

Think
on these things

Witticisms . . . Thoughts and other Ramblings

stuff to think about

William S. Peters, Sr.

inner child press, ltd.

General Information

Think on these things

Witticisms, Thoughts and other Ramblings

William S. Peters, Sr.

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Dedication

This Book is dedicated to . . .

my Muse,
the Chatter



the Spirit of the Considerate, Introspective
and Circumspective Souls who are seeking
to become liberated from the Dogma of the
World and that of Self !

Preface

In some realm of consideration it all makes sense. Perhaps it does not come together in a collective consciousness, but it does offer a reflective glimpse at our own individual perspectives.

My aspirations for this book are simple . . . i have none that i am willing to die for! I am not trying to save the world, nor am i attempting to induce people to see their own experience and / or judgment from my perspective. If we each could just become a bit more consciously aware of the things we at times acquiesce to, that is a major achievement.

So in the end, enjoy your own journey within the realms of the thoughts and convictions you hold on to with a “Wonder” and Inspect and Discover more of your possibilities, but most of all THINK !!!!

Cogito Ergo Sum
Rene Descartes’

Bless Up

Bill

a Post Script Note

Not sure if i should apologize or not . . . the Jury's out on that, but it can not harm me to do so to those who are stuck . . . so i apologize for the following.

i am not big on Capitalization nor punctuation. There will be many of you out there who may reject the messages because it does not conform to the rules you have been taught and subsequently acquiesced to. I am cool with that, and i hope that you too are cool with your containment.

For me the "Journey" is mine to discover, describe and to assimilate as i so choose if i wish to. How about you ?

just sayin'

'just bill'

F oreword

When asked to write the foreword for this book, I could only smile. Bill has a way of explaining what seems difficult to understand . . . for some, but with his use of metaphors and similes, he makes the reader or listener get his point. It reminds me of Forrest Gump talking to his wise Mother when he asked her “Mom, what is my destiny?” She replied, “Forrest, life is like a box of chocolates, you never know what you’re going to get and I happen to believe that you make your own destiny.”

Bill is quick to point out that these are his truth's within the pages of this book and you may take them or leave them. It's all about choices and being brave enough to make a choice and follow through even when it may not be the popular one. His words and thoughts shared will cause you to think and that is the hope, think for YOURSELF !

Bill is a highly intelligent and prolific thinker. He employs a fertile grasp on the English language as he scatters his seeds of wisdom and love. He has never ceased to amaze, entertain, teach and empower me. I hold this man in high regards and you will too, once you know him and his work.

He is forever reaching out to humanity and told me once that all that he wants to do is love. I am here to tell you first-hand that he loves and loves us well. It is an honor to have a friend like him and to walk beside him on this life path. There is never a dull moment.

So dive right in and enjoy the witticisms and sayings from Bill. You will laugh right out loud, sometimes until your stomach hurts and other times you will be in quiet reflection as he shares his Spirit with you. Enjoy and Happy Reading!

Janet P. Caldwell
Author ~ Friend





'just bill'

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sometimes life is like a Blind Man trying to teach a Dog how to read Chinese . . . some days are like that aren't they . . . no one gets it . . . not even the proposed Teacher . . . so i just STOP, Reflect and have me a Smile and a Chuckle . . . that always makes it better and a worthy experience.



When we look across the Landscape of Humanity and we see Fields of Flowers and we see Fields of Weeds. Our Fields are the results of the Seeds we Sow and our Compassion and it's Deference and Indifference. When we begin to realize that we Manifest and Become what we Think and where our Attention dwells, we also realize the need to Control what we Think and Focus Upon . . .



One of the most paradoxical obstacles we encounter in our lives is learning to trust in our "Self" . . . There is much in the world without that challenges this validity, but ultimately we must come to know that we are as we choose to be, and we have the Power to either accept or rebuke the world without and the Power to allow our Divine Goodness to be the Director of our Lives . . . i say Embrace our Higher Self centered in our ability to Love . . . what say you ? . .



One of the most paradoxical obstacles we encounter in our lives is learning to trust in our "Self" . . . There is much in the world without that challenges this validity, i say it is time for us to challenge the validity of the World with our Love . . . what say you ? . .

Witticisms . . . Thoughts and other Ramblings

funny how as a child we vie fervently for the Wonder of Growing Up that we may have Autonomy over our lives . . . and as an Adult we vie for the Freedom and Wonder Childhood presents maybe we should have chosen to be born Adults and then electively regress . . .



when we attempt to Conform to and seek to be Accepted by the issues and challenges of the World we find that we are Defined and Confined by the Perspectives of Conformity and thus we limit our Potential . . .when we seek the World within we Discover that our "True Self" can not be contained . . .love you . . . discover



not funny but ironic how it is the same shell that we wear to protect us from the ills of life also prevents our blessings from manifesting unto us and also inhibits our God Self Divinity to manifest unto the world . . . let us learn to love uninhibitedly . . . love you . . .bill



when the Applause is over, the Curtain is drawn, the Audience retired, the Lights go out, the Make Up is removed, the Lines no longer Spoken and we look in the Mirror and get out of Character, i pray that we see who we really are in this "Self Directed" Play we call Life . . .

Think on these things

as i seek to expand my Consciousness of Love, Love expands my Consciousness and my “Self” as well . . .



when i grow up i want to be just like my Father . . . Source .
. . . Omnipotent, Omniscient, Omnipresent and
Omnibenevolent . . . i Believe this may “BE” for am i not
my Father’s Child ? . . .How about you, what are the
aspirations of your Soul ?



The Path of Discovery is Never Accomplished and Never
Fully Realized . . .



none of us will survive being Human yet we will all live
eternally . . .



being Human is a Terminal Condition . . . so let’s make the
Very Best of our Last Days . . .



in the most oppressive of times it is our Hope and our
Practice of Love that provides a means of coping with that
which is the antithesis of Global Goodness and Brotherly
Love . . .

Witticisms . . . Thoughts and other Ramblings

some times in contemplation i stop to evaluate the Pros and Cons of my Life and Experiences . . . i always start with the blessings, and for some strange reason i never do get to the other side of the list . . .



i do already have a hard enough time attempting to figure out how to live without you bringing and trying to feed me volumes of unsolicited advice



i do have a difficult enough time attempting to understand the directions of my own path . . so i really don't think the Road Map to yours will help . . .



Good Morning my Beloved FaceBook Family : well this morning it is snowing in Midway, Utah. I can no longer see the Mountains in my life. I am so thankful for this White Wonder the Heavens saw fit to deliver, and i shall celebrate in quiet reflection this day of rest . . . all love to you all . . . bill



sorrow is the food of Joy . . . as death feeds life . . .



what is not True is Truth in disguise . . .

Think on these things

many times we reject the things of Darkness, and rightfully so if there is any "Dark" within...but in hindsight we must realize that all Good Things manifested into our Life at one time were unseen and obscure and were borne from that same place...Darkness...if we could but keep our own Light on, we will see Blessings pour from our Heavens unto us



It has been said "Today is the 1st day of the rest of our life" . . . and the prevailing truth is we like our lives just the way they are if we do not change . . .



it is detached "desires" that bring forth travail. for the Universe always fulfill needs . . . so actualize and become one with your desire and your need will be taken care of...



we each are challenged at times to find the energy to keep our Lights on . . . it seems that the more i struggle, the more challenges come my way. i have found a Joyful energy in laughter that removes my thought from this concern and provides the endless supply of Light Energy i always sought . . . have a giggling day of love . . .



a Service unto Humanity is a Service unto Self . . .

Witticisms . . . Thoughts and other Ramblings

when the veil of illusion is lifted from the eyes of man pertaining love we will see it as an Ocean of existence with no discernment as to where or how it flows . . . it is man who always seeks to define, control and contain that which is the essence of all Source expression . . . love . .



We Pray in hopes that Our God Source hears our petitions. True Prayer is not so much about God hearing us, for Source Is . . . no true Prayer is Attuning our Spirits that we may hear God Source who is Always speaking Goodness to our Souls. This Prayer brings us into Oneness with the Essence of who we truly are . . . Source manifest.



when we dismiss our Intellect and abandon our Judgment and open our Hearts and Minds to accept the prevailing Stillness within the Voice of Creation we become Redefined and Attuned to a Higher Consciousness and will dwell in the “Omni” aspects of Source . . .



Where Politics and Religions Fail . . . Men of Compassion, Understanding and Love will prevail !!!!



when our Intent is Clearly defined and our Focus is Intently Directed our Realities change for Reality is but what occupies and thus builds it’s Home within your Thought ...

Think on these things

year to date i have had countless new opportunities (123) to Alter my Path, Enhance my Life, Change my way of Thought and Formulate New Perspectives . . . this day i will not squander this Blessed Opportunity as i have done so many times in the past . . .



i never could accept the fact of how in Religion we worship “The Door” instead of the Portal to Understanding the Door provides of “The Way” it opens unto . . .



when one speaks from a voice of condemnation, i am thankful, for it helps me confirm my path . . .



