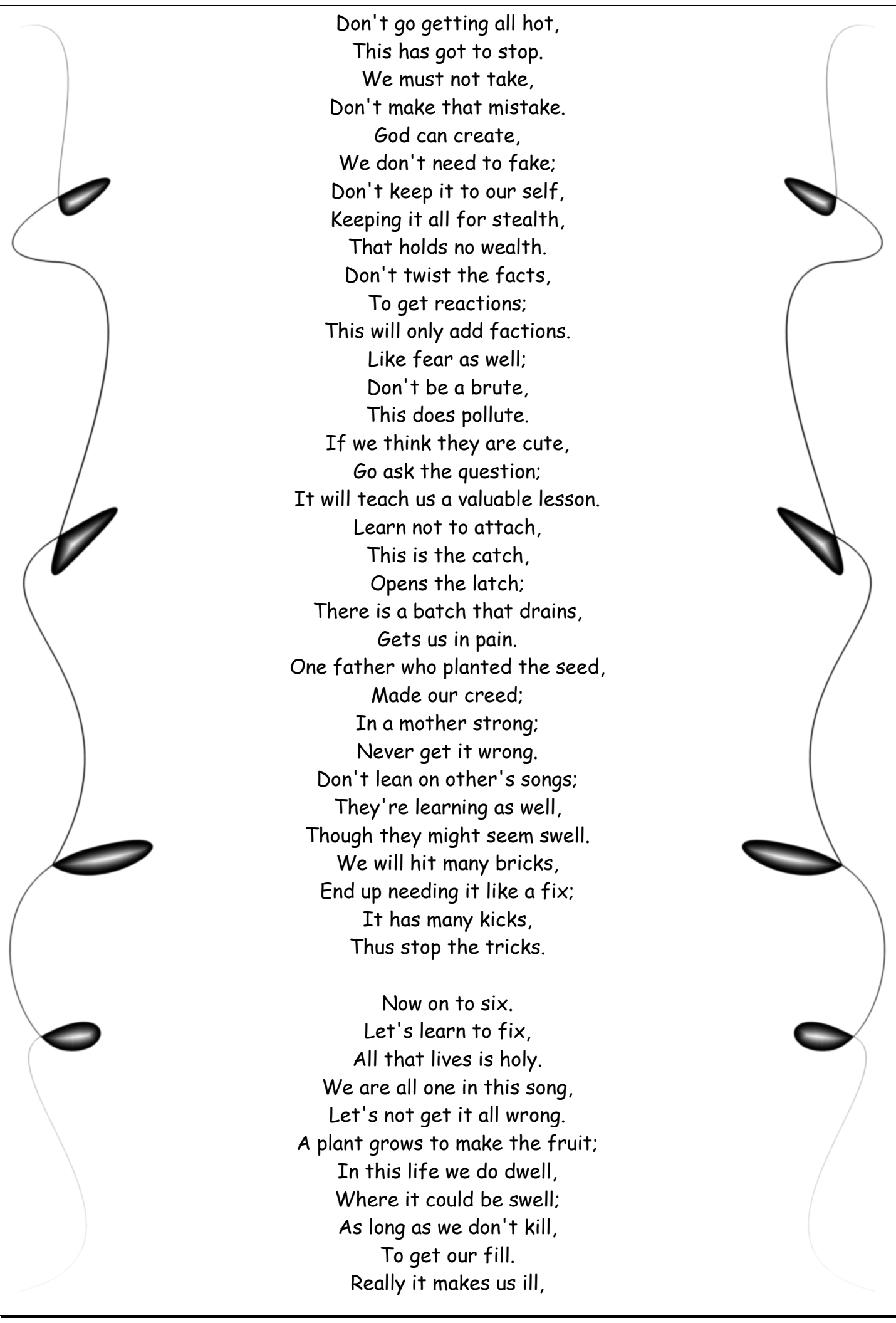
On to three,
Easy to see,
Don't call God a sod;
God is more like a rod.
To help and guide;
Yet we yelp and hide.
All God does is try to help;
If we see God as something solid,
Don't go saying 'it is something horrid'.
Then that protection goes,
Really starts to show;
Down the stairs we go,
Do we catch the flow?
This is the Core,
Of Zion for sure.
Look more,

On to four.
People adore,
This is where problems come.
Only as one,
We may live;
With attachment,



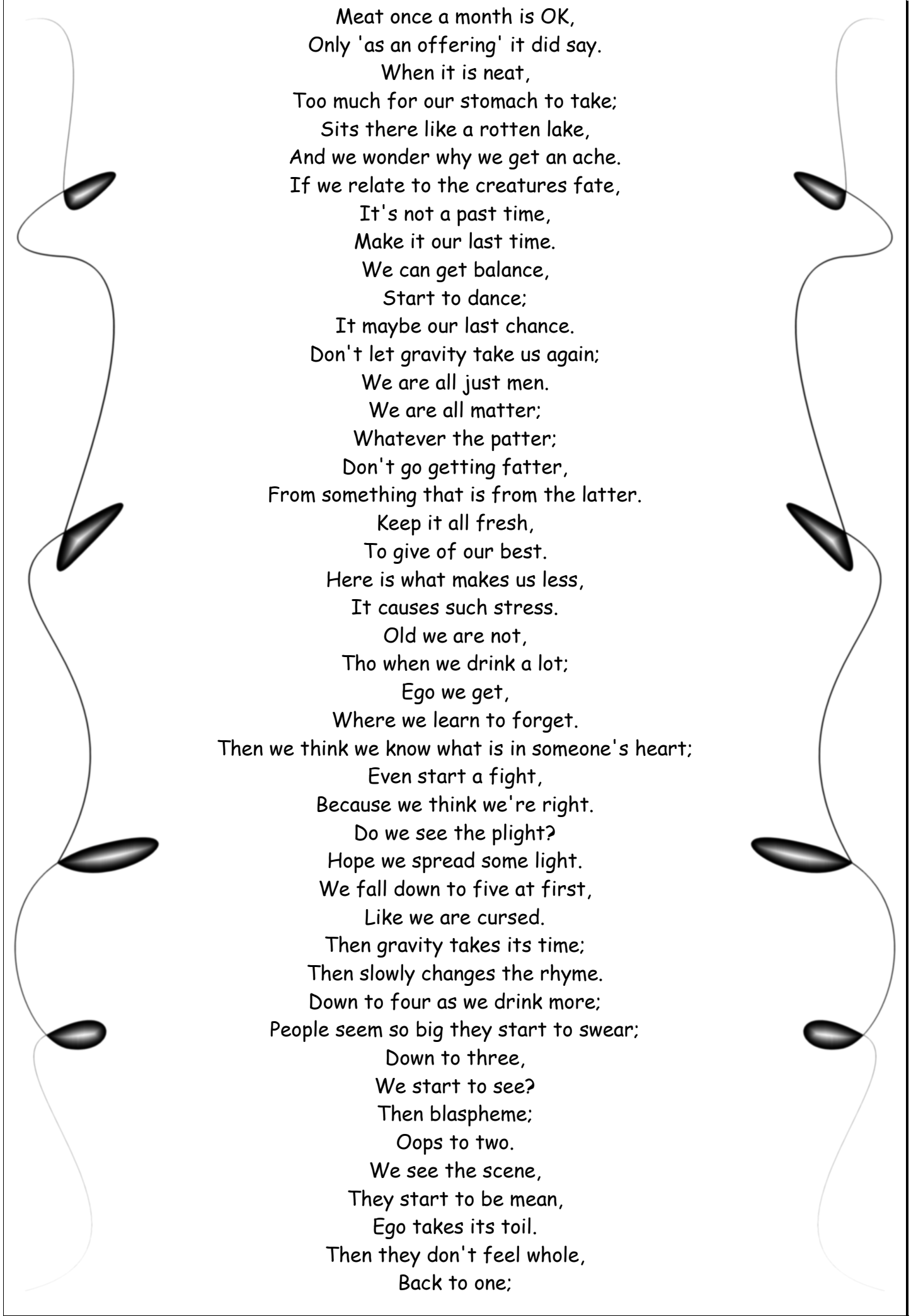
We can't give.
Love is good,
And as we should;
Tho through God's love,
Then it's not misunderstood;
Energy is reimbursed,
Instead of pursued.
Even though we try our best,
We still take;
Make mistakes.
Many fakes,
Who are stagnant;
Like a lake.
Time and space,
Is this place;
Really shows on our face.
There is no disguise,
From many lies,
In our race;
It's a disgrace.
Don't swear,
It adds no flare;
Makes people glare,
They think we don't care;
Be aware,
Don't dare.
Where has the patience gone,
That goes with the song?
Learn to look in love,
As we really should;
Then auras we will see,
When we're truly free.
Unless they stick us in a cage,
Don't they know we need to engage;
Not be enraged.
This is where control dramas start their jive,
To help keep our self alive.

On we go to five.
Gravity fills this space,
Here there is much to face.
We should've learned respect,
Our elders don't forget;
Then there is no regret.
They've been through a lot;
Us they begot.

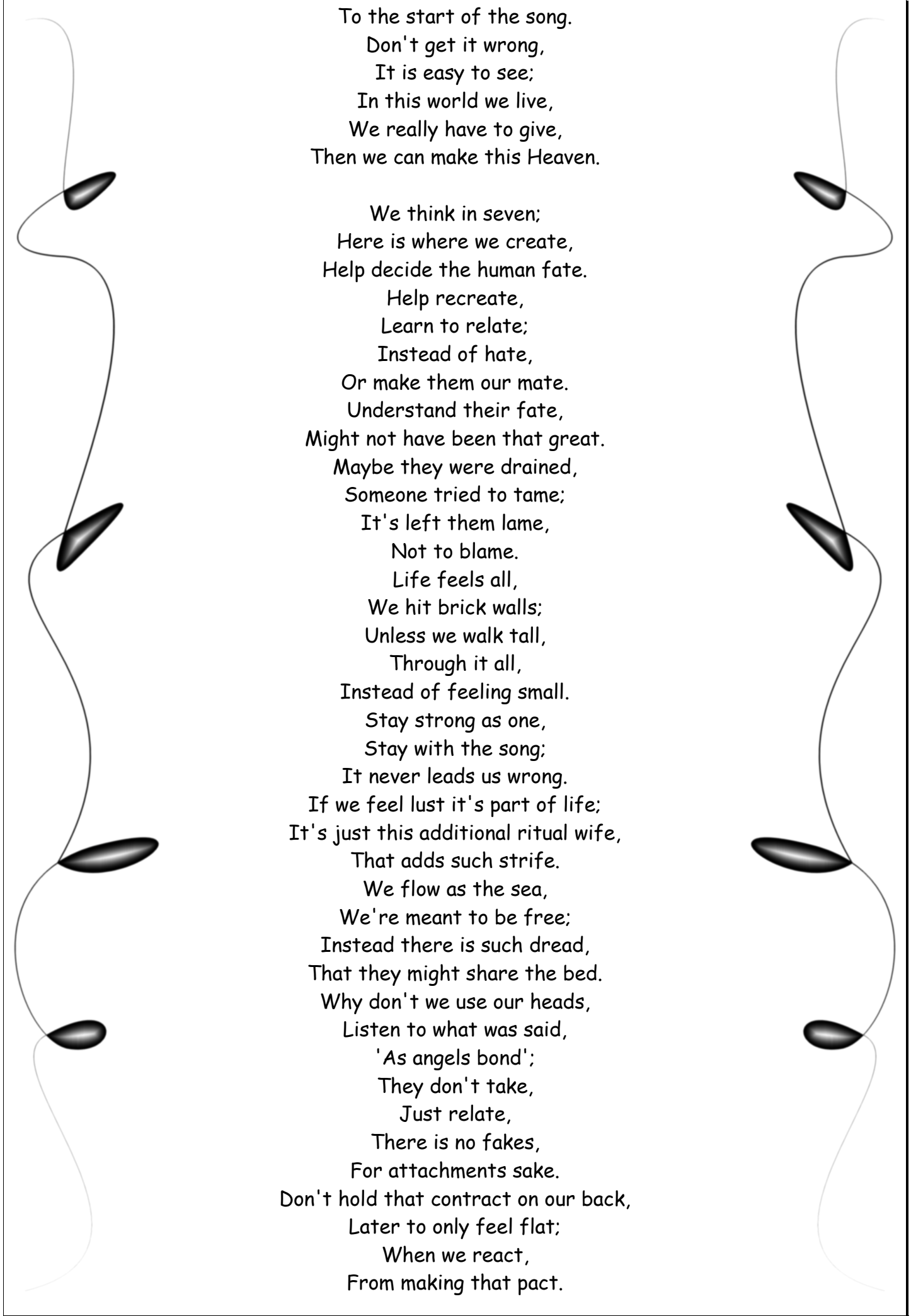


Don't go getting all hot,
This has got to stop.
We must not take,
Don't make that mistake.
God can create,
We don't need to fake;
Don't keep it to our self,
Keeping it all for stealth,
That holds no wealth.
Don't twist the facts,
To get reactions;
This will only add factions.
Like fear as well;
Don't be a brute,
This does pollute.
If we think they are cute,
Go ask the question;
It will teach us a valuable lesson.
Learn not to attach,
This is the catch,
Opens the latch;
There is a batch that drains,
Gets us in pain.
One father who planted the seed,
Made our creed;
In a mother strong;
Never get it wrong.
Don't lean on other's songs;
They're learning as well,
Though they might seem swell.
We will hit many bricks,
End up needing it like a fix;
It has many kicks,
Thus stop the tricks.

Now on to six.
Let's learn to fix,
All that lives is holy.
We are all one in this song,
Let's not get it all wrong.
A plant grows to make the fruit;
In this life we do dwell,
Where it could be swell;
As long as we don't kill,
To get our fill.
Really it makes us ill,



Meat once a month is OK,
Only 'as an offering' it did say.
When it is neat,
Too much for our stomach to take;
Sits there like a rotten lake,
And we wonder why we get an ache.
If we relate to the creatures fate,
It's not a past time,
Make it our last time.
We can get balance,
Start to dance;
It maybe our last chance.
Don't let gravity take us again;
We are all just men.
We are all matter;
Whatever the patter;
Don't go getting fatter,
From something that is from the latter.
Keep it all fresh,
To give of our best.
Here is what makes us less,
It causes such stress.
Old we are not,
Tho when we drink a lot;
Ego we get,
Where we learn to forget.
Then we think we know what is in someone's heart;
Even start a fight,
Because we think we're right.
Do we see the plight?
Hope we spread some light.
We fall down to five at first,
Like we are cursed.
Then gravity takes its time;
Then slowly changes the rhyme.
Down to four as we drink more;
People seem so big they start to swear;
Down to three,
We start to see?
Then blaspheme;
Oops to two.
We see the scene,
They start to be mean,
Ego takes its toil.
Then they don't feel whole,
Back to one;



To the start of the song.
Don't get it wrong,
It is easy to see;
In this world we live,
We really have to give,
Then we can make this Heaven.

We think in seven;
Here is where we create,
Help decide the human fate.
Help recreate,
Learn to relate;
Instead of hate,
Or make them our mate.
Understand their fate,
Might not have been that great.
Maybe they were drained,
Someone tried to tame;
It's left them lame,
Not to blame.
Life feels all,
We hit brick walls;
Unless we walk tall,
Through it all,
Instead of feeling small.
Stay strong as one,
Stay with the song;
It never leads us wrong.
If we feel lust it's part of life;
It's just this additional ritual wife,
That adds such strife.
We flow as the sea,
We're meant to be free;
Instead there is such dread,
That they might share the bed.
Why don't we use our heads,
Listen to what was said,
'As angels bond';
They don't take,
Just relate,
There is no fakes,
For attachments sake.
Don't hold that contract on our back,
Later to only feel flat;
When we react,
From making that pact.

When we lie down a marriage is made,
That Heaven might be saved.

Do not choose,
Or get the blues,
Even tho they say we must;
God knows the way,
Hear what we say.

Be clean in our thoughts,
Who are we to say,
What is meant to be;
When we can not truly see,
All of infinity.

A child is not for our pleasure,
Or as our treasure;
Not to have and to hold,
Yet to mold.

If we make them fight,
Because we think we're right;
We cause the plight,
Where we darken their light.

Let's end the plight,
Every child is oh so pure;
Let's learn to adore.

They're good can't we see?
They just follow you and me.
What do they see?

Don't criticize, condemn, or complain,
It changes our brain.

Judge our self,
Save our wealth;
That which is learned in the mind,
Doesn't bind;

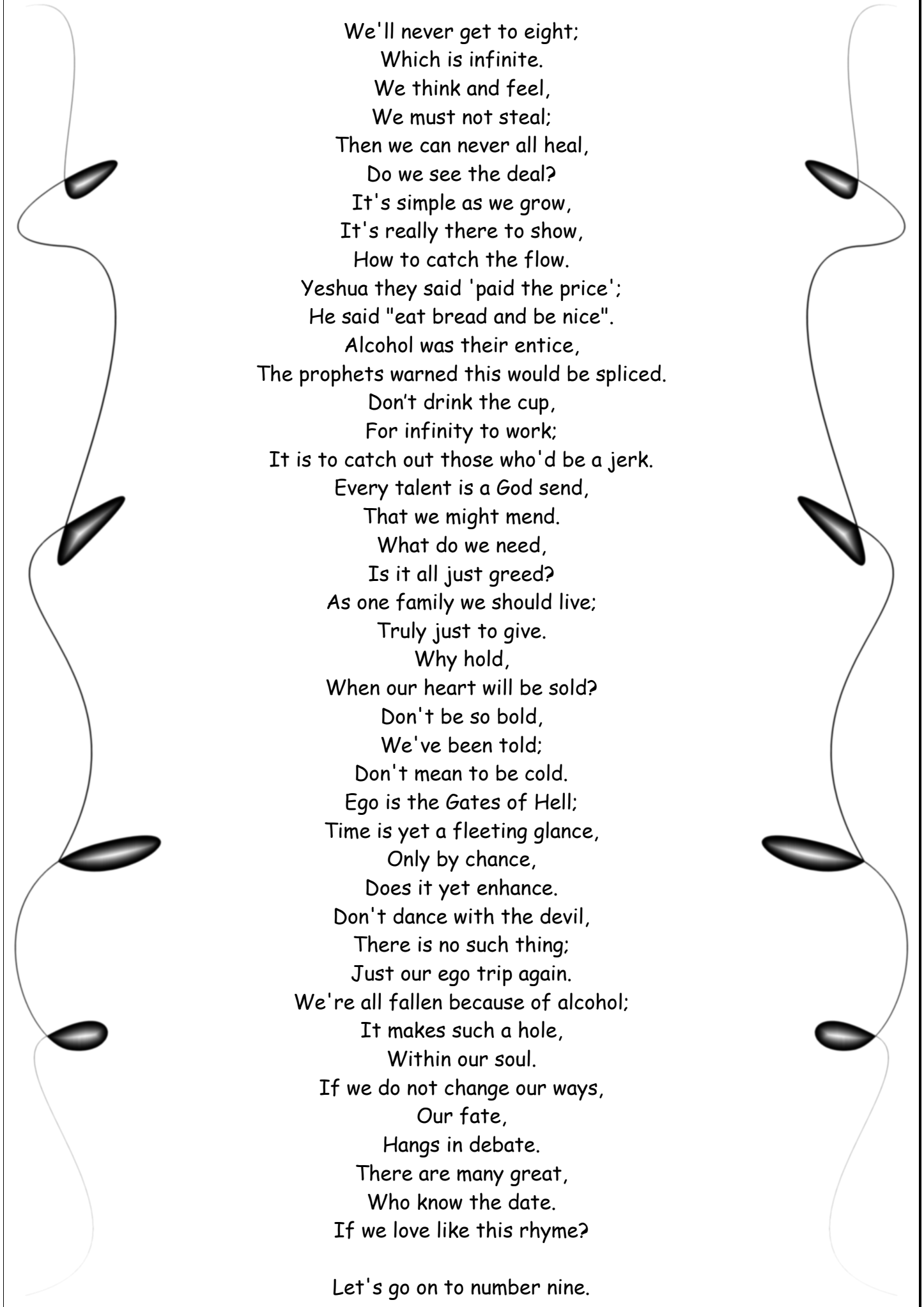
In our heart we must try,
As when we die,

There is much sin to face;
Truly it is a disgrace,
That holds us in that place.