Good Morning my Beloved FaceBook Family : it is believed that even Pain has a purpose. Today i awakened with the Pain of a Stiff Neck, so i created “World Be Free of Pain Day” for Today, and i moved “Pain Day” back to yesterday along with it’s purpose have a blessed day love you . . . bill . . .



as i let go of my Polyester Life and start to live more Natural and Authentically the Sensations of the Beauty of Life has enhanced me with it’s Color and Song . . . because of Love . . . and i am Grateful.

Witticisms . . . Thoughts and other Ramblings

Worry, Doubts and Fears are great tools for trimming a few extra years off of your Life Sentence . . .



when time made love to space a world was born



sometimes like the Universal Child i am i feel like Dad / Source is running and i am riding the bicycle just trying to keep up. The great thing is we are still going Forward with Wonder and Discovery of our yet to be disclosed Abilities.



never pick a fight with the weak, for your weakness will be exposed . . .



in Life, there will be Mountains . . .and there will be Valleys . . . with that we become suspect of the “Level Playing Fields” . . . yet this is what we all vie for . . . wishing you a day of Platitudes of Pulchritude . . . all love . . .bill



we give away our power in Quiet Assent through Acceptance where as i Allow, that is my Conscious Choice, and my Power remains intact.

Think on these things

my Friend . . . Stand Resolute . . . and Learn to Smile,
Laugh and Giggle in the Face of Adversity, and
“Adversity” will soon forget where it stands !
have a beautiful day . . . all love . . . bill



hate nothing . . .embrace all things as the bearer of a gift
that is yet to be revealed unto you . . . all things bear
lessons . . .



i do not wish to speak to your mind . . .nay i wish to speak
to your heart, for your mind will always falter at the alter of
life . . .



switching gears to hide your fears of ever being touched . . .
but i see you as you see too your needs touch you so much .



it is only when we open our hearts and empty it that we are
in a position to receive . . .



i would rather tire from Dancing than be fatigued waiting
for life to happen . . .

Witticisms . . . Thoughts and other Ramblings

i have discovered that the formula for success is to simply change my thoughts about what i do . . . how easy that is



some thoughts are like Old Clothes . . . though we have Outgrown them and they do not fit, we still make Closet Space for them . . .



be the light and remember . . .every time there is a Light, there are Shadows who want to hang around . . .

if the Caterpillar did not trust in change, we would never know the beauty of the Flight of a Butterfly . . . sometimes Life seems to entomb us in it's Cocoon . . . trust that your wings soon come and enjoy the rest



if the Caterpillar did not Trust in Change, we would never know the Beauty of the Flight of a Butterfly . . . sometimes Life seems to Entomb us in it's Cocoon . . . Trust that your Wings soon come and enjoy the rest . . .



though we pride our selves on our acumen and our ability to think and understand, i have found the more i stay out of my head the Clearer and Simpler things are . . . just a thought . . .

Think on these things

Remember, a Morning is only a “Good” as our Attitude about it . . . and subsequently the rest of our day will follow it’s lead . . . i find that Gratitude and Love is a sure way of paving an assured way to my Joy and Appreciation, how about you ? . . .



know that one can only recognize beauty when it is a quality or characteristic within themselves . . . it is called a reference point



Life is built upon the choices we make . . . choose to love your self 1st, for that is where your God resides . . . within .



sometimes you have to Dance before you can hear the Music . . .



like a Tree, our Consciousness are but “Gatherers” of that which we have witnessed over our individual spans of Life. i ask . . . can we really change it, or is it simply we come to realize and reveal that which is of Higher Consciousness that is within us ? . . .



flattery will get you everywhere . . .ask God . . He loves Praise . . .

Witticisms . . . Thoughts and other Ramblings

i never did like the bitter medicines that life's illness' offers for wellness . . . i chose the Sweet Nectar of the Gods in lieu, and with this delectable affirmation, i have found this tonic most effective, for my cures for all that ails me always was me . . .



we all seek deeper and more meaningful understanding . . . the Human paradigm . . . in the end it seems to me it is the Journey which has become the Ultimate Objective . . . as they say . . . “enjoy the moment” . . . but . . . “keep it moving” . . . quite a profound paradox i must say . . .



Change . . . i think the transition is coming, and i believe the hardest time will be for those who do not wish to let go and fight to hold on as you are seeing so many doing this very day . . . Change does not care in the least about our perspectives and what we are accustomed to . . .



Gods are but manifestations of Men's perspectives and how we define the Power of the Source of All Things . . . thereby separating ourselves from it's fullness . . . there is but 1 God . . . he holds not to any Religion save that of Life . . . for He / She / It, is Source . . . the Progenitor of all existence . . . from that Seed we all have come to “BE” . . . and then we seek to define that which has created us . . .

Think on these things

"My ways are not your ways and My thoughts are not your thoughts" . . .the wisest words Isaiah ever spoke . . . hopefully one day we will get that . . .



there is a certain intrinsic Joy in the pains we experience, for it elevates our levels of Hope, Dreams, Desires and Expectations . . . we also, through intense pain learn how to naturally Hypnotize, Delude and Narcotize our Psyche thereby showing "Pain" who is truly in control . . . at least for a little bit . . .



it is only the heart that is constantly emptying it's self of it's love that potentially possesses the capacity for a greater love . . .



being Children of Source . . . that which has no perceivable Limits . . . how is it that we have come to believe that we possess such nonsensical characteristics ?
"BE" - believe !!!!!



the Character of "Ignorance" is exponential . . for who knows with certainty what tomorrow may bring? If we could but "Master" our "Now", then tomorrow we may look back on Yesterday and Proclaim "Well Lived" . . .

Witticisms . . . Thoughts and other Ramblings

conditioning is the largest part of our behavior . . . when choice is limited by our ignorance of other variables available, the outcome is predictable



Love is the only Currency in Humanity where the more you spend the Richer you become . . .



Soul can not be doomed . . . contrary to popular Abrahamic Teachings we have not that ability to destroy which is not ours . . . Soul as we perceive it is but an ember astray from the Great Fire, and when it finally exhausts it's self in disconnection, Self will be lost and Soul shall be reclaimed by it's rightful owner. This process is one of the most natural tenets of existence . . . it is what Christ, Buddha, Krishna, Mithros, Horus, Thoth, Moses, Esias, Noe, Melchizedek and so many others came to teach us, and thus show us, and still we not believe . . . we wait for some mythical elevator when all we have to do is take the steps . . . every Leaf is reclaimed by Mother as is every River, every Tree and every Body we are given to perhaps accomplish this journey . . .



Scribbles . . . thoughts that are free of the pollutants of structure . . .

Think on these things

the words of our teachings
should be borne in silence
that the lesson is not polluted
nor disturbed
and through meditation
it is absorbed
that if the lesson is borne of truth
it becomes the way



there may be a multitude of items and things that appear to need fixing. changing and rearranging, but they all have a purpose if but to elevate our awareness of the exponentialness of our blessings, gifts for which i am eternally grateful
...



i am always Grateful to be reminded in the Trials, Challenges and Circumstances of my Life, that it is only Faith that will carry me to the other side of that Raging River of Anguish that lies across my Path . . . i am Renewed . . .



i heard this song “Walk a Mile in my Shoes” . . . my thoughts were . . . not without some Dr. Scholl’s . . . and even then who wants to walk a whole mile anywhere . . . besides, i am retiring from walking just as soon as i get my wings out of the shop . . .

Witticisms . . . Thoughts and other Ramblings

i can simply look in the Dictionary to understand such things as Tolerance and Forgiveness . . . but like the Athlete, i will never get better and possibly come to Master this Exercise without all the Coaches, Trainers, Practice and Events that come into my life to help me elevate my abilities . . . Thank You . . .



if Love is the Music, the Symphony of Life and Creation . .
. . “Forgiveness” is the Instrument whose Solo whose Music speaks directly to the Hearts of all Mankind



the Light of Awareness is required to acknowledge the Presence of Gifts in the Darkness . . .



the easiest thing for one's soul to do is embrace another soul . . . that is our natural proclivity . . .togetherness



no matter what separates us . . . whether it be Oceans or Time . . . there will always be Love between us.



History . . . His Story is but a Compass that points me in the Direction i should travel that i may write my own Story
. . .

Think on these things

Epiphany : what good is being in the Here and Now if i am always thinking about what i am going to do or what i have done or should have done ? . . . dddduuuuuuhhhhhhhh



Today i Breathe the Dream of the Absolute . . . the Dream of Goodness into my Life . . . into the World . . .for each and every Breath connects me back to You, Source . . .



take the time today to discover all you can be and then realize that you are so much more than that . . .



ssshhhhhhhh . . . listen to the Heartbeat . . such a wonderful Music of Creation and Life . . . now let us dance



Love does not require our Definitions, Rules, Boundaries, Understandings, Awareness, Integrity, Respect, Feelings nor Thoughts to exist . . there is nothing of Man's Solitary Creation alone that can Validate the Full Sovereign Regality of Her Eternal and Infinite Presence and "IS"-ness . . . but she does need You . . . The Unadulterated, Unblemished, Pure, Truthful, Innocent, non Objective Cosmic Child that She may speak . . .