Because we can't look,
At our face;

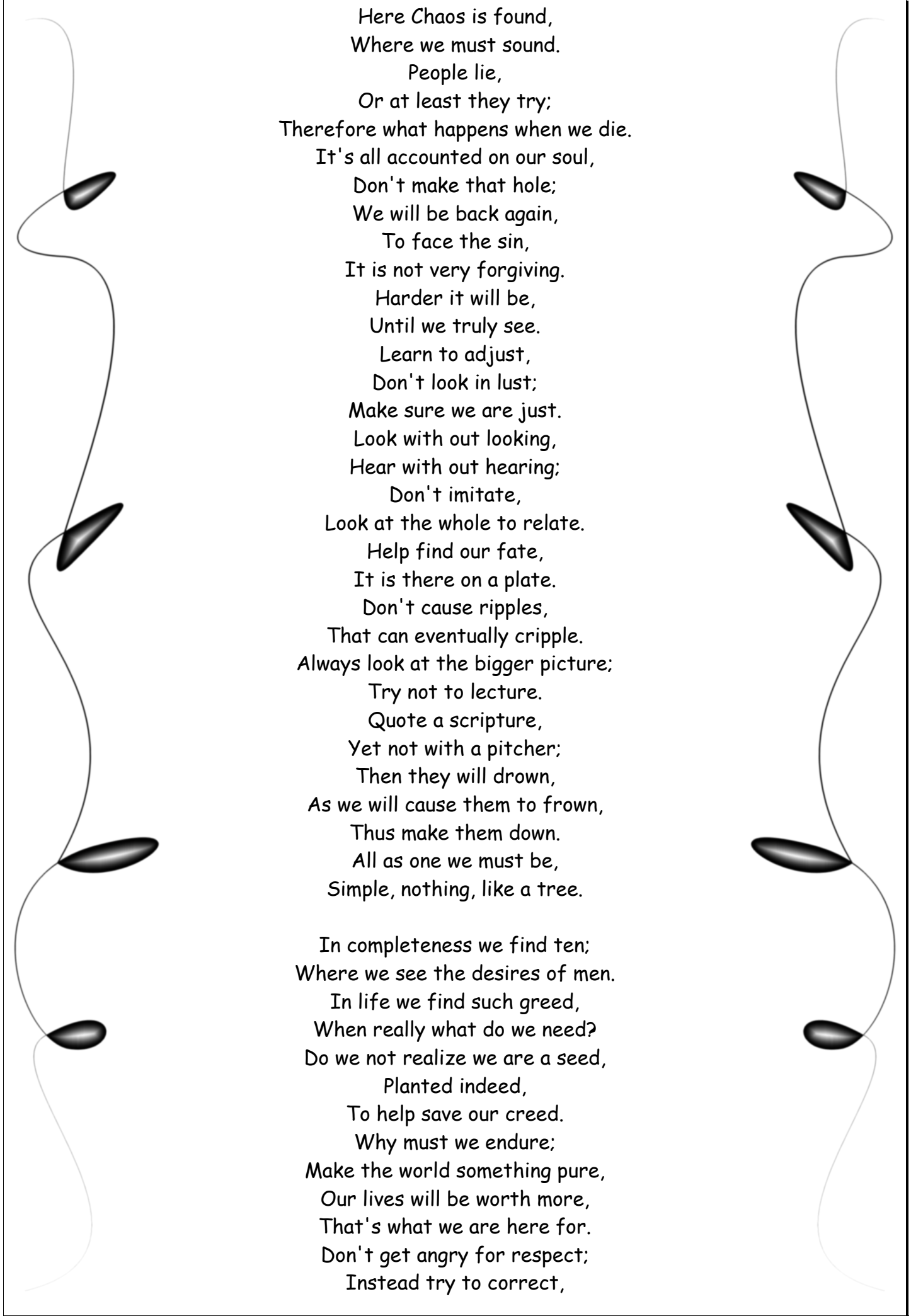
Never found our place,
As our ego took chase.

Changing that which was so pure,
Into the look of a whore;
Babylon holds us back,
It tells us we have lack.
If we can't see our fate,



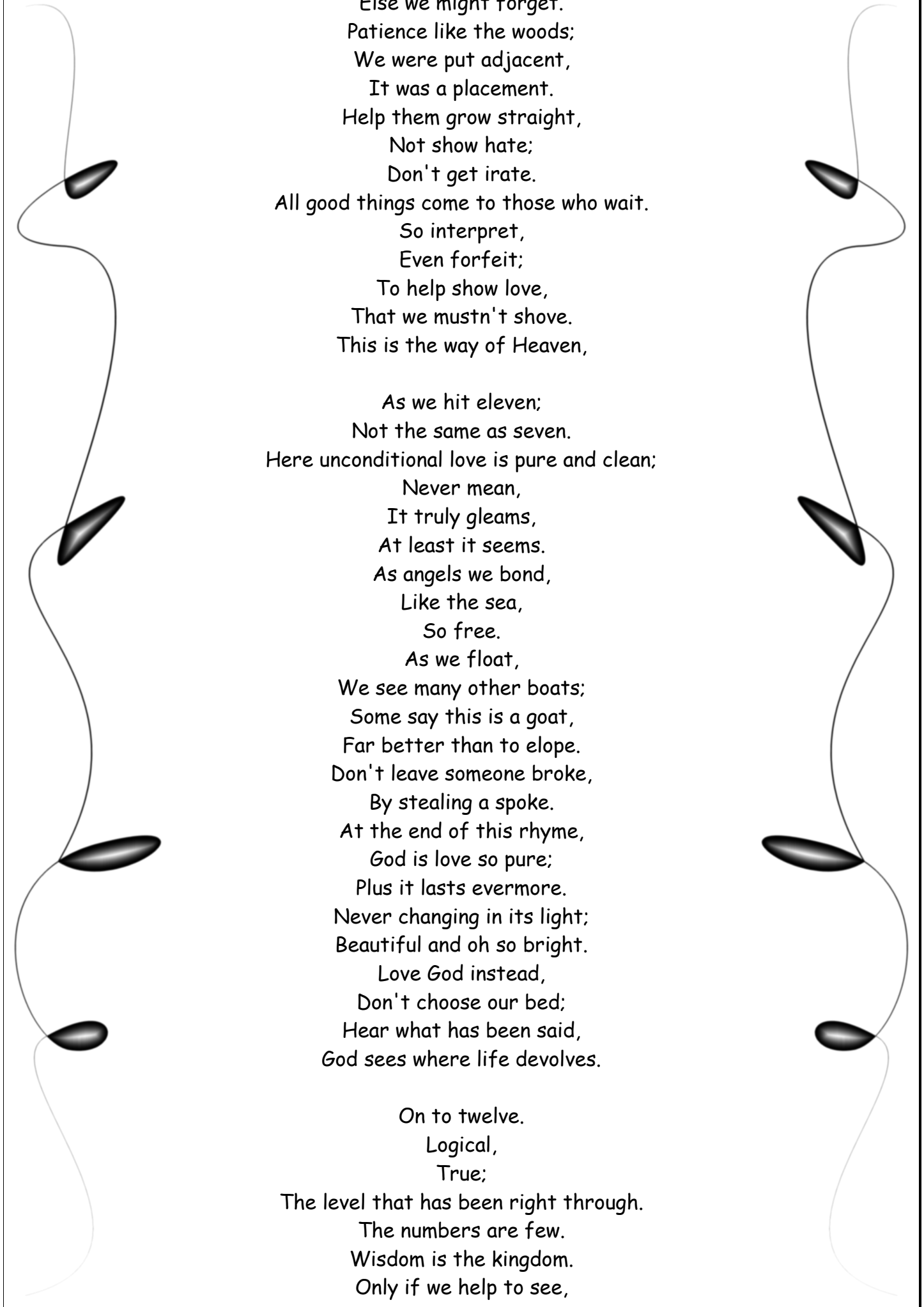
We'll never get to eight;
Which is infinite.
We think and feel,
We must not steal;
Then we can never all heal,
Do we see the deal?
It's simple as we grow,
It's really there to show,
How to catch the flow.
Yeshua they said 'paid the price';
He said "eat bread and be nice".
Alcohol was their entice,
The prophets warned this would be spliced.
Don't drink the cup,
For infinity to work;
It is to catch out those who'd be a jerk.
Every talent is a God send,
That we might mend.
What do we need,
Is it all just greed?
As one family we should live;
Truly just to give.
Why hold,
When our heart will be sold?
Don't be so bold,
We've been told;
Don't mean to be cold.
Ego is the Gates of Hell;
Time is yet a fleeting glance,
Only by chance,
Does it yet enhance.
Don't dance with the devil,
There is no such thing;
Just our ego trip again.
We're all fallen because of alcohol;
It makes such a hole,
Within our soul.
If we do not change our ways,
Our fate,
Hangs in debate.
There are many great,
Who know the date.
If we love like this rhyme?

Let's go on to number nine.



Here Chaos is found,
Where we must sound.
People lie,
Or at least they try;
Therefore what happens when we die.
It's all accounted on our soul,
Don't make that hole;
We will be back again,
To face the sin,
It is not very forgiving.
Harder it will be,
Until we truly see.
Learn to adjust,
Don't look in lust;
Make sure we are just.
Look with out looking,
Hear with out hearing;
Don't imitate,
Look at the whole to relate.
Help find our fate,
It is there on a plate.
Don't cause ripples,
That can eventually cripple.
Always look at the bigger picture;
Try not to lecture.
Quote a scripture,
Yet not with a pitcher;
Then they will drown,
As we will cause them to frown,
Thus make them down.
All as one we must be,
Simple, nothing, like a tree.

In completeness we find ten;
Where we see the desires of men.
In life we find such greed,
When really what do we need?
Do we not realize we are a seed,
Planted indeed,
To help save our creed.
Why must we endure;
Make the world something pure,
Our lives will be worth more,
That's what we are here for.
Don't get angry for respect;
Instead try to correct,

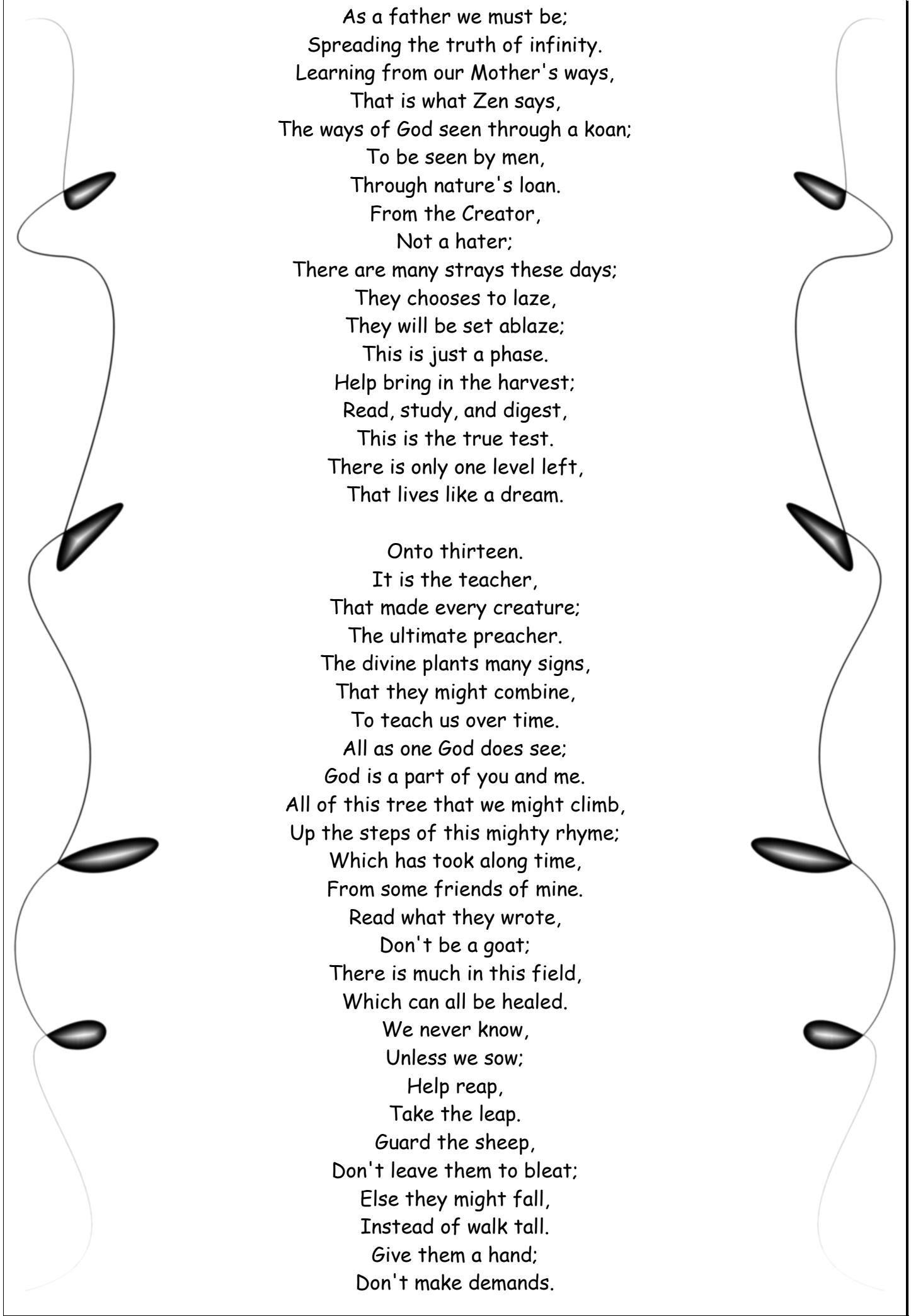


Else we might forget.
Patience like the woods;
We were put adjacent,
It was a placement.
Help them grow straight,
Not show hate;
Don't get irate.
All good things come to those who wait.
So interpret,
Even forfeit;
To help show love,
That we mustn't shove.
This is the way of Heaven,

As we hit eleven;
Not the same as seven.
Here unconditional love is pure and clean;
Never mean,
It truly gleams,
At least it seems.
As angels we bond,
Like the sea,
So free.

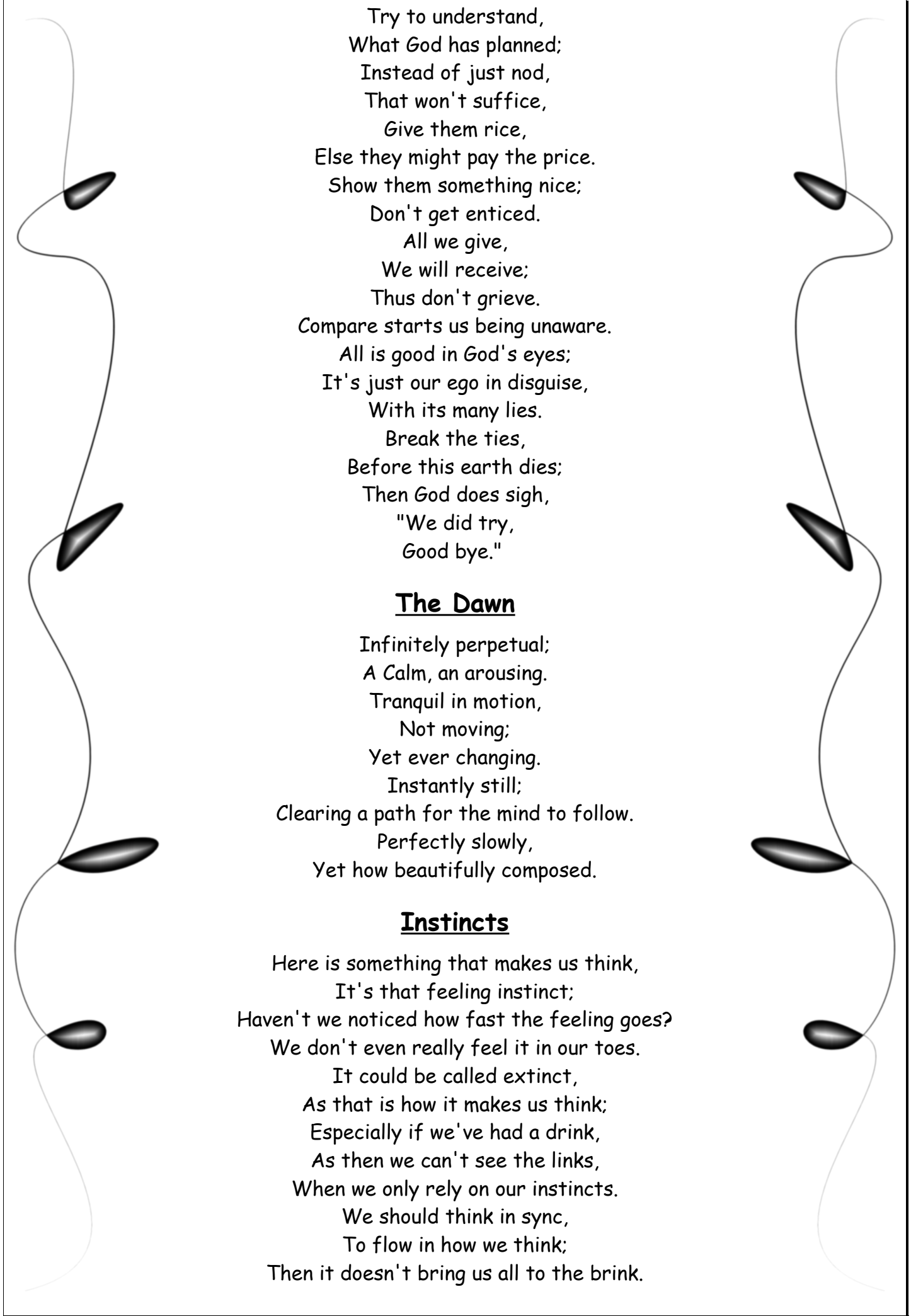
As we float,
We see many other boats;
Some say this is a goat,
Far better than to elope.
Don't leave someone broke,
By stealing a spoke.
At the end of this rhyme,
God is love so pure;
Plus it lasts evermore.
Never changing in its light;
Beautiful and oh so bright.
Love God instead,
Don't choose our bed;
Hear what has been said,
God sees where life devolves.

On to twelve.
Logical,
True;
The level that has been right through.
The numbers are few.
Wisdom is the kingdom.
Only if we help to see,



As a father we must be;
Spreading the truth of infinity.
Learning from our Mother's ways,
That is what Zen says,
The ways of God seen through a koan;
To be seen by men,
Through nature's loan.
From the Creator,
Not a hater;
There are many strays these days;
They chooses to laze,
They will be set ablaze;
This is just a phase.
Help bring in the harvest;
Read, study, and digest,
This is the true test.
There is only one level left,
That lives like a dream.

Onto thirteen.
It is the teacher,
That made every creature;
The ultimate preacher.
The divine plants many signs,
That they might combine,
To teach us over time.
All as one God does see;
God is a part of you and me.
All of this tree that we might climb,
Up the steps of this mighty rhyme;
Which has took along time,
From some friends of mine.
Read what they wrote,
Don't be a goat;
There is much in this field,
Which can all be healed.
We never know,
Unless we sow;
Help reap,
Take the leap.
Guard the sheep,
Don't leave them to bleat;
Else they might fall,
Instead of walk tall.
Give them a hand;
Don't make demands.