Witticisms . . . Thoughts and other Ramblings

Flaw : when we are not willing to accept responsibility for our own deficiencies we create anguish for others to bear.



when Darkness comes about you, it is but the Universe asking for more of your light . . . shine !



the only Relationship which will bring forth lasting Peace, Love and Happiness is the one you develop with that which lives within you.



Gandhi said . "an eye for an eye makes the whole world blind" . . . maybe that is a good thing . . . then at least we would be in touch with our differences . . .



probably the only thing during this "Quest we call Life" that we really own is our "Resonant Memories" . . . for "Now" is possessed by the "State of Evolution" and we will never meet "The Future" . . .



People do need People . . . even if it is someone to blame for all of our Misgivings . . . or the reason for our Joys

Think on these things

the closest thing to perfection is that which "i am"
becoming



and as i lay my head
upon the pillow
where my dreams go to meet my higher self
i rest in contentment
for i have seen the face of God
in all things
and i know that Source
is as i am
dreaming of it's higher self



i cast my Intent for Blessings before me . . . that the Path i
Travel will be Anointed before i get there . . .



i have spent the large majority of my life in the pursuit of
knowledge and understanding . . . there is but one thing of
certainty i have come to know and understand in all these
years . . . and that is all that i know, or think i know and
understand is but infinitesimal in the face of that which has
been and that which is still yet to manifest . . . without . .
.and within

Witticisms . . . Thoughts and other Ramblings

Paradox : in this dream that we dream that we are asleep waiting to awakenhow would we know that if we were not awake



Man who feared to touch and be touched, conspired and created rules to govern the Procreative Act . . . and then blamed it on God . . . and they call it “Morality” . . .



Dreams are born with but 1 leg . . . we must help them walk if they are ever to reach their destination . . .



when our adoptions of “Morality” inhibits the expression of “Unconditional Love” it is our standards and accepted modicums of behavior that should be examined . . . for Love in it’s purest essence knows nothing of the rules of Man.



one can not extricate their fears if they are afraid of the surgery . . .



most people fear living authentically for there is little company

Think on these things

in this journey we term “Life” we shall tread through Gardens . . . that of our own, and that of others . . . i pray for “Mindful Awareness” of where and how i plant my feet.



darkness i shall always overcome, for this light that resides in me is of Source and can never be extinguished . . .



Symbiosis : Darkness is the Energy that fuels Light . . . and it is the Presence of Light that gives credence to Darkness’ existence . . . they feed each other . . .



i travel and i Wander with Wonder in the Realms of Darkness . . . for it is only there that i Discover, become Aware and Understand the True Magnificence of my own Light . . .



how i wish i was intelligent enough to understand how to fix Humanity . . . as a matter of fact, i wish i was intelligent enough to figure out the source of all that we perceive to be ill . . . i wish for a lot of things . . . some things i delude my self to think i know of all these things . . . but in the end, all that i have is my ability to Observe and affix my Intention to Love . . . that alone provides me a brief respite from all of my wishes for that which i have yet learned to control . . .

Witticisms . . . Thoughts and other Ramblings

i give all back to the Universe from which all is spawned . .
. Truth and Illusion travel as brothers in the "Blur" of
Eternity . . . who are we to understand how to perform
surgery which separates one truth from another . . . let love
always prevail . . . and then that becomes our way and
perceptions of Truth matter no longer . . .



Storms and Strife creates Silence and Stillness, the Giver of
Wisdom . . .



There is a beauty embodied in the essence of Breath, of
Heartbeat, of life that we all yearn for. Consciousness can
but smell it, but it can not grasp it or own it . . .but we do . .
. we strive for it's goodness . . . but to have one taste of it
would bring about an epiphany and the awakening of our
in-finiteness as seen from the eyes of eternity . . . a
beautiful place to be . . . as a poet, though i know i can
never speak it, it does expand as i try . . . thereby conjuring
that much more beauty to dream of . . . life is wonderful
when we stop and take stock of such things . . .



Remember . . . every Human Being we encounter is
someone's child . . . therefore we are will ever remain . . .
Children



without "U" there is no "US"

with Patience, Diligence, Nourishment and Time, One Seed
can grow a Garden and Feed the World



sometimes people are only in your life for 1 purpose . . .
gather the harvest, eat the fruitful lesson, take a shit, wipe
your ass and move on



it is in those quiet still moments when we are graced with
reflection we not only see our selves as autonomous and
singular but we thus see this same singular beauty in that of
others . . . their eyes, their movement and the extending of
their hands and their heart . . . this i call the divine a
collective of "oneness" . . . and i thank you for yours my
friend . . . namaste'



all the things i have learned . . . and all the things i have
willfully let go, are because those who have approached the
wilderness before me . . . those who had the courage to cut
their own path . . . and they have left a lantern by the way .
. . . may i too gather my fortitude to approach the unknown
and take such a journey with the Light of my Heart Seeds
sown in the impressions of each footprint . . .



that which is know . . . "IS" . . . it is only the Unknown
which can enrich one's Soul . . .

Witticisms . . . Thoughts and other Ramblings

nothing like the taste of expectant ecstasy waiting to
explode in full flavor upon the lips of the thirsty . . .
mmmmmm



i stand and i look upon the wonder of the night sky and the
vastness of what is before me overcomes all of who i ever
thought i ever was. My Soul touches a Divine beyond my
imaginings and i am rendered a part of the ether of the
essence of all things. In this moment i am in total surrender
and again i become the Child that i am . . . of the Universe.



isn't it funny . . . ironic . . . how the one who passes
judgment suffers the most . . .



one lesson i never did learn and i pray i never do . . . “how to
restrain love”



i would rather live in Delusion and Believe in the Greater
of Things than live in a Truth that always Speaks of the
Lesser of Things . . .



Source knows no Boundaries . . . we do . . .

i am pure energy realizing . . .



in the absence of space before time / there "i" was / in the absent of thought in a mind filled with whisperings / i am the voice / upon the feel of things only your can sense / i am the touch / i am the Canopy of the heavens, and i have pinned lights upon Its Fabric that you may always know you belong / i am the maker of dreams / i am the breath of hopes / i am the seed of your ancestors, for they are of me / who am i, you might query . . . know that i am all things . . . i am you.



i left heaven in search of Eden. i was seeking the wonder of all creation . . . what i found . . . in every circumspect footstep, in every reflection i was the wonder of Eden, i was what i always sought.



when we come to understand and acknowledge the Richness of our Past and the Wealth of Experience, Good and Bad, we will realize how Abundantly Wealthy we are at this Moment . . . Here !



in an finger pointing contest to not engage makes you the winner, for there are more fingers of fault pointing at your adversary than at you . . .

Witticisms . . . Thoughts and other Ramblings

Good Thoughts lead to Good Actions . . .or Non Action . . .



we create our own realities . . .what is yours ?



Choice : we either tolerate the Reality that Life doles to us and perhaps Wish for Change, or we Tolerate the Reality that is given to us and work for change . . . the Reality we desire requires our personal commitment to endure the one we have while seeking in our own way to Create and Effectuate it's replacement.



Wisdom : in the Sea of the Freshly Cut Lawn, One Blade of Grass spoke to me . . ."when the mower came, i laid down . . . now i stand tall above all others that i may see"



i have yet to hear a Diamond say to me "Look at me . . .are not i Brilliantly Beautiful?" . . . They Just Keep Shining . . . Shine On . . .



Definition : Realist : One who understands and is intimately acquainted with the nuances of Fear and Doubt

when we let go of all that we think we understand we make room for the emptiness of “Knowing”



The Dreaming the Dream . . . and the time has come when our eyes are opened within the dream of the Dream . . and we come to realize that we have never slept, but have just dreamed that we were lesser than our truths . . .



i have come to the realization that i possess no knowledge of my own save that which “memory” of experience allows me to embrace from time to time . . . and even that is suspect



we must practice controlling our intent and not give credence to those random thoughts . . . when we engage them we give them life . . .



Love has no limitations . . . people do !



it is when we can look through the eyes of another that we can see a greater perspective of self and what we may become . . . our greater self !

Witticisms . . . Thoughts and other Ramblings

dreams with broken legs can not walk into our realities . . .



a life time is less than a fleeting glimpse of that which is eternal . . . so who am i to say i know the full Nature of God ?



dreams with broken legs can not walk into our realities . . .



Love breeds Understanding and Acceptance for our differences . . . when i am “This”, there is never a need for me to offer you my Forgiveness, for Love has walked before me and prevailed.



God created Man with two legs that we may run to Him in the Garden when we are in need . . . use them . .



one of the greatest gifts life affords me is that of “possibility” . . .



i have yet to discover what is not possible, for i still do believe in Magic

Think on these things

everything is a word that is beyond our concept of understanding



Platinum colored Dreams, Strewn across the Coal Fields of my life . . . i never did see the Diamonds laying at my feet.



you wrestle with the Pigs you will get muddied . . .



he who talks to Dogs, learns to Bark . . .



Beauty and Love knows not of limitations except the ones we impose



Hope is the fuel that perpetuates Men's Dreams of a better tomorrow



in this incarnation we will always find what it is we are looking for . . . the problem with us is that we are not always consciously aware what it is . . .

Witticisms . . . Thoughts and other Ramblings

when i was born it was with Color and Song, and the Gift to express comes through Language, which is a compilation of Characters known as Letters. I often think by way of Song and Color, and this day i with a certain ease construct a Beauty with these Characters we call Letters . . . and this is what i have come up with . . . the greatest Beauty of All Time "YOU" . . . Discover and See your Beauty . . . i did . . . i do !!!!



many times i get a glimpse of my self and am amused as to why i at times will cover in the shadows of my own light.



Worry is very Powerful . . . it has the Power to change your Health



LightWorker ?



Because i shine to the Left and you Shine to the Right does not make you Right . . . it confirms that you are Light. Everything in Creation has Light. Might we strive to acknowledge that truth and Strive to embrace that in our own Light of Love . . . namaste' . . .

Think on these things

why is it some people need controversy in their life to validate their worthiness . . . and if there is none prevalent, they go about to create some . . .



a good poem corrals the mind of the reader, but leaves the gate open



from nothingness all things are born, for that which is, is a thing . . . that which is not leaves room that a thing may be created . . .



Music is born of silence . . . the music we hear and that of the soul which resonates with all things . . .



in silence we hear ... in stillness we are moved ... in darkness we see the light ... in fear we discover courage ... in loneliness we discover self ... in giving of our love we are healed ...



imagine what we can do when we imagine

Witticisms . . . Thoughts and other Ramblings

there is a distinct difference between Self Judgment and Self Delusion . . . even though the lines are drawn in the sand . . .



it is not the "I" in you upon whose Judgment i must pass . . .
. but that which is within me . . .



there is a well that has no bottom . . . and the Spirit of Love was Birthed from it's depths, therefore love is without end, and like the Water from that well, it's supply is endless.



in some sort of quixotic way we all are new at it if we take this craft seriously . . . all i can say to you is listen, hone your skillz by way of that . . . work at finding your own voice . . . rules. . .know them before you take your poetic license to break them



the only Maligned and Ugly thing about Our "Self" is our perception of Our Self !



and the Kiss of my beloved is ever upon my lips and my soul is filled with the light of thy love . . .

Think on these things

within the mind of every fool there is a genius waiting his turn to be recognized . . .



the world is changed 1 soul at a time . . . starting with "ME" . . .



No One may have even noticed you . . . No One may have read your Poem or Story . . . No One Commented, because perhaps No One is listening . . . but YOU, "BE" Encouraged, for the 3 most important elements of your Existence are "Paying Attention" . . . You . . . Your Pen and Paper . . . and God . . . what else do you need ? . . . WRITE ON !!!!



Funny how Religious Dogma teaches you how to Create your own Demons so that you will have ample reason to Repent and thus be like the rest of them . . . a fine lesson in assimilation at work . . . and if you do manage to escape . . . "Here, take this Guilt with you" !



Labels, Titles and Definitions . . . i have learned in my Life Time that people can call them selves what ever they wish . . . that is their right . . . that does not make it so, save in their own mind and whomever they can convince to adopt their truth as One's own . . . but still, it is their right to do so . . .

Witticisms . . . Thoughts and other Ramblings

the Bright Light of Providence and Grace has dispelled my shadows many a time in my life . . . i am Grateful . . .



if you do not love the work you do, then work to do the work you love . . .



i sat down today with the intent of counting my blessings . . .
. i could not get past # 1 . . . “EVERYTHING” . . .



ask any 2 year old . . . accomplishing the task of simply tying your shoes is a Miracle . . . have we forgotten ?



when the Heart is the Sole Orator of our Poetry as fed to us by our Souls and our Consciousness, there is never any reason to question the validity of our Poetic Offerings . . . for Poetry is Beautiful and is but one of the Hearts many Costumes . . .



where there are values, there is judgment . . . and there is no escaping this truth !

Think on these things

i asked a man a question . . . and he began to answer . . .
right there i knew that his perspectives were limited . . .



i find it amusing how we live our lives seeking the approval
of others and then become offended when others tell us
how to live . . . is that another one of those Socially
Implicit Paradoxes ? . . . hhhmmmm i wonder . . .



when my back is to the Sun, my Shadow is before me . . .
when i face the Light, i am not aware of it's presence . . .



we are influenced by that which we allow to be about us
and around us



some people see beauty in all things or either it's
possibilities . . . it is those special souls who unknowingly
reflect such beauty and hope for us all . . . thank you



Beautiful Poets . . . your words can move Mountains . . .
Move Them !!!!

Witticisms . . . Thoughts and other Ramblings

when smiles dance across my face, my heart always insists on joining in . . .



there was only but one fabric called creation from which we were all cut . . .



we create, then walk our own path of Destiny . . . step by step . . .moment by moment . . .breath by breath.



the footprints of the reverent are silent . . . and creation applauds their presence . . .



in my factory here i am manufacturing Love and Light, and like Typhoid Mary i am attempting to infect the world . . .



i love your Sarcasm . . . it reminds me of that of my own and how powerful my Words can be when i Direct them at others with an air of Indifference, Callousness, Insensitivity or Malice . . . thank you Teacher for this Lesson . . . oh, was i being Sarcastic ?

Think on these things

what choice stands before us is but the figment based in the illusion that we are not, for whether we cosign or not we are . . .



and if we could but truly see the magic of the moment we also peer in the face of eternity . . .



for in the smallest entity of creation, in reflection we see ourselves, we see each other, for there we are, here we are.



can you hear the music playing . . . grace is about us . . . within us . . . for who amongst us may separate our "Self" from the Spirit of the hand which made all things ?



as a Poet / Writer i must try harder to remember the "Golden Rule" . . . that my Soul, my Heart and my Mind and thus my Honor and Integrity are connected to my Pen . . . oh, the "Golden Rule" . . . My Pen was created to be directed at Paper, not People !



the Blessing in Life is not in being blessed . . . but rather "BEING" the Blessing . . .

Witticisms . . . Thoughts and other Ramblings

if i can not see the expression of “oneness” in the eyes of my brother, then it is i who must open my eyes . . . let thy eye be single . . . One Love . . .



before One Heals One must Yield . . .



it is only the Man who possesses the Fear and Lacks the Confidence to pursue the Dreams of their own, who has the time to criticize the Dreams of others . . .



there are those who would make Mountains out of Mole Hills only to be left behind for others to move them . . .



someone once told me that they like how my mind works . . . me ?, i am just grateful that it works . . .



we change our Intent, we change our Heart, we change our Thoughts, we change our Deeds, we change our World . . .



i have come to impregnate your thought with possibilities.

Think on these things

within every seed there is a garden . . . what are you planting today, what fruit will you have to eat tomorrow ?



the shortest distance between two objects is a straight line . . . so let's get to it !



every time i hear a "NO" i realize i am getting closer to a "YES" !!!!



Life matters not much how we see it . . . but more so, Life is about how we "BE" it !!!!



time is illusory, the dictate which all men wrestle with . . .



in the eye of my soul there is naught but beauty. . . look a little closer and you will see your self . . .



in my quest to overcome my vanity i am always immersed in introspective moments, peering closely at who i am that i may come to grips with this incessant occupation of self . . . i guess vanity is a self serving son of a bitch isn't it ?

Witticisms . . . Thoughts and other Ramblings

the older i get, the younger i think . . . the younger i think,
the older i get . . .



i always wondered, why is it we have to convince our
selves to do things that are good for us and talk our selves
out of things that are good to us ?



sarcasm . . . the more i have to pay attention to your Vanity,
the less attention i can pay to that of my own . . . get a life .
. . . lol



when a man's word loses its Integrity, so goes the Man . . .



one is not validated by being seen, but by seeing that which
they can validate . . .



let not the tongue of angst ever be quelled . . .



when what we have always done no longer works we must
change what we do . . .

Think on these things

if we believe we have no control over the goodness and magic that comes to our lives . . . we speak our truth, for all things are manifested from that which we believe !



on fixing the world : if everyone would clean up their own room, the whole House would be clean . . .



there is something exponentially grande and magnificent about the possibilities of creation . . . i am so ecstatic to be here . . . are you ?



with Love, i continue to pour all that i am into Life in hopes that one day i may discover “Truth”, the essence of my Soul.



it is i who either creates or allows the thoughts i embrace . . .
. so why do i have fear, doubt or worry ?



for my Mental, Emotional, Physical and Social Health and Welfare . . . There are 3 things in life i have learned . . . 1 ~ Stay out of the Busy Streets when there is Traffic; 2 ~ Do not Play on the Tracks when the Train is about to leave the Station ; 3 ~ Do Not Play with Matches in your Sleep . . .

Witticisms . . . Thoughts and other Ramblings

everything is a metaphor . . . just ask any Poem . . .



Otherwise . . . Keep Distance from the Unconscious Harsh
Looseness of a Wayward, Unbridled Tongue . . .