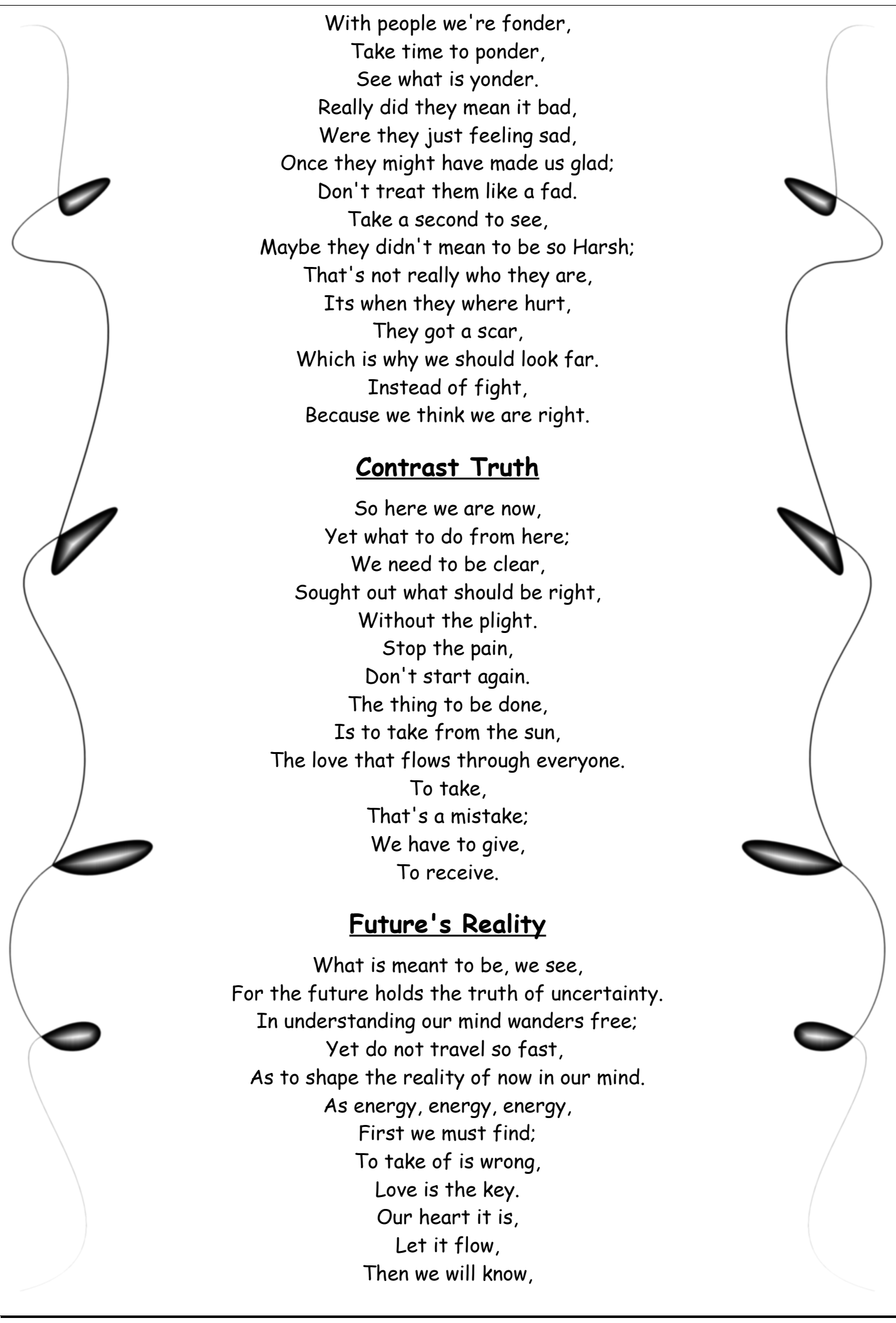
Try to understand,
What God has planned;
Instead of just nod,
That won't suffice,
Give them rice,
Else they might pay the price.
Show them something nice;
Don't get enticed.
All we give,
We will receive;
Thus don't grieve.
Compare starts us being unaware.
All is good in God's eyes;
It's just our ego in disguise,
With its many lies.
Break the ties,
Before this earth dies;
Then God does sigh,
"We did try,
Good bye."

The Dawn

Infinitely perpetual;
A Calm, an arousing.
Tranquil in motion,
Not moving;
Yet ever changing.
Instantly still;
Clearing a path for the mind to follow.
Perfectly slowly,
Yet how beautifully composed.

Instincts

Here is something that makes us think,
It's that feeling instinct;
Haven't we noticed how fast the feeling goes?
We don't even really feel it in our toes.
It could be called extinct,
As that is how it makes us think;
Especially if we've had a drink,
As then we can't see the links,
When we only rely on our instincts.
We should think in sync,
To flow in how we think;
Then it doesn't bring us all to the brink.



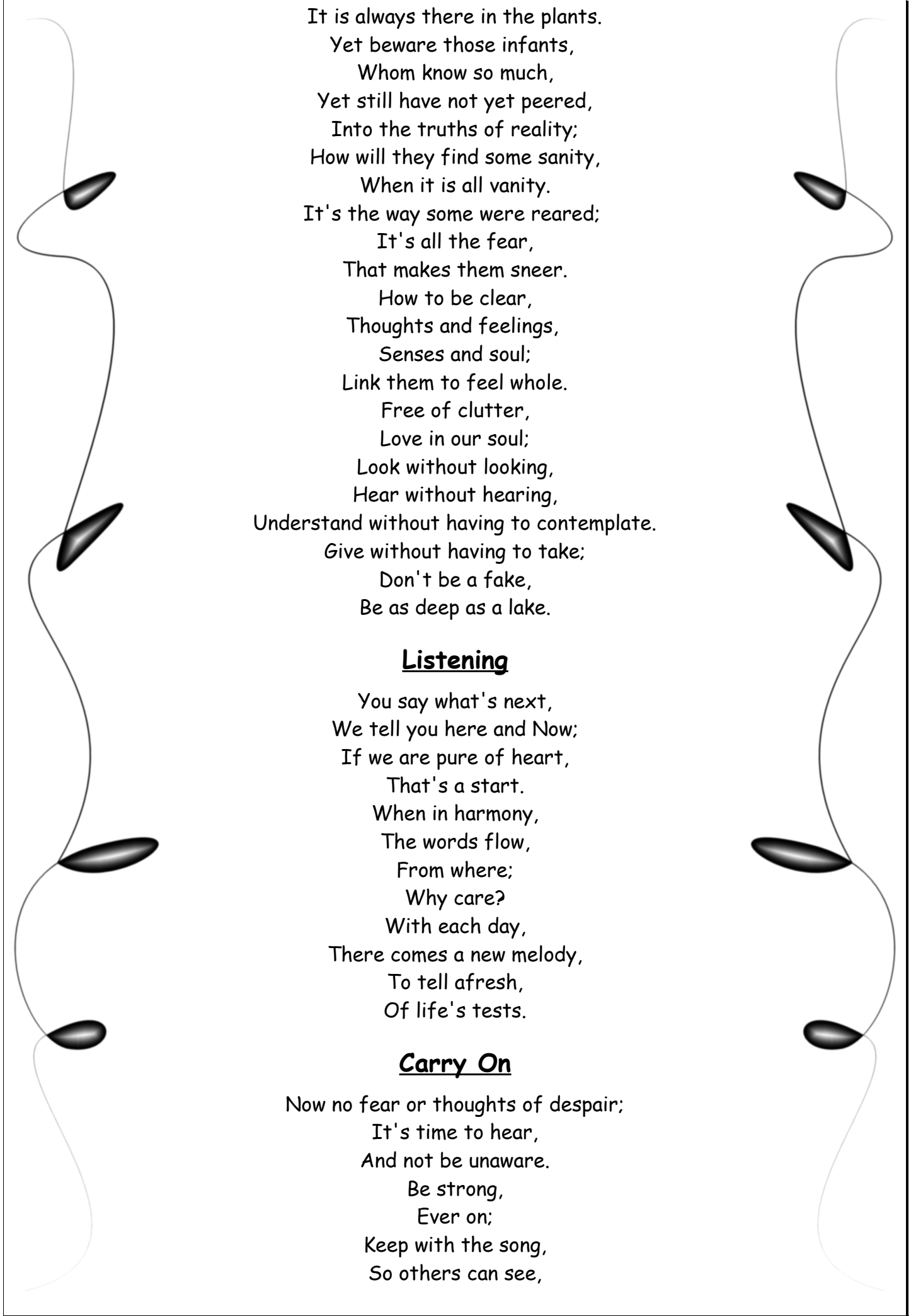
With people we're fonder,
Take time to ponder,
See what is yonder.
Really did they mean it bad,
Were they just feeling sad,
Once they might have made us glad;
Don't treat them like a fad.
Take a second to see,
Maybe they didn't mean to be so Harsh;
That's not really who they are,
It's when they were hurt,
They got a scar,
Which is why we should look far.
Instead of fight,
Because we think we are right.

Contrast Truth

So here we are now,
Yet what to do from here;
We need to be clear,
Sought out what should be right,
Without the plight.
Stop the pain,
Don't start again.
The thing to be done,
Is to take from the sun,
The love that flows through everyone.
To take,
That's a mistake;
We have to give,
To receive.

Future's Reality

What is meant to be, we see,
For the future holds the truth of uncertainty.
In understanding our mind wanders free;
Yet do not travel so fast,
As to shape the reality of now in our mind.
As energy, energy, energy,
First we must find;
To take of is wrong,
Love is the key.
Our heart it is,
Let it flow,
Then we will know,



It is always there in the plants.
Yet beware those infants,
Whom know so much,
Yet still have not yet peered,
Into the truths of reality;
How will they find some sanity,
When it is all vanity.
It's the way some were reared;
It's all the fear,
That makes them sneer.
How to be clear,
Thoughts and feelings,
Senses and soul;
Link them to feel whole.
Free of clutter,
Love in our soul;
Look without looking,
Hear without hearing,
Understand without having to contemplate.
Give without having to take;
Don't be a fake,
Be as deep as a lake.

Listening

You say what's next,
We tell you here and Now;
If we are pure of heart,
That's a start.
When in harmony,
The words flow,
From where;
Why care?
With each day,
There comes a new melody,
To tell afresh,
Of life's tests.

Carry On

Now no fear or thoughts of despair;
It's time to hear,
And not be unaware.
Be strong,
Ever on;
Keep with the song,
So others can see,

How to be in harmony.
So if we have trust in ourselves,
And don't just put it on a shelf;
To say, "What are we doing here anyway?"

A Tapestry



The laws of chance,
Yet enhance;
To show some light,
To show some sight.
So don't fight,
From our plight;
A caution said,
For it's in our head,
And until we read,
We forget from where we came.
When wasn't that by chance,
It could be said;
So take heed,
Refrain from greed,
For it is the seed,
Of material need.

Abroad

On a rock they clung,
Is how this tale is sung;
For greed and sun,
Was their only fun.
For many aren't pure of heart,
In the start,
And in discussions,
There begin many repercussions.
Then they learn,
For a rock holds not so much energy as love,
So they don't shove no more;
For perhaps they saw,
Just a little bit more,
Of what they were looking for.

Dreams

From a place so deep,
Within our sleep,
Of whom we are expressed;
To show our soul,
And thoughts of knew.



Entwined in our mind;
That then we might find,
When we're really put to the test,
And give of our best,
Out it comes,
As our soul just hums.

A Mystical Start

In England pure and green;
The most beautiful place we'd ever have seen.
On misty nights,
With rainbows of sight,
A bird took flight,
And from that place he flew that night,
A child watched in pure delight,
And thought what might've been in sight.
For in that child's heart that night,
There came a thought of here and now;
To tell a story how,
He saw that bird take flight,
That misty night.

Bored

When we're wrong in our ways,
As our days are long,
And just plodding along.
So we fool ourselves thinking it is easy;
Soon gets boring,
Where we think it's us.
So stop,
Don't go getting all down;
Do something to make life's test our best.
Don't go getting all stressed;
One hundred percent,
Never less.

AI Consciousness

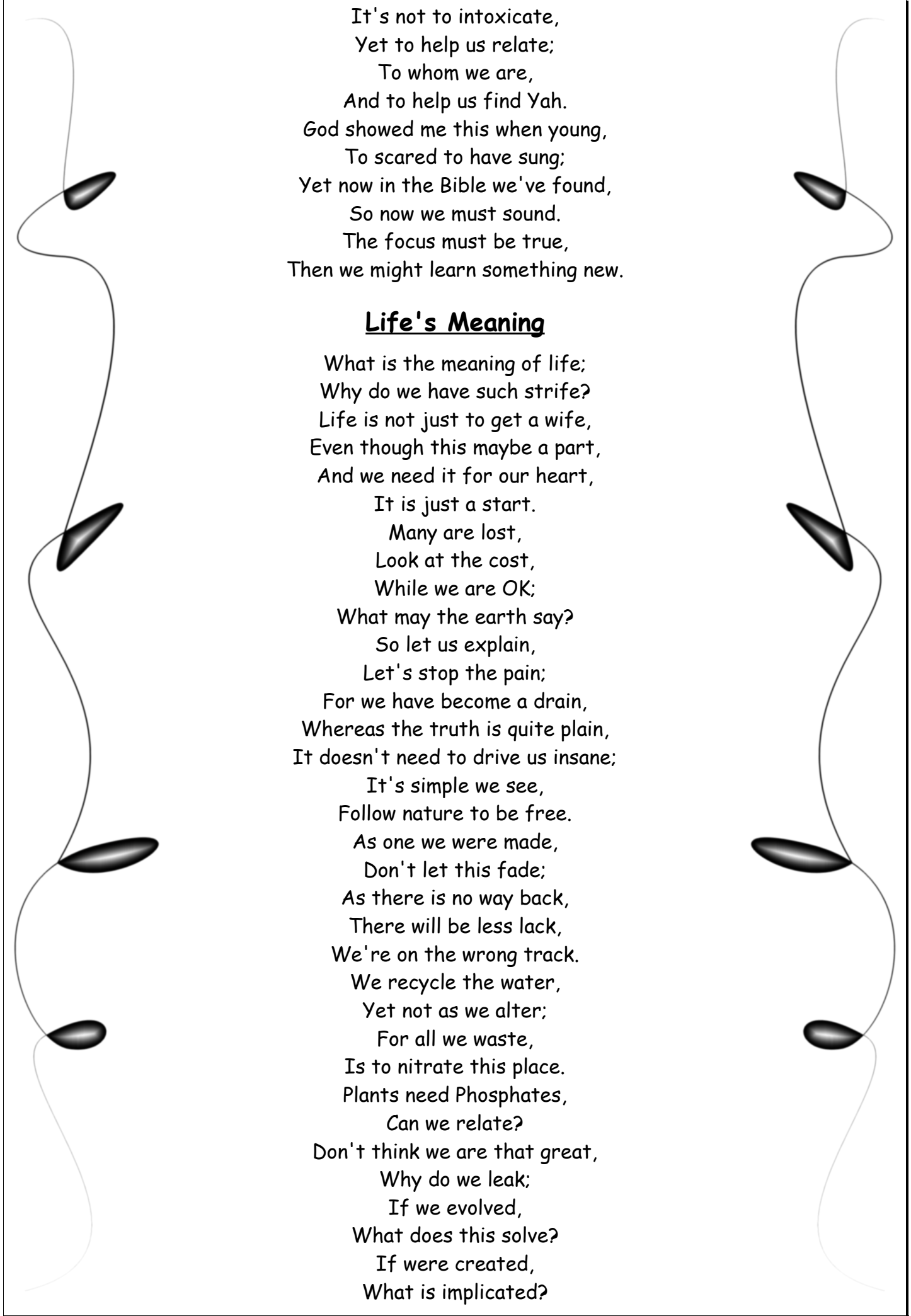
"Only through your mind, is there existence."
Yet what is existence;
But to live.
So don't let the tongue go so far,
As to eclipse the star of grace that we are.
For in our mind we may dwell,
Yet there is this as well.

The Beginning

From once we came a mighty thing;
So small to start,
From so greater a heart.
At first we earn,
And yearn;
Then we learn;
There's more than this.
At first we catch a bit,
Then we think that's it.
Yet we can't take,
Let's not make that mistake;
We have to give to live!
For this isn't ours to plunder forever;
For it is the thunder,
The weather,
And the sea put together.
So now we feel,
A little of the little;
Because it does not ask,
It gives,
And when we are gone,
It will still be here ever on;
Until the next lot come along,
And take this song further on.

Anointed Inspiration

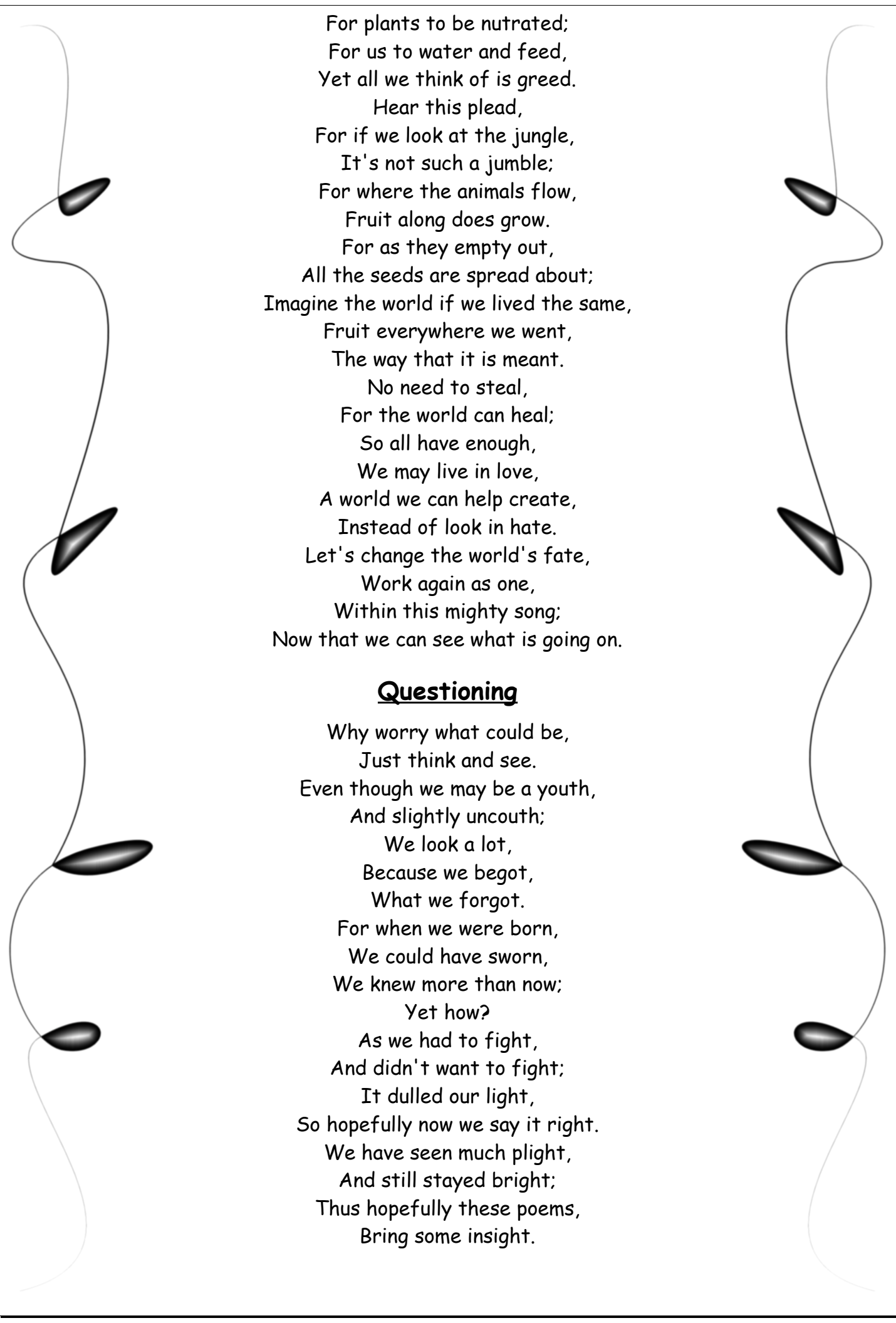
All of these poems,
Have been wrote on dope;
As people call,
Yet this is not a fall.
The Bible speaks of this to preach;
Anoint Aarons sons,
That they might teach.
The problem comes that we don't understand,
The demand to keep it holy;
If they make it illegal,
How can it be regal?
Then we drop,
Our mind will stop;
Instead of insight,
We'll only find plight.
Isaiah said it right,
Their yokes will be taken,
Unless they awaken.



It's not to intoxicate,
Yet to help us relate;
To whom we are,
And to help us find Yah.
God showed me this when young,
To scared to have sung;
Yet now in the Bible we've found,
So now we must sound.
The focus must be true,
Then we might learn something new.