There is nothing that can annoy me without my permission



i am but a book whose story is evolving and today with my
life i shall scribe another chapter



there are far too many things in Life for me to worry about
to start now . . . besides, what does worry ever change
besides one's Angst, Attitude and Anxiety ? . . . the Triple
"A"s



i have been Dreaming of Grande things since i can
remember . . . Childhood . . . some may say i have fallen
short . . . other may say i have failed or quit . . . but only i
know the Truth . . . i still Dream of Grande things ! . . . i
guess you can call me "Childish"

for those on the path, looking for self . . . Wal-Mart sells
Mirrors . . .



The closest thing we have ever been to truth is when we
were childish . . . it is at times brutally honest reflections . . .
our love is our love, our hurt is our hurt, our pain is our
pain and our joy is our joy . . . all the politics of being adult
is quite a dishonest way of being don't you think ? ♥



Adults have far too many rules that actually steal our lives
from us . . .



a loose tongue can do damage that may take a life time to
repair



My Grandmother and my Mother used to tell me . . . “Boy,
you too smart for your own good” . . . i guess that statement
is only halfway perplexing for i only halfway listened . . .



you know what it is . . . without fear we could not be
controlled

Witticisms . . . Thoughts and other Ramblings

actually truth is only "Seen" in the light . . . the Dark is the major repository of the truth . . . that which is, was and to come . . .



he who is diligent in managing their own life, never has time to formulate opinion nor instruct others on how they should run theirs . . .



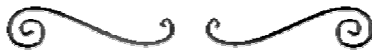
we find color where we look for it



no matter how many layers you peel away . . . an Onion is still an Onion . . . tears and all . . .



the Greatest Gift One can give themselves is when we give to others . . .



when One gives until it hurts we come to know that Pain is nothing more than an illusion . . .



there is no sense dreaming about what you want if you are not wiling to get up off your ass . . .

Think on these things

what the Divine within you has to say “IS” significant . . .
and if nobody is listening but you . . . that is significant as
well !



Determination expressed by way of Will . . . or Submission
through our Acceptance and Allowance . . . the
Dichotomous Nature of Man ...the Struggle that Dreams
can not abate . . .



Diligence ? . . . You have tied your Shoes a Million times .
. . the 1 time you don't . . . you trip and fall . . . who said
life was not fair ?



Karma . . . it ain't so bad . . .



True and Absolute Indifference is a Spiritual Cancer that
can not be healed, for it is not a function of Mind, it is a
declaration of the absence of Soul . . .



The Law of Reciprocity at Work : Giving begets Receiving
. . . Indifference begets Indifference . . .

Witticisms . . . Thoughts and other Ramblings

many embrace the dichotomy of existence that we may find comfort and peace within the illusion, thereby confirming the etheric self of delusion . . . few see beyond the Good-Bad, Dark-Light, Physical-Spirit to realize it is all "One Creation" in the Eyes of Source . . .



to Love the whole of things is not a thing Man can accomplish in the clinging to the empirical man . . .



i do not just wish to write a Poem . . . neither do i simply seek to tell a story . . . i want every expression i manifest and allow to sweep you up and carry you along as my Soul's companion on an epic journey where this world of "now" lifts its skirts that we may see and believe that life is truly an adventure and we are the progenitors of such wonder and discovery



after much study and careful consideration, i in my ever prevalent sarcasm have created a new word closely related to the Sanskrit word of Namaste' . . . "Namazzole" . . . this is a word aimed at providing the proper response when needed in a variety of Life's situations . . . "Namazzole" simply translated means thus : the a**hole in me recognizes, and is on to the A**hole in you . . .

in the end, every Clever Fox still loses their coat to the Furrier . . .



from Nothingness, i conjure "Something-ness" and it comes to "Be".



to deny self is to deny truth . . . to deny truth is to deny light
. . . to deny light is to deny self



Poetry . . . what a life . . . through poetry i can excise demons, paint smiles, set loins on fire, question God and display my angst and disdain for life and it's inhabitants and it is still all beautiful . . .



and the day soon comes, when that which our hearts has longed for shall evolve in to the life of our total consciousness . . . there shall be no stains upon the fabric of truth ever again . . . ♥



we wander along our path, seeking the resolute . . . we vacillate in spirit from that which is temporal and perceivably "is" to that which is Eternal and what "IS" . . . oh the journey of Man's Soul . . . worth a smile or two based in the reconciliation . . .

Witticisms . . . Thoughts and other Ramblings

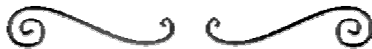
oh the sweet ambiguity of the idealistic mind . . . dream on
my beloveds . . . pick up the Doctrines, embrace the rote,
and you shall soon forget what you were seeking . . .



in the “School of Thought” . . . One merely learns how to
Think . . . in the School of Life, One learns how to “DO”,
Survive, Create . . . and Think . . . so why are we not
“Living” ?



i have searched to the World of Men for things to validate
who i thought i was . . . what i found was what i was not,
and thus i am on a path letting go of these fleeting values,
answering my Own questions from the Source within me . .
. not those things of the World . . .



letting go of judgment is one of the most difficult journeys
we shall ever undertake . . . but once we start falling into
that abyss of selflessness we become liberated from the
world of definitions and it’s containment found in words
and understandings and all that which seeks to corral that
which it can not . . . the Divine that we are . . .



Thoughts

The reason that eternity exists is because some people are
very slow ~ Douglas H. Melloy

When i was young, i lived my life almost freely . . . i took Pills and ingested other types of Drugs of Substance and Doctrine to make this thing we call Reality a bit more palatable . . . now that i am older . . . i am still taking Pills and seeking out Doctrines to make life a bit more Palatable . . . What has changed ? . . . well . . . now instead of seeking to escape the Reality, i am trying to hold on to it a bit longer before i cross over . . . oh my the hypocrisy and smiles life presents us . . .



Sarcasm . . . a True Friend would not ask another friend to read their Poetry . . . The "R" Word . . . that's like calling my mother a whore . . . who reads anymore any way when there is pictures . . .



1st, there was RIF . . . Reading is Fundamental . . . now there is "RIFD" : Reading Is F'n Dangerous . . . especially to those who have no desire to learn a damn thing . . .



Simplified Instructions were created for the "Simple Minded "Reader" . . .but even that stroke of Madison Avenue Genius flopped



He who comments does not always read . . . he who reads does not always comment . . . what do you write for . . . Comments or to be read ?

Witticisms . . . Thoughts and other Ramblings

you want the prize, ya gotta pay the dues . . . you choose



pain is but a part of the journey of illusion . . . we either indulge in it or observe it with wonder as the bearer of lessons . . .



if we but trust and embrace the God within, the God without will comply



it is better to be thought an Asshole than open your mouth and prove it to be true . . . namazzole'



there is intent . . . words and action . . we must examine where we are stuck . . .



If we are aware, what we do learn is that in our walk in life there is little we really are in control of save our perceptions and even those are heavily influenced by "Stuff" . . doubts and fears . . .

Indifference : not having the Courage to Voice nor Live your Convictions for Fear of Persecution . . .



The greatest fear any man will ever experience is the loss of their identity of who they think they are or wish to be . . .



retribution : never allow the Demons of Darkness to cause you to seek balance or parity, for the very act of engaging ushers forth a woe of your own . . . let them wallow in their own mire.



everyone i have met in my life suffers at some level some sort of Psychological, Emotion or Spiritual malady or disconnect . . . however the cure we offer others should first be tested on self



One cannot spit out Poisons about another unless they have Poison within themselves . . .



Poisons . . . that which you ingest, can always be regurgitated leaving but a bitter taste upon your tongue . . . that which you digest becomes a part of you and you a part of it . . . Poison

Witticisms . . . Thoughts and other Ramblings

the impossible . . . to see where you are going while looking back . . . watch out !!!



the Beauty of Human Reflection : we see in others all the dastardly and ugly maladies that we do not like about ourselves . . . conversely, in others we see all the lovely, beautiful and divine things about ourselves we are pleased with . . . the ultimate question simply remains . . . what do we look for in each other . . .



Poets : We are so much, much more than Poetry . . . the Beauty of who We are is that through our Gift of Poetry we share our Beautiful Gifts with the World



when i strive to capture the full expressions of who i am i always find Poetry



Good or Bad . . . every thought makes a difference . . . somewhere . . . somehow to someone . . .



each "Small" way affects the "Whole" way

there is a common resonating chord of the divine that plays within me when i look upon the smile of a child, a flower or a butterfly and recognize it's utter simplistic beauty . . .



funny how we “educated” humans cloak “Judgment” under such cerebral ambiguous and justifiable words as “Preferences”, “Discernment”, “Perspectives” . . . that is fine when we speak of “Things”, however when we direct these aspects of bias towards our Brothers and our Sisters, i don’t care how we “shake it and bake it”, it is still Judgment . . . and with Judgment comes Condemnation of Self! ~



my every thought . . . my every deed . . . is the proverbial “making of my bed” that i will some day have to lay in . . . alone . . .



i may be but one molecule in the Ocean, therefore “I AM” the Ocean . . .



in the grand scheme of Creation you are a small person . . . i will not further honor you nor dishonor my self by reiterating your “Almost” insignificant to my life for you have done that so well without my assistance . . .