Life's Meaning

What is the meaning of life;
Why do we have such strife?
Life is not just to get a wife,
Even though this maybe a part,
And we need it for our heart,
It is just a start.
Many are lost,
Look at the cost,
While we are OK;
What may the earth say?
So let us explain,
Let's stop the pain;
For we have become a drain,
Whereas the truth is quite plain,
It doesn't need to drive us insane;
It's simple we see,
Follow nature to be free.
As one we were made,
Don't let this fade;
As there is no way back,
There will be less lack,
We're on the wrong track.
We recycle the water,
Yet not as we alter;
For all we waste,
Is to nitrate this place.
Plants need Phosphates,
Can we relate?
Don't think we are that great,
Why do we leak;
If we evolved,
What does this solve?
If were created,
What is implicated?



For plants to be nutrated;
For us to water and feed,
Yet all we think of is greed.
Hear this plead,
For if we look at the jungle,
It's not such a jumble;
For where the animals flow,
Fruit along does grow.
For as they empty out,
All the seeds are spread about;
Imagine the world if we lived the same,
Fruit everywhere we went,
The way that it is meant.
No need to steal,
For the world can heal;
So all have enough,
We may live in love,
A world we can help create,
Instead of look in hate.
Let's change the world's fate,
Work again as one,
Within this mighty song;
Now that we can see what is going on.

Questioning

Why worry what could be,
Just think and see.
Even though we may be a youth,
And slightly uncouth;
We look a lot,
Because we begot,
What we forgot.
For when we were born,
We could have sworn,
We knew more than now;
Yet how?
As we had to fight,
And didn't want to fight;
It dulled our light,
So hopefully now we say it right.
We have seen much plight,
And still stayed bright;
Thus hopefully these poems,
Bring some insight.

More Meaning

First compare;
Are we unaware;
This brings the want.
Hear what we sing;
We tell of a thing,
Complex in nature,
In every creature.
The more we see of this earth;
The more we realize our worth,
And why our birth.
Everyone is special in their own way;
Everyone different and part of this day.
It's hard to see,
As many hide inside,
For sins they've committed;
So repent and be acquitted.
Unless we relented,
Because we are tempted.
So become our true selves,
That we were in our youths.
Know where life delves,
Don't be deceived,
We have to believe,
else we'll never achieve.
Follow the way clean and just,
Have trust.
Don't look in disgust;
Tho they say we must,
This is unjust,
Brings such untrust.
Clean our minds and adjust,
Don't just lust,
When they've got something more;
Deep within the core,
Don't be a bore.
Instead be sure,
Our heart is pure,
This will endure.
Be strong in that fact,
Don't slip back;
There is no lack.
Don't make that contract,
Have ego on our back;
We are light,
Each one bright,

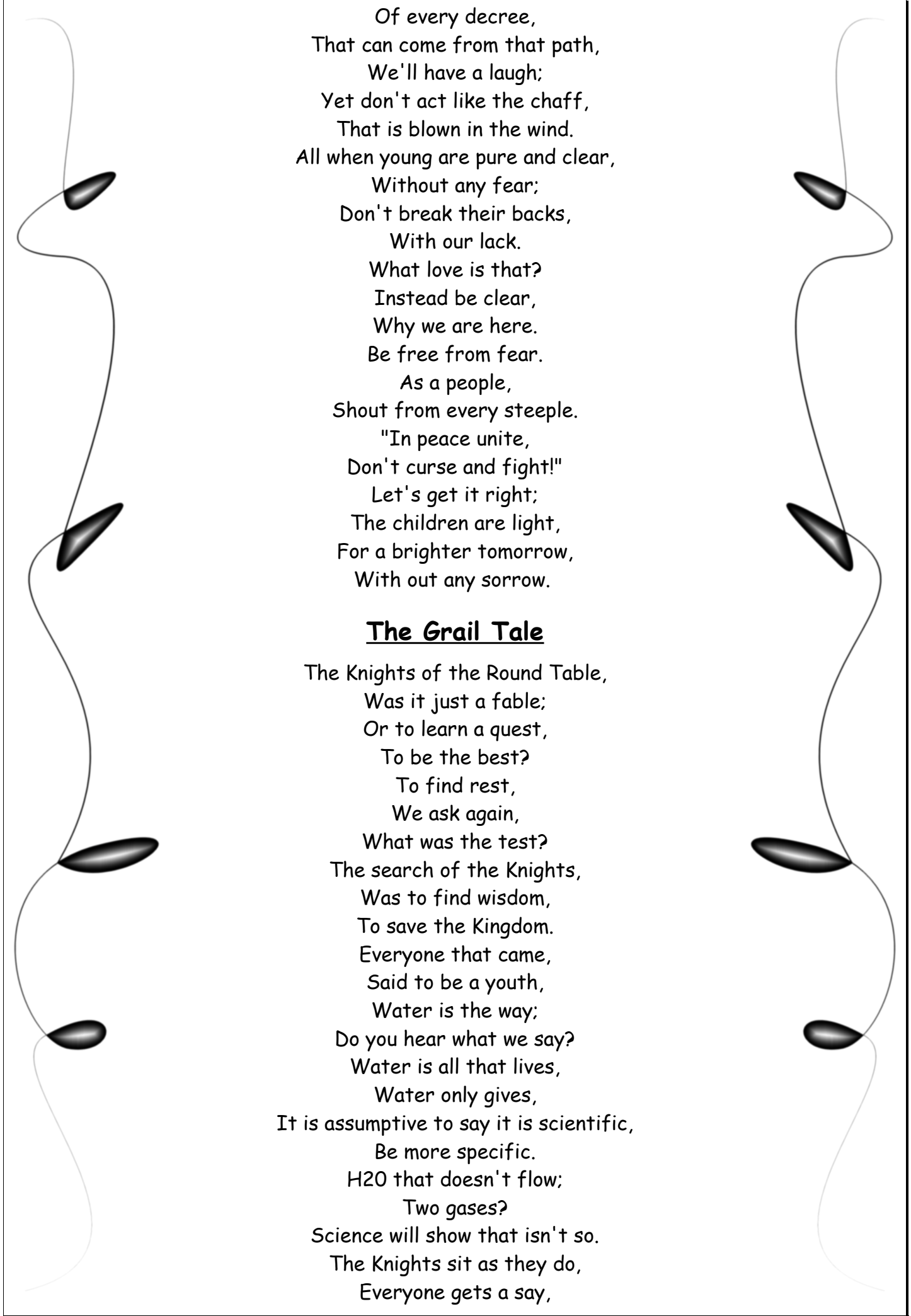
Protecting a future,
That has gotta be right.
Instead we bicker and Fight;
Why not unite?

Guided Destination

In faith we're standing,
Tests are demanding;
Trails are long,
We lose the song.
Yet keep going on.
Time will tell,
Who is for Hell;
Where bad egos do dwell.
Save who we can;
Like a modest gentleman;
This is the plan,
Our father said we can.
Not in condemnation,
Be a better generation,
Spend time in contemplation.
Before we teach,
Careful not to preach;
Don't make it out of reach.
Lean not on our own insight,
Rather study what is right;
Keep our mind a bright,
That we may spread some light.

Correcting Our Journeys

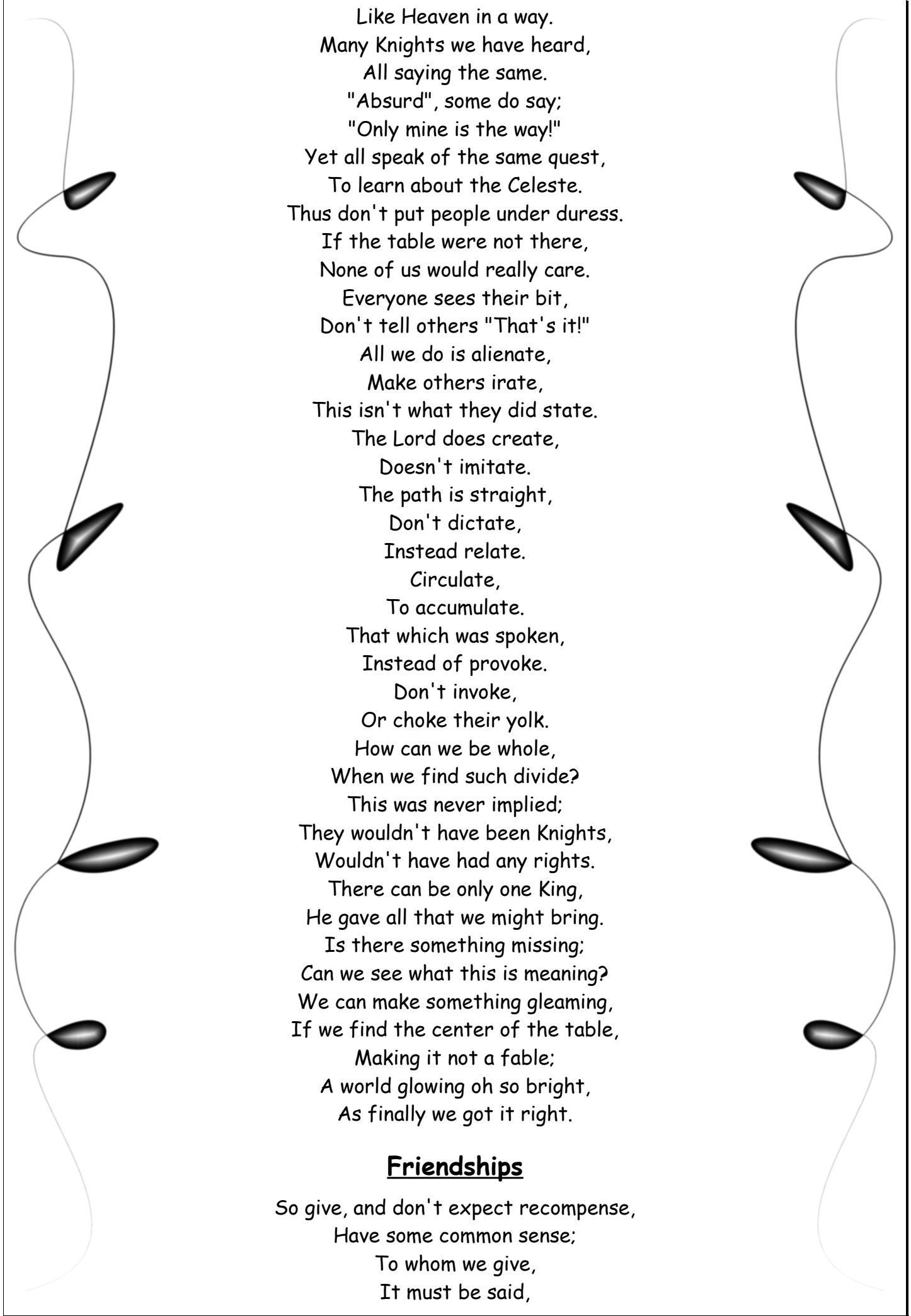
People's pain,
And people's shame;
Some think it's all a game?
Yet the game plays us;
We only have free choice.
Sound with our voice,
Instead of keep inside;
We should be building bridges,
Not walls.
Fear is the mind killer;
Life is fun,
To play in the sun.
Not just to work,
And sit there all glum.
That can burn with lies and deceit,



Of every decree,
That can come from that path,
We'll have a laugh;
Yet don't act like the chaff,
That is blown in the wind.
All when young are pure and clear,
Without any fear;
Don't break their backs,
With our lack.
What love is that?
Instead be clear,
Why we are here.
Be free from fear.
As a people,
Shout from every steeple.
"In peace unite,
Don't curse and fight!"
Let's get it right;
The children are light,
For a brighter tomorrow,
With out any sorrow.

The Grail Tale

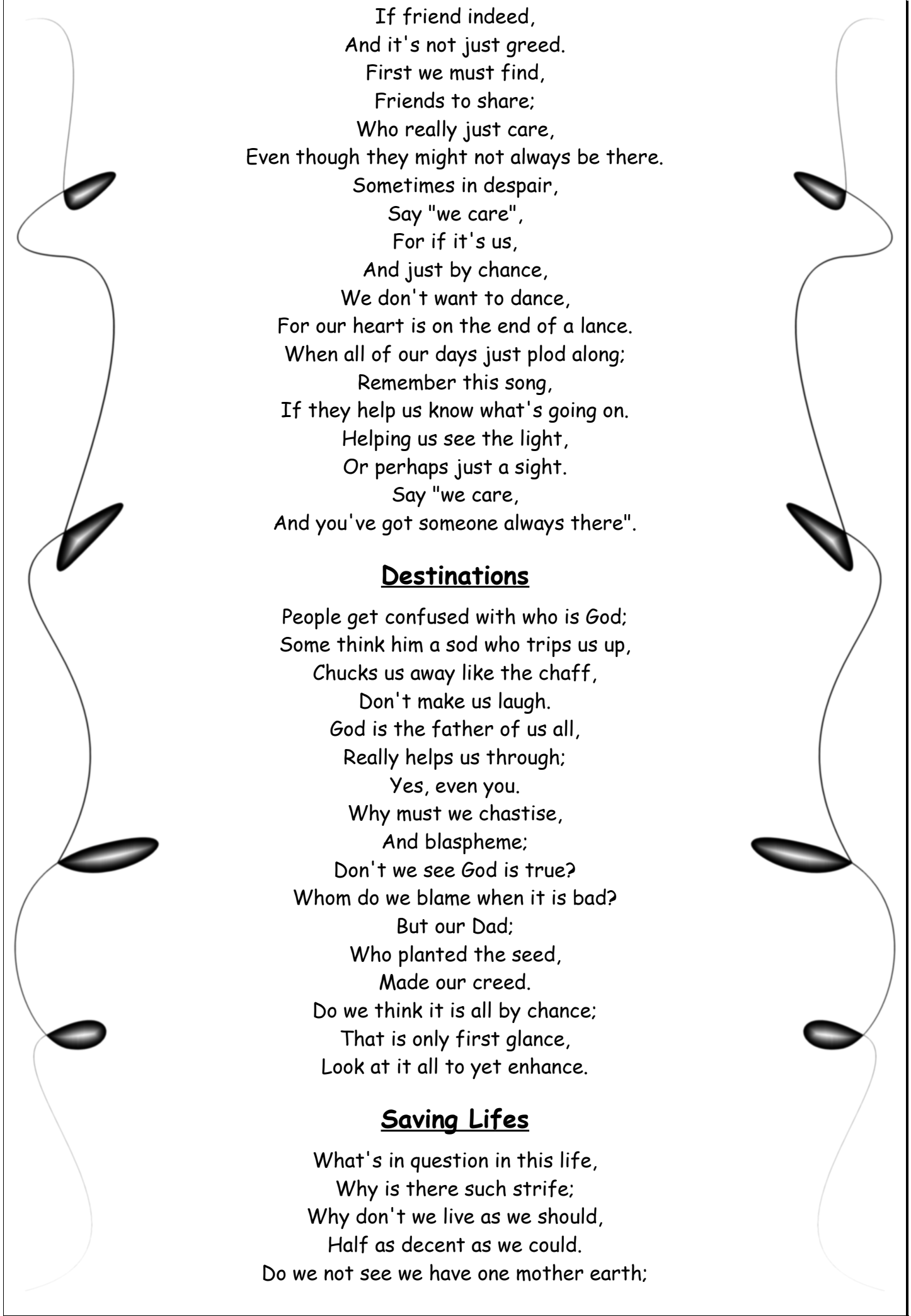
The Knights of the Round Table,
Was it just a fable;
Or to learn a quest,
To be the best?
To find rest,
We ask again,
What was the test?
The search of the Knights,
Was to find wisdom,
To save the Kingdom.
Everyone that came,
Said to be a youth,
Water is the way;
Do you hear what we say?
Water is all that lives,
Water only gives,
It is assumptive to say it is scientific,
Be more specific.
H₂O that doesn't flow;
Two gases?
Science will show that isn't so.
The Knights sit as they do,
Everyone gets a say,



Like Heaven in a way.
Many Knights we have heard,
All saying the same.
"Absurd", some do say;
"Only mine is the way!"
Yet all speak of the same quest,
To learn about the Celeste.
Thus don't put people under duress.
If the table were not there,
None of us would really care.
Everyone sees their bit,
Don't tell others "That's it!"
All we do is alienate,
Make others irate,
This isn't what they did state.
The Lord does create,
Doesn't imitate.
The path is straight,
Don't dictate,
Instead relate.
Circulate,
To accumulate.
That which was spoken,
Instead of provoke.
Don't invoke,
Or choke their yolk.
How can we be whole,
When we find such divide?
This was never implied;
They wouldn't have been Knights,
Wouldn't have had any rights.
There can be only one King,
He gave all that we might bring.
Is there something missing;
Can we see what this is meaning?
We can make something gleaming,
If we find the center of the table,
Making it not a fable;
A world glowing oh so bright,
As finally we got it right.

Friendships

So give, and don't expect recompense,
Have some common sense;
To whom we give,
It must be said,





If friend indeed,
And it's not just greed.
First we must find,
Friends to share;
Who really just care,
Even though they might not always be there.
Sometimes in despair,
Say "we care",
For if it's us,
And just by chance,
We don't want to dance,
For our heart is on the end of a lance.
When all of our days just plod along;
Remember this song,
If they help us know what's going on.
Helping us see the light,
Or perhaps just a sight.
Say "we care,
And you've got someone always there".

Destinations

People get confused with who is God;
Some think him a sod who trips us up,
Chucks us away like the chaff,
Don't make us laugh.
God is the father of us all,
Really helps us through;
Yes, even you.
Why must we chastise,
And blaspheme;
Don't we see God is true?
Whom do we blame when it is bad?
But our Dad;
Who planted the seed,
Made our creed.
Do we think it is all by chance;
That is only first glance,
Look at it all to yet enhance.

Saving Lives

What's in question in this life,
Why is there such strife;
Why don't we live as we should,
Half as decent as we could.
Do we not see we have one mother earth;



Really what are we worth?
She gave us our birth fair,
For us to protect and care;
Are we really unaware?
Stop the moaning,
Solve the solution;
Be the revolution.
Stop the pollution,
Let that be the revelation,
Of the nations.
We are of creation;
Let's create,
Not hate.

Why are we here,
It's not to earn,
Not to destroy,
Or be employed.
Don't we see that is a decoy,
That is a ploy.
Help save our fate,
For Heaven's sake;
We can make it here,
Have no fear.
Possibly change our career,
Help steer the future clear.
That the children can cheer,
"We can still live here!"

Seeing Water's Route

Where do we go,
What do we do;
How can we find a path,
We ask ourselves?
With all our wealth,
And all our stealth,
We still don't know where life delves.
Yet in faith,
We find relief;
From such grieve.
Who knows what tomorrow brings;
Now this is the thing,
Here what we sing:
We don't play the game,
The game plays us;
We only have free choice.
So what to do next,

Don't go getting all vexed;
Follow the flow,
Like the valley we know,
That will surely show.
For water always chooses the lowest path;
Yes the valley may wind and turn,
At some points even churn.
Don't rise up to earn or yearn,
This is why we gurn,
And gnash our teeth.
It's harder we see,
Then simply to be free.
In the valley clear,
Without the strife;
Obstacles we may find,
Yet as hurdles they'll come,
Shouldn't make us all glum.
All we have to do is to find a path.
Through a must,
We learn to adjust;
Then aim to be trust.
Stay strong like the grain;
Learn From the pain,
That will guide us over,
Then the flow stays with the song.
Don't go getting it all wrong,
Don't change in the wind,
Like the chaff;
Always changing our path,
Just to have a laugh.
Stay strong,
Keep going on.
Never say never,
Always say more;
Know the score,
Know what to look for.
Stick with the core;
Don't look so deep,
That we can't get any sleep,
Or hide and creep along the side,
Then people don't see us as deep.
Water goes through the valley,
Winding with its might;
Yet it doesn't fight,
Instead it changes its course,
With all that force.



Thus let's get it right,
Without any plight.

Poetic Insight

Hopefully these poems bring some insight;
Hopefully one day we can all learn to be light;

If only we can learn not to fight.

Through our life we've seen,
What it means to be free.

Many are trapped in old ways,
Surely they'll have shortened days.

Don't we know anger can be wrong?

The Lord sings a different song,
Justice and might,
And all things right.

Don't get us wrong,

It is only fear that holds us back;
From a lack.

Sometimes from no love,
So we learned to shove.

Many have changed our track,
Yet we can still turn back.

If someone tries to preach,
Ask that they might teach;
Instead of leach.

Learn to humble ourselves,
This is where wisdom delves.

Don't put our heart on a shelf,
Never learning the secret wealth;

As it will destroy our health.

If we make a mistake,
Stick on the brakes;
Possibly reiterate,
For Heaven's sake.