Witticisms . . . Thoughts and other Ramblings

The greatest gift we can give our children is our ear . . .
listen, what they have to say is important !



after we mete out all the Characteristics of Opinion and Perspectives, we find that we all basically vie for the same things . . . Love, Peace and Happiness, yet we seek to arrive there by way of the Pathways of conflict.



when you allow unhealthy thoughts to come into your house, your house becomes unhealthy, and will infect everyone who comes for a visit . . .



he who spends time looking backwards can not walk forward



the most noteworthy commentary about One's character are the deeds they perform when there is but an audience of One !



the more i move back from my own narrow perspectives the more i may perhaps see yours as well . . . : "VISION"

i experience frustration because my vision is not large enough to satisfy the yearnings of my soul which struggles to regain the grace of it's divinity . . .



if you shoot for the stars and land on the moon, at least i got farther then the guy that did not believe it could not be done.



Apathy, Resignation, Anger and Sarcasm are the Costumes of Kindred Spirits and speak the Voice of Rebellion . . . Rebellion is naught but Evolution cloaked and such is borne from the Womb of the many whose voices are subverted by the few . . .



Writing is an Art Form where one must confront their truth . . how we speak it is another quandary of man .



Fears & Phobias : we conceive them, we believe them, we achieve them and they are actualized and realized .. if we put the same psychic and emotional energy into our Dreams, what could we not manifest ?



even the Devil dances . . .

Witticisms . . . Thoughts and other Ramblings

Spiritually, Emotionally and Physically we tend to cling to our finite vision as our truth . . . the most we have at our Command is our farsightedness and our peripherals which only extends 180 degrees. . . . how much more we can be or are is but the essence of our instinctive dreams . . .



love is my blessing and my curse . . .it is the only gift i have that i may give to myself by giving to others . .



like Catfish in a Fish Tank, we Compete and Fight for the Shit Drippings of the “Prized and Pretty” . . . and then we die . . .



as i was as a child. . .it is the simple things that are the most enjoyable treasures of my life . . .



the knowledge of man is of the makings of dust and is contained in form and it’s perspectives are thereby muddled when touched by the waters of spirit, whereas the knowledge of Source has no substance and is therefore forever clear . .

parabolic parity : he who speaks in absolutes is clueless about absolutes . . . i am absolute about this.

who is man in his arrogance that he profess to know the will of God and thus attempt to shape Him according to his own conjured image ?



consider this . . . the abyss which exists betwixt the “Learned” and Understanding . . .



ones integrity can hide from the entire world, but never from one’s self



the Peace we seek without . . . can never come to be . . . it is that of a ghostly shadow of our light within where Eternal Peace resides . . .



the knowledge of man is of the makings of the dust and is contained in the form of the finite and thereby muddied by perspective, whereas the “Know” of Source has no substance and is thus forever clear . . .



who is man in his arrogance that he profess to know the Will of God and thus attempt to shape Him according to his own Image ?

Witticisms . . . Thoughts and other Ramblings

Consider the difference . . . ponder it. . ."Learned" and
"Understanding" . . .



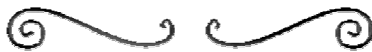
within the existence of every Human Being, there are but 3
Universal Truths . . . Heartbeat, Breath and Consciousness
. . . all else is comprised of our own perspectives



all treasures of existence were once embodied . . . entombed
in darkness . . . and then came the light, and the darkness
confirmed it's beauty and all the magnificence the light
reveals unto life . . .



i dream . . . not to escape nor flee that which is small . . .
nay, i dream to embrace that which is grande . . .



let us dear Brother remind ourselves that we at all times
stand in the "PRESENCE" . . .



don't cast shadows in the sunshine . . . for you too can lose
your way . . .

at some level in the realms and dimensions of existence, even a lie becomes a contextual truth when spoken and given life.



"i believe " difference and deference is what we project in our consciousness . . . then we adorn it's cloakings . . .



Final Judgment : imagine without delusion and having to face our "Self" and judge our own Intent, Thought and Deed as we do that of othersSCARY !



Man . . . we hold our selves to the "smallness" of a singular Cosmic Grain of Sand, when about us exists an unending Beach. . . . what time have we to vie for and have discord for things amongst another ?



Poet : a practicing Alchemist



intent is instant, its manifestations are eternal



Free Advice is never FREE . . .

Witticisms . . . Thoughts and other Ramblings

be mindful of the Seeds you Sow, for most assuredly will come the time when You will have to eat of it's Fruit . . .



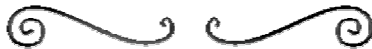
we human kind : we put on the cloakings of sameness then go about trying to be different by way of displaying our superiority over others while hoping to build our self esteem to the place we can look ourselves in the eyes of that soul mirrors and further delude ourselves that we are ok, knowing we are lying and hoping no one notices . . . lol
.. now that' s sarcasm . . . lol



Despondency is my Sister, Hope is my lover, between the two of them i exist and am reminded every day that i am alive and the possibilities of wonder do exist . . .



Broken People collect words and sculpt them in Broken Lines and Verse and we call their masterpieces Poems . . .



you are awesome . . . never let the wonder of discovery of “You” and the endless possibilities leave your spirit . . .



Wing Pickers . . . people or persons who pick the Wings off of your Dreams and Butterflies . . .

Think on these things

there are those of us who like the idea of “Swimming with the Sharks” . . . for me i like the option of vicarious experience . . . some things are so much nicer to watch on the Discover Channel . . .



if you wish to express and attract a Twin Flame know that is that of Duality, for a Twin Flame originates from the One Flame . . . seek Singularity . . .



we can not struggle and win the battles against what happened yesterday . . . we can only work towards implementing change to prevent it from happening tomorrow . . .



One may be totally justified, but consider, when you post your ignorance on the Wall of Facebook you are revealing your self to the world that they too may discover who you truly are at some level



never ever underestimate the power of being delusional . . .
.it can make the most fucked up situations in life quite enjoyable . . . Xanax is good too . . .

Witticisms . . . Thoughts and other Ramblings

it is impossible for a Heart that is filled with love to employ the lips to speak of such things as Hate and Dispersion calling it forth to life



i prayerfully submit to us all to expand beyond our limits and learn to truly empath and move beyond our judgment, for in condemning any aspect of the fabric, we condemn the weaver as well . . . namaste' . . .



today is a good day to die . . . but and even better day to live !!!!!



i had this dream . . . and in it i was walking in my sleep . . . and then i woke up only to discover it is true . . . i am walking in my sleep . . . i wonder where i am going ?



Karmic Irony : funny how Selfish people gather all that bad karma for themselves . . . smdh



The Fool is the one who never asked the Foolish question for it is the foolish question which cries for light . . .

Think on these things

wherever there is a lock there is a thief . . . let us steal our way into their Minds and Spirits any way



i have never seen a 1 winged bird fly, nor a i legged man run . . . why do we vie as cripples to rise above without be fitted to do so . . .



a great Symphony is but a collection of many Voices speaking many things 1 Note at a time . . .



when your 3rd eye becomes your 1st eye, you will no longer have a need for the other 2 . . . for thy "i" will be single . . .



the most important things in life are not all the things you have done, nor all the things you are going to do, but what it is you are doing now . . .



i hav hoops fur owr Amurikan litracy . . . to nowe dat people our reeding moor ande youzing dickshunariez iz enkurageng . . . i allso lick wen dey folluw enstreckshuns . .

Witticisms . . . Thoughts and other Ramblings

Confucius say : Man who has head up ass not only has Tunnel Vision but also has Stinky Breath . . .



Confucius say : Half Blind man who pull meat all day makes good Politician



just because you can does not mean that you should . . .



no one can do everything, but everyone can do something .
. from "Work for Peace" ~ Gil Scott-Heron



we are the prisoners of what we see and how we perceive things to be . . .



the Dichotomy or should i say "Trichotomy" of Poetry is such . . . that which appears Poetic is not always so, as that which does not necessarily appear as Poetic may be so . . . but that which is truly Poetic speaks for it's self in all aspects . . .

we abandon instinct for reason to appear right in the eyes of those who do not know the difference . . .



Faith . . . a most misused term that we use to deny the innate power we have to effectuate the change our Souls require of us . . .



ignorance is not prejudiced . . .



the process of reconciliation, alignment, atonement back to the progenitor is in and of it's self the most noble mission man could ever undertake



"God" does not require my perceptions to quantify, nor qualify Him / Her / It . . . for me "IT" IS !



in the simple act of yielding to life one can behold the grandeur of all things . . . for 'one' is all things . . .



to submit to the greater is not an action, but a letting . . . allowing the greater to have it's way and impart the divine unto thee

Witticisms . . . Thoughts and other Ramblings

only within the Silence of Self can one hear the whisperings of God . . .



the parity of Love is . . . i can not make you love me . . . and you can not make me stop loving you . . . a perfect balance . . .



the gift of light is such that One should never cloak their Light to make others comfortable in their darkness . . . otherwise your gift may be expunged . . .