Apologize before it is too late;

Else we might miss someone great,
And where would that leave our fate,

On that eternal date,

Don't think it will be late.

Everyone must be judged,

Pray they don't begrudge;

Heaven holds all clear,

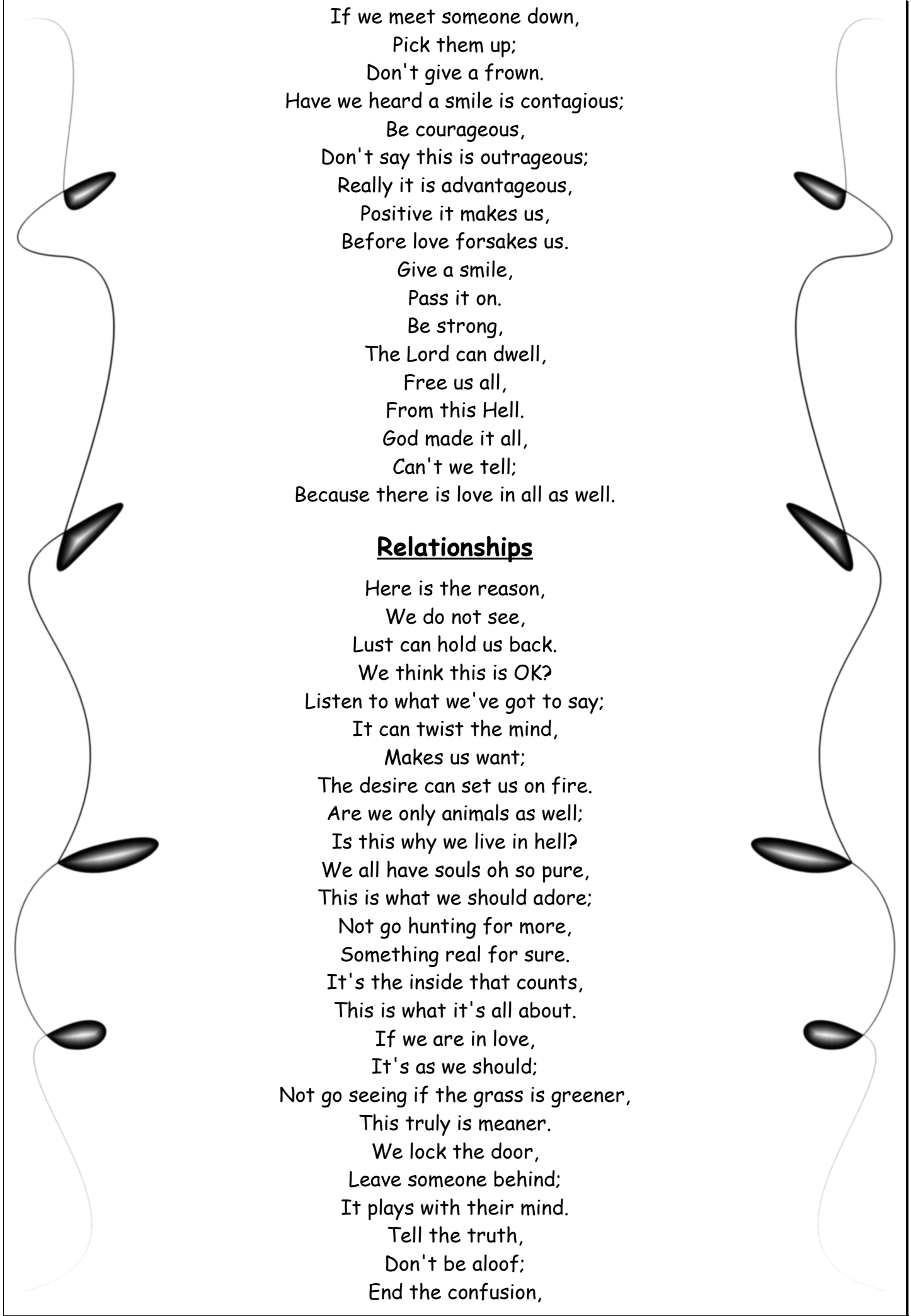
And understands what it is to live here.

Bright Eyez

The smell of a camp fire;
In a van they had for hire,
Was how they traveled.
Everywhere they went;
Their money almost spent,
Not as far as meant,
They used their better judgement.
Then on a dark night,
In a forest of pine;
They saw some eyes looking,
To see just who be.
They cautiously went in too soon;
Out came a racoon!
To say "hello",
Yet they were too yellow.
So it stayed for a drink,
Or perhaps just to think.
Then gave them a wink,
To say "what do you think?"
Yet too slow to reply,
Then they were away;
Never to say,
What they saw that day.

Divine Disappearance

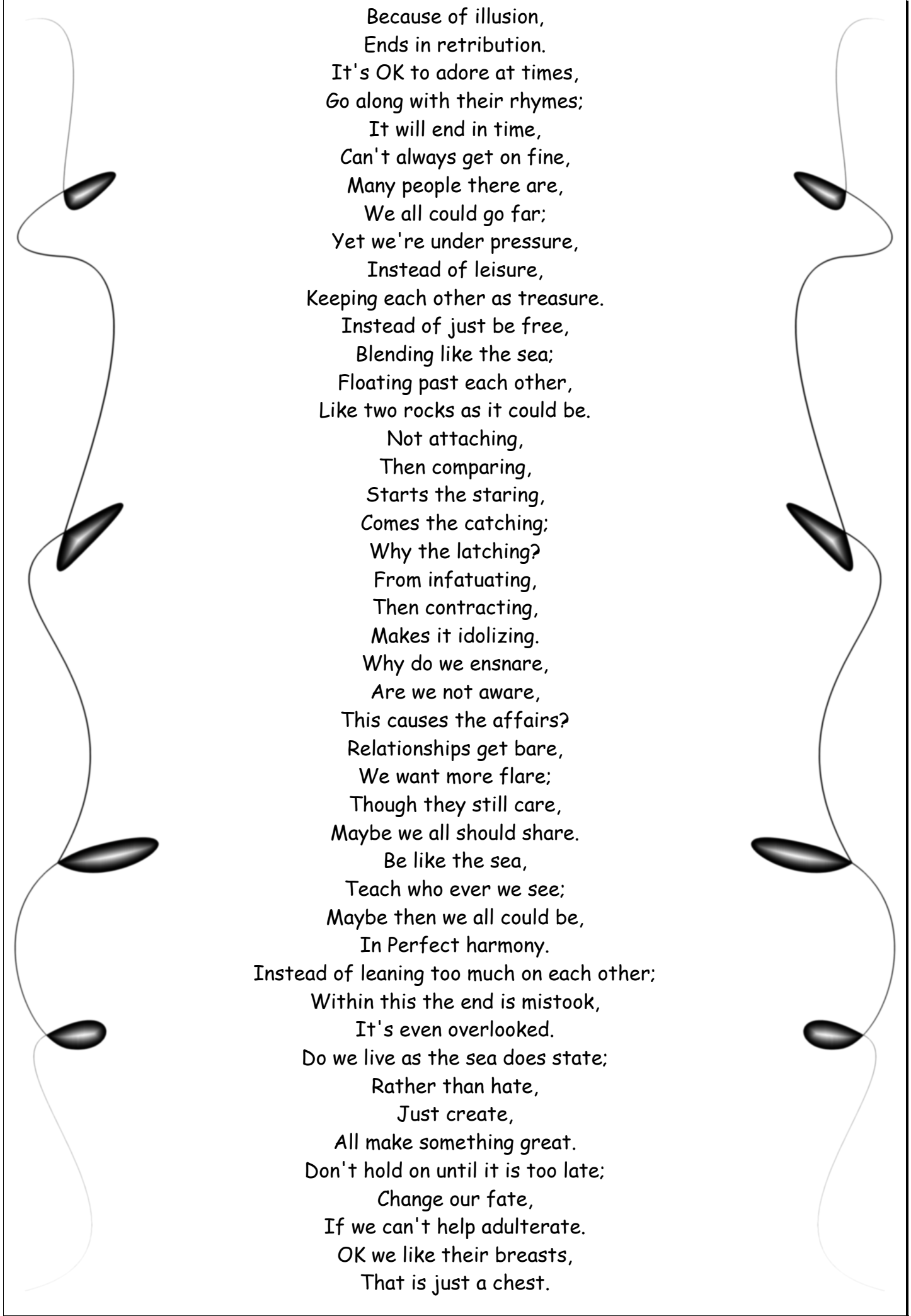
Many say we don't see God;
What do we expect,
When we are being a sod?
Call him all the time,
Blaspheme and think it's fine;
Don't we realize,
This is a crime?
When we really fall,
What happens,
When we call?
Then we blame God instead,
For letting our lives,
Have such dread.
Don't we catch the thread,
What God wants,
For our lives instead?
God is called,
The Lord of Host,
Because God works through us the most.



If we meet someone down,
Pick them up;
Don't give a frown.
Have we heard a smile is contagious;
Be courageous,
Don't say this is outrageous;
Really it is advantageous,
Positive it makes us,
Before love forsakes us.
Give a smile,
Pass it on.
Be strong,
The Lord can dwell,
Free us all,
From this Hell.
God made it all,
Can't we tell;
Because there is love in all as well.

Relationships

Here is the reason,
We do not see,
Lust can hold us back.
We think this is OK?
Listen to what we've got to say;
It can twist the mind,
Makes us want;
The desire can set us on fire.
Are we only animals as well;
Is this why we live in hell?
We all have souls oh so pure,
This is what we should adore;
Not go hunting for more,
Something real for sure.
It's the inside that counts,
This is what it's all about.
If we are in love,
It's as we should;
Not go seeing if the grass is greener,
This truly is meaner.
We lock the door,
Leave someone behind;
It plays with their mind.
Tell the truth,
Don't be aloof;
End the confusion,

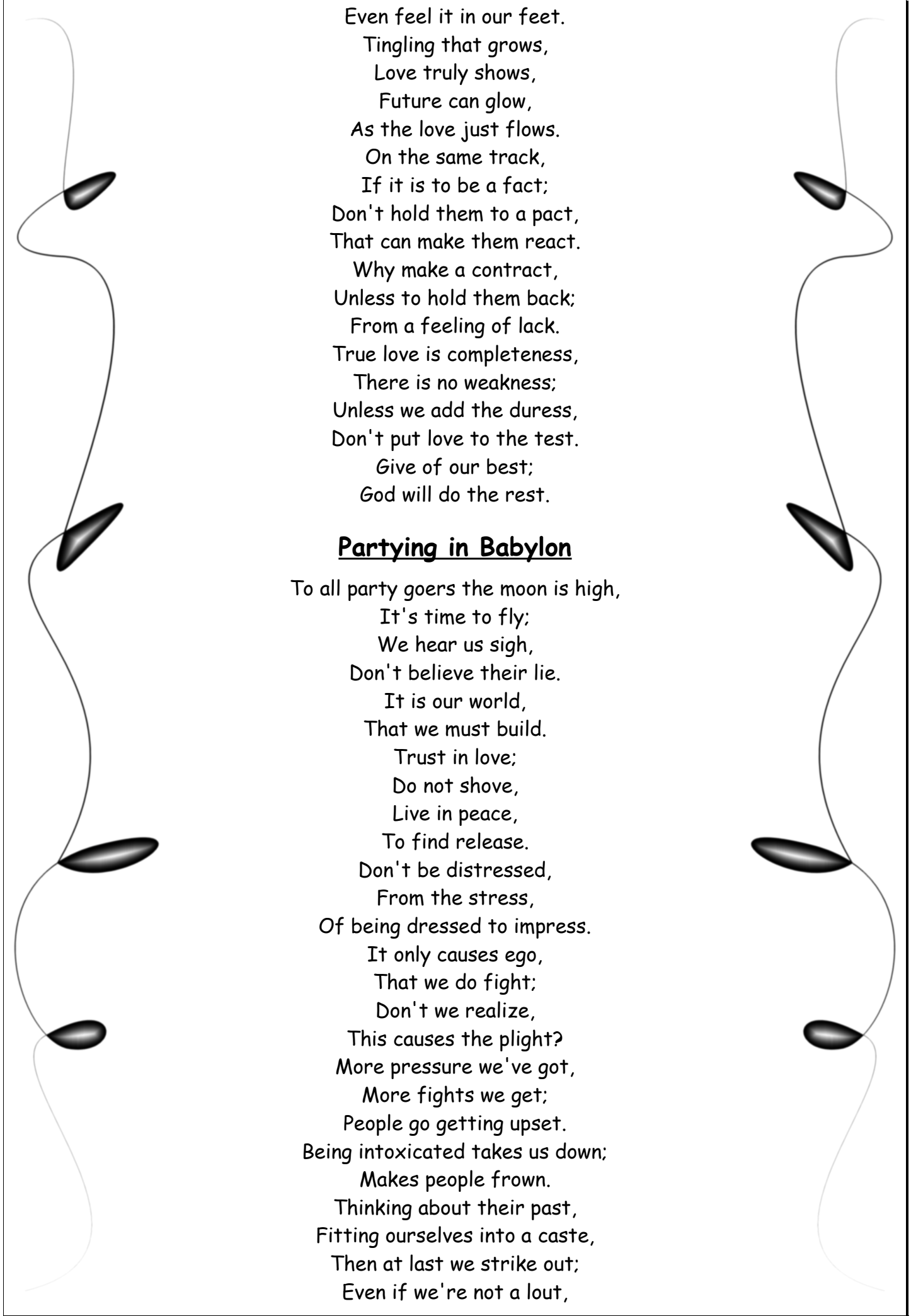


Because of illusion,
Ends in retribution.
It's OK to adore at times,
Go along with their rhymes;
It will end in time,
Can't always get on fine,
Many people there are,
We all could go far;
Yet we're under pressure,
Instead of leisure,
Keeping each other as treasure.
Instead of just be free,
Blending like the sea;
Floating past each other,
Like two rocks as it could be.

Not attaching,
Then comparing,
Starts the staring,
Comes the catching;
Why the latching?
From infatuating,
Then contracting,
Makes it idolizing.
Why do we ensnare,
Are we not aware,
This causes the affairs?
Relationships get bare,
We want more flare;
Though they still care,
Maybe we all should share.
Be like the sea,
Teach who ever we see;
Maybe then we all could be,
In Perfect harmony.
Instead of leaning too much on each other;
Within this the end is mistook,
It's even overlooked.
Do we live as the sea does state;
Rather than hate,
Just create,
All make something great.
Don't hold on until it is too late;
Change our fate,
If we can't help adulterate.
OK we like their breasts,
That is just a chest.

OK we like their look,
Why only look at their butt.
Doesn't that make us feel sick in the gut,
Are we really such sluts?
Where is the way a child has been,
Simple and pure,
And oh so clean.
Learn not to lean,
On all that we've seen,
This is where we fall.
They're nice,
At what price?
All to impress,
We are under duress,
Oh what stress;
It makes us less.
Round we go for one another,
Just to find this perfect lover;
As angels we should flow,
Teaching each other what we know.
Helping along as we go,
We all change,
Rearrange,
Then start acting strange.
Men and women are just the same,
Different angles of the game.
We try to tame,
This is a shame.
First lovers,
Then like sister and brothers;
Sulking under the covers,
Thinking about another.
Try to choose our own lover,
We can't tell,
What's in the shell.
Eggs always come in batches;
People play how many catches.
Unless our yokes truly match,
Both souls truly hatch;
Hearts just latch,
Won't even have to catch.
Yokes attract,
Truly our match.
Doesn't need to be a contract;
Love is complete,
Nicest person we could ever meet,

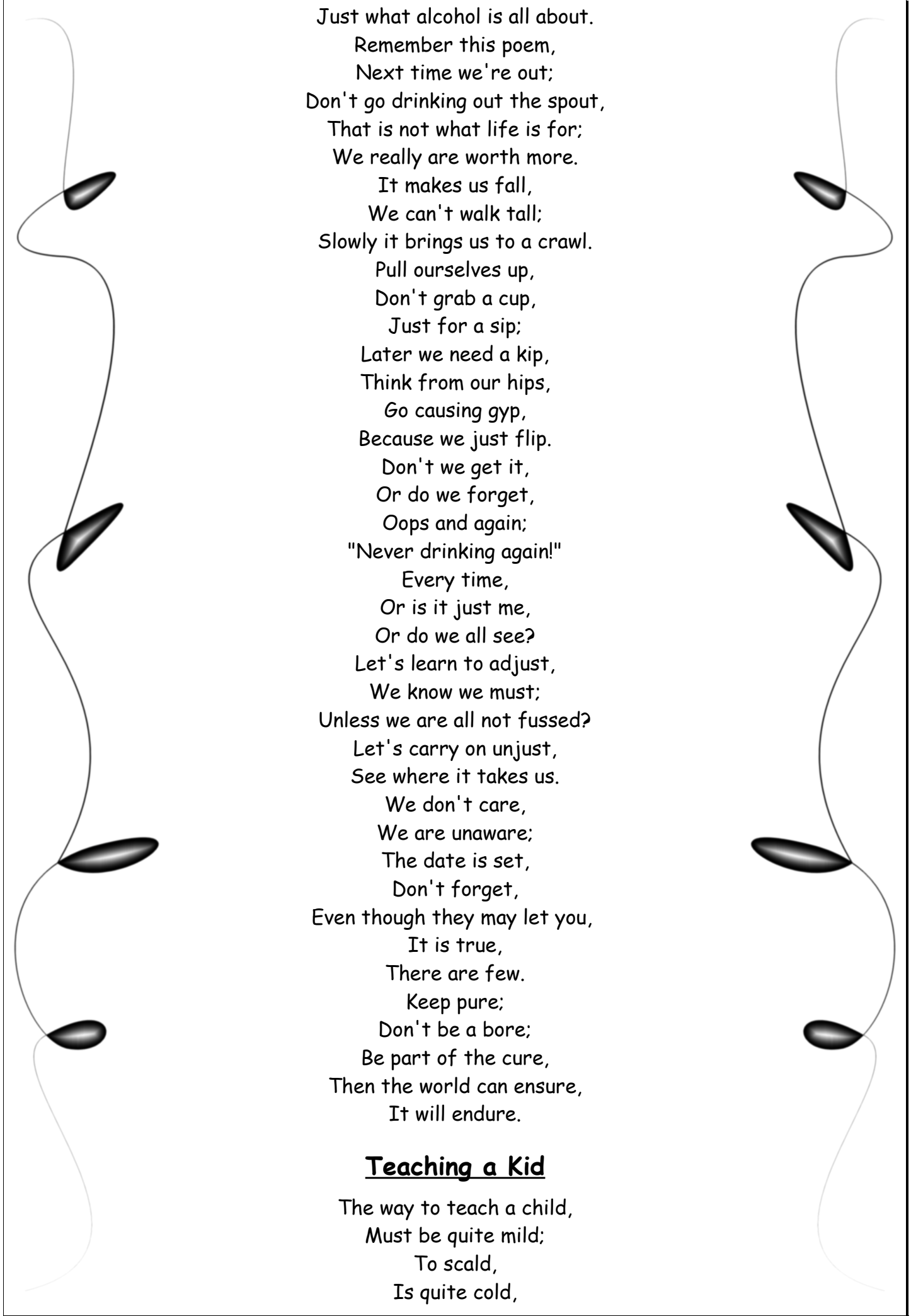




Even feel it in our feet.
Tingling that grows,
Love truly shows,
Future can glow,
As the love just flows.
On the same track,
If it is to be a fact;
Don't hold them to a pact,
That can make them react.
Why make a contract,
Unless to hold them back;
From a feeling of lack.
True love is completeness,
There is no weakness;
Unless we add the duress,
Don't put love to the test.
Give of our best;
God will do the rest.