"i was blessed to catch a glimpse of my Potential "Exponentialness" and i was blinded by the Light . . . and now all i see in all things is Brilliance"



i stretched my thoughts to imagine that i had the power to change my life . . . and it did



opinions and azzholes . . . we all have them . . . the trick to learn in this civilized circus is to remain ever vigilant and not become them.

Think on these things

in my walk upon the path of my Dreams and Expectations,
my greatest Joy is embodied in the vision of our coming
encounter . . .



it is in the observance of Butterflies that it was confirmed
that i too could fly . . .



the simple things in life are quite often the most beautiful
things . . . the most beautiful things in life are not things at
all but moments . . . enjoy the moments and your life
becomes filled with simple and beautiful things . . .



i laid my head with my ear to the ground and i listened as
the soils of life nurtured and fed the seeds i planted in my
garden that they may grow and bear a sweet fruit . . . it is a
good soil . . . love



i am remembering my Magic . . . i am remembering the
incantations i used to enslave my self . . . this is why i sing.



i write Poetry to drug my self into believing that there is
Reconciliation to that which is Beautiful and True in the
Power of Word . . .

Witticisms . . . Thoughts and other Ramblings

in his quest for Orgasmic Thoughts, Man is always mentally masturbating



during the Great Gold Rush of 1849, many of us went West seeking our fortune in Gold . . . few became Rich, but we all were blessed by the Journey with an enriched life-spirit because we dared to venture beyond what was acceptable to those who lived in fear of the unknown



returning the favor . . . yesterday the simple beauty of the Flowers made me smile . . . today i shall share with them my beauty . . .



indifference may live in One's actions or One's Mind of Reason, but never in One's Truth



Live Young . . . Be Young !



when One harbors anger, One harbors Self Hate . . .

i Dream because I NEED TO !!!!!



only in the collective consciousness does our individual power become something that must be reconciled but the whole . . .



Masturbation is but a finite cessation to an greater concern .
. . fulfillment, whether it be Mental, Spiritual or Physical . .
. "Know Thyself" . . .



a Man who lives his life immersed in continuous passion for his life has not time for such silly things as remorse, regret, doubt nor fear, for they may thwart his dreams



on Writing . . . i may not be "Formally" Educated . . . but i took the time to "Formally" Educate my self . . . it all starts with Reading . . . to Write well, one must diligently Read .
. . well ~



i live to give . . . what greater way can one spend one's life . . . giving themselves to the world . . . and in return be gifted and blessed by those whom we have had the opportunity to touch in love . . .

Witticisms . . . Thoughts and other Ramblings

the highest and most exhilarating, fulfilling expression of love of self is found in the love you give to others . . .



we explore not the possibilities of “Be-coming”, for we have become comfortably uncomfortable with the delusions of what we are . . .



i must say i tire of people complaining, bitching and moaning about what they can not achieve due to their life’s conditions and circumstances . . . i would rather spend my life discovering what i CAN DO in spite of such things . . .
LIVE EMPOWERED !



when i come to recognize, acknowledge and embrace the God-Essence within myself, i will come to “Know” the God-Essence of All Things . . .



man . . . in our hypocrisy we crucify our innocence while praying, hoping and begging for a resurrection . . .



when one seeks to discover that which imprisons them, one finds their freedoms . . . and thus the adverse is as true!

Think on these things

eroticism, sensuality and spirituality are all siblings of a incestuous relationship . . . and they all vie for an orgasmic fulfillment.



if it were not for my delusions, my reality would be boring .



any Good Idea can become a Movement when it gets a little push from a lot of little people like you and i.



i often wonder why, we people dream of our “Grandness” and live our Safe “Smallness” . . . perhaps life is showing us it time for a different approach . . .



it is through my Injury and Pain that i have become intimately familiar with the wonderful properties of Healing and the Power of Self . . . we all have this wonderful gift that when we give to our self and to those about us we empower the entire landscape of creation . . .



to live with Disappointment, Defeat and Woe vs. Wonder, Discover and Possibilities . . . a no brainer

Witticisms . . . Thoughts and other Ramblings

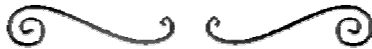
it is not that i have no or do not Suffer certain Pains in my Life . . . Mental, Physical or Spiritual . . . they are great Instructors upon my Life Path . . . they teach me that i have a Choice . . . so as a good Student of Life, i choose to Embrace and Celebrate Life's Joys and Wonder no matter how small or slight they may be . . . what is your choice ?



if we listened a little more than we spoke . . . read a little more than we wrote . . . and take a toke of that "Real Joint" . . . Knowledge and Understanding out of Love and Compassion, the Whole World could get HIGH-errrrrr !



we spend so much time walking down the sidewalks of our lives looking for Dog Shit we forget to appreciate the flowers along the path.



when you achieve perfection, then come tell me about it . . . but in the mean time . . . Shut The Fuck Up!!



there is no "Last Days" . . . there is only the "Last Day" and that was yesterday and Tomorrow, it will be Today . . . Judgment is less about what you have done as much as what you are doing so ?

Think on these things

if you wish to follow the model of the Christ . . . then do so
. . .but realize this . . . Christ was not a Christian !



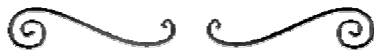
One who keeps their head in their reclusive Psychic hole to
protect their energy unknowingly renders their energy that
much more vulnerable . . .



sometimes we get so focused on the finiteness of perfecting
a single color of expression in our lives we forget that there
is a Rainbow above our heads whose exponential
possibilities await our exploration



i feel sorry for all those children whose parents could only
afford to buy them 2 crayons . . . a Black One and a White
One . . . i too was born poorhowever, my need to
understand the full color of expression, i visited the Library
of Humanity and found there were so many more Colors to
Life waiting for my exploration



a lesson is not truly learned until it is experienced . . . a
lesson taught are but guidelines and insights from another's
perspectives . . .

Witticisms . . . Thoughts and other Ramblings

personally i am convinced there is a Alien-Like Higher Intelligence that exists somewhere out there, and that they do demonstrate enough Common Sense to stay on the fringes of our Understanding, Mass Hysteria and Arrogance of our “Humanity”.



to “Know Thyself” is a story being written moment by moment . . .pay attention



the integral index of our Civility and Humanity is often not discovered until there is some Money injected into the equation . . .



my dreams are bigger and more magnificent than what my mind can fathom . . . but we try



our souls are karmic-ally enriched in our giving . . . give because you can, let that be our sole motive and demonstrate the beauty of who we truly are.



it is not required of us, nor is it necessary that my truths become your truths, nor yours that of mine now that is a truth we can share equally !

my Soul is on Auto Pilot i am exactly where i am supposed to be, gathering the lessons i am supposed to learn . . . the only disconnect is my consciousness of the perfection of Creation.



when i visit my pain upon you, my pain becomes multiplied.



it is the smiles upon the faces of the children that confirms the possibilities of the future of us all . . .



i was looking for Brilliance . . . so i turned my face from the Sun and looked into the mirror and behold . . . all the Brilliance i ever needed was right here with me . . . for truly we all are Sons and Daughters of Creation . . . we are the Light of the World !



United States Foreign Policy Credo : We will give you all the KY Jelly or Vaseline, whatever your preference, just as long as you don't scream too loudly as we bend you over and Fukk You.



if it were not for Poetry i would have to get a Gun . . . Poetry is my Weapon of Choice . . .

Witticisms . . . Thoughts and other Ramblings

i don't cry about falling . . . for it is because of the many times that i have fallen that i am perfecting the art of getting back up . . .



i poked a hole in the unreachable loftiness of my Dreams . . .
. . . that they would deflate and be grounded and reside right here with me in my reality . . .



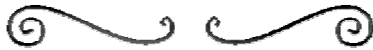
when i dance, i leave footprints in the Garden . . . when i smile i leave them upon your heart . . .



my "NOW-ness" becomes quite heavy when i attempt to carry my Past-ness (past mess) into my Future-ness.



some days my Wings are just too heavy for me to even get off the ground . . .



Trust : when i fully awaken and realize my power, then it will be safe for me too sleep again, for all will be taken care of.

Think on these things

i learn far more from Children than i do from Books . . . to learn to Observe and Listen is my Life Aspiration . . .



i have found that my Heart is bigger than any Evil or Darkness that may attack me . . . it is my conditioning and fearful ways of thinking that minimizes me, not my ability to Love.



we are exactly where we are supposed to be . . . we are on the road to what we are becoming . . .



i never did quite understand why we Humans dream and vie to attract the Great things into our lives such as Love and God only that we may mold them in our image and make of them the lesser things we already are displeased with and malcontent about . . .



most people i have met are Deludedly Courageous . . . they are not afraid to Die . . . but afraid to Live !



the more i move “me” out of the equation, the more i discover myself . . .

Witticisms . . . Thoughts and other Ramblings

your Magic has been waiting for you all of your Life. . . it is time . . .



in Life, there is but 1 thing we need to know, and that is . . .
“everything we need to know already exists within us” . . .



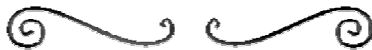
Poets . . . we are the guardians of the dreams and
consciousness of humanity . . .



it was a gloomy and dismal day where i felt the need for a
little light in my life . . . so i smiled



i know that every aspect of my life is ultimately in my
control . . . discovering how to do so is the reason that i
live with wonder.



being in the “here & now” is ok, but i so much love
dwelling in the ‘realm of possibilities’ . . . for that does
make my “Here & Now” so much more Magical . . . which
is why i am smiling

Nightmares and Dreams are both Card Carrying, Dues Paying Members of the same Laborer's Union . . . "ME"



Reconciliation has a price that most are not willing to pay . . . one must be willing to look at their Past, and give all or their Drama, Fear, Doubts and Judgment away . . . yes we must empty the purse of Self and experience what it is to be poor of our Character of yesterday that we may build new Houses on the strong unwavering Foundations of Virtue.



in this Garden of Life it is the Hand of God who plucks the Flowers from amongst us that He / She may adorn His / Her hair . . . it is this same hand that plucks the weeds that the Flowers may thrive.



i have spent far too much time in my life sitting, pouting waiting for the mountain to move, and now that i have elected to climb them instead, i realize how much life i have been missing in my feeble attempts to being resolute.



when you smile at me, i see my own beauty reflected in the twinkle of your eyes . . .thank you for such a gift divine

Witticisms . . . Thoughts and other Ramblings

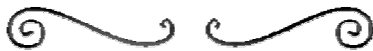
in our Life's daily walk, we normally do not see the Ants until we stop and look for them . . . and for some of us, sometimes we will take some time and engage them . . . the same be for that magnificent energy that resides within us . . . we normally do not see it until we stop to look for it . . . and for some of us, sometimes we will take some time and engage it ~ like and Ant you are capable of some astounding feats . . . you have not even begun to realize the Power you possess



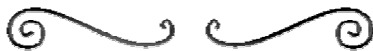
i pray that my ancestors forgive me that their way is their way and that of my own is mine to discover



if you are not willing to die for what you believe in, then you are not willing to live.



for what lies behind me i see not



my child . . . put aside excuse and reason, for it only serves to validate the acceptance of ineptness, misgivings and failures . . .

i whispered a sweet needful incantation from my heart upon the ether and i blew a kiss of gratitude into the currents of Life. My Brother the Wind who can not be owned gave of himself this moment and carried willingly my Soul's longing essence unto the lips of my Father, and thus i was blessed . . .



that which is less in me is "ME", Mine . . . that which is Greater in 'me' "I AM" . . .



Politics : a glimpse of this day



The Power is the People .. it has always been the People, but when the People forget who they are, the Weakest of Men and those who would call themselves the Servants of the People can extricate the Power of the People to serve their own design . . .



Faith . . . is a lonely path, but never traveled alone . . .



the fruits of One's Faith is directly commensurate with their expectations of it . . . whether it bears Suffering or Joy, or anything else in between

Witticisms . . . Thoughts and other Ramblings

the sweet blessed curse of aging . . . we remember sweet things to watch them slowly slip from our grasp . . .



there are Paths . . . and there are Directions . . . i can not walk your path for the footprints are yours, not mine . . . they have already made a way . . .FOR YOU ! . . . We can perhaps share a common direction and perhaps lend to each other some interesting perspectives as seen from our own individual Paths. . . but i can not “Be YOU” as well as you can “BE” You !



when i think about the Tenets, Rite and Rote of Religion Today which are devoid of Spirituality, i think about how long we the people have blindly followed along . . . i also remember a people who once thought the world to be flat and how they were willing to persecute and slaughter their Brothers in attempts to validate their known misgivings in an effort to evade the evolution of consciousness and the awakening to higher truths where we the Children of Creation are truly One !



the more time i dwell in the Realms of Judgment, Condemnation and Dispersion, that’s more time i have to spend attempting to untangle those Sticky Webs in my own spirit . . when i could have been Living instead . . .

Laugh, Smile, Dance, Sing NOW because you can . . .
there may come a time when we will not be able to . . .



co-signing and acquiescing to my “self described” weaknesses, excuses and reasons and that which others would allow or feed me is never a valid pass by which we can move on, for our Karmic Lessons are resolute and have an unflinching purpose which is absolute . . . if we do not get “it” the first time or the second and subsequent times, we are doomed / blessed to repeat the lesson until



there is no end of time, just endless beginnings . . .



the only “Bad Days” in my life i have ever had are the ones i could not “Get Through” or “Get Over” . . . Truth is, i have gotten through all of them . . . the “Getting Over” part ? . . . well . . . i am still working on . . . sometimes . . . It’s a good day when i don’t think about them . . .



Life at times can be like sitting in Maui at a Luau watching that beautiful Pacific Sunset . . . and some us have that insatiable lust for an excessive amount of that Sweet and Sour Sauce

Witticisms . . . Thoughts and other Ramblings

he who is filled with gratitude is filled with a Loving Light
that helps the whole world to see . . .



the Attitude of Gratitude is a Gift we give unto our selves .
. . we are the gift we give unto the world . . .”BE ONE !”



God EXISTS because i need Him



there is an energy which exists that is greater than i . . . i
call it God, Progenitor, Source . . . you call it what you
may, i offer my deference to such, for what we choose to
label this energy with are but words, and mere words that
are uttered from our finite consciousness are incapable of
encapsulating such that is greater than you, than i.



in writing . . . it is not the incidental or prolific bad
grammar and blatant misuse of language that frightens me .
. . no . . i used to think it to be occasional . . . what truly
frightens me is the vast amount of people who understand it
. . or pretend they do.



the words i speak to the World i speak to God . . .

Think on these things

my Child . . . let thy Tongue be Mindful . . . Speak Words
of Beauty with a Virtue of Love as if God is Listening . . .
because He Is !



even when we think the thought of silence, whether they be
of Malcontent or Love . . . God hears them . . .



it is simple . . . if we ever get tired of seeking Forgiveness
and Apologizing for our Thoughts and Actions . . . just
STOP doing those things !



each new footstep upon my Life Path has a consciousness
of it's own . . . even if i have been there before !



i am still trying to make sense of all those past life times . .
. . . and probably before i get to the bottom of it i'll be stuck
in another one



YOU make a difference . . . just ask that guy in the mirror.



i want my poetry to disarm your skepticism that i may
rearm your consciousness . . .



~ epilogue ~



William S. Peters, Sr.

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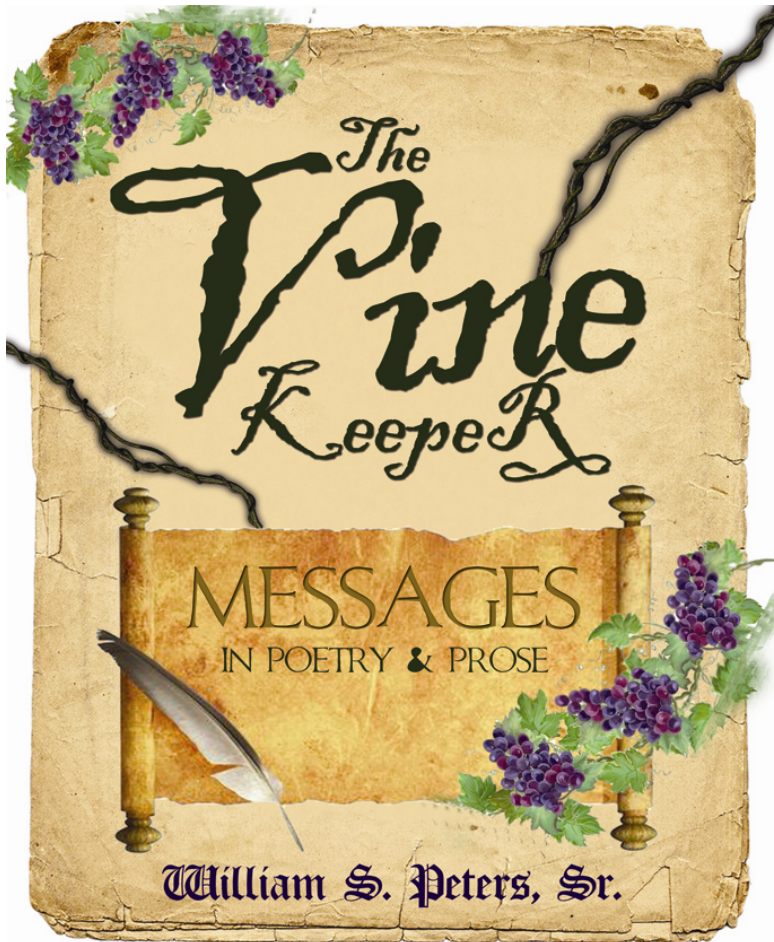
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This Too Shall Pass



the Wind . . . the Mountain
. . . and the Sage



the light in the window

Good Morning
LOVE LOVE LOVE

my
beloved
Family

witticisms, greetings and early morning thoughts
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