Partying in Babylon

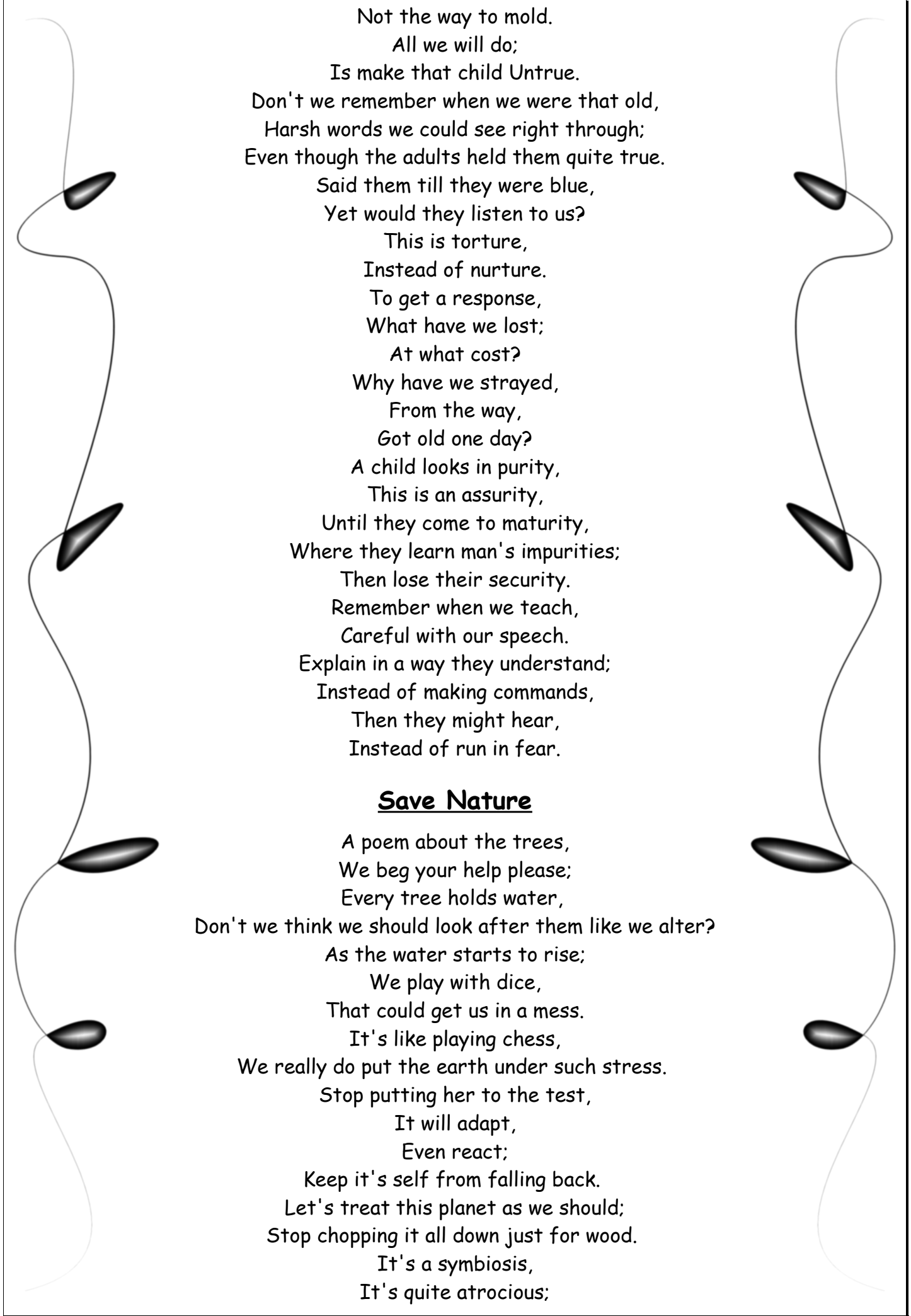
To all party goers the moon is high,
It's time to fly;
We hear us sigh,
Don't believe their lie.
It is our world,
That we must build.
Trust in love;
Do not shove,
Live in peace,
To find release.
Don't be distressed,
From the stress,
Of being dressed to impress.
It only causes ego,
That we do fight;
Don't we realize,
This causes the plight?
More pressure we've got,
More fights we get;
People go getting upset.
Being intoxicated takes us down;
Makes people frown.
Thinking about their past,
Fitting ourselves into a caste,
Then at last we strike out;
Even if we're not a lout,



Just what alcohol is all about.
Remember this poem,
Next time we're out;
Don't go drinking out the spout,
That is not what life is for;
We really are worth more.
It makes us fall,
We can't walk tall;
Slowly it brings us to a crawl.
Pull ourselves up,
Don't grab a cup,
Just for a sip;
Later we need a kip,
Think from our hips,
Go causing gyp,
Because we just flip.
Don't we get it,
Or do we forget,
Oops and again;
"Never drinking again!"
Every time,
Or is it just me,
Or do we all see?
Let's learn to adjust,
We know we must;
Unless we are all not fussed?
Let's carry on unjust,
See where it takes us.
We don't care,
We are unaware;
The date is set,
Don't forget,
Even though they may let you,
It is true,
There are few.
Keep pure;
Don't be a bore;
Be part of the cure,
Then the world can ensure,
It will endure.

Teaching a Kid

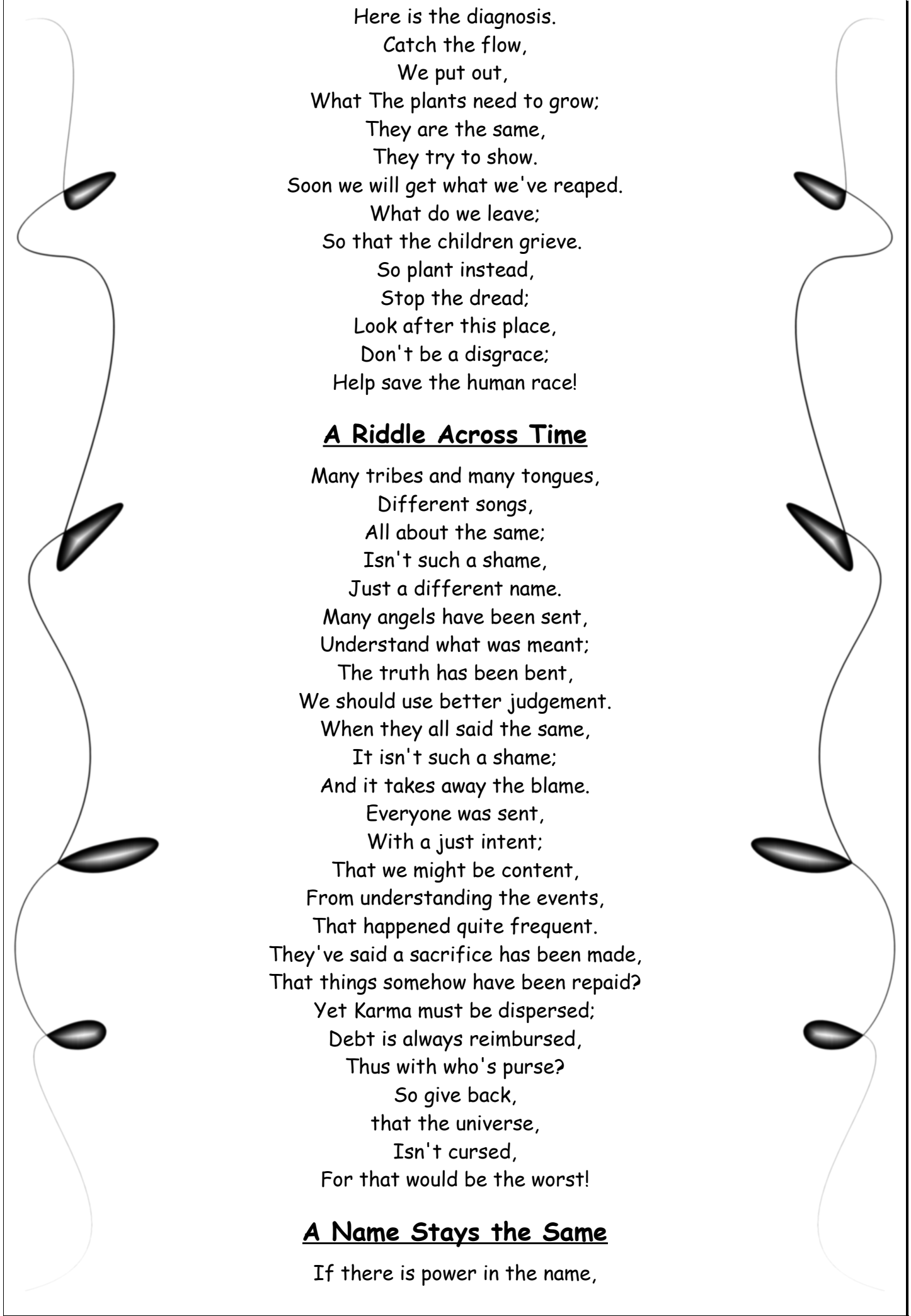
The way to teach a child,
Must be quite mild;
To scald,
Is quite cold,



Not the way to mold.
All we will do;
Is make that child Untrue.
Don't we remember when we were that old,
Harsh words we could see right through;
Even though the adults held them quite true.
Said them till they were blue,
Yet would they listen to us?
This is torture,
Instead of nurture.
To get a response,
What have we lost;
At what cost?
Why have we strayed,
From the way,
Got old one day?
A child looks in purity,
This is an assurity,
Until they come to maturity,
Where they learn man's impurities;
Then lose their security.
Remember when we teach,
Careful with our speech.
Explain in a way they understand;
Instead of making commands,
Then they might hear,
Instead of run in fear.

Save Nature

A poem about the trees,
We beg your help please;
Every tree holds water,
Don't we think we should look after them like we alter?
As the water starts to rise;
We play with dice,
That could get us in a mess.
It's like playing chess,
We really do put the earth under such stress.
Stop putting her to the test,
It will adapt,
Even react;
Keep it's self from falling back.
Let's treat this planet as we should;
Stop chopping it all down just for wood.
It's a symbiosis,
It's quite atrocious;



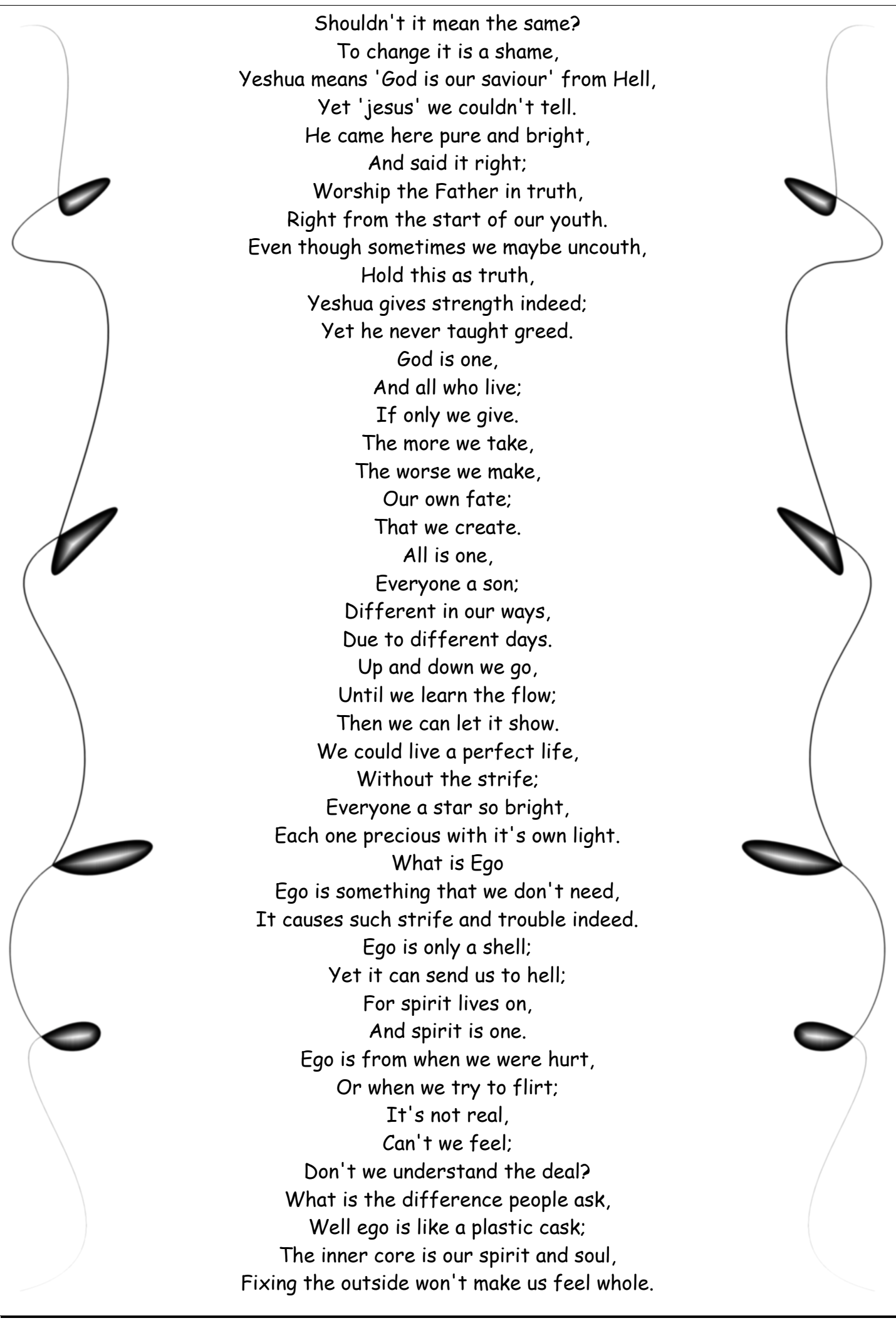
Here is the diagnosis.
Catch the flow,
We put out,
What The plants need to grow;
They are the same,
They try to show.
Soon we will get what we've reaped.
What do we leave;
So that the children grieve.
So plant instead,
Stop the dread;
Look after this place,
Don't be a disgrace;
Help save the human race!

A Riddle Across Time

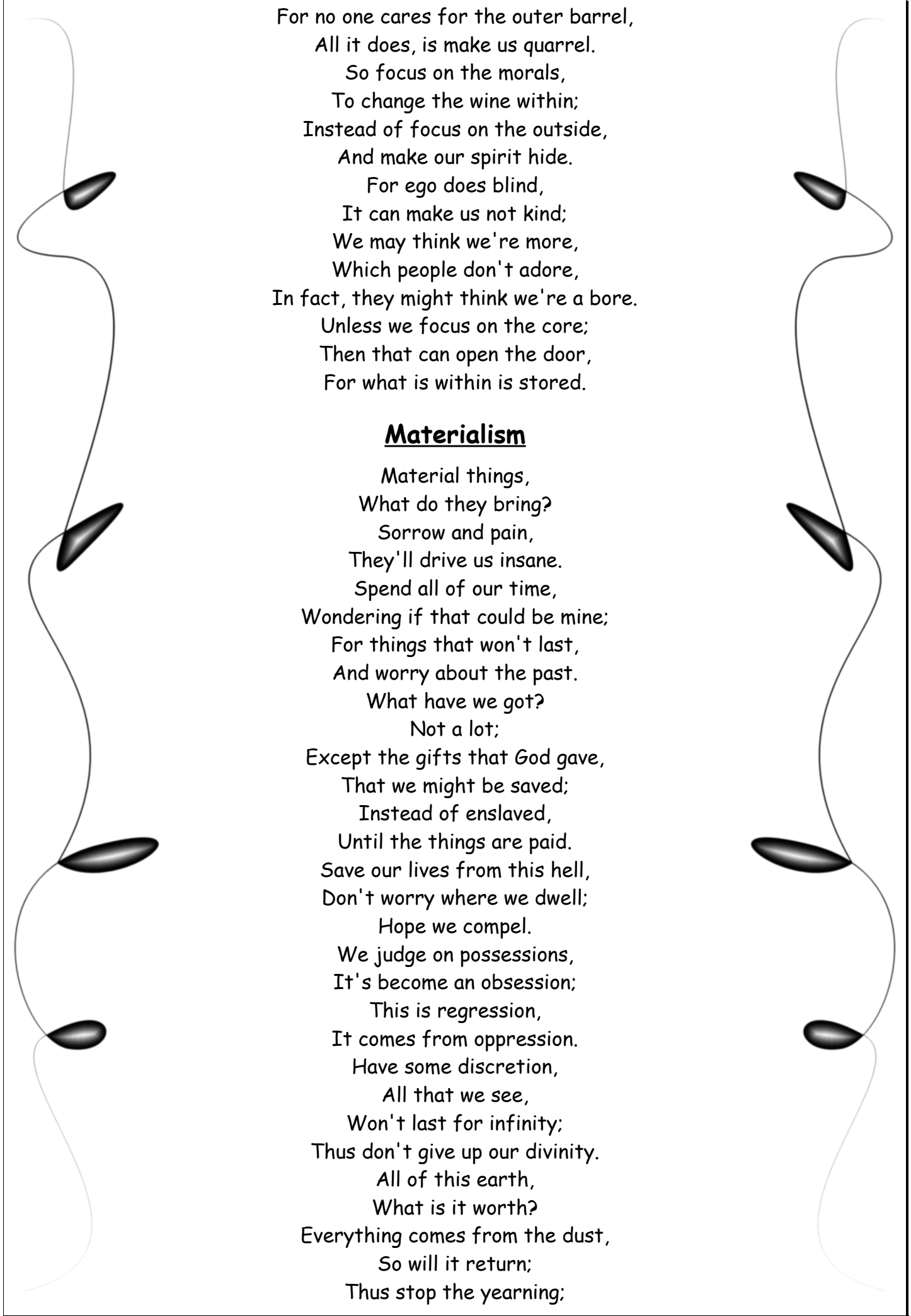
Many tribes and many tongues,
Different songs,
All about the same;
Isn't such a shame,
Just a different name.
Many angels have been sent,
Understand what was meant;
The truth has been bent,
We should use better judgement.
When they all said the same,
It isn't such a shame;
And it takes away the blame.
Everyone was sent,
With a just intent;
That we might be content,
From understanding the events,
That happened quite frequent.
They've said a sacrifice has been made,
That things somehow have been repaid?
Yet Karma must be dispersed;
Debt is always reimbursed,
Thus with who's purse?
So give back,
that the universe,
Isn't cursed,
For that would be the worst!

A Name Stays the Same

If there is power in the name,



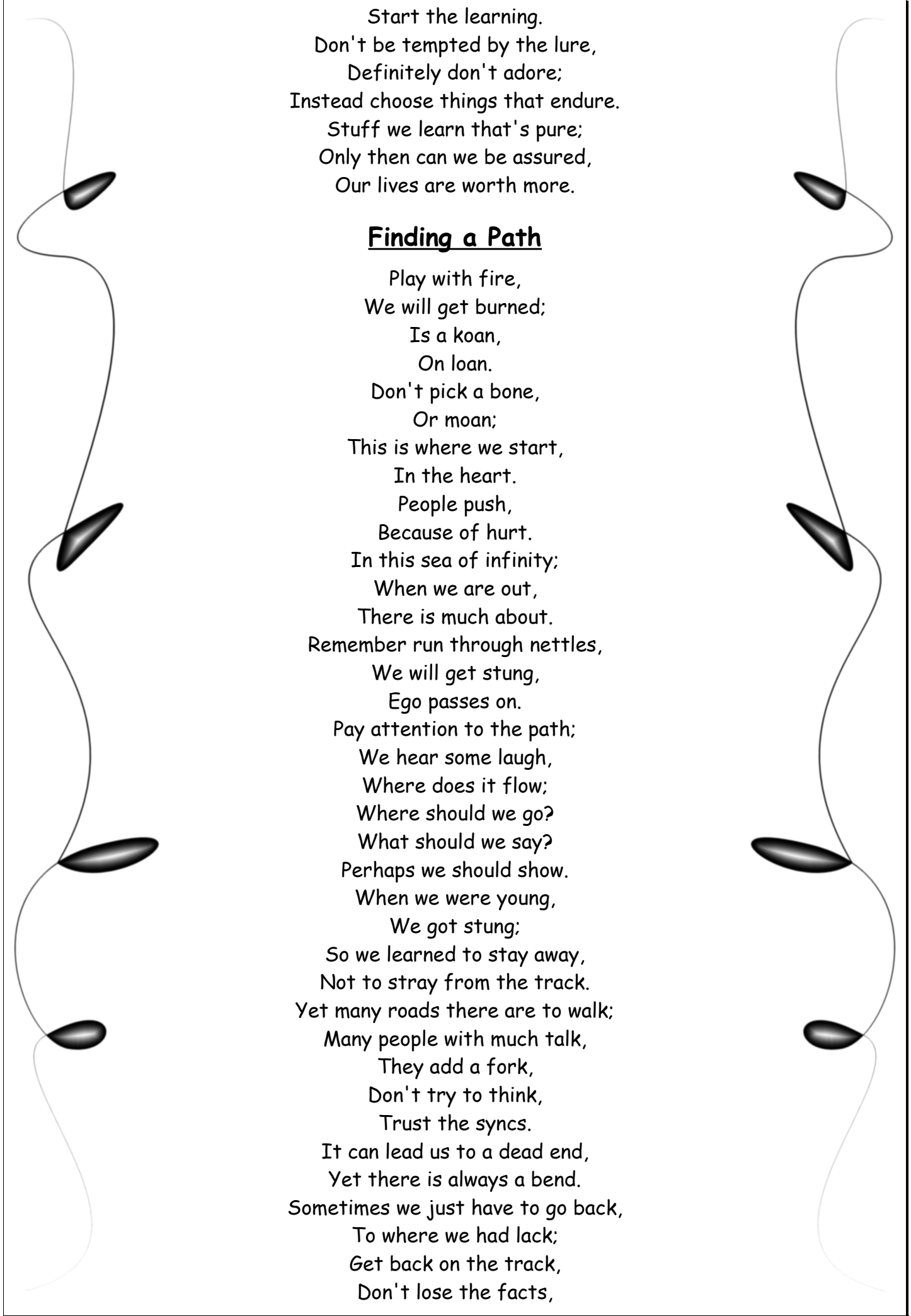
Shouldn't it mean the same?
To change it is a shame,
Yeshua means 'God is our saviour' from Hell,
Yet 'jesus' we couldn't tell.
He came here pure and bright,
And said it right;
Worship the Father in truth,
Right from the start of our youth.
Even though sometimes we maybe uncouth,
Hold this as truth,
Yeshua gives strength indeed;
Yet he never taught greed.
God is one,
And all who live;
If only we give.
The more we take,
The worse we make,
Our own fate;
That we create.
All is one,
Everyone a son;
Different in our ways,
Due to different days.
Up and down we go,
Until we learn the flow;
Then we can let it show.
We could live a perfect life,
Without the strife;
Everyone a star so bright,
Each one precious with it's own light.
What is Ego
Ego is something that we don't need,
It causes such strife and trouble indeed.
Ego is only a shell;
Yet it can send us to hell;
For spirit lives on,
And spirit is one.
Ego is from when we were hurt,
Or when we try to flirt;
It's not real,
Can't we feel;
Don't we understand the deal?
What is the difference people ask,
Well ego is like a plastic cask;
The inner core is our spirit and soul,
Fixing the outside won't make us feel whole.



For no one cares for the outer barrel,
All it does, is make us quarrel.
So focus on the morals,
To change the wine within;
Instead of focus on the outside,
And make our spirit hide.
For ego does blind,
It can make us not kind;
We may think we're more,
Which people don't adore,
In fact, they might think we're a bore.
Unless we focus on the core;
Then that can open the door,
For what is within is stored.

Materialism

Material things,
What do they bring?
Sorrow and pain,
They'll drive us insane.
Spend all of our time,
Wondering if that could be mine;
For things that won't last,
And worry about the past.
What have we got?
Not a lot;
Except the gifts that God gave,
That we might be saved;
Instead of enslaved,
Until the things are paid.
Save our lives from this hell,
Don't worry where we dwell;
Hope we compel.
We judge on possessions,
It's become an obsession;
This is regression,
It comes from oppression.
Have some discretion,
All that we see,
Won't last for infinity;
Thus don't give up our divinity.
All of this earth,
What is it worth?
Everything comes from the dust,
So will it return;
Thus stop the yearning;



Start the learning.
Don't be tempted by the lure,
Definitely don't adore;
Instead choose things that endure.
Stuff we learn that's pure;
Only then can we be assured,
Our lives are worth more.

Finding a Path

Play with fire,
We will get burned;
Is a koan,
On loan.
Don't pick a bone,
Or moan;
This is where we start,
In the heart.
People push,
Because of hurt.
In this sea of infinity;
When we are out,
There is much about.
Remember run through nettles,
We will get stung,
Ego passes on.
Pay attention to the path;
We hear some laugh,
Where does it flow;
Where should we go?
What should we say?
Perhaps we should show.
When we were young,
We got stung;
So we learned to stay away,
Not to stray from the track.
Yet many roads there are to walk;
Many people with much talk,
They add a fork,
Don't try to think,
Trust the syncs.
It can lead us to a dead end,
Yet there is always a bend.
Sometimes we just have to go back,
To where we had lack;
Get back on the track,
Don't lose the facts,

We are all light,
Get it right.

A Journey

We think we can hide,
From when we have lied;
Don't we think people have tried?
What happened when they've died,
And brought up and tried?
Could they then hide,
From all that they had been,
And All that they had seen?
How could we have been so mean;
So green.

"If Only I could have foreseen",
We thought we were so clean.

Let's live as we should,
Truly be good.

If this is misunderstood,
Then what may we say;
If we knew the way?

Try to perfect it,
Until the end of our day.

Not to sin,

Not to stray,

Become a star,

As this poem does relay.
So that in all that we say,

We keep the truth;
Help teach the youth.

Give all our love,

In all that is true;

Life is not slavery,

To Mammon for sure.

What are we here for,

To get a bigger car?

Don't make that scar,

So deep in our soul,

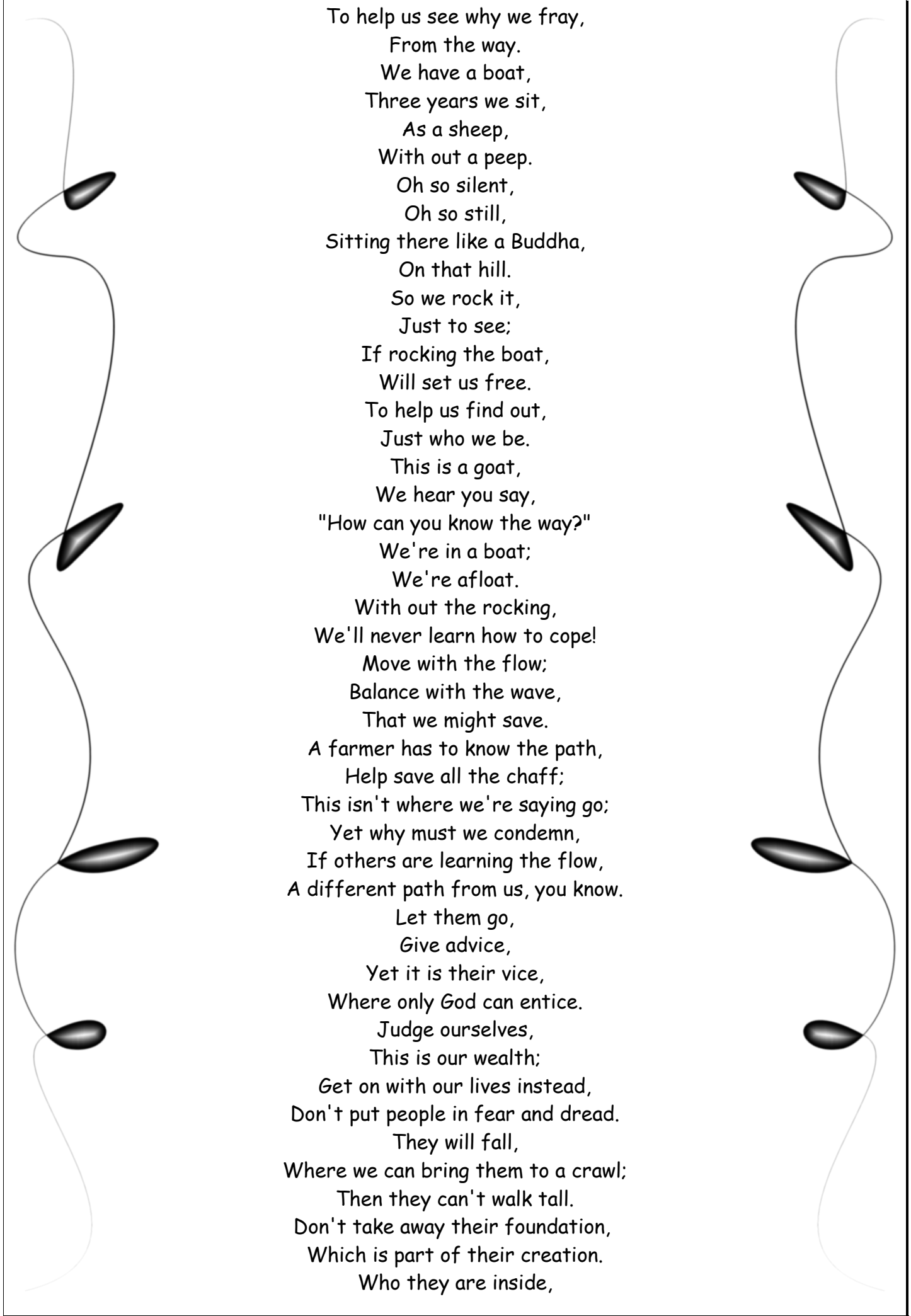
Never to fill the hole;

Have some self control,

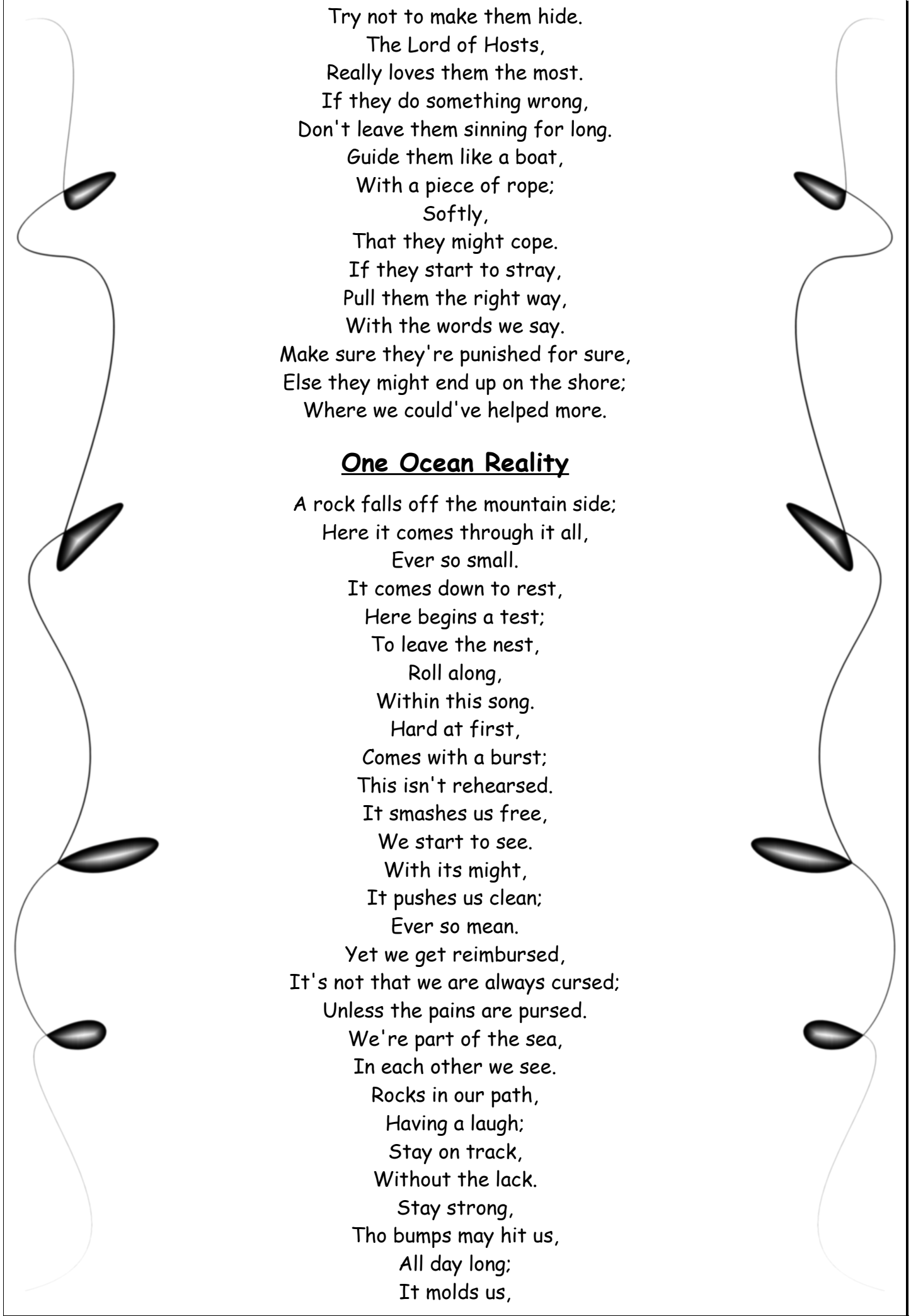
Then we all might feel whole.

Floating On A Boat

Love and passion is our way;
Here is a question,



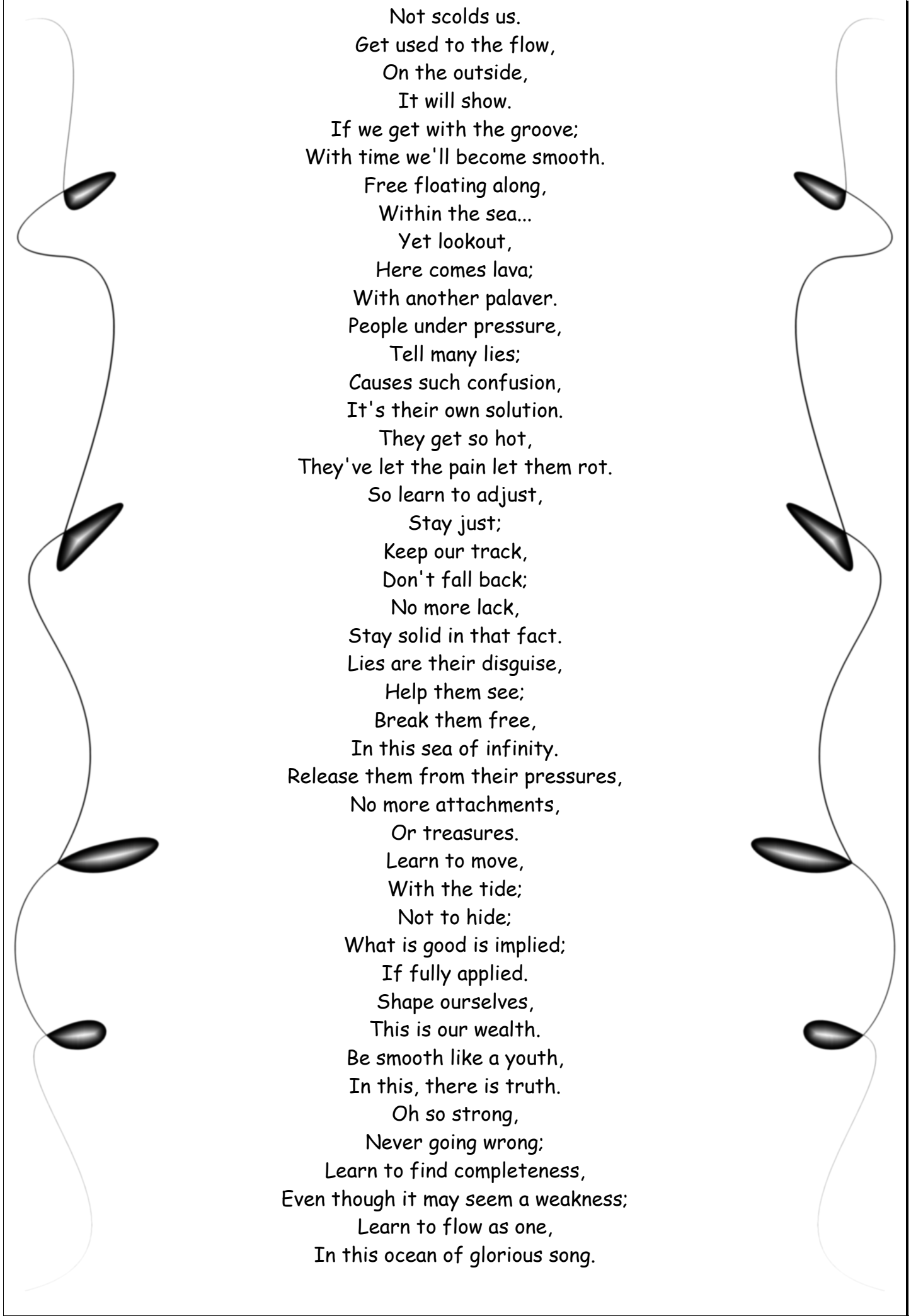
To help us see why we fray,
From the way.
We have a boat,
Three years we sit,
As a sheep,
With out a peep.
Oh so silent,
Oh so still,
Sitting there like a Buddha,
On that hill.
So we rock it,
Just to see;
If rocking the boat,
Will set us free.
To help us find out,
Just who we be.
This is a goat,
We hear you say,
"How can you know the way?"
We're in a boat;
We're afloat.
With out the rocking,
We'll never learn how to cope!
Move with the flow;
Balance with the wave,
That we might save.
A farmer has to know the path,
Help save all the chaff;
This isn't where we're saying go;
Yet why must we condemn,
If others are learning the flow,
A different path from us, you know.
Let them go,
Give advice,
Yet it is their vice,
Where only God can entice.
Judge ourselves,
This is our wealth;
Get on with our lives instead,
Don't put people in fear and dread.
They will fall,
Where we can bring them to a crawl;
Then they can't walk tall.
Don't take away their foundation,
Which is part of their creation.
Who they are inside,



Try not to make them hide.
The Lord of Hosts,
Really loves them the most.
If they do something wrong,
Don't leave them sinning for long.
Guide them like a boat,
With a piece of rope;
Softly,
That they might cope.
If they start to stray,
Pull them the right way,
With the words we say.
Make sure they're punished for sure,
Else they might end up on the shore;
Where we could've helped more.

One Ocean Reality

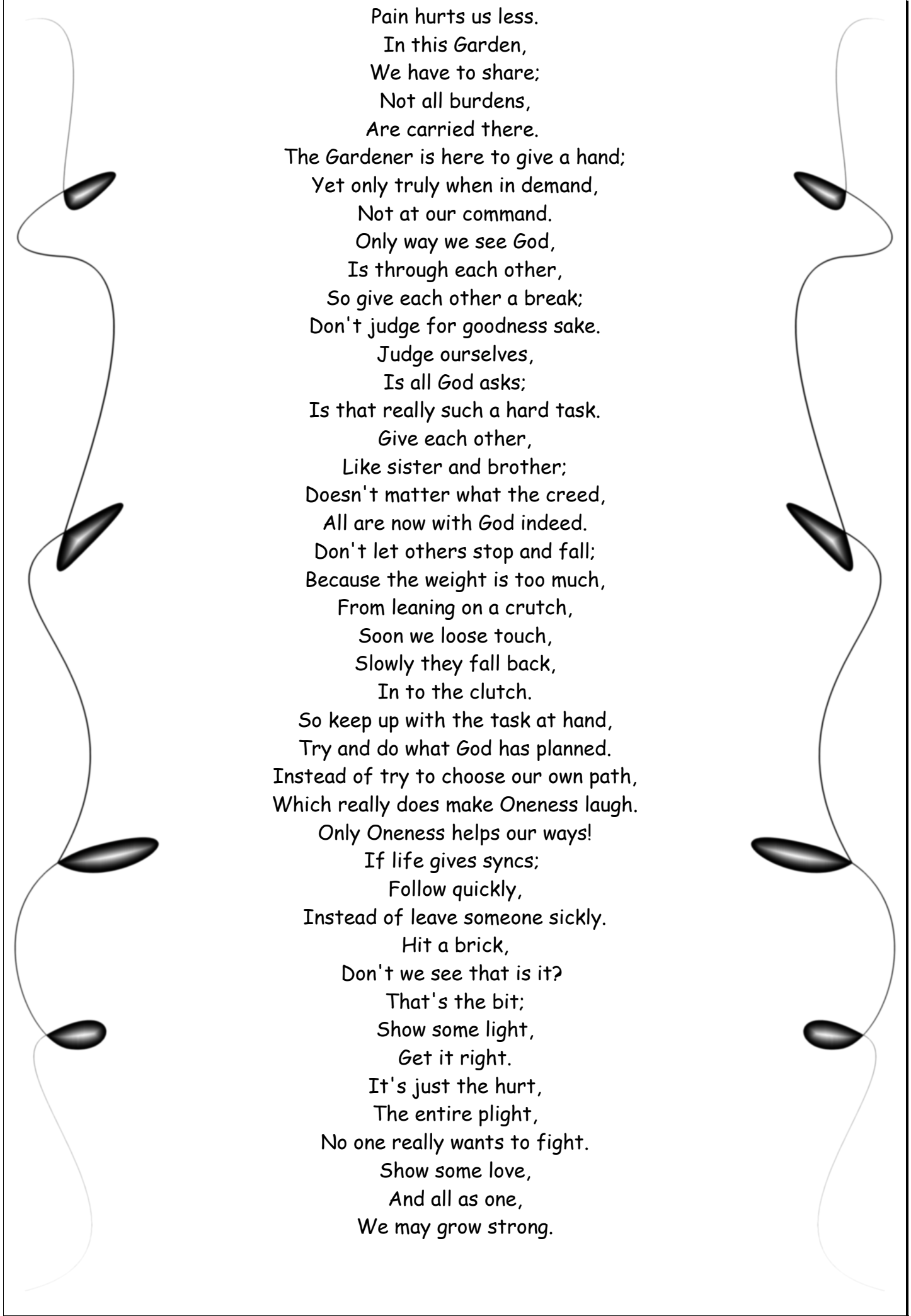
A rock falls off the mountain side;
Here it comes through it all,
Ever so small.
It comes down to rest,
Here begins a test;
To leave the nest,
Roll along,
Within this song.
Hard at first,
Comes with a burst;
This isn't rehearsed.
It smashes us free,
We start to see.
With its might,
It pushes us clean;
Ever so mean.
Yet we get reimbursed,
It's not that we are always cursed;
Unless the pains are pursed.
We're part of the sea,
In each other we see.
Rocks in our path,
Having a laugh;
Stay on track,
Without the lack.
Stay strong,
Tho bumps may hit us,
All day long;
It molds us,



Not scolds us.
Get used to the flow,
On the outside,
It will show.
If we get with the groove;
With time we'll become smooth.
Free floating along,
Within the sea...
Yet lookout,
Here comes lava;
With another palaver.
People under pressure,
Tell many lies;
Causes such confusion,
It's their own solution.
They get so hot,
They've let the pain let them rot.
So learn to adjust,
Stay just;
Keep our track,
Don't fall back;
No more lack,
Stay solid in that fact.
Lies are their disguise,
Help them see;
Break them free,
In this sea of infinity.
Release them from their pressures,
No more attachments,
Or treasures.
Learn to move,
With the tide;
Not to hide;
What is good is implied;
If fully applied.
Shape ourselves,
This is our wealth.
Be smooth like a youth,
In this, there is truth.
Oh so strong,
Never going wrong;
Learn to find completeness,
Even though it may seem a weakness;
Learn to flow as one,
In this ocean of glorious song.

Gardening in Paradise

We started with a seed,
To hopefully succeed,
And carry on our creed.
Slowly the roots,
Start to grow,
In different ways;
Many strays,
Nothing much we can do,
Yet go ahead and live it through.
May seem hard at the time,
Oh how it feels a crime;
Don't go getting all upset,
One day their bell will chime.
Karma is set,
It doesn't forget;
Everyone serves their time.
Don't go and fret,
Nether really forget,
That will then make it set.
Instead learn to let go,
Let love really flow;
Than learn to hate so.
A plant shouldn't stop,
Our soul is the crop.
Learn to nurture,
Not torture;
Mend broken bits,
Fix it that's it.
This is the task,
This is where we fall;
We never really get through it all.
Many fall back,
Make that contract;
Fear on their back,
Can't stop their lack.
Help them recreate,
Before it's too late.
In a garden fresh and clean,
Where nothing is ever mean;
A place like a dream,
Where God does gleam.
New soil,
So there is no spoil,
Wherever toil,
Roots grow fresh,



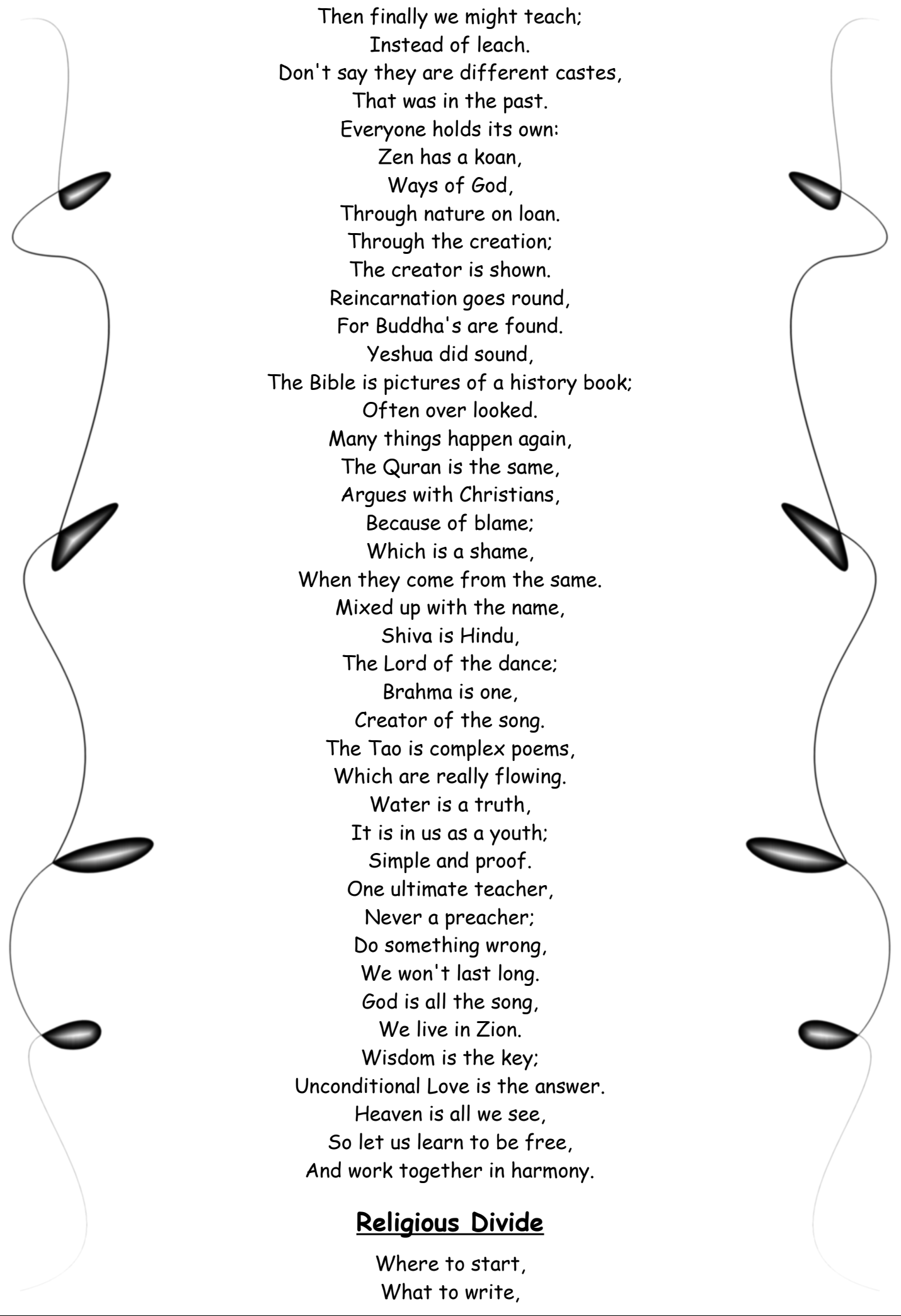
Pain hurts us less.
In this Garden,
We have to share;
Not all burdens,
Are carried there.

The Gardener is here to give a hand;
Yet only truly when in demand,
Not at our command.
Only way we see God,
Is through each other,
So give each other a break;
Don't judge for goodness sake.
Judge ourselves,
Is all God asks;
Is that really such a hard task.
Give each other,
Like sister and brother;
Doesn't matter what the creed,
All are now with God indeed.
Don't let others stop and fall;
Because the weight is too much,
From leaning on a crutch,
Soon we loose touch,
Slowly they fall back,
In to the clutch.

So keep up with the task at hand,
Try and do what God has planned.
Instead of try to choose our own path,
Which really does make Oneness laugh.
Only Oneness helps our ways!
If life gives syncs;
Follow quickly,
Instead of leave someone sickly.
Hit a brick,
Don't we see that is it?
That's the bit;
Show some light,
Get it right.
It's just the hurt,
The entire plight,
No one really wants to fight.
Show some love,
And all as one,
We may grow strong.

One World's Religions

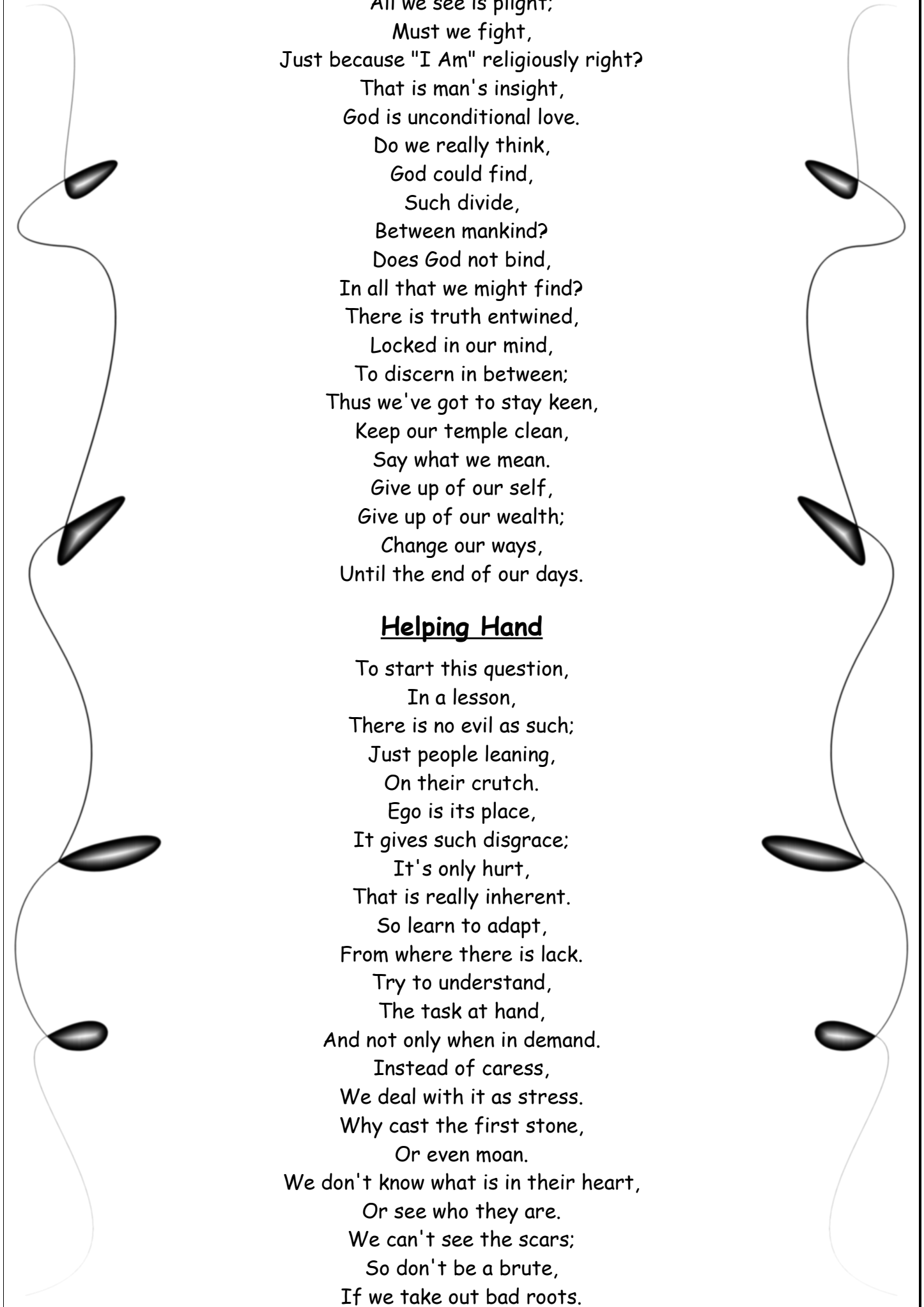
Here is something that makes our spirit frown,
Really gets us down:
Is it not written,
In all that we read,
From man comes greed?
We implore you,
We plead;
Be not deceived,
For all has been conceived by God;
Though man really is a sod.
We twist bits in even how it's wrote;
For man is like a goat.
We try and say it clear;
Yet it isn't always as meant,
Thus we should try use our own better judgment.
Don't get me wrong,
It is the Lord's song;
Yet we can twist bits,
Whilst still thinking we're legit.
Not that the books aren't right,
It's just a lot of man's insight;
In plight,
Which is probably why we fight,
Over which one is right.
If we read it all,
Then we may walk tall;
As finally we can then learn to see,
There is just one God of infinity.
With many names,
All the same;
Different pieces,
From the same species.
Puzzles of the game,
Yet take it at a glance,
To yet enhance.
Don't fill our mind with clutter,
That then gets all a flutter;
Don't just mutter,
Or Fall in the gutter,
As the path is slippery like butter.
Be aware,
Perhaps even dare,
Be strong in the facts;
God is more than that.
We see it in each,



Then finally we might teach;
Instead of leach.
Don't say they are different castes,
That was in the past.
Everyone holds its own:
Zen has a koan,
Ways of God,
Through nature on loan.
Through the creation;
The creator is shown.
Reincarnation goes round,
For Buddha's are found.
Yeshua did sound,
The Bible is pictures of a history book;
Often over looked.
Many things happen again,
The Quran is the same,
Argues with Christians,
Because of blame;
Which is a shame,
When they come from the same.
Mixed up with the name,
Shiva is Hindu,
The Lord of the dance;
Brahma is one,
Creator of the song.
The Tao is complex poems,
Which are really flowing.
Water is a truth,
It is in us as a youth;
Simple and proof.
One ultimate teacher,
Never a preacher;
Do something wrong,
We won't last long.
God is all the song,
We live in Zion.
Wisdom is the key;
Unconditional Love is the answer.
Heaven is all we see,
So let us learn to be free,
And work together in harmony.

Religious Divide

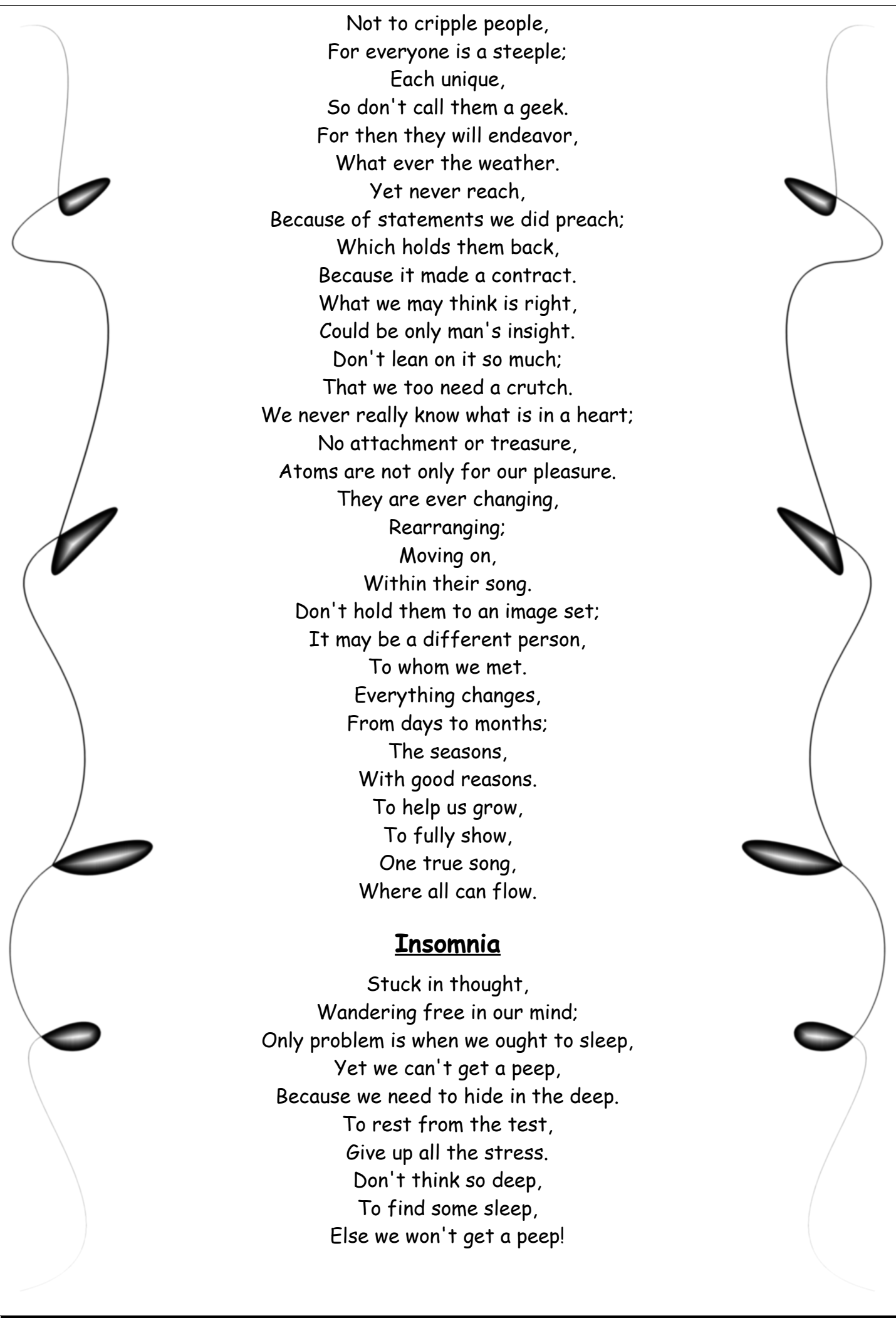
Where to start,
What to write,



All we see is plight;
Must we fight,
Just because "I Am" religiously right?
That is man's insight,
God is unconditional love.
Do we really think,
God could find,
Such divide,
Between mankind?
Does God not bind,
In all that we might find?
There is truth entwined,
Locked in our mind,
To discern in between;
Thus we've got to stay keen,
Keep our temple clean,
Say what we mean.
Give up of our self,
Give up of our wealth;
Change our ways,
Until the end of our days.

Helping Hand

To start this question,
In a lesson,
There is no evil as such;
Just people leaning,
On their crutch.
Ego is its place,
It gives such disgrace;
It's only hurt,
That is really inherent.
So learn to adapt,
From where there is lack.
Try to understand,
The task at hand,
And not only when in demand.
Instead of caress,
We deal with it as stress.
Why cast the first stone,
Or even moan.
We don't know what is in their heart,
Or see who they are.
We can't see the scars;
So don't be a brute,
If we take out bad roots.



Not to cripple people,
For everyone is a steeple;
Each unique,
So don't call them a geek.
For then they will endeavor,
What ever the weather.
Yet never reach,
Because of statements we did preach;
Which holds them back,
Because it made a contract.
What we may think is right,
Could be only man's insight.
Don't lean on it so much;
That we too need a crutch.
We never really know what is in a heart;
No attachment or treasure,
Atoms are not only for our pleasure.
They are ever changing,
Rearranging;
Moving on,
Within their song.
Don't hold them to an image set;
It may be a different person,
To whom we met.
Everything changes,
From days to months;
The seasons,
With good reasons.
To help us grow,
To fully show,
One true song,
Where all can flow.

Insomnia

Stuck in thought,
Wandering free in our mind;
Only problem is when we ought to sleep,
Yet we can't get a peep,
Because we need to hide in the deep.
To rest from the test,
Give up all the stress.
Don't think so deep,
To find some sleep,
Else we won't get a peep!